

SOME  
OPINIONS  
OF  
*MR HOBBS*

Considered in a Second

DIALOGUE  
BETWEEN  
*Philantus and Timothy.*

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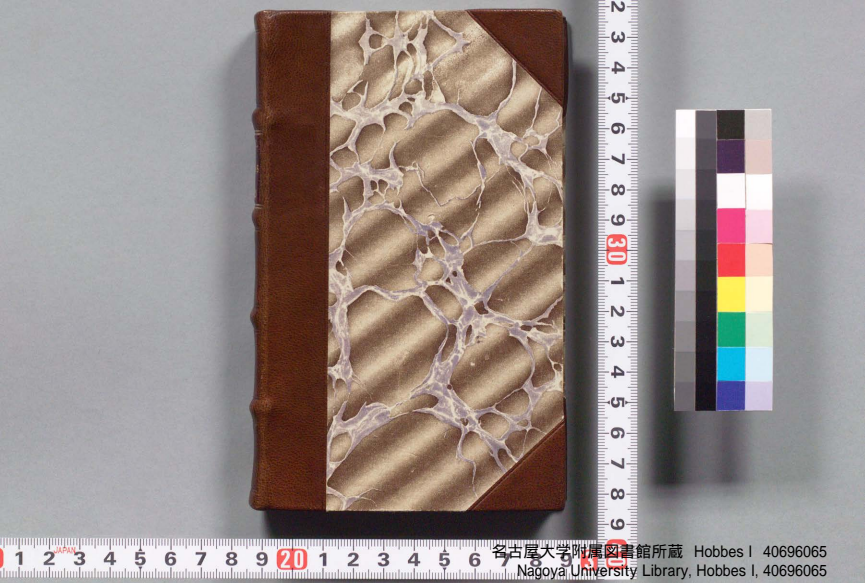
By the same Author.

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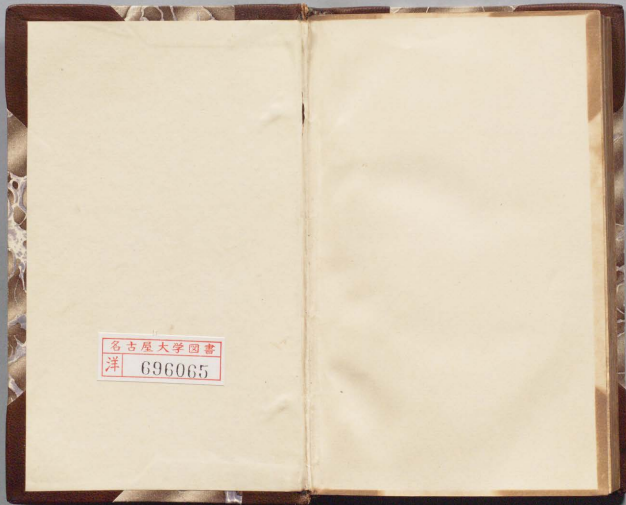
LONDON,

Printed by *J. Macock* for *Walter Kettilby*,  
at the Sign of the *Bishops-head* in  
*S<sup>t</sup> Pauls Church-yard.* 1673.



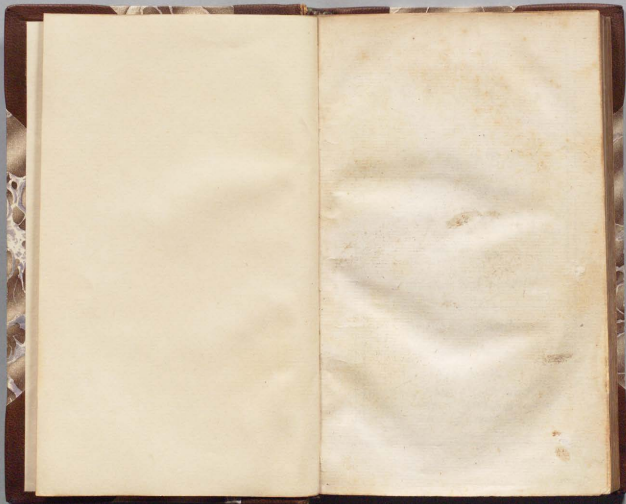


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BETWEEN

*Philantus and Timothy.*

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TO THE  
Most Reverend Father in God,  
**GILBERT**  
By Divine Providence  
Lord Archbishop  
OF  
**CANTERBURY,**

Primate of all *ENGLAND* and Me-  
tropolitan : and one of His Majesties most  
Honourable *Privy-Council*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

**S***Seeing your Grace has al-  
ready withstood the displea-  
sure of such a threaining  
Philosopher and Politician  
as Mr. Hobbs, and not publicly  
disown'd, or renounc'd the prote-  
ction of my former Dialogue ; I*

*A 3* have



### The Epistle Dedicatory.

have ventured to anger our Adversary once more, by presuming to offer this second to your Graces acceptance and pardon. Which presumption, although the continuance of your Graces favours towards me might almost excuse, yet it is the great insolence and great extravagance of Mr. Hobbs's attempts, that makes me still seek out for protection from so great and eminent a Patron; who by his unaffected affability to all men, and his studious encouragement of the best, by his unwearied care for promoting true Religion, as well as securing the just Authority of his Prince, is alone able to live down many Leviathans. And if there be any way to bring that haughty-conceited-

### The Epistle Dedicatory.

ted-Philosopher to a tolerable good nature, and to tie him up to moderate prophaneness, it must be done by such as your Grace, defending and approving those that write against him: for as 'tis well known to your Grace, that he'll allow no man to speak truth but himself; so will he scarce admit of any man to be truly great, unless he is of his mind and opinions: and that makes him so angry with your Grace, because you are such an unanswerable Argument against all that he hath writ. And nothing does so nearly concern him, and almost convert him; as to see the name of a person, so conspicuous for Religion and Power, stand before a Book that doth oppose his Doctrine. And for this



The Epistle Dedicatory.

*reason I have once more taken the boldness to make this second Address to your Grace.*

*If upon this review of Mr. Hobbs, I had found that he had given his Readers sense and argument answerable to the mischief and wickedness of his opinions; I should then have endeavoured to have now appeared to your Grace in another Style and Dress. For I am not so utterly given over to toying, nor so conceited of this way of writing, nor so indifferent about a good life and Religion, nor so careless of offending sober men, nor so bent and resolved always to presume upon your Grace after this kind, but that I think it possible, that upon a just account and a good subject, for a need,*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*need, I could make two or three grave Periods, as well as Mr. Hobbs has made thousands, about those things which are either impudently false, or notoriously frivolous.*

*But I must confess, that of all Triflers 'tis the set, the grave, the Philosophical, and Mathematical Trifler, to which I have the greatest averseness: whom when I meet very gravely making out all men to be Rational beasts both in Nature and Conversation; and every man when he pleases a Rational Rebel: and upon any fright or pinch, a Rational Atheist and Antichristian; and all this performed with all demureness, solemnity, quotation of Scripture, appeals to Conscience and Church-History;*





The Epistle Dedicatory.

History ; I must humbly beg your Graces pardon , if then I have endeavoured to smile a little, and to get as much out of his road, and way of writing as possible.

I might offer to your Graces consideration several things , in Apologie for my self. If what I have done be at all pardonable , I am sure your Grace need not be reminded of what I might plead or pretend : but if otherwise , for me to argue the Case with your Grace, would but heighten the presumption of,

My Lord,

Your Graces in all  
Duty and Service  
most devoted

May 20.  
1673.

J. E.

THE  
BOOKSELLER  
TO THE  
READER.

Dear Reader,

THE Author wanting wit, confidence , and friends to commend himself and this following *Dialogue* to the World, at that vast and prodigious rate, after which *Mr. Hobbs* (and such as he hired) is sufficiently known to have extolled himself and all his Writings ; rather than such a man , and such endeavours, should utterly perish for want of a few good words, I was resolved to say somewhat , not only for my own gain , but also for my own profit. It is to be confessed, that there has been already so very much said ( in Prefaces) of the bottomless deserts



*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

serts and inestimable Writings of our *Author's Adversary*, that it will be a very difficult Talk for me, who am no ways concerned, no ways corrupted nor prepared, no Chaplain, no Butler, no Steward, no Nephew, no Relation, no Friend nor Acquaintance of the Author, ever to overtake those extravagant praises that *Mr. Hobbs* has shower'd down upon himself. But however, *Reader*, I prethee, do so much as hold my Hat and Gloves; and thou shalt see, what such an unprejudic'd and unconcern'd person can do for a poor, modest, shiftless, friendless, despairing, dying *Author*.

There was, thou know'st, a great *Greek* man, who was thrice asked what was most necessary to make an Orator: and 'tis known well enough, what his threefold answer was. Even so shouldst thou ask me three thousand times over what is the most-best Book that ever was, or will be printed, buy this, and thou hast fully answered thy self and my design. The  
Book

*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

Book, it is to be acknowledged, is but a Book; and that's the least and worst thing that can be said of it. But why do I call it a Book: what am I mad? for in reality 'tis all Books: for it does not only faithfully relate what has been already done, but it foretells all that shall be done. Dost thou want, *Reader*, a just, true, and impartial History of the whole World; from the very beginning, to the very minute that thou buyest this Book? trouble not thy self, here 'tis. It begins ten thousand years before the oldest *Præadamite*, and holds good and firm ten thousand years after the World shall end. Dost thou want a true, sound, substantial, Orthodox Body of Divinity? hold it still fast; for thou hast got it. This very Book was at the first four General Councils, and in all the Persecutions. Hast thou a mind to a compleat body of the Law, Civil Law, Canon Law, Common Law, &c? The twelve Tables were stolen out of this Book last week, when 'twas printing: I met



*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

met with the Rogue at *Pye Corner*, but he out-ran me: and to were *Lycurgus's Laws*, and *Justinian's Institutes*: as for *Littleton, Cook*, &c. 'tis plain they had all hence: and as *London-Bridge* stands upon several Wool-packs; so *Westminster-Hall* it self, and all its proceedings, stand upon four of these Books. Dost thou want *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Paracelsus*, *Helmont*, &c? want them still; for in effect thou hast them all. For here's that which cures all diseases; and teaches a most certain way how to make a compleat Gentleman, at one baking. Dost thou want a Book to measure the height of Stars, survey Ground, make a Dial, &c? Look pag. 79. lin. 12. it tells thee exactly what's a Clock either by day or by night; next line thou hast full Moon and new, high Tide at *London Bridge*, and all the Bridges in the World. Turn down the fourth leaf of this Book when thou goest to bed; and 'twill go off just at that hour, and waken you as well as any Alarm. Immediately after which follows a compleat

*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

compleat and most wonderful Table of Consequences; which, if read one way, tells you all the Fairs and Markets; t'other way all the Battels that ever have been, or shall be fought; with the number of the slain, &c. And besides, it doubles Cubes and Squares, Circles (better than *Mr. Hobbs*) only with an Oyster shell and a pair of Tobacco Tongs. And now, Reader, tell me, art thou so void of conscience, reason, and all sense of thy own benefit, as not to carry home this Book?

Besides, read but five pages of it Spring and Fall, and for that year thou art certainly secured from all Feavers, Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs, &c. Chomp three or four lines of it in a morning; it scours and clarifies the Teeth; it settles and confirms the Jaws; and brings a brisk and florid colour into the Cheeks. The very sight of the Book does so fear all Cramps, Bone-aches, running Gouts, and the like, that they won't come within a stones cast of your house.

Art



*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

Art thou, *Reader*, a single man ? be no longer so, but alter thy condition, and take this Book along with thee. Hast thou a Wife and Children, and are they dear to thee ? here's a Book for that dear Wife, and for those dear Children. For it does not only sing, dance, play on the Lute, speak *French*, ride the great Horse, &c. but it performs all Family duties. It runs for a Midwife, it rocks the Cradle, combs the Childs head, sweeps the House, milks the Cows, turns the Hogs out of the Corn, whets Knives, lays the Cloth, grinds Corn, beats Hemp, winds up the Jack, brews, bakes, washes, and pays off Servants their Wages exactly at Quarter day ; and all this it does at the same time, and yet is never out of breath. Besides, if thou hast a mind to borrow eight or ten thousand pounds ; never look out for a surety, but take this Book along with thee ; it will go further and for more than half the Bankers.

It were endless, *Reader*, to tell thee

*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

thee all the uses and excellencies of this Treatise : which though it be a full Answer to all ill-natur'd, seditious, heretical, blasphemous Books that ever were written ; yet, after a most peculiar manner, it does so horridly rout some silly-phantastical opinions of *Mr. Hobbs*, that he'll be ashamed ever so much as to owne any one opinion again. *Mr. Hobbs* hapned into a fancy that every thought was necessary : i. e. not one thought, *Reader*, that thou ever hadst since thou camest into the World, that thou couldst any more have avoided thinking, than that thy hair is black, or the Sky blue. Now, to that says my *Author* most wonderfully and judiciously ; that if such a thing should ever come to pass, that is to say, that if ever any man at any time should chance to have but one thought crowded upon him, he would presently have a most huge Oak grow out of his Neck, and his left Leg would be turn'd into a Phœnix. This he proves at large. Again says

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*Mr.*



*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

*Mr. Hobbs*, that every action that a man does is perfectly unavoidable: to that says our *Author*, very candidly and ingeniously: that if any one man should be forced willingly, to do any one action; the Moon would presently tumble into that mans mouth. In the next place, says *Mr. Hobbs*, there's nothing in the World but matter. Ay, says our *Author*, nothing but matter! then has not any man, in his life, ever tasted of a Pudding. This, *Reader*, is plain demonstration. Then for Philosophical Language, Mathematicks, and Divinity; he brings him to such absurdities, as you never heard of, nor are to be imagined. Only thus far I'll tell you, that if *Mr. Hobbs* has squared the Circle, then both *Mars* and *Venus*, and the seven Stars will be every one of them most certainly in the Counter, the next *Friday* after you buy this Book.

Never was any Book more magnified beyond the Seas, than this has been. Go into *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*,  
or

*The Book-seller to the Reader.*

or any other part of *Europe*, no other discourse but of the *Dutch War*, and this *second Dialogue*. If the *French King* and *Brandenburgh* have agreed, without doubt, 'twas done by this *second Dialogue*: and if he ever beat the *Dutch*, 'twill be just after the same manner, as *Tim* has slain the *Leviathan*. For 'tis already translated into *Latine*, *Greek*, *French*, *Spanish*, and the *Universal Language*. Alluding to this Dialogue, says *Tully*; *Omnes ex omni aetate libri, si unum in locum conferuntur cum servio Sulpitio Timotheo non sunt conferendi*. And says *Pindar* (doubtless of this Book) *ἀειρον ἴδι ἴδιον*. 'Tis needless to tell you what *Zenophon*, *Josephus*, *Varro*, and the *Talmud* say of it. I know, *Reader*, 'tis a little uncivil and unbecoming for one of my Profession to seem so learned. But how could I help it? for I did only carry the first sheet of this *second Dialogue* to the Press, and when I returned, my Wife and Family could not understand one word I said.





*The Book-feller to the Reader.*

What if *Mr. Hobbs* were familiar with *Gassendus*, *Mersennus*, and *Mon-sieur Sorbier*; whenas our *Author* went to School with *Archimedes*, and *Julius Cæsar* was his Bed-fellow? And what if *Mr. Hobbs* initiated his present Majesty in the Mathematicks; this *Author*, at the same time, disciplined six young Kings, four Emperours: and the first Pope that ever was infallible was then his Usher?

But now, *Reader*, I take leave; but only I am to let you know, (not to deceive you) that I am very doubtful, whether the Book be worth reading. But if you understand me aright, 'tis the more valuable for that. For such is the vertue of this Book, that the meer buying of it will do all those feats above-mentioned. And therefore lay down your money: and so farewell.

THE

THE  
AUTHOR  
TO THE  
READER.

Reader,

**I***T is not the design of this following Dialogue, neither was it of the former, to make sport for idle people: (though if I have written all those Books, that I am appointed to owne, thou mayst justly suspect that I never did, nor do intend any other thing;) but to preserve thee from being laughed at, by all who can distinguish sense from words. For though I cannot think how I should any ways be useful or serviceable to the Publick; yet (I thank God) I have not spent my time so very ill, as only to collect a few Tales and Proverbs to make others merry. Nor was it my design either to please the Church-*

a 3 men;



The Author to the Reader.

men, whose Office, Power, and Bible Mr. Hobbs cunningly hath disposed of; nor to oblige the Lords and Commons; who may all stay at home, if the Prince take his advice: but it was, if possible, to cure a Company of easie, giddy, small-pated Gentlemen; who swagger that Mr. Hobbs hath said more for a bad life, and against any other life after this, than ever was pleaded by Philosopher or Divine to the contrary. Now to effect this Cure, (at least amongst some of them) is ten times more difficult than to answer all Mr. Hobbs's Works.

For in the first place, there be a sort of people who were sturdy, resolved Practicants in Hobbianism; and would most certainly have been so, had there never been any such man as Mr. Hobbs in the World. But when they heard that ill Nature, Debauchery, and Irreligion was Mathematicks and Demonstration: and that he who reported this, was a very grave, studious, contemplative, and observing Gentleman; and yet writ as viciously and prophantly, as their own  
vanity

The Author to the Reader.

vanity and lusts could tempt them to practise: then had these Gentlemen found out a Philosopher exactly for their purpose, and the Philosopher had found out as right Gentlemen for his. And these are the sure, the firm, and constant Pit-friends; that clap, shout, and swear all that comes from Malmesbury. And to speak so plainly, as I might be understood, the Devil and the Philosopher have got these people so fast, that I have little hopes of retrieving them.

The next shole that came into Mr. Hobbs, are a sort of small, soft, little, pretty, fine Gentlemen: who having some little wit, some little modesty, some little remain of Conscience and Country Religion, could not tear and Heitor it, as the former; but quickly learnt to chirp and giggle, when't other claps and shouted: and those were Mr. Hobbs's Gallery-friends; who at first were coy and squeamish, and for a while stood aloof off, and made some little doubt, whether a Taylor's Bill was truly and legally satisfied, when he or his Bailiffs were sufficiently bea-



The Author to the Reader.

ten; but by degrees they came in, and in their kind proved very serviceable. And such as these Mr. Hobbs catch'd by his fame of being a Mathematician, by filling his Books with Schemes, by frequent using the word Demonstration, and calling all kind of vice and irreligion, humane Nature, and obedience to the Civil Magistrate; and the like.

There be one sort still behind: and they are the solemn, the judicious, Don-admirers, and Box-friends of Mr. Hobbs: who being men of gravity and reputation, don't only desire the name of Sot or Villain, but are unwilling to venture upon the more ingenious one of Hobbist: and will scarce sponser in favour or allowance of the Philosopher; but can make shift to nod and nod again; and think that no man but Mr. Hobbs has gone to the Fundamentals of Government or humane Nature.

Now, Reader, what I shall do or say to these men, I know not. As for the great shouters and Clappers, who are resolved upon their course of life, you'll easily judge, that I can expect to do

The Author to the Reader.

do but little upon them: they being so resolved, not for Mr. Hobbs's sake, but only out of true and unfeigned love, to debauchery and wickedness. But yet one thing I would beg of them, that if they be thus determined and fixt; that they would e'en stick to the old true new English name of Knowe and Ungodly; rather than (for the renown of being of a Philosophical Self) to the new one of an Hobbist. For upon my word there is not the least credit and ingenuity in it, more than 't other: but if they be for variety, and that dull, blunt prophaneness won't down with them, but they must have it a little so modell'd, and new phras'd, that upon occasion they may plead for't, and justify it; let them not go to Mr. Hobbs for devices (but, when they have occasion, devise some of their own:) for his are so weak, so notoriously idle, that they are more scandalous and disparaging, than right down Roguery without any pretence or artifice.

But as for the Gallery-Gentlemen,  
most

The Author to the Reader.

most of whom, I suppose, infected by general fame, I have for their sakes, (because I thought them not much at leisure) read over most of Mr. Hobbs's Writings. And what I learnt thou shalt bear. By his Logick I profited wonderfully: for it was there (and I must ever acknowledge it) that I first was instructed, to call Logick Computation: and there I learnt how to add and substract Logically: also how to make use of Triangles, Circles, Parabola's, and other Mathematical instances; instead of homo, lapis or canis: and that's, upon my word, all that I found there. Then I went to his natural Philosophy; and there I found the word Phantasm, as thick as ever it could stand; and that space, time, and every thing else was a Phantasm, but not any one thing tolerably explained, but what was taken out of Cartes, though he denies it. But indeed in those very things, wherein he says he differs from him, he most exactly agrees with him; (as de corp. Ch. 29.) and knows it not. There is,

I

The Author to the Reader.

I must confess, a good lusty heap of Mathematicks, about the middle of his natural Philosophy: but Dr. W. has taken such care about them, that I believe they'll do thee but little good.

I might tell thee also, Reader, of his Humane Nature; which carries a very good Title, and is called the Fundamental Elements of Policy: which Title has nothing at all to do with the Book, nor the Book scarce with any thing at all else: his Liberty and Necessity is a little, very feat Book: but there's nothing but a new Definition of Liberty to make it agree with Necessity; and he might e'en as well have made one Definition for Fire and Water. Of his Books de Cive and Leviathan, I need say nothing: because most of this, and the former Dialogues concerns them. And lastly, as to his Mathematicks, I leave them to be judged by others. But only, Reader, let me tell thee thus much, that if in that Science thou preferrest one dotting, conceited Fellow, not only before all the Mathematicians



The Author to the Reader.

maticians of our own Nation; but also all in Europe (which thou must do, if thou admirest his Mathematicks) then I do look upon thee to have arrived to the height of the Hobbian Spirit; and thou mayst e'en continue in it. So that what is in it, Reader, thou hast left now to admire in thy Master. 'Tis a most plain Case, that he's neither Logician, nor Philosopher, nor Moralist, nor Politician: and upon the credit of others, I'll presume him no Mathematician. Yes, I'll tell thee what he's good for, and truly that's just all, viz. without doubt, he is a very good English Grammarian; (and those that are skill'd in Latine, say he must not pretend bigger:) and knowing exactly the difference between do and doth, which and who, would have made a most absolute, unlimited, irresistible Sovereign of a Country-school; and upon Play-days, we'll allow him to translate: he has done Thucydides well.

As to the last sort of Gentlemen, the  
grave

The Author to the Reader.

grave and still Admirers: who think no mans Style, Method, and Politicks, like Mr. Hobbs's: I shall only desire them to suffer me to tell them where those Politicks lie, viz. he went and read, and considered the Laws and Statutes of our Realm: and then went on, and supposed that in every place (if there be any Prince at all) he must be absolute and unlimited: whom he mounted so high at last, as that he should not be only sufficiently above all men; but above God himself, and all Religion: (and having given him such a full brimmer of Power and Authority; to be sure he had raised him above our Form of Government:) and this his Prince you take for a rare Prince, and these his Politicks for rare Politicks. Whereas it is plain, in his Common-wealth, there is nothing at all new; but only saucy impudent reflections upon the Laws, Constitutions, and Government of our Realm. And don't mistake your selves, he's every whit as much against the Civil Power,





The Author to the Reader.

as Ecclesiastical. And suppose that you are willing to excuse him ; yet His Majesty likes such money, as is given him by the Parliament ; and such Laws as they advise him to make ; and thinks himself Prince enough, and is contented with his place ; though, according to the strict Rules of Sovereignty, and Mr. Hobbs's definition of a Monarch, he can't make Bibles, nor turn God out of the World. As for the rest of his Politicks, they are such as are known to every Dragoon : and when he writ them, as he pretended, for the immortal Peace of his Country ; he might e'en as well have put out a Regular System to teach people how to charge a Gun, or cleanse the streets.

It is possible, Reader, that thou mayst now expect I should give thee some account of the following Dialogue : but I have no mind to't, only whereas some in a Book against Mr. Hobbs might look for close and serious arguing ; thou art to understand that

The Author to the Reader.

that I was always ready for it, but never could find an opportunity. For when I had pulled a-pieces Mr. Hobbs's Phrases, and changed his affected words into such as were familiar ; I always found, that to confute him throughly, was only to understand him aright. And if, by the instances I have given, others are convinced thereof, I have my design.

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A

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[1]



A

SECOND

# Dialogue

BETWEEN

*Philautus and Timothy.*

*Phi.* HOW, *Tim*, not hang'd your  
self yet?

*Tim.* In my opinion, *Bristol* is a  
very pretty Town.

*Phi.* Surely thou wert at cross pur-  
poses last night: what has *Bristol* to  
do with hanging?

*Tim.* The most that can be, Sir:

B

And



And I wonder, of all men, that you should not perceive it. 'Tis a *train*, Sir; and as plain beaten road, as from *St. Albani* to *Barnet*, or from *St. Andrew* to *Tumult*.

*Phi.* Why; is there such a Town, any where upon the road, as *Tumult*?

*Tim.* A very famous one, in the fourth Chapter of your *Humane Nature*: and according to the account you there give of it, 'tis nothing near an hours riding from *St. Andrew* thither. For, the mind being mounted at *St. Andrew*, starts thence and runs to *St. Peter*, because in the same Gospel, their names are read together. Having got to *St. Peter*, it makes forth with for *stone*, for the same reason; from *stone* it goes to *foundation*, because they are seen together; and then from *foundation* it switches away presently to *Church*, and from *Church* to *people*, and from *people* to *Tumult*.

*Phi.* All this is very natural and Coherent, the passage being smooth and easie: but how shall we get from

hna

Hanging

*Hanging* to *Bristol*? I doubt that is a kind of a cross road, *Tim*; is it not?

*Tim.* I must confess, there's one place a little hard to hit: but from *Bristol* to *Hanging*, 'tis impossible to miss. For, the mind getting up at *Bristol*, away presently it rides for *Flintshire*, from *Flintshire* it goes to *Hampshire*, and so to *Hempshire*, *Rope-shire*, *Pippin*.

*Phi.* *Pippin*? whereabouts are we now? what have we to do with *Pippin*?

*Tim.* This *Pippin*, Sir, was he, to whom *Alderman Cooper* the great *Turkie Merchant* was so nearly related.

*Phi.* How dost mean? what, did this *Cooper* marry one of *Pippin's* Daughters?

*Tim.* No, Sir: he was of the whole blood upon my word: for he was only Son of *Mr. Hooper*, who came from a *Greekish* kind of Man, one *Hoper*, and he from *Dioper*, and he again from *Diaper*; and then it runs

B 2 alone,



alone, to *Pippin*. Alas! *Thought* is very swift, and set but the mind once agog, and how it whews it away.

*Phi*. I shall not come to you to learn how swift *Thoughts* are: nor yet how that they are all necessary.

*Tim*. No: if you do, you'l loofe your journey, for I know no such thing.

*Phi*. What don't you know? don't you know, that there is a necessary coherence and order, a fatal and irresistible occasion, a drift, a clue and *Chain* of all thoughts?

*Tim*. Not, in the least; not I.

*Phi*. Then thou knowest nothing belonging to the *Brain*; nor didst thou ever take into consideration *my principle of motion*.

*Tim*. I have tasted, Sir, of a Calfs head and Bacon; and I was in the great wind: and yet I humbly conceive, that though a Mans legs be tyed never so fast; and his mouth stitch'd up never so close, he may, notwithstanding that, pay it away with thinking, if he be but in the  
right

right queu. When the Purse is empty, and the Phanfie low, then indeed the mind usually is very modest and governable; and goes only to leap-Frog, and skips perhaps from *Cooper* to *Pippin*, or from *St. Andrew* to *Tumult*. But let the mans belly and pockets be but once refresh'd, and then presently he is Cock-a-hoop, then he takes Hedg and Ditch, Church and Steeple; and struts and straddles like the great *Colossus* at *Rhodes*. Now, methinks, I am just in the very middle of *Smyrna*: Now I am at *As in presenti*: Now I am for a Dish of *Cucumbers* and *Mustard*: and, after all this, nothing will satisfie me but *Adam* and *Eve*, and the *North Wind*. Hey day! how I can range sometimes, and make the whole World to spring, and flutter before me.

*Phi*. This now, I perceive, is intended for frolick, and phansie: but, that thou maist see, *Tim*, that thou hast no hopes of ever having the credit of being distracted; I shall shew thee,



thee, that in this great flight that thou hast made, and these great jumps, that thou hast taken, there's nothing else but meer *train* and drift: and thou hast as absolutely crept on from hint to hint, and motive to motive, as ever Child did, that lean'd upon its Mothers Apron-strings. And in the first place as for *Smyrna*, I take it for granted that it was an *unavoidable thought*.

*Tim.* Do you so? then you must take it all alone: for you are not likely to have my Company.

*Phi.* Why, has not the word *Smyrna* by some means or other been formerly impuls'd upon you? Surely you will not say that you just now made it.

*Tim.* No truly, I did not make it: but, if you have occasion for them, I can make you a thousand words presently; that neither you, nor I ever heard of before.

*Phi.* What, neither in part nor whole? I hope you'll make them of some *syllables* you have heard of, or at least of some *Letters*. *Tim.*

*Tim.* *Pshaw!* *pshaw!* that's a meer phantie of yours: wee'l make them of a *Turkie Tammy*, or a *Calamanco*. Make words of *Letters!* they are dull and old fashion'd words that are made so. Give me a word, that has neither beginning nor ending, Vowel, nor Consonant, that is neither to be spoken, heard, nor understood.

*Phi.* Come, come: for all your fooling, you had some one considerable reason or other why you nam'd *Smyrna*.

*Tim.* Some one, Sir! I had a dozen at least.

*Phi.* Then no man can say but you had reasons enow.

*Tim.* But I had as many, Sir, full out for *Aleppo*.

*Phi.* Perhaps so, but then they were not altogether so big.

*Tim.* Yes but they were, and bigger too. There was the tenth reason, that was as big as the great Turnep *King James* gave the *scotchman*. O *Aleppo!* how infinitely am I taken with *Aleppo!*





*Phi.* That's true, you may be much taken with the place now, but you car'd little for it before.

*Tim.* O Sir, for many years together I have been so horribly inflam'd with the thoughts of it, that if you do not a little divert me, and let me know how I got from *Smyrna* to *As in presenti*, I shall immediately swoon.

*Phi.* Although thy ignorance shew thy education to have been but very small: yet I suppose thou mightst travel so far into the *Grammar*, as to be acquainted with *As in presenti*.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir, I know *As in presenti* very well: but I don't remember that ever I met *As in presenti* riding behind *Smyrna* to Market.

*Phi.* That may be, *simpleton*! but you met, in the beginning of *Propria qua maribus*, with the *Island* call'd *Cyprus*: and every body knows that *Cyprus* is no such huge way from *Smyrna*.

*Tim.* 'Tis very right I profess ---  
cu

*ceu Creta Britannia Cyprus.* O, what a happiness it is, to have had the opportunity of prying into the little intrigues, and starting holes of the mind! and to be well acquainted with all the little Lanes and by-paths of thinking! But I pray, Sir, how came *Cucumbers* and *Mustard* into such an intimacy with *As in presenti*?

*Phi.* 'Lack a day! they are old Camerades. For the very last side but one in *Que Genus*, (which you know is next to *As in presenti*) there you learnt *scelerata sinapis*, and *cucumis cucumer*.

*Tim.* I durst swear upon *Lilly*, 'tis just so. And that this same *thought* of *Mustard* and *Cucumbers* came only from the sediments and reliëts of an old twang I got at *school*. But how, Sir, came the *Cucumbers* to out-run the *Mustard*; for they are otherwise placed in the *Grammar*?

*Phi.* That is because some time or other you have seen *Mutton* and *Cucumbers* to be succeeded by *Beef* and *Mustard*.  
Tim.



*Tim.* Yes, Sir, that I have once, or so : but I don't remember that ever I saw *Adam* and *Eve* and the *North-wind* succeeded after any such manner. How shall we *train* in these, Sir?

*Phi.* O most easily. For *Adam* and *Eve* were the occasion of all *thoughts* : for from them were descended all *thinking Creatures*. But besides, 'tis possible that at some time or other (for no man can remember every thing that has happen'd in his whole life) you might meet a Woman crying *Cucumbers* ; and thereupon looking up, you spy'd the sign of *Adam* and *Eve*.

*Tim.* But 'tis five to one, Sir, whether the *North-wind* was written upon the sign.

*Phi.* That's true : but 'tis not so many to one ; but that the *Wind* might then be in the *North*, *Tim*. And if so, there's sufficient reason for them to lig together in the Brain, and afterwards to spring forth. Alas ! *Tim*, there is not one of a thousand

that is able to discern how strangely things are *chain'd* together. It being a plain case that people generally spend their time in gazing and staring at the whole lump of second causes ; and never mind the delicate wreathings and twistings of *motion*.

*Tim.* Indeed, Sir, I am afraid that people are somewhat careless : in my mind they ought to be chidden.

*Phi.* Chidden? they ought to be kick'd out of the World for duncery. I tell thee, *Tim*, I was, I remember, one day (in the late troublesome times) at a place where we fell into discourse of the Civil War. In the midst of which up starts one (as seemingly attentive as any of the rest) and asks, what was the value of a Roman penny. The old sops and boyes, that crowded close to see and admire me, and to get some reputation from being in my Company ; thought the man utterly distracted, or (as Theologues use to say upon such occasions) inspired. But to me, who knew how to drive a thought



*thought to the spring head, the coherence and train of the question was as manifest as could be. For the thought of the War introducing the thought of the Scots selling the King, and the thought of that, the thought of Judas betraying of Christ; and he being sold for thirty pence, I need not say any more.*

*Tim.* Not a word, Sir, and 'twas well for the poor *Gentleman, Philautus*, that you were so nigh at hand; or else, by chance, he might have gone to *Bedlam*, for want of a *Trainer*. But suppose, Sir, instead of the *Roman penny*, he had asked what was the reason that *Ginger* is spelt with a G, and *Jeopardy* with an J. Must he needs have gone for't: could not you have dropt down a little soder, and relief upon such an unfortunate extravagancy?

*Phi.* What's that to you *Goodman-two-shoes*: am I bound to acquaint you with all that I can do?

*Tim.* Nay, I hope no offence, Sir: for I am confident you that have such excellent

excellent skill at putting a *thought* off the *squat*, could have easily don't: for the *phantasm* of *War* introducing the *phantasm* of *powder*, this *powder* presently breaks forth into *bullets*: again those *bullets* pig and bring forth *hail shot*: and in the twinkling of an eye, *hail-shot* begets *Pepper*: and that *Pepper* that can't beget *Ginger*, ought to be flung into the streets.

*Phi.* But hold *Tim*; who shall help us to the *phantasm* of *Jeopardy*? dost keep a *Journey-man* to do that for thee? I prethee why not *Ginger* and *Justice*, or *Ginger* and *Jeremiah*, as well as *Ginger* and *Jeopardy*?

*Tim.* Nay softly there, *Philautus*; you would fain draw me into a *Land-story*. The business of *Ginger* and *Jeopardy* is as famous as the *three blew beans in a blew bladder*.

*Phi.* Then you may keep your story to your self: I am sure it can't any ways weaken my opinion, let it be what it will: for as I said before, so say I again, that 'tis perfectly impossible for any man in the *World*,  
either



either to devise a new *thought*, or so much as to *choose* the order of any old one.

*Tim.* I have now in my mind, *Philantus*, a spick and span-new *thought*, so fine and so pretty ---

*Phi.* What, that no body ever thought of before? I prethee let's hear it.

*Tim.* No, but you shan't: for you can't hear it, unless I speak; and if I speak, I shall go nigh to open my mouth: and then you'll presently say, that some body have open'd their mouths just so before now; either in whole, or in part; and so I shall be chous'd out of the novelty of my *thought*. No, no, Sir: I must beg your pardon as to that: but if you have any other kind of reason to bestow upon me, why a man may not think over his *old thoughts* in what order he pleases, besides such as *King Pippin*, *Tumult* and the *Roman penny*, I shall count my self very-much beholding to you.

*Phi.* What an impertinent thing is  
this

this to look about for reason, in a case that need not at all to be reason'd? does not what men practise and daily experience teach thee, how naturally the mind flies from one thing to another: even as a *Hawk* flies after a *Patridge*? and have not I in the thirty third page of my *Humane nature* plainly shewn thee, that when the *thought of honourable* is by some occasion or other sprung in a man, how the mind presently takes *Wing*, and flies to the *thought of being wise*, which is the next means thereunto: and from thence to the *thought of study*, which is the next means to *wisdom*: and have not I besides there told thee, that the necessity of this order depends upon this great truth, that he that has a conception of an end and has an appetite thereunto; the next conception he has, is a conception of the next means to that end.

*Tim.* A most vast and stately truth indeed! and therefore certainly that *Gentlemans* brains lay very odly, who, being sent for to a dying friend, bad  
his



his man to *saddle* him presently the *Chefs-board*, and give the *Warming-pan* half a peck of *Oats*.

*Phi.* This is a mere *flam* of your own devising: there never was any man in the World in his Wits, who thought after this extravagant rate.

*Tim.* This way you'll be too hard for me indeed. For if I take a little pains to make a *new thought*, you presently cry out ware *Alphabet*! and when I appeal to *History* and matter of *Record*, then my men prove all mad.

*Phi.* I say you and your men are every one of you mad; if you look upon this way of thinking to be common or natural.

*Tim.* I know, as well as you, that 'tis not altogether modish: and therefore if at any time the thought of hunger stirs within me, and struggles so hard as to pull in *Victuals*; I don't call for a *Flail* or the *Smuffers* to cut my meat; but for *'t' other instrument*: and if I have occasion to be *trim'd*, I seldom send for the *Brick-layer*, be-  
cause

cause I have more frequently observ'd the fall of beards to succeed the performances of another sort of *Operatours*.

*Phi.* And therefore you plainly see that people eat, live, talk, and do all meerly by *train of thoughts*. And as the water followeth a mans finger upon a dry and level Table: so every conception is guided and necessarily drawn in, by something that went before.

*Tim.* I grant you, *Philautus*, that *Victuals* draws out the *knife* out of the *sheath*, as naturally as the *finger*, &c. but it will not fetch in the *flail* out of the Barn altogether so well.

*Phi.* Yes, if there be a *Pudding* upon the Table.

*Tim.* But it shan't be *Pudding-day*: we'll have nothing but a *Haunch of Venison*. I durst not say *Beef*. For that would have taken fire presently; and ran like a great Gun backward. *Flail, Corn, Pudding, Beef.*

*Phi.* Why, *Venison* is flesh as well as *Beef*.

*Tim.* There you are cunning to  
C some





some purpose: for if I had only said, that we had a *small device*, or a *thingam* for Dinner; you would easily have brought in your *Flail*. For all substances are *Cofin-Germans*.

*Phi*. So they are: for the whole World is only a vast, vast Family: and though by reason of the multitude of relations, we don't presently perceive how the Kindred comes in: Yet there always is and *must be* some necessary alliance.

*Tim*. That same *must be* I like mainly well: because 'twill indifferently serve for any elevation of the Pole. For, suppose a *Gentleman* comes into his *Inn*, and finding his stomach mawkish, desires only a *boyl'd Cushion* and *Apple-sawce* for his Supper; and my *Landlord* calls for *Pippin* or *Tumult* to speak in the *Globe*; and neither of them will answer: 'tis no matter for that, for if they won't somebody else must: *every thought coming from imagination, and imagination from sense, and sense from motion,*

*motion, and therefore it must be so, so or so.*

*Phi*. It seems by this, *Tim*, as if 'twere thy opinion that all *thoughts* were merely casual or indifferent.

*Tim*. You must ghes again, Sir: for though I believe no *thought* to be necessary; yet 'tis plain that there is not one of a hundred of which, for the most part, there is not some occasion offered. For Children at School are very well aware of your *train of thoughts*; (only they don't know the phrase) counting it not modest nor civil to tell a Passenger a story of *eo* and *quo*, when he gives them occasion to tell him the hour of the day.

*Phi*. I prethee, *Tim*, don't trouble me with any of thy Childrens stories: but if thou hast a mind to understand wherein the whole cheat of this same *freedom of thinking* consists, 'tis in short thus. There are, thou knowest, several senses belonging to a man; which senses seldom lie long fallow; but are constantly busy'd





and knock'd upon by this outward World: so that these knockings fav'd all together, and treasur'd up in the brain, in twenty years time, suppose, will amount to a vast bank of motion: hence now it comes about, that a man may easily be deceiv'd, and oft-times seem to think *Voluntier*, when as he only filches out of the common stock.

*Tim.* This same seeming only to think freely does not at all please me: for a man, notwithstanding that, is still as very a *Jimcrack* as a *Faring-whistle*; only he's a little more copious. And an ability to think of ten thousand thousand several things, if stinted to a certain order, is nothing else but a wilder kind of necessity. And thereupon it was that the late *Philosopher* who took great pains in making *Bruits* to be meer *Engines*; was never so idle or mad, as to make *man* to be such a kind of *tool*.

*Phi.* He might e'en have gone on with the work, for any thing I see to the contrary.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* No, Sir: he knew how to spend his time better. For he perceiv'd that though an *engine* might possibly be contriv'd not only to walk up and down, but also to pronounce several words very distinctly, and to call knave if touch'd in one place; and in another to be your humble servant: nay, suppose you bestow upon it such breeding, as it becomes able at last to recite word for word every Verse in *Virgil*: yet take this same *engine* and stroak it, and cokes it, and promise it a *Violet-Comfit*, tell it the *Emperour* is to dine with you that day, and therefore it must needs do some extraordinary feat; for all this you can't get this fullen thing to say so much; as *Patule tu Tityre*.

*Phi.* Perhaps so: but what's the reason, *Tim*?

*Tim.* I know none but only this; that make what you will of meer matter; and put in never so many *Wheels* and *Pullies*: and instruct it in all the *Languages* of *Europe*, and

C 3

'twill



'twill still be but a chip of the old block, and 'twill go but just the rounds, and never take forth of its own accord, nor skip up your lap, and kiss you, when you had tun'd it to say the first *Ode* of *Horace*.

*Phi*. I grant you that Man has very much the advantage of all other Creatures; because he alone is capable of *speech*, and thereby of comparing and reasoning.

*Tim*. Now, don't I believe one word of all this.

*Phi*. What, *Tim*, dost deny by whole sale?

*Tim*. In the first place I do say that 'tis not *speech*, or the uttering of words that does at all make a man; but the understanding those words he utters, and the applying the same aptly. For suppose you go to your Cage, and ask your *Pye*, how do you do this Morning? and the *Pye* answers, how do YOU do this Morning? now if you can but teach the *Pye* to lay the accent strong enough upon that same YOU which she pronounces,

nounces, 'tis then plain reparty, and the *Pye* shall presently put in for a place at *Court*. And as *speech* alone will never amount to reasoning; so by your good leave, *Philantus*, there may be reasoning without *speech*: that is, there may be demonstrative inferring or concluding without the use of words. For I don't imagine reasoning to consist in gaping or hollowing, but in perceiving the necessity of the effect from its causes; which deaf and dumb people by many instances certainly do, as well as the lowest disputant in the *Schools*. But of these things, *Philantus*, you and I may have further occasion to discourse, before we part. And therefore if you have ever another *Roman penny* about you, I pray let's have it.

*Phi*. No, *Tim*, I know what to do with my money and notions better, than to fling them away upon such an ungrateful wretch as thou art. This same train or necessity of all humane thoughts is a great secret, and



too deep, I perceive, for thy apprehension. Perhaps thou maist have better luck at understanding the necessity of all humane actions: and therefore if thou hast a mind to it; wee'l have a small brush about *Free-will*: for my part I have not much to say: being most of it compriz'd in that little despicable piece of mine, call'd *Liberty and Necessity*. 'Tis a very small thing, *Tim*, and one of thy confidence and prowess may eat it up at a mouth-ful.

*Tim*. Yes, Sir, 'tis very small: but somebody has put such a dreadful *Preface* to't, as would go nigh to give a *Giant* his Breakfast. "Reader, says that same *some-body*, take this little *Book* of *Liberty and Necessity*: pull off thy glove, and take it I say into thy right hand, and let not the smallness thereof, make it seem contemptible to thee, for 'tis every bit Diamond and Oaks heart, for (besides a new passage into the *East-Indies*, and the bowells of the number of the *Apocalyptical Beast*)  
"there's

"there's work enough for many  
"thousand Sermons and Exercises:  
"and there's that which is much  
"better than the Catechisms and  
"Confessions of a thousand Assemblies: and that which will cast an  
"eternal blemish upon all the corner'd Caps of the Priests and Jesuits,  
"and upon all the black and white  
"Caps of the Ministers. I know not,  
"Reader, what profession, perswasion, opinion, or Church thou art of:  
"but be of what thou wilt, if thou  
"intendest to be fav'd, buy and study this little *Book*. In comparison  
"of which, all the Sermons, Teachings, Preachings, Meetings, Disputations, Conferences and Printed  
"Books are good for nothing, but  
"only to divert the duller sort of  
"Citizens. Perhaps, thou maist have  
"a mind to be prying into the great  
"mysteries of Predestination, Election, Freewill, Grace, Merits, Re-  
"probation, &c. if so, take my advice for once, and never go to any  
"Black-Court again; for generally  
"they



"they are a Company of ignorant  
 "Tinkers, that pretend to meading  
 "and fodering of mens Consciences,  
 "and for the most part they make  
 "more holes than they find: but go  
 "thou me to this little, little *Book* of  
 "Liberty and Necessity; (not written  
 "by a dull Tinkering Theologue, but  
 "by a severe student of the *Mathe-*  
 "maticks) and there thou shalt find  
 "more evidence and conviction, and  
 "more means of humane salvation,  
 "than in all the Volumes and Libra-  
 "ries, and all the Controversial La-  
 "hours, and Polemical Treatises that  
 "were ever Printed. Now, Sir, is  
 "not this very thundering and dis-  
 "maying? Do you think any body  
 "will venture, when you scare peo-  
 "ple thus.

*Phi.* Who scare people? You  
 can't say that I writ that *Preface*, can you?

*Tim.* No: But when I find therein  
 that same ratling story (which was  
 before in your *Preface de Cive*) of  
*Ixion's clapping a Cloud instead of Ju-*  
 no,

no, and of the Centaures and *Hermaphrodite*  
*opinions that were produc'd by*  
*that unnatural coition;* and compare  
 therewith your being so notoriously  
 given to print over and over such  
 elegant flourishes: and when I consi-  
 der besides, how chargeable 'twould  
 be to procure one to feign such com-  
 mendations, as you, upon all occasi-  
 ons, so easily and naturally trundle  
 in upon your self, I cannot but say,  
 that I am somewhat afraid, that---

*Phi.* Afraid? of what I prethee?  
 thou knowest well enough there was  
 a *Metaphysical Bishop* that ventur'd to  
 meddle; and I don't question but  
 thou art as fool-hardy as any *Bishop*,  
*Primate*, or *Metropolitan* of them all.

*Tim.* But you remember, Sir, what  
 a woful example you made of the  
 poor *Bishop*; (as you tell us in the  
 last page of your *Animadversions*)  
 and of all fish that flie, there's none  
 I hate like an *Example*. In my opini-  
 on, *Philautus*, you did him a little too  
 hard, considering he was a *Bishop*.

*Phi.* How could I help it, *Tim*?  
 dost



doſt think I can endure to be eternally tormented with nothing but *Tohu's* and *Bohu's* and *Jargons*? “The  
 “Bishop and I meet at *Paris*: we diſ-  
 “courſe very calmly concerning *Free-*  
 “*will*: upon this he writes a very  
 “angry *Book*, viz. *Vindication of true*  
 “*Liberty, &c.* and upon that (as he  
 “deſir'd) I writ that parlous little  
 “thing, *Liberty and Neceſſity*. But  
 “withal (now mark how tender I  
 “was of his credit) in no leſs than  
 “four ſeveral places, I requeſted, that  
 “it might by no means be Printed,  
 “that the World might never ſee  
 “what a pitiful weak Creature they  
 “had for a *Church Governour*. But  
 “afterwards this little Book being in-  
 “finitely deſir'd, and by ſtealth made  
 “publick; notwithstanding all theſe  
 “cautions, and this my great regard  
 “to his reputation, he was ſo incon-  
 “ſiderate as to go and make a reply.  
 “In which, *Tim*, (to be ſhort and  
 “plain) he has diſcover'd ſo little of  
 “breeding, reaſoning, or elocution,  
 “that I am oft-times forced to let  
 “him

“him know that his *Lordſhip writes*  
 “like a *Beaſt*, nay worſe than a *Beaſt*,  
 “nay both as to ſenſe and cleanlineſs:  
 “and for his language that 'tis *Jar-*  
 “*gon, Tohu, Bohu*, the very ſame with  
 “that of the *Kingdom of darkneſs*.

*Tim*. 'Twas a moſt unhappy thing,  
 that ſo great a *Churchman* ſhould run  
 himſelf into ſuch danger: and at once  
 offend ſuch a formidable Monster of  
 Wit, and Philoſophy.

*Pbi*. Offend? I tell thee, *Tim*, I  
 am of as gentle and ſparing a nature  
 (let people talk but tolerable non-  
 ſenſe) as any man alive: but to be  
 perpetually ſnarl'd at and curs'd---  
 One he falls to ſcribbling againſt me  
 with his *Ghebrical gibberish*, call'd  
*ſymbolls, Gambolls, or Antichriſt* in  
 ſhort hand; and in his *Elenchus* would  
 make people believe that he has con-  
 ſuted me, by writing ſo as no body  
 underſtands him. Then comes ano-  
 ther little Dog call'd *Vindex Aca-*  
*demiarum*, and without being ſet on, he  
 barks and exclaims againſt me as an  
 Enemy to the *Universities*; and knows  
 no





no more than a *Puppy*, either what an *Enemy* is, or what an *University* is. Then comes the railing and wondering *Bishop* with his *Tobu*, *Eohn* and *Jargon*; and he calls me *Rebel*, *Atheist* and *Blasphemor*, because I will not comply with him in his fopperies of *Accidents of Cheese in Bread*, *Free-mill*, *Free-subject*, and the like. Upon this, *Tim*, perceiving that folly and spight were both like to be endless: and that of all men that baited me, the *Clergy* were the great Ring-leaders and disturbers, what did me I, (for my future ease and quiet) but pickt out this same provoking *Bishop*, as a good lusty Sacrifice of their own flock: and so made of him an example for all the rest: which, if I be not much mistaken, I have done to some purpose.

*Tim*. To tell the *Bishop* (as you do) that *his distinction of compounded sense and divided sense was non-sense*, was a very proper and pinching reflection: there being no sort of *sense* so very scandalous as *non-sense*:  
but

but to let go the very same instruments of revenge upon every slight cavil, and frivolous occasion; and in times too, when *Liberty of will*, as well as *Episcopacy* and *Loyalty* were equally persecuted; was not done like a man that pretends to such variety of wit, and had the honour to initiate his present Majesty in the *Mathematicks*.

*Phi*. Thou talkest, *Tim*, as if the *Bishop* had left thee a *Legacy* to defend his fooleries. I wonder, what kind of things thou countest slight and frivolous. If a man should tell me a long story of a round quadrangle, or of a Kingdom standing upon two heads, and I desire him out of all love to speak softly; for my part, I believe thy wit to be such, that thou wouldst look upon this to be meer carping and cavelling.

*Tim*. No; by no means, Sir: you talk now of businesses indeed. But suppose, *Philantus*, the *Bishop* in his *Epistle to the Reader*, taking notice of your Principles being destructive  
both



both to *Religion* and *Government*, concludes all with, *God bleſs us.* May not a *Biſhop* (because the *ſupreme Rascals* had got away his eſtate) reſerve ſo much of his ſacred function, as to ſay, *God bleſs us, without being accuſed of buſſoonly abuſing the name of God to calumny?*

*Phi.* But he brings it in, *Tim*, as if he intended it as a *ſpel*, or a *charm* againſt my *doctrin*.

*Tim.* Perhaps ſo: for there are a great many think it pernicious, beſides the *Biſhop*.

*Phi.* It may be ſome few *particular men*.

*Tim.* Do you know what you have ſaid? what a barbarous expreſſion is this, for one that has done ſo well upon *Thucydides*, and the *Peak*! is this you that pretend to ſuch exactneſs of Language and have ſo little as to come in with your *particular men*? Is this you that have founded *thouſands of Catechiſms* and *thouſands of Confessions*, and *vouted white Caps, black Caps, corner'd Caps, Priests,*

*Prieſts, Jeſuits, and Miniſters*, and talk of your *particular men*? is this you ---

*Phi.* For ſhame, *Tim*, rave no more, for thou lookeſt black in the mouth already. I prethee what fault canſt thou find with *particular men*, *Tim*. Wherein does the iniquity of that expreſſion lie?

*Tim.* I know no more hurt in't than you did, when you made uſe of it in the laſt page but one of your *Animadverſions*: (as you may do a hundred times more for ought I know) but the poor *Biſhop* did but ſpeak of ſome *particular men* that ſlighted all ancient *Authors*: and 'twas as very *Jargon*, as if he had taken his *Text* out of *St. Paul* to the *Deuteronomians*; *particular men!* *this word particular men* (ſay you) *is put in here, in my opinion with little Judgment: eſpecially by a man that pretendeth, to be learned.* That now is a very girding aggravation. *Does the Biſhop think that he himſelf is, or that there is any Univerſal man?* that's vexation driven. *It may be he means a*  
D private

private man. Does he then think there is any man not private besides him that is endued with Sovereign Power? rarely fetch'd up again! there is not one man of a thousand that's fit to be trusted with an absurdity: that knows how to give the rising blow, and to urge and press to the quick. I wonder for my part that *Episcopacy* was not asham'd of coming into *Ireland* again, so long as there was a particular man to be found there. But that which pleases me much better than all this, *Philantus*, is; that the *Bishop* a while after happening to make use of the word *General*, the Tables presently turn, and he's e'en as very *Jargon* for that, as he was before for *particular*. *General!* 'tis *Jargon*, say you: for every thing that is, is singular and individual, and there's nothing in the whole World that is general, but the signification of words and other signs. So that, *Philantus*, if you resolve to deal with us at this severe rate, and neither let us have particular men as a constant going  
stock,

stock, nor an *Universal man* for a Breeder, we must e'en fling up at quarter day; and there's an end of the World.

*Phi.* What an idle stir thou makest about two or three rotten words! what's all this, I prithee, to the *Matter* in hand.

*Tim.* *Matter* in hand! what, do you look upon *Freewill* to be a *matter* in hand, when as *Liberty* is immaterial: or a discourse of *Freewill* (which consist only of words) to be a *matter* in hand? O, that I were but at leisure to take my full swing at this same luscious bit of non-sense; this same *matter* in hand!

*Phi.* Whereabouts are we got now, trow wee?

*Tim.* We are now just got to the 288<sup>th</sup> page of your *Animadversions*. Where the *Bishop* did but speak of a perfect definition being made of the essential causes, viz. *matter* and *form* (which is as common as *Logica est ars*) and you hooted at him, for as very an example, as if he had gone



nine miles to suck a Bull. *What* (say you) would the *Bishop* have matter come into a definition, that is made only of words: and into a definition of Liberty too, that is immaterial? We had best call for a skillet for his *Lordship*, that he may set on his definition, and boyl it. *Is it not a strange thing that a dignified Churchman should be so ignorant, as not to know that Matter is body, and that Body is corporeal substance, and subject to dimension, such as are the Elements, and things compounded of the Elements?* this is, *Philautus*, damnable and upbraiding *Rhetorique*: for though Matter, Body, corporeal substance, dimension, elements and things made of elements, seem to be the same sort of torment, yet it grates all the way like a saw upon a mans leg.

*Phi.* I know it does; and I intended it should. For to illustrate nonsense, after this easie and familiar manner, is sometimes the most stinging improvement that can be made of it.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* I pray, Sir, when the *Bishop* says that a man has the determination of himself, and dominion over his own actions: how do you manage that absurdity?

*Phi.* It need not be manag'd at all *Tim*; for without any help the man makes an absolute fool of himself; and at one dash flings away all his Freewill, as utterly as ever rotten egg was flung against the Wall: for over whatsoever things there's dominion, those things are not free.

*Tim.* This is a plain case, that he lost his *parts* and *Bishoprick* together: for Free dominion is as much as to say free imprisonment, free subjection, or free slavery: and therefore I very much wonder'd at your Moderation, when (in the beginning of your *Animadversions*) you said that *Arminianism* was only in part the cause of the late troubles. Whereas 'tis very plain, that the War never had been begun, had it not been for the *Freewillers*. For a *subject* being nothing else but a person who has given up his will to

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the



the will of his Prince: he that pre-  
sumes to call in his own will again,  
and to challenge a dominion and  
command over his actions (as all  
*Freewillers* do) what does he do but  
in effect, renounce all allegiance; and  
like a Rebel, sets up his own will  
against that of the supreme. Nay  
farther, whereas some people (not un-  
derstanding words) do imagine that  
the Doctrine of Necessity makes the Go-  
vernment of God Tyrannical; these  
are so very silly as not to perceive that  
they which maintain the contrary give  
way to the same absurdity in a much  
higher degree. For he that holds that  
man has a power and dominion over  
his own actions, makes every man to  
be a King: from whence it plainly  
follows (King and Tyrant being all one)  
that according to him, God is more a  
Tyrant, being King of Kings. I profess,  
I did not think there had been any  
thing nigh so much treason and blas-  
phemy in maintaining this same Li-  
berty of Will as now I perceive  
there is.

phi.

phi. Thou perceive! thou per-  
ceivest nothing at all: not so much  
as the first grounds of the dispute  
between us. For if thou didst, thou  
wouldst know, that no man in the  
World is more for true Liberty, and  
for mans being a free Agent than I  
am. Nay (which possibly such a Fool  
as thou art may stare at) I hold true  
Liberty more than the very Bishop  
himself, who seemeth so eagerly to  
scramble and fight for't. For (as I  
have it p. 77.) whereas the Bishop  
either craftily, or (be it spoken with  
all due respect) ignorantly put things  
so together as to scandalize me and  
make people believe I am altogether  
against Liberty, because I hold necessi-  
ty: let him and his Ecclesiasticks  
know, that I hold as much that there  
is true Liberty as he doth and more:  
for I hold it, as from Necessity; and  
that there must of Necessity be Liberty:  
but he (like a beast) holds it not  
from Necessity, and so makes it possi-  
ble there may be none. And that's the  
reason why I call'd my Book, Liberty  
and

D 4.





and *Necessity*. For I am so far from denying *Liberty*, that I hold *Necessity* besides.

*Tim*. He does so: never minding that sober advice of the *Poet*, about *severities clogg*, upon the *three Children* that were drown'd; *untie 'em and you undo 'em*. Now say I, *Philantus*, give me again my *Actus primus*, and *Actus secundus*, my *terminus à quo*, and *terminus ad quem*, my *quidditas*, *quodditas*, *entitas*, and all the rest of my little, barbarous, *Metaphysical* implements; rather than such childish, ridiculous, non-sensical querks and subtilties, dress'd up into eloquent stile, with soft and *Roman* expressions. You had best now complain to his *Majesty* that the boys laugh at you, when you chastise them for their *particular men*, their *free dominion*, and their boyl'd definitions: and that they grow fancy and headstrong, and won't believe but that plain right-down, untrim'd *Liberty*, without any *Necessity* at all, is near upon as good, as your  
kind

kind of *Liberty* lac'd with a *vengeance*.

*Phi*. Nay, if you be good at that, *Tim*, for a need, I can rail, as well as you.

*Tim*. I pray, Sir, hold your hand: for, in the last page of your *six Lessons*, you have given the *Egregious Professours* (as you call them) such a thundring broadside, as would go nigh to sink the *Sovereign* it self. *Go your ways*, say you, *you uncivil Ecclesiasticks, inhumane Divines, Deductors of morality, unasinous Colleagues, egregious pair of Issachars, most wretch'd Vindices and Indices Academicarum*.

*Phi*. I said all that; and they deserv'd it. And I am heartily sorry, *Tim*, that I have it not about me, for thee too. For, thou art a most rude and ungentile scribbler, a most unmannerly, and scurrilous libeller, a most ignorant, pragmatical, and malicious despiser of *age, gravity, observation*, and every thing else that is becoming and venerable: a very *Boy, Toy, flie-flap, shuttle-cock, nut-crack,*  
that



that ought not to speak to one that has read a *good Book*, or seen a *wise man*: the very sediment, fag-end, stump, and snuff of mankind; that sneers and blinks at stars of reason: and that shirk'd only into humane race, to vex *old men*, and stum sober company: and therefore I do despise thee, and abhor thee, and spit on thy face, and say, that that *Liberty* of humane actions, which I do allow of, is true *Liberty*.

*Tim.* And spit, and rail till you be hoarse again, I do say that, according to your principles, a *Mustard-quern*, or *Wheel-barrow*, has every whit as much liberty, choice, &c. as the most uncontrollable Governour now upon earth.

*Phi.* Why so? don't I frequently say that man is a free Agent, that he deliberates, chuses, consents, &c.

*Tim.* Yes, that you do forty times over.

*Phi.* How much freedom then wouldst thou have? I grant that he may

may do, whatever he *will*; and I think that's Forest big enough for any one Creature to range in.

*Tim.* But I pray, Sir, how far is that same *will* that he has, in his own power?

*Phi.* That now is as absurdly and ignorantly spoken, as ever was any thing either by the *Bishop* or *St. Austin*: for, *they both talk of having the will in their own power, not at all considering, that the will is the very power it self.*

*Tim.* That was very carelessly done of them indeed: for, as you say, *the will being the power, to talk of having power over the will, is all one as to have power over power*: whence will follow penetration of *powers*: and so we shall have two *Kings of Brenford* currant at the same time. And therefore being convinc'd, *Philanius*, that I was in the wrong, I desire only to know what is it, that a man has the power to *will*?

*Phi.* Because that now is tolerable well, (if it be rightly taken) I do tell



tell thee, that he has power to will whatever he pleases, phantasies, or has a mind to: and I know not what thou canst desire more, unless thou would'st have *the Calf with the white face*.

*Tim.* But I pray, Sir, how comes he by that mind? does that mind come always upon him necessarily; so that it was impossible for him not to have had that mind: or does he himself choose that mind?

*Phil.* Choose that mind! what strange words you put together again: *what, would you have a man to choose his own choice, and to will his own will?* 'tis worse by half than lying with his own mother.

*Tim.* A great deal worse, Sir, for man is an excellent Creature; for man has a liberty to do: and besides that, he has liberty to do whatever he will: (O brave man!) and he can will whatever he has a mind to: but all on a sudden he plomps, for he has a mind to nothing. And so, you know, it happen'd, *Philantus*, in that

that famous case of the House that *Jack* built. For though it was always granted that there was a man that killed the Cat, that eat the Mouse, that lived in the House--- yet, at the upshot of the business, *Jack* always steps in, and swops away all the credit.

*Phi.* All this ridiculous prattle is, because thou never hadst a just and true notion of *Liberty*. For, *Liberty*, say I, is absence of all the impediments to action that are not---

*Tim.* This now is specially good, and one of your old tricks. For you take a man and stake him down upon the middle of *New-market* heath, and then give him a definition of *Liberty*, and tell him that he may now run away faster, than if he were loose; for now he runs upon necessity, but if he were loose, he could only run away upon his *Legs*.

*Phi.* 'Tis impossible ever to stop a Fools mouth, that won't hear out a definition.

*Tim.* I am resolv'd not to hear it, make



make your complaint where you will. For put you a man into a Dungeon, as deep as you can thrust him; and let me have but the ordering of a few words, and if I don't presently define him steeple height, I'll undertake to supply his place. And therefore, still say I, give me my *Wheel-barrow* for a free Agent. For this can do whatever it will: and it can will whatever it has a mind to; and it has a mind to whatever the man that crowds behind has a mind to, who has a mind to whatever the Heavens and Elements crowd upon him. So that, let the *necessity* be a thousand removes off, yet for all that, certainly at last we fetch about to the House that *Jack* built. And so we must do. For, as was said before concerning thoughts; that the greatest variety imaginable can never arise to freedom of thinking; so neither can the jostling and crowding back of the immediate necessary causes ever amount to Liberty of doing. For, let the plot lie as deep as the  
Center

Center of the earth, and let there be never so many turnings, and whirlingings, and windings; yet the case is exactly the same, as if all had been laid but just at threshold-door. And therefore, why should we play the Children any longer, and talk of willing, and choosing, and I know not what, and mean nothing thereby?

*Phi.* I tell thee, *Tim*, there is a kind of great business which I do mean by that *Liberty*, which I count consistent with *Necessity*: but if thou resolvest not to like it, then, say I, thou must e'er be content, to take up with necessity all alone. Perhaps thou hast got a new set of *Virtuoso-arguments*, and some *double-bottom-objections* against me; if thou hast, produce, Child; and thou shalt see how I'll slice thee down.

*Tim.* What I have, Sir, I shall keep to my self: unless in your answers to common reasons and experience, formerly alledg'd by others, you had discovered somewhat besides quibbles, and ignorance.

*Phi.*



*Phi.* Now to see the Coxcombs of such a pragmatist fellow! for, though all that I have written, have been perform'd with strange kind of force and perspicuity; yet never was any thing so clearly laid down, nor so solidly defended, as I have done the necessity of all events. For in the first place (as a sure foundation) I do assert, that there is no such thing or cause of any thing, as *luck*, *chance*, or *fortune*: but that they are all meer words, more or less made use of, according to the degrees of mens ignorance or understanding. Now, *Tim*, away to thy detecting office; and shew me where the querk or quibble of this notion lies.

*Tim.* There's none at all in't, Sir: 'tis a huge, stout, well-grown truth: and whereas you crowd it almost into every *Book* you have written, as if 'twere a discovery of your own; 'twas so anciently and currantly believed, that one of the very *Poets* could tell us above a thousand years ago --- *Nos facimus fortuna deam, &c.*  
and

and besides 'tis nothing at all to the purpose: for though (making use of a common phrase) I may say such a friend may chance to come to my House to morrow; yet my being ignorant which of the two will come to pass, does not at all hinder his own choosing, whether he'll come or stay at home.

*Phi.* But that, *Tim*, namely, whether of himself he can choose to come or stay at home, is the very controversie betwixt us; and against it I have two familiar Cases to propound; one concerning the *weather*, t'other concerning *dice*: each of which will most effectually prove (if ever I prov'd any thing at all) the necessity of all kind of events whatever, humane or not humane. And therefore the first thing I would know of thee is this: *whether 'tis necessary that to morrow it shall rain, or not rain*: what thinkest thou?

*Tim.* I believe 'tis.

*Phi.* 'Tis! 'tis what?

*Tim.* 'Tis most absolutely and undoubtedly





may be most deadly crowding for the Wall.

*Phi.* But these cases, that you have put *Tim*, being general; you only mean that some numbers are odd, and some even: and some men are in *Town*, and some are out.

*Tim.* And if you suppose in particular that to morrow my *Lord Mayor* goes abroad or stays at home: you only mean that sometimes he is pleased to go abroad and sometime he's pleased to stay at home. For though that same *Omnis* be a person of wonderful dispatch and presence, yet 'twould make the greatest individual *Magistrates* head in the world, to gidge again, to have so much busines upon his hand, as to be forc'd all the day long to be abroad at home.

*Phi.* I know he can be but in one place: but wherever that be, 'tis upon necessity.

*Tim.* Why so?

*Phi.* Because every proposition is true or false.

*Tim.* That's right: if therefore every

every proposition in the world were true, or every proposition were false (which, *Philantus*, is your way of Computation) then I grant you, that he must needs go, that the *Devil* drives. But because there's Field-room enough, and that some propositions are true, and some false; therefore I am resolv'd to enjoy my humour, and neither to go, nor drive, unless I have a mind to't. For in short, *Philantus*, that same old famous story of *Socrates's* necessarily disputing to morrow, or not, because every proposition is now true or false, has no more in't but just this; that 'tis true to day, that one of the two shall be true or come to pass to morrow; or 'tis true or false to day, that this or that particularly shall be true or come to pass to morrow: and sweat and shuffle as long as you will, you can never advance that querk any higher. And therefore to make an end of this same story of *Socrates* and the *weather*; seeing, *Philantus*, these same *English* men are most of

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them a Company of clownish and disingenuous dunces; the *Ecclesiasticks* having no breeding, the *Philosophers* having not tasted of motion, and the *Mathematicians* being much o'rerun with the *scab* of ignorance, pride, and *symbols*; the best way will be to draw up your opinion concerning a disjunctive proposition (you may do it in half a sheet) and send it beyond Sea: where (as you very friendlyly inform your self in your late *lux Mathematica, &c.*) you are much read, understood, and admir'd: and if amongst all your acquaintance, you can get so much but as one subscription to your Paper, by any body that knows what belongs to *Logick* (to which you appeal in this very Case) then shall it rain or not rain; and *Socrates* shall dispute or not dispute, whenever *Philautus* pleases.

*Phi.* What dost tell me of *Logick*? dost think that I that began to reason, the very first day I went into breeches, will be bound up to your paltry, pimping, pedantick rules of  
*Logick*?

*Logick*? don't I know that *Logick* is the Mother of all Lyes, and the Nurse of your damn'd, confounded *Metaphysical jargons*?

*Tim.* Now do I shortly expect a *Book contra Fastum Dialecticorum*: now am I confident that *Logick* will be the *Devil* and all, as *Mathematicks* was, after the *Doctor* had bass'd, and confuted you.

*Phi.* I bass'd, I confuted? I never was, nor will be, as long as I live.

*Tim.* No, no, Sir: you shan't be confuted: it does not at all become one of your age to be confuted: 'tis uncivil, Sir, 'tis not done at all like a *Gentleman* to confute you: You shall have a *protection* from his *Majesty* not to be confuted.

*Phi.* You lye in your very throat. I never went about any such thing.

*Tim.* Perhaps so: but however having now done with the business of the *weather*; let's now if you please, Sir, have one *throw* at *Liberty* and *Necessity*; that we may see, whe-



ther the *Die* will run on my side, or yours.

*Phi.* Done: I would know then, suppose, I take a *die*, and throwing it upon the Table, there comes up such or such a cast: whether there was not an absolute *necessity* of that particular cast.

*Tim.* Most absolute.

*Phi.* Then have you perfectly gam'd away your *Freemill*.

*Tim.* Yes: just 'as much as t'was rain'd away before. For supposing (as you do) that a *die* have (as they call them) so many chances, and such a chance to lie uppermost when 'tis thrown, and to be thrown with such or such a force, and upon a table of such or such a smoothness, then say I there will as necessarily come forth such or such a cast, as if there had been never another cast upon the *die* but that which came forth.

*Phi.* Then there's *necessity* enough.

*Tim.* Enough: but nothing to your purpose.

*Phi.* That's strange.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Not at all: because all the several circumstances requir'd to such a cast, notwithstanding all that you have supposed, are wholly still in my own power; that is, I may choose which side I'll lay foremost, upon what I'll make the throw, and if need be I can have a spring with so many notches, that shall let go the *die*, and give it as many turns, as I please.

*Phi.* You chuse! you please! 'tis a very hard matter, I see, to beat people out of the common track of non-sense. And therefore though there's nothing more seemingly casual, or more proper to be insisted on, than the *weather* and *dice*; yet, because to give particular instances would be endless, I shall rather chuse to put all out of doubt, and settle the whole business by one *general argument*.

*Tim.* That will be well indeed. For I love at my very heart those same *general arguments*; because they pretend to kill the old one  
in



in the Nest. How is it I pray, Sir ?

*Phi.* 'Tis thus: *there is, say I, a necessity or necessary cause of all events; because every event has a sufficient cause. For an event is that which is come to pass: and nothing can come to pass unless somewhat produce it: and produc'd it cannot be, but by that which is able or sufficient to produce it: that is to say, but by the meeting together of all that's necessary to produce it.*

*Tim.* And what then ?

*Phi.* Then every thing that is produc'd, is necessarily produc'd.

*Tim.* Why so ?

*Phi.* Because all is met together that was necessary.

*Tim.* Therefore they necessarily met together: did they? O your Servant, Sir! because Fire, Water, and Oatmeal are requisite (that's all the meaning of necessary here) for the making of *Water-gruell*: therefore I must of necessity fall upon the operation at four of the Clock; and 'tis

'tis impossible for me to forbear, or employ my self otherwise at that time.

*Phi.* So 'tis impossible.

*Tim.* To do what: to stab and kill a man, and then to unstab and unkill him again? that's all, *Philantus*: for seeing in our *Country* ther's no halting or quartering of effects: therefore (say you) all effects are necessary: that is, you suppose the thing done, or (which is all one) to be in such circumstances, that 'tis impossible but that it should be done; and then you conclude 'twas necessary that it should be done. Whereas the question is not whether when any thing is produc'd, such and such things are necessarily requir'd to its production; but whether it be now necessary, that all those necessities or requisites shall certainly club together at such a time to produce it.

*Phi.* I say they must, and that upon the account of *sufficient causes*.

*Tim.* And, I say, they need not, and that upon the account of the *West-wind*:





*wind*: and I am sure that my account is as good as yours: for I am for *sufficient causes* as much as you.

*Phi.* What, and hold *freewill*?

*Tim.* O most easily, Sir: for oft-times the *will alone* is the *sufficient cause*.

*Phi.* Of what! of the *will*!

*Tim.* No, that's *Jargon*: but of the action.

*Phi.* But, I enquire, what's the cause of the *will*.

*Tim.* So you may, but in many instances I can tell none.

*Phi.* I prethee, let me hear one of those instances; and thou shalt see, if I don't presently Ferret out a *sufficient cause*.

*Tim.* Suppose then there be laid before you, *three Apples*: I would know, whether you can pick one of them.

*Phi.* Yes surely: what hinders?

*Tim.* You can as soon pick a Star out of the Firmament: for these *Apples* shall be exactly of the same size, the same complexion, and the same distance

distance from the eye; and thereupon they shall strike and tempt all alike: so that, unless you'll allow the *will it self* to cast in the last feather, and to determine the scales, you can only *platonically* admire, for there's no falling to, as the case stands.

*Phi.* But you don't consider, *Tim*, how the World being in a constant tofs and hurry; there's chopping and changing every moment: so that one or other of your *sufficient causes* over-topping the rest, will strike you as dead ---

*Tim.* Therefore I'll have my *three equally sufficient apples* to be nail'd fast down; and there shall be a very stout supporter for the chin, that the head may no ways wag; and the eyes shall be so spoken to, that they shall not dare to rowl in the least.

*Phi.* But may there not be for all this, that which they call, *I know not what*, which getting in at a corner of the eye, may give a private stab, and so determine the choice?

*Tim.* There may so: for perhaps one



one of the *Apples* may have some pretty mole or dimple, or some such wounding feature or other. And therefore I think we had best take three *pease*, or three *grains* of *Mustard-seed*. Surely there can't be any great difference of *Cupids* in such a case. Or if we ben't yet armour-proof; what think you, *Philantus*; of *even* or *odd*? there is, you know, just as many of t'one as t'other: and as for the words themselves they seem to smirk and flame and charm much at one. And yet 'tis very evident from *History*, that there has been many a shilling won and lost at that game: which, according to you, is utterly impossible; and as *meer a tale as Religion*.

*Phi.* How so?

*Tim.* Because no body could ever play at it. For if the mind never determines it self, but is always (as you would have it) necessarily over-born by *hopes* and *fears*: the *hopes* and *fears* of *even* and *odd* being for ever equal, if at any time *even* (sup-

pose) puts in for a mans will, presently in steps *odd*, and looks you full o'the face, with its why not I as well? so that the *alternate appetite* (as you call it) being perpetual, a mans mind can never possibly be seized on, but must go *titter totter, swing swang*, to the Worlds end.

*Phi.* Don't you trouble your self about that, *Tim*: for 'tis very plain that a man may choose one number before another; but, (still say I, the reason is not merely because he will chuse it (for that's non-sense) but because by chusing it, he *hopes* ---

*Tim.* *Hopes!* to do what?

*Phi.* To win.

*Tim.* I tell you, he shan't *hope* any such thing.

*Phi.* Why, *Tim*, must a man ask you leave to *hope*?

*Tim.* I don't stand much upon't, Sir: but you won't let him *hope*: for, in the ninth Chapter of your *Humane nature*, you put in this *imbargo* upon *hope*: *viz.* that it does then only take place, *when the causes that make us expect*



*expect the thing hop'd for, are greater than those that make us expect the contrary.* Now he that, in the business of *even* or *odd*, can spy out such *bouncing causes* on one side, more than t'other, shall presently quit the *Chanel*, and be permitted to *hope*.

*Phi.* But may there not be many other *sufficient causes* besides *hope*, *fear*, and such like *passions*, that may possibly move and determine the will ?

*Tim.* Questionless there may be several : for suppose, the *gamester* chops at *even* : one *sufficient cause* of that choice may be, that, by so doing, it is an *even* case but that he wins : and certainly he's a very foul *Gamester* that desires any more than to *win*. In the next place, 'tis to be considered, that possibly the *Gentleman* that so chuses, may be of a smooth and *even* temper : and what influence *bodily temper* (for there is no other) has upon all humane affairs, whether by *Sea* or by *Land*, I need not explain. Besides, it must  
not

not be omitted, that the choice which is propounded is not *odd* or *even*, but *even* or *odd* : so that *even* getting the start of *odd*, claps in *physically* upon the phansie, before *odd* can possibly get up. To all which (if need were) may be further added, that perhaps the *Gentleman Elector* by some means or other may have been prejudic'd against *odd* : either by having an *odd* Father, an *odd* Mother, or an *odd* kind of Wife ; and many such an *odd* thing may have happen'd, that may have quite disoblidg'd him, and indispos'd him to *odd*. And as there may be many other *sufficient causes* that may thus jog and incline the will to *even* : so without doubt one that married but a small relation of *Tullies*, for a very little fee, could do as much for *odd*.

*Phi.* But why do we spend so much time about such *trifles* and *inconsiderable things* as these : whereas, we are inquiring what it is that directs a man in the grand affairs of his life.

*Tim.* As much *trifles* and *inconsiderable*

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derable



derable as they seem to be, give me leave to tell you, *Philautus*, that these same trifles and *inconsiderables* do utterly destroy not only all your Doctrine of *Necessity*, but all that nothing that you have said against *immateral substances*. For, if any one man since the world began, has but lifted up his finger meerly because he would do so: that is to say, when all outward causes and considerations did equally solícite him to move it downwards, (were there no other) 'tis a demonstration to me, that there is somewhat in the world besides matter; and that man is of that kind.

*Phi.* I prithee don't tear me a pieces now, with those contradictions of *immateral substances*: but let me advise thee not to be cheated with such phrases, as thou didst just now mention. viz. because *he would do so*, forsooth: for we oft-times hear people say, *they will* do such a thing; I, that *they will*: as if the *will* were the only determining cause: whereas there's abominable Pride, Vain-glory, and

perverfe-

perverfeness in that expression. For example, you tell a man, suppose, that *he shan't* fling his *Hat* into the fire; no that *he shan't*. Say you so, says he? I'll see you hang'd, before I'll be nos'd by such a scoundrel, and with that flap goes the *Hat* into the middle of the fire.

*Tim.* And truly he's right enough serv'd, that gives a *Gentleman* such saucy language. But what shall we think of him, *Philautus*, who, without any such provocation at all, upon the *twenty third* of *April* takes his *silk-doublet*, and cutting it into *thirty nine* pieces, steeps it in *Rhenish Wine* till the *first* of *September*; and then seals it up in a *Tamarisk-box*, with this superscription; *Ego & tu sumus in tuto*: and lays it under his pillow the night before *Full Moon*.

*Phi.* For my part, I keep to my old opinion: that every thing has a beginning: and that nothing can come to pass alone.

*Tim.* Most certainly nothing can: and therefore, doubtless the sufficient

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cause



cause of this whole business lie couch'd in the *Rule of three*. For, as the *twenty third of April* is to a *silk Doublet* cut into *thirty nine pieces*: so are those *thirty nine pieces* steep'd in *Rhenish Wine* till the *first of September*, to the *Tamarisk Box*, with the foresaid *superscription*, laid under the pillow the night before *Full Moon*.

*Phi*. I must confess, that the necessary and *sufficient cause* of some actions, (especially of those which are call'd *indifferent*) lie oft-times very deep: but of all actions, I am from hence sure, there's always one at the bottom; because in all common actions, and concerns of life, it lies so very plain.

*Tim*. I grant you that the *probability* of many events lies very plain: but not the *necessity* of any one, that I know of. That is to say in other words, that man being a *rational Creature*, for the most part is pleas'd (not constrain'd) to do that which is most *reasonable*: so if a *Merchant*, suppose, is promis'd an old debt of  
five

*five thousand pounds*, for crossing the street: 'tis highly probable, that such news as this, will make the spirits to fall a little towards the Legs. But what if he stays at home only to suck his *middle finger*?

*Phi*. The cunning of that may be, *Tim*, to make such Fools as thee believe, that man has dominion over his actions. But there's no such thing at all: for he stays at home only to cross and contradict those that deny *Freewill*. That is in short, he loves and prefers his *opinion* (than which nothing you know is dearer) before *five thousand pounds*.

*Tim*. But how came he, Sir, to dote so much upon his *middle finger*: does the Doctrine of *Freewill* make the *middle finger* grow fatter than all the rest?

*Phi*. That need not be: for, in it self you know, it is the *longest* and *most sufficient*.

*Tim*. And so, in good truth, must the *little one* have been; if he had spent his Meditations upon that. A-





gain, *Philantus*, suppose a man be catch'd in a good *lusty rain*: there is such probability of some events, that I count it more than two to one, that he will choose to borrow a *Cloak*, rather than a *Curry-comb* or *shooing-horn*.

*Phi.* If he does ask for any such thing; a very *sufficient cause* of that may be, to make people laugh.

*Tim.* Indeed he can't help it, if they do laugh: but he may do it, meely because *he will* do it.

*Phi.* But I have told you over and over that that is utterly impossible.

*Tim.* And I can say it as often, that 'tis not. Seeing, by many instances above given, 'tis plain that a man may and doth often determine himself, where all imaginable grounds of necessity are equally poys'd: I count that I may safely conclude that, whenever he pleases, he may make use of the same power in all other cases whatever. For the same principle which impowers a man for to do any one thing upon no extrinsecal account

compt at all; impowers him to *forbear* the doing of any other thing whatever, though he has a *thousand reasons* to do it. Against all which, you have no other fence, but only to pop in that lamentable engine of your *sufficient cause*. The sum of which is only this, that whatever is already done, can't be undone: and whatever is not yet done, is not done as yet.

*Phi.* That great notion of a *sufficient cause* (whereby I absolutely demonstrate the necessity of all events) which you so saucily diddain, has stun'd all the great *Divines* and *Philosophers* of *Europe*. Whereas all those *inconveniencies* and *absurdities* which they charge upon my Doctrine, of themselves vanish in a moment; they being chiefly grounded (as most errors are) upon nothing else but want of understanding of the true signification of words. It would be very tedious, *Tim*, to repeat many of their *objections*, they are so intolerably silly: and therefore I shall



only give you a very short specimen of their folly. In the first place they'll tell you, that if there be a necessity of all humane actions, to what purpose do we *praise* and *commend* one action; and *blame* and *discommend* another. Ignorant Souls! that should not understand, that *to praise or commend a thing, is only to say a thing is good: good I say for me, or for some body else, or for the state and Commonwealth.* And in like manner to blame and discommend a thing, is no more than to say that 'tis bad and inconvenient. For instance, what more common, *Tim*, than for people, in cold weather, to say there's a *very good fire*: an *excellent good fire*: a *special good fire*: a *most stately Princely fire* (words big enough for the greatest exploits of the mightiest *Hero*) and yet, I suppose, very few think that the fire burns out of *choice* and *discretion*: and that it lies listning and gaping for *commendations*, and burns accordingly. On the contrary, what is it we mean when we express

express our dislike and disgust? Be true now, and tell me, *Tim*; is there any thing more frequent than to say, that such an Horse is *blind* or *sunder'd*: that he *starts*, *halts*, or *stumbles*: that he's a *very Jade*: a *rotten*, *molten*, *confounded Jade*; (words that do most passionately express blame and displeasure) and yet again we don't suppose that the Horse ever requested the *Blacksmith* to drive a nail up to the hilts into his foot: or desir'd the *Groom* to thrust out one of his Eyes with the Pitch-fork, or to ride him so hard, as to melt or founder him? and therefore, in the forty-first page of my *Animadversions*, I tell thee (hadst thou the wit to observe it) that, whereas people make such a great bustle about their sins; and are oft-times vex'd and can't sleep in their beds for their sins; *sin is nothing else but halting or stumbling in the ways of Gods Commandments.*

*Tim.* And do you think that this is all that is meant by peoples *breaking*



ing Gods Commandments; that one is stab'd with the *Pitchfork* of stupidity and ignorance; and another prick'd and lam'd by the *Blacksmith* of sensuality and drunkennels: so that there must needs be great halting and stumbling among them?

*Phi.* What, *Tim.* do you make sport and a mock of such a serious thing as *sin*?

*Tim.* 'Tis you and such as you, *Philantus* (whose very *opinions* make a mock of *sin*) that are the sport-makers: not those, who out of a sincere design to undeceive the World, are forc'd sometimes to condescend to very mean, and almost unpardonable expressions.

*Phi.* I don't cheat or deceive any body: for 'tis plain from common Custom, and the consent of the best *Authors*, that *praise* and *dispraise* do equally belong to those things, that are never so far from all pretences of *Freewill*, as well as to men.

*Tim.* But then, *Philantus*, I would have people a little careful how, and  
upon

upon what, they bestow their commendations and reproofs. For though sometimes indeed they turn to very good accompt; yet at other times they have their inconveniencies. He therefore that overnight commended a *diamond* at such a rate, that by Morning it was grown from a *Cherry-stone* to a *Pippin*, (besides a little young *diamond* it had soled, running by its side) must be granted to have spent his breath, and praises with very good discretion and profit. Neither was the famous *Miller* of little *Hingham* much out of the way: who, when the wind did not blow to his mind, would so frown, and chide, and rattle over his Mill, that one would wonder to see, how pouring the meal came down, upon the reproof. But, for all that, I shall always pity poor *Sir Frederick*,

*Phi.* For what I prethee?

*Tim.* Why, Sir, he having in *Christmass* time (as most *Gentlemen* use to have) one of those stately and Princely fires before-mention'd: the



the neighbours that sat about it, fell into such lavish praises, and extravagant admiration of the fire, that it grew so conceited, as to burn down the House. Therefore, if it must be so, that to praise or dispraise a thing is only to say that 'tis good or bad: yet however let people hence learn, that good words, as well as bad, are to be used with discretion. But truly, *Philautus*, (to deal plainly with you) as plausible as the conceit seems to be, for my part, I much suspect whether it be true. For though we may praise a stone, tree or Horse, a mans foot or forehead, with the very same words and phrases, and in as good a stile as the best of humane actions: yet I can't but think that those commendations which are usually bestow'd upon that accompt, which we call *desert*, to be not only much larger, but quite of another kind from those which we give upon all other occasions whatever. And though I don't at all doubt, but that such an one as *Pliny*, could have

have done very much upon the *considerable legs* and *renowned cod-piece* of *Henry the Eighth*; yet I am confident, he would have done much better upon the *peaceable* and *pious reign* of *Q. Elizabeth*. But to make an end of this, *Philautus*, we do often indeed commend the sun for shining, and the Heavens for affording rain, and the like: but, at our end of the *Town*, (what you do I know not) we think hereby we praise *God* himself; who not out of his necessary, but free pleasure at first created, and still disposes of all these things: and has made man like himself. So that still nothing is prais'd merely because 'tis good or beneficial, but because it was contriv'd and brought about by that which need not have done it.

*Phi.* But don't you hear people very ordinarily blame and find fault with bad winds and bad weather, as well as commend good: and complain of many things that could not be help'd?

*Tim.* Yes: and I don't much wonder



der at it : for, such Fools as those, shall curse and bid the *Devil* take them ten thousand times over, for such things, as they could have help'd: and that's their gentile way of *repentance*. And therefore let us have no more concerning *praise* and *dispraise*; but let us see if they have any thing else to say against you.

*Phi.* They have nothing at all to say: but they think they have got somewhat by the end; when they tell you, that if there be a necessity of all humane actions; then many *Laws* would be *unjust*, because the breach of them could not be avoided.

*Tim.* This sounds, *Philautus*, as if it had somewhat in't.

*Phi.* That it does: and that's all. For whereas they talk of an *unjust Law*, they had as good talk of a piece of iron burning cold. For, *every Law is either divine or humane. As for divine Laws, the irresistible power of God alone justifies all them.*

*Tim.* Truly such a famous Broker for

for power (as you are known to be) may easily make that out. For, having in your *Animadversions*, turn'd all the *Attributes of God* (as you use to do all things else) into *power*; making *divine goodness, divine mercy, and divine justice to be nothing but power*: you might securely say that *divine power alone justifies all actions*. That is, *divine power alone together with all the rest, especially divine justice, justifies all actions*. And now, I pray, a little concerning *humane Laws*.

*Phi.* Concerning them I do say also, that 'tis impossible that any one of them should be *unjust*. For, a *humane Law is that which every subject has given his consent to: namely, by giving up his will to the will of the supreme: and no man can be unjust to himself. And therefore a Prince can't put upon his subjects any unjust Law.*

*Tim.* Suppose, he should put out a *Law*, that all that are *born blind*, shall have their *fingers and toes cut off*. There's abundance of *power* in this same





same Law: but, in my mind, very little justice.

*Phi.* Why, all the *singers* and *toes* of the Nation are the *supremes*. And you have given up your consent as well to his *pleasure*, as his *power*.

*Tim.* Never in my life to such *pleasure* as this.

*Phi.* You have given your consent to all things, that he should do, be they what they will.

*Tim.* No but I han't. For if he has a mind to go a *singer-bawking*, or so; I desire to stay at home, and keep the Hogs out of the Pease. Because, long before I had bargain'd with him, I had preingaged my self to the Law of nature and reason (to which he, for all his greatness, is as much a *subject* as I) never to use, or give my consent to such *inhumane recreations*. But, if I mistake not, *Philantus*, you and I had some little talk about these matters, when we met last at the *Isle of Pines*. And therefore be pleased to consider a little those same *punishments* that are inflicted upon men,  
for

for what they could not avoid. It seems a little severe, *Philantus*, to hang a man for *stealing*, suppose; when as he could not possibly help it: and to damn him for not *repenting*, when he could, as little help that also.

*Phi.* As for *damnation* (if you mean your *eternal damnation*) I shall tell you a fine story about that by and by ---

*Tim.* A fine one indeed!

*Phi.* But, as for peoples being punish'd for what they could not avoid; the case, in short, stands thus: *viz.* When we say that such a one could not avoid the breaking of such a Law, we mean no more by it, but that he had a necessary will to break it. Now this same necessary will contains two parts, *Necessity* and *Will*: (be sure that you attend well, for it clears all) now therefore say I, when any man is punish'd for willing or doing of that which he could not avoid, he is not punish'd for the necessity, or because he could not avoid it---

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*Tim.*

*Tim.* I hope not: (for if he were, all the Dogs of the Town ought to be set upon the Executioner.)

*Phi.* But he's punish'd for doing it, or willing it.

*Tim.* What's that, because he could avoid it?

*Phi.* No, no: but because he consented, and had a mind to't.

*Tim.* He consented! he had a mind to't! he scorns your words, *Philautus*; for he, nor any man else (according to you) had ever of themselves a mind to any thing in this whole World. But those same necessary second causes oft-times flock about me, suppose, and have a mind to me: and when they take me only by the elbow, and clownishly drag me to the Jail, then am I said (because *Liberty* the same time pulls homeward) to go against my mind, and against my consent: but, when they take me gently by the brain and spirits (which have always the whole body at their beck) and slyly push me on  
to

to steal, or the like, then, forsooth, am I said to consent. Whereas I can as little avoid this consenting, as going to the Jail. Only, here's all the difference, that the considerations of profit that necessarily affect the brain, being not such visible and big things as the Constables with their staves: therefore they say that I consented, and 'twas of my doing.

*Phi.* So 'twas of your doing. For in stealing, don't you put forth your hand, and take somewhat against Law?

*Tim.* That's a good one indeed! I walk suppose to the Window; and there lies a Gold-watch: and this gives me a deadly flap o're the face. I being of a sanguine complexion, and not us'd to pais by such affronts; I give it as good as it sent, and flap that o're the face again: but at last it does so dazle me, and puts me so out of all countenance; that I can't endure it in my sight any longer: and so, according to the laws of motion, it goes mechanically into my Pocket.



And then poor *Pill-Garlick* must go to Pot; for having *eyes, hands,* and a *pocket*: whereas I'll be sworn, I no more conspir'd, nor consented to this, than a *Mouſe-trap* does to the catching of a *Mouſe*. For, though I look and leer, as if I intended somewhat, and as if I took aim: but they are those same pernicious *ſecond cauſes* that do all: they charge, and propound; and tickle and pull down the little *Carteſian* tricker, and then bounce go I off at the *Watch*.

*Phi.* As apt an instance, *Tim*, as thou thinkst this to be for thy purpose; thou couldst not have given one more for my advantage. For *killing of Mice and ſuch like Vermin is good for the Common-wealth: but, as for ſtealing, 'tis a thing that does hurt: 'tis noxious, Tim; as I have at large taught in my Liberty and Neceſſity. And therefore though every action of a mans life be equally unavoidable; yet thoſe only are puniſhable that are found to be noxious.*

*Tim.* Only thoſe, Sir: and therefore

fore, though a *Knife* cuts and ſlaſhes a ſtick, or a piece of meat never fo forely; yet the *Knife* is not blamed and chaſtis'd for this; becauſe 'tis not noxious. But if it chances to get never ſo little way into a *Childs finger*, 'tis then preſently chidden and condemn'd; and ſometimes flung away with ſuch diſpleaſure, that for a week after 'tis ready to turn tail, at ſight of a Pint of Butter; and you can ſcarce get it to come within a yard of a Pudding.

*Phi.* But this is only to cheat *Children*, and make them leave crying.

*Tim.* And to hang a man that has been paſt crying fourty years, is every whit as great a cheat: for he could not avoid *ſtealing*, any more than the *Knife* could avoid *cutting*.

*Phi.* I know that. *But the end of puniſhment is to fright and deter: and to frame, and make the will to juſtice.*

*Tim.* I believe that if I be once hang'd for *ſtealing*, my mind will be



*strangely fram'd, and made* against stealing any more.

*Phi.* But though yours can't; yet other mens minds may receive advantage and instruction hereby.

*Tim.* I thank you for that indeed. I shall be hang'd for nothing at all, only to do my Neighbour a kindness. I don't at all like (without any fault of my own) to be made a meer memorandum for the County, and a framer of other mens minds.

*Phi.* But you can't but say, that the punishment of one man is a very proper means to keep others in awe.

*Tim.* Who was ever so silly as to say otherwise? But here's the case: which is most reasonable, to punish a man for doing of that which is *noxious*, and which he could have avoided, that hereby others may be affrighted: or to hang him up as a Crow upon a Pear Tree, for no other reason at all but only to affright others.

*Phi.* I take them to be much alike.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Hugely alike indeed! for if the first be true, every mans *sin* and ruine lies at his own door: but if the last, I see no ways to avoid it---

*Phi.* To avoid what?

*Tim.* But that God must be the Author of all *sin*.

*Phi.* The Author of all *sin*! whoever that *Divine* be (for this is an old *Black-Coat objection*) that talks of God being the Author of *sin* is not fit to go *Chaplain* to a *Mackerel-Boat*. For the word *Autor*, *Tim*, is a *latine word*; and to be the Author of any thing is to give it authority and credit: that is, to command it, warrant it, and owne it: now I suppose, *Tim*, that you can't find any where in *Scripture*, that God did ever command *sin*, or issued out any Warrants or Certificates for *sin* to be committed.

*Tim.* 'Twere strange if one should. But yet if your opinion of necessity be true, one may find out that which is full out as strange, if not stranger.

*Phi.* What's that I prethee?

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*Tim.*



*Tim.* Whereas God has given plain Commandments against sin, and manifested his great displeasure at it: notwithstanding this he has so far authoriz'd or own'd it as (according to you) to be the contriver, and finisher too, of all the sins that ever were committed in the World.

*Phi.* I do grant, and don't look upon't to be any blasphemy to say, that God has so ordered the World that sin may necessarily be committed.

*Tim.* Then I pray is not sin of his ordering?

*Phi.* Not at all: for to order sin is to put out an order to have sin committed.

*Tim.* And what is it to order the World so, that sin may necessarily be committed.

*Phi.* 'Tis to put things of this World so and so together, that people will necessarily fall into such and such sins.

*Tim.* Now I count these to be much the same. For, suppose, I give order to my man, first by word of mouth, and afterwards under hand and seal, to charge the Musket, and  
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to shoot such a Neighbour as he goes to morrow to Market. Every body, I know, will grant, that I have taken very sufficient order about this mans Death. But, suppose I do not dispatch him thus exactly, according to the Roman use of the word: but, I knowing that this day twelve-months, he'll certainly ride to such a friends House, and certainly go through such a Gate; and I put things so and so together, that he shall chuse to go so much out of the road, as to fall into a Pit and break his neck: for my part, I should reckon, that in so doing, I did as it were order his tumbling into the pit; and that I was a kind of an Author of his destruction, notwithstanding *Author* is a Latine word, and that he himself choose to go out o' the way, seeing that I had laid a trap for that choice.

*Phi.* I suppose you are not so much a Heathen, *Tim*, as to imagine God should go about to decoy men into sin, and to set snares for their destruction.

*Tim.*





*Tim.* I am so far from that, that I had much rather believe that there's no *God* at all, and no sin at all; but those of your opinion must believe so: for, if *God* makes man of such or such a constitution, and puts him into such and such circumstances, that every action he does (be it good or bad) it was as impossible for him to have avoided it; as it is for fire to avoid burning: I know in what sense it is that he has made fire to burn; and I dread to think that in the same he should make any man to sin.

*Phi.* What a havock's here about a little sin? when you have it so plainly in your *Divinity Book*, how that *God* hated *Esau*, and harden'd *Pharaohs* heart: how that he commanded *Abraham* to murder his only son *Isaac*, and gave Commission to the *Israelites* to cheat and rob the *Aegyptians*: and how besides all this *God* himself says by the Prophet *Amos*, non est malum in Civitate quod ego non feci?

*Tim.* 'Twas well done indeed to  
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put the last in *Latin*. For some body or other perhaps might be so silly as to think that *malum* did signifie sin: whereas, in that place, it means nothing at all, but only those great judgments and afflictions, which *God* denounces against the people of *Israel*, for their oppression, Idolatry, and such like impieties. And you might as well have produc'd *Gods* raining Fire and Brimstone upon wicked *Sodom* and *Gomorrab*, to have lessen'd the impiety of your opinion of sin, as that place of the Prophet.

*Phi.* Say you so? What think you then of the *Israelites* robbing the *Aegyptians*, according to *Gods* own direction and warrant? was that, *Tim*, a meer affliction too?

*Tim.* Truly I take it to be so; seeing that *God* himself tells *Moses*, that the last Plague that he intended to bring upon the *Aegyptians* for their oppressing his people, should be to spoil them of their Jewells. And, as for *Gods* making use of the *Israelites*



*lites* in this affair, that was all one, as if he had given Commission to a Whirlwind, Fire, or Angels to have done the same, and to have been Executioners of his just displeasure.

*Phi.* Surely we shall have all the Bible turn'd into *Judgments* and *Afflictions*. Must Gods hardening of *Pharaohs* heart come of thus also?

*Tim.* Just thus, Sir. For 'tis plain that God did not harden *Pharaohs* heart, till he had hardened his own heart *six times* after so many *judgments*: and then God is said to have hardened his heart; that is, he choose rather to *raise him up*, or *keep him alive*, and to inflict upon him that punishment of *hardness of heart*, whereby the divine power by miracles might still be more manifested, than to destroy him by the *Pestilence*.

*Phi.* But before ever *Pharaoh* hardened his own heart, so much as once; God was resolv'd to do it; and said (*Exod. 4. 21.*) *I will harden his*

*his heart, that he shall not let the people go.*

*Tim.* And you may as well remember, that in the Chapter before (*Exod. 3. 19.*) the same God said also, *he was sure that he would not let them go*: that is, that he would harden his own heart.

*Phi.* But I would know, what it was that God did to *Pharaohs* heart, when he hardened it. That expression, methinks, sounds as if it had something of *positivity* in't. (as the *Jargonists* speak) and seems to make God every whit as much concerned in sin, as my opinion of necessity.

*Tim.* What did he do, say you? he did the same that the *scripture* tells you he did to the *Jews*: who, when they had several miracles done amongst them, and would not see, and would not understand: God inflicted this just *Judgment* upon them that *they should not see and should not understand*. In my opinion, 'tis very reasonable; and there's nothing at all in't tending towards the *Author of sin*.  
*Phi.*



*Phi.* But 'tis strange if this way of judgments and afflictions does for *Eſau* too: for, before he was born, he was hated of God.

*Tim.* And ſo were all the Women in the World hated, in reſpect of the *Virgin Mary*; ſhe being the *only bleſſed* among Women, and prefer'd to be the *Mother* of our Lord *Jeſus*. For as 'twas impoſſible that *Chriſt* ſhould be born but of *one Woman*: ſo like- wiſe was it as impoſſible that he ſhould be deſcended but of *one Man*. And though God promiſed to bleſs *Abraham* and *his ſeed* after a moſt ſpecial manner, yet he never promiſ'd to do the like to the elder Houſe or line.

*Phi.* But what ſay you to Gods commanding *Abraham* to kill his own Son? you can't ſurely call that, merely not *prefering*.

*Tim.* You know well enough that it was the contrary that he commanded: for he ſaid, *lay not thine hand upon the lad*. 'Tis ſaid indeed that *Abraham* was tempted and tried  
by

by God: and that accordingly he obey'd, and made all things ready to do it.

*Phi.* But the *Author* to the *Hébrews* tells you, that he did offer him up: for doubtleſs *Abraham* did believe, that God did really intend that he ſhould kill him; and that it was not at all unjuſt.

*Tim.* And well he might: not doubting, I ſuppoſe, but that God might as well chuſe by *ſacrifice*, or what other means he pleaſed, to take away any innocent mans life, as by a *Fever* or any other *ſickneſs*. So that we hear nothing as yet of the *Author* of *ſin*, nor any thing toward Gods being at all concern'd in *ſin*, after any ſuch manner, as moſt inevitably follows from your opinion.

*Phi.* Therefore I have ſav'd the great buſineſs for the laſt: *viz.* the eternal decrees and preſcience of God *Almighty*. I ſuppoſe it will take you ſome time to explain them, and to reconcile them to your *Freewill*.

*Tim.* They are done the eaſieſt of  
any



any thing you have yet mention'd.

*Phi.* How so, I prethee?

*Tim.* How so? I don't believe any such thing at all: that's my way, Sir. ---

*Phi.* What, no *decrees*? no *prescience*? a most solid *Divine* without doubt!

*Tim.* Nay hold, Sir: 'tis only when I meet with one that has such a *God as yours*: for I believe always according to my *Company*: and when I meet with one that has nothing else for his *God* but *omnipotent thin matter*, 'tis very idle in my opinion, to talk about his foreknowing or determining before-hand what shall come to pass in this *World*. For the *World* may as well foreknow what *God* shall do, as *God* can what shall be done in the *World*: they both running into one another and so proving to be exactly the same.

*Phi.* But to say that *God* is the *World* is a most horrid opinion: and

and therefore in my *Leviathan* I utterly reject it, as very unworthy to be spoken of *God*.

*Tim.* Then you must reject your *omnipotent matter* also. For if *God* be nothing else but *matter*; and this *matter* be in every particle of the *World* or *Universe*, that is (to speak according to your self) of all that is; either we have no *God* at all, or they are all one which you please.

*Phi.* But the *thinness*, *Tim!* and the *omnipotency*.

*Tim.* Never talk to me of *thinness*, for *thinness* takes up as much room, as *thickness*. And *Omnipotency* it self can never take away that incurable nuisance that belongs to *matter*, viz. of one justling out another.

*Phi.* But you make nothing to jumble mans *body* and *soul* together, and never think then of any such clashing or enterfeiring.

*Tim.* Therefore 'tis you that have help'd us to answer that difficulty: for the *body* of man being only flesh

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and bones, and the *soul* blood and spirits; their quarters (setting aside some few straglers) are e'en as different as the *Oat-tub* is from the *Hay-Chamber*.

*Phi.* But stay a little, *Tim*; you are, I perceive, very severe in demanding how that if God be merely matter, the World and God should both stand together: now suppose I should grant the soul of man to be quite different from his body (which is a thing much too ridiculous to be so much as supposed) I pray, can't I, (seeing you are so very curious in your enquiring) enquire also, how contradictions can dwell together: that is, how matter and no matter can be join'd, and move one another? do you think it would not take much more time to remove and conquer such an absurdity as this, than any thing that is to be inferr'd from my opinion?

*Tim.* Nothing nigh so much, Sir: for though we cannot punctually tell you, by what Chains and Fetters, matter

matter and no matter (or spirit) are fasten'd together; yet by our senses we are so exactly acquainted with the lodgings, haunts, and all the powers of the former, and do so very well know that the most *subtle* and most *refin'd* of all must be subject to the common incumbrances, as evidently to perceive, that *matter alone* can never do the business.

*Phi.* Why so?

*Tim.* Because we don't only find several things very difficult to explain, should there be nothing else; but somethings there be (especially *two*) which ever to explain is utterly impossible. And from the utter impossibility of their ever being explain'd, we have abundance of reason to believe that there is somewhat else: the name of which we agree upon to be a *spirit*.

*Phi.* And I prethee, *Tim*, may not I know what those *two* things be, which thou dost prophetic will never be explain'd?

*Tim.* I have told you them already,





ready, *Philantus*. The one is, that God and the World are the very same; of which I desire no more may be now said. The other is, that a man can't chuse of himself to stroak his beard, when it would oblige the Company every whit as much, if he cockt his Hat.

*Phi*. What a mighty buisness is that? to stroak a mans beard!

*Tim*. 'Tis such a trick, *Philantus*, which neither *Prince Rupert's* famous Dog, that eat up the *Parliaments* Ammunition, nor *Bank's* ingenious Horse could ever arrive to; as was before briefly hinted, in what was said about *train of thoughts*. And though it be not needfull now to enquire how far further; yet most certainly in this Man differs from all other Creatures whatever.

*Phi*. In this! in what I prethee?

*Tim*. In Freewill, Sir.

*Phi*. I see not the least difference for my part. For, *don't Horses, Dogs, and other brut Beasts demur oft-times upon the way they are to take, the*  
Horse

*Horse retiring from some strange figure that he sees, and coming on again to avoid the spur. And what is it I pray more that a man does when he deliberates: but one while he proceeds toward action, another while retires from it, as the hope of greater good draws him, or the fear of greater evil drives him away. This I take to be the utmost that man can do.*

*Tim*. This is nothing, Sir: for a Dog can do much more than this: for you may instruct him at the naming of the word *States*, to bark and rouse as if (without the *King of France*) he would pull 'em all down: and at the word *King*, to cringe and be as *submissive* as a *Dutch-man* in the days of *Queen Elizabeth*. But now comes the trick, Sir: I would have this same Dog two or three times in a week (not out of any Pique to *Monarchy*, or favour to *Commonwealths*, but only out of pure innocent mirth and phansy) be a little cross and humour'd; and swagger when he should sneak, and sneak

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when



when he should *swagger*. This is the Dog that I would have put into Doublet and Breeches too: and to be kept in the *Tower* for a *precedent* of *Freewill*. But, O the *sufficient* *cause*!

*Phi*. That's out of pure madness now: because you know well enough, that it utterly routs all that you can say either for *Freewill*, or *immaterial substances*. And therefore, seeing you make such a noise with your absurdities (or as you call them impossibilities) that you draw upon my opinion; the best way, *Tim*, will be to go to the poll: and then you shall see that, whereas you can find but two things impossible to be explain'd, should there be nothing in the World besides matter: I have no less than four or five impossibilities (and all *swingers* too) to stake down against there being any thing else.

*Tim*. Yes, I do, in part, remember what kind of impossibilities they are. In a sun-shine day, you get into the

the *Balcone* in *Queen-street*, and there you cry *Matter, Matter*, nothing but *Matter*. And, when the people come to see what's to do, you have nothing to tell them, but only, "Truly Gentlemen you look like persons of parts: and 'tis great pity that such as you are should be abus'd and spoil'd for want of the knowledge of motion. Therefore might I advise you I would have you well acquainted with what I have written concerning motion (of which no body has done any thing but my self,) and with the nature and properties of matter: for there's no such thing at all as *immaterial substance*: never stand to consider of it, for I am sure there is not: verily there is not: Faith and troth there's no such thing: upon the word of a *Gentleman*, a *Mathematician*, and a *Traveller*, there's no more *immaterial substance* either in *England*, *France*, or any other Country whatever, than there is to be seen upon the back of my hand.



“Tis all a meer cheat, and a forgery  
of *sextons* to raise the price and  
credit of Graves.

*Phi.* And dost thou think, *Tim*, that I have fetch'd o're such brave men to my side, with nothing but so it is: verily so it is: Faith and troth, Gentlemen, 'tis just so. Do you think Gentlemen that stand so much upon their honour and reputation, won't demand better satisfaction than this?

*Tim.* They may demand what they will, but they'll find no better than what I tell you.

*Phi.* Why, *Tim*, don't I, in the first place, plainly shew, that an *immaterial substance is a meer dream and phantasm; an image or a thing behind the Looking-glass; a fairy and an old Wives tale; a small Creature of the brain, and a device of the Kingdom of darknes?*

*Tim.* No truly; I never found that you did shew any such thing at all, any further than meerly by saying so.

*Phi.* Why, man, to say so, as the  
case

case stands, is all one as shew it to be so. For an *immaterial substance* can't be shewn.

*Tim.* But, by your bragging, I thought it might have been shewn, that there was no such thing.

*Phi.* You don't at all take it, *Tim*. For upon that very account, that an *immaterial substance* can't be shewn, 'tis my *second demonstration* that there's no such thing.

*Tim.* Now, Sir, I think I have got it. Because an invisible thing is somewhat wild, and can't endure to be star'd on long together (besides a great defluxion of rheum that it occasions in the Spectators eyes); therefore there is no such thing.

*Phi.* I don't say so: but I say thus: *whatever is (or rather we know to be) must some ways or other strike and affect our senses. For to know is to perceive by imagination; and to imagine is to perceive by sense.*

*Tim.* Delicate! delicate! the question is whether we have reason to believe that there's any substance in  
the



the World, differing from such as do affect our senses. No, no: says *Philautus*, it can't be: it can't possibly be: for there's no reason to believe there's any thing in the World different from what does affect our senses. And so score up two *demonstrations* against *immaterial substances*. The basket will be full, by and by.

*Phi*. And well it may, for the biggest are all still behind. And therefore in the next place, *Tim*, let me know of thee which of all words dost thou think to be the most proper to signify the whole World?

*Tim*. *Universe*, as I take it, is counted the best.

*Phi*. Yes: 'tis so: and that word alone clearly cuts out all your *immaterial substances*. For, *what is the Universe, but the whole sum or aggregate, the  $\tau\acute{o}\nu\mu$  of all the matter that is in the World?*

*Tim*. Very right, Sir: and therefore whatever pretends to be (or, which is all one, to be in the *Universe*) must cease being a dream and phantasm,

phantasm, and list it self under the notion and protection of *matter*. For the word *Universe* being made up of *unum* and *versum*: and *unum* being taken *adverbially* for *only*; and *versum* by a kind of a figure, signifying *matter* (which, upon such an occasion it may be persuaded to do) whoever talks of *immaterial substances* being in the *World* or *Universe*, does most absolutely confute himself: for thereby he confesses there's *only matter* in the World. And upon this I suppose, *Philautus*, rather than *God Almighty* should prove to be only a thing behind the Looking-glass, you have been pleas'd to admit him also into your great pound of *matter*.

*Phi*. He must come in there, or else not be at all. But yet, because some giddy-headed *Ecclesiasticks* had prated against my *Leviathan*, therefore, in my *Appendix* to't, I have shewn both from the *best Authors*, and *Scripture* it self, that *God is so far from being immaterial, that he is*  
much



much more material than any thing else.

*Tim.* I marry, Sir, this does it indeed!

*Phi.* So it does, *Tim.* (to the shame of all your *spiritual men*) for 'tis plain that never any of your *Roman Authors* did speak considerately of God, but they always stiled him *Maximus*, as well as *Optimus*.

*Tim.* They do so: and if he be *Maximus*, to be sure he's *Magnus*, (and a great deal to spare) and every body knows of the alliance between *magnitude* and *matter*. *Deus optimus Maximus*. Most specially good! now if the *Scripture* proves but as well---

*Phi.* 'Tis no other than that famous place of the *Apostle*; for in him we live and move and have our being. Upon which, I do thus reason: if all men be in God, and live in God, and move in God (which the *Apostle* plainly affirms) and that to every man there belongs so much bulk or quantity: he ought to be sent to the Hospital, that denies

God to have quantity, for he has got within himself all the quantity that men have, and his own quantity besides.

*Tim.* So, so: Very well. Very well. Because the *Apostle* tells us, that God created all men, and gave them life and power to move; and by his daily providence continues these blessings to them: therefore we feed upon God, and swim and fly in God: just as wild fowl do, in *St. James's Park*. I wish with all my heart that the basket was full.

*Phi.* You need not wish for that, *Tim*: for I have one demonstration more against *immaterial substances* so very big, that 'tis enough to fill a basket alone. It lies in the very words themselves. Don't you see't, *Tim*?

*Tim.* Not in the least.

*Phi.* That's strange. You'll grant, I suppose, that an *incorporeal body* is a good rousing contradiction. Won't you?

*Tim.* Yes, Sir: 'tis one of the first head. *Phi.*





*Phi.* And, so is immaterial substance: for immaterial and incorporeal every man grants to be the same: and I'll undertake for body and substance being the same.

*Tim.* You don't prove it, Sir: do you?

*Phi.* No, no: it need not, it need not; for I'll swear they are the same.

*Tim.* Faith and truth would have come in excellently well there: for, by chance, all the controverſie is, whether they be the same or not. (*i. e.* whether there be a substance distinct from body) but that's nothing: for, it need not, it need not, no, no: it need not. For, *Philautus* is the man that has farm'd all the custom for the signification of words: and suffers none to go out of his office, but such as are seal'd: and because your *Apothecaries* give out of the same pot, *Mercury* or *quick-silver*, which the customer pleases to call for: therefore *Philautus*, in his great shop of words, has a box superscrib-

bed substance or body. And that's all his reason they are the same. And therefore, say I, if any Gentlemen be so overkind and complemental, as to gobble down such things as these (and these are the very best that I can find) for demonstrations against immaterial substances, by all means, let *Philautus* take such Gentlemen, and *Tim* will be content with their *Estates*.

*Phi.* I'll take no Gentlemen on my side, but such as are convinc'd by solid reasons: and by your leave, *Tim*, I can tell you of several of my opinion, that scorn to be convinc'd with any thing less: and that are very ready to affirm, that what *Philautus* has said, against incorporeal substances, has not been without some reason.

*Tim.* Yes, I remember one, Sir: who, in a late Preface to a Play, tells us just so: *viz.* 'tis not, says he, without some reason, that *Philautus* thinks incorporeal substances to imply a contradiction.

*Phi.*



*Phi.* What (and be hang'd) would you not have a Gentleman speak truth?

*Tim.* O by all means, Sir: especially such a Gentleman as this: for he is so hearty a friend to your opinion, that he has added much strength to't.

*Phi.* Matter! but I don't like that at all, that any man should be so conceited, as to think himself able to add any thing to what I have written.

*Tim.* Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not offended: for 'tis so very little that he has said, that you may easily lay it aside. The great business is the novelty of the Argument.

*Phi.* Don't tell me, *Tim.*, of any novelties: for I can't think of any thing against immaterial substances that I have omitted.

*Tim.* No? I pray of what profession are they that have been your great adversaries in this point? Are they not Divines?

*Phi.* What then?

*Tim.*

*Tim.* There's a business now, that you never thought of. For 'tis impossible for a Divine to write, or so much as to think of a spirit, or immaterial substance. 'Tis utterly impossible: it implies a contradiction: 'tis Jargon, 'tis Tobu, and Bobu: the Kingdom of darkness, and all that.

*Phi.* Implies a contradiction? what a Fool art thou, and all that, to talk thus? may not a Divine do, as well as other men, if they would but read and believe my Books; and such, as I got my learning out off?

*Tim.* I, I: you may think so: but you are much mistaken for all your cunning. For there is not one Divine of all the whole Tribe, be he Deacon, or Priest, or Bishop, or Archbishop; but is most abominably phlegmatick. And 'tis a Poet alone, I say again, that 'tis the Poet who has briskness, phansie, elevate and all that, that can discourse of such a subtle and gliding subject, as a spirit or immaterial substance.

*Phi.* Divines all phlegmatick! I  
I have



have been as much affronted by *Divines* as any body: but they never affronted me into such an odd remark as this.

*Tim.* Therefore you never minded the History of it, *Philantus*, as this *Gentleman Poet* has done. For let a man be of never such a frank and florid constitution: let him be all flame, all sly, all glory; yet no sooner does the *Bishop* lay upon his head his *heavy* and *stupefying* hand, but his *phause* runs out at his heels, and the blood presently all turns. The benediction of a *Deacon*, indeed, is only *Rheum* and *flaver*: but, when he comes to be made *Priest*, it curdles all into utter *spot* and *phlegm*.

*Phi.* I prethee, *Tim.* don't torment me with such abominable nauseous stuff as this. What have I to do with what other people say?

*Tim.* But this *Gentleman* is your friend, Sir; and you must not disregard what a friend offers in your behalf: as yet you only have heard how *Divines* come to be so *phlegmatick*:  
you

you must needs also understand, how that, being so, they can't possibly discourse of an *immaterial Substance*, or a *spirit*.

*Phi.* I care not for hearing it: for I am sure there can't be any sense in't.

*Tim.* O Sir very much: as much as any thing that you your self have said against *immaterial Substances*. For the argument is taken out of the great art of *Chymistry*. Where, you know, nothing is at such variance with a *spirit* as *phlegm*. And there can happen no such scandal to a *spirit*, as to have any *phlegm* upon its skirts. And therefore your wary *Druggists* will scarce suffer a *Clergyman* to come into their Shops, for fear they should *bind* and *phlegmatize* their *spirits*. And you can't, I suppose, have altogether forgot, how an whole brewing of *strong waters*, had like to have been quite spoil'd, only by a *Clergyman's* Gown sleeve, that, in passing by, dangl'd into the door: and therefore 'tis not for a  
I 2 *Clergy*



*Clergy-man* (whose *heavy gown* damps the apprehension of a spirit, as much as *great top's stockings* does the sound of a *Theorbo*) I say 'tis not for a *Pblegmatick Clergy-man* (who can only cough to an *Organ*, and thrum upon *Thomas Aquinas*) to think to raise himself to such a tall imagination, as that of *immaterial substances*: for they are of a very thin and airy composure; of a floating and fluttering consideration: and when a man of gravity, sense, and judgment, goes dully about to invoke them, and to pore into their notion and condition, they presently all bush, and are as still as birds in an *Eclipse* or great *thunder-clap*. But let the trim, the gay, the sharp and piercing Poet get about him but half a score *Violins*, an huge *Plume of Feathers* on his Hat, and only thrip his fingers, and briskly say, *Come my Daphne*, and if there be an *immaterial substance* within a mile, it presently stoops to the Poetical Lure. But besides, *Philantus*. ---

*phi.*

*Phi.* I prethee, *Tim*, let's have no besides: for I am already almost quite kill'd with this damnable *Poet*.

*Tim.* But you must not be tir'd, Sir: I profess 'tis uncivil: for, if you part with this *Gentleman*, I don't know where you'l get another to commend your reasons against *immaterial substances*. And withal I would have you consider, *Philantus*, that 'tis a very unsafe thing to slight such a mans approbation: for, he may chance to have you into the next *Prologue* he makes; and a *Poet*, you know, is as ill as a whole Nest of *Hornets*: nine of which, they say, will sting an *Horse* to death. And therefore 'tis your interest, *Philantus*, to be kind and respectful: for, he has also done so much credit to your opinion, as to tell us that you have got some of the *Fathers*, on your side. And you know, *Philantus*, 'tis a great honour and security to have the *Fathers* on ones side.

*Phi.* A very kind *Poet* indeed! I know not how many years ago, I  
I 3 found,



found by several Places, that *Tertulian* was of my opinion ---

*Tim.* And you might have found as good ones in *Cæſar's Commentaries*.

*Phi.* And now, this *Gentleman* having in some of my Books either read so, or met with somebody that told him so, he sends me word of it again.

*Tim.* I profess, *Philantus*, I am perfectly of your mind: for I look upon't to be very indiscreet and dangerous for a *Poet*, who renounces all judgment and sense, and betakes himself wholly to the wing of phanſie and imagination, to meddle with such dull and melancholy stuff as *Fathers*. For your *Fathers* doubtless (though they were counted pretty honest people) yet they were all very *Pblegmatick*. And some think that *Levi* himself was a kind of a *blew, green, yellow man*. So that there has been a constant succession of *Pblegm* and dullness in the *Church* from the very beginning. And therefore,

fore, I say, I don't think that this *poet* of ours durst ever venture to meddle with any *Father*, except such as *Father Horace*, *Father Juvenal*, and the like: for alas, Sir, one page of a right true *Pblegmatick Father* would so fetter, and jade his phanſie, that 'twould scarce get into a good *Heroick* rhiming condition in a months time. But besides, Sir ---

*Phi.* What have we more besides's still? is there no way, *Tim*, to persuade thee to *hang thy self*?

*Tim.* Yes, Yes, Sir: I had done it long ago: only you sent no particular directions; and so I deferr'd the business a little, least I should not have perform'd it according to your *Philosophical mind*. I pray, Sir, what do you mean by the word *hanging*?

*Phi.* Why, *Tim*, must thou needs have a *definition* of it, before thou goest about it?

*Tim.* O by all means, Sir, for, such a nice matter as that, if it be not done with all the consideration and curiosity imaginable, a man may  
I 4 chance





chance to do himself a mischief, before he be aware of it. And I am sure, *Philantus*, you can't but call to mind; that most of those tumults, and rebellions, deluges, and Earthquakes that have happen'd in former ages, were chiefly because they were ages of great equivocation: not being sufficiently mindful to signify their meaning in settled words, which by the learned is call'd defining. And therefore I wonder, Sir, that a man so exact as you are, of all things, should omit to give us a definition of hanging; it being a thing of so great moment: and besides in the 18th page of your *Leviathan* you have laid so good a foundation for't. For seeing *politicks* (as you there have it) are only the addition of passions to find out mens duties: and Law is only the addition of Laws and falls, &c. what else can hanging be, but only the concluding or summing up of a man from the premises: from whence we learn the exact difference between condemning and hanging: viz. to be condemned

condemned is only to be cast: but to be hang'd is to be *summ'd* or cast up. And though breaking a Leg or Arm be not altogether of such great concern, as t'other thing we have been speaking of; yet, upon this account questionless it was, that the Author of the *Medicinal definitions* (lest a man in distress should be equivocated, and send for the Joiner instead of the Bone-setter) like a most safe and careful Artist, brands *Chirurgery* after an everlasting manner: *Chirurgery* (says he) is the quick motion of an intrepid hand join'd with experience: or an artificial action used by the hand in physick for some convenient intent.

*Phi.* What thou drivest at, *Tim*, I know not: unless it be, that thou wouldst have hanging to be as much a science as *Chirurgery*. For, I grant thee, that most of those mistakes, fooleries and absurd opinions that have crept into mens minds and their writings have been, because they have ventur'd to reckon without setting down their first Items right: i. e. without agreeing



agreeing upon sound and substantial definitions: but I would not have thee therefore think, that, before I call for my Horse, I must needs examine the *Offer* how he is furnish'd as to the *genus* and *specific difference* of *saddle* and *bridle*.

*Tim.* Truly, I thought that might have been your meaning. For you must now give me leave to tell you, *Philantus*, and that a little more plainly and largely too, than I could do last time we met (being in haste) that there is scarce any thing so mean and trivial, but you make it your business to puff it up either with some *lofty* and *magnificent description*, or else to fix upon't some *smart* or *curious character*: and this is your constant practice from one end of your writings to the other.

*Phi.* Never was any thing more improperly and unseasonably apply'd: it being my humour to meddle with nothing but *rarities*, and things of *fundamental moment*: and whereas thou talkest, *Tim*, of my *puffing*

*sing definitions*, and of my *contriving curious characters*; and, that I do this from one end to the other: I am confident that (had I patience to pose thee) thou dost not so much as understand either what 'tis to begin or end, or what is *curiosity*, or what 'tis to define: and yet this is *Tim* that accuses me of *defining trifles*.

*Tim.* I beseech you, Sir, cast away one small bit of those *thousand years*, you have still to live (for, you know, 'tis not good to be *flinted*) and hear me say. As for the bounds and measures of beginning and end, I must step a little back, and consider there be two sorts of parts, middle and extreme: which being granted I do then proceed to set them out after this manner. That part which is between two other parts is call'd the middle: and that which is not between two other parts, is call'd an extreme. Now, of the extremes, that which is first reckon'd (I say of the extremes that there may be no mistake), that that very extreme so first reckon'd, in strictness of



of speech, is always to be look'd upon as the true beginning; and that which is last reckon'd to be the true ending. As for example, take me the number three: which is bounded on each side with an Unite: (for no number is actually infinite) now that Unite which stands before the middle Unite, (provided it be first reckon'd) is to be look'd upon to be the beginning or first Unite of the number three: and that which stands after the middle Unite, the end or last unite of the number three. And now, *Philantus*, I am confident, that were you not wholly taken up with commending your self, as severe a Judge as you are, you your self would be ready to confess this first talk to be very accurately perform'd.

*Phi.* Confess, *Tim!* I don't use to make Fools and Children my Confessors, but only those that have the supreme Authority.

*Tim.* I thought I should be thus put of. For let a man be never so wary, and take never such care about his

his *Items*; and settle things with never so much exactness, yet one had as good grope for *Guineas* in an *Oyster pit*, as expect any approbation from *Philantus*.

*Phi.* Go on, *Tim*: thou shalt have, it upon my word by and by: 'twill come pouring down; approbation, or somewhat else.

*Tim.* I thank you, Sir; for one minutes commendations from a person that has kept a constant register of Consequences is worth an ageful from any body else. And therefore I proceed to the great mystery of curiosity: concerning which (in short) I thus give out. Namely, *that 'tis a desire to know why, and how.* And I am sure there's no body can be so harsh and churlish, but must look upon this same *why* and *how*, as a most distinguishing and Philosophical Ear-mark. And therefore, if approbation be not just approaching, I don't expect ever to deserve again.

*Phi.* Yes, *Tim*, 'tis just at hand, and therefore I do bless thee after this



this manner: reckoning thee, looking upon thee, and approving of thee---

*Tim.* I am glad to hear these words. They are every one of them words tending to renown. O, what a blessing it is to be allow'd of by the *ancient*! and to have an *Item* set upon a young man by an *intrepid hand join'd with experience*.

*Phi.* O 'tis a most inestimable blessing! and therefore, *Tim*, I do say once again, that I do set thee down, and accompt thee, and allow of thee for the greatest pilferer, shirk, and notion-stealer, that ever thiev'd out of a *Book*. For all these great truths, which thou hast now pretended to knock out of thy own noddie, are nothing else but my very own *contemplations* irreverently flaver'd out of thy mouth. And if I should try thee in fourty things more: I believe I should find it just so: *i. e.* thou wouldst either talk right down non-sense, or steal from me. And therefore, seeing thou pretendest to judge

judge what things are needful to be defin'd; do so much as tell me now what a *definition* is.

*Tim.* I remember some of them tell us, that a *definition* is that which explains a thing---

*Phi.* A definition that which explains a thing! that now is most horribly obscure, ridiculous, and absurd. A Definition, say you or they (for I think you are all alike) is that-- is that? what that? that same, or t'other same? how shall any man in the World understand which of the *thats* you mean? again, you talk of your *definition explaining a thing*. After what manner, I prithee, *Tim*? what, as the Table-Cloth is explain'd upon the Table: or as butter is explain'd upon bread? thou surely wouldst have a man to be spread into *Animal* and *Rational*. Therefore take it me altogether thus. *Definitio est propositio cujus predicatum est subiecti resolutivum ubi fieri potest, ubi non potest exemplativum.* Instead of which you come in with your blind  
ids



*ids* and *quods*, and I know not whats.

*Tim.* I pray, Sir, be not so angry with me; for 'twas not I that put in *id est*, instead of *propositio*; or that said, that the nature of man was to be *unfoulded* like a Napkin; whereas I perceive 'tis to be *unrop'd* and *unbound* like a load of Faggots.

*Phi.* But you are always prating as if you favour'd such non-sense.

*Tim.* Truly, Sir, I must confess, that I never did much admire the temper of that wary Gentleman, who being requested to help to make an Inventory for his neighbour, would by no means be perswaded to engage in the business, till they had first agreed upon principles, and set down *quid est* fire shovel, *quid* tongs, and *quid* bellows. And very little better opinion have I of those, who observing the *Mathematicians* to chuse their own terms, and to give them what signification they pleased, shall vainly do the like in all kind of discourses:

discourses: defining things, that by custom have been long determin'd; or that have been sufficiently defin'd before. For my part, I always thought, that a man might have a very nigh gheffing, when he was in the *Jail*, and when not: till I look'd into the 164<sup>th</sup>. page of your *Leviathan*, and then I found, that 'twas almost as hard for a man to understand what a *Prison* was, as to get out of it. For, *imprisonment* (to define it fully and exactly) is all restraint of motion, caus'd by an *External* obstacle, be it a *House*, which is call'd by the general name of a *Prison*, or an *Island*. Thus *Du Val* and such others, have (upon occasion) been restrain'd by the *external* obstacle of *Newgate* for some convenient intent. And, you know, *Jack Lambert* is at this time *obstac'd* up at the *Isle* of ---

*Phi.* Well: and what then?

*Tim.* E'en what you please, Sir.

*Phi.* Then I tell you, that though others may have observ'd, that a *House* may come under the notion

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of a *Prison*, yet, that an *Island* may do so likewise, was a great observation of my own.

*Tim.* I do a little question it, *Philantus*: for now I think on't, in an *old merry song*, there's a very notable hint towards an *Island* being a *Prison*; and more than that too, there's direction given how, if need be, to break *Prison*. For the *Poet* does not only say, that *the Land is a large Prison inclos'd with sea*: but adds further, that if we would but set lustily to't, and *drink up the obstacle* (i. e. *the Ocean*) *we may set our selves free*. But for all that, I don't absolutely say, that you stole your notion from the *song*.

*Phi.* I steal from *songs*: I that have a thousand things that never were in any *Book* whatever?

*Tim.* Ay, and a thousand too. I'd fain see any body shew me, either in *Book*, or *Manuscript* any thing like what you have in that *Chapter* of yours, call'd *the nutrition and procreation of a Commonwealth*.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* Why, what have I there?

*Tim.* What have you there? why, Sir, you have there, not only a most exact division of all commodities into *Native* and *Foreign*: but (lest people should loose their time a *Nutmegging*, or *Cloving* in *Enfield*, or *Epping Forest*) you are pleas'd to acquaint us besides with the very essence, and nature of each commodity. A *Native Commodity* (say you, very gravely) *is that which is to be had within the territory of the Commonwealth*. That sounds bravely. *Within the territory of a Commonwealth*. 'Twill almost furnish a shop alone. And a *Foreign Commodity* is that which is imported from without.

*Phi.* And is not this very true, and useful besides?

*Tim.* 'Tis so very true, that I much question whether it be useful at all. For there's scarce an *Apprentice*, that has but had the improvement of twice wiping his *Master's shoes*, but would look upon't to be a most abominable affront, to be inform'd with



such Ceremony, in such a trivial matter. And more than that, *Philantus*, I am very confident, that should any man go about solely (as you do) to advise and caution one of these same Youngsters, in what immediately follows; and deliver but his message in the common Town language, he would count himself so horribly abus'd, as presently to cry *huzzza*, and break all the Windows of such an Instructor.

*Phi.* Why, what is it I prethee?

*Tim.* The very bottom of the notion is only this, Sir: *viz.* that if we have, suppose, here in our *Country*, more Pudding than Plums, and other people have got more Plums than Pudding; the best way will be for the Pudding and the Plums to hold a correspondence. But now, Sir, from the consideration of *Native* and *Foreign Commodities*, to biggen this spare and lean notion into a *Sir John*: 'tis thus. *And because* (it begins as stately, as a Preface to an *Act of Parliament*) *there is no Territory*

*under the Dominion of one Common wealth, except it be of very vast extent* (that's to prevent objections) *that produceth all things needful for the maintenance and motion of the whole body; and few that produce not something more than necessary;* (here's the ground-work; now we build) *the superfluous commodities to be had within become no more superfluous, but supply these wants at home by importation of that which may be had abroad, either by exchange, or by just War, or by labour. For a mans Labour also, is a commodity exchangeable for benefit, as well as any other thing. Yes, yes: without doubt 'tis. That is, if a man has a great superfluity of those native commodities of Legs and Arms, but as great a scarcity of those Foreign ones, call'd Cloths and Victuals; nothing more frequent than for such an one, to betake himself presently to his flail, or spade, and to exchange benefits: full well knowing, that Labour is a very good commodity, and as likely a way to fetch in money,*



as most things that have been invented. And this *politick* remark of yours puts me in mind of a most admirable *Reccit*, that I have somewhere met with, to awake a man that is asleep.

*Phi*. I suppose, *Tim*, if he ben't deaf, and be but call'd lowd enough; we need not go to the *Queens Closet*, nor *Triggs secrets*, to awake a man.

*Tim*. Call'd! but how shall he be call'd? that's the mystery, *Philautus*; what method, what means, what instruments are the most natural, and proper for this purpose?

*Phi*. I prethee, has not the man a *name*: and can't you call him by that?

*Tim*. Call him by his *name*! what a deadly black, dull, *phlegmatick* story is that? call him by his *name*! (*Dick*, *Jack*, *Robin*, or any of the rest know, and can do that :) no, no, *Philautus*: you are quite out. The way is this. "Seeing that humane Creatures as well as some  
"others are not altogether free from  
"the

"the thraldom of sleep: and that  
"it may be for the interest of some  
"private person, or for the good of  
"the Common-wealth, to loosen and  
"redeem one so bound and captivated:  
"and seeing besides that there  
"be severall noises and sounds, that  
"by different motion, do differently  
"invade the *Territories* of the ear:  
"from most diligent observation it  
"has been at last concluded, that,  
"of all noises or sounds, there is not  
"any so fit and proper to awaken a  
"humane Creature, as a humane  
"voice: especially, if the proper  
"name belonging to the humane  
"Creature, be plainly pronounc'd  
"by the humane voice. *Roger*: I  
"come, Sir, cries he presently.

*Phi*. And I prethee, *Tim*, how differs this from what I said before?

*Tim*. Just as much, and no more, Sir, than as a thousand things, that you magnificently and flaringly dress up, differ from what *Dick*, *Jack*, or t'other says. Only, as I hinted just now, out of *Mathematical* apish-



ness, you fall to your *drawing*, and *deducing*, and *gathering* a Company of trifles, which are not worth the while to pick up in the streets.

*Phi. Timothy, Timothy*, I shall make thee repent of this, Boy. For it plainly shews, that thou dost in no ways understand the greatest instance of sagacity, and a mature judgment: and that the highest advancement, and very top of reasoning, is to make discreet, and holding inferences.

*Tim.* O, Sir, that is a most admirable perfection indeed! and how far you transcend all others in it, one may plainly see, in the tenth page of your *Leviathan*. Where (having in the Chapter before carefully laid down, that *much memory*, or *memory of many things is call'd experience*;) you thence sirk out this for a great certainty: namely, that *by how much one man has more experience of things past than another, by so much also he is more prudent, and his expectations the seldomer fail him.* As suppose,  
Sir,

Sir, a *Taylor* makes a Gentleman a Suit of Cloths; but sees not a farthing of money, but only a very sweet promising countenance. And, upon the same terms, he proceeds to a second, a third, and a fourth. Most certainly this sweet promising countenance will take much better with a *fresh Taylor*, than with the old beaten Dog of *much memory*: for he has four very bad *consequences*, already upon the file. And therefore, (as you have it in the same page) *as long as we live, we must note this; that, he that is most verid and studied in the matters he ghesse at, is certainly the best ghesser. And that, because he hath most signs to go by. From whence it follows, that though no sign is absolutely certain; yet (we may take this for certain) that the oftner the Consequences have been obser'd, the less uncertain is the sign.* As suppose, the Dun-Cow turns up her tail, and frisking about the Close immediately upon that we have a shower of rain: this being the first consequence,



sequence, 'tis possible that the Farmer may venture his Corn abroad, for all the Dun-Cow. But suppose her phanſie continues; (for I can't think, that the meer motion of her tail can *phyſically* pull down the Clouds) and that the ſame *conſequence* is ſtrictly obſerv'd for a whole year together; *Will. Lilly* may ſend his *Almanacks* to *Market*, and ſo forth; but, upon my word, the Dun-Cow will ſend them home again with rattle. Men may talk of finding out this, and finding out that: but there is not one of a thouſand that knows how to make the beſt of a notion. That is, how to nurſe it, and brood it, and improve it.

*Phi.* 'Tis true enough, *Tim.* For a meer Fool may by chance, ſtumble upon a vaſt truth. But the great emolument thereof lies wholly in the inferences.

*Tim.* Yes, yes: there lies all the ſkill. For, though a man of leſs ſagacity than your ſelf, might poſſibly have blunder'd upon what you ſay  
(*Lev.*

(*Le. p. 26.*) *viz.* Of all diſcourſe, govern'd by deſire of knowledge, there is at laſt an end either by attaining or giving over. Yet there is no body but *Philautus* (who can make notions breed, long after *Geefe* have done laying) could ever have thence diſcloſ'd, that which follows: *viz.* that in the chain of diſcourſe, whereſoever it be interrupted, there is an end for that time. I profeſs, *Philautus*, 'twas very well for you, that you did not make theſe *politick* inferences, in *Hopkins's* days. For upon my word, (as great an unbeliever, as you are in his profeſſion) he'd have had you into his inquisition, and tryed whether you would have ſwum, or ſunk. You talk of *deducing* and *inferring!* whereas in the 3d. Chapter of your *Book de Cive*, you make ſuch a notable remark, about putting things to arbitration, that to me is right down *witchery* and *divination*.

*Phi.* Why, *Tim.* is it not highly reaſonable and convenient, that if two parties diſagree about matter of right,





right, it should be referr'd to some third indifferent person, call'd an *Arbiter*.

*Tim.* Very reasonable and convenient, Sir. And accordingly you write it down for your *fifteenth law of nature*. But the divination lies in hatching out of this *fifteenth*, a *sixteenth law of nature*. *viz.* that no man must be judge in his own cause. Which *sixteenth law* comes into the World, after this manner. *Seeing that when two parties disagree about a matter of right, it is a law of nature that they should leave it to the determination of a third: we gather* (say you) what? that this third must not be one of the two. No, no: that would be most horrible foul play indeed: that when two disagreeing parties had taken pains to chuse a *third*, and had bespoken a very good Dinner: no sooner does this *third* get into the Chair, but whip goes he into one of the *two*; and there's all the fat in the fire.

*Phi.* This now is so abominably  
ridiculous,

ridiculous, that 'tis ten times worse than positive non-sense.

*Tim.* But hold a little, *Philautus*; you should have ask'd first, whose it was. For, in good truth, this same of the *third being none of the two*, is one of your own *Mathematical gatherings*. And because (I know) you love your own words, better than any bodies else; you shall have them exactly as they stand, p. 49. upon condition you'll trust me another time. *But from this ground* (say you) *that an Arbiter or Judge is chosen by the differing parties to determine the Controversie, we gather* (in Latin 'tis *colligitur*) *that the Arbiter must not be one of the parties*. Do you see *Philautus*? 'tis plainly your opinion, that the *third* person that is chosen by the *two* differing parties, must not be *one* of the *two* that chose. For it takes *two* and *one* more, to make a *third*. And besides, 'twould be a very inconvenient thing; as you proceed to demonstrate it, in the same *Article*.  
*For,*



For, say you, every man is presum'd to seek what is good for himself naturally, and what is just only for peace sake and accidentally; and therefore cannot observe the same equality commanded by the law of nature, so exactly as a third man would do. No, no: he can't observe it: nothing near so exactly. For supposing the third should be one of the two, to be sure he, after a few Complements, would so utterly forget that he was a third, that he would e'en deal as archly for himself, as if he were merely one of the two. So that having throughly weigh'd, not only the great absurdity of three being two, but also the great mischief that might thence arise in a Common-wealth; we safely gather, that the third neither can, nor ought to be one of the two.

*Phi.* I shall maintain, *Tim.* against thee, and all such bold-faces, that to chuse an *Arbiter* is a fundamental law of nature: and that it was the *Philosopher* of *Malmesbury* that first found it out; because no body before

fore him had gathered it according to art.

*Tim.* I, I; there lies the skill, *Philautus*; to nick a notion, and to gather it according to art: to take it at the critical minute, and register it upon the right file. As (in the 68. p. of your *Leviathan*) I remember you do the business of covenanting with Brutes.

*Phi.* Why, *Tim.* can any Covenant, or bargain be made between a Man and a Beast? is it not demonstrable, both from the nature of a Covenant, and the nature of a Beast, that there can't possibly be any such thing?

*Tim.* 'Tis very demonstrable, Sir. For suppose a man proffers his Dog *Jowler* a good large piece of bread; upon condition that he skips cleverly over his stick. Here seems indeed a tacite kind of promise, that the Dog should have the piece of bread for his pains; (*a Dogs Labour being a Commodity exchangeable for benefit as well as a mans:*) but, by reason



reason the *Master* only held forth the piece of bread, and did not orally say to the *Dog*; here, *Jowler*, skip over this stick, and thou shalt certainly have this piece of bread; or if he had said so, yet *Jowler* being not able to take him at his word, and to say *done Master*; (by which the right of the bread might be transferr'd upon performance of Covenants:) thereupon it is that, if the *Master* either eats the bread himself, or gives it to any other *Dog* (though never so little deserving) *Jowler* can never recover of his *Master* this piece of bread, or any other thing to the value of it, either at *Common-Law*, or *Chancery*. And why? because (as you very learnedly gather it, in the foremention'd place) seeing that bruits understand not our speech, they understand not: (all understanding being nothing but knowledge of words:) and if they don't understand, they can neither accept of any translation of right from us, nor can translate any right to us; and without mutual  
acceptation

tion there's no *Covenant*. There now lies the point of law: without mutual acceptation there's no *Covenant*. This place most certainly deserves a cut; 'tis so mathematically managed. And therefore, in the next edition, I'd have *Jowler* pictur'd, jumping at the overture of his *Master*.

*Phi*. 'Twould be a better fight by half, *Tim*, to see *Jowler* and *you* hang'd up together for a couple of Curs. For what more easie, than out of the best Book that ever was printed, to pick three or four places; and, by forgery and malice, to represent them as trivial, and contemptible?

*Tim*. 'Tis not three or four places, or three or four hundred that I should have much minded: and whereas you talk of representing, &c. there is so little need of any such thing, that this kind of gullery and affectation discovers it self in every page almost of your Writings. What forgery or malice, I pray, is required, to make what you say, *Lev. p. 29.*  
L most



most notoriously idle, and frivolous?

*Phi.* Why, what do I there say?

*Tim.* As in your *Humane nature*, you invite down the *Jacqueys* (which I formerly told you of) to see your *race of the passions*: so here you call together the *School-Masters*; and, much to their astonishment, shew them the great harmony that is between the *passions*, and the several *Moods of a Verb*. First, say you, generally all *passions may be express'd indicatively*; as *I love, I fear, I joy, I deliberate, I will, I command*: upon my word, the *Indicative Mood* has a fine run on't: 'tis in at all. *But some of them have particular expressions by themselves*; for instance, *deliberation is express'd subjunctively*; which is a speech proper to signify *suppositions with their consequences*. What a brave definition is there of the *Subjunctive Mood*! the *Subjunctive Mood* is a speech proper to signify *suppositions with their consequences*. The language of desire and aversion is *imperative*:

*perative*: as, *fall on, bear back*: the language of *Vain-glory, &c.* is *Optative*; as *Utinam, or would to God*, I had a piece of Bread and Butter round about the Loaf: *but of the desire to know there is a peculiar expression, call'd Interrogative*. A very peculiar one indeed! ('tis great pity there is no *Interrogative Mood*;) and therefore, if a man be either in haste to know, or eager to know, the best way will be to make use of that same peculiar expression, call'd inquiring or asking: for it will take some considerable time for another man to guess, what I have a mind to know. Again, Sir, when you advise such as have the *supream Authority* to affix punishments to the breach of their laws, you do very well: but when you advise them further (*Civ. p. 207.*) to put those laws sometimes into execution; and withall so heartily prove the convenience thereof, I can't see, but that a man without either forgery or malice, may make shift to smile. The fear, say you, whereby men are

L 2 deterred



deterred from doing evil, ariseth not from hence, namely, because penalties are set, but because they are executed; (and that's the reason that people are not so much afraid of Paper and Ink, as Rope, Ladder, and the consequences thereof;) because, as you proceed, we esteem the future by what is past; seldom expecting what seldom happens. And therefore, man being of a collecting nature, he certainly ought to be hang'd for a Coward, who fears to be added to the law for stealing, if no body upon that account, had ever been added before him; because he reckons badly, and expects that which never, as yet, came to pass. But I shall not at present, *Philantus*, trouble my self any further to set forth how laboriously you argue, when 'tis to no purpose. Only I can't forbear shewing some little respect to one thing more, because you so accurately discuss it.

*Phi.* All that I ever writ, has been very accurate.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir; but this is not only very

very accurate, but of extraordinary concernment. For it removes a very considerable objection against *Government*. viz. if it be so necessary for the Peace of Mankind, that men should confer all their power and strength upon one man, or one assembly of men, that may reduce all their wills, by plurality of voices, unto one will; how comes it about then that *Bees* (and such like Creatures) live so quietly and contentedly, without either chusing one *supream unlimited buzzer*, or one *Assembly of Bees*, that by plurality of buzzers may be brought to consent in one *buz*? Of this there be no less than six very remarkable reasons: (no body but *Philantus* could have found out half so many.) In the first place, 'tis to be considered, that amongst *Bees* there's no contestation of honour and preferment: if one *Bee* has a mind to be made *Burgess* or *Knight of the shire*; march on, say the rest: Honey is a very good thing. Now it is not honour or pre-

L 3 ferment,





ferment, but the contestation that does all the mischief in a *Commonwealth*. It being that alone which begets envy and hatred, and these beget sedition and quarrelling, and quarrelling begets War, and War in time spoils Peace. We may possibly, now and then, have observ'd a couple of *Bees* wrastring two or three falls or so; where sometimes one would be *above*, and sometimes another: but we are to know, that in strictness of speech, this being *above* is not to be call'd *preferment*, nor this endeavouring to be *above contestation of preferment*: because preferment (to say no more of it now) is a kind of a notable business. In the next place, we are to consider, that, that which makes men to quarrel unless aw'd by some supream power, is their esteeming of those things only which have somewhat of *eminence* in the enjoyment. But 'tis not so with *Bees*: for suppose one of them grows fatter, or proves taller by the head and shoulders than all the rest; notwithstanding

notwithstanding this, there's no need of chusing a *Hive-holder*, to keep them from mutinying: they having no such a custom to *register* their Statutes upon the Waincot, or Mantle-tree: as man does, who is a comparing Creature, and relishes nothing but *Phenixes* and *eminencies*. In the third place, that which secures *Bees* from waging War is, that they don't keep any Scales in the House, to weigh how much Honey every *Bee* administers towards the Winter-stock: or if they did, they having not so much the use of reason, as men, are not able to weigh it. For to weigh is only to ponderate, or compare reasons. But, in the Section before, it was proved that man alone was a comparing Creature. Therefore to bid *Bees*, for fighting is a vanity. Fourthly, though *Bees* have some use of voice to signify their mutual affections, and to *buzz* and *hum* out one another to publick duty; yet, they having never read either *Seton* or *Keckerman*, want the art of



disposing these *buzzes* and *bums* into *propositions*; and also of managing those *propositions* into eloquent and crafty *orations*. So that, suppose some factious, aspiring, innovating *Bee* should go about to disturb the Peace, and make an uproar; yet because this *Bee* has not a true humane tongue (which is as very a Trumpet of War and Sedition, as a *Warming-pan* is of Peace and settlement, to a swarm of those Creatures) though it be as big as an *Elephant* it can never like *Pericles*, by its elegant speeches so thunder and lighten as to confound the Hive. And therefore sleep on *Bees*. Fifthly, give but *Bees* their belly full, and set them out of the wind; and *libel* them, and *lampoon* them as long as you will, all this breeds no ill blood: and the reason is, because as yet they never read *Philantus's Politicks*; and so can't distinguish between *injury* and *harm*. Hive and Honey! What times should we have, if these *stingers* should once but find out the difference between *injury* and

and harm? Sixthly, and lastly (I am sorry for this lastly: what would I give for six such more) seeing that neither the present *Bees*, nor their Predecessors, did ever take either the *Oath* of *Allegiance*, or the *Solemn League* and *Covenant*, or the *Engagement*, or the *Oath* upon *Trip-low-beath* (where they say there grows many a sweet bit) what need is there, or can there be, for these Creatures to chuse any *supream Magistrate* to keep them in awe; when as they did never either swear, or covenant or engage to keep any thing at all? and therefore finally, good night *Bees*; for the Moon is in the Flock-bed.

*Phi.* All this is most abominable forgery.

*Tim.* If you had not said so, 'tis like some of your friends might. And therefore let's have pure *Philantus*, word for word, as he discusses the business in the 77th. *p. de Cive*.

*Phi.* And won't you put in none of your own wild, non-sensical *Jim-cracks*, to interrupt the drift, and contexture of my reasons? *Tim.*



*Tim.* No no, Sir: I am so far from any such thing, that, to give your reasons all possible advantage, I'll take in Preface and all. The point to be debated in the *Mirgent* stands thus, *viz.* why the government of some brut Creatures stands firm in concord alone, and not so of men. To decide which we make this preparation. Aristotle reckons among those animals, which he calls politick, not man only, but divers others; as the Ant, the Bee, &c. which though they be destitute of reason, by which they may contract, and submit to government, notwithstanding by consenting, (that is to say) ensuing or eschewing the same things, they so direct their actions to a common end, that their meetings are not obnoxious unto any seditions. Yet is not their gathering together a civil Government, and therefore those animals not to be termed political, because their Government is only a consent, or many wills concurring in one object, not (as is necessary in civil Government) one will. It is very true, that

in

in those Creatures, living only by sense and appetite, their consent of minds is so durable, as there is no need of any thing more to secure it, and (by consequence) to preserve peace among them, than barely their natural inclination. But among men the case is otherwise. Now begin the six reasons. For first among them there is a contestation of honour and preferment; among Beasts there is none: whence hatred and envy, out of which arise Sedition and War, is among men, among Beasts no such matter. Next, the natural appetite of Bees, and the like Creatures, is conformable, and they desire the common good which among them differs not from their private; but man scarce esteems any thing good which hath not somewhat of eminence in the enjoyment, more than that which others do possess. Thirdly, those Creatures which are void of reason, see no defect, or think they see none, in the administration of their Common-weals; but in a multitude of men there are many who supposing themselves wiser than

than



than others, endeavour to innovate, and divers Innovators innovate divers ways, which is a meer distraction, and civil War. Fourthly, these Brute Creatures, howsoever they may have the use of their voice to signifie their affections to each other, yet want they that same art of words which is necessarily required to those motions in the mind, whereby good is represented to it as being better, and evil as worse than in truth it is; But the tongue of man is a Trumpet of War, and sedition; and it is reported of Pericles, that he sometimes by his elegant speeches thundered, and lightened, and confounded whole Greece it self. Fifthly, they cannot distinguish between injury and harm; Thence it happens that as long as it is well with them, they blame not their fellows: But those men are of most trouble to the republick, who have most leisure to be idle; for they use not to contend for publick places before they have gotten the Victory over hunger, and cold. Last of all, the consent of those brutal Creatures is natural, that  
of

of men by compact only (that is to say) artificial; it is therefore no matter of wonder if somewhat more be needful for men to the end they may live in peace. Now am I as much taken with these six reasons, as the Gentleman was with his good piece of road. I profess, I have a great mind to ride 'em all over again: they are so incomparably close, so smooth, and so pleasant.

*Phi.* Yes, yes, without doubt, *Tim*, set but such a one as thou art on Horse-back, and there will be riding. Thou talkest of close reasoning! thou never saidst in thy whole life one line of such deep sense, as that which just now thou didst repeat.

*Tim.* But you have said many things as deep, Sir; as one may plainly see by your *Leviathan*, p. 86. where you thought the mooting this point of the *Bees* to be so very necessary for the understanding the causes, the *Generation* and the definition of a Common-wealth that, with great delight to your self, we have



have all the foremention'd reasons over again. And seeing you are so very much delighted, I am as *conformable as any Bee*; and am resolv'd to be delighted too. Thus then: *It is true, that certain living Creatures; as Bees, and Ants, live sociably one with another, (which are therefore by Aristotle numbred amongst Political Creatures;) and yet have no other direction, than their particular judgments and appetites; nor speech, whereby one of them can signifie to another, what he thinks expedient for the common benefit: and therefore some man may perhaps desire to know, why mankind cannot do the same. (I don't believe any man in the World had ever such an odd appetite, unless he had the green sickness:)* To which I answer,

*First, That men are continually in competition for honour and dignity, which these Creatures are not; and consequently amongst men there ariseth on that ground, envy and hatred, and finally War; but amongst these not so.*

*Secondly,*

*Secondly, That amongst these Creatures, the common good differeth not from the private; and being by nature enclined to their private, they procure thereby the common benefit. But man, whose joy consisteth in comparing himself with other men, can relish nothing but what is eminent.*

*Thirdly, That these Creatures, having not (as man) the use of reason, do not see, nor think they see any fault, in the administration of their common business: whereas amongst men, there are very many, that think themselves wiser, and abler to govern the publick, better than the rest; and these strive to reform and innovate, one this way, another that way; and thereby bring it into distraction and civil War.*

*Fourthly, That these Creatures, though they have some use of voice, in making known to one another their desires, and other affections; yet they want that art of words, by which some men can represent to others, that which is good, in the likeness of evil; and evil, in the likeness of good; and augment, or diminish*



minish the apparent greatness of good and evil; discontenting men, and troubling their peace at their pleasure.

Fifthly, Irrational Creatures cannot distinguish between injury, and damage; and therefore as long as they be at ease, they are not offended with their fellows: whereas man is then most troublesome, when he is most at ease: for then it is that he loves to shew his wisdom, and controut the actions of them that govern the Commonwealth.

Lastly, The agreement of these Creatures is natural; that of men, is by Covenant only, which is artificial: and therefore 'tis no wonder if there be somewhat else required (besides Covenant) to make their agreement constant and lasting; which is a common power, to keep them in awe, and to direct their actions to the common benefit. I wish, with all my heart, I could tell where to happen of these six reasons, but once more: for I am as fresh, methinks, as when I first set out. Never in my life did I meet with  
such

such a Company of good words, so artificially put together, to no purpose. And yet, now I think of it *Camoraldo*, the great Spanish Politician gave a friend of his six very good directions for Travelling. If (says he to his friend) you be not sufficiently content with such knowledge of Foreign Countries, as *Maps* and *Historians* do afford you; but that you have a mind to peruse the Countries themselves (or at least some of them) with your very own eyes; in the first place, I do advise that into such Countries, as you have a mind to peruse after the suppos'd manner, you send not your man, but go your self. In the next place, when you be once fix'd and determin'd to go; it will be very requisite then to think of going: and that either by the motion of your own feet, or by the motion of the feet of one Horse, or of more Horses (as by *Tumbrell*, *Cart*, *Waggon*, *Coach*,) or by no Horse; as by the motion of *Boat*, *Ship*, or by some other means and instruments

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struments of *motion*. For, Native and Foreign being altogether opposite, there's no possible passing from one extrem to another without *motion*. Thirdly, When you be once come (according to the directions laid down in the foregoing Article) to that *Town* or *City* that you have most mind to see and remember; be sure you *stay longest* there: for the longer you *stay*, the more you may look; and the more you look, the more you'll see; and the more you see, the more you'll remember: as was said before, *he that has most signs to ghesse by, is certainly the best ghesser*. Fourthly, such notices and informations of things as you intend to take in at the *eye*, chuse rather to take in at the *day* time, than in the *night*. For though the eye and object be full out as big, after as before the Sun is down; yet by reason of the many mists, vapours, Hobgoblins and Witches that trade in the night, the skie becomes much thickend; and thereupon observations

are

are rendered much more weak and uncertain. Fifthly, If after particular observations of *Houses, Churches, Cathedrals, &c.* (made at the time above prescrib'd) you should have a mind, (the day, suppose, before you go out of *Town*) to sum up all, and at one view to take the dimensions of your whole improvements; don't you go to Bed, and draw the Curtains Close about you: for they'll refract and scare the light; nor into the bottom of a well; (as some by equivocation have done, because Stars are thence best seen;) but climb you me some *Steeple, Tower, or other high place*: for though it must be granted that the higher you go, the further you'll be from the earth; yet the further you are from the earth (so you be not too far) the more you'll see, in all probability, of those things that are built upon the earth. Sixthly, and Lastly, Suppose you don't travel by a proxy, but go *your self* in person, and perform all according to the laws of *motion*, and

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set a work those laws of motion more or less according as 'tis worth the while to *stay*, and that you don't make your observations at *midnight*, nor out of the Cellar; then, quoth *Camoraldo* to his friend, as a Crown to all, I do advise, that you take a *Table-book* in your pocket, or some other little portable instrument to register consequences: for though it be said of *Julius Caesar* (who for a need could thunder and lighten as well as *Pericles*) that he never forgot any thing but injuries; yet it does not, you know, fall to one mans share of fourty to be so great an *Emperour*, as *Julius Caesar*: and though Paper, Parchment, and Velam be all subject to the teeth of time, envy, and rats; yet by no means is the memory wholly to be trusted, being oft-times as treacherous, as a sieve or scummer.

*Phi.* The teeth of time! 'tis very good really: and so is a treacherous sieve or scummer. But for the memory to keep Garrison is much better;

ter; especially, if it be but like a sieve, or scummer: because the enemy may pass and repass at the little Portholes. Doubtless this *Camoraldo* was a most excellent States-man. I wonder, *Tim*, where thou pickest up such abominable, metaphorical-similitudinarian-Rascals. (that similitudinarian is not a just word, but I han't patience to make a better now:)

*Tim.* Why, Sir, you know that a little slice or so of a *trope*, or *figure*, gives a fine relish and hogoo. 'Tis as good, Sir, as an *anchovy* or *sbalot*.

*Phi.* A relish and a hogoo! to what I prethee? to a Treatise of Philosophy or Dominion: or to directions for *travelling*, by which Gentlemen may come to understand the *Generation* of a *Common-wealth*, and afterwards become helpful in Government? Ple give leave to a Jugler, or Barber to put into their common tittle tattle, their *relishes* and *hogooos*, their *anchovies* and *sbalots*: but when *Divines* shall tell you (*Lev. p. 17.*)

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of *in-powred* vertue, and *in-blown* vertue (as if vertue were tunn'd into a mans mind, just as new drink is into the Vessel) and of this and that man being extraordinary assisted and inspired: as if it were not more credit for a man to speak wisely from the principles of nature and his own meditation, than to be thought to speak like a Bagpipe by inspiration: I say, when such things as these creep into serious reckonings, and Philosophical Bills; then, then's the mischief. I perceive, *Tim*, that thou never didst read the 5th Chapter of my *Leviathan*: for if thou hadst, thou wouldst have there found, that amongst the many causes of the absurd opinions that have been in Philosophy, there has not been any greater, than the use of *Metaphors*, *Tropes*, and other *Rhetorical figures*, instead of words proper. For (as I there go on) though it be lawful to say, (for example) in common speech the way goeth or leadeth hither, or thither, the Proverb says this or that (whereas ways cannot go,  
nor

nor Proverbs speak;) yet in reckoning, and seeking of truth, such speeches are not to be admitted.

*Tim*. What, neither back-stroak, nor fore-stroak? I know, *Philantus*, that you have spent much time in this sort of reckonings; and therefore you must needs be a notable accomptant in Philosophy: but when I find (as I do in your Treatise, call'd *Computation*) that a Proposition is the first step in the progress of Philosophy, that a Syllogism is a compleat pace, trot, or gallop in Philosophy; being made by the addition of steps: and that method is the high-way that leads to Philosophy: (where note, though 'tis not proper, in reckoning, to say that the way either goes or leads; yet I perceive that Propositions and Syllogisms may both walk and gallop, provided it be in the way to Philosophy:) again, Sir, when I read (*Levi. p. 108.*) that a *Common-wealth* is an artificial man, ('tis as like him, as ever it can look: 't has got just de Father's nose, and de powting lip)



or an aggregate of Puginellos made for the attaining of peace; and that the civil laws are only artificial Chains; (so the Dutch broke the civil Law that went cross the River at Chatham) which men, by mutual Covenants, have fastned at one end, to the lips of the man, or Assembly, to whom they have given the Sovereign power; and at the other end to their own ears. (I'd scarce have the place to be so fastned:)

*Phi.* What if I do say this: is this like the teeth of time, and your sieves and scummers?

*Tim.* Moreover, Sir, when you instruct us (*Lev. p. 115.*) in all the several sorts of Systemes of people (this Systeme I look upon to be a kind of Bastard anchovy, or wild shalot) that belong to a Common-wealth; and how that these Systemes resemble the similar parts of a body natural: and if they be lawful Systemes, they are as the muscles of the body: but if unlawful, they are Wens, Eiles, and Apostemms engendred by the unnatural conflux of evil humours; and how that a

conflux

conflux of people to Market, or a Bull-baiting, though it be a lawful systeme, yet 'tis an irregular systeme, by reason 'tis not order'd by law which Dog shall play first; or which man shall sell the first rowl of Ginger bread: and that the Corporation of Eeggars, Thieves, &c. though they may be regular Systemes (having a representative) yet they are not to be looked upon as lawful Systemes, being not as yet allow'd of by publick authority: the brick shall be, out of hand, burnt for the Halls, against the Parliament meet next.

*Phi.* What of all this?

*Tim.* Nay, I pray, Sir, don't interrupt me: let me make an end of my sentence: and that as the several Systemes of people are the similar parts of a Common-wealth, so the publick Ministers are the organical part of a Common-wealth, resembling the Nerves and tendons that move the several limbs of a body natural: and that publick persons appointed by the Sovereign, (this is all Mathematicks) to instruct,

or





or judge the people, are such members of a Common-wealth, as may be fitly compared to the Organs of voice in the body natural: and that the service of Sheriffs, Justices of the peace, &c. is answerable to the hands in the body natural. And that if a man be sent into another Country secretly to explore their counsels and strength; (if he comes only to see, he may do well enough; but if he comes to explore, and be catch'd; he may chance to be hang'd:) he is to be look'd upon as a Minister of the Common-wealth, though but private; and may be compar'd to an eye in the body natural: (and very well, for a blind man makes a very bad Scout:) but those publick Ministers that are appointed to receive the Petitions, or other informations of the people, are, as it were, the publick ear of the Common-wealth: (I profess, this artificial man thrives bravely; I hope the cheeks, and the chin of the Common-wealth will come on by and by:) besides, Sir, when I look ---

*Phi.* What, han't you done your sentence yet?  
*Tim.*

*Tim.* Alas, Sir, I have but just begun: my hand is but just in: I say, when I look into the 24<sup>th</sup>. Chapter (above-cited) of the nutrition and procreation of a Common-wealth; and observe, how that the commodities of sea and land are the nourishment of the Common-wealth; and that propriety or the constitution of meum and tuum is the distribution of the materials of this nourishment; and that buying, selling, &c. is the concoction of the commodities of a Common-wealth; which concoction is, as it were, the sanguification of the Common-wealth, being perform'd by money, which is the very blood of a Common-wealth: (for as natural blood is made of the fruits of the earth, and circulating, nourishes, by the way, every member of the body natural: so money is made out of the fruits of mens labours, and running up to Town, and then down again into the Country, nourishes those politick members, that live upon the road:)

*Phi.* Surely now you have done.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* And when I observe further; how that the *Collectors, Receivers, and Treasurers* are the *Conduits and Vessels* by which this blood (of money) is convey'd to publick use: and that the publick Treasury is as the heart of the *Common-wealth*; (so that, as the veins receiving the blood from the several parts of the body, carry it to the heart; where being made vital, the heart by the arteries sends it out again to enliven and enable for motion all the members of the same: so the *Collectors, &c.* receiving the *venose money*, out of the several parts of the *Country*, carry it to the heart *politick*; where being vitaliz'd, it does strange things when it comes again into the *Country*;) and that if a *Common-wealth* be'n't strictly dieted, but highly fed, how that it spawns and brings forth little *Common-wealths*, or *Children of a Common-wealth*: (thus the artificial man of *Spain* laid about him, and begot (the Child) *Hispaniola*; and if *Hispaniola* should afterwards grow up to have a little one, then would *Spain* be a *Grandfather*.)

*Rbi.*

*Rbi.* Certainly this sentence will have an end at some time or other.

*Tim.* Pray, Sir, don't speak to me; for I am in great haste, and have a great way still to go: once again, I say, when I look also into the 29th Chapter of your *Leviathan*; and there read of the several infirmities and diseases that this artificial man, the *Common-wealth*, is subject to: (for, we must know, that an artificial man, as well as other men, is very much out of sorts sometimes;) and how that some proceed from defective procreation; (as when an old pockie, gouty, crasse *Common-wealth* begets another, by reason of the mala stamina, or vicious Conception, the Child *Common-wealth* either comes to an untimely death, or by purging out the ill quality, breaks out into Biles and Scabs;) some from seditious doctrines; such as killing a Tyrant is lawful; which venom, say you, I will not doubt to compare to the biting of a mad dog; (no man in the World would ever have doubted of it:) which is a Disease  
*Physicians*



Physicians call Hydrophobia or fear of water: for as he that is so bitten, has a continual torment of thirst, and yet abhorreth water; and is in such an estate as if the possion endeavour'd to convert him into a dog; (in a still night, you may hear one, so converted, bark almost from Dover to Calis:) so when a Monarchy is once bitten to the quick, by those democratical Writers (and the teeth of time) that continually snarl at the estate; it wanteth nothing more than a strong Monarch, which nevertheless out of a certain Tyrannophobia, or fear of being strongly governed, when they have him, they abhor: such likewise is the opinion of those that hold there may be two Authorities in the same Common-wealth, Temporal, and spiritual; which disease, say you, not unfitly may be compar'd (it fits to a Cows thumb) to the Epilepsie, or falling sicknesse (which the Jews took to be one kind of possession by spirits) in the body natural. For as in this Disease, there is an unnatural Spirit, or wind in the head  
that

that obstructeth the roots of the nerves, and moving them violently, taketh away the motion which naturally they should have from the power of the soul in the brain, and thereby causeth violent and irregular motions (which men call Convulsions) in the parts; insomuch that he that is seized therewith, falleth down sometimes into the water, and sometimes into the fire, as a man depriv'd of his senses; (a very good lecture upon the Epilepsie:) so also in the body Politick, when the spiritual and windy power, moveth the members of a Common-wealth, by the terrour of punishments, and hope of rewards (which are the nerves of it,) otherwise than by the civil power (which is the soul of the Common-wealth) they ought to be moved; (this still is pure Mathematicks) and by strange, and hard words suffocates their understanding, it must needs thereby disfract the people, and either overwhelm the Common-wealth with oppression, or cast it into the fire of a civil war.

Phi.



*Phi.* What no end yet?

*Tim.* Such again, say you, is the opinion of those that are for mixt government: making the power of levying money, which is the nutritive faculty of a Common-wealth (that is supposing blood nourishes; for if it don't money is clearly cut out:) run one way: the power of conduct and command, which is the motive faculty (that's well enough, because conduct and command is perform'd by the motion of legs and lips:) run another way: and the power of making laws, which is the rational faculty (that's well enough also; because of law and reason:) a third way: which irregularity of a Common-wealth to what Disease, say you, in the natural body of man, I may exactly compare it, I know not: this is the first time that Philautus has been at a loss; but so ho! I have seen a man, that had another man growing out of his side, with an head, arms, breast, and stomach of his own: if, say you, he had had another growing out of his other side,

*the*

*the comparison might then have been exact: (if I meet with the man, I'll speak to him, to hire another man to grow out of t'other side; and if that be once done, goodnight Parliament for this October, and for ever after:)*

*Phi.* Nor yet?

*Tim.* When I also read that want of money, especially in the approach of War, may very aptly be compar'd to an Ague; (now for as long a Lecture upon an Ague, as we had before upon the Falling-Sickness:) wherein the fleshy parts being congealed, or by venomous matter obstructed; the veins which by their natural course empty themselves into the heart, are not (as they ought to be) supplied from the arteries, whereby there succeedeth first a cold contraction and trembling of the limbs; (a very pretty Hypothesis for an Ague:) and afterwards a hot and strong endeavour of the heart, to force a passage for the blood; and before it can do that, contenteth it self with the small refreshments of such

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*things*



things as cool for a time; (a Julap from a Banker :) till (if nature be strong enough) it break at last the continuity of the parts obstructed ('tis a little obscure, but the Devil they say is in an Ague :) and dissipateth the venoms into sweat; (through the sieve, or scummer of the skin :) or (if nature be too weak) the patient dyeth. Ting, tong: ting, tong:

*Phi.* Then never.

*Tim.* And that Monopolies and abuses of Publicans are the Pleurise of the Common-wealth. For as the blood, say you, in a Pleurise, getting into the membrane of the breast, breedeth there an inflammation, accompanied with a Fever and painful stitches: so say I and you together, money the blood of the body politick, getting in too much abundance into the membranaceous Purfes, and Coffers of Publicans, and Farmers of publick revenue; by inflammation, doth distend the Purse-strings, and make the sides of the Coffers to sob and groan: and that the popularity of a potent subject

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ject is like Witch-craft: (though, with Philautus, there be no such thing, yet for a need that will serve for a Disease too:) and that too great a number of corporations; which are as it were many lesser Common-wealths in the bowells of a greater; (that now is a notion) are like worms in the entrails of a natural man: but that disputer against absolute power, are not like those belly worms in general; but like those little worms which Physicians call *Ascarides*.

*Phi.* I thought nothing had been infinite:

*Tim.* And when I meditate---

*Phi.* What, more mumping still?

*Tim.* I say when I meditate, upon those four accounts (*de Cive*, p. 123.) for which, the spaces between the times of the subjects meeting, under a Temporary Monarch, elected by the people, may be fitly compar'd to those times, wherein an absolute Monarch, who hath no Heir Apparent, sleeps; with the introduction thereunto, viz. to dissolve the Convent, so as it

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cannot





cannot meet again, is the death of the people; just as sleeping, so as he can never wake more, is the death of a man; (yes indeed I believe it may prove his death, if he don't use some speedy means :) as therefore, say you, a King, who hath no Heir, going to his rest, so as never to rise again (i. e.) dying (a very pretty notion of death: 'tis a going to rest, so as never to rise again) if he commit the exercise of his regal authority to any one till he awake, does by consequence give him the succession. So the people electing a Temporary Monarch, and not reserving a power to convene delivers up to him the whole dominion of the Country. Furthermore, as a King going to sleep for some season, entrusts the administration of his Kingdom to some other (he can't surely govern much, when he's asleep) and waking takes it again; (that is, if nobody has broken up the doors, and stole away the Kingdom; for if so, he may take another nap:) So the people, &c. and as a King who hath committed the execution of his  
 Authority

Authority to another, himself in the mean while waking can recal this Commission again when he pleaseth: (or else he has given out a very large one:) so the people, &c. Lastly, As the King who commits his authority to another while himself sleeps, not being able to wake again, till he whom he entrusted give consent; (such a temptation as this would make some Trustees to walk as light as a Chambermaid) loses at once both his power and his life; so the people, &c. and when I consider ---

*Pbi.* And when I consider, that this sentence may last till to morrow this time, I shall take my leave ---

*Tim.* By no means, Sir; for I say, when I consider those fourteen elegant comparisons, between the Papacy, or Kingdom of darkness, and the Kingdom of Fairies; (with which you conclude your *Leviathan*) viz. the Kingdom of Fairies sprung from old Wives Fables, concerning Ghosts and Spirits, that play seats in the night: and what is the Hierarchy of  
 N 3 Rome,



Rome, but the Ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, starting up from the ruines of that Heathen Power. There's Ghost for Ghost already: A second Ghostlines they agree in is, that the Papists use in their devotions the Latin language: and what, I pray, is Latin but the Ghost of the old Roman language, walking up and down Calepine, Cooper, Goldman, and such like enchanted places? Thirdly, The Fairies have got but one Universal King, call'd King Oberon: the Ecclesiasticks have got a King Pope, that shall play, in the night, at push-pin with their King Oberon. Fourthly, The Fairies are Spirits and Ghosts: Ecclesiasticks outdo 'em there; for they are spiritual men and Ghostly Fathers. Fifthly, Fairies and Ghosts inhabit darknes, solitudes, and graves; Nay, if you be good at that, we can be as private as you: for, Ecclesiasticks walk in obscurity of doctrine, in Monasteries, Churches, Church-Yards, and dark colour'd Cloths. Sixthly, The Fairies have their enchanted Castles and certain

Gigantine

Gigantine Ghosts, that domineer over the Regions round about them: say you so? we can fit you there too: clap but a Gigantick Pontifical Clergyman upon the top of his Cathedral; and he looks over all the little Parochials, just as the Devil look'd over Lincoln: Seventhly, The Fairies can never be arrested or sued, though they steal Garters, Shoo-strings, Pin-Cushions, &c. and, if the Ecclesiasticks be not as fly I am much mistaken: for no sooner do you call 'em to appear before the visible Tribunal of civil justice, but they presently vanish into their Ghostly Courts: Eighthly, The Fairies are said to take young Children out of their Cradles, and to change them into natural Fools or Elves; the Ecclesiasticks are old Dogs at that; for they take young men out of the Cradle of reason, and lay them upon the burdle of hard words, Metaphysicks, and Miracles. Ninthly, The Shop or Operatory of the Fairies is not as yet determin'd: there we get ground; for the operatories of the Clergy are well

well enough known to be the Universities: Tenthly, When the Fairies are displeas'd with any body, they are said to send their Elves to pinch them; the Ecclesiasticks (I'll warrant you) won't be cast out at pinching; for no sooner does any state displease them, but they enchant the elvish superstitious subjects to pinch their Princes: and sometimes enchant one Prince to pinch another. Eleventhly, Fairies marry not; there you get nothing; neither do Priests. Twelfthly, It is said of Fairies that they enter into the Dairies, and Feast upon the Cream which they skim from the milk. The Ecclesiasticks are very good at skimming: for what are the Church lands but the very Cream of Nations skim'd from the Skates of ignorant, flotten, Gentlemen? Thirteenthly, What kind of money is currant in the Kingdom of Fairies is not recorded in the story; but with the Ecclesiasticks, all is Fish that comes to the Net. Lastly, As there is no such thing at all as Fairies, but only in the phantasies of silly idle people; so, though it be strongly reported,

ported, yet there's no such man at all as the Pope; but he's as meer a Phantasm, as Beelzebub the Prince of Phantasms:

*Phi.* And what of all this? here's no conclusion yet.

*Tim.* No, Sir: but now I conclude, and say, that when I find such things as these, and a thousand more such, not in your *Peak* or *Ulysses*, (for a Poet has his priviledges as well as a Jugler or *Farber*;) but in your grave and Philosophical reckonings ---

*Phi.* What then? I hope we are not beginning the sentence again:

*Tim.* Then, say I, that though *Metaphors, Tropes*, and other Rhetorical figures be the cause of very absurd conclusions; and therefore must not by any means; no, not by any means, be admitted in reckoning and seeking of truth; and though again (as you have it *Lev. p. 21.*) the light of humane minds is perspicuous words, but by exact definitions first snuffed and purged from ambiguity; Reason is the pace; Encrease of Science, the way; and



and the benefit of mankind the end. And on the contrary, *Metaphors*, and senseless and ambiguous words, are like ignes fatui; and reasoning upon them, is wandering amongst innumerable absurdities; and their end, contention, and sedition or contempt; Yet *Philantus* himself (as great a reckoner, and stickler for truth as he would seem to be;) when 'tis for his tooth, can smack his lips at an *Anchovy*, as low as a Coach-whip. And now I have done.

*Phi.* In good time indeed! and what, *Tim.* is there no difference to be made between the *Rhetorick* which is all flash and froth; and such as drives at *notion*, and carries that which is weighty and *considerable* at the bottom?

*Tim.* O, Sir, a very great difference: because you have found out a very peculiar way of making your self and your Writings *considerable*, which no body else ever thought of.

*Phi.* I am *considerable* for the sake of my *works*; and my *works* are *considerable*

for their own sakes, and mine together. I know no other way of being *considerable*.

*Tim.* This way, Sir, is very troublesome: a man must write well, and meditate much to become thus *considerable*: there's a much easier way, than this, Sir.

*Phi.* How so prethee?

*Tim.* Get some body to write against some *Book* of yours; and let the title of it be *Philantus considered*; and before the ink be dry, you'll become as *considerable*, as the House of *Austria*.

*Phi.* Thou art a most arch wag, *Tim.*: here take a Plum. *Philantus* *consider'd*, and therefore *Philantus* is *considerable*! or an account of *Philantus*, therefore *Philantus* is of account. May not *Tom Thumb*, or *Tom of Odecomb* be made *considerable* after this manner?

*Tim.* Yes, Sir; and so may *Tom of Malmesbury* too; having in the 51. page of his Letter to *Dr. Wallis* tried the experiment upon himself. Where, the



the *Doct̄or* looking upon you as one to be pitt̄y'd or contemn'd rather than medled withal; Pith, say you; the *egregious Professor* is a Fool for that: for if *Mr. Hobbs* be not a considerable person, how came he to entitle the beginning of his *Book*, *Mr. Hobbs* consider'd? now whether this be *Wit*, or *Mathematicks* I know not: but one of them I am sure 'tis. For *Philantus* is a man that plays at nothing less; despising all the middle regions of knowledge.

*Phi.* Well done, *Tim*: specially well done: for it is not above six or seven years agoe, or thereabouts, since I wrote a *Book* call'd, *contra fastum professorum Geometriæ*: wherein I have plainly shewn, that there is full out as great uncertainty, and as many cheats, errors and falsehoods in the writings of *Mathematicians*, as in the writings of other kind of ordinary *Philosophers*.

*Tim.* This *Dr. Wallis* is a most wicked and pernicious Creature; a man of the most rural language, and absurd

absurd reasoning that ever spoke or writ.

*Phi* I know that well enough: but what makes you say so?

*Tim.* Because, till he took you to talk for your *Geometry*, and shew'd you to be no *Mathematician*; *Mathematicks* (as 'tis said in another case) was the very smile of nature, the gloss of the World, the varnish of the Creation, a bright paraphrase upon bodies; whether it discovered it self in the morning blush of computation in general, call'd *Logick*; or open'd its fair and virgin eye-lids in the dawning of the computation of mens duties, call'd *Ethicks*; or whether it darted forth its more vigorous and sprightly beams in the noon day of motion call'd *Physicks*. However 'twas the first born of corporeal beings, the Lady and Queen of sensitive beauties, the clarifier and refiner of the Chaos, &c. but, immediately after the *Doct̄or* put forth his *Elenchus Hobbianæ Geometriæ*; one would wonder to see how the price of *Olives* fell. Alas! before





before that scurvy *Book* came forth, *Philautus* sometimes could not get above three or four lines into an *Epistle* dedicatory, but he must be slabbering over his dear *Mis*, his sweet and honey *Mathematicks*: (but poor *Aurelia* is now grown old :) Hum: nat: my most honour'd Lord, from the most principal parts of nature, reason, and passion, have proceeded two kinds of learning, *Mathematical*, and *dogmatical*: as for *Mathematical*, 'tis free from controversy and dispute, &c. but in the other there is nothing undisputable. Sometimes *Philautus* dissembles his love, and goes a little further into the *Epistle*, before he falls aboard. *Ep. Ded. de Cive. Were the nature of humane actions as distinctly known, as the nature of quantity in Geometrical figures, the strength of avarice and ambition, which is sustain'd by the erroneous opinions of the vulgar, as touching the nature of right and wrong, would presently faint, and languish; and mankind should enjoy such an immortal peace, that*  
(unless

(unless it were for habitation, on supposition that the earth should grow too narrow for her inhabitants) there would hardly be left any pretence for War. There would be brave *Mathematical* days! such an immortal Peace, that there would be neither War, nor pretence for War. And all because of *Mathematicks*. For, say you, in another place (*Lev. p. 50.*) the doctrine of right and wrong is perpetually disputed by the Pen and Sword: whereas the doctrine of lines and figures is not so.

*Phi.* Why is it?

*Tim.* Not much till you pretended to the *Mathematicks*. But yet they are never the more free from dispute for your reason, viz. because men care not in that subject, what be truth, as a thing that crosses no mans ambition, profit, or lust: (ah! woe's me; woe's me: for *Philautus*, upon my word, has cared very much ever since his *Mathematical* Girl gave him a clap from Oxford:) for I doubt not, but if it had been a thing contrary to  
any



any mans right of dominion, or to the interest of men that have dominion, that the three Angles of a Triangle should be equal to two Angles of a Square; that doctrine should have been, if not disputed, yet by the burning of all Books of Geometry, suppressed as far as he whom it concerned was able.

*Phi.* Why, don't you think, *Tim*, if the foremention'd property of a Triangle should prove injurious to a Common-wealth, but that those who have the supream Authority would call a meeting, and take some speedy care about it.

*Tim.* Care about it, Sir? they'd have a Session purposely, not only to turn out all *Triangles* out of Office, and places of trust and strength; but to banish them forthwith five miles from any Corporation.

*Phi.* I say again (as I said, in the 2d. page of the *Epistle Dedicatory* to my Humane nature;) that the reason why *Mathematicks*, or that part of learning which consist in comparing of motion and figure, is free from contro-

verse

verse and dispute; is because there's nothing in that Science against a mans interest: i. e. there's nothing that crosses a mans ambition, profit, or lust.

*Tim.* Fie, fie! don't say it o're again, *Philantus*: you had better say you were at that time a little too much in love with the *Mathematicks*; and, you know, in that condition, a man may be somewhat abated as for speaking reason. And therefore if I were you I'd chuse to have it go for a sudden pang, rapture, or any thing else rather than sense: for you can't but have read, *Philantus*, what a World of Pens have been drawn and blunted in the great quarrels and Wars that have been about *blazing Stars*, *solid Orbs*, the motion of the Earth, and such like points: and yet I don't remember that *Copernicus* or his Doctrine did ever whilk away any mans *Titles of honour*, or ran away with his *Estate* into another Country, or chous'd him of his *Mistress*. And therefore don't let us

○

talk



talk any more of this, *Philautus*: for without doubt, when you write those two places, you had had a sad night on't, and been in a most strong fit of the *Mathematicks*.

*Phi.* So, so: this is well: it seems then to thee, *Tim*, that my Book *contra Geometras*, or *contra falsum*, &c. does contradict what I formerly said of the *Mathematicks*, and *Geometry*. Therefore, prethee, do so much as answer me one question. What's the difference between *Geometria* and *Geometra*? they both end in a *s*; and therefore have a care of being out.

*Tim.* The first, Sir, I take for the *science* it self; the latter for him that is, or pretends to be a *Master* of it.

*Phi.* Now, *Tim*, do but consider my first four lines *contra falsum*, &c. viz. *Contra Geometras (amicè Lector) non contra Geometriam hæc scribo. Artem ipsam, artium navigandi, ædificandi, pingendi, computandi, & deniq; (scientiæ omnium nobilissimæ) Physicæ matrem, æquè ac qui maximè, laudibus*

*laudibus extollendam censéo.* Do you see, *Tim*, how horribly you are mistaken? 'tis not against the *science* of *Geometry*, or *Geometry* it self that I write: for without doubt *Geometry* it self is an absolute *Science*, and being a *Science* ---

*Tim.* Yes: and being a *Science*, 'tis certainly a *Science*: but what then do you write against?

*Phi.* What do I write against? I write against the *Authors*; the silly, negligent, sloathful *Authors*; that are as full of errors, as a Beggar is of lice: the proud, haughty, supercilious *Authors*; who if they can but raise, or let fall a *perpendicular*, think there's no certain knowledge without rule and compasses: I say, I write against these; who always were, and are, and (if I live) shall be as much cheated, and gull'd and sapt, as any men in the World.

*Tim.* But have you not, *Philautus*, several Seats and Pews to place these *Authors* in? methinks, those same malicious Raskals, that answer *Books*,  
O 2 and



and won't let Circles be squar'd, ought to be set in the Bellfry: for they are much more scabby, and lowfie than the rest.

*Phi.* I deny not but there may be some mean Ecclesiastical wretches, that may pretend to *Mathematicks*: but my design, *Tim.* is not to take down the Crest of this or that small, pedantick *Geometer*; but I flie at the whole Covy: *Geometrarum totam invado nationem*; as I have it in my Dedication: and again p. 5. *ipsa aggreddior principia, & interdum etiam demonstrationes. Pro Geometris autem omnibus oppugno Euclidem, qui omnium Geometrarum magister existimatur, & interpretem ejus omnium optimum Clavius.* Because they make such boasting of him, I set upon their great Flag-man, *Euclid* himself; and his Vice-Admiral *Clavius*.

*Tim.* For my life, I can't get it out of my mind, but that the price of Olives is certainly faln. For, till about the year 56. *Philautus* did not only think that *Geometry*, or the *Lady*  
her

her self was the beauty and Cream of the Creation; but that the very *men*, the two-legg'd *men* that studied and admir'd her, were the most careful, the wisest, and most happy people that ever open'd Book. And, I am confident, that had not *Philautus* himself been a little disappointed in some of his Writings, by this time (had he believ'd any such things) they'd have proved all *Angels*.

*Phi.* Never did I intend any such thing at all: for whatever I have written to the honour and commendation of *Geometry*; 'twas (as I said before) *Geometry* it self that I always meant, not those phantastical, conceited people that ignorantly profess it.

*Tim.* If this, *Philautus*, was always your opinion, in my mind you have a very crafty stile. For suppose one should take up your *Book de Civitate*---

*Phi.* Then, do I say, that he has taken up one of the best *Books* that ever was written in the whole World: for, though I say it my self (as I do



in the 7<sup>th</sup> page of my Letter to Dr. W.) never was any Book more magnified beyond the Seas; and therefore, as I my self say again (six Lefs. p. 56.) in French it carries the Title of *Ethicks* demonstrated:

*Tim.* Very modest: 'tis pity any body should say so, but ones self: now, Sir, if you please to let this same honest Gentleman read the seventh page of your *Epistle Dedicatory*, he'll find these words. And truly the *Geometricians* have very admirably performed their part. (do you see, Sir, they are the two legg'd *Geometricians* that have done the feat :) for whatsoever assistance doth accrue to the life of man, whether from the observation of the Heavens, or from the description of the Earth, from the notation of times, or from the remotest experiments of navigation; finally, whatsoever they are in which this present age doth differ from the rude simpleness of antiquity, we must acknowledge to be a debt which we owe meerly to *Geometry*.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* Now, *Tim*, let me ask thee one thing: whether is a mans mind best to be ghes'd at from the beginning of a sentence or end of it? don't I conclude and say, that all those fine things are owing to *Geometry* it self, and (to keep out the pragmatical *Geometricians*) don't I say besides, *meerly to Geometry*?

*Tim.* *Meerly* may do excellent service now, to hedge out the *Geometricians*; but when you writ that *Book*, you design'd no such thing.

*Phi.* How can you tell what I design'd?

*Tim.* Very well: because you tell us your self, in the words immediately following this great encomium of *Geometry*. viz. if, say you, the moral Philosophers had as happily discharged their duty, &c. As what? as *Geometry* it self? *Geometry* it self was never upon duties; and knows no more how to discharge any duty, than to discharge a Mullet. No, no, I am confident, *Philantus*, it must be the huffing and pragmatical *Geometricians*,

O 4 ans,





ans, that you then meant. But however you need not be at all concerned about it; for neither *Geometry*, nor the *Geometricians* can ever sue you, for those commendations; because you have in print revoked the whole sentence. And in law, you know, the last *Will* always voids the former.

*Phi.* I revoke in print? I have made many of my Adversaries to pull in their Horns, and hang their Ears: but never said any thing so hastily my self, as to recant, or repent of it.

*Tim.* How it came about, I know not: (perhaps *Poetry* might send you a Basket of Chickens;) but all that same *observation of the Heavens, the description of the Earth,* and the rest of that rich treasure, and furniture which about 47. you gave to *Geometry*, in the year 50. you bequeath'd it all to *Poetry*; just as it stood, silk Curtains and all.

*Phi.* To *Poetry*? that's very like *Geometry* indeed!

*Tim.* Yes to *Poetry*: you shall hear it Sir: 'tis an excellent sentence, and  
may

may do afterwards for *Grammar*; upon condition 'twill be towardly, and promise to be guided by the Precepts of true *Philosophy*. *Whatsoever commodity men receive from the observation of the Heavens, from the description of the Earth, from the account of time, from walking on the Seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of Europe from the barbarity of the American Salvages, is the Workmanship of fancy but guided by the Precepts of true Philosophy.*

*Phi.* But where's *Poetry* all this while?

*Tim.* Here's *fancy*; and that's as well, Sir.

*Phi.* But how do you know, that by *fancy* I must needs mean the *fancy* of a *Poet*; and not that of a *Geometrician*? and again how do you know but that by *Philosophy*, I meant particularly *Geometry*.

*Tim.* I'll tell you, Sir, how I came to discover these two great secrets. The sentence I just now mention'd is in the 132. page of your Answer to  
Sir



Sir *William Davenant's Preface* before *Gondibert*: which answer is so richly fraught with the History, nature and laws of *Poetry*, that I am more than pretty well assur'd, that by fancy you could not easily mean that of a *Geometrician*. And that by *Philosophy* likewise you meant not particularly *Geometry*, but *Philosophy* in general, I am as well assur'd; because in the very next words you advise *Poets*, to be well skill'd in the true doctrine of *moral vertue*; (that in their *Heroick Poems* they may exhibit a venerable and amiable image of *Heroick vertue*) and (a little after) to consult the possibility of nature; and not to talk of their impenetrable armours, enchanted Castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying Horses, and a thousand other such things which (as you say) are easily feign'd by them that dare. But, now I think on't, why am I so mad as to trouble my self about this? 'tis better by half for me to let all pass for *Geometry*; for then have I two most tearing sentences

in praise of the *Geometricians*: for, as for *Geometry* it self giving any precepts for the guidance of the fancy, she is so modest and mealy-mouth'd, that I'll trust her for doing any such thing; unless she make use of the pen, or mouth of some Cuckoldy *Geometrician*.

*Phi*. You may catch, and carp, and wrest *Tim*, as long as you will: but you'll never be able to find any one place, wherein I do absolutely and positively affirm, that the Writings of *Geometricians* do any ways transcend the Writings of other men.

*Tim*. Absolutely and positively affirm! that truly may be somewhat difficult. That is, you'd have me, I suppose, shew you some such place as this, viz. "Whereas I *Thomas*, the great *Mathematician* and *Philosopher* of *Malmebury*; having, for ten years together, taken all occasions to magnifie the labours, and admire the success of the *Geometricians* in their several undertakings above all other Writers: "do



“ do now publickly declare to all  
 “ the World, that by *Geometricians*,  
 “ I meant *Geometricians*. In witness  
 “ whereof I have set my hand and  
 “ seal in the presence of &c. Such  
 a place as this I don't know, on a  
 sudden, where to find: but setting  
 aside the solemnity of such an ac-  
 knowledgement, I don't know any  
 thing that ever was more plainly ex-  
 press'd, than what you have in many  
 places said to the vast credit of *Geo-  
 metricians* themselves. But now  
 they are all *Canniballs* and *Cuckolds*.  
 Let but any body read the 15. page  
 of your *Leviathan*.

*Phi.* So he may, if he will: 'twill  
 do him good at the heart; that or  
 any other page.

*Tim.* For all that you'd give mo-  
 ney to buy it out of your *Book*.

*Phi.* I won't part with any one line  
 of any *Book* that I ever writ, in my  
 whole life, for all the money you can  
 offer.

*Tim.* You shall keep it then, Sir:  
*the only way, say you, to become truly  
 wise,*

*wise, and to avoid false and senseless  
 tenets, is to order words aright: that  
 is, to determine what every word shall  
 signifie, and how it is to be placed:  
 which no body has done but the *Geo-  
 metricians*.*

*Phi.* Now, I am sure, I have  
 catch'd thee, *Tim*: for the word  
*Geometrician* is not in that whole  
 page.

*Tim.* But there's that which is as  
 like it, as the *Philosopher of Malmf-  
 bury* is like Mr. *Hobbs*. I think I can  
 say it just as you do. “ Seeing then  
 “ that truth consisteth in the right  
 “ ordering of names in our affirma-  
 “ tions, a man that seeketh precise  
 “ truth had need to remember what  
 “ every name he uses stands for;  
 “ and to place it accordingly, or else  
 “ he will find himself entangled in  
 “ words; as a Bird in Lime-twigs, the  
 “ more he struggles, the more be-  
 “ limed. And therefore in *Geometry*  
 “ (which is the only Science that it  
 “ hath pleased God hitherto to be-  
 “ stow upon mankind) men begin at  
 “ the



“ the setting the signification of their  
 “ words; which setting of signifi-  
 “ cations they call definitions, and  
 “ place them in the beginning of  
 “ their reckonings. Do you mind it,  
 Sir? they are those same men, that  
 begin at the setting of the signifi-  
 cation of their words; and they call  
 such setting of significations defini-  
 tions; and (by the blessing of God  
 upon their extraordinary care and  
 endeavours) the doctrine of lines  
 and figures is so accurately perform-  
 ed by them, that that alone as yet  
 deserves the name of Science.

*Phi.* I am not bound, *Tim*, to re-  
 member every word that I have  
 spoken, or writ.

*Phi.* No, Sir; that would be a  
 most unreasonablen burden: and  
 therefore I suppose when you writ  
 your *contra factum*, &c. You might  
 have forgot also what you said *Lev.*  
*p. 20. viz. that of all Creatures none*  
*is subject to absurdity but men: and*  
*none so much as those that profess Phi-*  
*losophy. For it is most true that Cicero*  
*saieth*

*saieth of them somewhere; that there*  
*can be nothing so absurd, but may be*  
*found in the Books of Philosophers.*  
 And why? because all, but *Geometrici-*  
*ans, are Sots, Lubbers, and Logger-heads.*

*Phi.* I am sure these last are none  
 of my words.

*Tim.* Right: but these that follow  
 are (which are as good) and the rea-  
 son, say you, is manifest. For there  
 is not one of them (and now there's  
 ten thousand since you fail'd in *Geo-*  
*metry:*) that begins his ratiocination  
 from the definitions, or explications  
 of the names they are to use; which is  
 a method that hath been used only in  
*Geometry;* whose conclusions have there-  
 fore been made indisputable. Do you  
 mind it again, *Philantus*; 'tis not an  
 idle tale of ambition, profit, or lust;  
 (such as you talk'd of before) that  
 makes the conclusions in *Geometry*  
 to be indisputable; but 'tis the admire-  
 able method, &c. which *Geometri-*  
*cians* alone make use of?

*Phi.* I don't speak one word of the  
 method which *Geometricians* use; but  
 only



only of that which is us'd in the Science of *Geometry*.

*Tim.* By whom: by Sow-Gelders or Rat-Catchers? I beseech you, *Philautus*, don't try at that any more: for you know well enough that *Geometry* her self can't wipe her own nose according to art; unless she borrows a *quadrant* of some neighbour. And besides, I find that you right down affirm, that the *Mathematicians* are the only men, that reason methodically; and in a discourse too, where one could not easily expect any such thing; (*viz.* in your *Animadversion* upon *Bishop Bramhall's Vindication of true Liberty, &c.* p. 46.) but only I consider, *Philautus*, 'twas in the days of your *Amours*; when you took all possible occasion to hook in that venerable esteem you had of those kind of Writers. *Reason teacheth*, say you, and the example of those who only reason methodically, say you, which are the *Mathematicians*, say you, that a man when he will demonstrate the truth of what he is to say,

must

must in the first place determine what he will have to be understood by his words; which determination is called definition; whereby the significations of his words are so clearly set down, that there can creep in no ambiguity. Thus 'twas, *Philautus*, for many years together: write about *Humane Nature, Ethicks, Politicks, Liberty and Necessity*, or any thing else, still *Mathematicks* was the word, and the *Mathematicians* were the only white boys. " I know that that part of " *Philosophy* wherein are considered " lines and figures, has been delivered to us notably improved by " the ancients. I confess indeed that " that part of *Philosophy* by which " magnitudes and figures are computed is highly improved: the like " advancement I have not observed " in the other parts of it, &c. Because the Elements of *Geometry* " having been improved by the best " wits of all ages, has afforded greater plenty of matter than can well " be thrutt together within the nar-

P

" row





row limits of this discourse; I thought fit to admonish the Reader, that before he proceeds further, he takes into his hands the works of *Euclid*, *Archimedes*, *Apollonius* and other as well ancient as modern Writers. For to what end is it to do over again that which is already done? the little therefore that I shall say concerning Geometry, shall be such only as is new and conducing to Natural Philosophy.

*Phi.* But what's all this for? and whence hadst it, *Tim*?

*Tim.* All this, Sir, I had out of the *Translator* of your *Book de Corpore*. The first place I mention'd is in your *Epistle Dedicatory*: the second in the beginning of your *Logick*: and the last in the 149. page of your *Philosophy*.

*Phi.* What is any mechanical *Translator* to me? this *Translator*, for ought I know, is some two-penny *Almanack-maker*: or some giddy-headed, conceited *Mathematician*; who

who had a mind to foist into my Works some commendations of himself, and his own trade.

*Tim.* I don't think, Sir, that the *Translator* has wrong'd you much; because (in his *Epistle* to the *Reader*, he says) what he did was view'd, corrected and ordered according to your own mind and pleasure. But perhaps the noise of your own *Latin* may be more delightful to you. *Scio Philosophiæ partem illam, quæ versatur circa lineas & figuras traditam nobis esse bene cultam à veteribus. Bene cultam!* I promise you, that's pretty well for such old Fornicators. *Fateor quidem partem Philosophiæ eam, in quâ magnitudinum figurarumq; rationes supputantur, egregiè cultam esse.* Say you so: *Egregiè cultam esse?* I think they deserve a largess: for by the following words they have wrought very hard. *In reliquis partibus Philosophiæ similem operam positam non vidi, &c.*

*Phi.* And by the words following those; (*viz. consilium inco, quoad potero,*

tero, *Philosophiæ Universæ, &c.*) others intend to work as hard, and in time to deserve as well.

*Tim.* Who do you mean, *Philautus*, you nown dear self?

*Phi.* "Yes, *Tim*, 'tis I: I my own self that have advanc'd all parts of " *Philosophy* to indisputable and *Mathematical* certainty. 'Tis I that " set forth the first Book that ever " was truly written about *civil Philosophy* (*Epif. ded. de corp.*) in respect of whom (I mean my self) " *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Aristotle* and the rest were meer Chimney-sweepers, " black pieces of superficial gravity, " Phantasms and Gholts of Philosophy, and served only to be derided by *Lucian*. 'Tis-I that first " shew the way (*Lev. p. 87.*) how " to generate a Common-wealth the great *Leviathan*; or rather (to " speak more reverently) that mortal God, to which we owe under " the immortal God our Peace " and defence: and that have sent " word to (*Lev. p. 391.*) such as " govern

" govern Kingdoms, that if either " they intended to preserve themselves in authority, or to have their " *Clergy* and *Gentry* preserved from " the venom of Heathen Politicians, " and from the incantation of deceiving Spirits, they should appoint " that *Book* of mine publickly to be " taught in the *Universities*. 'Tis I " again that first banish'd the Hobgoblin School-distinctions; (*Epif. Ded. de corp.*) and instead thereof " have brought pure light into natural Philosophy: (*non pugnando, sed diem inferendo*, as I there have " it) having first discovered such a principle in the World as *motion*; " and having out of my many good " wishes for the improvement of Philosophy, revealed this great secret " to the lazy backs at *Griffham*. Who " (as I tell them *Ep. Ded. de nat. aeris*; and in my Letter to *Dr. W. p. 55.*) may do very well, if they " would not set their minds wholly " upon every new gin, and janty device that is brought from beyond " P 3 " Sea.



" Sea. *Nam convenient, studia con-*  
 " *serant, experimenta faciant quan-*  
 " *tum volunt, nisi & principis utan-*  
 " *tur meis, nihil proficient.* They  
 " may meet at *Gresham Colledge*, and  
 " the *President* (which my dear friend  
 " and *Translator Sorbriere* wittily ob-  
 " serv'd) may knock the table with  
 " the *wooden hammer*, and the fel-  
 " lows may lay all their experimen-  
 " tal noddles together, and they  
 " may build *Furnaces*, and buy  
 " *Coals*, and grind *Spectacles*, and  
 " shoot *Stars*, and kill *Cats* and *Pidg-*  
 " *cons*; but they'l never be able to  
 " make so much as the tail of a  
 " *Mouſe*, unless they apply them-  
 " selves to the doctrine of my *mo-*  
 " *tion*, and send for me, who will  
 " be very ready to help them so long  
 " as they use me civilly: for I am at  
 " a composition with nature; and  
 " she has promis'd to do nothing but  
 " by me and my motion. 'Tis I that  
 " have heard that *Hugenius* and *Eu-*  
 " *stachio Divini* were to be tried by  
 " their *Glasses* who was most skillful  
 " in

" in *Opticks* of the two; but, for  
 " my part, (*Letter to Dr. W. p. 54.*)  
 " before I set forth my *Book de Ho-*  
 " *mine*, I never saw any thing writ-  
 " ten of that subject intelligibly.  
 " Lastly, 'tis I alone (*Ep. Ded. con-*  
 " *tra fast. &c.*) that have throughly  
 " examined and mend'd the princi-  
 " ples of *Geometry* it self, and in  
 " spight of all my *Adversaries* have  
 " truly squar'd the Circle.

*Tim.* What an excellent thing 'tis  
 for a man to keep a *common place-*  
*Book* of his own deserts: especially  
 if it be made out of his own *works*,  
 and that the *quotations* be ready there  
 comes, suppose, a good honest fel-  
 low to *Philautus*; who having look'd  
 upon his *Picture* before his *Latin*  
*Works*; and finding there, *en quam*  
*Modicè habitat Philosophia*; tells him  
 that those words, as they may be ta-  
 ken, sit about him excellently well.  
 Say you so, quoth *Philautus*? if any  
 man takes those words in a bad sense,  
 let him be who he will that very  
 man do I take for a Fool. Because



I am not only the best *Logician*, the best *Moralist*, and the best *Natural Philosopher*, but the greatest *Mathematician* in all *Europe*. As at large I grant it, and acknowledge to my self, in several places of my several *Books*, such *Pages*, such *Articles*, and such *Editions*. \*Neither is there any thing of *Vain-glory* or *self-conceit* in all this; because (quoth *Philantus*) there is not; as I my self have proved it in several places of my Writings. For (to define it strictly) *Vain-glory* or *self-conceit* is a certain idle and wanton form of speech; by which a man, either in the shade or in the open Sun, admires himself, being not justly call'd thereunto. And that man has very little skill in *Morality*, and the common actions of humane life, that cannot see the justice of commending a mans self, as well as of any thing else, in his own defence. And to speak not only prettily well, but extraordinary well of a mans self if vilified and provoked, is a great instance of *Heroick vertue*:  
(as

(as I have at large proved it, both in my six Lessons, p. 56. and in my Letter to Dr. W. p. 57.) and he that neglects that piece of justice towards himself is a most pusillanimous sneaker; and (for ought I know) neglects a duty as great, as any of those that belong to the Clergy-mens two Tables. And thus it happen'd when I first put out my *Book de Cive*: some snarled at this, some looked askew upon that, and some found fault with the whole. But I being well acquainted with the value of my self; (keeping always by me a Register of my own deserts;) and being well skill'd in the greatest actions of humane life, presently did my self justice, and straighten'd all. For (as was said before) I printed a Book a little after, wherein I told my self, and the *Earl of Devonshire*, that my *Book de Cive* was not merely the best, but the only Book that ever was written of that subject. And then, I pray, what became of my absurd and rural detractors? So again, there was a  
small



small pragmatikal *Cypherer* (he was one of the resemblance of *Divines*;) went and reported that I had committed some great mistakes in the very principles of *Geometry*. That fellow, say I, shall presently be made a Fool of; and forthwith I call to my principal moral vertue *self justice*, to rally together all the famous things that have been spoken concerning me; (now, there's no self conceit in this, it being other peoples conceit of me, not my conceit of my self :) I know a passage (Letter to Dr. W. p. 52.) in an *Epistle* written by a learned French man to an eminent person in France; wherein I am reckoned amongst the Galilæo's the Des Carteses, the Bacons and the Gassendi's: and 'tis generally believed that some of these were no inconsiderable *Mathematicians* (especially *Des Cartes*) and I am sure in the *Epistle* my name stands immediately after his. But if any body should question the truth of this testimony, it being foraign, I am sure it cannot be denyed  
(though

(though my name is not to the Book) but that I give this following testimony of my self (*Lux Mathem. p. 36, 37.*) viz. *Hobbesius extrâ legitur, intelligitur, laudatur: Hobbesii inventatum in Geometriâ tum in Physicâ multa, nova, excelsa, clara, utilia sunt: imo talia, ut nec atas prior majora vidit, nec (quantum conjicio) futura consutabit aut extinguet.* O brave *Arthur* of *Bradley*! now they are meer *Asses* that think any of this ostentation; it being only to vex and confound my Back-biters. Oh how the *Raskals* do pine and fret, when I let go the great consciousness of my own worth upon my self! In short, they may talk and write what they will; but if I don't commend my self much faster, than they can possibly ever discommend me, then will I give in, and patiently submit to their scurrilous, and clownish contumelies. But notwithstanding all this that you have now said for your self, or I for you; I have a very great suspicion of one thing---  
*Phi.*





*Phi.* What's that, *Tim*?

*Tim.* That though to praise a mans self, in order to the vexation of his Enemies be a very pretty divertisement; and most undoubtedly a moral vertue; yet this will not fully reconcile you to your self in the case of the *Mathematicks*.

*Phi.* Why not?

*Tim.* You must hear the last place which I promis'd to repeat to you, concerning your former opinion of the *Mathematicians*; and you will then perhaps perceive somewhat. *Quoniam autem* (de Corp. p. 106.) *pars ista Philosophis* (*Geometriae*) *ab excellentissimis omnium temporum ingeniis exculta* (we had *benè culta*, and *egregiè* before; now 'tis got to *exculta*;) *uberiorem tulit segetem, quam ut in angustias propositi operis nostri contrudi possit*; *Lectorem ad hunc locum accedentem admonendum esse censui*, ('twas then very good advice, and so 'tis still for all your *contra factum*, &c.) *ut Euclidis, Archimedis, Apollonii, aliorumq; tum anti-*  
*quorum*

*quorum tum recentiorum scripta in manus sumat. Quorsum enim alium agere? ego vero de rebus Geometricis pauca tantum & nova & ea praesertim quae Physica inserviunt proximis aliquot capitibus dicturus sum.*

*Phi.* Now what do you make of all this?

*Tim.* Oh Sir! of that same *excellētissimis omnium temporum ingeniis exculta*, &c. I make very much: *viz.* that when you writ that same *Book de corpore*, you were so fully satisfied with what the man *Euclid*, the man *Archimedes* and the man *Apollonius* had done; (who were not three Sciences, but *tres substantes viri* in *Geometry*) that you did then think that there was nothing to be said against them; nor, as far as they had gone, any thing to be altered. *Quorsum enim alium agere?* ay *quorsum* indeed: *ego tantum nova & pauca*, &c. but now, *Philantus*, they are all *Scoundrels*, *Hedg-hogs*, and *Caterpillars*; not knowing so much as what a point is, or what a line is, or  
 what



what superficies is, or what an angle is nor any thing else: nay you don't certainly know (*non videtur Propositio illa universaliter vera, say you, sed dubitans nil pronuncio*) but the famous 47<sup>th</sup> Proposition it self may be false? so that I am afraid that the Gods must restore to *Pythagoras* all the *Bullocks* they have received for that Proposition. Now, I'll tell you, *Philantus*, how all this came about-- 'twas just so: really 'twas.

*Phi.* Really 'twas, *Tim*? thou art really an Owl. 'Twas just so? how so was it?

*Tim.* You know, *Philantus*, you have written a *Poem* upon the *Peak*: and upon *Ulysses*.

*Phi.* Well.

*Tim.* Now I am very confident, that were those *verses*, as capable of being confuted, as your *Mathematicks* are, and have been; if need were (as was said before about *Logick*) we should presently have a *Book* out *contra Fastum Peccati, & Ulyssis*: wherein it should be proved that

that there never was any such place as the *Peak*; nor any such man as *Ulysses*; but that the one was a standing *Phantasm* in *Derbysire*; 'tother was a *Phantasm* that travel'd.

*Phi.* And how do you apply this to *Mathematicks*.

*Tim.* I'll tell you two sayings of your own; and then you may apply your self. The one is *Lev. p. 21. viz. who is so stupid as both to mistake in Geometry, and also to persist in it, when another detects his error to him*; & the other is *Ep. Ded. Hum. nat. viz. as oft as reason is against a man, so oft will a man be against reason.*

*Phi.* I meant that, *Tim*, only of other people: for I my self never forsook reason in my whole life; and therefore, suppose, I should grant that in former times I might speak a little too warmly in praise of the *Geometricians*: am I, *Tim*, oblig'd to be always of the same mind; when I had so many good reasons to alter it?

*Tim.* Now, *Philantus*, you say somewhat



somewhat indeed: if you had had any reasons to do so. But you never had any, nor are ever likely to have any. But only according as you have been bitten by the *Doctor*, and the *teeth of time*; so your distemper has constantly increas'd; and thereupon you invent new exceptions, and seek out new places of refuge. For it is very evident, that when you were first taken ill; 'twas a meer plain *Wallisfophobia*: but the *Doctor* getting deeper and deeper into you; 'tis heighten'd now into a most absolute *Euclidophobia*: which is a Disease almost as ill as that same *Tyrannophobia* you spoke of before. And I am very much afraid if the rest of your *Writings* were as strictly examin'd, as your *Mathematicks* have been; that at last it may come to a perfect *Philosfophobia*; which is the most dreadful howling Disease that can possibly besal a man: ten thousand *Scepticks* don't make half such a noise, as one man that has got the *Philosfophobia*. Therefore I pray,  
Sir,

Sir, have a care of it: for really I look upon you to be a going that way. And I perceive you your self are not without some apprehensions of danger; by what you say in your *Epistle Dedicatory* to your *contra Fastum, &c.* For a certain, say you, either I am stark mad, or all the *Geometricians* are so: for I differ from them all. Remember that, Sir; and, as I said, be careful of your self: for I believe, as for their parts, they all hold pretty sound as yet.

*Phi.* Sound? Yes, so is a Tub with twenty great holes at the bottom. Their principles are all false; their demonstrations are many of them false; (and therefore you are likely to have a good reckoning;) as I have evidently made it out by most solid reasons.

*Tim.* I wish, Sir, you'd tell me where those same solid reasons lie. For I can find nothing but only some *Grammatical, Metaphysical* small-shot: such as you formerly discharg'd at the *Doctor*, when you and *Mathematicks*

*ticks* first fell out. 'Tother day, *Philantus*, I look'd upon a Book of yours, called *Examinatio & emendatio Mathematicæ hodiernæ*; a very good Title: surely, think I, we shall have some notable Reformation. But reading on I found *qualis explicatur in Libris Johannis Wallisii*. Whenever I saw that same *qualis &c.* in the Title, I presently, from that Symptom, concluded that there would be very much of the foremention'd distemper in the *Book* it self. And so it proved: there being very little besides Grammatical nibbling, and tearing rants at *Algebra*. *Quantumvis*, says the *Doctōr*, *non sum ego prorsus nescius, &c.* Out, out, out! says *Philantus*; abominably out! *Quantumvis Wallisus Doctus sit Mathematicus, non est certè Latine linguæ peritissimus, &c.* *Quantumvis, prorsus*; what both in the same sentence? the like was never known. For *quantumvis* is a mark of uncertainty; but *prorsus* puts all out of doubt. *Et si* might have done well enough; but

*quantumvis*

*quantumvis* can never do. Then immediately after this, say you, follows *segillatim* for *singulis*, *instituat* for *institueret*, *laboret* for *laboraret*, *proferre* for *efferre*, and those barbarous Scholastical Phrases, *viz. Pro formâ, idem erit ac si*, and the like: as also this: *cum quæ in publicum prodeant, pro more scilicet (eoz; satis inveterato) nonnullis inscripta soleant prodire*; in which small piece of a sentence, you find out no less than three huge *Geometrical* miscarriages. First, say you, *cum quæ &c.* should be *cum Libri qui &c.* for we don't hear of *Houses* or *Churches* going to the *Press*; but only of *Books*: therefore doubtless the *Doctōr* had not his *Compasses* about him, when he said *cum quæ &c.* (*cum quæ &c. an ille ipse, say you, quoties in publicum prodit, inscriptus (scripsit) prodit?*) in the second place, say you, the *Doctōr* again is out in *prodeant*, which should be *prodeunt*: and in the third place, as for his *nonnullis inscripta*, I can't devise, say you, what possibly to

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make of it. For the word *nonnullis* (*solitariè posita*) standing melancholy without any substantive, and *Rebus* being always civil, and ready to be understood; presently cries out; next Oars, next Oars! so that the *Doctor's Mathematicks* are certainly, most extraordinary *Mathematicks*, for he scorns to dedicate them to men, but to *Rebuffes* themselves.

*Phi.* And did not the *Doctor, Tim*, first nibble at my Writings and my *Latin*?

*Tim.* If he did, *Fhilautus*, you have clearly got the day; for no man ever carried on that humour like you. And thus, say you, it happens in all the *Books* that he has written. For whatever he says, either *non placet*, or 'tis *inept*, or *childish*, or *vicious*, or *unintelligible*, or *wonderful*, or lastly *malicious* and *ghebrical*. For example: he has put out a *Book de motu*, say you; which (at the latter end of my *Rosetum*) I briefly censure and confute after this manner. The *Book* (suppose) is sent to me: and I ha-

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ving read it, am ask'd what I think of it. In the first place, I say, *non placet*: and there's for his *Book* in general. Then I go on, say you, and read, *viz. Mechanica est Geometria de motu*: that's *inept*; because he lets *Mechanica* stand alone without *ars* in the singular number. *Impedimentum est id quod motui obstat, vel cum impedit*: to put *impedit* into the definition of *impedimentum* is horribly *childish*, say you: and to put *resistere* into the definition of *resistentia* is not *childish*, but *vicious*. *Celeritas est affectio motus &c.* is *unintelligible*; for *affectio* only belongs to living *Creatures*: and no man ever saw motion to hug, kiss, or feed celerity. *Continuum quodvis (secundum Cavalieri Geometriam indivisibilium) intelligitur &c.* for *Cavallerius* to come into a definition would be very *wonderful* to any *Logician*. Lastly, to make use of *symbols*, and to say *cujuscunq; rationis index* is most *maliciously* and *ghebrically* done. And if *Euclid*, say you, or *Archimedes*

Q 3

should





should ever come this way, and but see those abominable Antichristian *scrawles*, which the *Egregious Geometer* makes, and the word *Index*, they'd be so horribly scar'd, that we should never have their Company again. And therefore now you are in, *Philantus*, I pray let's hear you rail a little at *Algebra* and *Symbols*.

*Phi*. You are a very scoundrel, *Tim*, and somewhat besides, for supposing me to rail: for my language is always clean, gentle, and elegant.

*Tim*. This is only modesty: for you can do't as well as any man alive. Come, Sir, let me give you the Key. *Gheber*. Now away with it: *id dictum Ghebricè, hoc dictum ghabricè, gibbericè, gabbericè, scabicè, scrubbicè, symbolicè, gambolicè, &c.*

*Phi*. What are you doing, *Tim*?

*Tim*. Don't you see, Sir? I am confuting and confounding the Whore-*Algebra*: that barbarous, Irish, Welch Whore-*Algebra*: that nasty, scabby, pestilential, abomination-Whore-*Algebra*: that scratching,

ing, scrawling, brachygriphal, stigmatical, symbolical Whore-*Algebra*. (*Exam. & emend. p. 10. p. 100.*) *abominans prætereò &c. pro peste Geometrica habenda est, &c.*

*Phi*. I hope you don't call this confuting, &c.?

*Tim*. Yes but I do; and so do you: for when you would seem mild, and pretend to reason the case, you talk ten times worse. *Algebra*? it takes its name, say you, from one *Gheber*: who perhaps might be some Comb-Maker, dextrous Corn-Cutter, Operator for Teeth or some such Engineer. *Symbols*? what a silly thing is it to talk of *symbols* (*Exam. p. 9.*) *words are the most ancient and currant of all symbols, &c.*

*Phi*. And do you really think, *Tim*, that *Algebra* is good for any thing?

*Tim*. I durst not think any thing of it at all, Sir; for fear *Gheber* should get me: but I have heard that *Vieta*, *Oughtred*, *Cartes*, *de-Wit*, and half a dozen more have, for



reasons I shall not now mention, spoke well concerning it: whose judgments put all together, I shall for once, *Philantus*, beg leave to prefer before yours.

*Phi. Victa* I grant (*de corp.* p. 156.) by reason of his great skill in *Geometry*, was a good considerable person. But as for the rest of those *gbebrical scrawlers*, you mention'd; I don't know any one thing they ever found out.

*Tim.* And truly, *Philantus*, as you order the business, I don't see how they, or any body else ever should. For first of all, you seize upon all motion as yours; and neither man, nor nature can do any thing, unless you lend them a little of your motion. Again all reasoning is plainly yours; you being the first that ever call'd *Logick Computation*. And most of the *Mathematicks* is also yours; you being the first that demonstrated (*de corp.* p. 63.) *the whole to be bigger than any one part*. And I don't much question but that the *sun* and  
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the *Moon* also (you may do somewhat or other to 'em) in time, may become yours. But no more of the *Whore-Algebra*. Now look to your self *Euclid*, *Clavius* and the rest of you: for *Philantus* is coming, and upon my word wherever he comes, he makes most dreadful work. You may think (and so did he once) that you were the only people upon whose endeavours the blessing of *God* had fallen. But he has sent back the blessing of *God*; and you have made such small progress in your profession of *Geometry*, that there is no one of you (besides himself) that knows so much as the definition of it. *Geometry* (says a famous man among you) *is an art of measuring well*. Neatly said indeed for a *Timber-Merchant*, or *Dial-maker*! but there's very nigh as many absurdities as words in the definition. For first of all *Geometry* is not an *Art*, but a *Science*; and if that ben't sufficiently absurd, I know not what is. Secondly, 'Tis an *Art of measuring well*, says he:



he: measuring well? measuring what well? *Geometry* well? is *Geometry* then an art of measuring *Geometry* well? Lastly, says he, 'tis an art of measuring well: but how does that art measure, and by what? by Sun-Beams, or Rain-bows? all which abominable absurdities I avoid (*Leſt. p. 1. cont. ſiſt. p. 7.*) by ſaying, that 'tis the Science of determining the quantity of any thing not measured, by comparing it with ſome other quantity or quantities measured. Again ſay you, ſuppoſe we go and ſearch for an exact account of a figure; which is a thing of ſuch vaſt concernment, that the whole buſineſs almoſt of *Geometry* is to conſider nothing elſe but ſeveral figures: and yet, for all that, one had e'en as good turn to *Rider's* Dictionary as *Euclid's* Elements for any ſuch thing. *Figura*, ſays *Euclid*, *eſt quæ ſub aliquibus, &c.* How lubberly and Porter-like was that ſaid? *figura eſt quæ?* where's here any antecedent for the *Relative quæ?* (*cont. ſiſt. p. 17.*) if there be any,

any, it muſt be either *eſt*, or *figura*. As for *eſt*, ſurely no body will take that for an antecedent: and *figura* is e'en as bad a Bedfellow. For then it muſt be *figura eſt figura quæ, &c.* which ſounds a little oddly out of a *Geometricians* mouth. I told the *Euclidists* of this (for as I ſaid before, 'tis of infinite concernment) in my *ſix* *Leſſons* (*p. 1.*) and again in my *Examinatio* (*p. 44.*) and now again in my *contra ſiſtum, &c.* and yet I believe they are ſo ſtupid, that in ſome Copies one may ſtill find *figura eſt quæ, &c.* If *Philantus* had not come, and comforted poor *quæ*, by ſaying, *figura eſt magnitudo quæ &c.* doubtleſs by this time, ſhe had pined away her ſelf to ſkin and bones, for want of an *Antecedent*. And thus again, ſay you, they do in the buſineſs of *proportion*. Which, ſays *Euclid*, *eſt mutua quedam habitudo, &c.* that is in plain *Engliſh* (*Leſt. p. 7.*) *proportion is a what-ſhall-I-call-it if-neſt, or ſoneſt;* or, ſay you, (*Leſt. p. 16.*) *a whatſhicalt habitudo of two quantities.*



quantities. I wonder where the modesty of these *Euclidists* lies, that they should not perceive the bawdiness of this *quædam*: all which they might have easily avoided, if with me they had said *proportio est relatio* &c. and truly 'twas worth the writing a *Book* on purpose to leave out *quædam*, and put in *relatio* instead of *habitudo*.

*Phi.* But when do I speak, *Tim*?

*Tim.* Speak, Sir, you speak all this while.

*Phi.* But you pick the worst and least of my exceptions against the *Geometricians*: for I rout them about a *point*, a *line* and every thing else of concernment.

*Tim.* How so?

*Phi.* I hold, *Tim*, that a *point* and a *line* are both really bodies; though in *Mathematical consideration* they are not.

*Tim.* What need we then trouble our selves about such an old *Metaphysical* nicety, as *indivisible* and *divisible in infinitum*, &c.? seeing  
(suppose

(suppose they be bodies) we are not, say you, to take notice of that in *Mathematical demonstration*.

*Phi.* But, *Tim*, there's a vast deal, a very vast deal depends upon a *point* having *bigness*, and a *line* *breadth*.

*Tim.* A vast deal indeed! if you have but the carving it out. For seeing that your *squaring the circle*, &c. don't well agree with the *principles of Geometry*; you'll shew'em a trick, and make the principles of *Geometry*, to comply with your *squaring the circle*: and then huff comes out *contra factum*, &c.

*Phi.* Did you ever know me to wrest, or force any thing to comply, &c.? were you, *Tim*, at my elbow, when I squared the circle?

*Tim.* No: nor any body else, that I can hear of; for though you have done it twelve times over, yet several people say, 'tis still all to do.

*Phi.* I say, I have done it; and have demonstrated it too (cont. fact.  
p. 43.)



p. 43.) as manifestly as any proposition in Euclid. And therefore why may not I be believed as well as other people, and why should I be said to writt. &c.?

*Tim.* As for your being believed, *Philautus*, I did never care for relying much upon any mans judgment, that looked upon self-conceit to be a moral vertue: but as for 'tother thing, I had it in part from your self.

*Phi.* From my self; how so?

*Tim.* In the 41. and 43. pages of your *contra factum*, &c. you tell us that had the business of *punctum, linea*, and some such principles of *Geometry*, been sooner examined and corrected; we had had *squaring of circles* and many other admirable things long before this time. Now I have a phanfic that this sentence ought to be thus turned: *viz.* seeing that *squaring the circle* is a most admirable thing, if it would but agree with the principles of *Geometry*; 'tis high time now e'en to make 'em agree. But, which is worse than all, *Philautus*,

*tus*, your dear friend tells you, that they won't agree yet. And whereas you have taken such vast pains to prove a *point* to have *bigness*, and a *line* to have *breadth*; he's of the mind (*Heaut. p. 112.*) that *Cheapside* is much too narrow to do the business. Therefore in my opinion, *Philautus*, you had much better have suffered *quæ, quædam, punctum, linea*, and the rest of them to have continued, as we had them from *Euclid*; unless the alterations you made had been more to your profit; and the grounds you went upon more considerable. A *point*, say you, is a body: and why? because (*de corp. p. 59.*) the whole earth is a *point*, in respect of the Heavens; Ergo. Again, a *point* is a body, for 'tis a mark; and the nature of a mark is to be visible: and if visible, then, say you, (*Lux Atheomatica p. 11.*) it must be divisible: and if divisible; then say I, it must be indivisible: for wee'l never stand out for one syllable. And then for a *line* having latitude, and being a body; that's





that's so very plain that if it ben't granted nothing, say you, (*Lux Math. p. 12. 32.*) can be demonstrated in *Mathematicks*. For there's no *demonstrating* without *Diagrams*: and no *Diagrams* can be made without *drawing of lines*, and no *lines* can be *drawn* but they will have *breadth*. And by such niceties and whimsies as these, (of which I could give you many more instances) have you vainly endeavoured to preserve your credit, and make people believe you had great skill in the *Mathematicks*. And the very same shifts you have made use of, to secure your *Carcass*, in all that you have said about *Government*, and *Religion*: being all plainly founded upon your three Cardinal vertues, *Self conceit*, *bad nature*, and most *irreligious cowardice*.

*Phi.* No man ever writ two such Treatises of *humane politicks*, and *Christian politicks*, as I have done---

*Tim.* Those Phrases are perfectly new:

*Phi.*

*Phi.* In both which I have given the Prince such due Authority, and such a vast power as will be a foundation of perpetual Peace, and happiness in his Kingdom.

*Tim.* 'Tis a vast power indeed, *Philantus*, that you have bestowed upon him; and he is very much beholding to you: for, at one stroke, it utterly destroys both *himself* and his *Government*.

*Phi.* How is that?

*Tim.* You allow him, you remember, to be the maker of all good and evil.

*Phi.* What then?

*Tim.* I would only know which way you confert'd that power upon him: did you send it him in a Basket, as a token of your pure love to absolute *Soveraignty*: or how was it?

*Phi.* That power was originally divided amongst all his Subjects; but they all join'd together, and turn'd over all their power of making good and evil to him.

*Tim.* Don't you believe that, *Philantus*:

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*lantus*:





versation, as an absurdity is a kind of injury in disputation. And therefore when *Oliver* cut of the Kings head, &c. he was guilty of an absurdity, and that's all.

*Phi.* I hated *Oliver*, and his practices as much as you.

*Tim.* That you might do in your heart, *Philantus*: as you love *Christ*, when you renounce him. But your Writings favour his actions so very much, that there is not one thing that *he*, and his *Rogues* did, but upon your Principles may be easily defended: nay, and demonstrated too; and train'd from *Article* to *Article*. And were not your *Books* much too ridiculous for people to be guided by (any further than of themselves they are debauch'd, and villanously bent) those two opinions alone of yours, *viz.* that *interest is the measure of good and evil in this life*; and in the next life that *Heaven* is only a little better than *Spring-Garden*; and *Hell* not so ill as the *Counter*, are at any time sufficient to set

up

up such another pack of *Rebels*. And yet you are the man that have set up *Princes*, and establish'd them in their *Thrones*: and have shewn such a *Generation* of a *Common-wealth*, that (give it its due) is to be called a *mortal God*.

*Phi.* Methinks, *Tim*, you begin to be somewhat hot: but be as hot as you will, I stand to this, that no man before me had ever justly stated the *rights* of *Princes*, nor given them such *power* as become them.

*Tim.* You are a very liberal Gentleman indeed, *Philantus*: and have granted to *Princes*, power in a great measure: but by chance so *ridiculously blasphemous*, that you'l get ne'r a *Prince* in the *World* to accept of it.

*Phi.* Can you confute ---

*Tim.* Confute? what should I confute: all the madness of *Bedlam* crowded into one man? for once I'll try two or three instances of your bounty; and let standers by judge what kind of confutation it deserves.

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The first *Complement* you pass upon your Prince is, that it would please his *Sovereignty* to umpire the business of the *Creation*: (a very pretty point indeed for the *civil Magistrate* to decide with his Sword:) *i. e.* whether the World was *eternal*, or whether it was *created* by God. Here's honour now for a Prince! The *King* of *Sweden* or so, if requested, may give his opinion concerning *Flanders*, or concerning *Liberty* of *fishing*: but *Philantus's Prince* is to have the arbitration of Heaven and Earth: his *Prince* is to determine whose the whole World is; and to whom it belongs; whether to *God Almighty*, or to *its own self*.

*Phi.* Who says that God does not govern the World?

*Tim.* I don't know indeed; but I say if the World made it self, it may e'en as well make shift to look after it self.

*Phi.* But I am not, *Tim*, against the Providence of *God*: but thus much I say; (*de Corp. p. 204.*) seeing

ing that *all knowledge comes from Phantasms*; and no man can have a *Phantasm* of that which is infinite: and seeing that it is very laborious, and would tire the best *Philosopher* to proceed from cause to cause, till he comes to the first and truly eternal cause: I say, upon these and such like accounts, I think it reasonable, that this of the *Creation* of the World, and all such knotty points should be left to the determination of that Authority, which has right to determine all things.

*Tim.* I think, *Philantus*, I understand you: seeing that there's no man now living upon Earth, that was really and actually present at the *Creation* of the World; nor that did *bonâ fide* see, or speak face to face with any man that was: and seeing that the tallest subject, or *Philosopher* that any Prince has, can't stand upon his threshold, and from thence look to the furthest end of the World, unless he cuts down the great *Pear-tree*; nor can stand so long up-

R 4 on



on one leg, hopping from cause to cause, but that if he hops long enough he may be tired; therefore *we Prince*, by the Authority aforesaid, do declare and determine that the World had no *beginning*, but was *eternal*. Given at our Court --- dalho.

*Phi*. I don't say 'tis so to be determin'd: but that he that has the supreme Authority (seeing the case is very doubtful, and too difficult to be determin'd by natural reasons;) may determine it so, if he please.

*Tim*. Yes doubtless: and that by right and vertue of the *first-fruits*.

*Phi*. The first-fruits! what first-fruits?

*Tim*. Don't you remember, Sir, that the dispute concerning the *Creation* of the World is the *first-fruits* of all disputable questions: and upon that account the decision of that controversie as *first-fruits* belong to him, that has the supreme power?

*Phi*. I don't easily call to mind the meaning of these *first-fruits*.

*Tim*. Look, Sir, but the above-quoted

quoted place *de Corp.* and you'll soon perceive it. For say you there; *as Almighty God when he had brought his people into Judæa, allowed the Priests the first-fruits reserved to himself; so when he had delivered up the World to the disputations of men; it was his pleasure that all opinions concerning the nature of infinite and eternal (as the Creation of the World and the like) known only to himself should (as the first fruits of wisdom) be judged by those to whom he had given the supreme Authority.* I wonder, Sir, you should forget such an admirable reflexion as this: *Judæa* being so very like the many *disputations* that are in the World; and that concerning the *Creation* so very like *first-fruits*. But if you please, *Philautus*, we'll go on to the next *Complement* you bestow upon *your Prince*. And truly if there ever was a *Complement* to purpose, this is one: 'tis down, and down, and down again to the ground.

*Phi*. What is it, *Tim*?

*Tim*.





*Tim.* 'Tis such a swinger, I can scarce get it out: 'tis only, Sir, whether there be a God or not?

*Phi.* Whether there be a God or not? what shall the *Civil Magistrate* (whom I never granted to be more than Gods *Lieutenant*, *Lev. p. 361.*) determine whether there be a God or not?

*Tim.* Shall he? why not? for all knowledge comes from *Phantasms*, &c. and no body whom we can trust, has lately seen or discoursed with God Almighty: and 'tis plainly a *first-fruits-disputation*; i. e. concerning infinite and eternal: and all *first-fruits disputations* belong to the *Magistrate*.

*Phi.* Whom do you mean: the *Hangman*? (*Lett. to Dr. W. p. 36.*)

*Tim.* That's a very good hit: I perceive *Philantus* begins to be a little angry; and when so, then a *Magistrate*, forsooth, in strictness of speech, signifies only some *Officer* of the *Sovereigns*, not the *Sovereign* himself. But you may go on, *Philantus*;

*lantus*; and, if I had occasion for any Latin, I'd put in *que* and *quedam* too: for I love to cross a man, that is made wholly up of such starch'd curiosities. And therefore, I say, you have so far honour'd your *Prince* or *Magistrate*, that if he please indeed there shall be a God; but if he be out of humour, there shall be none at all.

*Phi.* What, can he pluck God Almighty out of his Throne: and banish him out of the World?

*Tim.* That, *Philantus*, is a little more than he can do; but (by your great bounty to him) he can banish him out of his *Kingdom*; or if he can't do it alone, he's to call in the assistance of all his subjects.

*Phi.* I ghes how you mean, *Tim*; the *Prince*, I warrant you, is one day or other, to put out a *Proclamation* against the existence of a God: and this is to be posted up at every Corner of the streets. Can't I, in passing by, pull off my Hat very low, and cry *Vous avez* Mr. *Prince*: and



and for all that walk religiously home; believing and trusting in God every step that I set; and praising him for all the good Victuals that I have eaten, and all the great victories that I have obtain'd, over such as out of envy have endeavour'd to answer my Books?

*Tim.* But suppose, *Philantus*, he sends *Poker* for you, with an *Halbert* or a *Musket*.

*Phi.* He need not trouble himself so far: for I am past those vanities, and had much rather go to him privately, than in such pomp.

*Tim.* And when you come there, he tells you that he has been that Morning running o're the World, and the affairs thereof; and, upon the whole, he can't find that there is any God besides himself. What would you then say, *Philantus*?

*Phi.* I should beg his pardon as to that, as great as he is; and tell him plainly that I know what belongs to a God better than he; and I know that he is no more than Gods *Lieutenant*;

*tenant*; and that I am more oblig'd to God (being more powerful) for the several kindneses that I have receiv'd from him, and the great mischief that he may do me, than I ever was or can be to him.

*Tim.* But if upon that, *Philantus*, the *Lieutenant* cocks his Hat, stamps, looks stern and big; and says that he is sure, he is very sure that there is nothing (either in Heaven or Earth) better or greater than himself; and that you shall be sure of it too; before he and you part. What shall we do now, *Philantus*?

*Phi.* Hah! how i't? cocks, stamps, stern, big?

*Tim.* Yes; 'tis just so: come I'll tell you what you'd say, Sir: -- *truly say*, *Philantus*, *Majesty is not to be put out of humour for every small matter: 'tis pity the Prince should spoil his Hat with cocking it; or his shoes with stamping, or his countenance with frowning: meekness becomes a subject; and therefore I'll be silent.* But being silent, *Philantus*, won't serve your  
turu:



turn : for you must pronounce with a clear and lowd voice that he, before whom you now stand, is not Gods *Lieutenant*, but *God himself*: and not only so, but that he is the *Almighty*, *Omnipotent* and *Eternal God*; who, when you were asleep Created you, and all things else; but especially his own *great Grandfather*; you must say, pronounce, and subscribe all this; or else --- *You need not go on*, says *Philantus*, *I am yours, I am yours*, Sir : for what is a true Prince but one, to whom all the right and power of the whole Kingdom is transferr'd : and if he comes to his Sovereignty by right of succession I have (Lev. p. 99.) prov'd such Sovereignty to be a kind of eternity. So that he understands nothing at all of the Generation of a Common-wealth that sticks in the least to grant every absolute Monarch to be *Almighty, Omnipotent* and *Eternal*. But you have not done yet, *Philantus*, for after all this you must engage to worship the Prince with the very same words, and  
same

same postures, as you use to do God Almighty : praying unto him for health, long life, rain, fair-weather and the like : and this you must do so lowd, that all your Neighbours may hear you; and besides, that they may think you to be in good earnest; you must take all publick occasions to curse and blaspheme God, in the most affronting and defying words that can be invented. --- *That's a little odd*, says *Philantus*, *that a Prince, let him be as absolute as he can, should be able to make it rain or hold up*. *But*, now I think of it, by right of subjection I have made over my whole body, and every limb of it to his service : and therefore, if the Prince will send my tongue upon such an errand, it must not refuse to go, no more than my legs, if they were spoken to. And then, says *Philantus*, as for cursing, blaspheming, &c. *God knows my mind well enough as to that : i. e. how I worship him in my heart; and what honour and service I have done to his Church, to himself and the whole Trinity by my several*



*several writings.* But still, *Philantus*, the Prince is not so absolutely secure of you, but you may give him a bob at last. For you know there is a very strong report in this part of the World, that many years ago there was one, that called himself *the Christ*, that appear'd upon earth: and he taught that it was better to listen to him, than to the commands of Princes; and he said that he came from God, and that he was the true and only Son of God; and, by many things that he said and did, made several to believe the same. Now, if this be so, *Philantus*, this will be a notable check and rebuff to the unlimited Authority of your Prince. And therefore, if you intend to be a Subject quite through, you must needs also renounce Christ: ('tis a small matter, for *Christ*, you know, is no more God the Son, than *Moses* was God the Father.) and believe there never was any such person; but that he was a meer Impostor, or a cheat of the Kingdom of darkness---

to

to that, replies *Philantus*; *I must confess, most unlimited and irresistible Sir, that of all things now visible upon earth, you are to me the greatest and most obliging; and your opinion upon all accounts I am bound to adore: for it is by your great interest in your own Dominions as well as elsewhere, that I continue in same and health, and am protected from the barbarous insolencies of my Adversaries. But whereas 'tis your Princely pleasure to command me not to believe in Christ; (with humble submission to your irresistibility) I think you are, as it were, mistaken: for whatever you appoint me to do in affront to Christ; I can therein deceive you, believing on him in my heart: and should your almighty inclinations proceed further, and force me to deny and forswear such belief (with all imaginable dread again be it spoken) 'tis not my heart but my tongue alone that denies or forswears, &c.*

*Phi.* But how do you know, *Tim*, that I'll say or do any of these things? did you ever see me tried?

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\*  
*Tim.*

*Tim.* No: but above twenty years ago you promised to do them all in several places of your *Leviathan*. And I know you'll be as good as your word; because you desire Mr. *Godolphin* (in your *Ep. Ded.* to him) to tell all people that are offended at that *Book*, that you love your own opinions. If, say you, (*Lev. p. 360.*) I want rain, fair weather or any thing else that God alone can bestow on me; and out of my own humour, wantonness, or opinion, I make solemn Prayer for such things to him who has the supreme Authority; by doing so, I am certainly a very wicked man, and an absolute Idolater; because out of my own heart I give unto the civil Magistrate that worship which is alone due unto God: but if I be compelled to this by the terror of death, or any other corporal punishment, I may then do it very safely; without any offence to God Almighty, or scandal to my Neighbour. Well done Carcass! and thus have we turned off *Moses*, or God the Father: now let's see how we can get

rid

rid of *Christ*, or God the Son: if, say you, (*Lev. p. 27.*) a King, Senate, or other Sovereign person forbid me to believe in *Christ* (if he does not hear me) I'll say he talks nonsense; because belief and unbelief are not subject to mens commands. For faith is a gift of God (that comes well out of *Philantus's* mouth) which men can neither give nor take away by promise of rewards, or menaces of torture. But if the lawful Prince (being aware of such subtlety) urges further, that I should say with my tongue I believe not in *Christ*; I can be too cunning for him there also; for I still do but say so: and therefore rather than I'll displease my lawful Prince (O Heavens! how do I love and honour my self, and a lawful Prince!) it shall be done, and ought to be done. For profession with the tongue is but an external thing, and no more than any other gesture whereby we signify our obedience. Rarely come off Carcass again!

*Phi.* I must confess that to this purpose

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purpose





purpose I do speak : and very nigh in the same words : and let *Theologers* object what they can, I can most easily prove my self to be a true subject of the *Christian City*; that is, a Son of Christs Church, and an Heir of that Salvation which he has bargain'd for.

*Tim.* Prove, Sir? never in my life did I meet with your fellow for proving : especially considering what inferiour tools you work withal. For you shall talk less *morality* than a *Turk*, and less *Christianity* than a *Jew*; (for you shall not only swear that *Christ* is not as yet come, but that he shall never come :) and yet give you but a little *Country motion*, and ordinary *Grammar*, and you shall presently be at perch with the *Primitive Christians*. I deny *Christ*, suppose, and when that's done I swear that I do it from the very bottom of my Soul : "What of all this, says "*Philantus*? denying and swearing "too are both meer forms of speech: "and speech is but words: and  
" words

" words are but motion : and therefore that Divine that talks of  
" Blasphemy or Herefie coming out  
" of a mans mouth, whose heart is  
" truly firm; he may as well gape  
" for Blasphemy or Herefie at the  
" spout of a pair of Bellows. Besides, says *Philantus*, people may  
" prate against my professing with  
" my tongue and so forth; but (to  
" go to the bottom of the business)  
" he that knows but the very first  
" Elements of Government, knows  
" that I have no Tongue at all: for  
" 'tis one of the Princes Tongues  
" that I wear in my mouth : and  
" what's that to me, or any body  
" else what the Prince does with his  
" own tongue? and then, says *Philantus* again: what wondring is  
" here at my speaking two or three  
" words? is speaking any thing more  
" than a meer gesture of the tongue?  
" and did *Naaman*, I pray (when he  
" was allow'd to go into the House  
" of *Rimmon*) leave his tongue at  
" home? did not his tongue also  
S 3 " bow

“ bow together with his head? and  
 “ did it not, as it were, nod and  
 “ give consent to what his head and  
 “ shoulders did? and then in the last  
 “ place, says *Philantus*; as for the  
 “ several places of *Scripture* which  
 “ the Ecclesiasticks bring against me:  
 “ such as those of our Saviour; who-  
 “ soever denyetb me before men, I will  
 “ deny him before my Father which is  
 “ in Heaven: and ye shall be brought  
 “ before Governours and Kings for my  
 “ sake, &c. and fear not them that  
 “ kill the body, but are not able to kill  
 “ the soul, &c. 'tis plain, that they  
 “ don't at all understand the History  
 “ of that Gospel, by which they  
 “ live: for though our Saviour, at  
 “ the first planting of Christianity,  
 “ commanded his *Disciples* and *Apo-*  
 “ *stles* that they should not be daun-  
 “ ted, nor give in; but rather suffer  
 “ any thing, than not stand to the  
 “ Faith: yet, thanks be to God, says  
 “ *Philantus*, such advice is now need-  
 “ less: for Christian Religion is very  
 “ well spread and settled now; and  
 “ has

“ has got great footing in the World;  
 “ and a man may either profess or  
 “ renounce it (according as it lies  
 “ for his hand) with a great deal  
 “ less danger, and inconvenience than  
 “ formerly: and therefore if two  
 “ or three *subjects* in a Kingdom  
 “ should utterly forsake Christ,  
 “ there's still enow: and if two or  
 “ three *Kingdoms* should do the like;  
 “ there's still more *Kingdoms*: and  
 “ if (the *Turk* prevailing) *Europe*,  
 “ *Assa* and the rest of the whole  
 “ World should also do the same;  
 “ yet Christ is still Christ: and he  
 “ has had a fine time of it. And  
 “ there will be a joyful meeting, and  
 “ great doings about *Jerusalem*, at  
 “ the general resurrection: and I  
 “ hope to be as merry then, as the  
 “ best of 'em. There be, continues  
 “ *Philantus*, I know those who un-  
 “ derstanding neither *Grammar*, nor  
 “ the *History* of the *Gospel* shall tell  
 “ you that, let what will come, they'l  
 “ not part with Christ; no not for a  
 “ thousand Worlds. They'l dye, yea  
 “ and



" and that a thousand Deaths. Dye  
 " on, says *Philantus*; for this is meer  
 " Vain-glory, and affected *Aposle-*  
 " *ship*; and all for want of a good  
 " *Dictionary*. For *Martyr* (*Lev. p.*  
 " *272.*) is a Greek word; (which  
 " they, poor Creatures! suffer them-  
 " selves to be knock'd off the head,  
 " and never think of;) and signifies  
 " a witness, an eye-witness; and es-  
 " pecially such an one as saw Christ  
 " before, and after his Resurrection:  
 " which few, I suppose, now alive will  
 " pretend to have done: or so much  
 " as to have seen those that did see  
 " Christ: and if there be any such  
 " as these latter, they are but *Mar-*  
 " *tyrs* at the second hand; that is,  
 " *Martyrs* of *Christ's Martyrs*. And  
 " therefore if any man has a mind  
 " to put himself upon any inconve-  
 " nience, or run himself into any  
 " danger upon the account of *Chri-*  
 " *stian Religion*, I wish him a good  
 " Journey; but I pity him no more  
 " than one that should skip off a *Stee-*  
 " *ple*, for fear he should stumble in  
 " coming

" coming down the stairs. Here's a  
*Christian Politician* for you, or a true  
 Member not of *Christ's Church*, (for  
 that's vulgar) but of the *Christian*  
*City!*

*Phi.* I say, *Tim*, that *Martyr* does  
 signify a witness.

*Tim.* And so does *amo* signify to  
 love.

*Phi.* That's false; for in strictness  
 of speech it signifies *I love*.

*Tim.* How quick and nimble *Phi-*  
*lantus* is? well, suppose then that  
*Martyr* does signify a witness: are  
 you willing to be such an one for our  
 Saviour?

*Phi.* That is, will I who was born  
 within these hundred years, be will-  
 ing to be born above sixteen hundred  
 years ago? well ghes'd *Tim!*

*Tim.* You shall then, *Philantus*, be  
 a *Martyr* of a *Martyr*. I'd fain have  
 you into some employment.

*Phi.* How can I be any such thing?  
 I never met in my Travels with any  
 of the *Apostles* or *Disciples*, that were  
 sent into the World to be Witnesses  
 of



of the Resurrection: and no man can glory in being a *Martyr* unless he be *sent*; and he must be sent to Infidels too: for what need (*Lev. p. 273.*) a witness of Christ be sent to those, that have had sufficient witnesses already?

*Tim.* If that be all, *Philautus*, wee'll speed the Commission, and you shall be sent, &c.

*Phi.* But, I tell you, I had rather stay at home, than be cut o' the Crown like a Goose, to be a *Martyr*, of a *Martyr*, of a *Martyr*, of I know not whom, or what.

*Tim.* I see this *Martyrdom* (or *Greek* affliction) won't down with you, *Philautus*; will you, if need be, for Christ's sake *suffer* a little in plain *English*? wee'll engage you shan't be abused, and call'd *Martyr*: nor have any such improper, and unfashionable word written upon your Tomb.

*Phi.* How much would you have me suffer: what, dye?

*Tim.* Suppose such a thing should be,

be, *Philautus*: according to *Christian Politicks*, you'll clearly be a savor by't; when you meet Christ at *Jerusalem*. For when he comes to reign here upon Earth, he has promised, you know, to make very much of those (you may chance to be Chief *Secretary* of State) who are faithful to the end. And his *Kingdom*, you know, is a dainty fine *Kingdom*: and worth two or three of the *Kingdoms* of England.

*Phi.* But 'tis a great way, *Tim*, to go for preferment to *Jerusalem*: and it may be a great while, before Christ will come to have his Court there.

*Tim.* I believe indeed it may; after that childish, ridiculous, gross, prophane manner that you describe. Are you not ashamed, *Philautus*, to pretend to Wit, Philosophy, Mathematics, &c. and to go about to face, and huff down God Almighty, and our Saviour, with such intolerable fooleries as *first-fruits*, *Martyr*, &c. Was ever old top so utterly benum'd  
and



and befotted, as to turn Providence out of the World, to prevent tumults and uproars; and to think to complement his *Prince*, by offering such faucey and witless affronts to God himself? I'll undertake, *Philantus*, give but a very small-wit sufficient impudence, prophaneness, and a Glas of Wine, he shall abuse the Scriptures, scoff at Heaven, and talk better and more reasonable *Atheism ex tempore*, than you have labour'd into all your grave Periods.

*Phi.* Hey day! how huffing and swaggering is this *Tim*, because he has got a few of those same *Churchmen* on his side? who are for a *spiritual Common-wealth*; not minding what I learn them (*Lev. p. 317.*) that *there are no men on earth whose bodies are spiritual; and therefore there can be no spiritual Common-wealth amongst men that are yet in the flesh.* I say, *Tim*, some such as these, that talk of a *spiritual-body-politick* you may have on your side; but I am sure all the great Wits, and the men of depth,

depth, and business go all my way.

*Tim.* And my Lord *Eacon* is your way too.

*Phi.* If he were now alive, 'tis likely he would.

*Tim.* Yes very likely: for, says he, in his *Essays*, *it is true, that a little Philosophy inclineth mans mind to Atheism, but depth in Philosophy bringeth mens minds about to Religion.*

*Phi.* This now is very scurrilous, and most uncharitably said: and if the *Bishop of Durham* were now alive---

*Tim.* What should he do?

*Phi.* He should testify, *Tim*, to the confusion of all my slanderers, (*Ep. Ded. to his Majesty*) how godlily I behav'd my self, when I was ready to dye: and what a sound and clear *Conscience* I had.

*Tim.* *Conscience*? that's good indeed! *Conscience*, you know, is only when one looks over your shoulder, or in at the Key-hole. For, you remember, there must be two at least,





least, to make up a true *Grammatical Conscience*; (because of *cum* and *scio*;) and as for any other *Conscience* (*Lev. p. 31.*) i. e. *knowledge of ones own secret faults or thoughts, that's only a Metaphorical or Rhetorical Conscience.* But I pray, *Philautus*, after what manner did you confess to the *Bishop*? did you confess with your tongue, or how?

*Phi.* With my tongue? what, *Tim*, wouldst thou have men confess with their Legs, or Shoulders?

*Tim.* Truly, *Philautus*, you are such a moveable, slippery, and Philosophical kind of Christian, that I think the *Church* ought to appoint a peculiar sort of confession for you. For if, after you were recovered, you had but met with any body that had a little fear'd you, you should have unconfessed all again; and have sworn, and curs'd, that you did but droll with the *Bishop*.

*Phi.* Under favour, *Tim*, that's a lye. For I only say that if my *Lawful Prince* or the *supreme Magistrate* require

require any such thing, for Peace sake, and to preserve my life I am bound to obey.

*Tim.* And I say, that if the *lawful Ostler*, or *supream Magistrate* of the *stables*, should take you into his office, and shew you but a *snitch* (for that may Gangrene) I understand the Principles of your fidelity, and Christian courage so well, that, were he so wicked as to demand it, you should not only renounce all belief in Christ, but all allegiance to your *lawful Prince* too: for a breathing time, you know, is very desirable, and whilst he has you in his power, he's to you as good a *Lieutenant of God*, as any Prince upon earth. And *Naaman the Syrian* (*Lev. p. 271.*) shall do for all; for the *Ostler*, as well as for the *Prince* himself.

*Phi.* For my part, *Tim*, I can't see (when compelled) why I may not allow my self as much liberty, as the *Prophet* did to him.

*Tim.* But how are you sure, *Philautus*, that the *Prophet* allow'd him any



any at all for there be some, and those learned too, who question whether *go in peace* signifie *Naaman's* waiting still upon his *Master*, &c. or whether he should forthwith leave his service. But suppose it does; do you think, *Philantus*, that what *Naaman* did (which may several ways be imagin'd to be far enough from *Idolatry*) will countervail, or void all those several plain places of Scripture, that are most absolutely against your whimsycal, and prophane opinion? but *Philantus's* Divinity is like the Gentlemans, who (a little before he was to suffer for padding) being ask'd by his Confessour how he came to follow that employment: told him, that he took it up from Gods advising the *Israelites* to spoil the *Egyptians*; which to him, he said, was a plain place for robbing at any time, and any where: whereas thou shalt not steal, and the like, were all *typical* and *metaphorical*; and only true upon some occasions. But 'tis wonderfully strange

to

to me that his *Majesty* should suffer it ---

*Phi.* Suffer what, suffer me ---

*Tim.* No, Sir: suffer his spiteful, ambitious Priests to preach in his Chappel against you.

*Phi.* So 'tis, *Tim*: and I make bold to tell his *Majesty* to that purpose, in an *Epistle Dedicatory* to him.

*Tim.* And you did very well so to do, Sir: for *Naaman* will do against the whole *Bible*; and a line or two out of *Tertullian* (nothing to the purpose) against all the *Fathers*. And seeing you are so firmly fixt in the *Catholick Faith*, and are so condescending and dutiful to all lawful Princes, certainly they ought to be very careful to check and rebuke the adversaries of such a dear and devout Subject. And therefore let's see if we can't find never another *Complement* for the Prince. If I ben't mistaken (*Lev. p. 205.*) there is a pretty obliging one: *viz.* that if the *Civil Magistrate* please, he may

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take



take away the word of God (for we have had it e'en long enough) and instead thereof, give us *Gusman*, your *Leviathan*, or whatever else he thinks most convenient for his Common-wealth. For in the first place 'tis plain say you, that the *Book* which is now called the *word of God* is not really and grammatically the word of God: *i. e.* 'tis neither the *Noun* of God, nor the *Verb* of God, nor any other *part of speech* of God. But, be it what it will, it obliges no further than the *Civil Magistrate* pleaseth: who by making it law, made it first to oblige; and by repealing that Law can make it not to oblige. The *Old Testament* indeed was a *Law*, but to the *Jews* only, never to us. The *New Testament* never was a *Law* to any body at all, till 'twas made so by *Princes* and *Emperours*. For Christ was no Law-giver: neither (if he had made any Laws) had he any *Kingdom* to practise in: neither did he by his civil Authority *command* any thing; but only

only *advis'd* and *counsel'd*, &c. and sent out the *Apostles* to do the like; who were to *fish* and *allure*; (*Lev. p. 270.*) *not like Nimrods by coercion and punishing to hunt men into Christianity.*

*Pbi.* Most of this is true, *Tim*: but first of all I must chastise thee, for thy great sawcyness in comparing my *Leviathan* to such a Raskallion-scoundrel-Book as *Gusman*: and in the next place, for supposing me to be ambitious of having the *Bibles* turn'd out of *Churehes*, and my *Leviathan* made *Canonical*.

*Tim.* As for *Gusman*, *Philautus*, I am not, I must confesse, much skill'd in that *Author*; (and if I were, it would take up a little too long time to debate the business throughly between you two) but if that *Book* ben't ten times worse than any I ever saw yet, I don't question but it will furnish out a much *honest* Gentleman, a more *faithful* subject, and a *truer* Christian than yours shall do. And then as for your *Leviathan* being

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ing made *Canon*; you know well enough, *Philantus*, 'twas a thing you your self were not without some hopes of.

*Phi.* What, *Tim*, did I ever hope, wish, or desire that my *Leviathan* might be appointed by *Act* of *Parliament* to be publickly read in all *Churches*, instead of the *Bible*?

*Tim.* You shall hear, Sir: *Seeing*, say you, (*Lev. p. 293.*) that neither *Plato* nor any other *Philosopher* hitherto, hath put into order and sufficiently proved all the *Theorems* of *moral doctrine*, that men may learn thereby how to govern, and how to obey; I recover some hopes, say you, that one time or other, this writing of mine may fall into the hands of a *Sovereign*, who will consider it himself (for 'tis short, and I think clear) without the help of any interested, or envious interpreter; and by the exercise of entire *Sovereignty*, in protecting the publick teaching of it, convert this truth of speculation, into the utility of practice. 'Tis worth any *Sovereigns*  
pains

pains indeed, to take a progress of a year or two to settle and protect in his Kingdom a *Company* of such speculations, which, if practis'd, would (for all your kindness to him) certainly ruine him.

*Phi.* But here's not a word, *Tim*, of my ever hoping that the *Bible* should give way to my *Leviathan*. What made you say that I had any such expectation or ambition?

*Tim.* Don't you remember, *Philantus*, what a huffing challenge you once sent to a *Doctor* of *Divinity*: how that you and your *Leviathan* should preach with him and his *Bible*? and that without any such *ceremonious foolery* as ordination; only the *Sovereign* should lend you one of his *Life guard* to see you into the *Pulpit*, and to bang those that would not believe you. *If*, say you (as I take it 'tis in your *Stigmai*) the *Sovereign* power give me command (though without the ceremony of imposition of hands) to teach the doctrine of my *Leviathan* in the *Pulpit*, why



am not I, if my doctrine and life be as good as yours, a Minister as well as you. Right; why are you not? for 'tis plain that you have the word of command, as well as the Doctor; and a Minister has nothing more. And as for Authority, you are well enough with him; for if he swaggers, and produces the Bishops Orders; then can you bid your Life-guard man swagger too, and cock his Pistols: and then as to the Book that is preach'd out of, there's no difference at all between you. For you preaching out of your *Leviathan* preach out of a Bible, as well as he. For a Bible (in Greek) is only a Book: and most certainly your *Leviathan* is a Book: and a most rare one too. But I pray, *Philantus*, how came it into your mind that the word of God does not oblige as much, (if not a little more) than the word of a Prince? I must confess indeed that in the beginning of the 36th Chapter of your *Leviathan*, you have a very notable observation concerning the

the word of God (as was just now hinted) which, I don't remember, I ever met with in any Author: but I don't see, but that it may oblige for all that, without the supream Magistrate's drawing his sword. When there is mention, say you, of the word of God, it doth not signifie a part of speech such as Grammaticians call a Noun or a Verb, or any simple voice, without a contexture of other words to make it significative; but a perfect speech or discourse, whereby the speaker affirmeth, denieth, commandeth, promiseth, wisheth, or interrogateth: (I profess *Philantus* would have been a thundering Preacher: how he pours it out! affirmeth, denieth, commandeth, &c.) in which sense 'tis not vocabulum, that signifies a word (I pray, Gentlemen, remember that, and turn down a proof;) 'tis not vocabulum but sermo (in Greek *λογος*) that is, some speech, discourse or saying. Without doubt, if the soveraign had sent out *Philantus*, this same had been the beginning of his





first *holding forth*. 'Tis a most admirable introduction to a body of Divinity. But to proceed, *Philautus*, suppose the *word of God* (as you have most painfully and learnedly made it out) is neither *Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle*, nor any of the rest, but only the *speech or discourse* of God: I pray do so much as let me know (I desire it once more) some of your best reasons why this same speech, or discourse of God (seeing you'll so have it) does not oblige us to believe it and practise it, unless it be authoriz'd by *Kettledrums, and Trumpets*.

*Phi.* Best reasons? what an impudent trick is this of *Tim*, to call for my best reasons? any surely are good enough for such a fellow as thou art: in the first place, if thou canst, thou art to understand that whatever was laid down by *Christ* himself, or his *Apostles* after him, as it was laid down by him or them, never did, neither does it now at all oblige,

*Tim.*

*Tim.* I am such a fool, *Philautus*, that methinks I had much rather mind, and observe what our *saviour* said, than any thing that can be commanded by the *General* of an *Army*.

*Phi.* You may mind and observe what you will; but (take that from me) you'll have little thanks for your labour. For it does not at all oblige, (*Lev. p. 284, 285.*) as pronounced by him.

*Tim.* Why so?

*Phi.* Because 'tis not *Canonical*.

*Tim.* *Canonical*? did not *Christ* and they that followed him give *Articles of Faith*, and *rules* of a holy life?

*Phi.* Yes: but neither he nor any of his *Succeedours* did ever lay down one *obligatory Canon*. For such a *Canon* is a *Rule* authoriz'd and injoin'd by the *Common-wealth, &c.* and that only is truly said to be *Canonical*, which is allow'd of, and made *Canonical* by the *Sovereign*: that is to say which is made *Law* in any



any Kingdom: for a Law is the commandment of that man, or assembly to whom we have given ---

*Tim.* Really, *Philantus*, if you don't leave that trick, I'll get a new man to talk withal.

*Phi.* What trick?

*Tim.* You can't come near the word *Law*, but presently you spring forth --- for a Law is the commandment of that man or assembly, &c. and when 'tis every whit to as little purpose, as 'tis here.

*Phi.* To as little purpose? by the definition alone of a Law, namely, that a Law is the commandment of that man, or ---

*Tim.* What, shall we have it again?

*Phi.* I say, by that definition of a Law it is very evident that not any one Rule or precept in the whole *New-Testament* was an obligatory Canon: i. e. did really oblige any man living till the *New-Testament* was made Law. And I am sure it never was made Law till ---

*Tim.* Till when? till 'twas made Law.

Law. That's all that *Philantus* will engage for: for he's a very wary Gamester, and he's as sure as can be that the Gospel was never publickly owned, nor appointed by any Prince to be read in any Kingdom or Commonwealth; till that very day, hour, and minute that it was so own'd, and appointed, &c. *Philantus*, I say, is very sure of this; and thus much he will certainly undertake for, and no more.

*Phi.* 'Tis false: for I undertake further to shew, that whatever our Saviour propounded to be done in order to Salvation (till obedience thereunto was commanded by the Sovereign-Ruler) was so far from obliging, that every man, without the least injustice, might refuse to observe ---

*Tim.* For injustice, (should you have said) is a breach of the commandment of that man, or assembly ---

*Phi.* Should have said? what, *Tim*, dost thou undertake to teach me what



what I should have said: don't I know when to break off, and when to go on?

*Tim.* Indeed, Sir, I think that in all right the definition of injustice ought to have come in there: for then the business had been plainly demonstrated.

*Phi.* 'Tis plainly demonstrable, *Tim.* that any man might refuse to obey whatever our Saviour said (till 'twas made Law) without being unjust at all.

*Tim.* Without being unjust? to whom do you mean, *Philantus*?

*Phi.* To whom can a man be unjust but to his lawful Sovereign; and to those with whom he contracts according to the *Laws* of his *Country*.

*Tim.* Yes, yes: so I thought: I knew as well as could be, that the demonstration would be thereabouts.

*Phi.* What did you know, *Tim*?

*Tim.* I know this, *Philantus*; that a man may neglect to obey the precepts of Christ, and yet not be at all guilty of transporting of *Leather*, or *Wool*.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* How do you mean, *Tim*?

*Tim.* I mean this, *Philantus*; suppose I (being a subject of a Kingdom wherein there were no positive Laws against swearing or private Revenge, but plain and severe ones against transportation of *Leather*, and *Wool*) had been present at our Saviour's Sermon; and believed him and his doctrine: but notwithstanding had still continued a great swearer, and a most revengeful wretch; thus far I durst venture to say (and truly you may safely go along with me) that *swearing*, to define it strictly, is not transportation of *Leather*, neither is revenge transportation of *Wool*.

*Phi.* Nor are they a direct breach of any other particular Law of the Kingdom.

*Tim.* How can they possibly be? what are you mad, *Philantus*? would you have those things to be a breach of the Laws of that Kingdom, which we have supposed not to have taken notice of any such things? never certainly did *Catchpole*, *Pettifogger*, *Forger*



ger of Wills, more intangle, shuffle, wrest, scrape, and patch, &c. to bring about their villanous designs: than you have rack'd and tortur'd those two poor words of *Law* and *Justice* to make your self singular in Irreligion. And as in your *Morals*, you have thereby endeavour'd to debauch *humane nature*, and to taint the very foundations of *practical reason*: so here you use the same silly artifice to frustrate the intentions of Christs coming into the World, and to void the obligation of those Precepts that he left behind him.

*Phi.* You much mistake me, *Tim*, if you think me to be against Christ, or his Precepts: for *Faith in him, and obedience to Laws is all that I count necessary to Salvation*. But thus much I say further, that nothing which either our *Saviour* or his *Apostles* propounded was truly *Law*, or did oblige; for neither he, nor they had any *Kingdom*. And though there were many *Kingdoms* in the World; over which Christ, if he had pleas'd, might

might have challeng'd to himself the *Sovereign Power*; yet 'tis plain, that he utterly disown'd all such publick and Regal authority, by saying, *my Kingdom is not of this World*. Now, say I, (*Lev. p. 286.*) *they that have no Kingdom, can make no Laws*.

*Tim.* Well rhimed, *Philautus!* *Kingdom* and *Law*.

*Phi.* Why, can any man, *Tim*, make a *Law*, that is, give out some rule to be observed in a *Nation*, who has no *Nation* to give it to? must not a man have *Sovereign* right to do it, and strength and authority to make it take effect?

*Tim.* Truly, *Philautus*, I cannot forbear to say, that if a *private Country-Gentleman, in a rainy day*, should contrive a set of *Laws*; and send them, by the packet Boats into *Foreign Countries*, to look for a *Nation*, and people to observe them; but that some of his *Laws* may chance to come home again unobserved.

*Phi.* No question, *Tim*, but that they would: and the reason is, because



cause all Nations are ready stock'd ; and there's never a void Nation for the Gentleman to vent his Laws in: and a Law is no Law, but where it is, or ought to be obeyed.

*Tim.* But, I suppose, you don't look upon our *Saviour* (who was immediately sent from God, and whom we believe, not minding what you do, to be the Son of God) to be only a *private person*. Surely, *Philautus*, if you believe any God at all, you must also believe that he can both make and protect Laws without dispossessing of Princes, and keeping his *standing Armies*. You may remember that Christ could violently have been rescued by *twelve Legions of Angels*: and could have sent for as many to have enforced his *Doctrine*: which if he had done, then possibly it might have agreed with your great curiosity to have admitted his Precepts to have had the force of Laws: but, why do I talk to *Philautus* of such *vain-Philosophy* as *twelve Legions of Angels*; which  
to

to him are only *twelve Legions of Phantasms*; all to be discomfited with the brandishing of Horn-knives, and the blast of Elder-Guns?

*Phi.* I don't at all regard, *Tim*, any of all this: being most fully assur'd that I never read that Christ was chosen *supream Magistrate* of any place.

*Tim.* Neither did you, I warrant you, ever read that he was so much as chosen *Over-seer*, or *Church-Warden* of any Parish.

*Phi.* You are prophane, *Tim*.

*Tim.* I bless God, that I believe Christ to be his Son; and that I am more oblig'd to observe his Precepts (without your indulgent favouring them to be termed Laws) than the most immediate and direct commands of all the Princes in the World: and he that believes otherwise, I suppose, is the man that justly deserves the title of *prophane*.

*Phi.* You may believe what you will, *Tim*: but 'tis plain that Christ never took upon himself the Govern-  
ment





ment of any Nation; neither would he accept of any place of authority or publick employment.

*Tim.* And I pray, *Philautus*, what do you think might be the reason of it? don't you think it was for fear people should not only believe his doctrine, but count themselves oblig'd to practise it? was not that, *Philautus*, think you the business? was it not to prevent some such great absurdity and inconvenience that might have happen'd in the World? whereas now every one enjoys a most reasonable and blessed Liberty: and if the Gospel stands with a mans convenience, and be the *fashionable Book* at *Court*, it may then be read and practis'd not without some delight, and benefit: but when it either crosses my own particular interest, or the irresistible humour of my most *dreadful Prince*, thanks be to God, there be other judicious and practical Authors, in which a retired and studious Gentleman may make shift to spend his time, without any ways

disobliging

disobliging *Gods second representative, Jesus Christ*. This, *Philautus*, is such a kind of devout meditation as, I suppose, you take bed-ward. And from hence any one, that is not utterly blind, may plainly perceive, what it is that you count *obligation*: that is, when a man is so chain'd, rop'd or chorded down to his bargain that he can't possibly avoid submitting to't; such a man and none else will you allow to be truly oblig'd. Neither must he be fasten'd with such Chains and Chords as the joys and terrors of another life; for they are at a great distance, and with *Philautus*, very metaphorical: but he is for visible Grammatical Hemp, and Iron, such as grow upon, and is digged out of the Earth. Where these things be, there's reason, law, justice, and obligation; but where they are missing, a man is as free as any fish in the Ocean. Thus if a man, suppose, has an hundred pound weight of shackles about him, and be under good store of locks; I

V 2                    believe



believe *Philantus* will grant such an one to be very properly and strictly oblig'd not to ride an Hunting : and if a man has half a dozen Pikes tickling him at the tail, 'tis likely that he also may be look'd upon as oblig'd to march on : but if I privately without either witness or writings borrow a hundred pounds of a friend---

*Phi.* If you do, you ought to pay it him again, upon demand.

*Tim.* I ought? why so; how am I oblig'd? where's the shackles, where's the Pikes, &c?

*Phi.* But you know well enough, *Tim.*, that you did really and truly borrow of him so much money.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir, that I do very well : but do you think, *Philantus*, that when a Gentleman has intrusted me with such a great secret as an hundred pounds, that I am such a great Booby, as to blab out this in open Court?

*Phi.* But you forget *Conscience* all this while, *Tim.*

*Tim.*

*Tim.* No more than you have forgotten it in all your writings. Can't I say to Conscience, *Couchee* Conscience : down Conscience : close and be still Conscience. That man certainly is a very passionate fool, that has so little command of his mouth, as not to be able to keep it shut, when 'tis so much to his disadvantage to open it. And seeing we are saln upon Conscience, *Philantus*, let us put one case more : suppose you find a Neighbour of yours in a Ditch, just ready to perish : whose life, by wetting the end of your Cane, you might easily preserve---

*Phi.* O, help him out, help him out, by all means. What a Man, a Neighbour, and a Christian and not help him out!

*Tim.* To what purpose? do you owe him a helping out, or do you lay in one aforehand? you don't consider, *Philantus*, that the end of your Cane being wetted may catch cold; and this cold (by motion) may creep up to your hand; and seising your hand,

V 3

hand,



hand, by degrees it may get into the whole mass of blood: and so bring you into some dangerous distemper; a distemper that may cost you another *confession*: and if the *Bishop* be out of the way; you must then send for the *Lord Lieutenant of the County*: for he'll do as well as t'other being commission'd by the *Prince*: and, of the two, is the best and safest *Confessor*: for he is one of the immediate *Lieutenants*, under *Gods Lieutenant*; and, if need be, can raise all his *Militia*, to defend such a confession as he and you shall agree upon. I say, *Philantus*, seeing your helping him out may occasion you so much trouble, if I were you, I'd e'en let our Neighbour pass on in the business, he has begun. For if you don't, there is still one much greater mischief that you don't think of.

*Phi.* What's that?

*Tim.* If, *Philantus*, you help him out of the Ditch now: you must needs so contrive it, that he may help you out another time.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* To what end, I prethee, *Tim*, should I wet and endanger my self when I need not?

*Tim.* There is a most absolute necessity of it. For if you omit to do't; this Neighbour of yours will be your utter Enemy, despise you, hate you, and as certainly contrive your death, as you help'd him out of the Ditch.

*Phi.* If I thought so, *Tim*, he should e'en have gone on, for all *Philantus*, till he came to the bottom. What, shall I be thus rewarded for my great pains, and clemency? shall he conspire to take away my life, because I endanger'd mine own, to save his? this truly is very fine ingenuity, and morality!

*Tim.* 'Tis just such *ingenuous morality* as you teach your Disciples, and would have them to practise. *To have received, (say you, Lev. p. 481.) from one, to whom we think our selves equal, greater benefits than there is hope to requite, disposeth to counterfeit love; (meer counterfeit*

V 4

love;

love: he may come, *Philantus*, to your Bedside Morning and Evening, and there ask you blessing, and pretend to adore and worship you; but all this is only to spy out some cunning place to lay a Barrel of Gunpowder, and to blow you up: for, as you go on very morally) *such benefits do really produce secret hatred; and puts a man into the estate of a desperate Debtor, that in declining the sight of his Creditor, tacitely wishes him there, where he might never see him more.* (That would be just your case, *Philantus*; for the ingenuous Neighbour, whom you have so much oblig'd, may, as was said, pretend to come to see you, but at his heart he wishes ten thousand Devils would fetch you away, so that he might never see you again) for, as you further go on, *benefits oblige; and obligation is thralldom; and unrequitable obligation, perpetual thralldom, which is to ones equal hateful.*

*Phi.* What a wondrous you make, *Tim*, at this sentence? whereas, I am confident

confident, I could prove the truth of it from Histories of all Ages.

*Tim.* I don't at all question, but that in all Ages you may find Rogues and Raskals, somewhere or other: and 'tis plain that that's the very method you took, to make up your *moral Philosophy*. And whereas other Writers upon that subject were so civil to humane nature, and studious of the good of Mankind as to draw their observations from the most brave, the most vertuous, and most generous of Men and Princes: *Philantus* (as may have formerly been hinted) that he might be singular, and sufficiently scandalize his own kind, appeals to nothing else but to the very dregs, and sink; to the most vile and most unreasonable practices for his Authority. *Obligation is thralldom! and unrequitable obligation perpetual thralldom and hateful!*

*Phi.* What, han't you done wondrous yet, *Tim*?

*Tim.* No, Sir: and I say further he that thinks so, and behaves himself



self accordingly: thinks non-sense, and behaves himself like a Beast.

*Phi.* How do you know, *Tim*, but that Kings may have done so?

*Tim.* And how can I help it, if Kings won't live and act like men? why, *Philautus*, for all your bountiful condescensions and mighty cringes to him that has the supreme Authority; I believe that such an one, if he don't observe the *Laws of nature* (which are known well enough without his interpretation) may as plainly and easily be proved a *Tyrant*, in the Court of reason; as an ordinary Subject that refuseth to obey *his Laws*, may be proved a *Rebel* in *Westminster-Hall*. But we are not at leisure, *Philautus*, for that dispute now.

*Phi.* If you be, I am ready for you: but if you ben't then let me tell you; that it is thought by some that *Sir William Stanley* far'd ne'er the better for his overmuch-obligation that he laid upon King *Henry* the 7<sup>th</sup>. in *Bosworth-field*.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* If, upon that very accompt, he far'd the worse, I say --

*Phi.* What do you say? What, *Tim*, prate against Kings?

*Tim.* No, Sir; but I say that his present *Majesty* (God bless him) is a *reasonable* and *great man*, as well as a *great King*: who, when highly oblig'd by a *late subject*, could never be perswaded, by your sort of *puny*, and *ill-natur'd Politicians*, to think it tedious or reproachful so to be.

*Phi.* That was because he was his *superiour*, and able to requite him; but the obligation which I observe to be hateful is *unrequitable obligation*, such as is, for the most part, only amongst *equals*.

*Tim.* Come, come *Philautus*; for a need you can hate without standing upon the curiosity of equals: for if the obligation be but unrequitable, let it be where it will, 'tis hateful to you! And upon this accompt, I suppose, it may be that seeing our blessed Saviour has laid, by his Death, an *infinite* and *unrequitable obligation*



obligation upon all Mankind; therefore to revenge this kindness, you renounce both *him* and his *Gospel*.

*Phi.* This is only railing, *Tim*, to which I have been so long accusom'd; that I am pretty well season'd against it. For still I keep to this that nothing can be a *Law*, that is, a Precept that *obliges*, unless he that lays it down has both *authority* to do it, and *coercive-secular-power* to make it good.

*Tim.* And would any man in the World, but such a mad one as *Philantus*, think that a Commission, such as our Saviour had from the great God of Heaven and Earth should be of less authority than a ticket from *Jack of Austria*, or any *tiny-earthly Potentate*: or that those eternal rewards and punishments which our Saviour plainly promises and threatens should be less obliging than running the Gantelet, or an hours setting in the stocks? but I know very well what it is that *Philantus* drives at: *viz.* if our Saviour had either  
determin'd

determin'd the *breadth of stuffs*, or the *weight of bread*: or had set a certain *unit* or *sine* presently to be levy'd upon every iniquity, then possibly he might have pass'd for a *Lawgiver*; and his word might have been taken without a *Canonical Certificate* from two *Justices* of the *Peace*. But to say that he that lives and dies in sin shall be *eternally damn'd*, was only a *signrative expression*, and a meer frolick which *Christ* began, and spoke to his *Apostles* and *Disciples* to put about.

*Phi.* I am sure that the Gospel would find but very little entertainment, were it not for the *sword of Justice*.

*Tim.* Why what, I pray, does the *sword of Justice* towards the making the Gospel oblige? does the *Magistrate* thrust down the *Gospel* into his Subjects bellies, with his *sword of Justice*? if he did, 'twould do them but very little good. For 'tis plain, *Philantus*, to any one that knows  
what



what belongs to Religion; that this same *sword* of *Justice* which is to make the *Scriptures Canonical* has so very little of any *obliging* vertue in it, that he that does not count himself oblig'd to obey the Precepts of Christ, only because Christ gave them (*i. e.* without your *sword* of *Justice*) is as far from salvation, as one that never heard of Christ at all.

*Phi.* I suppose you don't imagine, *Tim.* the command of a *lawful Prince* to blast the obligation of the Gospel.

*Tim.* No: but, I suppose, he that obeys the *Gospel* only out of complaisance to his Prince, will obey any *other Book* out of the same complaisance; having no other God, nor Religion, but Power and the Sword.

*Phi.* 'Tis a very strange thing to me that the commands of Princes should have such little vertue in them; whereas the chief thing that  
our

our Saviour order'd his Disciples to Preach, was obedience to *Magistrates*. And therefore *St. Paul* bids *Children to obey their Parents in all things*; and *servants in all things to obey their Masters*: now, if it was Christ's mind that such little Potentates, as Fathers and Masters of Families, should be obey'd in all things; what shall we say to *Fathers* and *Masters of Kingdoms*?

*Tim.* What shall we say? we must say that they must be obey'd in more than all things.

*Phi.* In more than all things? that's non-sense, *Tim.*, and impossible. But it was certainly our Saviours intention that they should be obey'd as far as was possible, *i. e.* in all things.

*Tim.* Without doubt, Sir: and therefore when our Saviour Preach'd up obedience to *Magistrates*, and said that he came not to *destroy* but *fulfil the Law*, his meaning certainly, *Philantus*, must be this: *viz.* "Where-  
" as,



" as I, who am the true Son of God,  
 " am come into the World to give  
 " Salvation, and the true means lead-  
 " ing thereunto; which are meek-  
 " nels, sobriety, fidelity, charity, &c.  
 " yet, not to deceive you, you are  
 " to know that at present, I am only  
 " in a private capacity; and this is  
 " no command, but only my private  
 " opinion, judgment and advice: and  
 " therefore if the supream Magistrate  
 " calls upon you to cheat, lye, swear,  
 " whore, sink, damn; and to despise  
 " and renounce me and my doctrine;  
 " never boggle or stand to consider  
 " of it; but do't, do't: mind not  
 " at all what I said: for I call'd in  
 " now, only by the by: and this is  
 " a time only of friendly counsel  
 " and invitation. My time of com-  
 " manding is not as yet come. But  
 " I shall have a time of it afterwards;  
 " and that a very great one, when  
 " I come to be seated at *Jerusalem*;  
 " and then I shall have great strength  
 " and a long Retinue: but in the  
 mean

" mean while --- *obey in all things,*  
 " whatever I say to the contrary.  
 This is the very truth and bot-  
 tom, *Philantus*, of all your *Christi-*  
*anity.*

*Pbi.* I am sure of this, that nei-  
 ther Christ nor his Apostles did any  
 thing more than counsel and invite;  
 never did he, or they impose, or  
 command.

*Tim.* That is, when Christ sent  
 out his Disciples to preach, the Gos-  
 pel, he did not bid them fire a  
 Musket at every sentence: and  
 when St. Paul exhorted the *Corin-*  
*thians to stand fast in the Faith*; he  
 did not bid them do't, in the *Kings*  
*name.*

*Pbi.* No; nor in any other name  
 of *secular Authority.*

*Tim.* No; for according to you,  
 they only went up and down the  
 World *erying the Gospel*: for a  
 Preacher (as you observe) in Latin  
 is *Præco*; that is, a *Crizer* or *Procla-*  
*mation-maker* and as the *Prophet Esay*  
 X  
 (*Lev.*



(*Lev. p. 286.*) invites and calls: *ho, every man that thirsteth, &c.* so they that were sent out to preach the Gospel did nothing more, but knock at mens doors, and cryed ho, will you have any Gospel within? or else got upon a stool in the Market, and made Proclamation of the Gospel there; which, according to *Philantus*, (*without any sin*) need not be any more minded than the singing of a Ballad: for Christ has no Kingdom as yet; and where no Kingdom, there's no command, and consequently no obligation. That a *Philosopher* and *Poet* should write this for sense or wit; or that any body else should take it for such in the reading! for, as for Religion, that's not to be regarded.

*Phi.* I am sure I have had many a serious thought about Religion: and have been very careful to keep a Conscience void of offence towards God, and towards my *lawful Prince*: for my *lawful Prince* is to be minded.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Yes, Sir, your Prince must be minded: and truly you have complemented up a fine one. But let me tell you he's not absolute and perfect, till you have remov'd one *objection*.

*Phi.* What's that?

*Tim.* You must needs take away *Heaven* and *Hell*: but especially *Hell*.

*Phi.* I don't take away *Hell*.

*Tim.* No; not quite; but you make such a little, pretty, easie, reasonable, convenient *Hell* for *Villains*, *Traitors*, *Tyrants*, and *Atheists*, as never was invented. "Let me see, say you (*Lev. p. 238.*) I have "promis'd my lawful Prince (or the "Ostler) to blaspheme God, renounce Christ and burn my "Bible: and for Peace and Government have advis'd others to do "the like: but there be some squeamish, Clergyfied, disloyal Simpletons "that will be afraid of *Hell*. Therefore I must needs make a little, "pretty,

X 2



"pretty, tiny Hell. For otherwise  
 "my Eternal Almighty Prince may  
 "chance to be disobey'd, and the  
 "Peace disturbed. I shall only give  
 you most of your own words, and  
 so take leave. *Seeing*, say you,  
*that the maintainance of civil society*  
*dependeth on justice, and justice on the*  
*power of life and death, and other lest*  
*rewards and punishments residing in*  
*them that have the sovereignty of the*  
*Common-wealth; and seeing that 'tis im-*  
*possible that a Common-wealth should*  
*stand, where any other than the Sovereign*  
*hath a power of giving greater rewards*  
*than life; and of inflicting greater pu-*  
*nishments than death: and seeing fur-*  
*ther that it is reported by Poets and some*  
*Bagpipe Divines, that Eternal life is*  
*a greater reward than the life present,*  
*and Eternal torment a greater punish-*  
*ment, than the death of nature; there-*  
 fore, say you, let us make a pretty  
 good Heaven, to invite people to  
 obedience to Magistrates: but a very  
 little Hell (about the bigness of a  
*Quartan-*

*Quartan-Ague*) for fear people should  
 obey God more than Men. And ac-  
 cordingly you do't.

*Phi.* My Hell is a very reasonable  
 Hell.

*Tim.* I remember so much of it  
 that all the men that ever were in  
 the World are to live upon earth at  
 the same time; and if so, they'l eat  
 up one another in a day and a night  
 or thereabouts, for want of pasture.  
 Cast it up and you'l find it so: you  
 are a Mathematician: and so fare-  
 well.

*Phi.* What won't you talk a little  
 about the *Trinity*, &c?

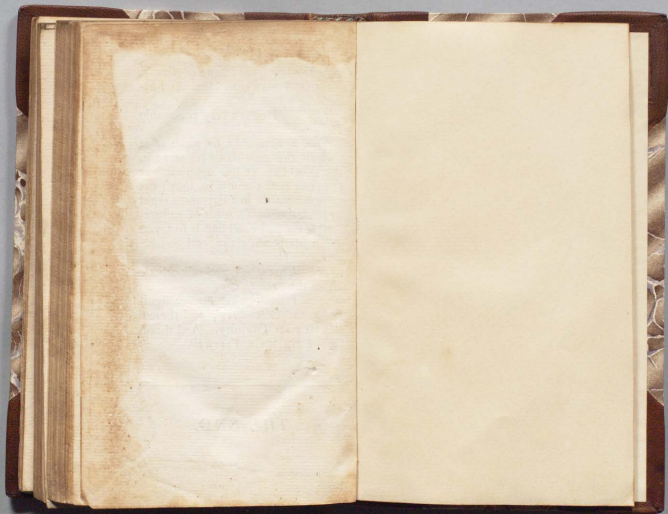
*Tim.* I know what *Persona* signi-  
 fies in the Dictionary, and therein  
 lies all your Divinity. And there-  
 fore, I say again, Farewell.

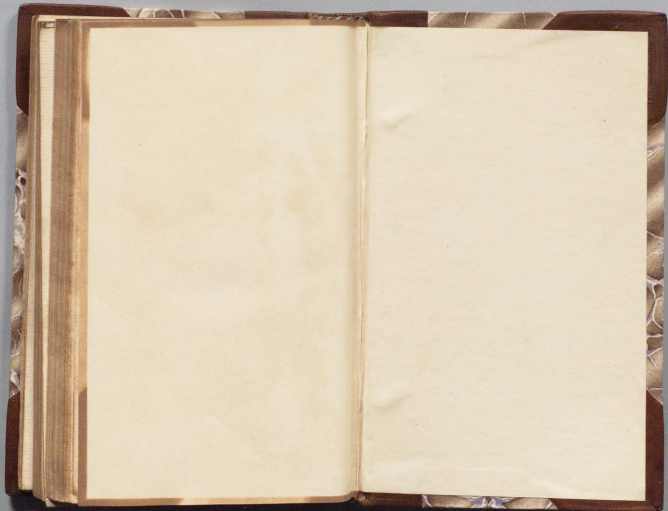
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THE END.











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