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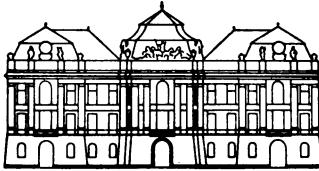
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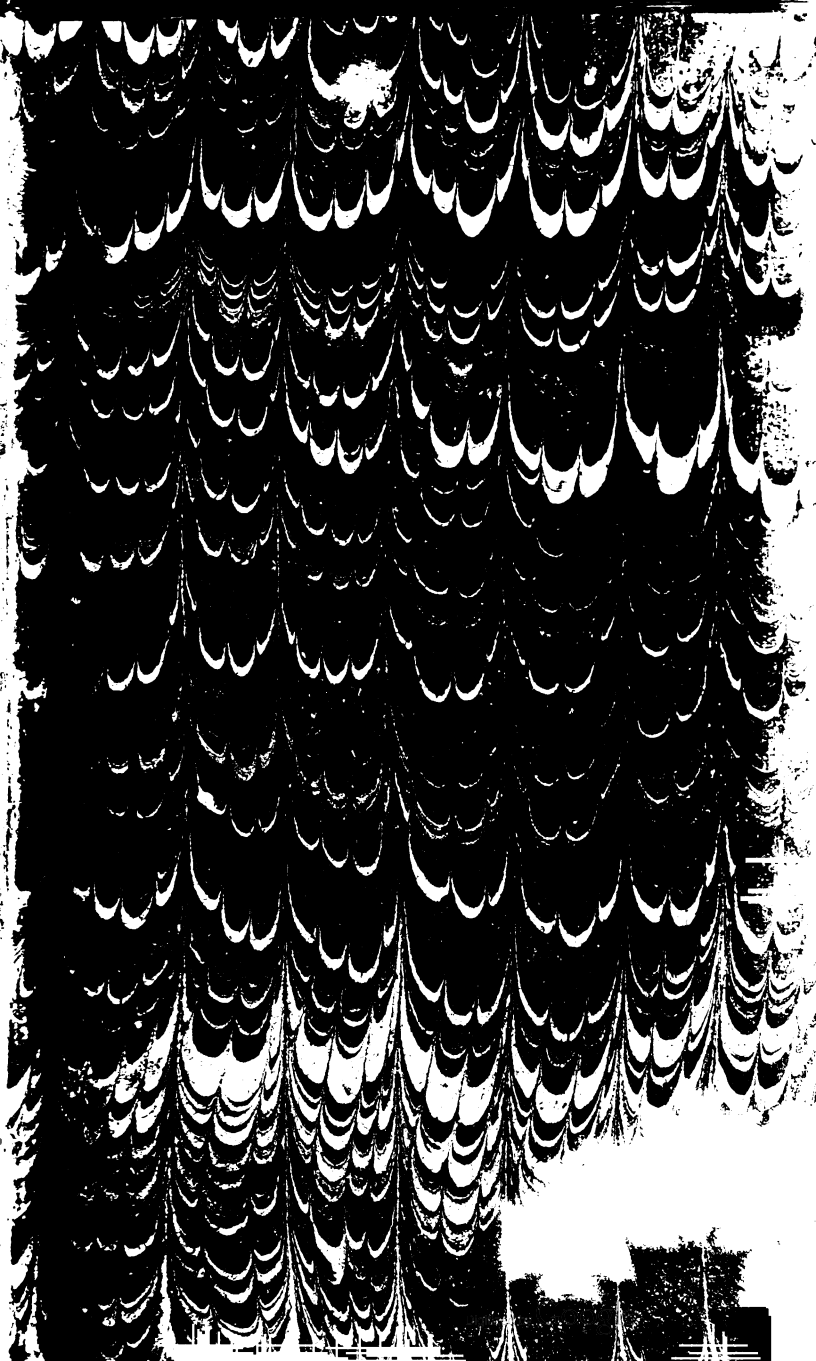


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71. Z. 132







71. Z. 132

LXXI. 2. 132

Cooper, Anthony - Ashley









THE  
MORALISTS,

A

*Philosophical Rhapsody.*

BEING

A RECITAL of certain  
Conversations upon *Natural* and  
*Moral* Subjects.

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— *Inter Sylbas Academi querere Verum.*  
Horat. Ep. 2. Lib. 2.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Wyat* at the Rose in  
*St. Paul's Church-yard.* M.DCC.IX.



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## Advertisement.

**W**HAT this Piece is, the Title shews: Whom it was writ by, or How it came to be publish'd, is a Matter wholly indifferent to the Publick, and nothing at all to the Merits of the Piece it self. As for the Characters, and Incidents, they are neither wholly Feign'd, nor wholly True: but according to the Liberty allow'd in the way of Dialogue, the principal Matters are founded upon Truth; and the rest as like as may be. 'Tis a Sceptick recites: and the Hero of the Piece passes for an Enthusiast. If a per-

A 2 fect

*fect Character be wanting ; 'tis the same  
Case here, as with the Poets in some of  
their best Pieces. And this surely is  
a sufficient Warrant for the Author of a  
PHILOSOPHICAL ROMANCE.*

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ERRATA.

Pag. 68, lin. 28. *dele said be.* Pag. 114. l. 13. *read  
continu'd I.*

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PART



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# PART I.

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## PHILOCLEES *to* PALEMÓN.

**W**HO that had never heard your Character, P A L E M O N, cou'd imagine that a Genius fitted for the greatest Affairs, and form'd in the midst of Courts and Camps, shou'd have so strong a Turn towards Philosophy and the Schools? Who cou'd believe that one of your Rank and Credit in the fashionable World, shou'd be so conversant in the learned one, and mind the Affairs of a People so disagreeable to the Humour of the Age we live in?

I believe truly, You are the only well-bred Man who wou'd have taken the Fancy to talk Philosophy in such a Circle of good Company as we had round us, when we

B

were

were in your Coach yesterday in *the Park*. How you cou'd reconcile the Objects there, to such Subjects as these, was unaccountable. I cou'd only conclude, that either you had an extravagant Passion for Philosophy, to quit so many Charms for it; or that some of those Charms had an extravagant Effect, which sent you to Philosophy for Relief.

In either case I pity'd you; thinking it a milder Fate, to be, as I was my self, a more indifferent Lover. 'Twas better, I told you, to admire Beauty and Wisdom a little more moderately. 'Twas better to engage so cautiously as to be sure of coming off with a whole Heart, and a Fancy as strong as ever towards all the pretty Entertainments and Diversions of the World. For these, methought, were things one wou'd not willingly part with for a fine Romantick Passion of one of those whom they call'd *Virtuoso's*.

The Name I took to belong in common to your *Lover* and *Philosopher*. No matter what the Object was; whether Poetry, Musick, Philosophy, or *the Fair*. All that were enamour'd in any of these ways, were in the same Condition. You might perceive it (I told you) by their Looks, their Admiration, their profound Thoughtfulness, their  
waking

waking ever and anon as out of a Dream, their talking still of one thing, and scarce minding what they said on any other Subject. — Sad Indications! —

But all this Warning serv'd not to deter you. For you, PALEMÓN, are one of the Adventurous, whom Danger rather animates than discourages. And now nothing will satisfy you but to have our Philosophical Adventures recorded. All must be laid before you, and summ'd in one compleat Account; to remain, it seems, as a Monument of that unseasonable Conversation, so opposite to the reigning Genius of *Gallantry* and *Pleasure*.

I must own, indeed, 'tis become fashionable in our Nation to talk Politicks in every Company, and mix the Discourses of State-Affairs with those of Pleasure and Entertainment. However, 'tis certain we are not come this length in *Philosophy*. Nor do we look upon Politicks to be of her Province, or in the least related to her; so much have we Moderns degraded her, and strip'd her of her chief Rights. *Philosophy.*

You must allow me, PALEMÓN, to be-moan her thus; since you have forc'd me to deal with her at a time when her Credit runs so low. We have immur'd her (poor Lady!) in Colleges and Cells; and have fet

her fervilely to such Works as those in the Mines. Empiricks and Pedantick Sophists are her chief Pupils: her *School-Syllogism*, and her *Elixir*, the choicest of her Products. So far is she from producing Statesmen, as of old, that hardly any Man of Note in the Publick cares to own the least Obligation to her. If some few maintain their Acquaintance, and come now and then to her Receptions, 'tis as the Disciple of Quality *came* to his Lord and Master; *secretly*, and *by Night*.

*Morals.*

But as low as Philosophy is reduc'd; if *Morals* be allow'd belonging to her, *Politicks* must undeniably be hers. For to understand the Manners and Constitutions of Men in common, 'tis necessary to study *Man* in particular, and know the Creature, as he is in himself, before we consider him in Company, as he is interested in the State, or join'd to any City or Community. Nothing is more familiar than to reason concerning Man in his Confederate State and National Relation; as he stands engag'd to this or that Society, by Birth or Naturalization: Yet, to consider him as a Citizen or Commoner of the World, to search his Pedegree in Nature; and view his End and Constitution in it, must pass, it seems, for some intricate or over-refin'd Speculation.

It

It may be properly alledg'd perhaps, as a Reason for this Shyness in *Moral Inquiries*; that the People to whom it has principally belong'd to handle these Subjects, have done it in such a manner as to put the better Sort out of countenance with the Undertaking. Their appropriating this Concern so much to themselves, has brought their Fashion and Air into the very Subject. There are formal *Set-Places*, where, we reckon, there is enough said and taught of this kind. We can give no quarter to any thing like it in good Company. The least mention of such matters gives us a disgust, and puts us out of humour. If Learning comes a-cross us, we count it *Pedantry*; if Morality, 'tis *Preaching*.

One must own this Disadvantage of our modern Conversations; that by such a scrupulous Nicety they lose those Masculine Helps of Learning and sound Reason. Even the *Fair Sex*, in whose Favour we pretend to make this Condescension, may with reason despise us for it, and laugh at us for aiming at their peculiar Softness. 'Tis no Compliment to them, to affect their Manners, and be *effeminate*. Our Sense, our Style, as well as our Voice, and Person, shou'd have something of that Male-Feature, and natural Roughness, by which our Sex

*Language.*



is distinguish'd. And whatever *Politeness* we may pretend to, 'tis more a Disfigurement than any real Refinement of Discourse, to render it thus delicate.

*Style.*

No Work of Wit can be esteem'd perfect without that Strength and Boldness of Hand, which gives it Body and Proportions. A good Piece, the Painters say, must have good *Muscling* as well as *Colouring* and *Drapery*. And surely no Writing or Discourse, of any great moment, can seem other than enervated, when neither strong Reason, nor Antiquity, nor the Records of Things, nor the natural History of Man, nor any Thing that can be call'd *Knowledg*, dares accompany it; except perhaps in some ridiculous Habit, which may give it an Air of Play and Dalliance.

*Dialogue.*

This brings to my Mind a Reason I have often fought for; Why we Moderns, who abound so much in Treatises and Essays, are so sparing in the way of *Dialogue*; which heretofore was found the politest and best way of managing even the graver Subjects. The truth is; 'twou'd be an abominable Falshood and belying of the Age, to put so much good Sense together in any one Conversation, as might hold out steddily, and with plain Coherence, for an hour's time, till any one Subject had been rationally examin'd.

To

To lay Colours, to draw, or describe, against the Appearance of Nature and Truth, is a Liberty neither permitted the Painter nor the Poet. Much less can the *Philosopher* have such a Privilege; especially in his own Case. If he represents his Philosophy as making any Figure in Conversation, if he triumphs in the Debate, and gives his own Wisdom the advantage over the World's; he may be liable to sound Railery, and possibly be made a *Fable* of.

'Tis said of the *Lion*, that being in civil Conference with the *Man*, he wisely refus'd to yield the Superiority of Strength to him, when instead of *Fact*, the *Man* produc'd only certain Figures and Representations of human Victories over the *Lion-kind*. These Master-pieces of Art the *Beast* discover'd to be wholly of human Forgery; and from these he had good right to appeal. Indeed had he ever in his life been witness to any such Combats as the *Man* represented to him in the way of Art; possibly the Example might have mov'd him. But old Statues of a *HERCULES*, a *THESEUS*, or other *Beast-Subduers*, cou'd have little power over him, whilst he neither saw nor felt any such living Antagonist capable to dispute the Field with him.

We need not wonder, therefore, that the sort of Moral Painting, by way of *Dialogue*, is so out of fashion; and that we see no more of these Philosophical Portraits, now-a-days. For where are *the Originals*? Or what if you (PALEMÓN) or I, by chance, have lighted on such a one; and pleas'd our selves with *the Life*; can you imagine it shou'd make *a good Picture*?

*Academists.*

You know too, that in this *Academick* Philosophy, which I am to present you with, there is a certain way of Questioning and Doubting, which no-wise sutes the Genius of our Age. Men love to take Party instantly. They can't bear being kept in suspense. The Examination torments 'em. They want to be rid of it, upon the easiest terms. 'Tis as if Men fancy'd themselves drowning, whenever they dare trust to the Current of Reason. They seem hurrying away, they know not whether, and are ready to catch at the first Twig. There they chuse to hang, tho ever so insecurely, rather than trust their Strength to bear 'em above Water. He who has got hold of an *Hypothesis*, how slight soever, is satisfy'd. He can presently answer every Objection, and, with a few Terms of Art, give an account of every thing without trouble.

'Tis

'Tis no wonder if in this Age the Philosophy of the *Alchymists* prevails so much : since it promises such Wonders, and requires more the Labour of Hands than of Brains. We have a strange Fancy to be Creators, a violent Desire at least to know the Knack or Secret by which Nature does all. The rest of our Philosophers do but aim at that in Speculation, which our *Alchymists* aspire to in Practice. For with some of these it has been actually under deliberation how to make *Man*, by other Mediums than Nature has hitherto provided. Every Sect has a *Recipe*. When you know it, you are Master of Nature: you solve all her *Phænomena*: you see all her Designs, and can account for all her Operations. If need were, you might, perchance too, be of her Laboratory, and work for her. At least one wou'd imagine the Partizans of each modern Sect had this Conceit. They are all ARCHIMEDES'S in their way; and can *make* a World upon easier Terms than he offer'd to *move* one.

In short; there are good Reasons for our being thus superficial, and consequently thus dogmatical in Philosophy. We are too lazy and effeminate, and withal a little too cowardly, to dare *doubt*. The decisive way best becomes our Manners. It sutes as well with

with our Vices as with our Superstition. Which ever we are fond of, is secur'd by it. If in favour of Religion we have espous'd an Hypothesis, on which our Faith we think depends; we are superstitiously careful not to be loosen'd in it. If, by means of our ill Morals, we are broken with Religion; 'tis the same Case still: We are as much afraid of *Doubling*. We must be sure to say, *It cannot be*; and 'Tis *Demonstrable*: For otherwise *Who knows?* And not to *know*, is to *yield!*——

Thus we will needs *know* every thing, and be at the pains of examining nothing. Of all Philosophy, therefore, how absolutely the most disagreeable must that appear, which goes upon no establish'd Hypothesis, nor presents us with any flattering Scheme, talks only of Probabilities, Suspence of Judgment, Inquiry, Search, and Caution not to be impos'd on, or deceiv'd? This is that *Antients.* *Academick* Discipline in which formerly the Youth were train'd: when not only Horsemanship and Military Arts had their Publick Places of Exercise; but Philosophy too had its Wrestlers in repute. Reason and Wit had their *Academy*, and underwent this Trial: not in a formal way, apart from the World; but openly, among the better sort, and as an Exercise of the gentleman



teeler kind. This the greatest Men were not asham'd to practise, in the Intervals of Publick Affairs, in the highest Stations and Employments, and at the latest hour of their Lives. Hence that way of *Dialogue*, and Patience of Debate and Reasoning, of which we have scarce a Resemblance left in any of our Conversations, at this Season of the World.

Consider then, PALEMÓN, what *our Picture* is like to prove: and how it will appear; especially in the Light you have chose to set it. For who wou'd thus have confronted Philosophy with the Gayety, Wit, and Humour of the Age?—If this, however, can be for your Credit, I am content. The Project is your own. 'Tis you who have match'd *Philosophy* thus unequally. Therefore leaving you to answer for the Success, I begin this inauspicious Work, which my ill Stars and you have assign'd me; and in which I hardly dare ask Succour of *the Muses*, as Poetical as I am oblig'd to shew my self in this Enterprize.

S E C T.

## S E C T. II.

“ **O** WRETCHED State of Mankind!—  
 “ Hapless Nature, thus to have err’d  
 “ in thy chief Work!—Whence sprang this  
 “ fatal Weakness? What Chance or Desti-  
 “ ny shall we accuse? Or shall we mind  
 “ the Poets, when they sing thy Tragedy  
 “ (PROMETHEUS!) who with thy stoln  
 “ Celestial Fire, mix’d with vile Clay,  
 “ didst mock Heaven’s Workmanship, and  
 “ in abusive Likeness of the Immortals  
 “ mad’st the Compound *Man*; that wretched  
 “ Mortal, *ill* to himself, and Cause of *Ill*  
 “ to all.——

What say you, PALEMON, to this *Rant*,  
 now upon second thoughts? Or have you  
 forgot that it was just in such a Strain you  
 broke out against *Human Kind*, upon a Day  
 when every thing look’d pleasing, and the  
*Kind* it self (I thought) never appear’d  
 fairer, or made a better shew?

But ’twas not the whole Creation you  
 thus quarrel’d with: nor were you so out  
 of conceit with all Beauty. The Verdure  
 of the Field, the distant Prospects, the  
 gilded Horizon, and purple Sky, form’d by  
 a setting Sun, had Charms in abundance,  
 and

and were able to make Impression on you. Here you allow'd me to admire as much as I pleas'd; when at the same time, you wou'd not bear my talking to you of those nearer Beautys of our own Kind, which I thought a great deal more natural for Men at our Age to admire. Your Severity however cou'd not silence me upon this Subject. I continu'd to plead the Cause of *the Fair*, and advance their Charms above all those other Beautys of Nature. And when you took advantage from this Opposition to shew how little there was of *Nature*, and how much of *Art* in what I admir'd, I made the best Apology I cou'd; and fighting for Beauty, kept the Field as long as there was one *Fair-one* present.

Considering how your Genius stood inclin'd to Poetry, I wonder'd most to find you on a sudden grown so out of conceit with our Modern Poets, and *Galante* Writers; whom I quoted to you as Authoritys in behalf of the Fair Sex, and their Prerogative. You acknowledg'd it to be true indeed, what had been observ'd by some late Wits; that *Gallantry was of a modern Growth*. And well it might be so, you thought, without dishonour to the Antients; who understood *Truth* and *Nature* too well to admit of so ridiculous an Invention.

Thus

*Gallantry.* Thus I held up this Shield in vain, and did my Cause no Service, when in defence of *the Fair* I pleaded all the fine things that had been said, in this romantick way, to their Advantage. You attack'd the very Fortrefs of Gallantry, ridicul'd the Point of Honour, with all those nice Sentiments and Ceremonials which belong to it. You damn'd even our Favourite *Novels*: those dear sweet natural Pieces, writ most of 'em by the Fair Sex themselves. In short, this whole Order and Scheme of Wit you condemn'd absolutely, as false, monstrous, and *Gothick*; quite out of the way of Nature, and sprung from the mere Dregs of *Chivalry* and *Knight-Errantry*. For at a time when this Mystery of Gallantry carry'd along with it the Notion of doughty Knighthood; when *the Fair* were made Witnesses, and, in a manner, Partys to Feats of Arms, enter'd into all the Points of War and Combat, and were won by dint of Lance and manly Prowess; 'twas not altogether absurd (you thought) on such a foot as this, to pay 'em Homage and Adoration, make 'em the Standard of Wit and Manners, and bring Mankind under their Laws. But in a Country where no She-Saints were worship'd by any Authority from Religion, 'twas as impertinent and senseless, as it was profane,

profane, to deify the Sex, raise 'em to a *Gallantry*. Capacity above what Nature had allow'd, and treat 'em with a *Respect* which in the way of Love they themselves were the aptest to complain of.

Indeed as for the *Moral* Part, 'twas most extraordinary (you said) to see the Licentiousness this foppish courtly Humour had establish'd in the World. What such a way of Address to all the Sex in common cou'd mean, you knew not; unless it were to render 'em wholly *common* indeed, and make each Fair-one apprehend that the Publick had a right to her, and that Beauty was too communicative and divine a Thing, to be made a Property, and confin'd to *One* at once.

MEAN while our Company began to leave us. The *Beau-Monde*, whom you had been thus severely censuring, drew off apace: for it grew late. I took notice that the approaching Objects of the Night were the more agreeable to you, for the Solitude they introduc'd; and that the Moon and Planets which began now to appear, were in reality the only proper Company for a Man in your Humour. For now you began to talk with much Satisfaction of natural Things, and of all Orders of Beautys,

*Man*

*Man* only excepted. Never did I hear a finer Description than you made of the Order of the Heavenly Luminarys, the Circles of the Planets, and their attendant *Satellites*. And you who wou'd allow nothing to those fair earthly Luminarys in the Circles which just now we mov'd in; you who seem'd to overlook the Pride of that Theatre, look'd out with Ravishment upon this other, and triumph'd in the new Philosophical Scene of Worlds unknown. Here when you had spent the first Fire of your Imagination, I wou'd have got you to reason more calmly with me upon that other Part of the Creation, your own Kind; to which (I told you) you shew'd so much Aversion, as wou'd make one believe you a compleat *TIMON*, or *Manhater*.

*Misanthropy.*

“ Can you then, O *PHILOCLEES*, (said you in a high strain, and with an air of Passion) “ Can you believe me of that “ Character? Or can you think it of me “ in earnest, that being *Man*, and conscious of my Nature, I shou'd have yet “ so little of Humanity, as not to feel the “ Affections of a Man? Or feeling what is “ natural towards my Kind, that I shou'd “ hold their Interest light, and be indifferently affected with what affects or seriously concerns them? Am I so ill a “ Lover

“ Lover of *my Country*? Or is it that you  
 “ find me indeed so ill a *Friend*? For  
 “ what are all the Ties of private Friend-  
 “ ship, if that to *Mankind* be not obliging?  
 “ Can there be yet a Bond in Nature, if  
 “ *That* be none? O PHILOCLES! Be-  
 “ lieve me when I say I feel it one, and  
 “ prove its Power within me. Think not  
 “ that I wou’d break my Chain; nor count  
 “ me so degenerate or unnatural, as whilst  
 “ I hold this Form of Flesh, and wear a  
 “ human Heart, that I shou’d throw off  
 “ Love, Compassion, Kindness, and not  
 “ befriend Mankind.——But O what  
 “ Treacherys! what Disorders! And how  
 “ corrupt is all!——Did you not observe  
 “ e’en now, when all this Space was fill’d  
 “ with goodly Rows of Company, how  
 “ peaceful all appear’d?——What Charms  
 “ there are in publick Companys! What  
 “ Harmony in Courts and Courtly Places!  
 “ How pleas’d is every Face! How cour-  
 “ teous and humane the-general Carriage  
 “ and Behaviour!—Who that thus saw us  
 “ Mankind, and saw no more, wou’d not  
 “ believe our Earth a *very Heaven*? What  
 “ Foreigner (the Inhabitant, suppose, of  
 “ some near Planet) when he had travel’d  
 “ hither, and survey’d this Face of things,  
 “ wou’d think of what lay hid beneath  
 C “ the

“ the Mask?—But let him stay a while  
 “ till he has gain’d a nearer View, and fol-  
 “ lowing our dissolv’d Assemblies to their  
 “ particular *Recesses*, he has the power of  
 “ seeing ’em in this new Aspect—Here  
 “ he may see those Great Men of the Mi-  
 “ nistry, who not an hour ago in publick ap-  
 “ pear’d such Friends, now plotting craftily  
 “ each other’s Ruin, with the Ruin of the  
 “ State it self, a Sacrifice to their Ambi-  
 “ tion. Here he may see too those of a  
 “ softer kind, who knowing not Ambition,  
 “ follow only *Love*. Yet (PHILOCLEES)  
 “ who wou’d think it?—

At these Words, you may remember I  
 discover’d the foolish Lightness of my Tem-  
 per, and laugh’d aloud; which I cou’d  
 hardly hope you wou’d have pardon’d, but  
 that I freely told you the true reason. It  
 was not for want of being affected with  
 what you spoke. I only imagin’d a more  
 particular Cause had provok’d you, when  
 having pass’d over the Ambitious, you  
 were coming full-charg’d against the People  
 of a softer Passion. I look’d on you at first  
 as deeply *in the Spleen*: But now I concluded  
 you *in Love*, and so unhappily engag’d as to  
 have reason to complain of Infidelity. This,  
 thought I, has mov’d PALEMÓN thus.  
 Hence the *sad World!* Here was that *Cor-*  
*ruption,*



*ruption*, and those *Disorders* he lamented!

AFTER I had beg'd pardon for my rude Mirth, which had the good fortune however to make some Change in your Humour; we fell naturally into cool Reasoning about the Nature and Cause of ILL in general: thro' what *Contingency*, what *Chance*; by what fatal *Necessity*, what *Will*, or what *Permission* it came upon the World; or being come once, shou'd still subsist. This Inquiry, which with slight Reasoners is easily got over, stuck hard, I found, with one of your close Judgment and Penetration. And this insensibly led us into a nice Criticism of *Nature*; whom you sharply arraign'd for many Absurditys you thought her guilty of, in relation to Mankind and his peculiar State.

I fain wou'd have brought you to think with more *Equality* of Nature, and to proportion her Defects a little better. My Notion was, that the Grievance lay not so much in one part as you plac'd it; but that every thing had its share of Inconvenience. Pleasure and Pain, Beauty and Deformity, Good and Ill seem'd to me every where interwoven; and one with another made, I thought, a pretty Mixture, agreeable enough in the main. 'Twas the same,

Cause of  
Ill.

I fancy'd, as in some of those rich Stuffs, where the Flowers and Ground were odly put together, with such irregular Work, and contrary Colours, as look'd ill in the Pattern, but mighty natural and well in the Piece.

But you were still upon Extremes. Nothing wou'd serve to excuse the Faults or Blemishes of this fair Part of the Creation, *Mankind*; tho' all besides were fair, without a Blemish. The very Storms and Tempests had their Beauty in your account, and the only deform'd of the kind were those in Human Breasts. 'Twas only for this Race you offer'd to accuse Nature; and I now found why you had been so transported with the Story of PROMETHEUS. You wanted such an Operator as this for Mankind: and you were tempted to wish the Story cou'd have been made true Divinity; that clearing those Supreme Powers of having any hand in the ill Workmanship, you might have the liberty of inveighing against it without Profaneness.

This however, I told you, was but a slight Evasion of the Religious Poets among the Antients. 'Twas easy to answer every Objection by a PROMETHEUS: as "Why had Mankind originally so much Folly and Perverseness? Why so much Pride, such

“ such Ambition, and strange Appetites? *Cause of*  
 “ Why so many Plagues, and Curses, en- *Ill.*  
 “ tail’d on him and his Posterity?——

PROMETHEUS was the Cause. The Plafstick Artift, with his unlucky hand, folv’d all. ’Twas *His* Contrivance, they faid, and *He* was to answer for it. They reckon’d it a fair Game, if they cou’d get but *one Remove*, and put the *Evil Cause* farther off. If the People ask’d a Question, they told ’em *a Tale*, and sent ’em away fatisfy’d. None but a few Philofophers wou’d be fuch Busy-Bodys, they thought, as to look beyond, and ask a fecond Question.

And in reality, continu’d I, ’tis not to be imagin’d how ferviceable *a Tale* is, to amufe others befides mere Children; and how much eafier the Generality of Men are paid in this Paper-Coin, than in Sterling Reason. We ought not to laugh fo much at the *Indian* Philofophers, who to fatisfy their People how this huge Frame of the World is fupported, tell ’em ’tis by an Elephant.——And the Elephant how?——A fhrewd Question! but which by no means shou’d be answer’d. ’Tis here only that our *Indian* Philofophers are to blame. They shou’d be contented with *the Elephant*, and go no further. But they have *a Tortoise* in referve; whose Back, they think,

Cause of  
Ill.

is broad enough. So the Tortoise must bear the new Load: and thus the matter stands worse than before.

The Heathen Story of PROMETHEUS was, I told you, much the same with this *Indian* one: only the Heathen Mythologists were so wise as not to go beyond *the first Remove*. A single PROMETHEUS was enough to take the Weight from Jove. They fairly made Jove a Stander-by. He resolv'd, it seems, to be Neuter; and see what wou'd come of this notable Experiment; how the dangerous Man-moulder wou'd proceed; and what wou'd be the Event of his Tampering.——Excellent Account, to satisfy the Heathen *Vulgar!* But how, think you, wou'd a *Philosopher* digest this? For the Gods (he wou'd say presently) either cou'd have hinder'd PROMETHEUS's Creation, or they cou'd not. If they cou'd, they were answerable for the Consequences; if they cou'd not, they were no longer Gods, being thus limited and controul'd. And whether PROMETHEUS were a Name for Chance, Destiny, a Plastique Nature, or an Evil Demon; whatever was meant by it, 'twas still the same Breach of *Omnipotence*.

That such a hazardous Affair as this of Creation shou'd have been undertaken by those

those who had not perfect Foresight as well as Command, you own'd was neither wise nor just. But you stood to *Foresight*. You allow'd the *Consequences* to have been understood by the Creating Powers when they undertook their Work: and you deny'd that it wou'd have been better for them to have omitted it, tho they knew what wou'd be the Event. 'Twas better still that the Project shou'd be executed, whatever might become of Mankind, or how hard soever such a Creation was like to fall on the generality of this miserable Race. For 'twas impossible, you thought, but Heaven must have acted still *for the best*. So that even from this Misery and *Ill* of Man, there was undoubtedly some *Good* arising; something which over-ballanc'd all, and made full amends.

This was a Confession I wonder'd indeed how I came to draw from you: And soon afterwards I found you somewhat uneasy under it. For here I took up your own part against you, and setting all those Villanys and Corruptions of Human Kind in the same light you had done just before, I put it upon you to tell, where possibly cou'd be the Advantage or Good arising hence; or what Excellence or Beauty cou'd redound from those Tragical Pictures you

Cause of  
Ill.

your self had drawn so well after the Life. Whether it must not be a very strong Philosophical Faith which shou'd persuade one that those black Parts you set to view were only the necessary Shades of a fine Piece, to be reckon'd among the Beautys of the Creation: Or whether possibly you might look upon that Maxim as very fit for Heaven, which I was sure you did not approve at all in Mankind; *To do Ill, that Good might follow.*

This, I said, made me think of the manner of our modern PROMETHEUS's, the Mountebanks, who perform'd such Wonders of many kinds, here on our earthly Stages. They cou'd create Diseases, and make Mischief, in order *to heal, and to restore.* But shou'd we assign such a Practice as this to Heaven? Shou'd we dare to make such *Empiricks* of the Gods, and such a *Patient* of poor Nature? Was this a reason for Nature's Sickliness? Or how else came she to fall sick? Had she been made sound at first, she had still held so. 'Twas no Credit to the Gods to leave her with such a Flaw as wou'd cost dear the mending, and make them Sufferers for their own Work.——

I was going to bring HOMER to witness for the many Troubles of JONAH, the  
Death

Death of SARPEDON, and the frequent Cause of  
 Crosses Heaven met with, from the Fatal Ill.  
 Sisters. But this Discourse, I saw, displeas'd  
 you. I had by this time plainly discover'd my  
 Inclination to *Scepticism*. And here not on- *Scepticism*.  
 ly *Religion* was objected to me, but I was  
 reproach'd too on the account of that *Gal-*  
*lantry* which I had some time before defend-  
 ed. Both were join'd together in the  
 Charge you made against me, when you  
 saw I adher'd to nothing; but was now as  
 ready to declaim against *the Fair*, as I had  
 been before to plead their Cause, and de-  
 fend the Moral of Lovers. This, you said,  
 was my constant way in all Debates: I was  
 as well pleas'd with the Reason on one side,  
 as on the other: I never troubl'd my self  
 about the Success of the Argument, but  
 laugh'd still, whatever way it went; and  
 even when I convinc'd others, never seem'd  
 as if I was convinc'd my self.

I own'd there was a great deal of Truth  
 in the Charge. For of all things I lov'd  
 Ease; and of all Philosophers those who  
 reason'd most at their Ease, and were never  
 angry or disturb'd; as those call'd *Scepticks*,  
 you own'd, never were. I look'd upon this  
 kind of Philosophy as the prettiest, agree-  
 ablest, roving Exercise of the Mind that  
 cou'd be. The other kind, I thought, was  
 painful

*Scepticism.* painful and laborious; to keep always in the Limits of one Path; to drive always at a Point, and hold precisely to what we call *the Truth*: a Point in all appearance very unfixt, and hard to find. Besides, my Way hurt no body. I was always the first to comply on any occasion; and for Matters of Religion was further from Profaneness and erroneous Doctrine than any one. I cou'd never have the Sufficiency to shock my Spiritual and Learned Superiours. I was the furthest from leaning to my own Understanding: nor was I one who exalted Reason above Faith, or insisted much upon what the Dogmatical Men call *Demonstration*, and dare oppose to the Sacred Mysterys of Religion. And to shew you (continu'd I) how impossible 'tis for the Men of our sort to err from the Catholick and Establish'd Faith, pray consider, that whereas others pretend to see with their own Eyes what is properest and best for 'em in Religion, we for our parts pretend not to see with any other Eyes than those of our Spiritual Guides. Neither do we presume to judg those Guides our selves, but submit to them as they are appointed us by our just Superiours. In short, you who are *Rationalists*, and walk by Reason in every thing, pretend to know all things, whilst  
you



you believe little or nothing: We for our *Scepticism*. parts *know* nothing, and *believe* all.

HERE I ended; and in return, you only ask'd me coldly, Whether with that fine *Scepticism* of mine, I made no more distinction between Sincerity and Insincerity in Actions, than I did between Truth and Falshood, Right and Wrong, in Arguments?

I durst not ask what your Question drove at. I was afraid I saw it too plainly; and that by this loose way of talking, which I had learnt in some fashionable Conversations of the World, I had given you occasion to suspect me of the worst sort of *Scepticism*, such as spar'd nothing, but overthrew all Principles *Divine* and *Moral*.

Forgive me, said I, good PALBMON: you are offended I see, and not without cause. But what if I shou'd endeavour to compensate my Sceptical Misbehaviour, by using a known Sceptick Privilege, and asserting strenuously the Cause I have hitherto oppos'd? Do not imagine that I dare aspire so high as to defend Reveal'd Religion, or the Holy Mysterys of the Christian Faith. I am unworthy of such a Task, and shou'd profane the Subject. 'Tis of mere *Philosophy* I speak; and my Fancy  
is

*Scepticism.* is only to try what I can muster up thence, to make head against the chief Arguments of Atheism, and re-establish what I have offer'd to loosen in the System of Theism.

*Deism.* Your Project, said you, bids fair to reconcile me to you. For as averse as I am to the Cause of Theism, or Name of *Deist*, when taken in a sense exclusive of Revelation; I consider still that, in strictness, the Root of all is *Theism*; and that to be a settled Christian, it is necessary to be first of all a good Theist. For Theism can only be oppos'd to Polytheism, or Atheism. Nor have I patience to hear the Name of *Deist*, the highest of all Names, decry'd and set in opposition to Christianity: as if our Religion was a kind of Magick which depended not on the Belief of a single Supreme Being: or as if the firm and rational Belief of such a Being, on Philosophical Grounds, was an improper Qualification for believing any thing further. Excellent Presumption, for those who naturally incline to the Disbelief of Revelation, or who thro Vanity affect a Freedom of this kind!——

But let me hear, PHILOCLEES (contin'd you) whether you sincerely intend to advance any thing in favour of that Opinion which is fundamental to all Religion; or whether you design only to divert your self with the Subject,

Subject, as you have done hitherto. What-<sup>Deism.</sup> ever your Thoughts are, I am resolv'd to force 'em from you. You can no longer plead the Unfutableness of the Time or Place to such grave Subjects. The gaudy Scene is over with the Day. Our Company have long since quitted the Field to us : and the solemn Majesty of such a Night as this may well sute with the profoundest Meditation, or seriousfest Discourse.

## S E C T. III.

**Y**OU shall find then, said I, (taking a grave Air) that it is possible for me to be serious; and that 'tis probable I am growing so, for good and all. Your Over-seriousness a while since, at such an unreasonable Time, may have driven me perhaps into a contrary Extreme, by opposition to your melancholy Humour. But I have now a better Idea of that *Melancholy* you discover'd; and notwithstanding the humorous Turn you were pleas'd to give it, I am persuaded it has a different Foundation from any of those fantastical Causes I then assign'd it. LOVE, doubtless, is at the bottom: <sup>Love.</sup> but a nobler Love than such as common Beautys inspire.—

Here

Here in my Turn I began to raise my Voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. “ Knowing as you are  
 “ (continu’d I) well-knowing and experienc’d in all the Degrees and Orders of  
*Beauty.* “ Beauty, in all the mysterious Charms of  
 “ the particular Forms ; you rise to what  
 “ is more general ; and with a larger Heart,  
 “ and Mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the  
 “ kind. Not captivated by the Lineaments  
 “ of a fair Face, or the well-drawn Proportions of a human Body, you view *the*  
 “ *Life* it self, and embrace rather the *Mind*  
 “ which adds the Lustre, and renders chiefly  
 “ amiable.

*Society.* “ Nor is the Enjoyment of such a single  
 “ Beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring Soul. It seeks how to combine more  
 “ Beautys, and by what Coalition of these,  
 “ to form a beautiful Society. It views  
 “ Communitys, Friendships, Relations, Dutys ; and considers by what Harmony of  
 “ particular Minds the general Harmony is  
 “ compos’d, and *Common-Weal* establish’d.

*Virtue.* “ Nor satisfy’d even with Publick Good  
 “ in one Community of Men, it frames it self a nobler Object, and with enlarg’d  
 “ Affection seeks *the Good of Mankind*. It  
 “ dwells with Pleasure amidst that Reason,  
 “ and

“ and those Orders on which this fair Cor-  
 “ respondence and goodly Interest is esta-  
 “ blish’d. Laws, Constitutions, Civil and  
 “ Religious Rites, all that civilizes or po-  
 “ lishes rude Mankind, the Sciences and  
 “ Arts, Philosophy, Morals, Virtue; the  
 “ flourishing State of human Affairs, and  
 “ the Perfection of human Nature; these  
 “ are its delightful Prospects, and this the  
 “ Charm of Beauty which attracts it.

“ Still ardent in this pursuit (such is its *Universe.*  
 “ Love of Order and Perfection) it rests not  
 “ here; nor satisfies it self with the Beau-  
 “ ty of a Part; but extending further its  
 “ communicative Bounty, seeks the Good of  
 “ All, and affects the Interest and Prosperity  
 “ of *the Whole.* True to its native World  
 “ and higher Country, ’tis here it seeks Or-  
 “ der and Perfection; wishing the best, and  
 “ hoping still to find a just and wise Admi-  
 “ nistration.

“ And since all hope of this were vain, *God.*  
 “ if no *Universal Mind* presid’d; since with-  
 “ out such a supreme Intelligence and pro-  
 “ vidential Care, the distracted Universe  
 “ must be condemn’d to suffer infinite Ca-  
 “ lamities; ’tis here it labours to discover  
 “ that *healing Cause* by which the Interest of  
 “ *the Whole* is securely establish’d, the Beauty  
 “ of Things, and universal Order happily  
 “ sustain’d.

“ This,

Ill natural  
and moral.

“ This, PALEMÓN, This is the Labour  
 “ of your Soul: and this its *Melancholy* ;  
 “ when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme  
 “ Beauty, it meets with darkning Clouds  
 “ which intercept its Sight. Monsters a-  
 “ rise, not those from Libyan Desarts, but  
 “ from the Heart of Man more fertile,  
 “ and with their horrid Aspect cast an un-  
 “ seemly Reflection upon Nature. She,  
 “ helpless (as she is thought) and working  
 “ thus absurdly, is contemn’d, the Govern-  
 “ ment of the World arraign’d, and *Deity*  
 “ made void.

“ Much is alledg’d in answer, to show  
 “ why Nature errs, and how she came thus  
 “ impotent and erring from an unerring  
 “ Hand. But I deny she errs ; and when  
 “ she seems most ignorant or perverse in  
 “ her Productions, I assert her even then  
 “ as wise and provident, as in her goodliest  
 “ Works. For’tis not then that we com-  
 “ plain of the World’s Order, or abhor the  
 “ Face of Things, when we see various In-  
 “ terests mixt and interfering ; Natures  
 “ subordinate, of different kinds, oppos’d  
 “ one to another, and in their different O-  
 “ perations submitted, the higher to the  
 “ lower. ’Tis, on the contrary, from this  
 “ Order of inferiour and superiour Things,  
 “ that we admire the World’s Beauty,  
 “ founded

“ founded thus on *Contrarietys*: whilst from  
 “ such various and disagreeing Principles a  
 “ *Universal Concord* is establish'd.

“ Thus in the several Orders of Ter-  
 “ restrial Forms, a *Resignation* is requir'd,  
 “ a Sacrifice and mutual yielding of Natures  
 “ one to another. The Vegetables by their  
 “ Death sustain the Animals: and Animal  
 “ Bodys dissolv'd enrich the Earth, and  
 “ raise again the Vegetable World. The  
 “ numerous Insects are reduc'd by the supe-  
 “ riour Kinds of Birds and Beasts: and  
 “ these again are check'd by Man; who  
 “ in his turn submits to other Natures;  
 “ and resigns his Form a Sacrifice in com-  
 “ mon to the rest of Things. And if in  
 “ Natures so little exalted or preeminent  
 “ above each other, the Sacrifice of Interests  
 “ can appear so just; how much more rea-  
 “ sonably may all inferiour Natures be sub-  
 “ jected to the *superiour Nature* of the World!  
 “ That World, PALEMON, which even  
 “ now transported you, when the Sun's  
 “ fainting Light gave way to these clear  
 “ Stars, and left you this wide System to  
 “ contemplate.

“ Here are those *Laws* which ought not,  
 “ nor can submit to any thing below. The  
 “ Central Powers, which hold the lasting  
 “ Orbs in their just Poize and Movement,  
 “ must

Ill natural  
and moral.

“ must not be controul’d to save a fleeting  
 “ Form, and rescue from the Precipice a  
 “ puny Animal, whose brittle Frame, how-  
 “ e’er protected, must of it self so soon  
 “ dissolve. The ambient Air, the inward  
 “ Vapours, the impending Meteors, or  
 “ whatever else is nutrimental or preser-  
 “ vative of this Earth, must operate in a  
 “ natural Course: and other Constitutions  
 “ must submit to the good Habit and Con-  
 “ stitution of the all-sustaining Globe.

“ Let us not therefore wonder, if by  
 “ Earthquakes, Storms, pestilential Blasts,  
 “ nether or upper Fires, or Floods, the  
 “ animal Kinds are oft afflicted, and whole  
 “ Species perhaps involv’d at once in com-  
 “ mon Ruin: But much less let us account  
 “ it strange, if either by outward Shock,  
 “ or some interiour Wound from hostile  
 “ Matter, particular Animals are deform’d  
 “ even in their first Conception, when the  
 “ Disease invades the Seats of Generation,  
 “ and feminal Parts are injur’d and ob-  
 “ structed in their accurate Labours. ’Tis  
 “ then alone that monstrous Shapes are  
 “ seen: Nature still working as before, and  
 “ not perversly or erroneously; not faintly,  
 “ or with feeble Endeavours; but o’er-  
 “ power’d by a *superiour Rival*, and by a-  
 “ nother Nature’s *justly* conquering Force.

“ Nor



“ Nor is it to be wonder’d at, if the *Ill natural*  
 “ interiour Form, *the Soul and Temper,* par- *and moral.*  
 “ takes of this occasional Deformity, and  
 “ fympathizes with its clofe Partner. Con-  
 “ sidering the Striçtness of this Relation,  
 “ who can wonder if from a Body origi-  
 “ nally impure, corrupt, distorted, a like  
 “ Soul arifes? Who is there can wonder  
 “ either at the Sickneses of Sense, or the  
 “ Depravity of Minds inclos’d in such frail  
 “ Bodys, and dependent on such perver-  
 “ tible Organs?

“ Here then is that Solution you require: *Good;*  
 “ and hence those seeming Blemishes cast  
 “ upon Nature. Nor is there ought in  
 “ this but what is natural and good. ’Tis  
 “ *Good* that is predominant; and every cor-  
 “ ruptible and mortal Nature by its Mor-  
 “ tality and Corruption yields only to some  
 “ better, and all in common to that *best*  
 “ *and highest Nature,* which is incorruptible  
 “ and immortal.

I SCARCE had ended these Words,  
 e’er you broke out in admiration; asking  
 what had befall’n me, that of a sudden I  
 had thus chang’d my Character, and enter’d  
 into Thoughts which must certainly, you  
 suppos’d, have some Foundation in me,

since I cou'd exprefs them with fuch feeming Affection as I had done.

O, faid I, PALEMON! that it had been my fortune to have met you the other day, juft at my Return out of the Country from a Friend; whofe Converfation had in one day or two made fuch an impreffion on me, that I shou'd have futed you to a miracle, had you been in as grave a humour as now. You wou'd have thought indeed that I had been cur'd of my Scepticifm and Levity, fo as never to have rally'd more, at that wild rate, on any Subject, much lefs on thefe which are fo ferious.

Truly, faid you, I cou'd wifh I had met you rather at that time, or that thofe good and ferious Impreffions of your Friend had without interruption lafted with you till this moment.

Whatever they were, I told you, PALEMON, I had not fo loft 'em neither, but I cou'd eafily, as you faw, revive 'em on occafion; were I not afraid. Afraid! (faid you) for whofe fake, good PHILOCLBS, I intreat you? For mine, or your own?

For both, faid I. For tho I was like to have been cur'd of my Scepticifm, yet it was by what I thought worfe, downright

*Enthufiaft. Enthufiafm.* You never knew a more agreeable Enthufiaft. He had nothing of that  
 savage

savage Air of the vulgar Enthusiastick Kind. All was serene, soft, and harmonious. The manner of it was more after the pleasing Transports of those antient Poets you are so charm'd with, than after the fierce unfociable way of modern Zealots ; those starch'd gruff Gentlemen who guard Religion as Bullys do a Mistress, and give us the while a very indifferent Opinion of their Lady's Merit and their own Wit, by adoring what they neither allow to be inspected by others, nor care themselves to examine in a fair light. But here I'll answer for it ; there was nothing of Disguise or Paint. All was fair, open, and genuine, as Nature her self. 'Twas Nature he was in love with: 'Twas Nature he sung: And if any one might be said to have a natural Mistress, my Friend certainly might, whose Heart was thus engag'd. But *Love*, I found, was every where the same ; and tho' the Object here was very fine, and the Passion it created very noble, yet *Liberty*, I thought, was finer than all : And I who never car'd to engage in other Loves of the least continuance, was the more afraid, I told you, of this which had such a Power with my poor Friend, as to make him the perfectest Enthusiast in the world, ill Humour only excepted. For this was singular in him, that

*Enthusiast.* tho he had all of the *Enthusiast*, he had nothing of the *Bigot*; but heard every thing with Mildness and Delight, and bore with me when I treated all his Thoughts as visionary; and when Sceptick-like I unravel'd all his Systems, as far as I was able.

Here was that Description which I cou'd never get over with you. It was impossible, I found, to give you satisfaction, without reciting at least the main of those two days Transactions. Again and again I bid you beware: You knew not what you might draw upon your self, and make me the Author of. I was far enough engag'd, you saw, already: and you were pushing me further, to your own hazard.

All I cou'd say made not the least impression on you. But rather than proceed any further this night, I engag'd for your sake to turn *Writer*, and draw up the Memoirs of those two Philosophical Days; beginning with what had pass'd this last Day between our selves, as I have now done, you see, by way of Introduction to this Story.

By this time, being got late to Town, some hours after the latest of our Company, you set me down at my own Lodging; and thus we had Good-night.

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## PART II.

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### PHILOCLES *to* PALEMÓN.

**A**FTER such a Day as Yesterday, I might well have thought it hard, when I awak'd the next Morning, to find my self under positive Engagements of proceeding in the same Philosophical way. 'Twas no longer the agreeable Part of a *Companion* that I now bore. Your Conversation, PALEMÓN, which had supported me, was at an end. I was now alone by my self, reduc'd to the hard Circumstances of *an Author and Historian*, in the difficultest Subject. But Heaven in some manner assisted me. For if Dreams are, as HOMER tells us, sent from the Throne of JOVE, I had a favourable one of the true sort, towards the Morning-light, which gave me a clear Idea of what I desir'd to recollect.

I found my self transported to a distant Country, which presented a pompous rural Scene. It was a Mountain not far from the Sea; its Brow adorn'd with antient Wood, and at its foot a River and well-inhabited Plain: beyond which the Sea appearing clos'd the Prospect. No sooner had I consider'd the Place, than I discern'd it to be the very same where I had talk'd with THEOCLES the second Day I was with him in the Country. I look'd about to see if I cou'd find my Friend; and calling THEOCLES! I awak'd. But so powerful was the Impression of my Dream, and so perfect the Idea rais'd in me, of the Person, Words, and Manner of my Friend, that by the help of a little Enthusiasm, I cou'd now have fancy'd my self philosophically inspir'd, like that *Roman Sage* by his ÆGERIA, and invited, on this occasion, to try my *Historical Muse*. For justly might I hope for such Assistance in behalf of THEOCLES, who so lov'd the Muses, and was, I thought, no less belov'd by them.

I FOUND him the first Morning with his belov'd *Mantuan Muse* roving in the Fields, where, as I had been inform'd at his House, he was gone out, after his usual way, to read. As soon as he saw me, his Book vanish'd,

nish'd, and he came with friendly hast to meet me. After we had embrac'd, I discover'd my Curiosity to know what he was reading, by asking if it were of such a secret kind as I cou'd not be admitted to. On this he shew'd me his Poet; and looking pleasantly upon me, Now tell me truly, said he, PHILOCLEES, did you not expect some more mysterious Book than this? I own'd I did; considering his Character, which I took to be of so contemplative a kind. And do you think, said he, that without being contemplative, one can truly relish these Diviner Poets? Truly, said I, I never thought there was any need of growing contemplative, or retiring from the World, to read VIRGIL or HORACE.

You have nam'd two, said he, who are not so very like, tho they were Friends, and equally good Poets: Yet joining 'em as you are pleas'd to do, I wou'd fain know whether there be any Disposition so fitted for reading 'em, as that in which they writ themselves. In this I am sure they both join'd, to love *Retirement*; and for the sake of such a Life as you call *contemplative*, they were willing to sacrifice the highest Advantages, Pleasures, and Favour of a Court. But I will venture to say more in favour of *Retirement*: That not only the best Authors, but

Retire-  
ment.

but the best Company, by whiles, require this seasoning. Society it self cannot be rightly enjoy'd without some Abstinence and separate Thought. All grows insipid, dull, and tiresom, without the help of some Intervals of Retirement. Say, PHILOCLEs, whether You your self have not often found it so? Do you think those Lovers understand the Interests of their Loves, who by their good-will wou'd never be parted for a moment? Or wou'd they be discreet Friends, think you, who wou'd chuse to live together on such Terms? What Relish then must the World have (that common World of mixt and undistinguish'd Company) without a little Solitude; without stepping now and then aside out of the Road and beaten Track of Life, that tedious Circle of Noise and Show, which forces weary'd Mankind to seek relief from every poor Diversion?

By your Rule, said I, THEOCLES, there shou'd be no such thing as *Happiness* or *Good* in Life, since every Enjoyment wears out so soon; and growing painful, is diverted by some other thing, and that again by some other, and so on. I am sure, if Solitude be as a Remedy or Diversion to any thing in the World, there is nothing but what may serve as Diversion to Solitude; which  
wants



wants it more than any thing besides. And thus there can be no *Good* which is regular or constant. Happiness is a thing out of the way, and never to be found but in wandering.

O PHILOCLES, reply'd he, I rejoice to find you in the pursuit of *Happiness* and *Good*, however you may wander. Nay, tho' you doubt whether there be that Thing, yet if you reason, 'tis sufficient; there is hope still. But see how you have unawares engag'd your self! For if you have destroy'd all *Good*, because in all you can think of, there is nothing will constantly hold so; then you have set it as a Maxim (and very justly in my Opinion) That *Nothing can be Good but what is Constant*.

I own, said I, that all I know of worldly Satisfaction is inconstant. The Things which give it are never at a stay: and the *Good* it self, whatever it be, depends no less on Humour than on Fortune. For that which Chance may spare, Time will not. Age, Change of Temper, other Thoughts, a different Passion, new Engagements, a new Turn of Life, the least of these are fatal, and alone sufficient to destroy Enjoyment. Tho' the Object be the same, the Relish changes, and the short-liv'd *Good* expires. But I shou'd wonder much if you cou'd tell me

Good.

me any thing in Life that was not of as changeable a Nature, and subject to the same common Fate of Satiety and Disgust.

I FIND then, reply'd he, that the current Notion of Good is not sufficient to satisfy you. You can afford to *scepticize*, where no one else will so much as hesitate. For almost every one philosophizes dogmatically on this Head. All are positive in this, That our real Good is *Pleasure*.

Pleasure.

If they wou'd tell us *Which*, said I, or *What sort*, and ascertain once the very Species and distinct Kind, such as must constantly remain *the same*, and *equally eligible* at all times ; I shou'd then perhaps be better satisfy'd. But when *Will* and *Pleasure* are synonymous ; when every thing that pleases us is call'd *Pleasure*, and we never chuse or prefer but *as we please*, 'tis trifling to say *Pleasure is our Good*. For this is just as much as to say, *We chuse what we think eligible* : and *we are pleas'd with what we are pleas'd with*. The Question is, Whether we are *rightly pleas'd*, and chuse as we *shou'd* do? For as highly pleas'd as Children are with Baubles, or with whatever affects their tender Senses ; we cannot in our Hearts sincerely admire their Enjoyment, or imagine 'em Possessors of any extraordinary Good.

Yet

Yet are their Senses, we know, as keen and susceptible of Pleasure as our own. The same Reflection is of force as to mere Animals, who in respect of the Liveliness and Delicacy of Sensation, have many of 'em the advantage of us. And as for some low and fordid Pleasures of Human kind; shou'd they be ever so lastingly enjoy'd, and in the highest credit still with their Enjoyers; I shou'd never afford 'em the name of *Happiness* or *Good*.

Wou'd you then appeal, said he, from the immediate Feeling and Experience of one who is pleas'd and satisfy'd with what he enjoys?

Most certainly I shou'd appeal, said I. For is there that fordid Creature on earth who does not prize his own Enjoyment? Does not the frowardest, the most rancorous distemper'd Creature do as much? Is not Malice and Cruelty of the highest relish with some Natures? Is not a hoggish Life the height of some Mens Wishes? You wou'd not ask me surely to enumerate the several Species of Sensations, which Men of certain Tastes have adopted and own'd for their chief *Pleasure* and Delight. For with some Men even Diseases have been thought valuable and worth the cherishing, merely for the Pleasure found in allaying the Ardor of

Pleasure.

of an irritating Sensation. And to these absurd *Epicures* those other are near a-kin, who by study'd Provocatives raise unnatural Thirst and Appetite, and to make way for fresh Repletion, prepare *Emeticks*, as the last Desert; the sooner to renew the Feast. 'Tis said, I know, proverbially, that *Tastes are different, and must not be disputed*: and I remember some such Motto as this plac'd once on a Devise which was found futable to the Notion. A Fly was represented feeding on a certain Lump. The Food, however vile, was natural to the Animal. There was no Absurdity in the case. But shou'd you shew me a brutish or a barbarous Man thus taken up and solac'd in his Pleasure; shou'd you shew me a Sot in his solitary Debauch, or a Tyrant in the Exercise of his Cruelty, with this *Motto* over him, to forbid my Appeal; I shou'd hardly be brought to think the better of his Enjoyment: Nor can I possibly suppose that a mere sordid Wretch, with a base abject Soul, and the best Fortune in the World, was ever capable of any *real Enjoyment*.

By this Zeal, said he, which you have shewn in the refuting a wrong Hypothesis, one wou'd imagine you had some Notion of a right; and began to think that there might

might possibly be such a thing at last as *Pleasure*.  
*Good*.

That there is something nearer to Good, and more like it than another, I am free, said I, to own. But what *real Good* is, I am still to seek, and must wait till you can better inform me. This I only know; that either All Pleasure is Good, or only Some. If *All*, then every kind of Sensuality must be precious and desirable: If *Some* only; then we are to seek out for the Kind, and discover, if we can, what it is that distinguishes between one Pleasure and another; and makes one indifferent, sorry, mean; another valuable and worthy. And by this Stamp, this Character, if there be any such, we must define *Good*; and not by Pleasure itself; which may be very great, and yet very contemptible. Nor can any one truly judge the Value of any immediate Sensation, otherwise than by judging first of the Situation of his own Mind. For that which we esteem a Happiness in one Situation of Mind, is otherwise thought of in another. Which Situation therefore is the justest, must be consider'd; How to gain that *Point of Sight* whence we may best discern, and how to place our selves in that unbiass'd State in which we are fittest to deliberate and pronounce.

O

Pleasures

O PHILOCLES, reply'd he, if this be unfeignedly your Sentiment; if it be possible you shou'd have the Fortitude to withhold your Assent in this Affair, and go in search of what the meanest of Mankind think they already know so certainly; 'tis from a nobler Turn of Thought than what you have observ'd in any of the modern Scepticks you have convers'd with. For if I mistake not, there are no where at this day a sort of People more peremptory, or who deliberate less on the choice of Good. They who pretend to such a Scrutiny of other Evidences, are the readiest to take the Evidence of the greatest Deceivers in the World, their own Passions. Having gain'd, as they think, a Liberty from some seeming Constraints of Religion, they suppose they employ this Liberty to Perfection, by following the first Motion of their Will, and assenting to the first Dictate or Report of any anticipating Fancy, any foremost Opinion or Conceit of *Good*. So that their Privilege is only that of being perpetually amus'd; and their Liberty that of being impos'd on in their most important Choice. I think one may say with assurance, that none can be so great a Fool as he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest Concern thinks certainly he *knows* what he is profoundly

foundly *ignorant* of. He who is ignorant, *Pleasure.* but knows his Ignorance, is far wiser. And indeed to do justice to these fashionable Men of Wit, they are not all of 'em so insensible as not to perceive something of their own Blindness and Absurdity. For often when they seriously reflect on their past Pursuits and Engagements, they freely own, that for what remains of Life, they know not whether they shall be of a-piece with themselves; or whether their Fancy, Humour, or Passion will not hereafter lead 'em to a quite different Choice in Pleasure, and to a Disapprobation of all that ever they enjoy'd before—Comfortable Reflection!

To bring the Satisfactions of the Mind, continu'd he, and the Enjoyments of Reason and Judgment under the Denomination of *Pleasure*, is but a Collusion, and a plain receding from the common Notion of the word. They deal not fairly with us, who in their Philosophical hour, admit that for Pleasure, which at an ordinary time, and in the common Practice of Life, is so little taken for such. The Mathematician who labours at his Problem, the Bookish Man who toils, the Artist who endures voluntarily the greatest Hardships and Fatigues; none of these are said to follow Pleasure; nor will the Men of Pleasure by any means ad-

Pleasure.

mit 'em to be of their number. The Satisfaction which are purely mental, and depend only on the Motion of a Thought; must in all likelihood be too refin'd for the Apprehensions of our modern Antagonists, who are so taken up with Pleasure of a more substantial kind. They who are full of the Idea of such a *sensible solid* Good, can have but a slender Fancy for the mere *spiritual* and *intellectual* sort. But 'tis this latter which is set up and magnify'd, to save the Ignominy of the former. This done, its Work is over, and its Use at an end. For 'tis remarkable, that when the Men of this sort have recommended the Enjoyments of the Mind under the Title of *Pleasure*; when they have thus dignify'd the Word, and included in it all that is mentally good or excellent, they can afterwards suffer it contentedly to slide down again into its own genuine and vulgar Sense; whence they rais'd it only to serve a Turn. When Pleasure is call'd in question, and attack'd, then Reason and Virtue are call'd in to her Aid, and made a principal part of her Constitution: a complicated Form appears, and comprehends strait all that is generous, honest, and beautiful in human Life. But when the Attack is over, and the Objection once solv'd, the Specter vanishes: *Pleasure* returns



returns again to her former Shape: She *Pleasure.* may e'en be *Pleasure* still, and have as little concern with *dry sober Reason*, as in the nature of the thing, and according to common Understanding, she really has. For if this rational sort of Enjoyment be admitted into the Notion of Good, how is it possible to admit withal that kind of Sensation which is plainly opposite to this Enjoyment? In this respect, 'tis certain, the Eagerness and Irritation of *mere Pleasure*, like the Impor- *Pleasure and Pain.* tunity and Vexation of *Pain*, is look'd on rather as a Disturbance. If *either* throws the Mind off of its Biass, and deprives it of the Satisfaction it takes in its natural Exercise and Employment; the Mind must be Sufferer as well by one as by the other. If *neither* does this; there is no harm on either side.——

By the way, said I, interrupting him ; As sincere as I am in questioning whether *Pleasure* be really *Good*, I am not such a Sceptick neither as to doubt whether *Pain* be really *Ill*.

Nothing that is grievous, reply'd he, can be any other. But that what is grievous to one, is not so much as troublesome to another; let Sportsmen, Soldiers, and others of the hardy Kinds be witness. Nay, that what is *Pain* to one, is *Pleasure*

Pleasure  
and Pain.

to another, and so alternately, we very well know: since Men vary in their Apprehension of these Sensations, and on many occasions confound one with the other. Has not even Nature her self, in some respects, as it were blended 'em together, and (as a wise Man said) join'd the Extremity of one so nicely to the other, that it absolutely runs into it, and is undistinguishable?

Good.

In fine then, said I, if Pleasure and Pain be thus convertible and mix'd; if that which is now Pleasure, by being strain'd a little too far, runs into Pain, and Pain when carry'd far, creates again the highest Pleasure, by mere Cessation, and a kind of natural Succession; if some Pleasures to *some* are Pains, and some Pains to *others* are Pleasures: All this, if I mistake not, makes still for my Opinion, and shows that there is nothing you can assign which can really stand as *Good*. For if Pleasure be it not, nothing is. And if Pain be Ill (as I must take for granted) we have then, it seems, a shrewd Chance on the *ill* side, but none at all on the *better*. So that we may fairly doubt whether *Life* it self be not mere *Misery*; since Gainers by it we can never be: Losers we may sufficiently, and are like to be every hour of our Lives. Accordingly, what our *English* Poetess says of Good, shou'd be

be right: *'Tis Good not to be born.*——— Good:

And thus for any thing of Good which can be found in Life, we may e'en beg pardon of Nature, and return her Present on her hands, without waiting for her Call. For what shou'd keep us? or What are we the better for Living?

The Query, said he, is pertinent. But why this Dispatch, if the Case be doubtful? This surely is a plain exceeding your Sceptical Bounds. We must be sufficiently Dogmatical to come to this Determination. 'Tis a deciding as well concerning Death as *Futurety* Life; what possibly *may* be hereafter, and what *not*. Now to be assur'd that we can never be concern'd in any thing *hereafter*, we must understand perfectly what it is that concerns or engages us in any thing *present*. We must truly *know our selves*, and *Self* in what this *Self* of ours consists. We must determine against *Pre-existence*, and give a better reason for our having never been concern'd in ought before our Birth, than merely because we *remember not*, nor are *conscious*. For in many Things we have been concern'd to purpose, of which we have now no Memory or Consciousness remaining. And thus we may be again and again, to perpetuity, for any reason we can show to the contrary: All is *Revo-*

Good.

lution in us. We are no more the self-same Matter, or System of Matter, from one day to another. What Succession there may be hereafter, we know not ; since even now, we live by Succession, and only perish and are renew'd. 'Tis in vain we flatter our selves with the Assurance of our Interest's ending with a certain Shape or Form. What interested us at first in it, we know not ; nor how we held it on, and continu'd to be concern'd in such an Assemblage of fleeting

Futility.

Particles. *Where* besides, or in *what* else we may further have to do, in time to come, we know as little ; nor can tell how Chance or Providence hereafter may dispose of us. And if Providence be in the case, we have still more reason to consider how we undertake to be our own Disposers. It must needs become a Sceptick above all Men to hesitate in Matters of *Exchange*: And tho in Life he acknowledges no present Good or Enjoyment, he must be sure however of bettering his Condition before he attempts to alter it. But as yet, PHILOCLEES, even this Point remains undetermin'd between us. We have not yet resolv'd whether in this present Life there be not such a thing as *real Good*.

Good.

Tell me then for once, said I, *what* that Good is, or *where*, which can afford Contentment

Contentment and Satisfaction always alike, *Good.*  
 without variation or diminution. For tho  
 on some Occasions, and in some Subjects,  
 the Mind may possibly be so bent, and the  
 Passion so wrought up, that for the time no  
 bodily Sufferance or Pain can alter it; yet  
 this is what can seldom happen, and is un-  
 likely to last long: since without any Pain  
 or Inconvenience, the Passion in a little time  
 does its own work, the Mind relaxes with  
 its Bent, and the Temper weary'd with  
 Repetition finds no more Enjoyment, but  
 runs to something new.

HEAR then, said *THEOCLES*; for  
 tho I pretend not to tell you at once the  
 Nature of this which I call *Good*; yet I am  
 content to shew you something of it in  
 your self, which you will own is naturally  
 more constant and fix'd, than any thing you  
 have yet thought on. Tell me, my Friend,  
 if ever you were weary of doing good to  
 those you lov'd? Say when you ever found  
 it unpleasing to serve a Friend? Or whe- *Friendship*  
 ther when you first prov'd this generous  
 Pleasure, you did not feel it less than now,  
 that you have so long experienc'd it? Be-  
 lieve me, *PHILOCLS*, this Pleasure is  
 more debauching than any other. Never  
 did any Soul do good, but it came readier

*Good.* to do the same again, with more Enjoyment. Never was Love, or Gratitude, or Bounty practis'd but with increasing Joy, which made the Practiser still more in love with the fair Act. Answer me, PHILOCLES, you who are such a Judge of Beauty, and have so good a Taste of Pleasure; Is there any thing you admire, so fair as Friendship? or any thing so charming as a generous Action? What wou'd it be then, if all Life were but like one continu'd Friendship, and cou'd be made one such intricate Act? Here surely wou'd be that fix'd and constant *Good* you sought: Or wou'd you look for any thing beyond?

*Friendship  
private,  
publick.*

Perhaps not, said I: But I can never go beyond this to seek for a Chimera, if this be not one. For tho a Poet may possibly work up a single Action of that kind, to hold a Play out; I can conceive but very faintly how this high Strain of Friendship can be so manag'd, as to fill up a whole Life. Nor can I imagine where the Object can be of such a sublime Heroick Passion.

Can any Friendship, said he, be so Heroick, as that towards Mankind? Do you think the Love of Friends in general, and of one's Country, to be nothing? or that particular Friendship can well subsist without such an enlarg'd Affection, and Sense  
of

of Obligation to Society? Say (if possible) you are a *Friend*, but hate your Country. Say, you are true to the Interest of a *Companion*, but false to that of *Society*. Can you believe your self? Or will you lay the Name aside, and chuse not to be call'd *the Friend*, since you renounce *the Man*?

*Friendship*  
*private,*  
*publick.*

That there is something, said I, due to Mankind, is what I think will not be disputed by one who claims the Name of *Friend*. Hardly indeed cou'd I allow the Name of *Man* to one who never cou'd call or be call'd *Friend*: but he who can be a *Friend*, is *Man* enough; nor is he wanting to *Society*. A single *Friendship* may acquit him. He has deserv'd a *Friend*, and is *Man's Friend*, tho not the *Friend* of *Mankind* in your high sense. For to say truth, as to this sort of *Friendship*; it may by wiser Heads be esteem'd perhaps more than ordinarily *Manly*, and even *Heroick*, as you assert it: but for my part, I see so very little *Worth* in *Mankind*, and have so indifferent an *Opinion* of the *Publick*, that I can propose little *Satisfaction* to my self in loving either.

Pray, said he, do you take *Bounty* and *Gratitude* to be among the Acts of *Friendship* and *Good Nature*? Undoubtedly, said I; for they are the chief. Suppose then,

*Gratitude.* then, said he, that the oblig'd Person discovers in the Obliger several Failings; does this exclude *the Gratitude* of the former?

Not in the least. Or does it make the Exercise of Gratitude less pleasing? I think, said I, rather the contrary. For where otherwise I might be uneasy, as wanting means to make a return, I shou'd rejoice in that sure way of shewing my Gratitude to my Benefactor; by bearing his

*Bounty.*

Failings as a Friend. And as to *Bounty*, said he; Tell me I beseech you, is it to those only who are *deserving* that we shou'd do good? Is it only to a good Neighbour, or Relation, a good Father, Child, or Brother? Or does Nature, Reason, and Humanity better teach us, to do good still to a Father, because a *Father*; and to a Child, because a *Child*; and so to every Relation in Human Life? I think, said I, this last is rightest.

O PHILOCLÉS, said he, consider then what it was you said, when you objected against the Love of *Mankind* because of Human Frailty; and seem'd to scorn the *Publick*, because of its Misfortunes. See if this Sentiment be consistent with that Humanity which elsewhere you own and practise. For where can Generosity exist, if not here? Where can we ever exert Friendship, if not



not here? To what shou'd we be true or grateful in the World, if not to Mankind, and that Society to which we owe so much? *Love of Mankind.*

What are the Faults or Blemishes which can excuse such an Omission, or in a grateful Mind can ever lessen the Satisfaction of making a grateful kind Return? Can you then out of Good-breeding merely, and from a Temper natural to you, rejoice to shew Civility, Courteousness, Obligingness, seek Objects of Compassion, and be pleas'd with every Occurrence where you have power to do some Service even to People unknown? Can you delight in such Adventures abroad in foreign Countrys, or in the case of Strangers here at home; to help, assist, relieve all who require it, in the most hospitable, kind, and friendly manner? And can your Country, or what is more, your *Kind*, require less Kindness from you, or deserve less to be consider'd, than even one of these Chance-Creatures? *Good-breeding.*

O PHILOCLES! how little do you know the Extent and Power of *Good Nature*, and to what an Heroick pitch a Soul may rise, which knows the Force of it, and distributing it rightly, frames in it self an equal, just, and universal Friendship! *Hospitality.*

JUST

JUST

JUST as he had ended these Words, a Servant came to us in the Field, to give notice of some Company who were come to dine with us: So we walk'd in. I said to THEOCLES, going along, that I fear'd I shou'd never make a good *Friend* or *Lover* after his way. As for a plain natural Love of one single Person in either Sex, I cou'd compass it, I thought, well enough; but this complex universal sort was beyond my reach. I cou'd love the Individual, but not the Species. This was too Metaphysical an Object for me. In short, I cou'd love nothing of which I had not some sensible material Image. How! said THEOCLES, can you never love but in this manner? when yet I know that you both chose and lov'd a Friend long e'er you saw him: Or was PALEMON'S Character no Charm, when it engag'd you in that long Correspondence which preceded your personal Acquaintance? Well, said I, then I see what I must trust to. For in the same manner as when I first began to love PALEMON, I was forc'd to form a kind of material Object, and had always such a certain Image of him ready-drawn in my Mind, whenever I thought of him; so I must do in this case, if by your help I can raise any such

such Specter as may represent this odd Being you wou'd have me love.

Methinks, said he, you might have the same Indulgence for *Nature* or *Mankind*, as for the People of old *Rome*, whom notwithstanding their Blemishes I have known you in love with, many ways; particularly under the Representation of a beautiful Youth call'd *the Genius of the People*. For I remember, that viewing once some Pieces of *Genius of a Country*.  
Antiquity, where the People were so represented, you allow'd 'em to be no disagreeable Object. Indeed, said I, were it possible for me to stamp upon my Mind such a Figure as you speak of, whether it stood for *Mankind* or *Nature*, it might probably *Nature*.  
have its effect; and I might become perhaps a Lover after your way: but more especially, if you cou'd so order it, as to make things reciprocal between us, and bring me to fancy of this *Genius*, that it cou'd be sensible of my Love, and capable of a Return. For without this, I shou'd make but an ill Lover, tho of the perfectest Beauty in the World.

'Tis enough, said THEOCLES; I accept the Terms: and if you promise to love, I will endeavour to show you that Beauty which I count the perfectest, and most deserving of Love; and which will not fail of

of a Return. To morrow, when the Eastern Sun (as Poets describe) with his first Beams adorns the Front of yonder Hill; there, if you are content to wander with me in the Woods you see, we will pursue those Loves of ours, by favour of the Silvan Nymphs; and invoking first the Genius of the Place, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant View of the Sovereign *Genius* and First Beauty. This if you can come once to contemplate with me, I will answer for it, that all those forbidding Features and Deformitys, whether of Nature or Mankind, will vanish in an instant, and leave you that Lover I cou'd wish. But now, said he, let us change this Conversation for some other more suitable to our Friends and Table.

*Genius of the World.*

## S E C T. II.

YOU see here, P A L E M O N, what a Foundation is laid for the *Enthusiasms*. I told you of; and which, in my Opinion (I told you too) were the more dangerous, because so very odd and out of the way. But Curiosity had seiz'd you, I found, as it had done me before. For after this first Conversation, I must own, I long'd for  
nothing

nothing so much as the next day, and the appointed Morning-Walk in the Woods.

We had only a Friend or two at dinner with us; and for a good while we talk'd of News and indifferent things, till I who had my Head still running upon those other Subjects, gladly laid hold of something dropt by chance concerning Friendship; and said, *Friendship.* that for my part, tho' I once thought I had known Friendship, and really counted my self a good Friend all my Life, yet I was now, I found, no better than a Learner: since THEOCLES had almost perswaded me that to be a Friend to any one in particular, it was necessary to be first a Friend to Mankind. But how to qualify my self for such a Friendship, was a great difficulty with me.

Indeed, said THEOCLES, you have given us a very indifferent Character of your self in saying so. If you had told us thus much of the Friendship of any Great Man at Court, or of a Court it self, and had complain'd how hard it was for you to succeed, or make Interest with such as liv'd there; we shou'd have concluded in your behalf, that there were such Terms to be comply'd with as were unworthy of you: But to deserve well of the Publick, and to be justly stil'd the Friend of Mankind, requires

Virtue.

quires no more than to be Good and Virtuous; Terms which for one's own sake one wou'd naturally covet.

Motives.

How comes it then, said I, that these good Terms themselves are so ill accepted, and hardly ever taken but upon *further Terms*? For Virtue by it self is thought but an ill Bargain: and I know few, even of the Religious and Devout, who take up with it any otherwise than as Children do with Physick; where the Rod and Sweetmeat are the potent Motives.

They are Children indeed, reply'd THEOCLES, and shou'd be treated so, who need any Force or Persuasion to do what conduces to their Health and Good. But pray what are those forbidding Circumstances which shou'd make Virtue go down so hardly? Is it not, among other things, that you think your self by this means excluded from the fine Tables and costly Eating of our modern *Epicures*; and that perhaps you fear the being reduc'd to eat always as ill as now, upon a plain Dish or two, and no more?

This I protested was injuriously suppos'd of me. For I wish'd never to eat otherwise than I now did at his Table; which, by the way, had more resemblance (I thought) of EPICURUS's, than those which now-a-days

a-days preposterously pass'd under his name. For if his Opinion might be taken, the highest Pleasures in the World were owing to *Temperance*, and moderate Use.

If then the merest Studier of Pleasure (continu'd THEOCLES) even EPICURUS himself, made that favourable Report of *Temperance*, so different from his modern Disciples; if he cou'd boldly say, that with such Fare as a mean Garden afforded he cou'd vie even with the Gods for Happiness; how shall we say of this part of Virtue, that it needs be *taken up on Terms*? If the immediate Practice of *Temperance* be thus harmless; are its Consequences so injurious? Does it take from the Vigour of the Mind, consume the Body, and render both the one and the other less apt to their proper Parts, less fitted to the Enjoyments of Reason or Sense; as well as to the active part, the Employments and Offices of Civil Life? Or is it that a Man's Circumstances are the worse for it, as he stands towards his Friends, or Mankind? Is he in this sense to be pity'd as one burdensom to himself and others, one whom all Men will naturally shun as an ill Friend, and a Corrupter of Society and Good Manners? Shall we consider such a one in a *publick Trust*, and see whether he is like to succeed best with this Quality;

F

or

Tempe-  
rance.

or whether he may be more rely'd on, and thought more incorrupt, if his Appetites are high in another kind, and his Relish strong for what we call Pleasure? Shall we consider him as a Souldier, in a Campaign, or in a Siege; and see how we should be best defended, if we had occasion? Which Officer wou'd make the best for the Souldiers; which Souldier for the Officers; or which Army for their Country? Or is there no way of consuming an Enemy's Country but by immoderate Stomachs and revelling Appetites? What think you as to a *Fellow-Traveller*? Wou'd the temperate Man be an ill Choice? Or wou'd it be more sociable and delightful to have a Companion, who in any shift or necessity wou'd be the most ravenous and eager to provide in the first place for himself, and his own exquisite Sensations? I know not what to say where *Beauty* is concern'd. Perhaps those exquisite Refiners upon this sort of Pleasure, may withal have so refin'd their Minds and Tempers, that they can, upon occasion, forego any Enjoyment of this kind, rather than violate Honour, or Faith, or Justice. And thus the dull temperate Man is no fitter to be trusted than the elegant luxurious one. Innocence, Youth, and Fortune may be as well committed to the  
Care



Care of this latter. He wou'd prove as good an *Executor*, as good a *Trustee*, as good a *Guardian*, as he wou'd a *Friend*. The Family which entrusted him wou'd be secure; and no Dishonour in any likelihood wou'd happen from the honest *Man of Pleasure*.

The Seriousness with which THEOCLES spoke this, made it the more pleasant; and set our other Company upon saying a great many good things on the same Subject, in commendation of a temperate Life. So that tho the Meat was by this time taken away, and the Wine plac'd before us, yet I found we were in no likelihood of making a Debauch. Every one drank only as he fancy'd, in no Order or Proportion, or Care of Pledges: A Manner which the sociable Men of another Scheme of Morals wou'd have censur'd, no doubt, as a heinous Irregularity, and Corruption of Good Fellowship.

I own, said I, I am far from thinking Temperance so disagreeable a Character. As for this part of Virtue, I think there is no need of taking it on other terms, than the Advantage of being sav'd from Intemperance, and from the Desire of things unnecessary.

How! said THEOCLES, are you thus far advanc'd? And can you carry this Tem-

Tempe-  
rance.

perance so far as to Estates and Honours, by opposing it to Avarice and Ambition? Nay then truly you may be said to have fairly embark'd your self in this Cause. You have pass'd the Channel, and are more than half-Seas over. There remains no more of Virtue to bargain about, unless you will declare your self a Coward, or conclude it a Happiness to be born one. For if you can be temperate too towards *Life*, and think it not so great a business whether it be of fewer or more Years; but satisfy'd with what you have liv'd, can rise a thankful Guest from a full liberal Entertainment; Is not this the Sum of all? the finishing Stroke and very Accomplishment of Virtue? In this Temper of Mind, what is there can hinder us from forming for our selves as Heroick a Character as we please? What is there either Good, Generous, or Great, that does not naturally flow from such a modest Temperance? Let us once gain this simple plain-look'd Virtue, and see whether the more shining Virtues will not follow. See what that Country of the Mind will produce, when by the wholesom Laws of this Legislatress it has obtain'd its Liberty! You, ~~said he~~, PHILOCLES, who are such an Admirer of *Civil Liberty*, and can represent it to your self with a thousand  
several

*Liberty,*

*Civil.*

several Graces and Advantages; can you *Liberty,* imagine no Grace or Beauty in that original *Native Liberty,* which sets us free from so many in-born Tyrannys, gives us the *Moral.* Privilege of our selves, and makes us to be our Own, and Independent? A sort of Property, which, methinks, is as material to us to the full, as that which secures us our Land.

I shou'd think, said he (carrying on his Humour) that one might draw the Picture of this Moral Dame to as much advantage as that of her Political Sister; whom you admire, as describ'd to us in her *Amazon-Dress,* with a free manly Air becoming her; her Guards the Laws, with their written Tables, like Bucklers, surrounding her; Riches, Traffick, and Plenty, with the *Cornu-copia,* serving as her Attendants; and in her Train the Arts and Sciences, like Children, playing. The rest of the Piece is easy to imagine; her Triumph over Tyranny, and lawless Rule of Lust and Passion. But what a Triumph wou'd her Sister's be! What Monsters of savage Passions wou'd there appear subdu'd! There fierce Ambition, Lust, Uproar, Misrule, with all the Fiends that rage in Human Breasts, wou'd be securely chain'd. And when *Fortune* her self, the Queen of Flatterys, with that Prince of Terrors,

*Liberty.* Terrors, *Death*, were at the Chariot-wheels, as Captives; how natural wou'd it be to see Fortitude, Magnanimity, Justice, Honour, and all that generous Band attend as the Companions of our inmate Lady LIBERTY! She, like some new-born Goddess, wou'd grace her Mother's Chariot, and own her Birth from humble *Temperance*, that nursing Mother of the Virtues; who like the Parent of the Gods (old Reverend CYBBLE) wou'd properly appear drawn by rein'd Lions, patient of the Bit, and on her Head a Turret-like Attire: the Image of defensive Power, and Strength of Mind.

BY this Picture THEOCLES, I found, had given Entertainment to the Company; who from this rough Draught of his, fell to designing upon the same Subject, after the antient manner; till PRODICUS and CEBES, and all the Antients were exhausted.

Gentlemen, said I, the Descriptions you have been making, are, no doubt, the finest in the World: but when all is done, and you have made Virtue as glorious and triumphant as you please, I will bring you an authentick Picture of another kind, where we shall see this Triumph *in Reverse*; Virtue her self a Captive in her turn, and by a proud Conqueror triumph'd over, degraded,

ded, spoil'd of all her Honours, and defac'd, so as to retain not one single Feature of real Beauty.

I offer'd to go on further, but cou'd not, being so violently decry'd by my two Fellow-Guests; who protested they wou'd never be brought to own so detestable a Picture: and one of 'em, a formal sort of Gentleman, somewhat advanc'd in Years, looking earnestly upon me, said, He had once indeed conceiv'd hopes of me, when he observ'd my Freedom of Thought, and heard me quoted for such a Lover of Liberty; but he was sorry (so he express'd himself) to find that the Principle of Liberty in me extended in fine to a Liberty from all Principles: at least he thought none but a Libertine in Principle wou'd approve of such a Picture of Virtue as only an Atheist cou'd have the impudence to make.

THEOCLES the while sat silent; tho he saw I had still my eye on him, expecting to hear what he wou'd say. At last, fetching a deep Sigh, O PHILOCLEES, said he, how well you are Master of that Cause you argue for? And how well you know the way to gain advantage to the worst of Causes, from the imprudent Management of those who defend the best? I dare not tell you, as my Friends have done, that it is the Atheist

alone can load Virtue, and picture her thus disgracefully. There are other less suspected Hands that do her more Injury, and with a better colour.

That Virtue shou'd on any pretence be made a Victim (continu'd he) must have appear'd strange, I doubt not, to my good Friends. They cou'd conceive no tolerable ground for such a Spectacle. In this *revers'd Triumph* they expected perhaps to see some foreign Conqueror exalted; as either *Vice* it self, or *Pleasure*, or *Wit*, or *spurious Philosophy*, or some false Image of Truth or Nature. Little were they aware that the cruel Enemy oppos'd to Virtue shou'd be *Religion* it self. But they will call to mind, that even innocently, and without any treacherous design, Virtue is often treated so by those who wou'd magnify to the utmost the Corruption of Man's Heart; and in exposing, as they pretend, the Falshood of Human Virtue, think to extol Religion. How many Religious Authors, how many Sacred Orators turn all their edge this way, and strike at Moral Virtue as a kind of *Step-Dame*, or *Rival* to Religion? "Morality  
" must not be nam'd; Nature has no pre-  
" tence; Reason is an Enemy; Common  
" Justice but Folly; and Virtue Misery.  
" Who wou'd not be vitious, had he his  
" Choice?

*Religion  
and Virtue.*

“ Choice? Who wou’d forbear, but be-  
 “ cause he must? Or who wou’d value  
 “ Virtue, but for *Hereafter*?

Truly, said the old Gentleman (inter-  
 rupting him) if this be the *Triumph* of Re-  
 ligion, ’tis such as her greatest Enemy, I  
 believe, wou’d scarce deny her: and I must  
 still be of Opinion (with PHILOCLE’S  
 leave) that it is no great sign of Tendernefs  
 for Religion, to be so zealous in honouring *Zeal.*  
 her at the cost of Virtue.

Perhaps so, said I. Yet that there are  
 many such Zealots in the World, you will  
 acknowledg. And that there is a certain  
 Harmony between this *Zeal* and what you  
 call *Atheism*, THROCLE’S, you hear, has *Atheism.*  
 allow’d. But let us hear him out; if per-  
 haps he will be so free as to tell us what he  
 thinks of the generality of our Religious  
 Writers, and their Method of encountring  
 their common Enemy, the Atheist. This  
 is a Subject which possibly may need some  
 clearing. For the chief Opposers of A-  
 theism write, we find, upon contrary Prin-  
 ciples to one another, so as in a manner to  
 confute themselves. Some of ’em stand zea-  
 lously for Virtue, and are *Realists* in the  
 Point. Others, one may say, are only *no-*  
*nominal Moralists*, by making Virtue nothing,  
 or a mere Name of fashion. The same in  
 Natural

Natural Philosophy: Some take one Hypothesis, and some another. I shou'd be glad to see at last who they are that truly refute the Atheists, and rightly assert the joint Cause of Virtue and Religion.

HERE, PALEMON, I had my Wish; for by degrees I engag'd THEOCLES to discover himself fully upon these Subjects; which serv'd as a Prelude to those we were to engage in, the next Morning; for the approach of which I so impatiently long'd. If his Speculations prov'd of a rational kind, this previous Discourse (I knew) wou'd help me to comprehend 'em; if but pleasing Fancys, this wou'd help me still to please my self the better with 'em.

Here then began his Criticism of Authors; which grew by degrees into a continu'd Discourse. So that had this been at a University, THEOCLES might very well have pass'd for some grave Divinity-Professor or Teacher of Ethicks, reading an Afternoon-Lecture to his Pupils.

S E C T,



## S E C T. III.

**I**T were undoubtedly, said he, a happy *Divinity.*  
*Cause* that had the benefit of such Managers as never gave their Adversarys any handle of advantage against it. I could wish that in the Cause of Religion we had reason to boast as much. But since 'tis not impossible to write ill even in the best of Causes, I am inclin'd to think this great one of Religion may have run at least an equal hazard with any other; since most of those *Divines.* who write for it are apt to use so much the less Caution, as they are more exempt from the fear of Censure or Criticism, by way of Answer. Their Adversary is well secur'd and silenc'd to their hand. They may safely provoke him to a Field where he cannot appear openly. His Weapons are private, and can reach the Cause without offence to them; whilst no direct Attack can rob them of their imaginary Victory. They conquer for themselves, and expect to be approv'd still for their Zeal, however the Cause it self may have suffer'd in their hands.——

Perhaps then, said I (interrupting him) it may be true what was said once by a  
Person

Person who seem'd zealous for Religion,  
*Atheist.* That none *writ well* against the Atheists but  
 the Clerk who drew the Warrant for their  
 Execution.

If this were right, said he, there wou'd  
 be an end of all Dispute or Reasoning in  
 the Case. For where Force is necessary,  
 Reason has nothing to do. But on the o-  
 ther hand, if Reason be needful, Force in  
 the mean while must be laid aside: For  
 there is no Enforcement of Reason but by  
 Reason. And therefore if Atheists are to  
 be reason'd with at all, they are to be rea-  
 son'd with like other Men; since there's no  
 other way in nature to convince 'em.

This I own, said I, seems true; but I'm  
 afraid most People will like that concise  
 Method much better: And tho perhaps  
 Force without Reason may be thought some-  
 what hard, yet your other way of Reason  
 without Force, I am apt to think, wou'd  
 find rather fewer Admirers.

But perhaps, reply'd he, 'tis only the  
 Name of *Atheist* occasions this Disturbance,  
 by being made to describe two Characters  
 so very different as his who *absolutely denies*,  
 and his who only *doubts*. Now he who  
*doubts*, may possibly lament this his Unhap-  
 pinefs, and wish to be convinc'd. He who  
*denies*, is daringly presumptuous, and sets  
 up

up an Opinion against the Interest of Man-  
 kind, and Being of Society. 'Tis easily seen  
 that one of these Men may bear a due re-  
 spect to the Magistrate and Laws, tho not  
 the other; who being obnoxious to them,  
 is therefore punishable. But how the for-  
 mer is punishable *by Man* will be hard to  
 say; unless the Magistrate had dominion  
 over Minds, as well as over Actions and Be-  
 haviour; and had power to exercise an In-  
 quisition within the inmost Bosoms and se-  
 cret Thoughts of Men.

*Punish-  
ment.*

I apprehend you, said I: and by your ac-  
 count, as there are two sorts of Men who  
 are call'd Atheists, so there are two ways  
 of Writing against them, which may be  
 fitly us'd apart, but not so well jointly.  
 You wou'd separate the Philosopher's Work  
 from the Magistrate's; taking it for gran-  
 ted, that the Persons who come not under  
 the dispatching Pen of the Magistrate, can  
 have only that tedious one of Philosophy  
 assign'd them. Now the Language of the  
 Magistrate, I must confess, has little in  
 common with that of Philosophy. No-  
 thing cou'd be more unbecoming the Ma-  
 gisterial Authority than a Philosophical  
 Stile: and nothing can be more unphiloso-  
 phical than a Magisterial one. A mixture  
 of these must needs spoil both. So that in  
 the

*Magi-  
strate.*

Magistrate.

the Cause before us, if any one besides the Magistrate can be said to *write well*, it is he (according to your account) who writes as becomes Philosophy, with Freedom of Debate, and Fairness towards his Adversary.

Philosophy.

And for Proof that this Method of Writing, said THEOCLES, may very justly be practis'd, we have many Instances in Antiquity to produce. Nor was this Freedom in a Philosophical way esteem'd at all injurious to Religion, or prejudicial to the Vulgar: since we find it to have been a Practice both in Writing and Converse among the Great Men of a Virtuous and Religious People; and that even those who officiated at the Altars, and were the Guardians of the publick Worship, were Sharers in these free Debates.

Jealousy of Authors.

Still, said I, this comes not up to the Case before us; we are to consider Christian Times, and such as we now live in. You know the common Fate of those you allow to be fair Authors. What was that Pious and Learned Man's Case, who writ *the Intellectual System of the Universe*? I confess it was pleasant enough to consider, that tho' the whole World were no less satisfy'd with his Capacity and Learning, than with his Sincerity in the Cause of a Deity; yet was

was he accus'd of giving the upper hand to *Authors.* the Atheists; for having only stated their Reasons, and those of their Adversarys, fairly together. And among other Writings of this kind, you may remember how a certain *Fair Inquiry* (as you call'd it) was receiv'd, and what offence was taken at it.

I am sorry, said THEOCLES, it prov'd so. But now indeed you have found a way to force me to talk at large with you on this head; by making me enter the Lists in defence of a Friend unjustly censur'd for this Philosophical Liberty.

I confess to THEOCLES and the Company, that this had really been my Aim; and that for this reason alone I made myself the Accuser of this Author; and did here actually charge him and all those other calm indifferent Writers, with no less than Profaneness, for reasoning so unconcernedly and patiently, without the least shew of Zeal or Passion, upon the Subject of a Deity, and a future State. And I, on the other side, reply'd THEOCLES, am rather for this patient way of Reasoning, and will endeavour to clear my Friend of this Imputation; if you can but have patience enough to hear me out, in an Affair of such a compass. We all answer'd for our selves, and he began thus.

O F

*Authors.*

OF the many Writers engag'd in the Defence of Religion, the greatest part are employ'd either in supporting the Truth of the Christian Faith in general, or in refuting such particular Doctrines as are esteem'd Innovations in the Christian Church. There are not, 'tis thought, many Persons in the World who are loose in the very Grounds and Principles of all Religion: and to such as these we find there are not many Writers who purposely apply themselves. They may think it perhaps a mean Labour, and scarce becoming them, to argue sedately with such as are almost universally treated with Detestation and Horror. But as we are requir'd by our Religion to have Charity for all Men, so we cannot surely avoid having a real Concern for those whom we apprehend to be under the worst of Errors, and whom we find by Experience to be with great difficulty reclaim'd. Neither ought they perhaps in prudence to be treated with so little regard, whose Number, however small hitherto, is thought to be rather increasing; and this too among the People of no despicable Rank. So that it may well deserve some Consideration, whether in our Age and Country the same Remedys may serve, which have hitherto been try'd; or whether

whether some other may not be prefer'd, *Authors* as being futable to Times of less Strictness in Matters of Religion, and Places less subject to Authority.

\* This might be enough to put an Author upon thinking of such a way of reasoning with these deluded Persons, as in his Opinion might be more effectual for their Benefit, than the repeated Exclamations and Invectives with which most of the Arguments us'd against them are commonly accompany'd. Nor was it so absurd to imagine that a quite different Method might be attempted; by which a Writer might offer Reason to these Men with so much more Favour and Advantage, as he appear'd unprepossess'd, and willing to examine every thing with the greatest Unconcern and Indifference. For to such Persons as these, 'tis to be fear'd, 'twill always appear, That what was never *question'd*, was never *prov'd*: and That whatever Subject had not, at some time or other, been examin'd with perfect Indifference, was never *rightly examin'd*, nor cou'd *rightly be believ'd*. And in a Treatise of this kind, offer'd as an *Essay* or *Inquiry* only, they wou'd be far from finding that Impartiality and Indifference which is requisite; if instead of a Readiness to comply with whatever Consequences such an

G

Exami-

*Authors.* Examination as this, and the Course of Reasoning brought forth, the Author shou'd shew a previous Inclination to the Consequences only on one side, and an Abhorrence of any Conclusion on the other.

Others therefore, in different Circumstances, may perhaps have found it necessary, and becoming their Character, to shew all manner of Detestation both of the Persons and Principles of these Men. Our Author, on the contrary, whose Character exceeds not that of a Lay-man, endeavours to shew Civility and Favour, by keeping the fairest Measures he possibly can with the Men of this sort; allowing 'em all that he is able; and arguing with a perfect Indifference, even on the Subject of a *Deity*. He offers to conclude nothing positive himself, but leaves it to others to draw Conclusions from his Principles: having this one chief Aim; How, in the first place, to reconcile these Persons to the Principles of Virtue; that by this means a way might be laid open to Religion, by removing those greatest, if not only Obstacles to it, which arise from the Vices and Passions of Men.

*Fundamental Principles.*

'Tis upon this account he endeavours chiefly to establish Virtue on Principles, by which he is able to argue with those who are not as yet brought to own a God, or

*Future*



*Future State.* If he cannot do thus much, he reckons he does nothing. For how can *Supreme Goodness* be intelligible to those who know not what *Goodness it self* is? Or how can *Virtue* be understood to deserve Reward, when as yet the Merit and Excellence of it is unknown? We begin surely at the wrong end, when we wou'd prove Merit by Favour, and Order by a Deity. This our Friend seeks to redress. For being, in respect of *Virtue*, what you lately call'd a *Realist*; he endeavours to shew that it is really something of it self, and in the nature of Things: not arbitrary or *fictitious* (if I may so speak) not constituted from without, or dependent on *Custom, Fancy, or Will*; not even on the *Supreme Will* it self, which can no way govern it; but being necessarily good, is govern'd by it, and ever uniform with it. And notwithstanding he has thus made *VIRTUE* his chief Subject, and in some measure independent on Religion, yet I fancy he may be made appear as high a *Divine* as he is a *Moralist*.

I wou'd not willingly advance it as a *Theists,*  
Rule, that those who make only a Name of *Nominal,*  
*Virtue*, make no more of *Deity*, and cannot *Real.*  
without Affectation defend the Principles of  
Religion: But this I will venture to assert;  
That whoever is true to *Virtue* on a real

Theists,  
Nominal,  
Real.

and found Bottom of Morality, must of necessity, by the same Scheme of Reasoning, prove as great a *Realist* in Divinity, and appear a *Theist* in good earnest.

An Affectation of this kind, I must own, I think altogether unpardonable in Philosophy. And you, PHILOCLEB, who can give no quarter to ill Reasoning, nor endure any unsound or inconsistent Hypothesis; you will be so ingenuous, I dare say, as to reject our modern *Deism*, and challenge those who assume a Name to which their Philosophy can never in the least intitle 'em.

Commend me to honest EPICURUS, who raises his Deitys aloof in the imaginary Spaces; and setting 'em apart out of the Universe and Nature of Things, makes nothing of 'em beyond a Word. This is ingenuous, and plain dealing: For this every one who philosophizes may understand.

The same Ingenuity belongs to those Philosophers whom you, PHILOCLEB, seem inclin'd to favour. 'Tis proper for a *Sceptick* to doubt whether a real Theology can be rais'd out of Philosophy alone, without the help of Revelation. This is no more than a handsom Compliment to Authority and the receiv'd Religion. It can impose  
on

on no one who pretends to reason deeply: Theists,  
Nominal,  
Real. since whoever does so, will know still, that Theology must have another Foundation; and that 'tis alone the Province of Philosophy to prove what Revelation at most does but suppose.

I look on it therefore as a most unfair way, for those who wou'd be Builders, and undertake this Proving part, to lay such a Foundation as is insufficient to bear the Structure. Supplanting and Undermining may be fair War elsewhere: But in Philosophical Disputes, 'tis not allowable to work underground, or as in Sieges by the *Sap*. Nothing can be more unbecoming than to talk magisterially and in venerable Terms of a Supreme Nature, an Infinite Being, and a Deity; when all the while a Providence is never meant, nor any thing like Order or the Government of a Mind admitted. For when these are understood, and *real Divinity* acknowledg'd; the Notion is not dry, and barren; but such Consequences are necessarily drawn from it, as must set us in Action, and find Employment for our strongest Affections. All the Duties of Religion evidently follow hence; and no exception remains against any of those great Maxims which Revelation has establish'd.

Theists,  
Nominal,  
Real.

Now whether our Friend be unfeignedly and sincerely of this latter sort of *real Theologists*, you will learn best from the Consequences of his Hypothesis. You will observe, whether instead of ending in mere Speculation, it leads to Practice: And you will then surely be satisfy'd, when you find it really lays such a Foundation of this kind, as with the Generality of the World must pass at least for high Religion, and with some, in all likelihood, for mere *Enthusiasm*.

Divine  
Love.

For I appeal to you, PHILOCLEES, whether there be any thing in Divinity which you think has more the Air of Enthusiasm than that Notion of *Divine Love*, such as separates from every thing worldly, sensual, or meanly interested? *A Love* which is simple, pure, and unmixt; which has no other Object than merely the Excellency of that Being it self, nor admits of any other Thought of Happiness, than in its single Fruition. Now I dare presume you will take it for good proof of my Friend's being far enough from Irreligion, if it be shewn that he has espous'd this Notion, and thinks of making out this high Point of Divinity, from Arguments familiar even to those who oppose Religion.

According;

According, therefore, to his Hypothesis, he wou'd in the first place, by way of prevention, declare to you, that tho the *Disinterested Love of God* were the most excellent Principle; yet he knew very well, that by the indiscreet Zeal of some devout well-meaning People it had been stretch'd too far, perhaps even to Extravagance and Enthusiasm; as formerly among the *Mysticks* *Mysticks.* of the antient Church, whom these of latter days have follow'd. On the other hand, that there were those who in opposition to this devout Mystick way, and as profess'd Enemies of what they call *Enthusiasm* and *Mystery*, had so far exploded every thing of this kind, as in a manner to have given up Devotion; and in reality had left so little of Zeal, Affection, or Warmth, in that which they call their *Rational Religion*, as to make them much suspected of their Sincerity in any. For tho it be natural enough (he wou'd tell you) for a mere political Writer to ground his great Argument for Religion on the necessity of such a Belief as that of a future Reward and Punishment; yet, if you will take his Opinion, 'tis but an ill Token of Sincerity in Religion, and in the Christian Religion more especially, to reduce it to such a Philosophy as will allow no room to that other Prin-

ciple of Love; but treats all of that kind as Enthusiasm, for so much as aiming at what is call'd Disinterestedness, or teaching the Love of God or Virtue for God or Virtue's sake.

Here then we have two sorts of People (according to my Friend's account) who in these two Extremes expose Religion to the Insults of its Adversarys. For as on one hand it will be difficult to defend the Notion of that high-rai'd Love, espous'd with so much warmth by those devout *Mysticks*; so on the other hand it will be a hard Task, upon the Principles of these cooler Men, to guard Religion from the Imputation of Mercenariness, and a slavish Spirit. For how shall one deny, that to serve God by Compulsion, or for Interest merely, is *Servile* and *Mercenary*? Is it not evident, that the only *true* and *liberal* Service paid either to that Supreme Being, or to any other Superiour, is that which proceeds from *an Esteem or Love of the Person serv'd, a Sense of Duty or Gratitude, and a Love of the dutiful and grateful part, as good and amiable in it self?* And where is the Injury to Religion, from such a Concession as this? Or what Detraction is it from the Belief of an After-Reward or Punishment, to own that the Service caus'd by it, is not  
equal

Religion,  
*Liberal,*  
*Illiberal.*

equal to that which is *voluntary* and *with Inclination*, but is rather disingenuous and of the slavish kind? Is it not still for the Good of Mankind and of the World, that Obedience to the Rule of Right shou'd some way or other be paid; if not in the best way, yet at least in this imperfect one? And is it not to be shewn, that altho this Service of Fear be allow'd ever so low or base; yet Religion still being a Discipline, and Progress of the Soul towards Perfection, the Motive of Reward and Punishment is *Rewards and Punishments.* primary and of the highest moment with us; till such time as being capable of more sublime Instruction, we are led from this *servile* State, to the generous Service of *Affection* and *Love*?

To this it is that our Friend tells us we ought all to aspire, so as to endeavour that the Excellence of the Object, not the Reward or Punishment, shou'd be our Motive: But that where thro the Corruption of our Nature, the former of these Motives is found insufficient to excite to Virtue, there *Supplemental Motives.* the latter shou'd be brought in aid, and by no means be undervalu'd or neglected.

Now this being once establish'd, how can Religion be any longer subject to the Imputation of Mercenariness? But thus we know Religion is often charg'd. *Godliness,*  
say

say they, *is great Gain*: nor is God serv'd for nought.—Is this therefore a Reproach? Is it confess'd there may be a better Service, a more generous Love?—Enough, there needs no more. On this Foundation our Friend thinks it easy to defend Religion, and even that devoutest Part, which is esteem'd so great a Paradox of Faith. For if there be in Nature such a Service as that of Affection and Love, it remains then only to consider of *the Object*, whether there be really that *Supreme One* we suppose. For if there be *Divine Excellence* in Things; if there be in Nature a *Supreme Mind* or DEITY; we have then an Object consummate, and comprehensive of all that is *Good* or *Fair*. And this Object, of all other, must of necessity be the most amiable, the most ingaging, and of highest Satisfaction and Enjoyment. Now that there is such a principal Object as this in the World, the World alone (if I may say so) by its wise and perfect Order must evince. This Order, if indeed perfect, excludes all *real* ILL. And that it really does so, is what our Author so earnestly maintains, by solving the best he can those untoward *Phenomena* and ill Signs, taken from the Course of Providence, in the seemingly unequal Lot of Virtue in this World.

'Tis

Object of  
Love.



'Tis true; tho the Appearances hold ever so strongly against Virtue, and in favour of Vice, the Objection which arises hence against a Deity may be easily remov'd, and all set right again on the supposal of a *Future State*. This to a Christian, or one already convinc'd of so great a Point, is sufficient to clear every dark Cloud of Providence. For he needs not be over and above solicitous about the Fate of Virtue in this World, who is secure of *Hereafter*. But the case is otherwise as to the Men we have here to deal with. They are at a loss for Providence, and seek to find it in the World. The appearing Disorders of worldly Affairs, and the blackest Representations of Society and Human Nature will hardly help 'em to this View. 'Twill be difficult for 'em to read Providence in such Characters. From so uncomely a Face of things below, they will presume to think unfavourably of all above. By *the Effects* they see, they will be apt to judg *the Cause*, and by the Fate of Virtue determine of a Providence. But being once convinc'd of Order and a Providence as to things *present*, they may soon be satisfy'd even of a *Future State*. For if Virtue be to it self no small Reward, and Vice in a great measure its own Punishment; we have a solid ground

*Future  
State.*

*Previous  
Proof.*

*A Provi-  
dence.  
Order.*

Order.

ground to go upon. The plain Foundations of a distributive Justice, and due Order in this World, lead us to conceive a further Building. We apprehend a larger Scheme, and easily resolve our selves why Things were not completed in this State; but their Accomplishment reserv'd rather to some further period. For had the Good and Virtuous of Mankind been wholly prosperous in this World; had Goodness never met with Opposition, nor Merit ever lain under a Cloud; where had been the Trial, Victory, or Crown of Virtue? Where had the Virtues had their Theater, or whence their Names? Where had been *Temperance* or *Self-denial*? Where *Patience*, *Meekness*, *Magnanimity*? Whence have these their being? What *Merit*, but from Hardship? What *Virtue* without a Conflict, and the Encounter of such Enemys as arise both within, and from abroad?

But as many as are the Difficultys which Virtue has to encounter in this World, her Force is yet superiour. Expos'd as she is here, she is not however abandon'd or left miserable. She has enough to raise her above Pity, tho not above our Wishes: and as happy as we see her here, we have room for further Hopes in her behalf. Her present Portion is sufficient to shew Providence already

already engag'd on her side. And since *Order.* there is such Provision for her here, such Happiness and such Advantages even in this Life; how probable must it appear, that this Providential Care is extended yet further to a succeeding Life, and perfected hereafter?

This is what, in our Friend's opinion, may be said in behalf of a Future State, to those who question Revelation. 'Tis this must render Revelation probable, and secure that first step to it, the Belief of a Deity and Providence. A Providence must be prov'd from what we see of *Order* in things present. We must contend for *Order*; and in this part chiefly, where Virtue is concern'd. All must not be refer'd to a *Hereafter*. For a disorder'd State, in which all present Care of Things is given up, Vice uncontroul'd and Virtue neglected, represents a very *Chaos*, and reduces us to the belov'd Atoms, Chance and Confusion of the Atheists. *Recapitulation.*

What therefore can be worse done in the Cause of a *Deity*, than to magnify Disorder, and exaggerate (as some zealous People do) the Misfortunes of Virtue, so far as to render it an unhappy Choice with respect to this World? They err widely who think to turn Men to the Thoughts of

*Future  
State.*

a better World, by making 'em think so ill of this. For to declaim in this manner against Virtue to those of a looser Faith, will make 'em the less believe a Deity, but not the more a Future State. Nor can it be thought sincerely that any Man, by having the most elevated Opinion of Virtue, and of the Happiness it creates, was ever the less inclin'd to the Belief of a Future State. On the contrary, it will ever be found, that as those who are Favourers of Vice are always the least willing to hear of a future Existence; so those who are in love with Virtue, are the readiest to embrace that Opinion which renders it so illustrious, and makes its Cause triumphant.

*Favourers  
of the Opi-  
nion.*

*Antients.*

Thus it was, that among the Antients the great Motive which inclin'd so many of the wisest to the Belief of this Doctrine un-reveal'd to 'em, was purely the Love of Virtue in the Persons of those Great Men, the Founders and Preservers of Societys, the Legislators, Patriots, Deliverers, Heroes, whose Virtues they were desirous shou'd live and be immortaliz'd. Nor is there at this day any thing capable of making this Belief more engaging among the

*Friendship.*

Good and Virtuous than the Love of Friendship, which creates in 'em a desire not to be

be wholly separated by Death, but that they may enjoy the same bless'd Society hereafter. How is it possible then that an Author shou'd, for exalting Virtue merely, be deem'd an Enemy to a Future State? How can our Friend be judg'd false to Religion, for defending a Principle on which the very Notion of God and Goodness depends? For this he says only, and this is the Sum of all: " That by building a Future State on the Ruins of Virtue, Religion in general and the Cause of a Deity is betray'd; and by making Rewards and Punishments the principal Motives to Duty, the Christian Religion in particular is overthrown, and its greatest Principle, that of *Love*, rejected and expos'd.

*Conclusion.*

Upon the whole then, we may justly as well as charitably conclude, that it is truly our Author's Design, in applying himself with so much Fairness to the Men of looser Principles, to lead 'em into such an Apprehension of the Constitution of Mankind and of human Affairs, as might form in 'em a Notion of Order in Things, and draw hence an Acknowledgment of that Wisdom, Goodness, and Beauty, which is Supreme; that being thus far become Profelytes; they might be prepar'd for that

Divine

Divine Love which our Religion wou'd teach 'em, when once they shou'd embrace its Precepts, and form themselves to its Divine Character.

THUS, continu'd he, I have made my Friend's Apology; which may have shewn him to you perhaps a good *Moralist*; and, I hope, no Enemy to Religion. But if you find still that *the Divine* has not appear'd so much in his Character as I promis'd, I can never think of satisfying you in any ordinary way of Conversation. Shou'd I offer to go further, I might be engag'd deeply in Spiritual Affairs, and be forc'd to make some new Model of a Sermon upon his System of Divinity. However, I am in hopes, now that you see the thing in earnest is come to *Preaching*, you will acquit me for what I have already perform'd.

#### S E C T. IV.

JUST as he had made an end of speaking, came in some Visitants, who took us up the remaining part of the Afternoon in other Discourses; but these being over, and all our Strangers gone, except the old Gentleman and his Friend who had din'd with  
with

with us, we began again with THEOCLES, by laying claim to his Sermon, and intreating him, for once, to let us hear him in his Theological way.

This he complain'd was persecuting him : as you have seen Company, said he, often persecute a reputed Singer, not out of any Fancy for the Musick, but to satisfy a malicious sort of Curiosity, which ends commonly in Censure and Dislike. However it might be, we told him we were resolv'd to persist. In revenge then, said he, I will comply on this condition ; That since I am to act the part of *the Divine*, it shall be at PHILOCLES's cost ; who shall bear the part of *the Infidel*, and stand for the Person preach'd to.

Truly, said the old Gentleman, he can act the Part so naturally, that without any one's putting him in mind, he wou'd have been likely enough to lose us your Discourse, by interrupting you with his Cavils. Therefore since we have had Entertainment enough by way of Dialogue, I desire the Law of Sermon may be strictly observ'd ; and that there be no answering to whatever is said.

I consented to all the Terms, and told THEOCLES I wou'd stand his Mark willingly : and besides, if I really were what

H

he

he was to suppose me, I shou'd count it no Unhappiness; since I was sure of being so well convinc'd by him.

THEOCLES then propos'd we shou'd walk out; the Evening being fine, and the free Air futing better (as he thought) with such Discourses, than a Chamber.

Accordingly we took our Walk in the Fields, from whence the laborious Hinds were now retiring. We fell naturally into the Praises of a Country Life; and discours'd a while of Husbandry, and the Nature of the Soil. Our Friends began to admire some of the Plants which grew here to great Perfection. And it being my fortune to say something they mightily approv'd, upon this Subject, THEOCLES immediately turning about to me; " O my  
 " ingenious Friend, said he, whose Reason,  
 " in other respects, must be allow'd so clear  
 " and happy; how is it possible that with  
 " such Insight, and accurate Judgment in  
 " the Particulars of Natural Beings and  
 " Operations, you shou'd no better judg of  
 " the Structure of Things in general, and  
 " of the Order and Frame of NATURE!  
 " Who better than your self can shew the  
 " Structure of each Plant and Animal Body,  
 " declare the Office of every Part and Or-  
 " gan, and tell the Uses, Ends, and Advan-  
 " tages

Organiza-  
 tion.





“ rence; and where inferiour and private  
 “ Natures are found so perfect, *the Univer-*  
 “ *sal One* shou’d want Perfection, and be  
 “ esteem’d like whatsoever can be thought  
 “ of, most monstrous, rude, and imper-  
 “ fect!

“ Strange! That there shou’d be in Na-  
 “ ture the Idea of an Order and Perfection,  
 “ which Nature her self wants! That Be-  
 “ ings which arise from Nature shou’d be  
 “ so perfect, as to discover Imperfection  
 “ in her Constitution; and be wise enough  
 “ to correct that Wisdom by which they  
 “ were made!

“ Nothing surely is more strongly im-  
 “ printed on our Minds, or more closely  
 “ interwoven with our Souls, than the  
*Proportion.* “ Idea or Sense of *Order* and *Proportion.*  
 “ Hence all the Force of Numbers, and of  
 “ those powerful Arts founded on their  
 “ Management and Use. What a diffe-  
 “ rence there is between Harmony and  
 “ Discord! between compos’d and orderly  
 “ Motion, and that which is ungovern’d  
 “ and accidental! between the regular and  
 “ uniform Pile of some noble Architect,  
 “ and a Heap of Sand or Stones! and  
 “ between an organiz’d Body, and a Mist  
 “ or Cloud driven by the Wind!

“ Now

“ Now as this Difference is immediately  
 “ perceiv'd by a plain Internal Sensation,  
 “ so there is withal in Reason this account  
 “ of it; That whatever Things have Order,  
 “ the same have Unity of Design, and *Union.*  
 “ concur in one, are Parts of one WHOLE,  
 “ and are intire Systems. Such is a *Tree,*  
 “ with all its Branches; an *Animal,* with  
 “ all its Members; an *Edifice,* with all  
 “ its exterior and interior Ornaments.  
 “ What else is even a *Tune* or *Symphony,*  
 “ or any excellent Piece of Musick, but a  
 “ certain *System* of proportion'd Sounds?  
 “ Now in this which we call the *UNI-System.*  
 “ VERSE, whatever the Perfection may be  
 “ of any particular Systems; or whatever  
 “ single Parts may have Proportion, Uni-  
 “ ty, or Form within themselves; yet if  
 “ they are not united all in general *in one*  
 “ *System,* but are, in respect of one ano-  
 “ ther, as the Appearance of the Sand, or  
 “ Cloud, or Waves, or Winds; then there  
 “ being no Coherence in the Whole, there  
 “ can be infer'd no Order nor Proportion,  
 “ and consequently no Design. But if none  
 “ of these Parts be independent, but all  
 “ apparently united, then is the WHOLE  
 “ a *System* compleat, according to one Sim-  
 “ ple, Consistent, and Uniform *Design.*

“ Here then is our main Subject, insisted  
 “ on: That neither Man, nor any other  
 “ Animal, tho ever so compleat a System  
 “ of Parts as to all within, can be allow’d  
 “ in the same manner compleat as to all  
 “ without; but must be consider’d as having  
 “ a further relation abroad to the System  
 “ of his Kind. So even this System of his  
 “ Kind to the Animal-System; this to the  
 “ World (our Earth;) and this to the  
 “ bigger World, and to the Universe.

*Animal-System.*

*System of the World.*

“ All things in this World are united.  
 “ For as the Branch is with the Tree, so is  
 “ the Tree with the Earth, Air, and Wa-  
 “ ter, which feed it. As much as the fer-  
 “ tile Mould is fitted to the Tree, as much  
 “ as the strong and upright Trunk of the  
 “ Oak or Elm is fitted to the twining Bran-  
 “ ches of the Vine or Ivy; so much are the  
 “ Leaves, the Seeds, and Fruits of these  
 “ Trees fitted to the various Animals;  
 “ These again to one another, and to the  
 “ Elements in which they live, and to  
 “ which they are in a manner join’d, as  
 “ either by Wings for the Air, Fins for the  
 “ Waters, Feet for the Earth, and other  
 “ inward Parts of a more curious nature.  
 “ Thus in contemplating all on Earth, we  
 “ must of necessity view *All in One*, as hold-  
 “ ing to one common Stock. Thus too in  
 “ the

“ the System of the bigger World. See  
 “ there the mutual Dependency of Things ;  
 “ the Relation of one to another ; of the  
 “ Sun to the Earth, and of the Earth and  
 “ Planets to the Sun ; the Order, Union,  
 “ and Coherence of *the Whole!* And know,  
 “ my Friend, that by this you will be ob-  
 “ lig’d to own the UNIVERSAL SYSTEM, *Universal*  
 “ and coherent Scheme of Things, to be *System.*  
 “ establish’d on abundant Proof, capable of  
 “ convincing any fair and just Surveyor of  
 “ the Works of Nature. For who, till he  
 “ had well survey’d this universal Scene,  
 “ cou’d have believ’d a *Union* thus demon-  
 “ strable, by such numerous and powerful  
 “ Instances of mutual Correspondency and  
 “ Relation, from the minutest Ranks and  
 “ Orders of Beings to the remotest Spheres?  
 “ Now, in this mighty UNION, if *Appea-*  
 “ there be such Relations of Parts one to *rance of Ill*  
 “ another as are not easily discover’d ; if *necessary.*  
 “ on this account the End and Use of  
 “ Things does not every where appear,  
 “ there is no wonder ; since ’tis no more  
 “ indeed than what must happen of neces-  
 “ sity : Nor cou’d Supreme Wisdom have  
 “ otherwise order’d it. For in an Infinity  
 “ of Things thus relative, a Mind which  
 “ sees not *infinitely*, can see nothing *fully* :  
 “ And since each Particular has relation to  
 “ all

“ all in general, it can know no perfect or  
 “ true Relation of any Thing, in a World  
 “ not perfectly and fully known.

*Solution.*

“ The same may be consider'd in any dis-  
 “ fected Animal, Plant, or Flower; where  
 “ he who is no Anatomist, nor vers'd in  
 “ Natural History, sees that the many  
 “ Parts have a relation to the Whole; for  
 “ thus much even a slight View affords;  
 “ But he who like you, my Friend, is cu-  
 “ rious in the Works of Nature, and has  
 “ been let into a Knowledg of the Animal  
 “ and Vegetable Worlds, he alone can rea-  
 “ dily declare the just Relation of all these  
 “ Parts one to another, and the several  
 “ Uses to which they serve.

*Example.*

“ But if you wou'd willingly enter fur-  
 “ ther into this Thought, and consider  
 “ how much we ought not only to be sa-  
 “ tisfy'd with this our View of Things,  
 “ but even to admire its Clearness; ima-  
 “ gine only some Person intirely a Stranger  
 “ to Navigation, and ignorant of the Na-  
 “ ture of the Sea or Waters, how great  
 “ his Astonishment wou'd be, when finding  
 “ himself on board some Vessel, anchoring  
 “ at Sea, whilst it was yet a Calm, he  
 “ view'd the ponderous Machine firm and  
 “ motionless in the midst of the smooth  
 “ Ocean, and consider'd of its Foundations  
 “ beneath,

“ beneath, together with its Cordage,  
 “ Masts, and Sails above. How easily  
 “ wou’d he see the Whole one regular  
 “ Structure, all things depending on one  
 “ another ; the Uses of the Rooms below,  
 “ the Lodgments, and Conveniences of Men  
 “ and Stores? But being ignorant of the  
 “ Intent or Design of all above, wou’d he  
 “ pronounce the Masts and Cordage to be  
 “ usefess and cumberfom, and for this rea-  
 “ son condemn the Frame, and despise the  
 “ Architect? O my Friend! let us not  
 “ thus betray our Ignorance; but consider  
 “ where we are, and in what a Universe.  
 “ Think of *the Masts and Cordage* in which  
 “ we are uninstructed, and of which it is  
 “ impossible we shou’d know the Ends and  
 “ Uses; when instead of seeing to the  
 “ highest *Pendants*, we see only some *lower*  
 “ *Deck*, and are in this dark Cafe of *Flesh*,  
 “ confin’d even to *the Hold*, and meanest  
 “ Station of the Vessel.

“ Now having acknowledg’d this con-  
 “ sistent Fabrick, and *Universal System*, we  
 “ must of consequence acknowledg a *Uni-Universal*  
 “ *versal MIND*; which no ingenious Man *Mind.*  
 “ can be tempted to disown, except thro  
 “ the Imagination of Disorder in the Uni-  
 “ verse, its Seat. For can it be suppos’d  
 “ of any one in the World, that being in  
 “ some

“ some Defart far from Men, and hearing  
 “ there a perfect Symphony of Musick, or  
 “ seeing an exact Pile of regular Architecture  
 “ arising gradually from the Earth in all its  
 “ Orders and Proportions, he shou’d be  
 “ persuaded that at the bottom there was  
 “ no *Design* accompanying this, no secret  
 “ Spring of *Thought*, no active *Mind* ?  
 “ Wou’d he, because he saw no Hand, de-  
 “ ny the Handy-Work, and suppose that  
 “ each of these compleat and perfect Sys-  
 “ tems were fram’d, and thus united in  
 “ just Symmetry, and conspiring Order,  
 “ either by the accidental blowing of the  
 “ Winds, or rolling of the Sands ?

*Distur-*  
*bance,*  
*whence.*

“ What is it then shou’d so disturb our  
 “ Views of Nature, as to destroy that  
 “ Unity of Design and Order of a *Mind*,  
 “ which otherwise wou’d be so apparent ?  
 “ All that we see of the Heavens or Earth,  
 “ demonstrates Order and Perfection ; so  
 “ as to afford the noblest Subjects of Con-  
 “ templation to Minds, like yours, en-  
 “ rich’d with Sciences and Learning. All  
 “ is delightful, amiable, rejoicing, except  
 “ with relation to *Man* only, and his Cir-  
 “ cumstances, which seem unequal. Here  
 “ the Calamity and Ill arises ; and hence  
 “ the Ruin of this goodly Frame. All pe-  
 “ rishes on this account ; and the whole  
 “ Order

*Human*  
*Affairs.*



“ Order of the Universe, elsewhere so firm,  
 “ intire, and immovable, is here o’er-  
 “ thrown, and lost by this one View; in  
 “ which we refer all things to our selves: *Selfishness.*  
 “ submitting the Interest of *the Whole* to  
 “ the Good and Interest of so small *a Part.*

“ But how is it you complain of the un-  
 “ equal State of Man, and of the few Ad-  
 “ vantages allow’d him above the Beasts?  
 “ What can a Creature claim so little dif-  
 “ fering from ’em, or that merits so little  
 “ above ’em, except by Wisdom and Vir-  
 “ tue, to which so few conform? Man  
 “ may be virtuous; and by being so, is  
 “ happy. His Merit is Reward. By Vir-  
 “ tue he deserves; and in Virtue only can  
 “ meet his Happiness deserv’d. But if  
 “ even Virtue it self be unprovided for, *Virtue and*  
 “ and Vice more prosperous be the better *Vice.*  
 “ Choice; if this (as you suppose) be in  
 “ the Nature of Things, then is all Order  
 “ in reality inverted, and Supreme Wis-  
 “ dom lost: Imperfection and Irregularity  
 “ being, after this manner, undoubtedly  
 “ too apparent in the Moral World.

“ Have you then, e’er you pronounc’d  
 “ this Sentence, consider’d of the State of *Their*  
 “ Virtue and Vice with respect to this Life *Power,*  
 “ merely; so as to say when and how far, *Effect.*  
 “ in what particulars, and how circumstan-  
 “ tiated,

A Mind.

Improvement.

Temper.

“ tiated, the one or the other is *Good* or  
 “ *Ill*? You who are skill’d in other Fa-  
 “ bricks and Compositions, both of Art  
 “ and Nature, have you consider’d of the  
 “ Fabrick of *the Mind*, the Constitution of  
 “ the Soul, the Connexion and Frame of all  
 “ its Passions and Affections; to know ac-  
 “ cordingly the Order and Symmetry of the  
 “ Part, and how it either improves or suf-  
 “ fers; what its Force is, when naturally  
 “ preserv’d in its found State; and how  
 “ it is with it, when corrupted and abus’d?  
 “ Till this be known, my Friend, how  
 “ shall we judg either of the Force of Vir-  
 “ tue, or Power of Vice? Or in what mar-  
 “ ner either of these may work to our  
 “ Happiness or Undoing?

“ Here therefore is that INQUIRY we  
 “ shou’d first make. But who is there that  
 “ makes it as he ought? If happily we  
 “ are born of a good Nature; if a liberal  
 “ Education has form’d in us a generous  
 “ Temper and Disposition, well-regulated  
 “ Appetites, and worthy Inclinations, ’tis  
 “ well for us; and so indeed we esteem it.  
 “ But who is there that endeavours to give  
 “ these to himself, or to advance his Por-  
 “ tion of Happiness in this kind? Who  
 “ thinks of improving, or so much as of  
 “ preserving his Share, in a World where  
 “ it

“ it must of necessity run so great a risk,  
 “ and where we know an honest Nature is  
 “ so easily corrupted? All other things  
 “ relating to us are preserv'd with Care,  
 “ and have some Art or Oeconomy be-  
 “ longing to 'em; this which is nearest re-  
 “ lated to us, and on which our Happi-  
 “ ness depends, is alone committed to  
 “ Chance: And *Temper* is the only thing  
 “ ungovern'd, whilst it governs all the rest.

“ Thus we inquire concerning what is *Appetites.*  
 “ good and futable to our Appetites; but  
 “ what Appetites are good and futable to  
 “ us, is no part of our Examination. We  
 “ inquire what is according to *Interest, Po-*  
 “ *licy, Fashion, Vogue*; but it seems strange,  
 “ and out of the way, to inquire what is  
 “ according to NATURE. The Ballance of  
 “ EUROPE, of Trade, of Power, is strict-  
 “ ly sought after; while few have heard  
 “ of *the Ballance of their Passions*, or thought *Ballance.*  
 “ of holding these Scales even. Few are  
 “ acquainted with this Province, or know-  
 “ ing in these Affairs. But were we more  
 “ so (as this *Inquiry* wou'd make us) we  
 “ shou'd then see Beauty and Decorum  
 “ here, as well as elsewhere in Nature;  
 “ and the Order of the Moral World wou'd  
 “ equal that of the Natural. By this the  
 “ Beauty of Virtue wou'd appear; and  
 “ hence

Virtue.  
Deity.

“ hence (as has been shewn) the Supreme  
“ and Sovereign Beauty, the Original of all  
“ that is Good or Amiable.

“ But lest my Friend, in whose Person  
“ I have spoke all this, appear at last too  
“ like an Enthusiast, I chuse to express his  
“ Sense, and conclude this Philosophical  
“ Sermon in the Words of one of those  
“ antient Philologists, whom you are us’d  
“ to esteem. *For Divinity it self, says he,*  
“ *is surely beauteous, and of all Beautys the*  
“ *brightest; tho not a beauteous Body, but that*  
“ *from whence the Beauty of Bodys is deriv’d:*  
“ *Not a beauteous Plain or Field, but that*  
“ *from whence the Field and Plain look beauti-*  
“ *ful. The River’s Beauty, the Sea’s, the*  
“ *Heaven’s, and Heavenly Constellation’s, all*  
“ *flow from hence as from a Source Eternal*  
“ *and Incorruptible. As far as Beings par-*  
“ *take of this, they are fair, and flourishing,*  
“ *and happy; and as far as they are lost to*  
“ *this, they are deform’d, perish’d, and lost.*

WHEN THEOCLES had thus spoken, he was formally complimented by our two Companions. I was going to add something in the same way: but he presently stop’d me, by saying, he shou’d be scandaliz’d, if instead of commending him, I did not, according to my Character, chuse rather

ther to criticize some part or other of his long Discourse.

If it must be so then, said I; in the first place, give me leave to wonder that, instead of the many Arguments commonly brought for proof of a Deity, you make use only of one single one to build on. I expected to have heard at large from you of a *First Cause*, a *First Being*, and a *Beginning of Motion*: How clear a thing an *Immaterial Substance* was; and how plainly it appear'd, that at some time or other *Mat- Matter. ter must have been created*. But as to all this, you are silent.

As for what is said, of “ a material un- *Thought.*  
 “ thinking Substance being never able to  
 “ have produc'd an immaterial thinking  
 “ one; I readily grant it: but on the condition, that this great Maxim of *Nothing being ever made from Nothing*, may hold as well on my side as on my Adversarys: and then I doubt not but that to the World's end they will be at a loss how to find a Beginning for Matter; or how to suppose a Possibility of annihilating it. They may as long as they please represent to us, in the most eloquent manner, “ That Matter *Matter.*  
 “ consider'd in a thousand different Shapes,  
 “ join'd and disjoin'd, vary'd and modify'd to Eternity, can never, of it self,  
 “ afford

“ afford one single Thought, never occasion  
 “ or give rise to any thing like Sense or  
 “ Knowledg. The Argument will hold  
 good against a DEMOCRITUS, an EPI-  
 CURUS, or any of the elder or latter *At-*  
*omists*. But it will be turn'd on them by an  
 examining *Academist*: and when the two  
 Substances are fairly set asunder, and con-  
 sider'd thus apart, as different kinds; 'twill  
 be full as strong Sense, and as good Argu-  
 ment, to say also of the *immaterial Kind* ;  
*Thought.* “ That do with it as you please, modify it  
 “ a thousand ways, purify it, exalt it,  
 “ sublime it, torture it ever so much, or  
 “ rack it, as they say, with thinking; you  
 “ will never be able to produce or force  
 “ the contrary Substance out of it. The  
 poor Dregs of sorry Matter can no more  
 be made out of the simple pure Substance of  
 immaterial Thought, than the high Spirits  
 of Thought or Reason can be extracted  
 from the gross Substance of heavy Matter.  
 So let the *Dogmatists* make of this Argument  
 what they can.

But for your part, continu'd I; as you  
 have stated the Question, 'tis not about  
 what was *First*, or what *Once was*; but what  
*Now is*. For if Deity be now really ex-  
 tant; if by any good Token it appears  
 that there is at this present a Universal  
 Mind;

Mind; 'twill easily be yielded there ever was one. This is your Argument. You go (if I may say so) upon *Fact*, and wou'd prove that things *actually are* in such a state and condition, which if they really *were*, there would indeed be no dispute left. Your UNION is your main Strength. Yet how is it you prove this? What Demonstration have you given? What have you so much as offer'd at, beyond bare Probability? So far are you from demonstrating any thing, that if this uniting Scheme be the chief Argument for Deity (as you tacitely allow) you seem rather to have demonstrated that the Case it self is incapable of Demonstration. For how, say you, can a narrow Mind see *All Things*? And yet if It see not *All*, It had as good see *Nothing*. The demonstrable part is still as far off. For grant that this *All*, which lies within our view or knowledg, is orderly and united, as you suppose: This mighty *All* is but a Point still, a mere Nothing, compar'd to what remains. 'Tis but a separate *By-World* (we'l say) of which there are in the wide Waste Millions besides, as horrid and deform'd, as this of ours is regular and proportion'd. In length of Time, amidst the infinite Hurry and Shock of Beings, this single odd World, by chance,

I

might

*Atheistical  
Hypothesis.*

might have been struck out, and cast into some Form (as among infinite Chances what is there that may not happen?) But for the rest of Matter, 'tis of a different hue. Old *Father Chaos* (as the Poets call him) in these wild Spaces, reigns absolute, and upholds his Realms of Darkness. He presses hard upon our Frontier: and one day, belike, shall by a furious Inroad recover his lost Right, conquer his Rebel-State, and re-unite us to primitive Discord and Confusion.

This, THEOCLES, <sup>continud</sup> said I, is all I dare offer in opposition to your Philosophy. I imagin'd, indeed, you might have given me more Scope: But you have retrench'd your self in narrower Bounds. So that to tell you truth, I look upon your Theology to be hardly so fair or open as that of our Divines in general. They are strict, it's true, as to Names; but allow a greater Latitude in Things. Hardly indeed can they bear a home Charge, a downright questioning of Deity: But in return, they give always fair play against *Nature*, and allow her to be challeng'd for her Failings. She may freely err, and we as freely censure. Deity, they think, is not accountable for her: Only she for her self. But you are straiter in this Point, and more precise.

*Nature arraign'd.*



precise. You have unnecessarily brought Nature into the Controversy, and taken upon you to defend her Honour so highly, that I know not whether it may be safe for me to question her.

Let not this trouble you, reply'd THEOPHILES: but be free to censure Nature; whatever may be the Consequence. 'Tis only my Hypothesis can suffer. If I defend it ill, my Friends need not be scandaliz'd. They are fortify'd, no doubt, with stronger Arguments for a Deity, and can well employ those *Metaphysical* Weapons, of whose Edge you seem so little apprehensive: I leave them to dispute this Ground with you, whenever they think fit. For my own Arguments, if they can be suppos'd to make any part of this Defence, they may be look'd upon only as distant Lines, or Outworks, which may be taken without any danger to the Body of the Place.

Notwithstanding then, said I, that you are willing I shou'd attack Nature in Form; I chuse to spare her in all other Subjects, but *Man* only. How comes it, I intreat you, that in this noblest of Creatures, and worthiest her Care, she shou'd appear so very weak and impotent; whilst in mere Brutes she acts with so much Strength, and exerts such hardy Vigour? Why is she

*Nature in Man.*  
*In Brutes.*

*Nature in  
Brutes.*

spent so soon in feeble Man, who is found more subject to Diseases, and of fewer years than many of the wild Creatures? They range secure; and proof against all the Injurys of Seasons and Weather, want no help from Art, but live in careless Ease, discharg'd of Labour, and freed from the cumbersome Baggage of a necessitous human Life. In Infancy more helpful, vigorous in Age, with Senses quicker, and more natural Sagacity, they pursue their Interests, Joys, Recreations, and cheaply purchase both their Food and Maintenance; cloth'd and arm'd by Nature her self, who provides them both a Couch and Mansion. So has Nature order'd for the rest of Creatures. Such is their Hardiness, Robustness, Vigour. Why not the same for Man?——

And do you stop thus short, said he, in your Expostulation? Methinks 'twere as easy to go on, now you are in the way; and instead of laying claim to some few Advantages of other Creatures, you might as well stand for all, and complain that Man, for his part, shou'd be any thing less than a Consummation of all Advantages and Privileges which Nature can afford. Ask not merely why Man is naked, why unhoof'd, why slower-footed than the Beasts? Ask why he has not Wings too for the Air,  
Fins

Fins for the Water, and so on; that he might take possession of each Element, and reign in all? *Nature in Man.*

Not so, said I, neither. This wou'd be to rate him high indeed; as if he were by Nature Lord of all: which is more than I allow.

'Tis enough, said he, that this is yielded. For if we allow once a Subordination in his Case; if Nature her self be not for Man, but Man for Nature; then must Man, by his good leave, submit to the Elements of Nature, and not the Elements to him. Few Elements are fitted to him, or he to them. If he be left in Air, he falls; for Wings were not assign'd him. In Water he soon sinks; in Fire he consumes; within Earth he suffocates. —

As for the other Elements, said I, my concern is not very great: but for the Air, methinks it had been wonderfully obliging in Nature to have allow'd him Wings.

And what wou'd he have got by it, reply'd THEOCLES? For consider what an Alteration of Form must have ensu'd. Observe in one of those wing'd Creatures, whether the whole Structure be not made subservient to this purpose, and all other Advantages sacrific'd to this single Operation. The Anatomy of the Creature shews *Volatiles.* *Anatomy.*

Anatomy.

it to be, as it were, *all Wing*: its chief Bulk being compos'd of two exorbitant Muscles, which exhaust the Strength of all the other, and engross (if I may say so) the whole Oeconomy of the Frame. 'Tis thus the aerial Racers are able to perform so rapid and strong a Motion, beyond comparison with any other kind, and far exceeding their little share of Strength elsewhere: these Parts of theirs being made in such superiour proportion, as in a manner to *starve* their Companions. And in Man's Architecture, of so different an Order, were the flying Engines to be affix'd; must not the other Members suffer, and the multiply'd Parts starve one another?

The Brain.

What think you of the Brain in this Partition? Is it not like to prove a *Starveling*? Or wou'd you have it be maintain'd at the same high rate, and draw the chief Nourishment to it self from all the rest?—

I understand you, said I, THEOCLES, (interrupting him :) The Brain certainly is a great *Starver*, where it abounds; and the thinking People of the World, the Philosophers and Virtuoso's, must be contented (I find) with a moderate Share of bodily Advantages, for the sake of what they call *Parts* and *Capacity* in another Sense. The Parts, it seems, of one kind agree ill in their

Parts.



subjoin'd, even in our own Species, see what befalls! So that for a Person so much in love with an Athletick MILONEAN Constitution, it were better, methinks, and more modest in him, to change the Expostulation, and ask, *Why was I not made in good earnest a very Brute?* For that wou'd be more sutable.

I am apt indeed, said I, to think that the Excellence of Man lies somewhat differently from that of a Brute: and that if we were more truly *Men*, we shou'd aspire to Manly Qualitys, and leave the Brute his own. But Nature, I see, has done well to mortify us in this particular, by furnishing us with such mean Stuff, and in such a Frame, as is indeed wonderfully commodious to support that Man-Excellence of *Thought* and *Reason*; but wretchedly poor and scanty for other Purposes. As if it were her very Design to hinder us from aspiring ridiculously to what misbecame us.

Distribu-  
tion.

Such then, said he, is the admirable Distribution of Nature; her adapting and adjusting not only the Stuff or Matter to the Shape and Form, and the Shape and Form to the Circumstance, Place, Element, Region; but also the Affections, Appetites, Sensations; mutually to each other, as well

as to the Matter, Form, Action, and all besides: All manag'd for the best, with perfect Frugality and just Reserve: profuse to none, but bountiful to all: never employing in one thing more than enough; but with exact Oeconomy retrenching the superfluous, and adding Force to what is principal in every thing. And is not *Principal Part.* Thought and Reason principal in Man? Wou'd he have no *Reserve* for this? no saving for this part of his Engine? Or wou'd he have the same Stuff or Matter, the same Instruments or Organs serve alike for different purposes, and an Ounce be equivalent to a Pound? It cannot be. What Wonders then can he expect from a few Ounces of Blood in such a narrow Vessel, fitted for so small a District of Nature? Will he not rather think Wonders of that Nature, which has thus manag'd his Portion for him to best advantage, with this happy *Reserve* (happy indeed for him, if he knows and uses it!) by which he has so much a better Use of Organs than any other Creature? by which he holds his Reason, *Reason.* is a Man, and not a Beast?

But Beasts, said I, have Instincts, which *Instinct.* Man has not.

True, said he, they have indeed Perceptions, Sensations, and *Pre-sensations* (if I may

*Animals.* may use the Term) which Man, for his part, has not. Their Females, tho young, and e'er they have once bore Young, have a clear Prospect or Pre-sensation of their State to come; know what to provide, and how, in what manner, and at what time. How many things do they preponderate? How many at once comprehend? The Seasons of the Year, the Country, Climate, Place, Aspect, Situation; the Basis of their Building, the Materials, Architecture; the Diet and Treatment of their Offspring; in short, the whole Oeconomy of their Nursery: and all this as perfectly at first, and when unexperienc'd, as the last time of their Lives. And *why not this*, say you, in Human Kind? Nay, but on the contrary, I ask *Why this*? Where was the Use? Where the Necessity? Why this Sagacity for *Men*? Have they not what is better, in another kind? Have they not Reason and Discourse? Does not this teach them? What need then of the other? Where wou'd be the prudent Management at this rate? Where the *Reserve*? The Young of most other kinds are instantly helpful to themselves, sensible, vigorous, know to shun Danger, and seek their Good: a human Infant is of all the most helpless, weak, infirm. And wherefore shou'd

*Human Kind.*



shou'd it not have been thus order'd ? Where is the loss by it, in the midst of such Supplys ? Does not this refer Man the more strongly to Society, and force *Society.* him to own that he is purposely, and not by Accident, made rational and sociable, and can no otherwise increase or subsist, than in that social Intercourse and Community which is his *Natural State* ? Is not both conjugal Affection, and natural Affection to Parents, Duty to Magistrates, Love of a common City, Community, or Country, with the other Dutys and Social Parts of Life, deduc'd from hence, and founded in these very *Wants* ? What can be happier than such a Deficiency, as is the occasion of so much Good ? What better than a Want so abundantly made up, and answer'd by so many Enjoyments ? Now if there are still to be found among Mankind such as even in the midst of these Wants seem not asham'd to affect a Right of Independency, and deny themselves to be by Nature sociable ; where wou'd their Shame have been, had Nature otherwise supply'd these Wants ? What Duty or Obligation had been ever thought of ? What Respect or Reverence of Parents, Magistrates, their Country, or their Kind ? Wou'd not their full and self-sufficient State  
more

more strongly have determin'd them to throw off Nature, and deny the Ends and Author of their Creation ?

WHILST THEOCLES argu'd thus concerning Nature, the old Gentleman express'd great Satisfaction in hearing me, as he thought, refuted, and my Opinions expos'd. For he wou'd needs believe these to be strongly my Opinions, which I had only started as Objections in the Discourse. He endeavour'd to reinforce the Argument by many particulars from the common Topicks of the School-men and Civilians. He added withal, that it was better for me to declare my Sentiments openly : for he was sure I had strongly imbib'd that Principle, that *the State of Nature was a State of War.*

*State of Nature.*

That it was no *State of Government*, or publick Rule, reply'd I, you your self allow. I do so. Was it then a *State of Fellowship*, or *Society* ? No : For when Men enter'd first into Society, they pass'd from the State of Nature into that new one which is founded upon Compact. And was that former State a tolerable one ?

Had it been absolutely intolerable, there had never been any such. For how shou'd we call that a *State*, which cou'd not stand or endure for the least time ? If Man therefore

therefore cou'd endure to live without Society; and if it be true that he actually liv'd so, when in the State of Nature; how can it be said that he is *by Nature sociable*?

*State of Nature...*

From his own *natural Inclination* (reply'd he) 'tis possible Man might not have been mov'd to associate; but from *Circumstances*.

His Nature then, said I, was not so very good, it seems; since he was forc'd into a sociable State, against his Will: and this not from any Necessity in respect of the Things about him (for you have allow'd him a tolerable Subsistence) but from such Inconveniencys as arose chiefly from himself, and those of his own Kind. And indeed 'tis no wonder that Creatures, who were naturally thus unfociable, shou'd be as naturally mischievous and troublesome. If, according to their Nature, they cou'd live out of Society with so little Affection for one another's Company, 'tis not likely that upon occasion they wou'd spare one another's Persons. If they were so sullen as not to meet for Love, 'tis more than probable they wou'd fight for Interest. And thus from your own Reasoning it appears, that the State of Nature must in all likelihood have been little different from a *State of War*.

He

*State of  
Nature.*

He was going to answer me with some sharpness, as by his Looks appear'd; when THEOCLES interposing, desir'd of us, that as he had occasion'd this Dispute, he might be allow'd to try if he cou'd end it, by setting the Question in a fairer Light. You see, said he to the old Gentleman, what Artifice PHILOCLS made use of, when he engag'd you to allow; that the State of Nature and that of Society were perfectly distinct. But let us question him now in his turn, and see whether he can demonstrate to us, that there ever was any *Human State* which was not *social*.

What is it then, said the old Gentleman, that we call the *State of Nature*?

Not that imperfect rude Condition of Mankind, said THEOCLES, which some imagine; but which, if it ever were, cou'd never have been of the least continuance, or any way tolerable: and therefore, as you your self allow'd, cannot so properly be call'd a *State*. For what if speaking of an Infant just coming into the World, and in the moment of the Birth, I shou'd call this a *State*; wou'd it be proper?

Hardly so, I confess.

Just such a *State* therefore was that which we suppose of Man, e'er yet he enter'd into Society, and became in truth a *Human Creature*.

*Creature.* 'Twas the *Rough-Draught* of Man, State of Nature.  
 an *Essay* and *first Effort* of Nature, a *Species* in the *Birth*, a Kind as yet *uniform'd* ;  
 not in its natural State, but under *Violence*, and still restless, till it attain'd its  
 natural *Perfection*.

Thus the Case stands even on the suppo-  
 sal that there was *ever* such a *Condition* or  
 State of Men, when as yet they were un-  
 associated, unacquainted, and consequently  
 without any *Language* or *Form* of Art.  
 But that it was their *natural* State, to live  
 thus separately, can never without *Absur-*  
*dity* be allow'd. For sooner may you *divest*  
 the *Creature* of any other *Feeling* or  
*Affection*, than that towards *Society* and  
 his *Likeness*. But allowing you the *Power*  
 of *divesting* him at pleasure ; allowing you  
 to reduce even whole *Parts* and *Members*  
 of his present *Frame* ; wou'd you *trans-*  
*form* him thus, and call him still a *Man* ?  
 Yet better might you do this, than you cou'd  
 strip him of his natural *Affections*, *sepa-*  
*rate* him from all his *Kind*, and inclosing  
 him like some solitary *Insect* in a *Shell*, de-  
 clare him still a *Man*. So might you call the  
*Egg*, or *Embryo*, the *Man*. The *Bug* which  
 breeds the *Butterfly* is more properly a *Fly*,  
 tho without *Wings*, than this imaginary  
*Creature* is a *Man*. For tho his outward  
 Shape

*State of  
Nature.*

Shape were human, his Passions, Appetites, and Organs must be wholly different. His whole inward Make must be revers'd, to fit him for such a recluse Oeconomy, and separate Subsistence.

To explain this a little further, let us examine this pretended *State of Nature*; how and on what Foundation it must stand. For either Man must have been from Eternity, or not. If from Eternity, there cou'd be no primitive or original State, and consequently no State of Nature, but such as we see at present before our eyes. If on the other hand, Man was not from Eternity, he arose either *all at once* (and then he was at first as he is now) or *by degrees*, thro several Stages and Conditions, to that in which he is at length settled, and has continu'd for so many Generations.

For instance, let us suppose he sprang, as the old Poets feign'd, from a big-belly'd Oak: and then belike he might resemble more a Man-Drake than a Man. Let us suppose him at first with little more of Life than is discover'd in that Plant which they call *the Sensitive*. But when the Mother-Oak had been some time deliver'd, and the false Birth by some odd Accident or Device was lick'd into Form, the Members were then fully display'd, and the Organs  
of

of Sense began to unfold themselves. Here sprang an Ear: there peep'd an Eye. Perhaps a Tail too came in Company. For what Superfluitys Nature may have been charg'd with, at first, we know not. They dropt off; it seems, in time; and (to a wonder!) have left Things at last in a good posture, just as they shou'd be.

*State of  
Nature...*

This surely is the lowest View of the original Affairs of Human Kind. For if a Providence, and not Chance, gave Man his Being, our Argument for his social Nature must surely be the stronger. But admitting his Rise to be, as we have describ'd, and as a certain sort of Philosophers wou'd needs have it; Nature has then had no Intention at all, no Meaning or Design in this whole Matter. So how any thing can be call'd *natural* in the Case, I know not; nor how any State can be call'd *a State of Nature*, or *according to Nature*, one more than another.

Let us go on however, and on their Hypothesis consider which *State* we may best call *Nature's own*. She has by Accident, thro many Changes and Chances, rais'd a Creature, which springing at first from rude Seeds of Matter, proceeded till it became what it now is, and arriv'd where for so many Generations it has been at a stay.

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In

*State of  
Nature.*

In this long Procession (for I allow it any length whatsoever) I ask where was it that this State of Nature cou'd begin? The Creature must have endur'd many Changes: and each Change, whilst he was thus growing up, was as natural, one as another. So that either there must be a hundred different States of Nature; or if one, it can be only *that* where Nature was *perfect*, and her Growth *complete*. Here where she *rested*, and attain'd her End, here must be her State, or no where.

Con'd she then *rest*, think you, in that desolate State before Society? Cou'd she maintain and propagate the Species, such as it now is, without Fellowship or Community? Shew it us in fact any where, amongst any of our own kind. For as for Creatures which may much resemble us in outward Form, if they differ yet in the least part of their Constitution, if their Inwards are of a different Texture, if their Skin and Pores are otherwise form'd or harden'd; if they have other Excrescences of Body, another Temper, other natural inseparable Habits or Affections, they are not truly *of our kind*. If, on the other hand, their Constitution be as ours; if they have Memory, and Senses, and Affections, and a Use of Organs such as ours; if they have



have their natural Parts or inward Facultys *State of Nature,* as strong, and their bodily Frame as weak; they can no more abstain from Society, than they can preserve themselves when out of it.

And here we ought to remember what we discours'd a while since, of the Weakness of human Bodys, and the indigent necessitous State of Man, in respect of all other Creatures in the World; his long and helpless Infancy, his feeble and defenceless Make, by which he is more fitted to be a Prey than any of those grazing Kinds, tho' unable to live himself a Grazer, and necessitated to seek for Prey. At least he must provide himself with choicer Food than the mere Herbage. How many Provisions of other kinds does he stand in need of? What Union and strict Society is requir'd between the Sexes, to preserve and nurse their growing Offspring? This kind of Society at least will not be deny'd to Man, which in every Beast of Prey is known to be so natural. And can we allow him this Social Part, and go no further? Is it possible he shou'd *pair*, and live in Love and Fellowship with his Partner and Offspring, and yet be wholly wild, and speechless, and without those Arts of Storing, Building, and Oeconomy, as natural to him surely as

State of  
Nature.

to the *Beaver*, or to the *Ant* or *Bee*? Where shou'd he break off from this Society once begun? For that it began thus, as early as Generation, and grew into a Household and Oeconomy, is plain. Must not this have grown soon into a Tribe? and this into a Nation? Or tho it remain'd a Tribe; was not this still a Society for mutual Defence and common Interest? In short, if Generation be *natural*, if Natural Affection and the Care and Nurture of the Offspring be *natural*, Things standing as they do with Man, and the Creature being of that Form and Constitution he now is; it follows, that Society must be also natural to him, and that out of Society and Community he never did, or ever can subsist.

Let me add this however in behalf of PHILOCLEES, continu'd he; That since the Learned have such a fancy for this Notion, and love to talk of this imaginary State of Nature, I think 'tis even Charity to speak as ill of it as we can. Let it be a State of War, and Rapine, and Injustice. Since 'tis unsocial, let it e'en be as uncomfortable and as frightful as 'tis possible. To speak well of it, is to render it inviting, and tempt Men to turn Hermites. Let it at least be look'd on as many degrees worse than the worst Government in being.

The

The greater Dread we have of Anarchy, State of Nature. the better Country-men we shall prove, and value more the Laws and Constitution under which we live, and by which we are protected from the outrageous Violences of such a dreadful State. In this I agree heartily with those Transformers of Human Nature, who considering it abstractedly and apart from Government or Society, represent it with I know not what monstrous Visages of Dragons and devouring Creatures. They wou'd have done well however, to have express'd themselves more properly in their great Maxim. For to say in disparagement of *Man*, that he is *to Man a Wolf*, will appear somewhat absurd, when one considers that Wolves are to Wolves very kind and loving Creatures. The Sexes strictly join in the Care and Nurture of the Young : and this Union is continu'd still between 'em. They howl to one another to bring Company, whether to hunt or invade their Prey, or assemble on the Discovery of a good Carcase. Even the Hoggish Kinds want not *common Affection*, and run in Herds to the Assistance of their distress'd Fellow. The meaning therefore of this famous Sentence (if it have any meaning at all) must be this : That *Man is to Man as a Wolf is*

State of  
Nature.

to a tamer Creature; as, for instance, to a Sheep. But this will be as much as to grant that there are different Species of Men; and that *all* Men have not this Wolfish Nature, but that one half at least are *by Nature* innocent and mild. And thus the Sentence comes to nothing. For without belying Nature, and contradicting what is evident from natural History, and Fact, and the plain Course of Things, 'tis impossible to assent to this ill-natur'd Proposition, when we have done all we can to make sense of it. But so it is here in Philosophy, as in the common Conversations of the World. As fond as Men are of Company, and as little able to enjoy any Happiness out of it, they are yet strangely addicted to the way of *Satyr*. And in the same manner as a malicious Censure craftily worded, and pronounc'd with Assurance, is apt to pass in the world for shrewd Wit; so a virulent Maxim in bold Expressions, tho without any Justness of Thought, is readily receiv'd for true Philosophy.

S E C T.

## S E C T. V.

**I**N these Discourses the Evening ended; and Night advancing, we return'd home from our Walk. At Supper, and afterwards for the rest of that Night, THEOCELES said little. The Discourse was now manag'd chiefly by the two Companions, who turn'd it upon a new sort of Philosophy; such as you will excuse me, good PALEMEN, if I pass over with more hast.

There was much said, and with Learning enough, on the Nature of *Spirits* and *Apparitions*; of which the most astonishing Accounts were the most ravishing with our Friends: who endeavour'd to exceed one another in this admirable way; and perform'd to a miracle in raising one another's Amazement. Nothing was so charming with them, as that which was disagreeing and odd: nothing so soothing as that which mov'd Horror. In short, whatever was rational, plain, and easy, bore no relish; and nothing came amiss that was but cross to Nature, out of Sort and Order, and in no Proportion or Harmony with the rest of Things. Monstrous Births, Prodigys, Enchantments, Elementary Wars, and Con-

*Miracles.*  
*Prodigys.*

vulsions were our chief Entertainment. One wou'd have thought that in this Rivalship of *Providence* and *Nature*, the latter Lady was made to appear as homely as possible; that her Deformitys might recommend and set off the Beautys of the former. For to do our Friends Justice, I must own I thought their Intention to be sincerely religious. But this was not a Face of Religion I was like to be enamour'd with. It was not from hence I fear'd being made superstitious. If ever I became so, I found it wou'd rather be after THEOCLES'S manner. The Monuments and Church-yards were not such powerful Scenes with me, as the Woods and Groves; of whose Inhabitants I chose much rather to hear, than of the other: and I was readier to fancy Truth in those Poetical Fictions which THEOCLES made use of, than in any of his Friends ghastly Storys, so pompously set off, after the usual way, in a lofty Tone of Authority, and with an assuming Air of Truth.

You may imagine, PALEMÓN, that my *Scepticism*, which you so often reproach me with, cou'd not well fail me here: Nor cou'd it fail to give disturbance to our Companions, especially to the grave Gentleman who had clash'd with me so often. He bore

bore with me for some time ; till at last being out of all patience, One must certainly, said he, be Master of no small share of Assurance, to hold out against the common Opinion of the World, and deny things which are known by the Report of the most considerable part of Mankind.

This, said I, is far from being my case. You have never heard me yet deny any thing, tho I have question'd a' great many. If I suspend my Judgment, 'tis because I have less Sufficiency than others. There are People, I know, who have so great a regard to every Fancy of their own, that they can believe their very Dreams. But I who cou'd never pay any such deference to my sleeping Fancys, am apt sometimes to question even my waking Thoughts, and examine whether these are not Dreams too ; since Men have a Faculty of dreaming sometimes with their Eyes open. You will own 'tis no small pleasure with Mankind to make their Dreams pass for Realitys ; and that the Love of Truth is not half so prevalent as this Passion for Novelty and Surprise, join'd with a Desire of making Impression, and being admir'd. However I am so charitable still, as to think there is more of innocent Delusion than voluntary Imposture in the World ; and that those who have

most

*Imposture*

*Imposture.* most impos'd on Mankind, have been happy in a certain Faculty of imposing first upon themselves; by which they have a kind of Salvo for their Consciences, and are so much the more successful, as they can act their Part more naturally and to the life. Nor is it so great a Riddle, that Mens Dreams shou'd sometimes have the good fortune of passing with 'em for Truth; when we consider, that in some Cases, what was never so much as dreamt of, or told for Truth, comes afterwards to be believ'd by one who has often told it.

So that the greatest Impostor in the World, said he, at this rate may be allow'd sincere.

As to the main of his Imposture, said I, perhaps he may; notwithstanding some pious Frauds made use of between whiles in behalf of a Belief thought good and wholesome. And so very natural do I take this to be, that in all Religions except the True, I look upon the greatest Zeal to be accompany'd with the strongest Inclination to deceive; for the Design and End being *the Truth*, it is not customary to hesitate or be scrupulous about the Choice of Means. Whether this be true or no, I appeal to the Experience of the last Age: in which it will not be hard to find Examples where

Imposture



Imposture and Zeal, Bigotry and Hypocrisy have liv'd together in one and the same Character.

Let this be as it will, reply'd he, I am sorry, upon the whole, to find you of such an incredulous Temper.

'Tis just, said I, that you shou'd pity me as a Sufferer, for losing that Pleasure which I see others enjoy. For what stronger Pleasure is there with Mankind, or what do they earlier learn or longer retain, than the Love of hearing and relating things strange and incredible? How wonderful a *Wonderment.* thing is the Love of wondering, and of raising Wonder! 'Tis the Delight of Children to hear Tales they shiver at, and the Vice of Old Age to abound in strange Storys of Times past. We come into the World wondering at every thing; and when our Wonder about common things is over, we seek something new to wonder at. Our last Scene is to tell Wonders of our own, to all who will believe 'em. And amidst all this, 'tis well if Truth comes off, but moderately tainted.

'Tis well, reply'd he, if with this moderate Faith of yours, you can believe any Miracles whatever.

No matter, said I, how incredulous I am of modern Miracles, if I have a right Faith in  
in

*Credulity.* in those of former times, by paying the deference due to Sacred Writ. 'Tis here I am so much warn'd against Credulity, and enjoin'd never to believe even the greatest Miracles which may be wrought, in opposition to what has been already taught me. And this Injunction I am so well fitted to comply with, that I can safely engage to keep still in the same Faith, and promise *never to believe amiss.*

But is this, said he, a Promise which can well be made?

If not, said I, and that my Belief does not absolutely depend upon my self, how am I accountable for it? I may be justly punish'd for Actions, in which my Will is free; but how can I be challeng'd for my Belief, if in this I am not at liberty? If Credulity and Incredulity are Defects only in the Judgment; and the best-meaning Person in the world may err on either side, whilst a much worse Man, by having better Parts, may judg far better of the Evidence of things; how can you punish him who errs, unless you wou'd punish Weakness, and say 'tis just for Men to suffer for their Unhappines, and not their Fault?

I am apt to think, said he, that few of those who are punish'd for their Incredulity, can be said to be Sufferers for their Weakness.

Taking

Taking it for granted then, reply'd I, *Credulity:* that Simplicity and Weakness is more the Character of the Credulous than of the Unbelieving; yet I see not, but that even this way still we are as liable to suffer by our Weakness, as in the contrary Case by an over-refin'd Wit. For if we cannot command our own Belief, how are we secure against those false Prophets, and their deluding Miracles, which we are warn'd of? How are we safe from Heresy and false Religion? Credulity being that which delivers us up to all Impostures of this sort, and which actually at this day holds the *Pagan* and *Mahometan* World in Error and blind Superstition. Either therefore there is no Punishment due to wrong Belief, because we cannot believe as we will our selves; or if we can, why shou'd we not promise *never to believe amiss*? Now in respect of Miracles to come, the surest way never to believe amiss, is never to believe at all. For being satisfy'd of the Truth of our Religion by past Miracles, so as to need no other to confirm us; the Belief of new may often do us harm, but can never do us good. Therefore as the truest Mark of a believing Christian is to seek after no Sign or Miracle to come; so the safest Station in Christianity is his who can be mov'd by nothing of  
this

*Credulity.* this kind, and is thus Miracle-proof. For if the Miracle be on the side of his Faith, 'tis superfluous, and he needs it not; if against his Faith, let it be great as it will, he will never regard it in the least, or believe it any other than Imposture, tho' coming from an Angel. So that with all that Incredulity you reproach me for, I take my self to be still the better and more Orthodox Christian; at least I am more sure of continuing so than you, who with your Credulity may be impos'd upon by such as are far short of Angels: For having this preparatory Disposition, 'tis odds but you may come in time to believe Miracles in any of the different Sects, who, we know, all pretend to them. I am persuaded therefore, that the best Maxim to go by, is that common one, that *Miracles are ceas'd*; and I am ready to defend this Opinion of mine to be the most probable, as well as most suitable to Christianity.

THIS Question, upon further Debate, happen'd to divide our two Companions. For the elderly Gentleman, my Antagonist, maintain'd that the giving up of Miracles for the time present, wou'd be of great advantage to the Atheists. The younger Gentleman his Companion question'd, whether the  
allowing

allowing 'em might not be of as great advantage to the Enthusiasts and Sectarys, against the National Church : this of the two being the greatest Danger (he thought) both to Religion and the State. He was resolv'd for the future to be as cautious in examining these modern Miracles, as he had before been eager in seeking 'em. He told us very pleasantly what an Adventurer he had been of that kind ; and on how many Partys he had been engag'd, with a sort of People who were always on the hot Soent of some new Prodigy or Apparition, some upstart Revelation or Prophecy. This, he thought, was true *Fanaticism Errant*. He had enough of this Visionary Chace, and wou'd ramble no more in blind Corners of the World, as he was us'd to do in Ghostly Company of Spirit-hunters, Witch-finders, and Layers out for Hellish Storys and Diabolical Transactions. There was no need, he thought, of such Intelligences from Hell, to prove the Power of Heaven, and Being of a God. And now at last he begun to see the Ridicule of laying such a stress on these Matters ; as if a Providence depended on them, and Religion were at stake when any of these wild Feats were question'd. He was sensible there were many good Christians who made themselves strong Partisans in

*Fanaticism.*

in this Cause; tho he cou'd not but wonder at it, now he began to consider, and look back.

The Heathens, he said, who wanted Scripture, might have recourse to Miracles: and Providence perhaps had allow'd them their Oracles and Prodigys, as an imperfect kind of Revelation. The Jews too, for their hard Heart, and harder Understanding, had this allowance; when stubbornly they ask'd for Signs and Wonders. But Christians, for their parts, had a far better and truer Revelation; they had their plainer Oracles, a more rational Law, and clearer Scripture, carrying its own Force, and withal so well attested as to admit of no dispute. And were I, said he, to assign the exact time when Miracles probably might first have ceas'd, I shou'd be tempted to fancy it was when Sacred Writ took place, and was compleated.

*Miracles  
past,  
present.*

This is Fancy indeed (reply'd the grave Gentleman) and a very dangerous one to that Scripture you pretend is of it self so well attested. The Attestation of Men dead and gone, in behalf of Miracles past and at an end, can never surely be of equal Force with Miracles present: And of these I maintain there are never wanting a Number sufficient in the World to warrant a  
Divine

Divine Existence. If there were no Miracles now-a-days, the World wou'd be apt to think there never were any. The present must answer for the Credibility of the past. This is *GOD* witnessing for himself; *Human Testimony*; not *Men* for *GOD*. For who shall witness for *Men*, if in the Case of Religion they have no Testimony from Heaven in their favour?

What it is may make the Report of Men credible (said the younger Gentleman) is another Question: but for mere Miracles, it seems to me they cannot of themselves be properly said to witness either for *GOD* or *Men*. For may not I as well ask still, what is there to witness for these Miracles? For what tho they are ever so great? What Security have we that they are not acted by Demons? What Proof that they are not wrought by Magick? In short, What Trust is there to any thing above or below, if the Signs are only of Power, and not of Goodness?

And are you so far improv'd then, reply'd he, under your new Sceptical Master (pointing to me) that you can thus readily discard all Miracles, as useles?——

The young Gentleman, I saw, was somewhat daunted with this rough Usage of his Friend; who was going on still with his

L

Invective.

Inveſtive. Nay then (ſaid I interpoſing) 'tis I who am to answer for this Gentleman, whom you make to be my Disciple : tho' I might with as much Truth profess my self to be his ; so much am I taken with his Ingenuity in these Hints he has given. And since his Modesty will not allow him to pursue what he has begun, I will endeavour it my self, if he will give me leave.

He assented ; and I went on, representing his fair Intention of establishing in the first place a rational and just Foundation for our Faith ; so as to vindicate it from the Reproach of having no immediate Miracles to support it. He wou'd have done this (I said) no doubt, by shewing how good Proof we had already for our Sacred Oracles, from the Testimony of the Dead ; whose Characters and Lives might answer for them, as to the Truth of what they reported to us from God. This however was by no means *witnessing for GOD*, as the zealous Gentleman had hastily express'd himself : for this was above the Reach either of Men or Miracles. Nor cou'd God witness for himself, or assert his Being any other way to Men, than by revealing himself to their Reason, appealing to their Judgment, and submitting his Ways to their Censure and cool Deliberation. The Contemplation

*Divine  
Testimony.*



templation of the Universe, its Laws and Government, was (I aver'd) the only means which cou'd establish the sound Belief of a Deity. For what tho innumerable Miracles from every part assail'd the Sense, and gave the trembling Soul no respite? What tho the Sky shou'd suddenly open, and all kinds of Prodigys appear, Voices be heard, or Characters read; what wou'd this prove more than that there were certain Powers cou'd do all this? But what Powers; whether One, or more; whether Superiour, or Subaltern; Mortal, or Immortal; Wise, or Foolish; Just, or Unjust; Good, or Bad; this wou'd still remain a Mystery: as wou'd the true Intention, the Infallibility or Certainty of whatever these Powers asserted. Their Word cou'd not be taken in their own Case. They might silence Men indeed, but not convince them: since Power can never serve as Proof for Goodness; and Goodness is the only Pledg of Truth. By Goodness alone, Trust is created. By Goodness, superiour Powers may win Belief. They must allow their Works to be examin'd, their Actions criticiz'd: and thus, thus only, they may be confided in; when by repeated Marks their Benevolence is prov'd, and their Character of Sincerity and Truth establish'd. To

*Revelation.*

whom therefore the Laws of this Universe and its Government appears just and uniform; to him it speaks the Government of one JUST ONE; to him it reveals and witnesses a GOD: and laying in him the Foundation of this first Faith, it fits him for a subsequent One. He can then hearken to Revelation: and is then fitted (and not till then) for the Reception of any Message or miraculous Notice from Above; where he knows beforehand all is just and true. But this no force of Miracles, nor any thing, except his Reason only, can make him know, or apprehend.

But now, continu'd I, since I have been thus long the Defendant only; I am resolv'd to take up Offensive Arms, and be Aggressor in my turn, provided THEOCLES be not angry with me for borrowing Ground from his Hypothesis.

Whatever you borrow of his, reply'd my Antagonist, you are pretty sure of spoiling it; and as it passes thro your hands, you had best take care you seem not to refute him rather than me.

I'll venture it, said I; whilst I maintain that most of those Maxims you build upon, are fit only to betray your own Cause. For whilst you are labouring to unhinge Nature; whilst you are searching Heaven and

and Earth for Prodigys, and studying how to miraculize every thing; you bring Confusion on the World, you break its Uniformity, and destroy that admirable Simplicity of Order from whence the ONE infinite and perfect Principle is known. Perpetual Strifes, Convulsions, Violences, Breach of Laws, Variation and Unsteadiness of Order, shew either no Controul, or several uncontroul'd and un subordinate Powers in Nature. We have before our eyes either the Chaos and Atoms of the Atheists, or the Magick and Demons of the Polytheists. Yet is this tumultuous System of the Universe asserted with the highest Zeal by some who wou'd maintain a Deity. This is that Face of Things, and these the Features by which they represent Divinity. Hither the Eyes of Youth are turn'd with care, lest they see any thing otherwise than in this perplex'd and amazing View; as if Atheism were the most natural Inference which cou'd be drawn from a regular and orderly State of Things. But after all this mangling and disfigurement of Nature, if it happens (as oft it does) that the amaz'd Disciple coming to himself, and searching leisurely into Nature's Ways, finds more of Order, Uniformity and Constancy in Things than he suspected; he is hereupon of course driven

*Atheism  
from Superstition.*

*Atheism  
from Su-  
perstition.*

into Atheism : and this merely by the Impressions he receiv'd from that preposterous System, which taught him to seek for Deity in Confusion.

And when you, reply'd he, with your newly-espous'd System, have brought all things to be as uniform, plain, regular, and simple, as you cou'd wish, I suppose you will send your Disciple to seek for Deity in Mechanism ; that is to say, in some exquisite System of *self-govern'd* Matter : for what else is it you Naturalists make of the World, than a mere Machine ?

Nothing else, reply'd I, if to the Machine you allow a Mind : for in this case it is not a *Self-govern'd*, but a *God-govern'd* Machine.

And what are the Tokens, said he, which shou'd convince us ? What Signs shou'd this dumb Machine give of its being thus govern'd ?

The present, reply'd I, are sufficient. It cannot possibly give stronger Signs of Life and steady Thought. Compare our own Machines with this great One ; and see if by their Order, Management and Motions, they betoken either so perfect a Life, or so consummate an Intelligence. The one is regular, steady, permanent ; the other irregular, variable, inconstant. In one there  
are

*Atheism  
from Su-  
perstition.*

are the Marks of Wisdom and Determination; in the other, of Whimsy and Conceit: In one there appears Judgment; in the other Fancy only: In one Will; in the other Caprice: In one, Truth, Certainty, Knowledge; in the other, Error, Folly and Madness. But to be convinc'd there is something Above, which thinks and acts, we want, it seems, the latter of these Signs; as supposing there can be no Thought but what is like our own. We sicken and grow weary with the orderly and regular Course of Things. Periods, and stated Laws, and Revolutions just and proportionable, work not upon us, nor win our Admiration. We must have Riddles, Prodigys, Matter for Surprize and Horrour! By Harmony, Order and Concord, we are left Atheists: by Irregularity and Discord, we are convinc'd of Deity! The World is mere Accident if it proceed in Course; but an Effect of Wisdom if it run mad!

THUS I took upon me the part of a sound Theist, whilst I endeavour'd to refute my Antagonist, and shew that his Principles favour'd Atheism. The zealous Gentleman took high offence: and we continu'd debating warmly till late at night. But THEOCLES was Moderator; and we retir'd at

last to our Repose, all calm and friendly. However I was glad to hear these Friends were to go away early the next Morning, and leave THEOCLES to me alone.

For now, PALEMEN, that Morning was approaching, for which I so much long'd. What your Longing may prove, I very much fear. You have had enough, one wou'd think, to turn the edge of your Curiosity in this kind. Can it be imagin'd that after the Recital of two such Days already past, you can with patience hear of another yet to come, more Philosophical than either?— But you have made me promise; and now, whate'er it cost, take it you must as follows:

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PART

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## PART III.

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### PHILOCLES *to* PALEMON.

**I**T was yet deep Night (as I imagin'd) when I wak'd with the noise of People up in the House. I call'd to know the matter; and was told that THEOCLES had a little before parted with his Friends, and was since gone out on one of his Morning-Walks; but wou'd return (they thought) pretty soon, for so he had left word; and that no body in the mean time shou'd disturb my Rest.

This was Disturbance sufficient, when I heard it. I got up with all the haste possible; and finding it light enough to see the Hill, which was at a little distance from the House, I soon got thither; and just at the foot of it overtook THEOCLES, to whom

whom I complain'd of his Unkindness. For I was not certainly (I told him) so effeminate and weak a Friend, as to deserve that he shou'd treat me like a Woman: Nor had I shown such an Aversion to his Manners or Conversation, how Philosophical soever, as to be thought fittèr for the dull Luxury of a soft Bed and Ease, than for Business, Recreation, or Study with an early Friend. He had no way therefore of making me amends, but by allowing me henceforward to be a Party with him in his serious Thoughts, as he saw I was resolv'd to be in his Hours and Exercises of this sort.

You have forgot then, said THEOCLES, the Assignment you had yesterday with the Sylvan Nymphs at this Place and Hour?

No, said I, for you see I am come punctually to the Place appointed; but I never expected you shou'd have come hither without me. Nay then, said THEOCLES, there's hope you may in time become a Lover with me: for you already begin to show *Jealousy*. How little did I think these Nymphs cou'd raise it in you? Truly, said I, for the Nymphs you speak of, I know little of 'em as yet. My Jealousy and Love regard *You* only. I was afraid you had a mind to escape me. But now that I am again in possession of you, I want no Nymph  
to



to make me happy here; unless it were perhaps to join Forces against you, in the manner your belov'd Poet makes the Nymph ÆGLE join with his two Youths, in forcing the God SILENUS to sing to 'em.

I dare trust your Gallantry, reply'd THEOCLES, that if you had such fair Company as you speak of, you wou'd otherwise bestow your time than in an Adventure of Philosophy. But do you expect I shou'd imitate the Poet's God you mention'd, and sing the Rise of Things from Atoms; the Birth of Order from Confusion; and the Origin of Union, Harmony, and Concord, from the sole Powers of CHAOS, and blind Chance? The Song indeed was fitted to the God. For what cou'd better sute his jolly Character, than such a drunken Creation; which he lov'd often to celebrate, by acting it to the Life? But even this Song was too harmonious for the Night's Debauch. Well has our Poet made it of the Morning, when the God was fresh: For hardly shou'd we ever be brought to believe that such harmonious Numbers cou'd arise from a mere Chaos of the Mind. But we must hear our Poet speaking in the Mouth of some soberer Demi-God or Hero. He then presents us with a different Principle of Things, and in a more proper Order of  
Prece-

Precedency, gives *Thought* the upper hand. He makes Mind originally to have govern'd Body ; not Body Mind : For this had been a Chaos everlasting, and must have kept all things in a Chaos-State to this day and for ever, had it ever been. But,

*The active MIND, infus'd thro all the Space,  
Unites and mingles with the mighty Mass :  
Hence Men and Beasts.——*

Here, PHILOCLES, we shall find our Sovereign Genius ; if we can charm the Genius of the Place (more chaste and sober than your SILENUS) to inspire us with a truer Song of Nature, teach us some celestial Hymn, and make us feel Divinity present in these solemn Places of Retreat.

Haste then I conjure you, said I, good THEOCLES, and stop not one moment for any Ceremony or Rite ; for well I see, methinks, that without any such Preparation, some Divinity has approach'd us, and already moves in you. We are come to the sacred Groves of the *Hamadryads*, which formerly were said to render Oracles. We are on the most beautiful part of the Hill ; and the Sun, now ready to rise, draws off the Curtain of Night, and shews us the open Scene of Nature in the Plains below.  
Begin ;

Begin; for now I know you are full of the same Thoughts which meet you ever in this Solitude. Give 'em but Voice and Accents: You may be still as much alone as you are us'd, and take no more notice of me than if I were absent.

JUST as I had said this, he turn'd his Eyes away from me, musing a while by himself; and soon afterwards, stretching his Hand about, as pointing to the Objects round him, he began.

“ Ye Fields and Woods, my Refuge from  
 “ the toilfom World of Businets, receive *Medita-*  
 “ me in your quiet Sanctuaries, and favour *tion.*  
 “ my Retreat and thoughtful Solitude.—  
 “ Ye verdant Plains, how gladly I salute  
 “ ye!——Hail all ye blifsful Mansions!  
 “ Known Seats! Delightful Prospects! Ma-  
 “ jestick Beautys of this Earth, and all ye  
 “ Rural Powers and Graces!——Bless'd be  
 “ ye chaste Abodes of happiest Mortals, who  
 “ here in peaceful Innocence enjoy a Life  
 “ unenvy'd, tho Divine; whilst with its  
 “ bless'd Tranquillity it affords a happy  
 “ Leisure and Retreat for Man; who, made  
 “ for Contemplation, and to search his own  
 “ and other Natures, may here best medi-  
 “ tate the Cause of Things; and plac'd a-  
 “ midst

*Meditation.*

“ midst the various Scenes of Nature, may  
“ nearer view her Works.

“ O Glorious *Nature*! supremely Fair,  
“ and sovereignly Good! All-loving and  
“ All-lovely, All-divine! Whose Looks  
“ are so becoming, and of such infinite  
“ Grace; whose Study brings such Wis-  
“ dom, and whose Contemplation such De-  
“ light; whose every single Work affords  
“ an ampler Scene, and is a nobler Specta-  
“ cle than all that ever Art presented!—

“ O mighty *Nature*! Wise Substitute of  
“ Providence, impower'd Creatress! Or  
“ Thou empowering DEITY, Supreme  
“ Creator! Thee I invoke, and Thee a-  
“ lone adore. To thee this Solitude, this  
“ Place, these Rural Meditations are sacred;  
“ whilst thus inspir'd with Harmony of  
“ Thought, tho unconfin'd by Words, and  
“ in loose Numbers, I sing of Nature's Or-  
“ der in created Beings, and celebrate the  
“ Beautys which resolve in Thee, the Source  
“ and Principle of all Beauty and Perfection.

“ Thy Being is boundless, unsearcha-  
“ ble, impenetrable. In thy Immensity all  
“ Thought is lost; Fancy gives o'er its  
“ Flight: and weary'd Imagination spends  
“ it self in vain; finding no Coast nor Li-  
“ mit of this Ocean, nor in the widest  
“ Tracts it soars thro, one Point yet nearer  
“ the

“ the Circumference than the first Cen-<sup>Medita-</sup>  
 “ ter whence it parted.—— Thus having<sup>tion.</sup>  
 “ oft essay’d, thus fall’y’d forth into the  
 “ wide Expanse, when I return again with-  
 “ in my self, struck with the Sense of this  
 “ so narrow Being, and of the Fulness of  
 “ that Immense one; I dare no more be-  
 “ hold the amazing Depths, nor found the  
 “ Abyss of DEITY.——

“ Yet since by Thee I was made such as  
 “ I am, intelligent and rational ; since the  
 “ peculiar Dignity of my Nature is to know  
 “ and contemplate Thee, suffer me with  
 “ freedom to exert those Facultys with  
 “ which thou hast adorn’d me. Bear with  
 “ my venturous and bold Approach. And  
 “ since nor vain Curiosity, nor fond Con-  
 “ ceit, nor Love of ought but Thee alone,  
 “ inspires me with such Thoughts as these,  
 “ be thou my Assistant, and guide me in  
 “ this Pursuit ; whilst I venture thus to  
 “ tread the Labyrinth of wide Nature, and  
 “ endeavour to trace thee in thy Works.——

HERE he stop’d short, and starting,  
 as out of a Dream ; Now, PHILOCLES,  
 said he, How has it been with me in my  
 Fit ? Seem’d it a sensible kind of Madness,  
 like those Transports which are permitted  
 to our Poets ? or was it downright Raving ?

I

I only wish, said I, that you had been a little stronger in your Transport, to have proceeded as you began, without ever minding me. For I was beginning to see Wonders in that Nature you taught me, and was coming to know the Hand of your *Divine Artificer*. But if you stop here, I shall lose the Enjoyment of the pleasing Vision. And already I begin to find a thousand Difficultys in fancying such a *Universal Genius* as you describe.

*Unity.*

Why, said he, is there any difficulty in fancying the Universe to be *One Intire Thing*? Can one chuse but think, by what one sees of it, that it all hangs together, as of a *Piece*? Grant it, said I, what follows?

Only that, if this be true of the World, and it be really *One*, there shou'd be something belonging to it which makes it *One*.

As how? No otherwise than as you may observe in every thing. For to instance in what we see before us; I know you look upon the Trees of this fine Wood to be different from one another: And this tall Oak, the noblest of the Company, as it is by it self a different thing from all its Fellows of the Wood, so with its own Wood of numerous spreading Branches (which seem so many different Trees) 'tis still, in your Opinion, one and the self-same Tree. Now shou'd  
you,

you, as a mere Caviller, and not as a fair *Unity.*  
Sceptick, tell me that if a Figure of Wax,  
or any other Matter, were to be cast in the  
exact Shape and Colours of this Tree, and  
temper'd, if possible, to the same kind of  
Substance, that therefore it might possibly  
be a *real Tree* of the same Kind or Species;  
I wou'd have done with you, and reason no  
longer. But if you question'd me fairly, and  
desir'd I shou'd satisfy you what I thought  
it was that made this *Oneness* or *Sameness* in  
the Tree or any other Plant; or by what it  
differ'd from the waxen Figure, or from  
any such Figure accidentally made, either in  
the Clouds, or on the Sand by the Sea-  
shore; I shou'd tell you, that neither the  
Wax, nor Sand, nor Cloud thus piec'd to-  
gether by our Hand or Fancy, had any real  
Relation within themselves, or had any Na-  
ture by which they corresponded any more  
in that near Situation of Parts, than if scat-  
ter'd ever so far asunder. But this I shou'd  
affirm, that wherever there was such a Sym-  
pathizing of Parts, as we saw here, in our  
real Tree; wherever there was such a plain  
Concurrence in one End, and to the Sup-  
port, Nourishment, and Propagation of so  
fair a Form; we cou'd not be mistaken in  
saying there was a peculiar *Nature* belonging  
to it: such as there really is to this Tree,  
M by

*Unity.* by which alone it is a *Tree*, lives, flourishes, and is still *One and the same*; even when by Vegetation and Change of Substance, not one Particle in it remains *the same*.

At this rate, said I, you have found a way to make very adorable Places of these Sylvan Habitations. For besides the living Genius of each Place, the Woods too, which, it seems, are animated, have their Hamadryads and Nymphs in store belonging to 'em; and these too, for ought I see, of immortal Substances.

We injure 'em then, said he, to say they belong to these Trees, and not rather these Trees to them. But as for their Immortality, let them look to it themselves. I only know that both theirs and all other Natures must for their Duration depend alone on that Nature on which the World depends; and that every *Genius* else must be subordinate to that *One good GENIUS*, whom I wou'd willingly persuade you to think *belonging to this World*, according to our way of speaking.

Therefore, continu'd he, leaving these Trees to personate themselves the best they can, let us examine this thing of *Personality* between you and me; and see (if you will) how you are *You*, and I *My self*. For that there is a Sympathy of Parts in these Figures

*Personality.*

*Self.*



figures of ours, other than in those of Marble form'd by a PHIDIAS or PRAXETILES, Sense, I believe, will teach us: and yet that our own Marble, or Stuff (whate'er it be) of which we are compos'd, wears out in seven, or at the longest in twice seven Years, the meanest Anatomist can tell us. Now where will that same *One* be found at last, if plac'd in the Stuff, or in any part of it? For when that is all spent, and not one Particle of it left, we are *Our selves* still as much as before.

What you Philosophers may be, said I, I know not: but for the rest of Mankind, I am apt to think that few are so long themselves as half seven years. 'Tis good chance if a Man be one and the same only for a day or two. A Year makes more Revolutions than can be number'd.

True, said he: but tho' this may indeed happen to a Man, and chiefly to him whose contrary Vices (as all Vices are) set him at odds so often with himself; yet when he comes to suffer, or be punish'd for those Vices, he finds himself, if I mistake not, still one and the same. And you, PHILOCLES, who, tho' you disown Philosophy, are yet so true a Profelyte to *Pyrrhonism*; shou'd you at last, feeling the Power of the GENIUS I preach, be wrought upon to own the Di-

Identity.

vine Hypothesis, and from this new Turn of Thought admit a total Change in all your Principles and Opinions; yet wou'd you be still the self-same PHILOCLEES: tho' better yet, if you will take my Judgment, than the present one, as much as I love and value him. You see therefore, there is a strange Simplicity in this *You* and *Me*, that it shou'd be still the same *one Thing*, when neither *one Atom* of Body, *one Passion*, nor *one Thought* remains the same. . And for that poor Endeavour of making out this *Sameness* of Being, from some self-same Matter, or Particle of Matter, suppos'd to remain with us when all else is chang'd; this is by so much the more contemptible, as that *Matter* it self is not really capable of such Simplicity. For I dare say, you will allow this *You* and *Me* to be each of us simply and individually *One*, more truly than you can understand any thing of mere Matter to be; unless quitting your Inclination for Scepticism, you fall so in love with the Notion of an *Atom*, as to find it full as intelligible and certain a thing to you, as that *You* are *Your self*.

Matter.

But whatever, continu'd he, be suppos'd of *uncompounded Matter* (which is a thing at best pretty difficult to conceive) yet being compounded, and put together in a certain number

number of such Parts as unite and conspire *Form.*  
 in these Frames of ours, and others like  
 them; if it can present us with so many  
 innumerable Instances of particular Forms,  
 that share this simple Principle, by which *Simplicity.*  
 they are *One*, live, act, and have a *Nature*  
 or *Genius* peculiar to themselves, and pro- *A Genius.*  
 vident for their own Welfare; how shall  
 we at the same time overlook this in *the*  
*Whole*, and deny the great and general *ONE*  
 of the World? How can we be so unna-  
 tural as to disown Divine Nature, our com- *The Su-*  
 mon Parent, and refuse to recognize the *preme One.*  
 Universal and Sovereign *GENIUS*?

Sovereigns, said I, require no notice to  
 be taken of 'em, when they pass *incognito*,  
 nor no Homage but where they appear in  
 due Form. We may even have reason to  
 presume they shou'd be displeas'd with us  
 for being too officious, in endeavouring to  
 discover them, when they keep themselves  
 either wholly invisible, or in very dark dis-  
 guise. As for the notice we take of these  
 invisible Powers in the common way of our  
 Religion, we have our visible Sovereigns to  
 answer for us. Our lawful Superiours teach  
 us what we are to own and to perform:  
 and we are dutiful in complying with them,  
 and following their Example. But in a  
 Philosophical way, I find no warrant for  
 M 3 our

our being such earnest Recognizers of a controverted Title. However it be, you must allow one at least to understand the Controversy, and know the Nature of these Powers describ'd. May one not inquire,

Substance,  
Material,  
Immaterial.

What Substances they are of? whether *material* or *immaterial*?

May one not on the other hand, reply'd he, inquire as well, What Substance, or Which of these two Substances you count your real and proper *Self*? Or wou'd you rather be no Substance at all, but chuse to call your self a *Mode* or *Accident*?

Truly, said I, as accidental as my Life may be, or as that random Humour is, which governs it; I know nothing, after all, so real or substantial as *My self*. Therefore if there be that Thing you call a *Substance*, I take for granted I am one. But for any thing else of the Question, you know my Sceptick Principles: I determine neither way.

Allow me then, reply'd he, the same Privilege of Scepticism in this respect; since it concerns not the Affair before us which way we determine, or whether we come to any Determination at all in this point. For be the Difficulty ever so great; it stands the same, you may perceive, against your own Being, as against that which I am pretending

to convince you of. You may raise what Objections you please on each hand; and your Dilemma may be of notable force against the manner of such a supreme Being's Existence. But after you have done all, you will bring the same Dilemma home to you, and be at a loss still about *Your self*. When you have argu'd ever so long upon these Metaphysical Points of *Mode* and *Sub-* *Metaphy-*  
*sicks.*  
*stance*, and have philosophically concluded from the Difficultys of each Hypothesis, that there cannot be in Nature such a *Universal One* as this; you must conclude, from the same Reasons, that there cannot be any such *particular One* as your self. But that there is such a one as this latter, your own Mind, 'tis to be hop'd, may satisfy you. And of this Mind 'tis enough to say, *A Mind.* " That  
 " it is something which acts upon a Body,  
 " and has something passive under it, and  
 " subject to it: That it has not only Body  
 " or mere Matter for its Subject, but in  
 " some respect even it self too, and what  
 " proceeds from it: That it superintends  
 " and manages its own Imaginations, Ap-  
 " pearances, Fancys; correcting, working,  
 " and modelling these as it finds good;  
 " and adorning and accomplishing, the best  
 " it can, this composite Order of Body and  
 " Understanding. Such a Mind and go-  
 " verning

verning Part I know there is somewhere in the World. Let PYRRHO, by the help of such another, contradict me, if he pleases.

*Particular  
Minds.*

We have our several Understandings and Thoughts, however we came by 'em. Each understands and thinks the best he can for his own purpose: He for himself; I for another self. And who, I beseech you, for the Whole? No body? Nothing at all?

*Mind of  
the Whole.*

The World, perhaps, you suppose to be mere Body: a Mass of modify'd Matter.

The Bodys of Men are part therefore of this Body. The Imaginations, Sensations, Apprehensions of Men are included in this Body, and inherent in it, produc'd out of it, and resum'd again into it; tho the Body it seems never dreams of it! The World it self is never the wiser for all the Wit and Wisdom it breeds! It has no Apprehension at all of what is doing; no Thought to it self, for its own proper use or purpose; not a single Imagination or Reflection, by which to discover or be conscious of the manifold Imaginations and Inventions which it sets a-foot, and deals abroad with such an open hand! The goodly Bulk so prolifick, kind, and yielding for every one else, has nothing left at last for it self; having unhappily lavish'd all away! By what Chance I wou'd fain know? How? or by what

necessity? Who gives the Law? Who orders and distributes thus? NATURE, *Nature,* say you. And what is Nature? Is *It* Sense? Has *She* Reason or Understanding?

No. Who then understands for her, or is interested for her? No one; not a Soul: But *every one for himself*. Right: And is not Nature *a Self*? Or how are you one? By what means, or by virtue of what? By a Principle which joins certain Parts, and which thinks and acts for the Use and Purpose of those Parts. Say, therefore, What is your whole System a Part of? Or is it no *Part*, but *a Whole by it self*, absolute, independent, and unrelated to any thing besides? If it be indeed *a Part*, and really *related*; to what, I beseech you, but to the Whole of Nature? Is there then such a uniting Principle in Nature? If so, how are you then a Self, and Nature not so? How have you some- *subject to a Mind.* thing to understand and act for you, and Nature, who gave this Understanding, nothing at all to understand for her, advise her, or help her out (poor Being!) on any occasion, whatever Necessity she may be in? Has the World such ill fortune in the main? Are there so many particular understanding active Principles in all; and nothing that thinks, acts, or understands for all? nothing that

*Contrary  
Belief.*

that administers or looks after all? No (says one of a modern Hypothesis) for the World was from Eternity, as you see it; and is no more than what you see: *Matter modify'd; a Lump in motion, with here and there a Thought.* No (says one of an anti-entier Hypothesis) for the World was once

*Two sorts.*

without any Thought at all; *mere Matter, Chaos, and a Play of Atoms*; till Thought, by Chance, came into play, and made up a Harmony which was never thought of.—

*Faith of  
Atheism.*

**Admirable Conceit!** Believe it who can. For my own share, I have a Mind which serves, such as it is, to keep my Body and the Affections of it, my Passions, Appetites, Imaginations, Fancys, and the rest in tolerable Harmony and Order. But the Order of the Universe, I am persuaded still, is much the better of the two. Let EPICURUS, if he please, think his the better; and believing no Genius or Wisdom above his own, tell us by what Chance 'twas dealt him, and how Atoms came to be so wise.

*Faith of  
Theism.*

In fine, continu'd he, being thus, in spite of your much-favour'd Scepticism, convinc'd of this own Self of mine, that it is a *real Self* drawn out and copy'd from another principal and original *Self* (the *Great one* of the World) I endeavour to be really *one* with it, and conformable to it, as far as I  
am



am able. I consider, That as there is one *Theism*, general Mass, one Body of the Whole; so to this Body there is an Order, to this Order a Mind: That to this general Mind each particular one must have relation, as being of like Substance (as much as we can understand of Substance) alike active upon Body, original to Motion and Order; alike simple, un-compounded, individual; of like Energy, Effect, and Operation; and more like still, if it co-operates with it to general Good, and strives *to will* according to that best of Wills. So that it cannot but seem natural, that the particular Mind shou'd seek its Happiness in conformity with the general one, and endeavour to resemble it in its highest Simplicity and Excellence.

Therefore now, said I, good THEOCLES, be once again the *Enthusiast*; and let me hear a-new that Divine Song with which I was just now charm'd. I am already got over my Qualm, and begin better than ever to fancy such a *Nature* as you speak of; in-somuch that I find my self mightily in its Interest, and concern'd that all shou'd go right with it: tho' at the rate it often runs, I can scarce help being in some pain for its sake.

Fear

*Energy of  
Nature.*

Fear not, my Friend, reply'd he. For know that every particular Nature certainly and constantly produces what is good to it self; unless something foreign disturbs or hinders it, either by overpowering and corrupting it within, or by Violence from without. Thus Nature in the Patient struggles to the last, and strives to throw off the Distemper. Thus even in these Plants we see round us, every particular Nature thrives, and attains its Perfection, if nothing from without obstructs it, nor any thing foreign to its Nature has already impair'd or wounded it; and even in that case it does its utmost still to redeem it self. What are all Weaknesses, Distortions, Sicknesses, imperfect Births, and the seeming Contradictions and Perversities of Nature, but merely of this sort? And how ignorant must one be of all natural Causes and Operations, to think that any of these things happen by a Miscarriage of the particular Nature, and not by the Force of some foreign Nature which overpowers it? If therefore every particular Nature be thus constantly and unerringly true to it self, and certain to produce only what is good for it self, and conducing to its own right State; shall not the general one, *the Nature of the Whole*, do as much? Shall that alone miscarry or fail?

*Distem-  
pers.*

Or

Or is there any thing foreign which shou'd at any time do violence upon it, or force it out of its way? If not, then all it produces is to its own Good; the *Good* of *All* in general: And that which is for the Good of all in general, is *Just* and *Good*.

*General Good.*

It is so, said I, I confess.

Then you ought to rest satisfy'd, reply'd he; and not only so, but be pleas'd and rejoice at what happens, knowing whence it comes, and to what Perfection it contributes.

*Resignation.*

Bless me! said I, THEOCLES, into what a Superstition are you like to lead me! I thought it heretofore the Mark of a superstitious Mind, to search for Providence in the common Accidents of Life, and ascribe to the Divine Power those common Disasters and Calamitys which Nature has entail'd on Mankind: but now, I find, I must place all to one account; and viewing things thro a kind of Magical Glafs, I am to see the worst of Ills transform'd to Good, and admire equally whatever comes from one and the same perfect Hand.—But no matter, I can surmount all. Go on, THEOCLES, and let me advise you now, since you have re-kindled me, not to give me time to cool again.

I wou'd

I wou'd have you know, said he, I scorn to take the advantage of a warm Fit, and be beholden to Temper or Imagination for gaining me your Assent. Therefore before I go farther, let me enter again into cool Reason with you, and ask if you admit for Proof what I advanc'd yesterday upon that head of a *Universal UNION, Coherence, or Sympathizing* of Things.

*Principle of Order,*

By Force of Probability, said I, you overcame me. Being convinc'd of a Consent and Correspondence in all we saw of Things, I look'd on it as unreasonable not to allow the same throughout.

Unreasonable indeed, reply'd he: For in the Infinite Residue, were there no Principle of Union; it wou'd seem next to impossible, that things within our Sphere shou'd be consistent, and keep their Order. For what was infinite wou'd be predominant.

*Why universal.*

It seems so.

Tell me then, said he, after this Union own'd, how you can refuse to allow the name of Demonstration to the remaining Arguments, which establish the Government of a perfect Mind.

*Phenomena of Ill,*

Your Solutions, said I, of the *ill Appearances* are not perfect enough to pass for Demonstration. And whatever seems vicious or imperfect in the Creation, puts a stop

stop to further Conclusions, till the thing be solv'd.

Did you not then, said he, agree with me, when I aver'd that the *Appearances* must of necessity be as they are, and things seem in the same manner imperfect, even on the Concession of a perfect Supreme Mind existent?

I did so.

And is not the same Reason good still? viz. *That in an Infinity of Things, mutually relative, a Mind which sees not infinitely, can see nothing fully; and must therefore frequently Whence. see that as imperfect, which in it self is really perfect.*

The Reason is still good.

Are the *Appearances* then any Objection to our Hypothesis?

None, whilst they remain *Appearances* only.

Can you then prove them to be more? For if you cannot, you prove nothing. And that it lies on you to prove, you plainly see: since the *Appearances* do not only agree with the Hypothesis, but are a necessary Consequence from it. To bid me prove in this case, is the same as to bid me be infinite. For nothing but what is infinite can see infinite Connexions.

The

The Presumption I must confess, said I, by this reckoning, is wholly on your side. Yet still this is only Presumption.

*Demonstration.*

Take Demonstration then, said he, if you can endure I shou'd reason thus abstractedly and drily. The Appearances of ILL, you say, are not necessarily that ILL they represent to us.

I own it.

Therefore what they represent may possibly be GOOD.

It may.

And therefore there may possibly be no *real* ILL in things: but all may be perfectly concurrent to one Interest; the Interest of that Universal ONE.

It may be so.

Why then if it may be so (be not surpris'd) it follows that it must be so; on the account of that great Unit, and simple Self-Principle which you have granted in the Whole. For whatever is possible in the Whole, the Nature or Mind of the Whole will put in execution for the Whole's Good: and if it be possible to exclude Ill, it will exclude it. Therefore since notwithstanding the *Appearances*, it is possible that ILL may actually be excluded; count upon it, that actually it is excluded. For nothing merely passive can oppose this universally active Principle.

Principle. If any thing active oppose it, *Manichæism.*  
'tis another Principle.

Allow it.

'Tis impossible. For were there in Nature two or more Principles, either they must agree, or not. If they agree not, all must be Confusion, till one be predominant. If they agree, there must be some natural Reason for their Agreement: and this natural Reason cannot be from Chance, but from some particular Design, Contrivance, or Thought: which brings us back again to ONE Principle, and makes the other two to be subordinate. And thus when we have compar'd each of the three Opinions, *viz. Conclusion.* That *there is no designing active Principle*; That *there is more than one such*; or, That *there is but ONE*: we shall find, that the only consistent Opinion is the last. And since one or other of these Opinions must of necessity be true; what can we determine, but that the last is, and must be so demonstrably? If it be Demonstration, that in three Opinions, one of which must necessarily be true, two being so plainly absurd, the third must be the Truth.

Enough, said I, THEOCLES: my Doubts are vanish'd. Malice and Chance (vain Phantoms) have yielded to that all-prevalent Wisdom which you have establish'd. You  
N are

are Conqueror in the cool way of Reason, and may with Honour now grow warm again, in your Poetick Vein. Return therefore once more to that Perfection of Being; and address your self to It as before, on our Approaches hither, to these Sylvan Scenes, where first It seem'd to inspire you. I shall now no longer be in danger of imagining either Magick or Superstition in the case; since you invoke no other Power than that single ONE, which seems so natural.

THUS I continue then, said THEOCLES, addressing my self, as you wou'd have me, to that Guardian-Deity and Inspirer, whom we are to imagine present here; but not here only. For "O Mighty GENIUS!  
 " Sole Animating and Inspiring Power!  
 " Author and Subject of these Thoughts!  
 " Thy Influence is universal: and in all  
 " Things thou art inmost. From Thee  
 " depend their secret Springs of Action.  
 " Thou mov'st them with an irresistible un-  
 " weary'd Force, by sacred and inviolable  
 " LAWS, fram'd for the Good of each par-  
 " ticular Being; as best may sute with the  
 " Perfection, Life, and Vigour of the Whole.  
 " The vital Principle is widely shar'd, and  
 " infinitely vary'd: Dispers'd throughout;  
 " no where exting'd. All lives: and by Suc-  
 " cession

*Meditation.*



“ cession still revives. The Temporary *Meditation.*  
 “ Beings quit their borrow'd Forms, and  
 “ yield their Elementary Substance to New-  
 “ Comers. Call'd in their turns to Life,  
 “ they view the Light, and viewing pass ;  
 “ that others too may be Spectators of the  
 “ goodly Scene, and greater numbers still  
 “ enjoy the Privilege of Nature. Munifi-  
 “ cent and Great, she imparts her self to  
 “ most ; and makes the Subjects of her  
 “ Bounty infinite. Nought stays her hastning  
 “ Hand. No Time nor Substance is lost  
 “ or un-improv'd. New Forms arise: and  
 “ when the old dissolve, the Matter of  
 “ which they were compos'd is not left use-  
 “ less, but wrought with equal Management  
 “ and Art, even in *Corruption*, Nature's  
 “ seeming Waste, and mere Abhorrence.  
 “ The abject State seems only as the Way  
 “ or Passage to some better. But cou'd we  
 “ nearly view it, and with Indifference, re-  
 “ mote from the Antipathy of Sense ; we  
 “ then perhaps shou'd highest raise our Ad-  
 “ miration: convinc'd that even the Way  
 “ it self was equal to the End. Nor can  
 “ we judg less of that consummate Art ex-  
 “ hibited thro all the Works of Nature ;  
 “ since our weak Eyes may, by mechanick  
 “ Art, discover in these Works a hid-  
 “ den Scene of Wonders ; Worlds within

## The MORALISTS. Part III.

“ Worlds, of infinite Minuteness, tho as  
 “ to Art still equal to the greatest, and  
 “ pregnant with more Wonders than the  
 “ most discerning Sense, help’d by the  
 “ greatest Art, or the acutest Reason, can  
 “ penetrate or unfold.

“ But ’tis in vain for us to search the Mass  
 “ it self of *Matter*: seeking to know its  
 “ Nature, how great the Whole, or yet  
 “ how small its Parts.

“ If knowing only some of the Rules of  
 “ *Motion*, we seek to trace it further, ’tis  
 “ in vain we follow it into the Bodys it has  
 “ reach’d. Our tardy Apprehensions fail us,  
 “ and can reach nothing beyond the Body  
 “ it self, thro which it is diffus’d. Won-  
 “ derful Being! (if we may call it so) which  
 “ Bodys never receive, but from others that  
 “ lose it; nor ever lose, but by imparting  
 “ it to others. Even without Change of  
 “ Place it has its Force: and Bodys big with  
 “ Motion labour to move, yet stir not;  
 “ whilst they express an Energy beyond our  
 “ Comprehension.

“ In vain too we pursue that Phantom  
 “ *Time*, too small, and yet too mighty for  
 “ our Grasp; when shrinking to a point, it  
 “ scapes our Hold, or mocks our scanty  
 “ Thought by swelling to Eternity: an Ob-  
 “ ject

“ject unproportion'd to our Capacity, as *Meditation.*  
 “is thy Being, O thou Antient Cause!  
 “older than Time, yet young with fresh  
 “Eternity.

“In vain we try to fathom the Abyfs of  
 “Space, the Seat of thy extensive Being; of  
 “which no Place is empty, no Void but  
 “what is full.

“In vain we labour to understand that  
 “Principle of *Sense* and *Thought*, which  
 “seeming in us to depend so much on Mo-  
 “tion, yet differs so much from it, and  
 “from Matter it self, as not to suffer us to  
 “conceive how *Thought* can more result  
 “from this, than this from *Thought*. But  
 “*Thought* we own pre-eminent, and confess  
 “the realest of Beings; the only Existence  
 “of which we are sure by being conscous.  
 “All else may be but Dream and Shadow.  
 “All that even *Sense* suggests may be de-  
 “ceitful: the *Sense* remains still: *Reason*  
 “subsists: and *Thought* maintains its Elder-  
 “ship of Being. Thus are we in a manner  
 “conscous of that original and eternally  
 “existent *Thought* whence we derive our  
 “own. And thus the Assurance we have of  
 “the Existence of Beings above our *Sense*,  
 “and of THEE (the Great Exemplar of  
 “thy Works) comes from Thee, the ALL-  
 “TRUE, and Perfect, who hast thus com-  
 “municated

Meditation.

“ municated thy self more immediately to  
 “ us, so as in some manner to inhabit with-  
 “ in our Souls ; Thou who art Original  
 “ Soul, diffusive, vital in all, inspiriting the  
 “ Whole !

“ All Nature’s Wonders serve to excite  
 “ and perfect this Idea which we have of  
 “ Thee, and which we find still ready in us  
 “ to solve them. ’Tis here thou suffer’st us  
 “ to see, and even converse with Thee, in  
 “ a manner more sutable to our Frailty.  
 “ How glorious is it to contemplate Thee  
 “ in this noblest of thy Works apparent to  
 “ us, the System of the bigger World ! —

HERE I must own, ’twas some sort of Joy to me, to find we were got out of the Thorns of an entangling abstruse Philosophy. I was in hopes THEOCLES, as he proceeded, might stick closer to Nature, since he was now come upon the Borders of our World. And here I wou’d willingly have welcom’d him, but that I thought it not safe at present to venture the least Interruption.

“ Besides the neighbouring Planets (continu’d he, in his rapturous Strain) “ what  
 “ Multitudes of fix’d Stars did we see spar-  
 “ kle, not an hour since, in the clear Night,  
 “ which yet had hardly yielded to the Day ?  
 “ — How

*Meditation.*

“ How many others are discover’d by the  
 “ help of Art? Yet how many remain still,  
 “ beyond the reach of our Discovery! Crou-  
 “ ded as they seem, their Distance from each  
 “ other is as unmeasurable by Art, as is the  
 “ Distance between them and us? Whence  
 “ we are naturally taught the Immensity of  
 “ that BEING, who thro these immense  
 “ Spaces has dispos’d such an Infinite of Bo-  
 “ dys, belonging each (as we may well pre-  
 “ sume) to Systems as compleat as our own  
 “ World: Since not the least of all the  
 “ splendid Galaxy may yield to this our *Sun*;  
 “ which shining now full out, gives us new  
 “ Life, and makes us feel DIVINITY more  
 “ present.

“ Prodigious Orb! Bright Source of vi-  
 “ tal Heat, and Spring of Day! Soft Flame,  
 “ yet how intense, how active! How diffu-  
 “ sive, and how vast a Substance; yet how  
 “ collected thus within it self, and in a  
 “ glowing Mass confin’d to the Center of  
 “ this Planetary World!—Mighty Being!  
 “ Brightest Image, and Representative of  
 “ the Almighty! Supreme of the Corpo-  
 “ real World! Unperishing in Grace, and  
 “ of undecaying Youth: Fair, Beautiful,  
 “ and hardly Mortal Creature! By what  
 “ secret ways dost Thou receive the Supplys  
 “ which maintain Thee still in such unwea-  
 N 4 “ ry’d

Meditation.

“ ry’d Vigour, and un-exhausted Glory ;  
 “ notwithstanding those eternally emitted  
 “ Streams, and that continual Expence of  
 “ vital Treasures which inlighten and invi-  
 “ gorate the surrounding Worlds ?

“ Around him all the *Planets*, with this  
 “ our Earth, single or with Attendants,  
 “ continually move ; seeking to receive  
 “ the Blessing of his Light, and lively  
 “ Warmth ! Towards him they seem to  
 “ tend with prone descent, as to their Cen-  
 “ ter ; but happily controul’d still by ano-  
 “ ther Impulse, they keep their heavenly  
 “ Order, and in just Numbers, and exactest  
 “ Measure, go the Eternal Rounds.

“ But, O Thou who art the Author and  
 “ Modifier of these various Motions ! O  
 “ *Sovereign* and *Sole Mover*, by whose high  
 “ Art the rolling Spheres are govern’d, and  
 “ these stupendous Bodys of our World  
 “ hold their unrelenting Courses ! O wise  
 “ Oeconomist, and powerful Chief, whom  
 “ all the Elements and Powers of Nature  
 “ serve ! How hast thou animated these  
 “ moving Worlds ? What Spirit or Soul  
 “ infus’d ? What Biass fix’d ? Or how en-  
 “ compass’d them in liquid Æther, driving  
 “ them as with the Breath of living Winds,  
 “ thy active and unweary’d Ministers in this  
 “ intricate and mighty Work ?

“ Thus

“ Thus powerfully are the Systems held *Medita-*  
 “ intire, and kept from fatal interfering. *ti...*  
 “ Thus is our *Globe* directed, and made to  
 “ run its annual Race about the Sun; daily  
 “ revolving on its own Center: whilst the  
 “ obsequious *Moon* with double Labour,  
 “ monthly furrounding this our bigger Orb,  
 “ attends the Motion of her Sister-Planet,  
 “ and pays in common her circular Homage  
 “ to the Sun.

“ Yet is this Mansion-Globe, this Man-  
 “ Container, of a narrower compass even  
 “ than other its Fellow-Wanderers of our  
 “ System. How narrow then must it ap-  
 “ pear, compar'd with the capacious System  
 “ of its own Sun? And how narrow, or  
 “ as nothing, in respect of those innume-  
 “ rable Systems of other apparent Suns.  
 “ Yet how immense a Body it seems, com-  
 “ par'd with what we call our own, a bor-  
 “ row'd Remnant of its variable and oft-  
 “ converted Surface; tho animated with a  
 “ sublime Celestial Spirit, by which we have  
 “ Relation and Tendency to Thee our Hea-  
 “ venly Sire, Center of Souls; to whom  
 “ these Spirits of ours by Nature tend, as  
 “ earthly Bodys to their proper Center.—  
 “ O did they tend as unerringly and con-  
 “ stantly!——But Thou alone composest  
 “ the Disorders of the Corporeal World,  
 “ and

*Meditation.*

“ and from the restless and fighting *Elements*  
 “ raisest that peaceful Concord, and con-  
 “ spiring Beauty of the ever-flourishing Cre-  
 “ ation. Even so canst thou convert these  
 “ jarring Motions of Intelligent Beings, and  
 “ in due time and manner cause them to find  
 “ their Rest ; making them contribute to  
 “ the Good and Perfection of the Universe,  
 “ thy all-good and perfect Work.—

HERE again he broke off, looking on me as if he expected I shou'd speak ; which when he found I wou'd not, Why PHILECLES (said he, with an Air of Wonder) what can this mean, that you shou'd let me thus run on, without the least Interruption ? Have you at once given over your scrupulous Philosophy, to let me range thus at pleasure thro these aerial Spaces and imaginary Regions, where my capricious Fancy or easy Faith has led me ? I wou'd have you know, that I had never trusted my self with you in this *Vein of Enthusiasm*, but that I rely'd on you to govern it a little better.

I find then, said I, you wou'd have me be to you like that Muscian whom an antient Orator made use of at his Elbow, to strike such moving Notes as rais'd him when he sunk, and calm'd him when his impetuous Spirit was transported in too high a Strain.  
 You



You are right, reply'd he ; and therefore I am resolv'd not to go on, till you have promis'd to pull me by the Sleeve when I grow extravagant. If it must be so, said I, I am content. But how, said he, if instead of rising in my Transports, I shou'd grow flat and tiresom? What Lyre or Art wou'd you make use of, to raise me again?

The Danger, I reply'd, lay not on this hand. His *Vein* was a plentiful one; and his *Enthusiasm* in no likelihood of failing him. His Subject too, as well as his Numbers, wou'd bear him out. And with the advantage of the rural Scene around us, his number'd Prose, I thought, supply'd the room of the best Pastoral Song. For as I was now wrought up, 'twas as agreeable to me to hear him, in this kind of Passion, invoke his *Stars* and *Elements*, as to hear one of those amorous Shepherds complaining to his Flock, and making the Woods and Rocks resound the Name of her whom he ador'd. Begin therefore (continu'd I with earnestness) Begin a-new, and lead me boldly thro your *Elements*. Wherever there is danger, be it on either hand, I promise to give you warning when I perceive it.

Let us begin then, said he, with this our Element of *Earth*, which yonder we see cultivated with such Care by the early Swains

*Meditation.*

Swains now working in the Plain below.  
 “ Unhappy restless Men, who first disdain’d  
 “ these peaceful Labours, gentle rural Tasks,  
 “ perform’d with such Delight ! What  
 “ Pride or what Ambition bred this Scorn ?  
 “ Hence all those fatal Evils of your Race.  
 “ Enormous Luxury, despising homely Fare,  
 “ ranges thro Seas and Lands, rifles the  
 “ Globe ; and Men ingenious to their Mi-  
 “ sery, work out for themselves the means  
 “ of heavier Labours, anxious Cares, and  
 “ Sorrow. Not satisfy’d to turn and ma-  
 “ nure for their Use the wholesom and be-  
 “ neficial Mould of this their **EARTH**, they  
 “ dig yet deeper, and seeking out imagi-  
 “ nary Wealth, they search its very En-  
 “ trails.

“ Here, led by Curiosity, we find *Mine-*  
 “ *erals* of different Natures, which by their  
 “ Simplicity discover no less of the Divine  
 “ Art, than the most compounded of Na-  
 “ ture’s Works. Some are found capable  
 “ of surprizing Changes ; others as durable,  
 “ and hard to be destroy’d or chang’d by  
 “ Fire or utmost Art. So various are the  
 “ Subjects of our Contemplation, that even  
 “ the Study of these inglorious Parts of Na-  
 “ ture, in the nether World, is able it self  
 “ alone to yield large Matter and Employ-  
 “ ment for the busiest Spirits of Men, who  
 “ in

“ in the Labour of these Experiments can *Meditation.*  
 “ willingly consume their Lives.—But  
 “ the noisom poisonous Steams which the  
 “ *Earth* breathes from these dark Pits, where  
 “ she conceals her Treasures, suffer not pry-  
 “ ing Mortals to live long in this Search.

“ How sweet is it to those who come out  
 “ hence alive, to breathe a purer AIR! to  
 “ see the Light of Day! and tread the fer-  
 “ tile Ground! How gladly they contem-  
 “ plate the Surface of the Earth, their Ha-  
 “ bitation, heated and enliven'd by the Sun,  
 “ and temper'd by the fresh *Air* of fanning  
 “ Breezes! These exercise the resty Plants,  
 “ and scour the unactive Globe. And when  
 “ the Sun draws hence thick Steams and  
 “ Vapours, 'tis only to digest and exalt the  
 “ unwholesom Particles, and commit 'em to  
 “ the sprightly *Air*; who soon imparting  
 “ his quick and vital Spirit, renders 'em  
 “ again with improvement to the Earth, in  
 “ gentle Breathings, or in rich Dews and  
 “ fruitful Showers. The same AIR mo-  
 “ ving about the mighty Mass, enters its  
 “ Pores, impregnating the Whole: And  
 “ both the Sun and Air conspiring, so ani-  
 “ mate this Mother-Earth, that tho ever  
 “ breeding, her Vigour is as great, her  
 “ Beauty as fresh, and her Looks as charm-  
 “ ing

*Meditation.*

“ ing, as if She newly came out of the  
 “ Forming Hands of her Creator.

“ How beautiful is the WATER among  
 “ the inferiour Earthly Works! Heavy,  
 “ Liquid, and Transparent: without the  
 “ springing Vigour and expansive Force of  
 “ Air; but not without Activity. Stub-  
 “ born and un-yielding, when compress'd;  
 “ but placidly avoiding Force, and bending  
 “ every way with ready Fluency! Insinua-  
 “ ting, it dissolves the lumpish Earth, frees  
 “ the intangled Bodys, procures their In-  
 “ tercourse, and summons to the Field the  
 “ keen Terrestrial Particles; whose happy  
 “ Strifes soon ending in strict Union, pro-  
 “ duce the various Forms which we behold.  
 “ How vastly deep are the Abysses of the  
 “ Sea, where this soft Element is kept in  
 “ store; and whence the Sun and Winds  
 “ extracting, raise it into Clouds! These  
 “ soon converted into Rain, water the  
 “ thirsty Ground, and supply a-fresh the  
 “ Springs and Rivers; the Comfort of the  
 “ neighbouring Plains, and sweet Refresh-  
 “ ment of all Animals.

“ But whither shall we trace the Sources  
 “ of *the Light*? or in what Ocean compre-  
 “ hend the luminous Matter so wide diffus'd  
 “ thro the immense Spaces which it fills?  
 “ What Seats shall we assign to that fierce  
 “ Element

“ Element of FIRE, too active to be confin’d  
 “ within the Compass of the Sun, and not  
 “ excluded even the Bowels of the Earth?  
 “ The Air it self submits to it, and serves  
 “ as its inferiour Instrument. Even this  
 “ our Sun, with all those numerous Suns,  
 “ the glittering Host of Heaven, seem to  
 “ receive from hence the vast Supplys which  
 “ keep them for ever in their splendid State.  
 “ The invisible ethereal Substance, penetra-  
 “ ting both liquid and solid Bodys, is dif-  
 “ fus’d throughout the Universe. It che-  
 “ rishes the cold dull Massy Globe, and  
 “ warms it to its very Center. It forms the  
 “ Minerals; gives Life and Growth to Ve-  
 “ getables; kindles a soft, invisible, and  
 “ vital Flame in the Breasts of living Crea-  
 “ tures; frames, animates, and nurses all  
 “ the various Forms; sparing, as well as  
 “ imploying for their Use, those sulphu-  
 “ rous and combustible Matters of which  
 “ they are compos’d. Benigna and gentle  
 “ amidst all, it still maintains this happy  
 “ Peace and Concord, according to its sta-  
 “ ted and peculiar Laws. But these once  
 “ broken, the acquitted Being takes its  
 “ Course unrul’d. It runs impetuous thro  
 “ the fatal Breach, and breaking into visible  
 “ and fierce Flames, passes triumphant o’er  
 “ the yielding Forms, converting all into  
 “ it

*Meditation.*

*Meditation.*

“ it self, and dissolving now those Systems,  
 “ which it self before had form'd. 'Tis  
 “ thus——

HERE THEOCLES stopt of a sudden, when, as he imagin'd, I was putting my Hand out to lay hold on his Sleeve.

O PHILOCLÉS, said he, 'tis well remember'd. I was growing too warm, I find; as well I might, in this hot Element. And here perhaps I might have talk'd yet more mysteriously, had you been one that cou'd think otherwise than in the common way of the soft Flames of Love. You might have heard of Wonders in this kind: how all things had their Being hence, and had it for their noblest End, to be here wrapt up, consum'd and lost.—— But in these high Flights, I might have gone near to burn my Wings.

Indeed, said I, you might well expect the Fate of ICARUS, for your high-soaring. But this was not what I so much fear'd. For, truly, you were got above Danger; and, with that devouring Element on your side, had master'd not only the Sun himself, but every thing which stood in your way. I was afraid it wou'd run to what they tell us of a universal Conflagration; in which I knew not how it might go, possibly, with our GENIUS. I am,

I am glad, said he, PHILOCLEES, to find this grown such a Concern with you. But you may rest secure here, if the Case you meant were that periodical Conflagration talk'd of by some Philosophers. For there the GENIUS wou'd of necessity be all in all: and in those Intervals of Creation, when no Form, nor Species existed any where out of the Divine Mind, all then was *Deity*: All was that ONE, collected thus within it self, and subsisting (as they imagin'd) rather in a more simple and perfect manner, than when multiply'd in more ways; and becoming productive, it unfolded it self in the various Map of Nature, and this fair visible World.

But for my part, said I (interrupting him) who can much better see Divinity unfolded, than in that involv'd and solitary State before Creation; I cou'd wish you wou'd go a little further with me in the Map of Nature: especially if descending from your lofty Flights, you wou'd be content to pitch upon this humble Spot of *Earth*; where I cou'd better accompany you wheres'r you led me.

But you, reply'd he, who wou'd confine me to this heavy Earth, must yet allow me the same Wings of Fancy. How else shall I fly with you, thro' different Climates, from

O

Pole

Pole to Pole, and from the Frigid to the Torrid Zone?

O, said I, for this purpose I can allow you the PEGASUS of the Poets, or that wing'd Griffin which an *Italian* Poet of the Moderns gave to one of his Heroes: yet on this condition, by the way, that you take no such extravagant Flight, as his was, to the Moon; but keep closely to this Orb of Earth.

Since you will have it so, let us then try first, said THEOCLES, on the darkest and most imperfect Parts of our Map, and see how you can bear the Prospect. “ How

*Meditation.*

“ oblique and faintly looks the Sun on yonder  
 “ Climates, far remov'd from him!  
 “ How tedious are the *Winters* there! How  
 “ deep the Horrors of the Night, and  
 “ how uncomfortable even the Light of  
 “ Day! The freezing Winds employ their  
 “ fiercest Breath, yet are not spent with  
 “ blowing. The Sea, which elsewhere is  
 “ scarce confin'd within its Limits, lies here  
 “ immur'd in Walls of Chrystal. The Snow  
 “ covers the Hills, and almost fills the lowest  
 “ Valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent  
 “ o'er the Plains, hiding the sluggish Rivers,  
 “ the Shrubs, and Trees, the Dens of Beasts,  
 “ and Mansions of distress'd and feeble Men.—See!  
 “ where they lie  
 “ confin'd,



“ confin’d, hardly secure against the raging *Meditation.*  
 “ Cold, or the Attacks of the wild Beasts,  
 “ now Masters of the wasted Field, and  
 “ forc’d by Hunger out of the naked  
 “ Woods.—Yet not dishearten’d (such is  
 “ the Force of Human Breasts) but thus  
 “ provided for, by Art and Prudence, the  
 “ kind compensating Gifts of Heaven, Men  
 “ and their Herds may wait for a Release.  
 “ For at length the Sun approaching, melts  
 “ the Snow, sets longing Men at liberty,  
 “ and affords them Means and Time to make  
 “ provision against the next Return of Cold.  
 “ It breaks the Icy Fetters of the Main ;  
 “ where vast Sea-Monsters pierce thro float-  
 “ ing Islands, with Arms which can with-  
 “ stand the Chrystal Rock : whilst others,  
 “ who of themselves seem great as Islands,  
 “ are by their Bulk alone arm’d against all  
 “ but Man ; whose Superiority over Crea-  
 “ tures of such stupendous Size and Force,  
 “ shou’d make him mindful of his Privilege  
 “ of Reason, and force him humbly to adore  
 “ the great Composer of these wondrous  
 “ Frames, and Author of his own superiour  
 “ Wisdom.

“ But leaving these dull Climates, so lit-  
 “ tle favour’d by the Sun, for those on which  
 “ he looks more kindly, making perpetual  
 “ *Summer* ; how great an Alteration do we  
 “ find ?

Meditation.

“ find? His purer Light confounds weak-  
 “ fighted Mortals, pierc’d by his scorching  
 “ Beams. Scarce can they tread the glow-  
 “ ing Ground. The Air they breathe can-  
 “ not enough abate the Fire which burns  
 “ within their panting Breasts. Their Bo-  
 “ dys melt. O’ercome and fainting, they  
 “ seek the Shade, and wait the cool Refresh-  
 “ ments of the Night. Yet oft the boun-  
 “ teous Creator bestows other Refreshments.  
 “ He casts a Veil of Clouds before ’em, and  
 “ raises gentle Gales: favour’d by which,  
 “ the Men and Beasts pursue their Labours;  
 “ and Plants refresh’d by Dews and Showers,  
 “ can gladly bear the warmest Sun-beams.

“ And here the varying Scene opens to  
 “ new Wonders. We see a Country rich  
 “ with *Gems*, but richer with the fragrant  
 “ *Spices* it affords. How gravely move the  
 “ largest of Land-Creatures on the Banks of  
 “ this fair River! How ponderous are  
 “ their Arms, and vast their Strength! Yet  
 “ are they tam’d (we see) by Men, and  
 “ brought even to fight their Battels, as  
 “ Allys, and like Friends, rather than  
 “ Slaves.——But let us turn our Eyes  
 “ towards these smaller, and more curious  
 “ Objects; the numerous and devouring In-  
 “ sects on the Trees in these wide Plains.  
 “ How shining, strong, and lasting are the  
 “ subtile

“ subtle Threds spun from their art-  
 “ ful Mouths! Who but the All-wise has  
 “ taught them to compose the beautiful soft  
 “ Shells, in which recluse and bury’d, yet  
 “ still alive, they undergo such a surpris-  
 “ ing Change: when not destroy’d by Men,  
 “ who clothe and adorn themselves with the  
 “ Labours and Lives of these weak Crea-  
 “ tures; and are proud of wearing such in-  
 “ glorious Spoils? How sumptuously appa-  
 “ rel’d, gay, and splendid, are all the vari-  
 “ ous Insects which feed on the other Plants  
 “ of this warm Region! How beautiful  
 “ the Plants themselves, in all their various  
 “ Growths, from the triumphant Palm  
 “ down to the humble Moss!

“ Now may we see that *happy* Country  
 “ where precious Gums and Balsams flow  
 “ from Trees; and Nature yields her most  
 “ delicious Fruits. How tame and tracta-  
 “ ble, how patient of Labour and of Thirst,  
 “ are those large Creatures; who lifting up  
 “ their lofty Heads, go led and loaden thro  
 “ these dry and barren Places! Their Shape  
 “ and Temper show them fram’d by Na-  
 “ ture to submit to Man, and fitted for  
 “ his Service: who from hence ought to be  
 “ more sensible of his Wants, and of the  
 “ Divine Bounty, thus supplying them.

Meditation.

“ But see ! not far from us, that *Fertilest*  
 “ of Lands, water’d and fed by a friendly  
 “ generous Stream, which, e’er it enters  
 “ the Sea, divides it self into many Bran-  
 “ ches, to dispense more equally the rich  
 “ and nitrous Manure, it bestows so kindly  
 “ and in due time, on the adjacent Plains.—  
 “ Fair Image of that fruitful and exuberant  
 “ Nature, who with a Flood of Bounty  
 “ blesses all things, and Parent-like out of  
 “ her many Breasts sends the nutritious  
 “ Draught in various Streams to her re-  
 “ joicing Offspring !——Innumerable are  
 “ the various Creatures and unknown Forms  
 “ which drink the slimy Current : whether  
 “ they are such as leaving the scorch’d De-  
 “ serts, satiate here their ardent Thirst,  
 “ and promiscuously engendring, beget a  
 “ dubious Race ; or whether (as ’tis said)  
 “ by the Sun’s genial Heat, active on the  
 “ fermenting Ooze, new Forms are gene-  
 “ rated, and issue from the River’s fertile  
 “ Bed.—See there the noted Tyrant of  
 “ the Flood, and Terror of its Borders !  
 “ when suddenly displaying his horrid  
 “ Form, the amphibious Ravager invades  
 “ the Land, quitting his watry Den, and  
 “ from the Deep emerging, with hideous  
 “ rush, sweeps o’er the trembling Plain.  
 “ The Natives from afar behold with won-  
 “ der

“ der the enormous Bulk, sprung from so  
 “ small an Egg, and tell the Monster’s Na-<sup>Medita-</sup>  
 “ ture cruel and deceitful: how he with <sup>tion.</sup>  
 “ dire Hypocrisy, and false Tears, beguiles  
 “ the Simple-hearted; and inspiring Ten-  
 “ derness and kind Compassion, kills with  
 “ pious Fraud.—Sad Emblem of that  
 “ spiritual Plague, dire *Superstition!* Native  
 “ of this Soil; where first Religion grew  
 “ unfociable, and among different Wor-  
 “ shippers bred mutual Hatred, and Abhor-  
 “ rence of each others Temples. The In-  
 “ fection spreads: and Nations now profane  
 “ one to another, war fiercer, and in Re-  
 “ ligion’s Cause forget Humanity: whilst  
 “ savage *Zeal*, with meek and pious Sem-  
 “ blance, works dreadful Massacre; and for  
 “ Heaven’s sake (horrid Pretence!) makes  
 “ desolate the Earth.—

“ Here let us leave these Monsters (glad  
 “ if we cou’d here confine ’em!) and de-  
 “ testing the dire prolifick Soil, let us fly  
 “ rather to the vast *Desarts* of these Parts.  
 “ All ghastly and hideous as they appear,  
 “ they want not their peculiar Beautys.  
 “ The Wildness pleases. We seem to live  
 “ alone with Nature. We view her in her  
 “ inmost Recesses, and contemplate her with  
 “ more Delight in these original Wilds,  
 “ than in the artificial Labyrinths and Wil-  
 “ dernesses

Meditation.

“ dernesses of the Palace. The Objects of  
 “ the place, the scaly Serpents, the savage  
 “ Beasts, and poisonous Insects, how terrible  
 “ soever, or how contrary to human  
 “ Nature, are beautiful in themselves, and  
 “ fit to raise our Thoughts in Admiration  
 “ of that Divine Wisdom, so far superiour  
 “ to our short views. Unable to declare  
 “ the Use or Service of all things in this  
 “ Universe, we are yet assur’d of the Perfection  
 “ of all, and of the Justice of that  
 “ Oeconomy, to which all things are subservient,  
 “ and in respect of which, Things seemingly  
 “ deform’d are amiable; Disorder becomes  
 “ regular, Corruption wholesome; and Poisons  
 “ (such as these we have seen) prove healing  
 “ and beneficial.

“ But behold! thro a vast Tract of Sky  
 “ before us, the mighty ATLAS rears his  
 “ lofty Head, cover’d with Snow, above the  
 “ Clouds. Beneath the *Mountain’s* foot,  
 “ the rocky Country rises into Hills, a proper  
 “ Basis of the ponderous Mass above; where  
 “ huge embody’d Rocks lie piled on one another,  
 “ and seem to prop the high Arch of Heaven.—  
 “ See! with what trembling Steps poor Mankind  
 “ tread the narrow Brink of the deep Precipices!  
 “ From whence with giddy Horrour they look  
 “ down, mistrusting even the Ground which  
 “ bears

“ bears 'em ; whilst they hear the hollow *Medita-*  
 “ Sound of Torrents underneath, and see *tion.*  
 “ the Ruin of the impending Rock ; with  
 “ falling Trees which hang with their Roots  
 “ upwards, and seem to draw more Ruin  
 “ after them. Here thoughtless Men, seiz'd  
 “ with the Newness of such Objects, become  
 “ thoughtful, and willingly contemplate  
 “ the incessant Changes of this Earth's Sur-  
 “ face. They see, as in one instant, the  
 “ Revolutions of past Ages, the fleeting  
 “ Forms of Things, and the Decay even  
 “ of this our Globe ; whose Youth and first  
 “ Formation they consider, whilst the ap-  
 “ parent Spoil and irreparable Breaches of  
 “ the wasted Mountain shew them the  
 “ World it self only as a noble Ruin, and  
 “ make them think of its approaching Pe-  
 “ riod.—But here mid-way the *Mountain,*  
 “ a spacious Border of thick Wood har-  
 “ bours our weary'd Travellers : who now  
 “ are come among the ever-green and lofty  
 “ Pines, the Firs, and noble Cedars, whose  
 “ tousing Heads seem endless in the Sky ;  
 “ the rest of Trees appearing only as Shrubs  
 “ beside them. And here a different Hor-  
 “ rour seizes our shelter'd Travellers, when  
 “ they see the Day diminish'd by the deep  
 “ Shades of the vast Wood ; which closing  
 “ thick above, spreads Darkness and eternal  
 “ Night .

*Meditation.*

“ Night below. The faint and gloomy  
 “ Light looks horrid as the Shade it self :  
 “ and the profound Stillness of these Places  
 “ imposes Silence upon Men, struck with  
 “ the hoarse Ecchoings of every Sound  
 “ within the spacious Caverns of the Wood.  
 “ Here Space astonishes. Silence it self  
 “ seems pregnant ; whilst an unknown  
 “ Force works on the Mind, and dubious  
 “ Objects move the wakeful Sense. Myste-  
 “ rious Voices are either heard or fancy’d :  
 “ and various Forms of Deity seem to pre-  
 “ sent themselves, and appear more mani-  
 “ fest in these sacred Sylvan Scenes ; such as  
 “ of old gave rise to Temples, and fa-  
 “ vour’d the Religion of the antient World.  
 “ Even we our selves, who in plain Cha-  
 “ racters may read DIVINITY from so  
 “ many bright Parts of Earth, chuse rather  
 “ these obscurer Places to spell out that  
 “ mysterious Being, which to our weak  
 “ Eyes appears at best under a Veil of  
 “ Cloud. —————

H E R E he paus’d a while, and began to  
 cast about his Eyes, which before seem’d  
 fix’d. He look’d more calmly, with an o-  
 pen Countenance and free Air ; by which,  
 and other Tokens, I cou’d easily find we  
 were come to an end of our *Descriptions* ;  
 and



and that whether I wou'd or no, THEOCLES was now resolv'd to take his leave of *the Sublime*: the Morning being spent, and the Forenoon by this time well advanc'd.

## S E C T. II.

**M**Ethinks, said he, PHILOCLES (changing to a familiar Voice) we had better leave these unfociable Places, whither our Fancy has transported us, and return to our selves here again in our more conversable Woods, and temperate Climates. Here no fierce Heats nor Colds annoy us, no *Precipices* nor *Cataracts* amaze us. Nor need we here be afraid of our own Voices; whilst we hear the Notes of such a chearful Quire, and find the *Ecchoes* rather agreeable, and inviting us to talk.

I confess, said I, those foreign Nymphs (if there were any belonging to those miraculous Woods) were much too awful Beautys to please me. I found our familiar Home-Nymphs a great deal more to my humour. Yet for all this, I cannot but be concern'd for your breaking off just when we were got half the World over, and wanted only to take AMERICA in our way home. Indeed

as

as for EUROPE, I cou'd excuse your making any great *Tour* there, because of the little Variety it wou'd afford us. Besides that it wou'd be hard to see it in any view, without meeting still that political Face of Affairs, which wou'd too much disturb us in our Philosophical Flights. But for the Western Tract, I cannot imagine why you shou'd neglect such noble Subjects as are there; unless perhaps the Gold and Silver, to which I find you such a bitter Enemy, frighted you from a Soil so full of it. If these Countrys had been as bare of those Metals as old SPARTA, we might have heard more perhaps of the PERU's and MEXICO's than of all ASIA and AFRICA. We might have had Creatures, Plants, Woods, Mountains, Rivers, beyond any of those we have pass'd. How sorry am I to lose the noble AMAZON! How sorry——

Here as I wou'd have proceeded, I saw so significant a Smile on THEOCLES's Face, that it stop'd me to ask him his Thought.

Nothing, said he; nothing but this very Subject it self. Go on; I see you will finish it for me. The Spirit of this sort of Prophecy has seiz'd you too. And PHILOCLEES, the cold indifferent PHILOCLEES, is become a Pursuer of the same Beauty.

'Tis

'Tis true, said I, THEOCLES, I own it. Your *Genius*, the *Genius* of the Place, and the GREAT GENIUS have at last, I think, prevail'd. I shall no longer resist the Passion growing in me for Things of a natural kind, where neither Art, nor the Conceit or Caprice of Man has spoil'd that genuine Order, by altering any thing in their primitive State. Even the rude Rocks, the mossy Caverns, the irregular unwrought Grotto's, and broken Falls of Waters, with all the horrid Graces of the Wilderness it self, as representing Nature more, will be the more engaging, and appear with a Magnificence beyond the formal Mockery of Princely Gardens. But tell me, I conjure you, how comes it that, excepting a few Philosophers of your sort (such as, to say truth, are scarce regarded in the World) the only People who are enamour'd in this way, and seek the Woods, the Rivers, or Sea-shoars, are your poor vulgar *Lovers*?

*Natural Beautys.*

*Passion of this kind.*

Say not this, reply'd he, of Lovers only. For is it not the same with Poets, and all those other Students in Nature, and the Arts which copy after her? In short, is not this the Case of all who are Lovers either of the *Muses* or the *Graces*?

However, said I, all those who are deep in this Romantick way, are look'd upon,  
you

you know, as a People either plainly out of their Wits, or over-run with Melancholy. We always endeavour to recal 'em from these solitary Places. And I must own, that often when I have found my Fancy run this way, I have check'd my self; not knowing what it was possess'd me, when I was passionately struck with Objects of this kind.

*Shadows.* No wonder, said he, if we are at a loss, when we pursue the Shadow for the Substance. For if we may trust to what our Reasoning has taught us; whatever in Nature is beautiful or charming, is only the faint Shadow of that *First Beauty*. So that every real Love depending on the Mind, and being only the Contemplation of Beauty, either as it really is in it self, or as it appears imperfectly in the Objects which strike the Sense; how can the rational Mind rest here, or be satisfy'd with the absurd Enjoyment, which reaches the Sense alone?

*First  
Beauty.*

From this time then, said I, I shall need no more to fear those Beautys which strike a sort of Melancholy, like the Places we have nam'd, or like these solemn Groves. No more shall I avoid the moving Accents of soft Musick, or fly from the enchanting Features of the fairest Human Face.

If you are already, reply'd he, such a Proficient in this new Love, that you are sure never

never to admire the *Representative-Beauty*, except for the sake of the *Original*; nor aim *Original*. at any Enjoyment, but of the rational kind; you may then be bold.

I hope, said I, I may answer for my self. However I shou'd not be ill satisfy'd, if you explain'd your self a little better, as to this Mistake you seem to fear in me.

Wou'd it be any help, said he, to tell you, that the Absurdity lay in seeking the Enjoyment elsewhere than in the Subject *Enjoyment*. lov'd?

I must confess, said I, the Matter is still mysterious.

Imagine then, said he, good PHILO-  
CLES, if being taken with the Beauty of the Ocean which you see yonder at a distance, it shou'd come into your head, to seek how to command it; and like some mighty Admiral, ride Master of the Sea; wou'd not the Fancy be a little absurd?

Absurd enough, said I, in conscience. The next thing I shou'd do, 'tis likely, upon this Frenzy, wou'd be to hire me some Bark, and go in Nuptial Ceremony, VENETIAN-like, to wed the *Gulf*, which I might call perhaps as properly my own.

Let who will call it theirs, said THEO-  
CLES, you will own the Enjoyment of this kind to be very different from that which  
shou'd

*Enjoyment.* shou'd naturally follow from the Contemplation of the Ocean's Beauty. The Bridegroom-Doge, who in his stately *Bucentaur* floats on the Bosom of his *THE TIS*, has less possession than the poor Shepherd, who from a hanging Rock, or Point of some high Promontory, stretch'd at his ease, forgets his feeding Flocks, while he admires her Beauty. But to come nearer home, and make the Question still more familiar. Suppose that, viewing such a Tract of Country, as this delicious Vale we see beneath us, you shou'd for the Enjoyment of the Prospect, require the Property or Possession of the Land?

The covetous Fancy, said I, wou'd be as absurd altogether, as that other ambitious one.

O *PHILOCLEES*! said he, may I bring this yet a little nearer, and will you follow me once more? Suppose that being charm'd, as you seem to be, with the Beauty of these Trees, under whose shade we rest, you shou'd long for nothing so much as to tast some delicious Fruit of theirs; and having obtain'd of Nature some certain Relish by which these Acorns or Berrys of the Wood became as palatable as the Figs or Peaches of the Garden, you shou'd afterwards, as oft as you revisited these Groves,  
seek

seek hence the Enjoyment of them, by *satisfying* your self in these new Delights? *Enjoyment.*

The Fancy of this kind, said I, wou'd be *for*didly luxurious; and as absurd in my opinion, as either of the former.

Can you not then, said he, call to mind some other Forms of a fair kind among us, where the Admiration of Beauty is apt to lead to as irregular a Consequence?

I was afraid, said I, you wou'd force me at last to think of certain powerful Forms in Human Kind, which draw after 'em a Set of eager Desires, Wishes and Hopes; such, I must confess, as are not so exactly consequent from your rational Contemplation of Beauty. The Proportions of this living Architecture, as wonderful as they are, inspire nothing of a studious or contemplative kind. The more they are view'd, the further they are from satisfying by mere View. Let that which satisfies be ever so disproportionate an Effect, or ever so foreign to its Cause; censure it as you please, you must allow however that it's *natural*. So that you, THEOCLES, for ought I see, are become the Accuser of Nature, by condemning a natural Enjoyment.

Far be it from us both, said he, to condemn a Joy which is from Nature. But when we spoke of the Enjoyment of these

P

Woods

*Enjoyment.* Woods and Prospects, we understood by it a far different kind from that of the inferior Creatures, who riving in these places, find here their choicest Food. Yet we too live by Food; and feel those Joys of Sense in common with them. But 'twas not here, my PHILOCLEES, that I suppos'd we plac'd our Good; nor consequently our Enjoyment. We who are rational, and have Minds; by right, I thought, shou'd place it in those *Minds*; which are indeed abus'd, and cheated of their real Good, when drawn to seek absurdly the Enjoyment of it in the Object of Sense, and not in those Objects they may call their own: of which kind is all that is truly Fair, Beautiful, Generous, or Good.

So that *Beauty*, said I, and *Good*, with you, I see, are still one and the same.

'TIS so, said he. And thus are we return'd again to the Subject of our Yesterday's Morning-Conversation. Whether I have made good my Promise to you, in shewing the true *Good*, I know not. But so I shou'd have done, had I been able in my poetick Extasys, or by any other Efforts, to have led you into some deep View of Nature and the Sovereign GENIUS. We then had prov'd the Force of Divine Beauty; and  
form'd



form'd in our selves an Object capable and worthy of real Enjoyment.

O THEOCLES, said I, well do I remember now the Terms you engag'd me on, that Morning when you bespoke my Love of this mysterious Beauty. You have indeed made good your part, and may now claim me for a Profelyte. If there be any seeming Extravagance in the case, I must comfort my self the best I can, and consider that all found Love and Admiration is ENTHUSIASM: the Transports of Poets, the Sublime of Orators, the Rapture of Musicians, the high Strains of the Virtuosi; all mere Enthusiasm: even Learning it self, the Love of Arts and Curiosities, the Spirit of Travellers and Adventurers; Gallantry, War, Heroism; all, all Enthusiasm.——'Tis enough: I am content to be this *new Enthusiast*, in a way unknown to me before.

And I, said THEOCLES, am content you shou'd call this Love of ours *Enthusiasm*; allowing it the Privilege of its Fellow-Passions. For is there a fair and plausible Enthusiasm, a reasonable Extasy and Transport allow'd to other Subjects, such as Architecture, Painting, Musick; and shall it be exploded *here*? Are there Senses by which all those other Graces and Perfections are perceiv'd? and none by which this

higher Perfection and Grace is comprehended? Is it so preposterous to bring that Enthusiasm hither, and transfer it from those *secondary* and *scanty* Objects, to this *Original* and *Comprehensive One*? Observe how the Case stands in all those other Subjects of Art or Science. What difficulty to be in any degree knowing! How long e'er a true Taste is gain'd! How many things shocking, how many offensive at first, which afterwards are known and acknowledg'd the highest Beautys! It is not instantly we acquire this Sense by which these Beautys are discoverable. Labour and Pains are requir'd, and Time to cultivate a natural Genius, ever so apt or forward. But who is there that thinks of cultivating this Soil, or of improving any Sense or Faculty which Nature may have given of this kind? And is it a wonder we shou'd be dull then, as we are, confounded and at a loss in these Affairs, blind as to this higher Scene, these nobler Representations? Which way shou'd we come to understand better? which way be knowing in these Beautys? Is Study, Science, or Learning necessary to understand all Beautys else? And for *the Sovereign Beauty* is there no Skill or Science requir'd? In Painting there are Shades and masterly Strokes which the Vulgar understand not,

but

Arts.

A Judgment,  
Taste.

Improvement.

Chief  
Science.

but find fault with : in Architecture there is *the Rustick*, in Musick *the Chromatick* kind, and skilful Mixture of Dissonancys : and is there nothing which answers to this in the WHOLE ?

I must confess, said I, I have hitherto been one of those Vulgar, that cou'd never relish *the Shades, the Rustick, or the Dissonancys* you talk of. I have never dreamt of such Master-pieces in Nature. 'Twas my way to censure freely on the first view. But I perceive I am now oblig'd to go far in the pursuit of Beauty; which lies very absconded and deep: and if so, I am well assur'd that my Enjoyments hitherto have been very shallow. I have dwelt, it seems, all this while upon the Surface, and enjoy'd only a kind of slight superficial Beautys; having never gone in search of Beauty it self, but of what I fancy'd such. Like the rest of the World, I took for granted that what I lik'd was beautiful; and what I was pleas'd with, was my Good. I never scrupled loving what I fancy'd; and aiming only at the Enjoyment of what I lov'd, I never troubled my self with examining what the Subjects were, nor ever hesitated about their Choice.

Begin then, said he, and chuse. See what the Subjects are; and which you wou'd prefer; which honour with your Admiration,

*Beauty.*

Love, and Esteem. For by these again you will be honour'd in your turn. Such as is the Worth of these, such (PHILOCLEES) will your Worth be found. As there is Emptiness or Fullness here, so is there in your Enjoyment. See therefore where Fullness is, and where Emptiness. See in what Subject resides the chief Excellence: where Beauty reigns: where 'tis intire, perfect, absolute; where broken, imperfect, short. View these Terrestrial Beautys, and whatever has the appearance of Excellence, and is able to attract. See that which either really is, or stands as in the room of *Fair, Beautiful, and Good*: A Mass of Metal; a Tract of Land; a Number of Slaves; a Pile of Stones; a human Body of certain Lineaments and Proportions: Is this the highest of the kind? Is Beauty founded then in Body only; and not in Action, Life, or Operation?—

Hold! said I: you take this in too high a Key for me. If you wou'd have me accompany you, pray lower this Strain a little; and talk in a more familiar way.

Thus then, said he (smiling) Whatever Passion you may have for other Beautys; I know, good PHILOCLEES, you are no such Admirer of Wealth in any kind, as to allow much Beauty to it; especially in a rude  
Heap,

Heap, or Mass. But in Medals, and well-fabricated Pieces, you can discover Beauty, and admire the Kind. True, said I; but not for the Metal's sake. 'Tis not then the Metal or Matter which is beautiful with you.

No. But the Art. Certainly. The Art then is the Beauty. Right. And the Art is that which beautifies. The same. So that the Beautifying, not the Beautify'd, is the really Beautiful. It seems so. For that which is beautify'd, is beautiful only by the accession of something beautifying: and by the recess or withdrawing of the same, it ceases to be beautiful. Be it. In respect of Bodys therefore, Beauty comes and goes. So we see. Nor is the Body it self any Cause either of its coming or staying. None. So that there is no Principle of Beauty in Body. None at all. For Body can no way be the Cause of Beauty to it self. No way. Nor govern nor regulate it self. Nor yet this.

Nor mean nor intend it self. Nor this neither. Must not That therefore, which means and intends for it, regulates and orders it, be the Principle of Beauty to it?

Of necessity. And what must that be?

MIND, I suppose; for what can it be else?

Here then, said he, is all I wou'd have said to you before: That *the Beautiful, the*

Beauty.

*Fair, the Comely*, were never in the Matter, but in the Art and Design; never in Body it self, but in the Form or forming Power. Does not the beautiful Form confess this, and speak the Beauty of the Design, whene'er it strikes you? What is it but the Design which strikes? What is it you admire but MIND, or the Effect of *Mind*? 'Tis Mind alone which forms. All that is void of Mind is horrid: and Matter formless is Deformity it self.

Of all Forms then, said I, those according to your Scheme are the most amiable, and in the first Order of Beauty, which have a power of making other Forms themselves: from whence methinks they may be stil'd *the Forming Forms*. So far I can easily concur with you, and gladly give the advantage to the Human Form, above those other Beautys of Man's Formation. The Palaces, Equipages and Estates shall never in my account be brought in competition with the original living Forms of Flesh and Blood. And for the dead Forms of Nature, the Metals and Stones, however precious and dazling; I am resolv'd to resist their Splendour, and make abject Things of them, even when they pretend to set off Human Beauty, and are officiously brought in aid of *the Fair*.

Do

Do you not see then, reply'd THEO-  
CLES, that you have establish'd three De-  
grees or Orders of Beauty? As how?

*Orders of  
Beauty.*

Why first, *the Dead Forms*, as you call  
'em, which are form'd indeed, whether by  
Man or Nature; but have no forming  
Power, no Action, or Intelligence. Right.

*First Order.*

Next, and as the second kind, *the Forms*  
*which form*; that is to say, which have Intel-  
ligence, Action, and Operation. Right  
still. Here therefore is double Beauty.

*Second  
Order.*

For here is both the Form (the Effect of  
Mind) and Mind it self: the first kind low  
and despicable in respect of this other; from  
whence the Dead Form has all its Lustre and  
Force of Beauty. For what is a mere Bod-  
dy, tho a human one, and ever so exactly  
fashion'd, if *inward* Form be wanting, and  
the Mind be monstrous or imperfect, as in a  
Natural or Savage? This too I can appre-  
hend, said I; but where is the third Order?

Have patience, said he, and see first whe-  
ther you have discover'd the whole Force  
of this latter Beauty. How else shou'd you  
know the Force of Love, or have the power  
of Enjoyment? Tell me, I beseech you,  
when first you nam'd these *the Forming Forms*,  
did you think of no other Productions of  
theirs besides the Dead Kinds, such as the  
Palaces, the Coins, the Brazen or the Mar-  
ble

Orders of Beauty. ble Figures of Men? or did you think of something nearer Life?

I cou'd easily, said I, have added, that these Forms of ours had a virtue of producing other living Forms, like themselves; but this *Virtue* of theirs, I thought, was from another Form above them, and cou'd hardly be well call'd their *Art*: whilst there was still another superiour Art, or something Artist-like, which guided their Hand, and made Tools of them in this specious Work.

Third Order.

Happily thought, said he! you have prevented a Censure which I hardly imagin'd you cou'd escape. And here you have unawares discover'd that third Order of Beauty, which forms not only such as we call mere Forms, but even *the Forms which form*. For we our selves are notable Architects in Matter, and can shew lifeless Bodys brought into Form, and fashion'd by our own hands: but that which fashions even Minds themselves, contains in it self all the Beautys fashion'd by those Minds; and is consequently the Principle, Source, and Fountain of all Beauty.

It seems so.

Therefore whatever Beauty appears in our second Order of Forms, or whatever is deriv'd or produc'd from thence, all this is



is eminently, principally, and originally in *Beauty*.  
 this last Order of Supreme and Sovereign  
 Beauty.

True.

Thus Architecture, Musick, and all that  
 is of human Invention, resolves it self into  
 this last Order.

Right, said I: and thus all the Enthufiasms of other kinds resolve themselves into ours. The fashionable Kinds borrow from us, and are nothing without us. We have undoubtedly the Honour of being Originals.

NOW therefore say again, reply'd  
 THEOCLES; whether are those Fabricks of  
 Architecture, Sculpture, and the like, the  
 greatest Beautys which Man forms; or are  
 there greater and better? None that I  
 know, reply'd I. Think, think again,  
 said he: and setting aside those Productions  
 which just now you excepted against, as  
 Master-pieces of another Hand; think what  
 there are which more immediately proceed  
 from us, and may more truly be term'd *our*  
*Issue*. I am barren, said I, for this time:  
 you must help me to conceive. How can  
 I help you, reply'd he? Wou'd you have  
 me be conscious for you of that which is  
*your own*, and is solely in, and from *your*  
*Self*? You mean my Sentiments, said I.  
 Cer-

*Beauty,  
moral.*

*Offspring.  
Generation.*

Certainly, reply'd he: and together with your Sentiments, your Resolutions, Principles, Determinations, Actions; whatsoever is handsom and noble in the kind; all that flows from your good Understanding, Sense, Knowledg and Will; all that is engender'd in your Heart (good PHILOCLES!) and all that derives it self from your Parent-*Mind*, which unlike to other Parents, is never spent or exhausted, but gains Strength and Vigour by producing. So you, my Friend, have prov'd it, by many a Work; not suffering that fertile Part to remain idle and unactive. Hence those good Parts, which from a natural Genius you have rais'd by due Improvement. And here, as I cannot but admire the pregnant Genius, and Parent-Beauty, so am I satisfy'd of the Offspring, that it is and will be ever beautiful.

*Source.*

I took the Compliment, and wish'd, I told him, the Case were really as he imagin'd, that I might justly merit his Esteem and Love. My Study therefore shou'd be to grow beautiful, in his way of Beauty; and from this time I wou'd do all I cou'd to propagate that lovely Race of mental Children, happily sprung from such a high Enjoyment, and from a Union with what was Fairest and Best. But 'tis you, THEOCLES, continu'd I, must help my labouring  
Mind,

Mind; and be as it were the Midwife to those Conceptions; which else I fear will prove abortive.

You do well, reply'd he, to give me the Midwife's part only; for the Mind conceiving of it self, can only be, as you say, assisted in the Birth. Its *Pregnancy* is from its Nature; nor cou'd it ever have been thus impregnated by any other Mind, than that which form'd it at the first; and which, as we have already prov'd, is original to all Mental, as well as other Beauty.

Do you maintain then, said I, that these mental Children, the Notions and Principles of Fair, Just, Honest, with the rest of these *Ideas*, are *innate*?

*Innate  
Ideas.*

Anatomists, said he, tell us that the Eggs, which are Principles in Body, are innate; being form'd already in the *Fœtus* before the Birth: but when it is, whether before, or at, or after the Birth, or at what time after, that either these, or other Principles, Organs of Sensation, or Sensations themselves, are first form'd in us, is a matter doubtless of curious Speculation, but of no great Importance. The Question is, whether the Principles spoken of are from Art, or Nature? If from Nature purely; 'tis no matter for the Time: nor wou'd I contend with you, tho you shou'd deny Life it self  
to

Instinct.

to be innate, as imagining it follow'd rather than preceded the moment of Birth. But this I am certain of; that Life, and the Sensations which accompany Life, come at what time they will, are from mere Nature, and nothing else. Therefore if you dislike the word *Innate*, let us change it, if you will, for *INSTINCT*; and call *Instinct*, that which Nature teaches, exclusive of Art, Culture or Discipline.

Content, said I.

Generation.

Leaving then, reply'd he, those admirable Speculations to the *Virtuosi*, the *Anatomists*, and *School-Divines*; we may safely aver, with all their Consents, that the several Organs, particularly those of Generation, are form'd by Nature. Whether is there also from Nature, think you, any *Instinct* for the after Use of them? Or whether must *Learning* and *Experience* imprint this Use? 'Tis imprinted, said I, enough in Conscience: the *Instinct* is so strong in the Case, that 'twou'd be absurdity not to think it natural, as well in our own Species, as in those of other Creatures; where (as you have taught me) not only the mere engendering of the Young, but the various and almost infinite Means and Methods of providing for them, are all foreknown. This we may distinctly see in their preparatory Labours

bours and Arts ; which demonstrate their anticipating Fancys and *Preconceptions*, if I <sup>*Preconcep-*</sup> may use a word you taught me yesterday. <sup>*tions.*</sup>

I allow your Expression, said THEOCLES, and will endeavour to show you that the same *Preconceptions*, of a higher degree, have place in Human Kind. Do so, said I, I intreat you : for so far am I from finding in my self these *Preconceptions* of *Fair* and *Beautiful* in your sense ; that methinks, till now of late, I have hardly known of any thing like them in Nature. How is it then, said he, you wou'd have known that *outward* Fair and Beautiful of Human Kind ; if such an Object (a fair fleshy one) in all its Beauty, had for the first time appear'd to you by your self this morning in these Groves ? Or do you think you shou'd have been unmov'd, and have found no difference between this Form and any other ; if first you had not been instructed ?

I have hardly any Right, reply'd I, to plead this last Opinion, after what I have own'd just before.

Well then, said he, that I may appear to take no advantage against you ; I quit the dazzling Form, which carries such a Force of complicated Beauty ; and am contented to consider separately each of those simple Beautys, which taken altogether, create  
this

Beauty of  
Body.

this wonderful effect. For you will allow, without doubt, that in respect of Bodys, whatever is commonly said of the unexpressible, the unintelligible, the *I know not what* of Beauty; there can lie no Mystery here, but what plainly belongs either to *Figure, Colour, Motion, or Sound*. Omitting therefore the three latter, and their dependent Charms; let us view the Charm in what is simplest of all, *mere Figure*. Nor need we go so high as Sculpture, Architecture, or the Designs of those who from this Study of Beauty have rais'd such delightful Arts. 'Tis enough if we consider the simplest of Figures; as either a round Ball, a Cube, or Dye. Why is even an Infant pleas'd with the first View of these? Why is the Sphere or Globe, the Cylinder and Obelisk prefer'd; and the irregular Figures, in respect of these, rejected and despis'd?

Beauty of  
Soul,

As real,

I am ready, reply'd I, to own there is in certain Figures a natural Beauty, which the Eye finds as soon as the Object is presented to it. Is there then, said he, a natural Beauty of Figures? and is there not as natural a one of Actions? No sooner the Eye opens upon Figures, the Ear to Sounds, than straight the Beautiful results, and Grace and Harmony are known and acknowledg'd. No sooner are Actions view'd, no sooner  
the

the human Affections and Passions discern'd (and they are most of 'em as soon discern'd as felt) than straight an inward Eye distinguishes, and sees the Fair and Shapely, the Amiable and Admirable, apart from the Deform'd, the Foul, the Odious, or the Despicable. How is it possible therefore not to own, that as these Distinctions have their Foundation in Nature, the Discernment also is natural, and from Nature alone? *And necessarily moving.* *Idea Natural.*

If this, reply'd I, were as you represent it; there shou'd never, methinks, be any Disagreement among Men concerning Actions and Behaviour: as which was Base, which Worthy; which Handsom, and which not. But now we find perpetual variance among Mankind; whose Differences are chiefly founded on this Disagreement in Opinion; the one affirming, the other denying that this, or that, is fit or decent.

Even by this then, reply'd he, it appears there is Fitness and Decency in Actions: since *the Fit and Decent* is in this Controversy ever presuppos'd: and whilst Men are at odds about the Subjects, the Thing it self is universally agreed. For neither is there Agreement in Judgments about other Beautys. 'Tis controverted which is the finest Pile, the loveliest Shape or Face: but without controversy, 'tis allow'd there is a Beauty *The Fit and Decent.*

Q of

Standard  
own'd.

of both these kinds. This no one goes about to teach: nor is it learnt by any, but confess'd by all. All own the Standard, Rule, and Measure: but in applying it to Things, Disorder arises, Ignorance prevails, Interest and Passion breed Disturbance. Nor can it otherwise happen in the Affairs of Life, whilst that which interestes and engages Men as *Good*, is thought different from that which they admire and praise as *Honest*. But with us, PHILOCLES, 'tis better settled: since for our parts, we have already decreed that *Beauty* and *Good* are still the same.

Confirma-  
tion.

I REMEMBER, said I, what you forc'd me to yield to once before. And now, methinks, I want not so much to be convinc'd, as to be confirm'd and strengthen'd: and I hope this last may prove the easier Task for you.

Not unless you help in it your self, reply'd THEOCLES, for this is necessary as well as becoming. It had been indeed shameful for you to have yielded without making good Resistance. To help one's self to be convinc'd, is to prevent Reason, and bespeak Error and Delusion. But upon fair Conviction, to give our heart up to the evident side, and reinforce the Impression, this is to help



help Reason heartily : and thus we may be said honestly to persuade our selves. Shew me then, said I, how I may best persuade my self

Have Courage, said he, PHILOCLES. Be not offended that I say, *Have Courage.* 'Tis Cowardice alone betrays us. For whence can false Shame be but from Cowardice? To be asham'd of what one is sure can never be shameful, must needs be from the want of Resolution. We seek the Right and Wrong in things; we examine what is Honourable, what Shameful: and having at last determin'd, we dare not stand to our own Judgment, and are asham'd to own there is really a *Shameful* and an *Honourable*.

“ Hear me (says one who pretends to value  
 “ lue PHILOCLES, and be valu'd by him)  
 “ there can be no such thing as real Valua-  
 “ bleness or Worth; nothing in it self  
 “ estimable or amiable, odious or shameful.

“ All is *Opinion*; 'tis Opinion which makes  
 “ Beauty; and unmakes it. The Graceful *Opinion,*  
 “ or Ungraceful in things, the Decorum *Fashion,*

“ and its Contrary, the Amiable and Un-  
 “ amiable, Vice, Virtue, Honour, Shame, *Measure of*  
 “ all this is founded in Opinion only. Opi- *Virtue and*  
 “ nion is the Law and Measure. Nor has *Vice.*

“ Opinion any Rule besides mere Chance;  
 “ which varies it, as Custom varies; and

Q 2

“ makes

“ makes now this, now that, to be thought  
 “ worthy, according to the Reign of Fashion,  
 “ and the ascendent Power of Education.

*Falshood of  
 this.*

What shall we say to such a one? How show him his Absurdity and Extravagance? Will he desist the sooner? Or shall we ask *what Shame*, of one who knows no Shameful? Yet he derides, and cries *Ridiculous*.

By what Right? what Title? For thus, if I were PHILOCLEES, wou'd I defend myself. Am I ridiculous? As how? What is Ridiculous? Every thing? or Nothing?

*Shame.*

Ridiculous indeed! But something then, something there is Ridiculous: and the Notion, it seems, is right, of *a Shameful* and *a Ridiculous* in things. How then shall we apply the Notion? For this being wrong apply'd, cannot it self but be ridiculous. Or will he who cries *Shame*, refuse to acknowledg any in his turn? Does he not blush, nor seem discountenanc'd on any occasion? If he does, the Case is very distinct from that of mere Grief or Fear. The Disorder he feels is from a Sense of what is shameful and odious in it self, not of what is hurtful or dangerous in its Consequences. For the greatest Danger in the world can never breed Shame: nor can the *Opinion* of all the World move us to it, where *our own Opinion* is not a Party. We may be afraid  
 of

of appearing impudent, and may therefore *Shame*, feign a Modesty. But we can never really blush for any thing but what we truly think *Shameful*, and what we shou'd still blush for, tho we were ever so secure as to our Interest, and out of the reach of all Inconvenience that cou'd happen to us from the thing we are asham'd of.

Thus shou'd I be able, by Anticipation, to defend my self; and looking narrowly into Mens Lives, and that which influenc'd them, I shou'd have Testimony enough to make me say within my self, Let who will be my Adversary in this Opinion, I shall find him some way or other prepossess'd with that of which he wou'd endeavour to dispossess me. Has he Gratitude or Resentment, Pride or Shame? Which ever way it be, he acknowledges a Sense of *Just* and *Unjust*, *Worthy* and *Mean*. If he be Grateful, or expects Gratitude, I ask why? and on what account? If he be angry, if he indulges Revenge, I ask how? and in what Case? Reveng'd of what? of a Stone, or Madman? Who is so mad? But for what? for a Chance-hurt? an Accident against Thought, or Intention? Who is so Unjust? Therefore there is *Just* and *Unjust*; and belonging to it a natural Presumption or Anticipation, on which the Anger is founded.

*an Acknowledgment of moral Beauty and Deformity.*

*Anger,*

*an Acknowledgment of Just and Unjust.*

Q 3

For

For what else is it that makes the wickedest of Mankind often prefer the Interest of their Revenge to all other Interests, and even to Life it self, but only a Sense of *Wrong*, natural to all Men, and a Desire to prosecute that *Wrong* at any rate? Not for their own sakes, since they sacrifice their very Being to it; but out of Hatred to the imagin'd *Wrong*, and from a certain Love of *Justice*, which even in unjust Men is by this Example shewn to be beyond the Love of Life it self.

*Pride,*

Thus as to *Pride*, I ask, why Proud? and of what? Does any one who has *Pride* think meanly or indifferently of himself? No: but honourably. And how this, if there be no real Honour or Dignity presuppos'd? For Self-valuation supposes Self-worth; and in a Person conscious of real Worth, is either no *Pride*, or a just and noble one. In the same manner, Self-contempt supposes a Self-meanness or Defectiveness; and may be either a just Modesty, or unjust Humility. But this is certain, that whoever is proud, must be proud of something: and we know that Men of thorough *Pride* will be proud even in the meanest Circumstances, and when there is no visible Thing for them to be proud of. But they see a Merit in themselves which others do not:

and

an Acknowledgment of a Worth and Baseness.

and it is this Merit they admire. No matter whether it be really in them, as they imagine: 'tis still a *Worth, an Honour, or Merit* which they admire, and wou'd do, wherever they saw it, in any Subject besides. For this, and only this, can humble them; when they see in a more eminent degree in others, what they respect and admire so much in themselves. And thus as long as I find Men either Angry or Revengeful, Proud or Asham'd, I am safe: for they conceive an *Honourable* and *Dishonourable, a Foul* and *Fair*, as well as I. No matter where they place it, or how they are mistaken in it: it hinders not my being satisfy'd that the thing *is*, and is acknowledg'd; that it is of Nature's Impression, naturally conceiv'd, and by no Art or Counter-Nature to be eradicated or destroy'd.

*Natural Impression.*

AND now, what say you, PHILOCLES (contin'd he) to this Defence I have been making for you? 'Tis grounded, as you see, on the Supposition of your being deeply engag'd in this Cause. But perhaps you have yet many Difficultys to get over, e'er you can so far take part with *Beauty*, as to make your *Good* and *This* to be the same.

*Good.*

I have no difficulty so great, said I, but what may be remov'd. My Inclinations

Q 4

lead

Good.

lead me strongly this way; for I am ready enough to yield there is no real Good but *the Enjoyment of Beauty*. And I am as ready, said THEOCLES, to yield there is no real Enjoyment of Beauty but what is *Good*. Excellent! said I; but upon reflection I fear I am little beholden to you for your Concession. For shou'd I in the least contend for any Enjoyment of Beauty out of your Mental Way, you wou'd, I doubt, call such Enjoyment of mine *absurd*, as you did once before. Undoubtedly, said THEOCLES, I shou'd so; for what is it shou'd enjoy, or be capable of Enjoyment but MIND? or shall we say, *Body enjoys?*

Mental  
Enjoyment.

By the help of Sense, said I, not otherwise.

Is Beauty then, reply'd he, the Object of the Sense? Shew how, which way. For otherwise the help of Sense is nothing in the Case; and if Body be of it self incapable, and Sense no help to it, to apprehend or enjoy Beauty, there remains only the Mind which is capable either to apprehend or to enjoy.

Body.

True, said I; but show me, then, why Beauty may not be the Object of the Sense.

Sense.

Shew me first, reply'd he, Why, Where, or in What you think it may be so. Is it not Beauty, said I, which first excites the  
Sense,

Sense, and feeds it afterwards in the Passion *Sense,*  
we call Love? Say in the same manner,  
reply'd he, that it is Beauty first excites  
the Sense, and feeds it afterwards in the  
Passion we call Hunger. You will not say  
it. The Thought, I perceive, displeases  
you. As great as the Pleasure of good  
Eating is, you disdain to apply the Notion  
of Beauty to the good Dishes which create  
it. You wou'd hardly have applauded the  
preposterous Fancy of some luxurious *Ro-*  
*mans* of old, who cou'd relish a Fricassee  
the better for its being made of Birds that  
were of a beautiful Feather; or that were  
reported to have sung deliciously. Instead  
of being incited by such a historical Account  
of Meats, you wou'd be apt, I believe, to  
have less Appetite the more you search'd  
their Origin, and descended into the Kitchin-  
Science, to learn the several Forms and  
Changes they had undergone, e'er they  
were serv'd at the Table. But tho the  
Kitchin-Forms be ever so disgraceful, you  
will allow that the Materials of the Kit-  
chin, such, for instance, as the Garden fur-  
nishes, are really fair and beautiful in their  
kind. Nor will you deny Beauty to the  
wild Field, or to these Flowers which grow  
around, or under us, on this Verdant Couch.  
And yet, as lovely as are these Forms of  
Nature,

Sense:

Nature, the shining Grass, or silver'd Moss, the flowry Thyme, wild Rose, or Honey-suckle; 'tis not their Beauty assures the neighbouring Herds, delights the brouzing Fawn or Kid new ween'd, and spreads the Joy we see thro' the glad Flocks: 'tis not the Form rejoices; but that which is beneath the Form: 'tis Savouriness attracts, Hunger impels; and Thirst better allay'd by the clear Brook than the thick Puddle, makes the fair Nymph to be prefer'd, whose Form is otherwise slighted. For never can the Form be of real force where it is un contemplated, unjudg'd of, un examin'd, and stands only as the accidental Note or Token of what appeases provok'd Sense, and satisfies the brutish Part. Are you persuaded of this, good PHILOCLEES? or rather than not give Brutes the advantage of Enjoyment, will you allow them also a Mind and rational Part?

Not so, I told him.

If Brutes therefore, said he, be incapable of knowing and enjoying Beauty, as being Brutes, and having Sense only (the brutish part) for their own share; it follows that neither can Man by the same Sense or brutish Part conceive or enjoy Beauty: but all the Beauty and Good he enjoys, is in a nobler way, and by the help of what is noblest,



best, his MIND and REASON. Herein *Reason,*  
 his Dignity and highest Interest lies; herein  
 his Capacity toward Good and Happiness.  
 His Ability or Incompetency, his power of  
 Enjoyment, or his Impotence, is founded  
 in This alone. As this is found, fair, no-  
 ble, worthy; so are its Subjects, Acts, Em-  
 ployments. For as the riotous Mind, cap-  
 tive to Sense, can never enter in competi-  
 tion, or contend for Beauty with the vir-  
 tuous Mind of Reason's Culture; so neither *Comparison*  
 can the Objects which allure the former, *of Objects,*  
 compare with those which attract and  
 charm the latter. And when each gratifies *and En-*  
 it self in the Enjoyment and Possession of *joyments.*  
 its Object; how much fairer are the Acts  
 which join the latter Pair, and give a Soul  
 the Taste of what is generous and good?  
 This at least, PHILOCLAS, you will  
 surely allow, that whene'er you place En-  
 joyment elsewhere than in the Mind, the  
 Enjoyment it self is not so beautiful a  
 Thing. But when you think how Friend-  
 ship is enjoy'd, how Honour, Gratitude,  
 Candour, Benignity, and all internal Beau-  
 ty; how all the social Pleasures, Society it  
 self, and all that constitutes the Worth  
 and Happiness of Mankind; surely you will  
 here allow Beauty in the Act, and think it  
 worthy to be view'd, and pass'd in review  
 often

often by the glad Mind, happily conscious of the generous Part, and of its own Advancement and Growth in Beauty.

*Recapitulation.*

Thus PHILOCLEES (continu'd he, after a short pause) thus have I presum'd to treat of Beauty before so great a Judg, and such a skilful Admirer as your self. For taking rise from Nature's Beauty, which transported me, I gladly ventur'd further in the Chase; and have accompany'd you in search of Beauty, as it relates to us, and makes our highest Good, in its sincere and natural Enjoyment. And if we have not idly spent our hours, nor rang'd in vain thro these deserted Regions; it shou'd appear from our strict Search, that there is nothing so divine as BEAUTY: which belonging not to Body, nor having any Principle or Existence but in Mind, and Reason (the Divine Part) is discover'd and attain'd by this alone, when it inspects it self, the only Object worthy of it self. For whate'er is void of Mind, is Void and Darknes to the Mind's Eye: which languishes and grows dim, whene'er detain'd on foreign Subjects; but thrives and attains its natural Vigour, when employ'd in Contemplation of what is like it self. Thus the improving Mind, slightly surveying other Objects, and passing over Bodys and the common Forms, where only

a

a Shadow of Beauty rests, it presses onward to the Source, and views the Original of Form and Order in that which is Intelligent. And thus, O PHILOCLEES, may we improve and become Artists in the kind ; *Knowledg of Our selves.* learning to know *Our selves*, and what That is, which by improving, we may be sure to advance our Worth, and real Self-Interest. *Interest.* For neither is this Knowledg acquir'd by Contemplation of Bodys, or the outward Forms, the View of Pageantrys, the Study of Estates and Honours : nor is He to be esteem'd that self-improving Artist, who *Ability.* makes a Fortune out of these ; but He (*He* only) is the wise and able Man, who with a slight regard to these Things, applies himself to cultivate another Soil, builds in a different Matter from that of Stone or Marble ; and having righter Models in his Eye, becomes in truth the Architect of his own Life and Fortune : by laying within himself the lasting and sure Foundations of Order, Peace and Concord.—But now 'tis time to think of returning home. The Morning is far spent. Come, let us away, and leave these uncommon Subjects ; till we retire again to these remote and unfrequented Places.

A T

AT these Words THEOCLES mending his pace, and going down the Hill, left me at a good distance; till he heard me calling earnestly after him. Having join'd him once more, I beg'd he wou'd stay a little longer: or if he were resolv'd so soon to leave both the Woods, and that Philosophy which he confin'd to 'em; that he wou'd let me however part with 'em more gradually, and leave the best Impression on me he cou'd, against my next Return. For as much convinc'd as I was, my Danger still, I own'd to him, was very great: and I foresaw that when the Charm of these Places, and his Company was ceas'd, I shou'd be apt to relapse, and weakly yield to that too powerful Charm, the World. Tell me, said I, how is it possible to hold out against it, and withstand the general Opinion of Mankind, who have so different a Notion of that which we call *Good*? Say truth now, THEOCLES, can any thing be more odd, or dissonant from the common Voice of the World, than what we have determin'd in this matter?

Whom shall we follow then, reply'd he? Whose Judgment or Opinion shall we take, concerning what is Good, and what is not? If all, or any part of Mankind are consonant

nant with themselves, and can agree in this; I am content to leave Philosophy, and follow them: if otherwise; why shou'd we not adhere to what we have chosen? Let us then, if you will, consider how this is.

## S E C T. III.

**W**E then walk'd gently homewards (it being almost Noon) and he continu'd his Discourse.

One Man, said he, affects the Hero; esteems it the highest Advantage of Life, to have seen War, and been in Action in the Field. Another laughs at this Humour; counts it all Extravagance and Folly; prizes his own Wit and Prudence; and wou'd take it for a Disgrace to be thought adventurous.

One Person is assiduous and indefatigable in advancing himself to the Character of a Man of Business. Another on the contrary thinks this impertinent; values not Fame, or a Character in the World; and by his good-will wou'd always be in a Debauch, and never live out of the Stews or Taverns; where he enjoys, as he thinks, his highest Good. One values Wealth, as a means only to indulge his Palat, and to eat finely. Another loaths this, and affects Popularity, and

*Manners  
of Men.*

*Contrary  
Pursuits.*

*Mutual  
Censure.*

and a Name. One admires Musick and Paintings, Cabinet-Curiositys and in-door Ornaments: Another admires Gardens, Architecture, and the Pomp of Buildings. Another, who has no Gusto of either sort, believes all those they call *Virtuosi* to be half-distracted. One looks upon all Expencc to be Madness; and thinks only Wealth it self to be good. One games; another dresses, and studies an Equipage; another is full of Heraldry, Points of Honour, a Family, and a Blood. One recommends Gallantry and Intrigue; another ordinary Good-Fellowship; another Buffoonery, Satyr, and the common Wit; another Sports, and the Country; another a Court; another Travelling, and the sight of foreign Parts; another Poetry, and the fashionable Learning.

*Disagree-  
ment with  
one ano-  
ther,*

*And with  
Them-  
selves.*

All these go different ways. All censure one another, and are despicable in one another's Eyes. By fits too they are as despicable in their own, and as often out of conceit with themselves as their Humour changes, and their Passion turns from one thing to another. What is it then I shou'd be concern'd for? Whose Censure do I fear? Or whom shall I be guided by?

*Riches.*

If I ask, Are RICHES *good* when only heap'd up, and unemploy'd? One answers they are. The rest deny.—How is it then

then they are to be employ'd in order to be good? ——— All difagree. All tell me different things. ——— Since therefore Riches are not of themselves good (as most of you say) and since there is no Agreement among you which way they become good; why may not I hold it for my Opinion, that they are neither good in themselves, nor directly any Cause or Means of Good?

If there be those who wholly despise *FAME*; and if among those who covet it, he who desires it for one thing, despises it for another; he who seeks it with some Men, despises it with others: why may not I say that neither do I know how any Fame can be call'd a Good? *Fame and Honour.*

If of those who covet *PLEASURE*, they who admire it in one kind, are superiour to it in another; why may not I say that neither do I know which of these Pleasures, or how Pleasure it self, can be call'd Good? *Pleasure.*

If among those who covet *LIFE* ever so earnestly, that Life which to one is eligible and amiable, is to another despicable and vile; why may not I say that neither do I know that Life it self is, *of it self*, a Good? *Life.*

In the mean time, this I know certainly; that the necessary Consequence of esteeming these things highly, is to be a *Slave*, and *Inslavement.*

consequently miserable.—But perhaps, PHILOCLEES, you are not yet enough acquainted with this odd kind of Reasoning,

*Liberty.*

*Goods of Fortune.*

More, said I, than I believe you can easily imagine. I perceiv'd the goodly Lady, your celebrated Beauty, was about to appear a-new: and I easily knew again that fair Face of LIBERTY, which I had seen but once in the Picture you drew yesterday of that Moral Dame. I can assure you I think of her as highly as possible: and find that without her Help, to raise one above these seemingly essential Goods, and make one more easy and indifferent towards Life, and towards a Fortune; it will be the hardest thing in the world to enjoy either. Sollicitude, Cares, and Anxiety, will be multiply'd: and in this unhappy Dependency, 'tis necessary to make court, and be not a little servile. To flatter the Great, to bear Insults, to stoop, and fawn, and abjectly resign one's Sense and Manhood; all this must courageously be endur'd, and carry'd off, with as free an Air, and good a Grace as possible, by one who studies Greatness of this sort, who knows the way of Courts, and how to fix unsteady Fortune. I need not mention the Envyings, the Mistrusts, and Jealousys——

No



No truly, said he (interrupting me) neither need you. But finding you so sensible, as I do, of this ill State, and of its inward Uneasiness (whatever may be its outward Looks) how is it possible but you must find the Happiness of that other contrary State? Can you not call to mind what we resolv'd concerning Nature? Can any thing be more desirable than *to follow* her? Or is it not by this Freedom from our Passions and low Interests, that we are reconcil'd to the goodly Order of the Universe; that we harmonize with Nature; and live in Friendship both with GOD and Man?

Let us compare, continu'd he, the Advantages of each State, and set their *Goods* one against another: On one side, those which we found were uncertainly so; and depended both on Fortune, Age, Circumstances, and Humour: On the other side, these which being certain themselves, are founded on the Contempt of those others so uncertain. Is manly *Liberty, Generosity, Magnanimity*, not a GOOD? May we not esteem as Happiness, that *Self-Enjoyment* which arises from a Consistency of Life and Manners, a Harmony of Affections, a Freedom from the Reproach of Shame or Guilt, and a Conscioufness of Worth and Merit with all Mankind, our Society, Country, and Friends:

*Goods of the Mind.*

*Comparison.*

all which is founded in Virtue only? A *Mind* subordinate to Reason, a *Temper* humaniz'd, and fitted to all natural Affection; an Exercise of *Friendship* uninterrupted: a thorow *Candour*, *Benignity*, and *Good Nature*; with constant *Security*, *Tranquillity*, *Equanimity* (if I may use such Philosophical Terms) are not these ever, and at all times *Good*? Is it of these one can at any time nauseate and grow weary? Are there any particular *Ages*, *Seasons*, *Places*, *Circumstances*, which must accompany these, to make 'em agreeable? Are these variable and inconstant? Do these by being ardently belov'd, or sought after, occasion any Disturbance or Misery? Can these be at any time overvalu'd? Or, to say more yet, can these be ever taken from us, or can we ever be hinder'd in the Enjoyment of 'em, unless by our selves? How can we better praise the Goodness of Providence, than in this, that it has plac'd our Happiness and Good in things we can bestow upon our selves?

If this be so, said I, I see no reason we have to accuse Providence on any account. But Men, I fear, will hardly be brought to this good Temper, while their Fancy is so strong, as it naturally is, towards those other movable Goods. And in short, if we may trust to what they say commonly, all Good

is

is

is merely as we fancy it. 'Tis Conceit that makes it. All is *Opinion* and Fancy only. *All.*

Wherefore then, said he, do we act at any time? Why chuse, or why prefer one thing to another? You will tell me; I suppose, 'tis because we fancy it, or fancy *Good* in it. Are we therefore to follow every present Fancy, Opinion; or Imagination of Good? If so, then we must follow that at one time, which we decline at another; approve at one time, what we disapprove at another; and be at perpetual variance with our selves. But if we are not to follow all Fancy or Opinion alike; and that of Fancys of this kind, some are true, some false; then we are to examine every Fancy; and there is some Rule or other by which to judg and determine. It was the Fancy of one Man to set fire to a beautiful Temple, in order to obtain immortal Memory or Fame. If this were a *Good* to him, why do we wonder at him? If the Fancy were wrong, say in what it was so; or wherefore it was not his Good, as he fancy'd. Either therefore *that* is every Man's Good which he fancies, and because he fancies it, and is not content without it: or otherwise there is *that* in which the Nature of Man is satisfy'd; and which alone must be his Good. If *that* in which the Nature of Man

*Opinion.*

is satisfy'd, and can rest contented, be alone his Good; then he is a Fool who follows that with Earnestness, as his Good, which a Man can be without, and yet be satisfy'd and contented: in the same manner as he is a Fool who flies that *earnestly* as his Ill, which a Man may endure, and yet be easy and contented. Now a Man may possibly not have burnt a Temple (as EROSTRATUS) and yet may be contented. Or tho he may not have conquer'd the World (as ALEXANDER) yet may he be easy and contented; as he may still without any of those Advantages of Power, Riches, or Renown, if his Fancy hinders not. In short, we shall find that without any one of those which are commonly call'd *Goods*, a Man may be contented: as on the contrary, he may possess them all, and still be discontented, and not a jot the happier. If so; it follows that Happiness is from *within*, not from *without*. A good Fancy is the main. And thus, you see, I agree with you that OPINION is all in all.—But what is this, PHILOCLES, which has seiz'd you? You seem of a sudden grown deeply thoughtful.

*Opinion*  
All, in  
*what sense.*

To tell you truth, said I, I was considering what wou'd become of me, if I shou'd at last, by your means, turn *Philosopher*. The Change, said he, truly wou'd be

be somewhat extraordinary. But be not afraid. The Danger is not so great: and Experience shews us every day, that for talking or writing Philosophy, People are not at all the nearer being Philosophers.

But, said I, the very Name is a kind of Reproach. The word IDIOT stood formerly as the Opposite to *Philosopher*: but now-a-days it means nothing oftner than *the PHILOSOPHER himself*.

Yet what is it, said he, we all do, but *Philosophy*, philosophize? If Philosophy be, as we take it, *the Study of Happiness*; must not every one, in some manner or other, either skilfully or unskilfully philosophize? For if Happiness be not allow'd to be from *Self*, and from *within*; then either it is from *outward Things* alone, or from *Self* and *outward Things* together. If from outward Things alone; shew us that all Men are happy in proportion to these; and that no one who possesses them is ever miserable by his own fault. But this no body pretends: All own the contrary. Therefore if Happiness be partly from *Self*, partly from *outward Things*; then each must be consider'd, and a certain Value set on the Concerns of an inward kind, and which depend on *Self* alone. If so; and I consider how, and in what these are to be prefer'd; how they are  
to

*Philosophy.* to take place, or how yield ; what's this after all but to *Philosophize* ?

'Tis no more, said I, I own. But still this is enough to put one out of the ordinary way of thinking, and give one an unhappy turn for Business, and the World.

Right, said he ; you weigh this as you shou'd : and therefore still this is PHILOSOPHY ; to inquire where, and in what case one may be most a *Loser* ; which are the greatest *Gains*, the most profitable *Exchanges* ; since every thing in this World goes by *Exchange*. Nothing is had for Nothing. Favour requires Courtship : Interest is made by Sollicitation : Honours are acquir'd with Hazard ; Riches with Pains ; Learning and Accomplishments by Study and Application. Security, Rest, Indolence are to be had at other Prices. They may be thought, perhaps, to come easy. For what Hardship is there ? Where is the Harm ? 'Tis only to abate of Fame and Fortune. 'Tis only to wave the Point of Honour, and share somewhat less of Interest. If this be easy ; all is well. Some Patience, you see, is necessary in the case. Privacy must be endur'd ; even Obscurity and Contempt. Such are the Conditions : And thus every thing has its Condition. Power and Preferments are to be had at one rate ;  
Pleasures

Pleasures at another ; *Liberty* and *Honesty* at *Philosophy*.  
 another. A good Mind must be paid for,  
 as other things. But we had best take  
 care (you'll say) lest we pay too dear. Let  
 us be sure we have a Bargain. Come on  
 then: let us see: What is a *Mind* worth ?  
 What Allowance may one make for it ? or  
 What may one well afford it for ? If I part  
 with it, or abate of it, 'tis not for No-  
 thing. Some value I must needs set upon  
 my *Liberty*, some upon my inward Cha-  
 racter. Something there is in what we call  
 WORTH; something in Sincerity, and a  
*sound Heart*. Orderly Affections, generous  
 Thoughts, and a commanding Reason, are  
 fair Possessions, not slightly to be given up.  
 I am to consider first, what may be their  
 Equivalent: Whether I shall find my Ac-  
 count in letting these inward Concerns run  
 as they please ; or whether I shall not rather  
 be better secur'd against Fortune by ad-  
 justing matters at home, than by making  
 Interest abroad, and acquiring first one great  
 Friend, then another, to add still more and  
 more to my Estate or Quality. For where  
 am I to take up ? Begin, and set the  
 Bounds. Let me hear how far I am to go,  
 and why no further. What is a moderate  
*Fortune*, a *Competency*, and those other De-  
 grees commonly talk'd of ? Where is my  
 Anger

*Philosophy:* *Anger* to stop? or how high to rise? How far may I engage in *Love*? How far allow of *Ambition*? How far of other *Appetites*? Or am I to let all loose? Are the *Passions* to take their swing; and no *Application* to be given to 'em, but all to the outward Things they aim at? Or if any *Application* be requisite; say, how much to one, and how much to the other? How far are the *Appetites* to be minded, and how far outward Things? Give us the *Measure* and *Rule*. See whether this be not to *philosophize*; and whether willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or unknowingly, directly or indirectly, every one does not as much?

Where then, say you, is the difference? Which manner is the best? Here lies the Question. This is what I wou'd have you weigh and examine. But the Examination, say you, is troublesome, and I had better be without it. Who tells you thus? Your *Reason*, you say, whose Force, of necessity, you must yield to. Tell me therefore, have you fitly cultivated that Reason of yours, polish'd it, bestow'd the necessary Pains on it, and exercis'd it on this Subject? Or is it like to determine full as well when unexercis'd, as when exercis'd? Consider, pray, in *Mathematicks*; Whose is the better Reason of the



the two, and fitter to be rely'd on; the *Philosophy*.  
 Practiser's, or his who is unpractis'd? Whose in the way of War, of Policy or Civil Affairs? Whose in Merchandize, Law, Physick? And in MORALITY and LIFE, I ask still, *Whose?* May he not, think you, be allow'd the best Judg of Living, who studies Life, and endeavours to form it by some Rule; or is he perhaps to be esteem'd the most knowing in the matter, who slightly examines it, and who accidentally and unknowingly *philosophizes?*

Thus, PHILOCLES (said he, concluding his Discourse) Thus is PHILOSOPHY establish'd. For every one, of necessity, must reason concerning his own Happiness; what his *Good* is, and what his *Ill*. The Question is only, who reasons best: For even He who rejects this *reasoning* or *deliberating Part*, does it from a certain Reason, and from a Persuasion that this is best.

BY this time we found our selves insensibly got home. Our Philosophy ended, and we return'd to the common Affairs of Life.

F I N I S.







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