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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK DEMOCRITUS PLATONISSANS \*\*\*

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Ἄγαθος ἦν τὸ πᾶν τότε ὁ συνιστὰς  
... which is מִשְׁ

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THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

HENRY MORE

*Democritus  
Platonissans*

(1646)

1968

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INTRODUCTION

Henry More (1614-1687), the most interesting member of that group traditionally known as the Cambridge Platonists, lived conscientiously and well. Having early set out on one course, he never thought to change it; he devoted his whole life to the joy of celebrating, again and again, "a firm and unshaken Belief of the Existence of GOD . . . , a God infinitely Good, as well as infinitely Great . . . ." <sup>1</sup> Such faith was for More the starting point of his rational understanding: "with the most fervent Prayers" he beseeched God, in his autobiographical "Praefatio Generalissima," "to set me free from the dark Chains, and this so sordid Captivity of my own Will." More offered to faith all which his reason could know, and so it happened that he "was got into a most Joyous and Lucid State of Mind," something quite ineffable; to preserve these "Sensations and Experiences of my own Soul," he wrote "a pretty full Poem call'd *Psychozoia*" (or *A Christiano-Platonick display of Life*), an exercise begun about 1640 and designed for no audience but himself. There were times, More continued in his autobiographical remarks, when he thought of destroying *Psychozoia* because its style is rough and its language filled with archaisms. His principal purpose in that poem was to demonstrate in detail the spiritual foundation of all existence; Psyche, his heroine, is the daughter of the Absolute, the general Soul who holds together the metaphysical universe, against whom he sees reflected his own soul's mystical progress. More must, nevertheless, have been pleased with his labor, for he next wrote *Psychathanasia Platonica: or Platonick Poem of the Immortality of Souls, especially Mans Soul*, in which he attempts to demonstrate the immortality of the soul as a corrective to his age. Then, he joined to that *Antipsychopannychia, or A Confutation of the sleep of the Soul after death, and Antimonopsychia, or That all Souls are not one*; at the urging of friends, he published the poems in 1642—his first literary work—as *Psychodia Platonica*.

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In his argument for the soul's immortality toward the end of *Psychathanasia* (III.4), More had urged that there was no need to plead for any extension of the infinite ("a contradiction," and also, it would seem, a fruitless inquiry); but he soon changed his mind. The preface to *Democritus Platonissans* reproduces those stanzas of the earlier poem which deny infinity (34 to the end of the canto) with a new (formerly concluding) stanza 39 and three further stanzas "for a more easie and naturall leading to the present Canto," *i.e.*, *Democritus Platonissans*, which More clearly intended to be an addition, a fifth canto to *Psychathanasia* (Book III); and although *Democritus Platonissans* first appeared separately, More appended it to *Psychathanasia* in the second edition of his collected poems, this time with English titles, the whole being called *A Platonick Song of the Soul* (1647).

There is little relationship between *Democritus Platonissans* and the rest of More's poetry; even the main work to which it supposedly forms a final and conclusive canto provides only the slightest excuse for such a continuation. Certainly, in *Psychathanasia*, More is excited by the new astronomy; he

praises the Copernican system throughout Book III, giving an account of it according to the lessons of his study of Galileo's *Dialogo*, which he may have been reading even as he wrote.<sup>2</sup> Indeed, More tries to harmonize the two poems—his habit was always to look for unity. But even though *Democritus Platonissans* explores an astronomical subject, just as the third part of *Psychathanasia* also does, its attitude and theme are quite different; for More had meanwhile been reading Descartes.

iii More's theory of the infinity of worlds and God's plenitude evidently owed a great deal to Descartes' recent example; More responds exuberantly to him, especially to his *Principes de la Philosophie* (1644); for in him he fancied having found a true ally. Steeped in Platonic and neo-Platonic thought, and determined to reconcile Spirit with the rational mind of man, More thought he had discovered in Cartesian 'intuition' what was not necessarily there. Descartes had enjoyed an ecstatic illumination, and so had Plotinus; but this was not enough, as More may have wanted to imagine, to make Descartes a neo-Platonist.<sup>3</sup> But the Platonic element implicit in Descartes, his theory of innate ideas, and his proof of the existence of God from the idea of God, all helped to make More so receptive to him. Nevertheless, More did not really need Descartes, nor, as he himself was later to discover, had he even understood him properly, for More had looked at him only to find his own reflection.

But there was nothing really new about the idea of infinite worlds which More described in *Democritus Platonissans*; it surely was not a conception unique to Descartes. The theory was a common one in Greek and Renaissance thought. Democritus and the Epicureans, of course, advocated the theme of infinite worlds in an infinite universe which More accepted; but at the same time, he rejected their view of a mechanistic and fortuitous creation. Although Plato specifically rejects the idea of infinite worlds (in *Timaeus*), More imagines, as the title of his poem implies, a Platonic universe, by which he really means neo-Platonic, combined with a Democritean plurality of worlds. More filled space, not with the infinite void of the Atomists, but with the Divine, ever active immanence. More, in fact, in an early philosophic work, *An Antidote against Atheisme* (1652), and again in *Divine Dialogues* (1668), refutes Lucretius by asserting the usefulness of all created things in God's Providence and the essential design in Nature. His reference in *Democritus Platonissans* (st. 20) is typical: "though I detest the sect/ of Epicurus for their manners vile,/ Yet what is true I may not well reject." In bringing together Democritus' theories and neo-Platonic thought, More obviously has attempted reconciliation of two exclusive world views, but with dubious success.

iv While More stands firmly before a familiar tradition, his belief in an infinity of worlds evidently has little immediate connection with any predecessors. Even Bruno's work, or Thomas Digges', which could have occupied an important place, seems to have had little, if any, direct influence on More. It was Descartes who stimulated his thought at the most receptive moment: in 1642 to have denied a theory which in 1646 he proclaimed with such force evidently argues in favor of a most powerful attachment. More responded enthusiastically to what he deemed a congenial metaphysical system; as a champion of Descartes, he was first to make him known in England and first in England to praise the infinity of worlds, yet Descartes' system could give to him little real solace. More embraces God's plenitude and infinity of worlds, he rejoices in the variety and grandeur of the universe, and he worships it as he might God Himself; but Descartes was fundamentally uninterested in such enthusiasms and found them even repellant—as well as unnecessary—to his thought. For More the doctrine of infinity was a proper corollary of Copernican astronomy and neo-Platonism (as well as Cabalistic mysticism) and therefore a necessity to his whole elaborate and eclectic view of the world.

v In introducing Cartesian thought into England, More emphasized particular physical doctrines mainly described in *The Principles of Philosophy*; he shows little interest in the *Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason* (1637), or in the *Meditations* (1641), both of which were also available to him when he wrote *Democritus Platonissans*. In the preface to his poem, he refers to Descartes whom he seems to have read hopefully: surely "infinite" is the same as the Cartesian "indefinite." "*For what is his mundus indefinitè extensus, but extensus infinitè? Else it sounds onely infinitus quoad nos, but simpliciter finitus,*" for there can be no space "*unstuffed with Atoms.*" More thinks that Descartes seems "to mince it," that difficulty lies in the interpretation of a word, not in an essential idea. He is referring to Part II, xxi, of *The Principles*, but he quotes, with tacit approval, from Part III, i and ii, in the motto to the poem. More undoubtedly knows the specific discussion of 'infinity' in Part I, xxvi-xxviii, where he must first have felt uneasy delight on reading "that it is not needful to enter into disputes regarding the infinite, but merely to hold all that in which we can find no limits as indefinite, such as the extension of the world . . ." <sup>4</sup> More asked Descartes to clarify his language in their correspondence of 1648-49, the last year of Descartes' life.

*Democritus Platonissans* is More's earliest statement about absolute space and time; by introducing these themes into English philosophy, he contributed significantly to the intellectual history of the seventeenth century. Newton, indeed, was able to make use of More's forging efforts; but of relative time or space and their measurement, which so much concerned Newton, More had little to say. He was preoccupied with the development of a theory which would show that immaterial substance, with space and time as attributes, is as real and as absolute as the Cartesian geometrical and spatial account of matter which he felt was true but much in need of amplification.

vi In his first letter to Descartes, of 11 December 1648, More wrote: ". . . this indefinite extension is either *simpliciter* infinite, or only in respect to us. If you understand extension to be infinite *simpliciter*, why do you obscure your thought by too low and too modest words? If it is infinite only in respect to us, extension, in reality, will be finite; for our mind is the measure neither of the things nor of truth. . . ." Unsatisfied by his first answer from Descartes (5 February 1649), he urges his point again (5 March): if extension can describe matter, the same quality must apply to the immaterial and yet be only one of many attributes of Spirit. In his second letter to More (15 April), Descartes answers firmly: "It is repugnant to my concept to attribute any limit to the world, and I have no other measure than my perception for what I have to assert or to deny. I say, therefore, that the world is indeterminate or indefinite, because I do not recognize in it any limits. But I dare not call it infinite as I perceive that God is greater than the world, not in respect to His extension, because, as I have already said, I do not acknowledge in God any proper [extension], but in respect to His perfection . . . . It is repugnant to my mind . . . it implies a contradiction, that the world be finite or limited, because I cannot but conceive a space outside the boundaries of the world wherever I presuppose them." More plainly fails to understand the basic dualism inherent in Cartesian philosophy and to sense the irrelevance of his questions. While Descartes is really disposing of the spiritual world in order to get on with his analysis of finite experience, More is keenly attempting to reconcile neo-Platonism with the lively claims of matter. His effort can be read as the brave attempt to harmonize an older mode of thought with the urgency of the 'new philosophy' which called the rest in doubt. More saw this conflict and the implications of it with a kind of clarity that other men of his age hardly possessed. But the way of Descartes, which at first seemed to him so promising, certainly did not lead to the kind of harmony which he sought.

More's original enthusiasm for Descartes declined as he understood better that the Cartesian world in practice excluded spirits and souls. Because Descartes could find no necessary place even for God Himself, More styled him, in *Enchiridion Metaphysicum* (1671), the "Prince of the Nullibists"; these men "readily acknowledge there are such things as *Incorporeal Beings* or *Spirits*, yet do very peremptorily contend, that they are *no where* in the whole World [;] . . . because they so boldly

affirm that a Spirit is *Nullibi*, that is to say, *no where*," they deserve to be called *Nullibists*.<sup>5</sup> In contrast to these false teachers, More describes absolute space by listing twenty epithets which can be applied either to God or to pure extension, such as "Unum, Simplex, Immobile . . . Incomprehensible . . ."<sup>6</sup> There is, however, a great difficulty here; for while Space and Spirit are eternal and uncreated, they yet contain material substance which has been created by God. If the material world possesses infinite extension, as More generally believes, that would preclude any need of its having a creator. In order to avoid this dilemma, which *Democritus Platonissans* ignores, More must at last separate matter and space, seeing the latter as an attribute of God through which He is able to contain a finite world limited in space as well as in time. In writing that "this infinite space because of its infinity is distinct from matter,"<sup>7</sup> More reveals the direction of his conclusion; the dichotomy it embodies is Cartesianism in reverse.

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While More always labored to describe the ineffable, his earliest work, the poetry, may have succeeded in this wish most of all. Although he felt that his poetry was aiming toward truths which his "*later and better concocted Prose*"<sup>8</sup> reached, the effort cost him the suggestiveness of figurative speech. In urging himself on toward an ever more consistent statement of belief, he lost much of his beginning exuberance (best expressed in the brief "Philosopher's Devotion") and the joy of intellectual discovery. In the search "*to find out Words which will prove faithful witnesses of the peculiarities of my Thoughts*," he staggers under the unsupportable burden of too many words. In trying so desperately to clarify his thought, he rejected poetic discourse as "slight"; only a language free of metaphor and symbol could, he supposed, lead toward correctness. Indeed, More soon renounced poetry; he apparently wrote no more after collecting it in *Philosophical Poems* (1647), when he gave up poetry for "more seeming Substantial performances in solid *Prose*."<sup>9</sup> "Cupids Conflict," which is "annexed" to *Democritus Platonissans*, is an interesting revelation of the failure of poetry, as More felt it: he justifies his "rude rugged uncouth style" by suggesting that sweet verses avoid telling important truths; harshness and obscurity may at least remind one that there is a significance beyond mere words. His lament is characteristic: "How ill alas! with wisdom it accords/ To sell my living sense for liveless words."

In spite of these downcast complaints, More was quite capable of lively and meaningful poetic ideas. One is the striking image of the cone which occurs in *Democritus Platonissans* (especially in stanzas 7-8, 66-67, and 88) and becomes the most essential symbol to More's expression of infinitude and extension. The figure first appears in *Antipsychopannychia* (II.9) where his purpose is to reconcile the world Soul with Christian eschatology. In *Democritus Platonissans*, the cone enables More to adapt the familiar Hermetic paradox:

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A Circle whose circumference no where  
Is circumscrib'd, whose Centre's each where set,  
But the low Cusp's a figure circular,  
Whose compasse is ybound, but centre's every where. (st. 8)

Every point on the circumference, or base of the cone, relates to the single point at the top. The world, More wants to say, has no limits, no center, yet there are bounds in its not having any. More recognizes the contradiction when he fancies "some strong arm'd Archer" at the wide world's edge (st. 37). Where shall he send his shafts? Into "mere vacuity"? But More hardly seems aware of the inappropriateness of the cone: he uses a geometrical figure to locate space, time, and numberless worlds within the universal sight of God, but matter is infinite, "distinct/ And yet proceeding from the Deitie" (st. 68). Obviously, the archer must forever be sending his arrows through an infinitely expanding surface. Nevertheless, the cone has great value as a metaphor, as a richly suggestive and fascinating conception. More, however, does not want to speak metaphorically; he is attempting to disclose truths, literal and plain, where pretty words and metaphors have no place. Even as he is writing his most effective poetry, we are aware that More is denying his poetic office; for he is pleading a reasoned case where the words crack and strain, where poetic meaning gathers, only to be denied.

But these objections momentarily disappear when More forgets himself enough to let us feel his imagination and does not worry that we might miss the proofs of his philosophy. *Democritus Platonissans* concludes with an apocalyptic vision wherein the poet imagines the reconciliation of infinite worlds and time within God's immensity. He is also attempting to harmonize *Psychathanasia*, where he rejected infinitude, with its sequel *Democritus Platonissans*, where he has everywhere been declaring it; thus we should think of endless worlds as we should think of Nature and the Phoenix, dying yet ever regenerative, sustained by a "centrall power/ Of hid spermatick life" which sucks "sweet heavenly juice" from above (st. 101). More closes his poem on a vision of harmony and ceaseless energy, a most fit ending for one who dared to believe that the new philosophy sustained the old, that all coherence had not gone out of the world, but was always there, only waiting to be discovered afresh in this latter age.

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The University of British Columbia

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## NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. The quotations from More's Latin autobiography occur in the *Opera Omnia* (London, 1675-79), portions of which Richard Ward translated in *The Life of . . . Henry More* (London, 1710). Cf. the modern edition of this work, ed. M. F. Howard (London, 1911), pp. 61, 67-68, the text followed here. There is a recent reprint of the *Opera Omnia* in 3 volumes (Hildesheim, 1966) with an introduction by Serge Hutin. The "Praefatio Generalissima" begins vol. II. 1. One passage in it which Ward did not translate describes the genesis of *Democritus Platonissans*. More writes that after finishing *Psychathanasia*, he felt a change of heart: "Postea vero mutata sententia furor nescio quo Poetico incitatus supra dictum Poema scripsi, ea potissimum innixus ratione quod liquido constaret extensionem spacii dari infinitam, nec majores absurditates pluresve contingere posse in Materia infinita, infinitaque; Mundi duratione, quam in infinita Extensione spacii" (p. ix).
2. Cf. Lee Haring's unpub. diss., "Henry More's *Psychathanasia* and *Democritus Platonissans*: A Critical Edition," (Columbia Univ., 1961), pp. 33-57.
3. Marjorie Hope Nicolson's various articles and books which in part deal with More are important to the discussion that follows, and especially "The Early Stage of Cartesianism in England," *SP*, XXVI (1929), 356-379; *Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory* (Ithaca, 1959), pp. 113-143, and *The Breaking of the Circle* (New York, 1960), pp. 158-165.
4. Cf. *The Meditations and Selections from the Principles of René Descartes*, trans. John Veitch (Chicago, 1908), p. 143. The quotations from the letters which follow occur in Alexandre Koyré's very helpful book, *From the Closed World to the Infinite Universe* (Baltimore, 1957), pp. 114, 122-123, but the complete and original texts can be consulted in Descartes, *Correspondance avec Arnaud et Morus*, ed. G. Lewis (Paris, 1953).
5. This passage occurs at the beginning of "The Easie, True, and Genuine Notion, And consistent Explication Of the Nature of a Spirit," a free translation of *Enchiridion Metaphysicum*, I. 27-28, by John Collins which he included in Joseph Glanvil's *Saducismus Triumphatus* (London, 1681). I quote

from the text as given in *Philosophical Writings of Henry More*, ed. F. I. MacKinnon (New York, 1925), p. 183.

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6. Cf. *Enchiridion Metaphysicum*, VIII. 8, trans. Mary Whiton Calkins and included in John Tull Baker, *An Historical and Critical Examination of English Space and Time Theories . . .* (Bronxville, N.Y., 1930), p. 12. For the original, cf. *Opera Omnia*, II. 1, p. 167.
7. "Infinitum igitur hoc Extensum à Materia distinctum," *Enchiridion Metaphysicum*, VIII. 9, in *Opera Omnia*, *loc. cit.* Quoted by MacKinnon, p. 262.
8. This and the following reference appear in *An Explanation of the grand Mystery of Godliness* (London, 1660), "To the Reader," pp. vi and v.
9. *Ibid.*, II. xi. 5 (p. 52).

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#### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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# Democritus Platonissans,

[A]

OR,

## A N E S S A Y

UPON THE

### INFINITY OF WORLDS

OUT OF

### PLATONICK PRINCIPLES.

Hereunto is annexed

### C U P I D S C O N F L I C T

together with

### THE PHILOSOPHERS DEVOTION:

And a Particular Interpretation appertaining to the three last books of the  
*Song of the Soul.*

By *H. More* Master of Arts, and Fellow of  
Christs Colledge in Cambridge.

Ἀγαθὸς ἦν τὸ πᾶν τόδε ὁ συνιστὰς, ἀγαθῶ δὲ οὐδεὶς  
περὶ οὐδενὸς οὐδέποτε ἐγγίνεται φθόνος. Τούτου δ'  
ἐκτὸς ὧν πάντα ὅτι μάλιστα ἐβουλήθη γενέσθαι  
παραπλήσια αὐτῷ. Plat.

*Pythagoras Terram Planetam quendam esse censuit  
qui circa solem in centro mundi defixum  
converteretur, Pythagorans secuti sunt Philolaus,  
Seleucus, Cleanthes, &c. imò PLATO jam senex, ut  
narrat Theophrastus.* Libert. Fromond, de Orbe  
terræ immobili.

C A M B R I D G E

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the UNIVERSITIE. 1646.





# To the Reader.

READER,



*I* f thou standest not to the judgement of thine eye more then of thy reason, this fragment may passe favourably, though in the neglectfull disguise of a fragment; if the strangenesse of the argument prove no hinderance. *INFINITIE* of *WORLDS!* A thing monstrous if assented to, and to be startled at, especially by them, whose thoughts this one have alwayes so engaged, that they can find no leisure to think of any thing else. But I onely make a bare proposall to more acute judgements, of what my sportfull fancie, with pleasure hath suggested: following my old designe of furnishing mens minds with varietie of apprehensions concerning the most weighttie points of Philosophie, that they may not seem rashly to have settled in the truth, though it be the truth: a thing as ill beseeming Philosophers, as hastie prejudicative sentence Politicall Judges. But if I had relinquishd here my wonted self, in proving Dogmaticall, I should have found very noble Patronage for the cause among the ancients, Epicurus, Democritus, Lucretius, &c. Or if justice may reach the dead, do them the right, as to shew, that though they be hooted at, by the Rout of the learned, as men of monstrous conceits, they were either very wise or exceeding fortunate to light on so probable and specious an opinion, in which notwithstanding there is so much difficultie and seeming inconsistencie.

Nay and that sublime and subtil Mechanick too, DesChartes, though he seem to mince it must hold infinitude of worlds, or which is as harsh one infinite one. For what is his mundus indefinitè extensus, but extensus infinitè? Else it sounds onely infinitus quoad nos but simpliciter finitus. But if any space be left out unstuffd with Atoms, it will hazard the dissipation of the whole frame of Nature into disjoynted dust. As may be proved by the Principles of his own Philosophie. And that there is space whereever God is, or any actuall and self-subsistent Being, seems to me no plainer then one of the κοινὰ ἔννοια.

For mine own part I must confesse these apprehensions do plainly oppose what heretofore I have conceived; but I have sworn more faithfull friendship with Truth then with myself. And therefore without all remorse lay batterie against mine own edifice: not sparing to shew how weak that is, that my self now deems not impregnably strong. I have at the latter end of the last Canto of Psychathanasia, not without triumph concluded, that the world hath not continued ab æterno, from this ground:

Extension

That's infinite implies a contradiction.

And this is in answer to an objection against my last argument of the souls Immortalitie, viz. divine goodnesse, which I there make the measure of his providence. That ground limits the essence of the world as well as its duration, and satisfies the curiositie of the Opposer, by shewing the impossibilitie in the Creature, not want of goodnesse in the Creatour to have staid the framing of the Universe. But now roused up by a new Philosophick furie, I answer that difficultie by taking away the Hypothesis of either the world or time being finite: defending the infinitude of both, which though I had done with a great deal of vigour and life, and semblance of assent, it would have agreed well enough with the free beat of Poesie, and might have passed for a pleasant flourish: but the severitie of my own judgement, and sad Genius hath cast in many correctives and coolers into the Canto it self; so that it cannot amount to more then a discussion. And discussion is no prejudice but an honour to the truth: for then and never but then is she Victorious. And what a glorious Trophée shall the finite world erect when it hath vanquished the Infinite; a Pygme a Giant.

For the better understanding of the connexion of this Appendix, with the Poem of the souls Immortalitie; I have taken off the last stanza's thereof, and added some few new ones to them for a more easie and naturall leading to the present Canto. Psychathan. lib. 3. Cant. 4.

Stanz. 33<sup>d</sup>.

But thou who ere thou art that thus dost strive  
 With fierce assault my groundwork to subvert,  
 And boldly dost into Gods secrets dive,  
 Base fear my manly face note make m' avert.  
 In that odde question which thou first didst stert,  
 I'll plainly prove thine incapacitie,  
 And force thy feeble feet back to revert,  
 That cannot climb so high a mysterie,  
 I'll shew thee strange perplexed inconsistencie.

34

Why was this world from all infinitie  
 Not made? say'st thou: why? could it be so made  
 Say I. For well observe the sequencie:  
 If this Out-world continually hath wade  
 Through a long long-spun-time that never had  
 Beginning, then there as few circlings  
 Have been in the quick Moon as Saturn sad;  
 And still more plainly this clear truth to sing,  
 As many years as dayes or flitting houres have been.

[ii]

||

[iii]

A3

For things that we conceive are infinite,  
 One th' other no'te surpass in quantitie.  
 So I have prov'd with clear convincing light,  
 This world could never from infinitie  
 Been made. Certain deficiencie  
 Doth alwayes follow evolution:  
 Nought's infinite but tight eternitie  
 Close thrust into itself: extension  
 That's infinite implies a contradiction.

So then for ought we know this world was made  
 So soon as such a Nature could exist;  
 And though that it continue, never fade,  
 Yet never will it be that that long twist  
 Of time prove infinite, though ner'e desist  
 From running still. But we may safely say  
 Time past compar'd with this long future list  
 Doth show as if the world but yesterday  
 Were made, and in due time Gods glory out may ray.

[iv]

Then this short night and ignorant dull ages  
 Will quite be swallowed in oblivion;  
 And though this hope by many surly Sages  
 Be now derided, yet they'll all be gone  
 In a short time, like Bats and Owls yflone  
 At dayes approach. This will hap certainly  
 At this worlds shining conflagration.  
 Feyes, Satyrs, Goblins the night merrily  
 May spend, but ruddy Sol shall make them all to flie.

||

The roaring Lions and drad beasts of prey  
 Rule in the dark with pitious crueltie;  
 But harmlesse Man is matter of the day,  
 Which doth his work in pure simplicitie.  
 God blesse his honest usefull industrie.  
 But pride and covetize, ambition,  
 Riot, revenge, self-love, hypocrisie,  
 Contempt of goodnesse, forc'd opinion;  
 These and such like do breed the worlds confusion.

But sooth to say though my triumphant Muse  
 Seemeth to vant as in got victorie,  
 And with puissant stroke the head to bruize  
 Of her stiff so, and daze his phantasie,  
 Captive his reason, dead each facultie:  
 Yet in her self so strong a force withstands  
 That of her self afraid, she'll not aby,  
 Nor keep the field. She'll fall by her own hand  
 As *Ajax* once laid *Ajax* dead upon the strand.

For thus her-self by her own self's oppos'd;  
 The Heavens the Earth the universall Frame  
 Of living Nature God so soon disclos'd  
 As He could do, or she receive the same.  
 All times delay since that must turn to blame,  
 And what cannot He do that can be done?  
 And what might let but by th' all-powerfull Name  
 Or Word of God, the Worlds Creation  
 More suddenly were made then mans swift thought  
 can run?

[v]

Wherefore that Heavenly Power or is as young  
 As this Worlds date; or else some needlesse space  
 Of time was spent, before the Earth did clung  
 So close unto her-self and seas embrace  
 Her hollow breast, and if that time surpass  
 A finite number then Infinitie  
 Of years before this Worlds Creation passe.  
 So that the durance of the Deitie  
 We must contract or strait his full Benignitie.

[A4]

But for the cradle of the *Cretian Jove*,  
 And guardians of his vagient Infancie  
 What sober man but sagely will reprove?  
 Or drown the noise of the fond *Dactyli*  
 By laughter loud? Dated Divinitie  
 Certes is but the dream of a drie brain:  
 God maim'd in goodnesse, inconsistencie;  
 Wherefore my troubled mind is now in pain  
 Of a new birth, which this one Canto'll not contain.

*Now Reader, thou art arrived to the Canto it self, from which I have kept thee off by too tedious Preface and Apologie, which is seldome made without consciousness of some fault, which I professe I find not in my self, unlesse this be it, that I am more tender of thy satisfaction then mine own credit. As for that high sullen Poem, Cupids Conflict, I must leave it to thy candour and favourable censure. The Philosophers Devotion I cast in onely, that the latter pages should not be unfurnished.*

H. M.

[vi]

*Nihil tamen frequentius inter Autores occurrit, quàm ut omnia adeò ex moduli ferè sensuum suorum æstiment, ut ea quæ insuper infinitis rerum spatiis extare possunt, sive superbè sive imprudenter rejiciant; quin & ea omnia in usum suum fabricata fuisse gloriantur, perinde facientes ac si pediculi humanum caput, aut pulices sinum muliebrem propter se solos condita existimarent, eaque demum ex gradibus saltibúsve suis metirentur.* The Lord Herbert in his *De Causis Errorum*.

*De generali totius hujus mundi aspectabilis constructione ut rectè Philosophemur duo sunt imprimis observanda: Unum ut attendentes ad infinitam Dei potentiam & bonitatem nè vereamur nimis ampla & pulchra & absoluta ejus opera imaginari: sed è contra caveamus, nè si quos fortè limites nobis non certò cognitos, in ipsis supponamus, non satis magnificè de creatoris potentia sentire videamur.*

*Alterum, ut etiam caveamus, nè nimis superbè de nobis ipsis sentiamus. Quod fieret non modò, si quos limites nobis nullâ cognitos ratione, nec divinâ revelatione, mundo vellemus affingere, tanquam si vis nostra cogitationis, ultra id quod à Deo revera factum est ferri posset; sed etiam maximè, si res omnes propter nos solos, ab illo creatas esse fingeremus.* Renatus Des-Cartes in his *Princip. Philosoph.* the third part.

[1]

## THE ARGUMENT.

B

'Gainst boundlesse time th' objections made,  
 And wast infinity  
 Of worlds, are with new reasons weigh'd,  
 Mens judgements are left free.

1

**H**ence, hence unhallowed ears and hearts  
 more hard  
 Then Winter clods fast froze with Northern  
 wind.

But most of all, foul tongue I thee discard  
 That blamest all that thy dark strait'ned mind,  
 Can not conceive: But that no blame thou find;  
 What e're my pregnant Muse brings forth to light,  
 She'l not acknowledge to be of her kind,  
 Till Eagle-like she turn them to the sight  
 Of the eternall Word all deckt with glory bright.

2

Strange sights do straggle in my restlesse thoughts,  
 And lively forms with orient colours clad  
 Walk in my boundlesse mind, as men ybrought  
 Into some spacious room, who when they've had  
 A turn or two, go out, although unbad.  
 All these I see and know, but entertain  
 None to my friend but who's most sober sad;  
 Although the time my roof doth them contain  
 Their pretence doth possesse me till they out again.

3

And thus possess in silver trump I found  
 Their guise, their shape, their gesture and array.  
 But as in silver trumpet nought is found



When once the piercing sound is past away,  
(Though while the mighty blast therein did stay,  
Its tearing noise so terribly did shrill,  
That it the heavens did shake, and earth dismay)  
As empty I of what my flowing quill  
In heedlesse hast elsewhere, or here, may hap to spill.

[2]

4

For 'tis of force and not of a set will.  
Ne dare my wary mind afford assent  
To what is plac'd above all mortall skill.  
But yet our various thoughts to represent  
Each gentle wight will deem of good intent.  
Wherefore with leave th' infinitie I'll sing  
Of time, Of Space: or without leave; I'm bent  
With eagre rage, my heart for joy doth spring,  
And all my spirits move with pleasant trembling.

5

An inward triumph doth my soul up-heave  
And spread abroad through endlesse 'spersed aire.  
My nimble mind this clammie clod doth leave,  
And lightly stepping on from starre to starre  
Swifter then lightning, passeth wide and farre,  
Measuring th' unbounded Heavens and wastfull  
skie;  
Ne ought she finds her passage to debarre,  
For still the azure Orb as she draws nigh  
Gives back, new starres appear, the worlds walls 'fore  
her flie.

6

For what can stand that is so badly staid?  
Well may that fall whose ground-work is unsure.  
And what hath wall'd the world but thoughts  
unweigh'd  
In freer reason? That antiquate, secure,  
And easie dull conceit of corporature;  
Of matter; quantitie, and such like gear  
Hath made this needlesse, thanklesse inclosure,  
Which I in full disdain quite up will tear  
And lay all ope, that as things are they may appear.

7

For other they appear from what they are  
By reason that their Circulation  
Cannot well represent entire from farre  
Each portion of the *Cuspis* of the Cone  
(Whose nature is elsewhere more clearly shown)  
I mean each globe, whether of glaring light  
Or else opake, of which the earth is one.  
If circulation could them well transmit  
Numbers infinite of each would strike our 'stonishd  
sight;

3

8

All in just bignesse and right colours dight  
But totall presence without all defect  
'Longs onely to that Trinitie by right,  
*Ahad, Aeon, Psyche* with all graces deckt,  
Whose nature well this riddle will detect;  
A Circle whose circumference no where  
Is circumscrib'd, whose Centre's each where set,  
But the low Cusp's a figure circular,  
Whose compasse is ybound, but centre's every where.

||

9

Wherefore who'll judge the limits of the world  
By what appears unto our failing sight  
Appeals to sense, reason down headlong hurld  
Out of her throne by giddie vulgar might.  
But here base senses dictates they will dight  
With specious title of Philosophie,  
And stiffly will contend their cause is right  
From rotten rolls of school antiquitie,  
Who constantly denie corporall Infinitie.

B2

## 10

But who can prove their corporalitie  
 Since matter which thereto's essentiall  
 If rightly sifted 's but a phantasie.  
 And quantitie who's deem'd Originall  
 Is matter, must with matter likewise fall.  
 What ever is, is Life and Energie  
 From God, who is th' Originall of all;  
 Who being everywhere doth multiplie  
 His own broad shade that endlesse throughout all doth  
 lie.

## 11

He from the last projection of light  
 Ycleep'd *Shamajim*, which is liquid fire  
 (It *Aether* eke and centrall *Tasis* hight)  
 Hath made each shining globe and clumperd mire  
 Of dimmer Orbs. For Nature doth inspire  
 Spermatick life, but of a different kind.  
 Hence those congenit splendour doth attire  
 And lively heat, these darknesse dead doth bind,  
 And without borrowed rayes they be both cold and  
 blind.

## 12

All these be knots of th' universall stole  
 Of sacred *Psyche*; which at first was fine,  
 Pure, thin, and pervious till hid powers did pull  
 Together in severall points and did encline  
 The nearer parts in one clod to combine.  
 Those centrall spirits that the parts did draw  
 The measure of each globe did then define,  
 Made things impenetrable here below,  
 Gave colour, figure, motion, and each usuall law.

## 13

And what is done in this Terrestriall starre  
 The same is done in every Orb beside.  
 Each flaming Circle that we see from farre  
 Is but a knot in *Psyches* garment tide.  
 From that lax shadow cast throughout the wide  
 And endlesse world, that low'st projection  
 Of universall life each thing's deriv'd  
 What e're appeareth in corporeall fashion;  
 For body's but this spirit, fixt, grosse by conspissation.

## 14

And that which doth conspissate active is;  
 Wherefore not matter but some living sprite  
 Of nimble Nature which this lower mist  
 And immense field of Atoms doth excite,  
 And wake into such life as best doth fit  
 With his own self. As we change phantasies  
 The essence of our soul not chang'd a whit,  
 So do these Atoms change their energies  
 Themselves unchanged into new Centreities.

## 15

And as our soul's not superficially  
 Colourd by phantasms, nor doth them reflect  
 As doth a looking-glasse such imag'rie  
 As it to the beholder doth detect:  
 No more are these lightly or smear'd or deckt  
 With form or motion which in them we see,  
 But from their inmost Centre they project  
 Their vitall rayes, not merely passive be,  
 But by occasion wak'd rouze up themselves on high.

## 16

So that they're life, form, sprite, not matter pure,  
 For matter pure is a pure nullitie,  
 What nought can act is nothing, I am sure;  
 And if all act, that is they'll not denie  
 But all that is is form: so easily  
 By what is true, and by what they embrace  
 For truth, their feigned Corporalitie  
 Will vanish into smoke, but on I'll passe,

More fully we have sung this in another place.

17

Wherefore more boldly now to represent  
The nature of the world, how first things were  
How now they are: This endlesse large Extent  
Of lowest life (which I styled whileere  
The *Cuspis* of the *Cone* that's every where)  
Was first all dark, till in this spacious Hall  
Hideous through silent horreur torches clear  
And lamping lights bright shining over all  
Were set up in due distances proportionall.

18

Innumerable numbers of fair Lamps  
Were rightly ranged in this hollow hole,  
To warm the world and chace the shady damp  
Of immense darknesse, rend her pitchie stole  
Into short rags more dustie dimme then coal.  
Which pieces then in severall were cast  
(Abhorred reliques of that vesture foul)  
Upon the Globes that round those torches trac'd,  
Which still fast on them stick for all they run so fast.

19

Such an one is that which mortall men call Night,  
A little shred of that unbounded shade.  
And such a Globe is that which Earth is hight;  
By witlesse Wizzards the sole centre made  
Of all the world, and on strong pillars staid.  
And such a lamp or light is this our Sun,  
Whose firie beams the scortched Earth invade.  
But infinite such as he, in heaven won,  
And more then infinite Earths about those Suns do  
run;

[6]

20

And to speak out: though I detest the sect  
Of *Epicurus* for their manners vile,  
Yet what is true I may not well reject.  
Truth's incorruptible, ne can the style  
Of vitious pen her sacred worth defile.  
If we no more of truth should deign t' embrace  
Then what unworthy mouths did never soyl,  
No truths at all mongst men would finden place  
But make them speedie wings and back to Heaven  
apace.

||

21

I will not say our world is infinite,  
But that infinitie of worlds ther be.  
The Centre of our world's the lively light  
Of the warm sunne, the visible Deitie  
Of this externall Temple. *Mercurie*  
Next plac'd and warm'd more throughly by his  
rayes,  
Right nimbly 'bout his golden head doth flie:  
Then *Venus* nothing slow about him straves,  
And next our *Earth* though seeming sad full spritely  
playes.

22

And after her *Mars* rangeth in a round  
With firie locks and angry flaming eye,  
And next to him mild *Jupiter* is found,  
But Saturn cold wons in our utmost skie.  
The skirts of his large Kingdome surely lie  
Near to the confines of some other worlds  
Whose Centres are the fixed starres on high,  
'Bout which as their own proper Suns are hurld  
*Joves*, *Earths* and *Saturns*; round on their own axes  
twurld.

23

Little or nothing are those starres to us  
Which in the azure Evening gay appear  
(I mean for influence) but judicious

Nature and carefull Providence her dear  
And matchlesse work did so contrive whileere,  
That th' Hearts or Centres in the wide world pight  
Should such a distance each to other bear,  
That the dull Planets with collated light  
By neighbour suns might cheared be in dampish night.

[7]

B4

24

And as the Planets in our world (of which  
The sun's the heart and kernell) do receive  
Their nightly light from suns that do enrich  
Their sable mantle with bright gemmes, and give  
A goodly splendour, and sad men relieve  
With their fair twinkling rayes, so our worlds sunne  
Becomes a starre elsewhere, and doth derive  
Joynt light with others, cheareth all that won  
In those dim duskish Orbs round other suns that run.

25

This is the parergon of each noble fire  
Of neighbour worlds to be the nightly starre,  
But their main work is vitall heat t' inspire  
Into the frigid spheres that 'bout them fare,  
Which of themselves quite dead and barren are.  
But by the wakening warmth of kindly dayes,  
And the sweet dewie nights they well declare  
Their seminall virtue in due courses raise  
Long hidden shapes and life, to their great Makers  
praise.

26

These with their suns I severall worlds do call,  
Whereof the number I deem infinite:  
Else infinite darknesse were in this great Hall  
Of th' endlesse Universe; For nothing finite  
Could put that immense shadow unto flight.  
But if that infinite Suns we shall admit,  
Then infinite worlds follow in reason right.  
For every Sun with Planets must be fit,  
And have some mark for his farre-shining shafts to hit.

27

But if he shine all solitarie, alone,  
What mark is left,? what aimed scope or end  
Of his existence? wherefore every one  
Hath a due number of dim Orbs that wend  
Around their centrall fire. But wrath will rend  
This strange composure back'd with reason stout  
And rasher tongues right speedily will spend  
Their forward censure, that my wits run out  
On wool-gathering, through infinite spaces all about.

8

II

28

What sober man will dare once to avouch  
An infinite number of dispersed starres?  
This one absurdity will make him crouch  
And eat his words; Division nought impairs  
The former whole, nor he augments that spares.  
Strike every tenth out, that which doth remain,  
An equall number with the former shares,  
And let the tenth alone, th' whole nought doth gain,  
For infinite to infinite is ever the same.

29

The tenth is infinite as the other nine,  
Or else, nor they, nor all the ten entire  
Are infinite. Thus one infinite doth adjoyn  
Others unto it and still riseth higher.  
And if those single lights hither aspire,  
This strange prodigious inconsistencie  
Groweth still stranger, if each fixed fire  
(I mean each starre) prove Sunnes, and Planets flie  
About their flaming heads amid the thronged skie.

30

For whatsoever that their number be  
Whether by seavens, or eighths, or fives, or nines,

They round each fixed lamp; Infinity  
Will be redoubled thus by many times.  
Besides each greater Planet th' attendance finds  
Of lesser. Our *Earths* handmaid is the Moon,  
Which to her darkned side right duly shines,  
And *Jove* hath foure, as hath been said aboven,  
And *Saturn* more then foure if the plain truth were  
known.

31

And if these globes be regions of life  
And severall kinds of plants therein do grow,  
Grasse, flowers, hearbs, trees, which the impartiall  
knife  
Of all consuming Time still down doth mow,  
And new again doth in succession show:  
Which also 's done in flies, birds, men and beasts;  
Adde sand, pearls, pebbles, that the ground do strow  
Leaves, quills, hairs, thorns, blooms, you may think  
the rest  
Their kinds by mortall penne can not well be exprest:

9

32

And if their kinds no man may reckon well,  
The summe of successive particulars  
No mind conceive nor tongue can ever tell.  
And yet this mist of numbers (as appears)  
Belongs to one of these opacous spears.  
Suppose this *Earth*; what then will all those Rounds  
Produce? No *Atlas* such a load upbears.  
In this huge endlesse heap o'rewhelmed, drownd,  
Choak'd, stifled, lo! I lie, breathlesse, even quite  
confound.

[B5]

33

Yet give me space a while but to respire,  
And I my self shal fairly well out-wind;  
Keep this position true, unhurt, entire,  
That you no greater difficulty find  
In this new old opinion here defin'd  
Of infinite worlds, then one world doth imply.  
For if we do with stedly patience mind  
All is resolv'd int' one absurdity,  
The grant of something greater then infinitie.

34

That God is infinite all men confesse,  
And that the Creature is some realty  
Besides Gods self, though infinitely lesse.  
Joyn now the world unto the Deity.  
What? is there added no more entitie  
By this conjunction, then there was before?  
Is the broad breasted earth? the spacious skie  
Spangled with silver light, and burning Ore?  
And the wide bellowing seas, whose boyling billows  
roar,

35

Are all these nothing? But you will reply;  
As is the question so we ought restrain  
Our answer unto Corporeity.  
But that the phantasie of the body's vain  
I did before unto you maken plain.  
But that no man depart unsatisf'd  
A while this Universe here will we feigne  
*Corporeall*, till we have gainly tride.  
If ought that's bodily may infinite abide.

10

36

What makes a body saving quantity?  
What quantitie unlesse extension?  
Extension if 't admit infinity  
Bodies admit boundlesse dimension.  
That some extension forward on doth run  
Withouten limits, endlesse, infinite  
Is plane from Space, that ever paceth on  
Unstop'd, unstaied, till it have filled quite

||



That immense infinite Orb where God himself doth sit.

37

But yet more sensibly this truth to show  
If space be ended set upon that end  
Some strong arm'd Archer with his Parthian bow,  
That from that place with speedy force may send  
His fleeter shafts, and so still forward wend.  
Where? When shall he want room his strength to  
    trie?  
But here perversly subtile you'l contend  
Nothing can move in mere vacuity,  
And space is nought, so not extended properly.

38

To solve these knots I must call down from high  
Some heavenly help, feather with angels wing  
The sluggish arrow. If it will not flie,  
Sent out from bow stiff-bent with even string,  
Let angels on their backs it thither bring  
Where your free mind appointed had before,  
And then hold on, till in your travelling  
You be well wearied, finding ever more  
Free passage for their flight, and what they flying  
    bore.

39

Now to that shift that sayes Vacuity  
Is nought, and therefore not at all extent  
We answer thus: There is a distancy  
In empty space, though we be well content  
To balk that question (for we never meant  
Such needlesse niceties) whether that it be  
A reall being; yet that there's parts distent  
One from another, no mans phantasie  
Can e're reject if well he weigh't and warily.

40

For now conceive the aire and azure skie  
All swept away from Saturn to the Sunne,  
Which each is to be wrought by him on high.  
Then in this place let all the Planets runne  
(As erst they did before this feat was done)  
If not by nature, yet by divine power,  
Ne one hairs breadth their former circuits shun  
And still for fuller proof, th' Astronomer  
Observe their hights as in the empty heavens they  
    scoure.

41

Will then their Parallaxes prove all one  
Or none, or different still as before?  
If so, their distances by mortall men  
Must be acknowledg'd such as were of yore,  
Measur'd by leagues, miles, stades, nor lesse nor  
    more  
From circuit unto circuit shall be found  
Then was before the sweeping of the floor.  
That distance therefore hath most certain ground  
In emptinesse we may conclude with reason sound.

42

If distance now so certainly attend  
All emptinesse (as also mensuration  
Attendeth distance) distance without end  
Is wide disperst above imagination  
(For emptinesse is void of limitation)  
And this unbounded voidnesse doth admit  
The least and greatest measures application;  
The number thus of the greatest that doth fit  
This infinite void space is likewise infinite.

43

But what so e're that infinite number be,  
A lesser number will a number give  
So farre exceeding in infinity  
That number as this measure we conceive

To fall short of the other. But I'll leave  
 This present way and a new course will trie  
 Which at the same mark doth as fully drive  
 And with a great deal more facility.  
 Look on this endlesse Space as one whole quantity.

## 44

Which in your mind int' equall parts divide,  
 Tens, hundreds, thousands or what pleaseth best.  
 Each part denominate doth still abide  
 An infinite portion, else nor all the rest  
 Makes one infinitude.  
 For if one thousandth part may be defin'd  
 By finite measures eas'ly well exprest,  
 A myriad suppose of miles assign'd  
 Then to a thousand myriads is the whole confin'd.

## 45

Wherefore this wide and wast Vacuity,  
 Which endlesse is outstretched thorough all,  
 And lies even equall with the Deity,  
 Nor is a thing meerly imaginall,  
 (For it doth farre mens phantasies forestall  
 Nothing beholden to our devicefull thought)  
 This inf'nite voidnesse as much our mind doth gall  
 And has as great perplexities ybrought  
 As if this empty space with bodies were yfraught.

## 46

Nor have we yet the face once to denie  
 But that it is although we mind it not;  
 For all once minded such perplexity  
 It doth create to puzzled reason, that  
 She sayes and unsayes, do's she knows not what.  
 Why then should we the worlds infinity  
 Misdoubt, because when as we contemplate  
 Its nature, such strange inconsistency  
 And unexpected sequels, we therein descry?

## 47

Who dare gainsay but God is every where  
 Unbounded, measurelesse, all infinite;  
 Yet the same difficulties meet us here  
 Which erst us met and did so sore affright  
 With their strange vizards. This will follow right  
 Where ever we admit infinity  
 Every denominated part proves streight  
 A portion infinite, which if it be,  
 One infinite will into myriads multiply.

## 48

But with new argument to draw more near  
 Our purpos'd end. If God's omnipotent  
 And this omnipotent God be every where,  
 Where e're he is then can he eas'ly vent  
 His mighty virtue thorough all extent.  
 What then shall hinder but a roscid aire  
 With gentle heat each where be 'sperst and sprent.  
 Unlesse omnipotent power we will empair,  
 And say that empty space his working can debarre.

## 49

Where now this one supposed world is pight  
 Was not that space at first all vain and void?  
 Nor ought said; no, when he said, *Let 't be light.*  
 Was this one space better then all beside,  
 And more obedient to what God decreed?  
 Or would not all that endlesse emptinesse  
 Gladly embrac'd (if he had ever tride)  
 His just command? and what might come to passe  
 Implies no contradictious inconsistentnesse.

## 50

Wherefore this precious sweet Ethereall dew  
 For ought we know God each where did distill,  
 And thorough all that hollow voidnesse threw  
 And the wide gaping drought therewith did fill,

His endlesse overflowing goodnesse spill  
In every place; which streight he did contrive  
Int' infinite severall worlds, as his best skill  
Did him direct and creatures could receive  
For matter infinite needs infinite worlds must give.

51

The Centre of each severall world's a sunne  
With shining beams and kindly warming heat,  
About whose radiant crown the Planets runne,  
Like reeling moths around a candle light,  
These all together, one world I conceit.  
And that even infinite such worlds there be,  
That inexhausted Good that God is bight  
A full sufficient reason is to me,  
Who simple Goodnesse make the highest Deity.

52

Als make himself the key of all his works  
And eke the measure of his providence;  
The piercing eye of truth to whom nought lurks  
But lies wide ope unbar'd of all pretense.  
But frozen hearts! away! flie farre from hence,  
Unlesse you'l thaw at this celestiall fire  
And melt into one minde and holy sense  
With Him that doth all heavenly hearts inspire,  
So may you with my soul in one assent conspire.

53

But what's within, uneath is to convey  
To narrow vessels that are full afore.  
And yet this truth as wisely as I may  
I will insinuate, from senses store  
Borrowing a little aid. Tell me therefore  
When you behold with your admiring eyes  
Heavens Canopie all to bespangled o're  
With sprinkled starres, what can you well devize  
Which causen may such carelesse order in the skies?

54

A peck of peasen rudely poured out  
On plaister flore, from hasty heedlesse hond  
Which lie all carelesse scattered about,  
To sight do in as seemly order stond,  
As those fair glistering lights in heaven are found.  
If onely for this world they were intended,  
Nature would have adorn'd this azure round  
With better art, and easily have mended  
This harsh disord'ed order, and more beauty lended.

55

But though these lights do seem so rudely thrown  
And scattered throughout the spacious skie,  
Yet each most seemly sits in his own Throne  
In distance due and comely Majesty;  
And round their lordly seats their servants hie  
Keeping a well-proportionated space  
One from another, doing chearfully  
Their dayly task. No blemmish may deface  
The worlds in severall deckt with all art and grace.

56

But the appearance of the nightly starres  
Is but the by-work of each neighbour sun;  
Wherefore lesse marvell if it lightly shares  
Of neater Art; and what proportion  
Were fittest for to distance one from one  
(Each world I mean from other) is not clear.  
Wherefore it must remain as yet unknown  
Why such perplexed distances appear  
Mongst the dispersed lights in Heaven thrown here &  
there.

57

Again, that eminent similitude  
Betwixt the starres and Phoebus fixed light,  
They being both with steddinesse indu'd,

No whit removing whence they first were pight,  
No serious man will count a reason slight  
To prove them both, both fixed suns and starres  
And Centres all of severall worlds by right,  
For right it is that none a sun debarre  
Of Planets which his just and due retinue are.

58

If starres be merely starres not centrall lights  
Why swell they into so huge bignesses?  
For many (as Astronomers do write)  
Our sun in bignesse many times surpasse.  
If both their number and their bulks were lesse  
Yet lower placed, light and influence  
Would flow as powerfully, and the bosome presse  
Of the impregn'd Earth, that fruit from hence  
As fully would arise, and lordly affluence.

59

Wherefore these fixed Fires mainly attend  
Their proper charge in their own Universe,  
And onely by the by of court'sie lend  
Light to our world, as our world doth reverse  
His thankfull rayes so farre as he can pierce  
Back unto other worlds. But farre aboven  
Further then furthest thought of man can traverse,  
Still are new worlds aboven and still aboven.  
In the endlesse hollow Heaven, and each world hath  
his sun.

60

An hint of this we have in winter-nights,  
When reason may see clearer then our eye,  
Small subtil starres appear unto our sights  
As thick as pin-dust scattered in the skie.  
Here we accuse our seeing facultie  
Of weaknesse, and our sense of foul deceit,  
We do accuse and yet we know not why.  
But the plain truth is, from a vaster hight  
The numerous upper worlds amaze our dazzled sight.

61

Now sith so farre as sense can ever trie  
We find new worlds, that still new worlds there be,  
And round about in infinite numbers lie,  
Further then reach of mans weak phantasie  
(Without suspition of temeritie)  
We may conclude; as well as men conclude  
That there is aire farre 'bove the mountains high,  
Or that th' Earth a sad substance doth include  
Even to the Centre with like qualities indu'd.

62

For who did ever the Earths Centre pierce,  
And felt or sand or gravell with his spade  
At such a depth? what Histories rehearse  
That ever wight did dare for to invade  
Her bowels but one mile in dampish shade?  
Yet I'll be bold to say that few or none  
But deem this globe even to the bottome made  
Of solid earth, and that her nature's one  
Throughout, though plain experience hath it never  
shown.

63

But sith sad earth so farre as they have gone  
They still descrie, eas'ly they do inferre  
Without all check of reason, were they down  
Never so deep, like substance would appear,  
Ne dream of any hollow horreur there.  
My mind with like uncurb'd facultie  
Concludes from what by sight is seen so clear  
That ther's no barren wast vacuitie  
Above the worlds we see, but still new worlds there  
lie,

64

And still and still even to infinitie.  
Which point since I so fitly have propos'd,  
Abating well the inconsistencie  
Of harsh infinitude therein supposd  
And prov'd by reasons never to be loos'd  
That infinite space and infinite worlds there be;  
This load laid down, I'm freely now dispos'd  
Awhile to sing of times infinitie,  
May infinite Time afford me but his smallest fee.

65

For smallest fee of time will serve my turn  
This part for to dispatch, sith endlesse space  
(Whose perplext nature well mans brains might turn,  
And weary wits disorder and misplace)  
I have already passed: for like case  
Is in them both. He that can well untie  
The knots that in those infinite worlds found place,  
May easily answer each perplexitie  
Of these worlds infinite matters endlesse durancie.

66

The *Cuspis* and the *Basis* of the *Cone*  
Were both at once dispersed every where;  
But the pure *Basis* that is God alone:  
Else would remotest sights as bigge appear  
Unto our eyes as if we stood them near.  
And if an Harper harped in the Moon,  
His silver sound would touch our tickled eare:  
Or if one hollowed from highest Heaven aboven,  
In sweet still Evening-tide, his voice would hither  
roam.

67

This all would be if the *Cuspe* of the *Cone*  
Were very God. Wherefore I rightly 't deem  
Onely a Creaturall projection,  
Which flowing yet from God hath ever been,  
Fill'd the vast empty space with its large stream.  
But yet it is not totall every where  
As was even now by reason rightly seen:  
Wherefore not God, whose nature doth appear  
Entirely omnipresent, weigh'd with judgement clear,

68

A reall infinite matter, distinct  
And yet proceeding from the Deitie  
Although with different form as then untinct  
Has ever been from all Eternitie.  
Now what delay can we suppose to be,  
Since matter alway was at hand prepar'd  
Before the filling of the boundlesse skie  
With framed Worlds; for nought at all debar'd,  
Nor was His strength ungrown, nor was His strength  
empair'd.

69

How long would God be forming of a flie?  
Or the small wandring moats that play i' th' sun?  
Least moment well will serve none can denie,  
His *Fiat* spoke and streight the thing is done.  
And cannot He make all the World as soon?  
For in each Atom of the matter wide  
The totall Deitie doth entirely won,  
His infinite presence doth therein reside,  
And in this presence infinite powers do ever abide.

70

Wherefore at once from all eternitie  
The infinite number of these Worlds He made,  
And will conserve to all infinitie,  
And still drive on their ever-moving trade,  
And stedly hold what ever must be staid;  
Ne must one mite be minish'd of the summe,  
Ne must the smallest atom ever fade,  
But still remain though it may change its room;  
This truth abideth strong from everlasting doom.



Ne fear I what hard sequel after-wit  
 Will draw upon me; that the number's one  
 Of years, moneths, dayes, houres, and of minutes  
 fleet  
 Which from eternitie have still run on.  
 I plainly did confesse awhile agone  
 That be it what it will that's infinite  
 More infinites will follow thereupon,  
 But that all infinites do justly fit  
 And equall be, my reason did not yet admit.

But as my emboldened mind, I know not how,  
 In empty Space and pregnant Deitie  
 Endlesse infinitude dares to allow,  
 Though it begets the like perplexitie:  
 So now my soul drunk with Divinitie,  
 And born away above her usuall bounds  
 With confidence concludes infinitie  
 Of Time of Worlds, of fire flaming Rounds;  
 Which sight in sober mood my spirits quite confounds.

And now I do awhile but interspire  
 A torrent of objections 'gainst me beat,  
 My boldnesse to repress and strength to tire.  
 But I will wipe them off like summer sweat,  
 And make their streams streight back again retreat.  
 If that these worlds, say they, were ever made  
 From infinite time, how comes 't to passe that yet  
 Art is not perfected, nor metalls fade,  
 Nor mines of grimie coal low-hid in griesly shade.

But the remembrance of the ancient Floud  
 With ease will wash such arguments away.  
 Wherefore with greater might I am withstood.  
 The strongest stroke wherewith they can assay  
 To vanquish me is this; The Date or Day  
 Of the created World, which all admit;  
 Nor may my modest Muse this truth gainsay  
 In holy Oracles so plainly writ.  
 Wherefore the Worlds continuance is not infinite.

Now lend me, *Origen!* a little wit  
 This sturdy stroke right fairly to avoid,  
 Lest that my rasher rymes, while they ill fit  
 With *Moses* pen, men justly may deride  
 And well accuse of ignorance or pride.  
 But thou, O holy Sage! with piercing sight  
 Who readst those sacred rolls, and hast well tride  
 With searching eye thereto what fitteth right  
 Thy self of former Worlds right learnedly dost write:

To weet that long ago these Earths have been  
 Peopled with men and beasts before this Earth,  
 And after this shall others be again  
 And other beasts and other humane birth.  
 Which once admit, no strength that reason bear'th  
 Of this worlds Date and Adams efformation,  
 Another Adam once received breath  
 And still another in endlesse repedation,  
 And this must perish once by finall conflagration.

Witnesse ye Heavens if what I say's not true,  
 Ye flaming Comets wandering on high,  
 And new fixt starres found in that Circle blue,  
 The one espide in glittering *Cassiope*,  
 The other near to *Ophiuchus* thigh.  
 Both bigger then the biggest starres that are,  
 And yet as farre remov'd from mortall eye  
 As are the furthest, so those Arts declare  
 Unto whose reaching sight Heavens mysteries lie

bare.

78

Wherefore these new-seen lights were greater once  
By many thousand times then this our sphear  
Wherein we live, 'twixt good and evil chance.  
Which to my musing mind doth strange appear  
If those large bodies then first shaped were.  
For should so goodly things so soon decay?  
Neither did last the full space of two year.  
Wherefore I cannot deem that their first day  
Of being, when to us they sent out shining ray.

79

But that they were created both of old,  
And each in his due time did fair display  
Themselves in radiant locks more bright then gold,  
Or silver sheen purg'd from all drossie clay.  
But how they could themselves in this array  
Expose to humane sight, who did before  
Lie hid, is that which well amazen may  
The wisest man and puzzle evermore:  
Yet my unwearied thoughts this search could not give  
o're.

80

Which when I'd exercis'd in long pursuit  
To finden out what might the best agree  
With warie reason, at last I did conclude  
That there's no better probabilitie  
Can be produc'd of that strange prodigie,  
But that some mighty Planet that doth run  
About some fixed starre in *Cassiope*  
As *Saturn* paceth round about our Sun,  
Unusuall light and bignesse by strange fate had  
wonne.

81

Which I conceive no gainer way is done  
Then by the siezing of devouring fire  
On that dark Orb, which 'fore but dimly shone  
With borrowed light, not lightened entire,  
But halfed like the Moon.  
And while the busie flame did sieze throughout,  
And search the bowels of the lowest mire  
Of that *Saturnian* Earth; a mist broke out,  
And immense mounting smoke arose all round about.

82

Which being gilded with the piercing rayes  
Of its own sun and every neighbour starre,  
It soon appear'd with shining silver blaze,  
And then gan first be seen of men from farre.  
Besides that firie flame that was so narre  
The Planets self, which greedily did eat  
The wastning mold, did contribute a share  
Unto this brightnesse; and what I conceit  
Of this starre doth with that of *Ophiuchus* sit.

83

And like I would adventure to pronounce  
Of all the Comets that above the Moon,  
Amidst the higher Planets rudely dance  
In course perplex, but that from this rash doom  
I'm bett off by their beards and tails farre strown  
Along the skie, pointing still opposite  
Unto the sun, however they may roam;  
Wherefore a cluster of small starres unite  
These meteors some do deem, perhaps with  
judgement right.

84

And that these tayls are streams of the suns light  
Breaking through their near bodies as through  
clouds.  
Besides the Optick glasse has shown to sight  
The dissolution of these starrie crouds.

21

C3

22

II

Which thing if 't once be granted and allow'd,  
I think without all contradiction  
They may conclude these Meteors are routs  
Of wandring starres, which though they one by one  
Cannot be seen, yet joyn'd, cause this strange vision.

85

And yet methinks, in my devicefull mind  
Some reasons that may happily repress  
These arguments it's not uneath to find.  
For how can the suns rayes that be transmiss  
Through these loose knots in Comets, well expresse  
Their beards or curld tayls utmost incurvation?  
Beside, the conflux and congeries  
Of lesser lights a double augmentation  
Implies, and 'twixt them both a lessening coarctation.

86

For when as once these starres are come so nigh  
As to seem one, the Comet must appear  
In biggest show, because more loose they lie  
Somewhat spread out, but as they draw more near  
The compasse of his head away must wear,  
Till he be brought to his least magnitude;  
And then they passing crosse, he doth repair  
Himself, and still from his last losse renew'd  
Grows till he reach the measure which we first had  
view'd.

87

And then farre distanc'd they bid quite adiew,  
Each holding on in solitude his way.  
Ne any footsteps in the empty Blew  
Is to be found of that farre-shining ray.  
Which processe sith no man did yet bewray,  
It seems unlikely that the Comets be  
Synods of starres that in wide Heaven stray.  
Their smallnesse eke and numerositie  
Increaseth doubt and lessens probabilitie.

88

A cluster of them makes not half a Moon,  
What should such tennis-balls do in the skie?  
And few 'll not figure out the fashion  
Of those round firie meteors on high.  
Ne ought their beards much move us, that do lie  
Ever cast forward from the Morning sunne,  
Nor back cast tayls turn'd to our Evening-eye,  
That fair appear when as the day is done.  
This matter may lie hid in the starres shadowed Cone.

89

For in these Planets conflagration,  
Although the smoke mount up exactly round,  
Yet by the suns irradiation  
Made thin and subtil no where else its found  
By sight, save in the dim and duskish bound  
Of the projected Pyramid opake,  
Opake with darknesse, smoke and mists unsound.  
Yet gilded like a foggie cloud doth make  
Reflection of fair light that doth our senses take.

90

This is the reason of that constant site  
Of Comets tayls and beards: And that their show's  
Not pure Pyramidall, nor their ends seem streight  
But bow'd like brooms, is from the winds that blow,  
I mean Ethereall winds, such as below  
Men finden under th' Equinoctiall line.  
Their widend beards this aire so broad doth strow  
Incurvate, and or more or lesse decline:  
If not, let sharper wits more subtly here divine.

91

But that experiment of the Optick glasse  
The greatest argument of all I deem,  
Ne can I well encounter nor let passe

So strong a reason if I may esteem  
 The feat withouten fallacie to been,  
 Nor judge these little sparks and subtile lights  
 Some auncient fixed starres though now first seen,  
 That near the ruin'd Comets place were pight,  
 On which that Optic instrument by chance did light.

92

Nor finally an uncouth after-sport  
 Of th' immense vapours that the searching fire  
 Had boyled out, which now themselves consort  
 In severall parts and closely do conspire,  
 Clumper'd in balls of clouds and globes entire  
 Of crudled smoke and heavy clunging mists;  
 Which when they've staid awhile at last expire;  
 But while they stay any may see that lists  
 So be that Optick Art his naturall sight assists.

93

If none of these wayes I may well decline  
 The urging weight of this hard argument,  
 Worst is but parting stakes and thus define:  
 Some Comets be but single Planets brent,  
 Others a synod joyn'd in due consent:  
 And that no new found Meteors they are:  
 Ne further may my wary mind assent  
 From one single experience solitaire,  
 Till all-discovering Time shall further truth declare.

94

But for the new fixt starres there's no pretence,  
 Nor beard nor tail to take occasion by,  
 To bring in that unluckie inference  
 Which weaken might this new built mysterie.  
 Certes in raging fire they both did frie.  
 A signe whereof you rightly may aread  
 Their colours changeable varietie  
 First clear and white, then yellow, after red,  
 Then blewly pale, then duller still, till perfect dead.

95

And as the order of these colours went,  
 So still decreas'd that Cassiopean starre,  
 Till at the length to sight it was quite spent:  
 Which observations strong reasons are,  
 Consuming fire its body did empare  
 And turn to ashes. And the like will be  
 In all the darksome Planets wide and farre.  
 Ne can our Earth from this state standen free  
 A Planet as the rest, and Planets fate must trie.

96

Ne let the tender heart too harshly deem  
 Of this rude sentence: for what rigour more  
 Is in consuming fire then drowning stream  
 Of Noahs floud which all creaturs choak'd of yore,  
 Saving those few that were kept safe in store  
 In that well builded ship? All else beside  
 Men, birds, and beasts, the lion, buck, and bore  
 Dogs, kine, sheep, horses all that did abide  
 Upon the spacious earth, perish'd in waters wide.

97

Nor let the slow and misbelieving wight  
 Doubt how the fire on the hard earth may seize;  
 No more then how those waters erst did light  
 Upon the sinfull world. For as the seas  
 Boyling with swelling waves aloft did rise,  
 And met with mighty showers and pouring rain  
 From Heavens spouts; so the broad flashing skies  
 Thickned with brimstone and clouds of fiery bain  
 Shall meet with raging Etna's and Vesuvius flame.

98

The burning bowels of this wasting ball  
 Shall gullup up great flakes of rolling fire,  
 And belch out pitchie flames, till over all

Having long rag'd, Vulcan himself shall tire  
And (th' earth an ashheap made) shall then expire:  
Here Nature laid asleep in her own Urn  
With gentle rest right easily will respire,  
Till to her pristine task she do return  
As fresh as Phenix young under th' Arabian Morn.

99

O happy they that then the first are born,  
While yet the world is in her vernall pride:  
For old corruption quite away is worn  
As metall pure so is her mold well tride.  
Sweet dews, cool-breathing airs, and spaces wide  
Of precious spicery wafted with soft wind:  
Fair comely bodies goodly beautifi'd  
Snow-limb'd, rose-cheek'd, ruby-lip'd, pearl-ted, star  
eyn'd  
Their parts each fair in fit proportion all conbin'd.

26

100

For all the while her purged ashes rest  
These rellicks dry suck in the heavenly dew,  
And roscid Manna rains upon her breast,  
And fills with sacred milk sweet fresh and new,  
Where all take life and doth the world renew;  
And then renew'd with pleasure be yfed.  
A green soft mantle doth her bosome strew  
With fragrant herbs and flowers embellished,  
Where without fault or shame all living creatures bed.

101

Ne ought we doubt how Nature may recover  
In her own ashes long time buried,  
For nought can ever consume that centrall power  
Of hid spermatick life, which lies not dead  
In that rude heap, but safely covered;  
And doth by secret force suck from above  
Sweet heavenly juice, and therewith nourished  
Till her just bulk, she doth her life emprove,  
Made mother of much children that about her move.

102

Witnesse that uncouth bird of Arabie  
Which out of her own ruines doth revive  
With all th' exploits of skillfull Chymistrie,  
Such as no vulgar wit can well believe.  
Let universall Nature witnesse give  
That what I sing 's no feigned forgerie.  
A needlesse task new fables to contrive,  
But what I sing is seemly verity  
Well suting with right reason and Philosophie.

103

But the fit time of this mutation  
No man can finden out with all his pains.  
For the small spears of humane reason run  
Too swift within his narrow compast brains.  
But that vast Orb of Providence contains  
A wider period; turneth still and slow.  
Yet at the last his aimed end he gains.  
And sure at last a fire will overflow  
The aged Earth, and all must into ashes go.

27

104

Then all the stately works and monuments  
Built on this bottome shall to ruine fall.  
And all those goodly statues shall be brent  
Which were erect to the memoriall  
Of Kings Kæsars, ne may better 'fall  
The boastfull works of brave Poetick pride  
That promise life and fame perpetuall;  
Ne better fate may these poor lines abide.  
Betide what will to what may live no lenger tide!

[C6]

105

This is the course that never-dying Nature  
Might ever hold from all Eternitie,



Renuing still the faint decayed creature  
Which would grow stark and drie as aged tree,  
Unlesse by wise preventing Destinie  
She were at certain periods of years  
Reduced back unto her Infancie,  
Which well fram'd argument (as plain appears)  
My ship from those hard rocks and shelves right safely  
steers.

106

Lo! now my faithfull muse hath represented  
Both frames of Providence to open view,  
And hath each point in orient colours painted  
Not to deceive the sight with seeming shew  
But earnest to give either part their due;  
Now urging th' uncouth strange perplexitie  
Of infinite worlds and Time, then of a new  
Softening that harsher inconsistencie  
To fit the immense goodnesse of the Deity.

107

And here by curious men 't may be expected  
That I this knot with judgement grave decide,  
And then proceed to what else was objected.  
But, ah! What mortall wit may dare t' areed  
Heavens counsels in eternall horrour hid?  
And Cynthius pulls me by my tender ear  
Such signes I must observe with wary heed:  
Wherefore my restlesse Muse at length forbear.  
Thy silver sounded Lute hang up in silence here.

F I N I S.

[1]

[C7]

## Cupids Conflict.

*Mela. Cleanthes.*

*Cl.* **M** *Ela* my dear! why been thy looks so sad  
As if thy gentle heart were sunk with care?  
Impart thy case; for be it good or bad  
Friendship in either will bear equall share.

*Mel.* Not so; *Cleanthes*, for if bad it be  
My self must bleed afresh by wounding thee.

But what it is, my slow, uncertain wit  
Cannot well judge. But thou shalt sentence give  
How manfully of late my self I quit,  
When with that lordly lad by chance I strive:  
*Cl.* Of friendship *Mela!* let's that story hear.  
*Mel.* Sit down *Cleanthes* then, and lend thine ear.

Upon a day as best did please my mind  
Walking abroad amidst the verdant field  
Scattering my carefull thoughts i' th' wanton wind  
The pleasure of my path so farre had till'd  
My feeble feet that without timely rest  
Uneath it were to reach my wonted nest.

In secret shade farre moved from mortals sight  
In lowly dale my wandring limbs I laid  
On the cool grasse where Natures pregnant wit  
A goodly bower of thickest trees had made.  
Amongst the leaves the chearfull birds did fare  
And sweetly carrol'd to the echoing air.

Hard at my feet ran down a crystall spring  
Which did the cumbrous pebbles hoarsly chide  
For standing in the way. Though murmuring  
The broken stream his course did rightly guide  
And strongly pressing forward with disdain  
The grassie flore divided into twain.

The place a while did feed my foolish eye

As being new, and eke mine idle ear  
Did listen oft to that wild harmonie  
And oft my curious phansie would compare  
How well agreed the Brooks low muttering Base,  
With the birds trebbles pearch'd on higher place.

But senses objects soon do glut the soul,  
Or rather weary with their emptinesse;  
So I, all heedlesse how the waters roll  
And mindlesse of the mirth the birds expresse,  
Into my self 'gin softly to retire  
After hid heavenly pleasures to enquire.

While I this enterprize do entertain;  
Lo! on the other side in thickest bushes  
A mighty noise! with that a naked swain  
With blew and purple wings streight rudely rushes.  
He leaps down light upon the flowry green,  
Like sight before mine eyes had never seen.

At's snowy back the boy a quiver wore  
Right fairly wrought and gilded all with gold.  
A silver bow in his left hand he bore,  
And in his right a ready shaft did hold.  
Thus armed stood he and betwixt us tway  
The labouring brook did break his toilsome way.

The wanton lad whose sport is others pain  
Did charge his bended bow with deadly dart,  
And drawing to the head with might and main,  
With fell intent he aim'd to hit my heart.  
But ever as he shot his arrows still  
In their mid course dropt down into the rill.

Of wondrous virtues that in waters been  
Is needlesse to rehearse, all books do ring  
Of those strange rarities. But ne're was seen  
Such virtue as resided in this spring.  
The novelty did make me much admire  
But stirr'd the hasty youth to ragefull ire.

As heedlesse fowls that take their per'lous flight  
Over that bane of birds, *Averno lake*,  
Do drop down dead: so dead his shafts did light  
Amid this stream, which presently did slake  
Their fiery points, and all their feathers wet  
Which made the youngster Godling inly fret.

Thus lustfull Love (this was that love I ween)  
Was wholly changed to consuming ire.  
And eath it was, sith they're so near a kin  
They be both born of one rebellious sire.  
But he supprest his wrath and by and by  
For feathered darts, he winged words let flie:

Vain man! said he, and would thou wer'st not vain  
That hid'st thy self in solitary shade  
And spil'st thy precious youth in sad disdain  
Hating this lifes delight! Hath god thee made  
Part of this world, and wilt not thou partake  
Of this worlds pleasure for its makers sake?

Unthankfull wretch! Gods gifts thus to reject  
And maken nought of Natures goodly dower  
That milders still away through thy neglect  
And dying fades like unregarded flower.  
This life is good, what's good thou must improve,  
The highest improvement of this life is love.

Had I (but O that envious Destinie,  
Or Stygian vow, or thrice accursed charm  
Should in this place free passage thus denie  
Unto my shafts as messengers of harm!  
Had I but once transfixt thy froward breast,  
How would'st thou then—I staid not for the rest;

But thus half angry to the boy replide:  
 How would'st thou then my soul of sense bereave!  
 I blinded, thee more blind should choose my guide!  
 How would'st thou then my muddied mind deceive  
     With fading shows, that in my error vile,  
     Base lust; I love should tearm, vice, virtue stile.

How should my wicked rymes then idolize  
 Thy wretched power, and with impious wit  
 Impute thy base born passions to the skies  
 And my souls sicknesse count an heavenly fit,  
     My weaknesse strength, my wisdome to be caught  
     My bane my blisse, mine ease to be o'rewraught.

How often through my fondly feigning mind  
 And frantick phansie, in my Mistris eye  
 Should I a thousand fluttering Cupids find  
 Bathing their busie wings? How oft espie  
     Under the shadow of her eye-brows fair  
     Ten thousand Graces sit all naked bare?

Thus haunted should I be with such feat fiends:  
 A pretty madnesse were my portion due.  
 Foolish my self I would not hear my friends.  
 Should deem the true for false, the false for true.  
     My way all dark more slippery then ice  
     My attendents, anger, pride, and jealousies.

Unthankfull then to God I should neglect  
 All the whole world for one poor sorry wight,  
 Whose pestilent eye into my heart project  
 Would burn like poysonous Comet in my spright.  
     Aye me! how dismall then would prove that day  
     Whose onely light sprang from so fatall ray.

Who seeks for pleasure in this mortall life  
 By diving deep into the body base  
 Shall loose true pleasure: But who gainly strive  
 Their sinking soul above this bulk to place  
     Enlarg'd delight they certainly shall find  
     Unbounded joyes to fill their boundlesse mind.

When I my self from mine own self do quit  
 And each thing else; then an all-spreaden love  
 To the vast Universe my soul doth sit  
 Makes me half equall to all-seeing Jove.  
     My mighty wings high stretch'd then clapping light  
     I brush the starres and make them shine more  
     bright.

Then all the works of God with close embrace  
 I dearly hug in my enlarged arms  
 All the hid paths of heavenly Love I trace  
 And boldly listen to his secret charms.  
     Then clearly view I where true light doth rise,  
     And where eternall Night low-pressed lies.

Thus lose I not by leaving small delight  
 But gain more joy, while I my self suspend  
 From this and that; for then with all unite  
 I all enjoy, and love that love commends.  
     That all is more then loves the partiall soul  
     Whose petty loves th' impartiall fates controll.

Ah son! said he, (and laughed very loud)  
 That trickst thy tongue with uncouth strange disguise,  
 Extolling highly that with speeches proud  
 To mortall men that humane state denies,  
     And rashly blaming what thou never knew  
     Let men experienc'd speak, if they'll speak true.

Had I once lanc'd thy froward flinty heart  
 And cruddled bloud had thawn with living fire  
 And prickt thy drousie sprite with gentle smart  
 How wouldst thou wake to kindly sweet desire,  
     Thy soul fill'd up with overflowing pleasures

Would dew thy lips with hony-dropping measures.

Then wouldst thou caroll loud and sweetly sing  
In honour of my sacred Deity  
That all the woods and hollow hills would ring  
Reechoing thy heavenly harmonie.  
And eke the hardy rocks with full rebounds  
Would faithfully return thy silver sounds.

Next unto me would be thy Mistresse fair,  
Whom thou might setten out with goodly skill  
Her peerlesse beauty and her virtues rare,  
That all would wonder at thy gracefull quill.  
And lastly in us both thy self shouldst raise  
And crown thy temples with immortall bayes.

But now thy riddles all men do neglect,  
Thy rugged lines of all do lie forlorn.  
Unwelcome rymes that rudely do detect  
The Readers ignorance. Men holden scorn  
To be so often non-plusd or to spell,  
And on one stanza a whole age to dwell.

Besides this harsh and hard obscuritie  
Of the hid sense, thy words are barbarous  
And strangely new, and yet too frequently  
Return, as usuall plain and obvious,  
So that the show of the new thick-set patch  
Marres all the old with which it ill doth match.

But if thy haughty mind, forsooth, would deign  
To stoop so low to hearken to my lore,  
Then wouldst thou with trim lovers not disdeign  
To adorn the outside, set the best before.  
Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verses spoil  
Thy rymes should run as glib and smooth as oyl.

If that be all, said I, thy reasons slight  
Can never move my well establishd mind.  
Full well I wote alwayes the present sprite,  
Or life that doth possesse the soul, doth blind,  
Shutting the windows 'gainst broad open day  
Lest fairer sights its uglinesse bewray.

The soul then loves that disposition best  
Because no better comes unto her view.  
The drunkard drunkenesse, the sluggard rest,  
Th' Ambitious honour and obeisance due.  
So all the rest do love their vices base  
'Cause virtues beauty comes not into place.

And looser love 'gainst Chastitie divine  
Would shut the door that he might sit alone.  
Then wholly should my mind to him incline:  
And woxen strait, (since larger love was gone)  
That paultrie sprite of low contracting lust  
Would fit my soul as if 't were made for 't just.

Then should I with my fellow bird or brute  
So strangely metamorphis'd, either ney  
Or bellow loud: or if 't may better sute  
Chirp out my joy pearch'd upon higher spray.  
My passions fond with impudence rehearse,  
Immortalize my madnesse in a verse.

This is the summe of thy deceiving boast  
That I vain ludenesse highly should admire,  
When I the sense of better things have lost  
And chang'd my heavenly heat for hellish fire,  
Passion is blind, but virtues piercing eye  
Approching danger can from farre espie.

And what thou dost Pedantickly object  
Concerning my rude rugged uncouth style,  
As childish toy I manfully neglect,  
And at thy hidden snares do inly smile.

How ill alas! with wisdom it accords  
To sell my living sense for livelesse words.

My thought 's the fittest measure of my tongue,  
Wherefore I'll use what's most significant,  
And rather then my inward meaning wrong  
Or my full-shining notion trimly scant,  
I'll conjure up old words out of their grave,  
Or call fresh forrein force in if need crave.

And these attending on my moving mind  
Shall duly usher in the fitting sense.  
As oft as meet occasion I find.  
Unusuall words oft used give lesse offence;  
Nor will the old contexture dim or marre,  
For often us'd they're next to old, thred-bare.

And if the old seem in too rustie hew,  
Then frequent rubbing makes them shine like gold,  
And glister all with colour gayly new.  
Wherefore to use them both we will be bold.  
Thus lists me fondly with fond folk to toy,  
And answer fools with equall foolerie.

The meaner mind works with more nicetie,  
As spiders wont to weave their idle web,  
But braver spirits do all things gallantly  
Of lesser failings nought at all affred:  
So Natures carelesse pencill dipt in light  
With sprinkled starres hath spattered the Night.

And if my notions clear though rudely thrown  
And loosely scattered in my poesie,  
May lend men light till the dead Night be gone,  
And Morning fresh with roses strew the skie:  
It is enough, I meant no trimmer frame  
Or by nice needle-work to seek a name.

Vain man! that seekest name mongst earthly men  
Devoid of God and all good virtuous lere;  
Who groping in the dark do nothing ken  
But mad; with griping care their souls do tear,  
Or burst with hatred or with envie pine  
Or burn with rage or melt out at their eyne.

Thrice happy he whose name is writ above,  
And doeth good though gaining infamie;  
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,  
And recks not what befalls him outwardly:  
Whose worth is in himself, and onely blisse  
In his pure conscience that doth nought amisse.

Who placeth pleasure in his purged soul  
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem;  
Who can his passions master and controll,  
And that true lordly manlinesse doth deem,  
Who from this world himself hath clearly quit  
Counts nought his own but what lives in his sprite.

So when his sprite from this vain world shall flit  
It bears all with it whatsoever was dear  
Unto it self, passing in easie fit,  
As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th' eare.  
Thus mindlesse of what idle men will say  
He takes his own and stilly goes his way.

But the retinue of proud Lucifer,  
Those blustering Poets that flie after fame  
And deck themselves like the bright Morning-starre.  
Alas! it is but all a crackling flame.  
For death will strip them of that glorious plume  
That airie blisse will vanish into fume.

For can their carefull ghosts from Limbo take  
Return, or listen from the bowed skie  
To heare how well their learned lines do take?

Or if they could; is Heavens felicitie  
So small as by mans praise to be encreas'd,  
Hells pain no greater then hence to be eas'd?

Therefore once dead in vain shall I transmit  
My shadow to gazing Posteritie;  
Cast farre behind me I shall never see't,  
On Heavens fair Sunne having fast fixt mine eye.  
Nor while I live, heed I what man doth praise  
Or underprize mine unaffected layes.

What moves thee then, said he, to take the pains  
And spenden time if thou contemn'st the fruit?  
Sweet fruit of fame, that fills the Poets brains  
With high conceit and feeds his fainting wit.  
How pleasant 'tis in honour here to live  
And dead, thy name for ever to survive!

Or is thy abject mind so basely bent  
As of thy Muse to maken Merchandize?  
(And well I wote this is no strange intent.)  
The hopefull glimps of gold from chattering Pies,  
From Daws and Crows, and Parots oft hath wrung  
An unexpected Pegaseian song.

Foul shame on him, quoth I, that shamefull thought  
Doth entertain within his dunghill breast,  
Both God and Nature hath my spirits wrought  
To better temper and of old hath blest  
My loftie soul with more divine aspires  
Then to be touchd with such vile low desires.

I hate and highly scorn that Kestrell kind  
Of bastard scholars that subordinate  
The precious choice induements of the mind  
To wealth or worldly good. Adulterate  
And cursed brood! Your wit and will are born  
Of th' earth and circling thither do return.

Profit and honour be those measures scant  
Of your slight studies and endeavours vain,  
And when you once have got what you did want  
You leave your learning to enjoy your gain.  
Your brains grow low, your bellies swell up high,  
Foul sluggish fat ditts up your dulled eye.

Thus what the earth did breed, to th' earth is gone,  
Like fading hearb or feebly drooping flower,  
By feet of men and beast quite trodden down,  
The muck-sprung learning cannot long endure.  
Back she returns lost in her filthy source,  
Drown'd, chok'd or slocken by her cruell nurse.

True virtue to her self's the best reward,  
Rich with her own and full of lively spirit,  
Nothing cast down for want of due regard.  
Or 'cause rude men acknowledge not her merit.  
She knows her worth and stock from whence she  
sprung,  
Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung,

Dew'd with the drops of Heaven shall flourish long;  
As long as day and night do share the skie,  
And though that day and night should fail yet strong  
And steddie, fixed on Eternitie  
Shall bloom for ever. So the foul shall speed  
That loveth virtue for no worldly meed.

Though sooth to sayn, the worldly meed is due  
To her more then to all the world beside.  
Men ought do homage with affections true  
And offer gifts for God doth there reside.  
The wise and virtuous soul is his own seat  
To such what's given God himself doth get.

But earthly minds whose sight's seal'd up with mud

Discern not this flesh-clouded Deity,  
Ne do acknowledge any other good  
Then what their mole-warp hands can feel and trie  
By groping touch; thus (worth of them unseen)  
Of nothing worthy that true worth they ween.

Wherefore the prudent Law-givers of old  
Even in all Nations, with right sage foresight  
Discovering from farre how clums and cold  
The vulgar wight would be to yield what's right  
To virtuous learning, did by law designe  
Great wealth and honour to that worth divine.

But nought's by law to Poesie due said he,  
Ne doth the solemn Statesmans head take care  
Of those that such impertinent pieces be  
Of common-weals. Thou'd better then to spare  
Thy uselesse vein. Or tell else, what may move  
Thy busie use such fruitlesse pains to prove.

No pains but pleasure to do the dictates dear  
Of inward living nature. What doth move  
The Nightingall to sing so sweet and clear  
The Thrush, or Lark that mounting high above  
Chants her shrill notes to heedlesse ears of corn  
Heavily hanging in the dewy morn.

When life can speak, it can not well withhold  
T' expresse its own impressions and hid life.  
Or joy or grief that smothered lie untold  
Do vex the heart and wring with restlesse strife.  
Then are my labours no true pains but ease  
My souls unrest they gently do appease.

Besides, that is not fruitlesse that no gains  
Brings to my self. I others profit deem  
Mine own: and if at these my heavenly flames  
Others receiven light, right well I ween  
My time's not lost. Art thou now satisfide  
Said I: to which the scoffing boy replide.

Great hope indeed thy rymes should men enlight,  
That be with clouds and darknesse all o'recast,  
Harsh style and harder sense void of delight  
The Readers wearied eye in vain do wast.  
And when men win thy meaning with much pain,  
Thy uncouth sense they coldly entertain.

For wotst thou not that all the world is dead  
Unto that Genius that moves in thy vein  
Of poetrie! But like by like is fed.  
Sing of my Trophees in triumphant strein,  
Then correspondent life, thy powerfull verse  
Shall strongly strike and with quick passion pierce.

The tender frie of lads and lasses young  
With thirstie eare thee compassing about,  
Thy Nectar-dropping Muse, thy sugar'd song  
Will swallow down with eagre hearty draught;  
Relishing truly what thy rymes convey,  
And highly praising thy soul-smiting lay.

The mincing maid her mind will then bewray,  
Her heart-bloud flaming up into her face,  
Grave matrons will wex wanton and betray  
Their unresolv'dnesse in their wonted grace;  
Young boyes and girls would feel a forward spring,  
And former youth to eld thou back wouldst bring.

All Sexes, Ages, Orders, Occupations  
Would listen to thee with attentive ear,  
And eas'ly moved with thy sweet perswasions,  
Thy pipe would follow with full merry chear.  
While thou thy lively voice didst loud advance  
Their tickled bloud for joy would inly dance.

But now, alas! poore solitarie man!  
 In lonesome desert thou dost wander wide  
 To seek and serve thy disappearing Pan,  
 Whom no man living in the world hath eyde:  
     For Pan is dead but I am still alive,  
     And live in men who honour to me give:

They honour also those that honour me  
 With sacred songs. But thou now singst to trees  
 To rocks to Hills, to Caves that senselesse be  
 And mindlesse quite of thy hid mysteries,  
     In the void aire thy idle voice is spread,  
     Thy Muse is musick to the deaf or dead.

Now out alas! said I, and wele-away  
 The tale thou tellest I confesse too true.  
 Fond man so doteth on this living clay  
 His carcase dear, and doth its joyes pursue,  
     That of his precious soul he takes no keep  
     Heavens love and reasons light lie fast asleep.

This bodies life vain shadow of the soul  
 With full desire they closely do embrace,  
 In fleshly mud like swine they wallow and roll,  
 The loftiest mind is proud but of the face  
     Or outward person; if men but adore  
     That walking sepulchre, cares for no more.

This is the measure of mans industry  
 To wexen some body and getten grace  
 To 's outward presence; though true majestie  
 Crown'd with that heavenly light and lively rayes  
     Of holy wesdome and Seraphick love,  
     From his deformed soul he farre remove.

Slight knowledge and lesse virtue serves his turn  
 For this designe. If he hath trod the ring  
 Of pedling arts; in usuall pack-horse form  
 Keeping the rode; O! then 't's a learned thing.  
     If any chanc'd to write or speak what he  
     Conceives not 't were a foul discourtesie.

To cleanse the soul from sinne, and still diffide  
 Whether our reasons eye be clear enough  
 To intromit true light, that fain would glide  
 Into purg'd hearts, this way 's too harsh and rough:  
     Therefore the clearest truths may well seem dark  
     When sloathfull men have eyes so dimme and stark.

These be our times. But if my minds presage  
 Bear any moment, they can ne're last long,  
 A three branch'd Flame will soon sweep clean the  
     stage  
 Of this old dirty drosse and all wex young.  
     My words into this frozen air I throw  
     Will then grow vocall at that generall thaw.

Nay, now thou 'rt perfect mad, said he, with scorn,  
 And full of foul derision quit the place.  
 The skie did rattle with his wings ytorn  
 Like to rent silk. But I in the mean space  
     Sent after him this message by the wind  
     Be 't so I 'm mad, yet sure I am thou 'rt blind.

By this the out-stretch'd shadows of the trees  
 Pointed me home-ward, and with one consent  
 Foretold the dayes descent. So straight I rise  
 Gathering my limbs from off the green pavement  
     Behind me leaving then the slooping Light.  
*Cl.* And now let's up, *Vesper* brings on the Night.





[1]

*A Particular Interpretation appertaining to  
the three last books of the Platonick  
Song of the Soul.*

[D6]

A

**A** *Tom-lives.* The same that Centrall lives. Both the terms denotate the indivisibility of the inmost essence it self; the pure essentiall form I mean, of plant, beast or man, yea of angels themselves, good or bad.

*Apogee,*  
*Autokineticall,*  
*Ananke,*  
*Acronycall,*  
*Alethea-land,* } See Interpret. Gen.

*Animadversall.* That lively inward *animadversall.* It is the soul it self, for I cannot conceive the body doth animadvert; when as objects plainly exposed to the sight are not discovered till the soul takes notice of them.

B

**B** *Ody.* The ancient Philosophers have defined it, Τὸ τριχῆ διάστατον μετ' ἀντιτυπίας. *Sext. Emperic. Pyrrhon. Hypotyp. lib. 3. cap. 5.* Near to this is that description, *Psychathan,* Cant. 2. Stanz. 12. lib. 2, *Matter extent in three dimensions.* But for that ἀντιτυπία, simple trinall distension doth not imply it, wherefore I declin'd it. But took in *matter* according to their conceit, that phansie à *Materia prima*, I acknowledge none, and consequently no such *corpus naturale* as our Physiologist make the subject of that science. That *Τριχῆ διάστατον ἀντίτυπον* is nothing but a fixt spirit, the conspissation or coagulation of the Cuspidall particles of the Cone, which are indeed the Centrall Tasis or inward essence of the sensible world. These be an infinite number of vitall Atoms that may be wakened into diverse tinctures, or energies, into fiery, watery, earthy, &c. And one divine *Fiat* can unloose them all into an universall mist, or turn them out of that sweat into a drie and pure Etheriall temper. These be the last projections of life from the soul of the world; and are act or form though debil and indifferent, like that which they call the first matter. But they are not meerly passive but meet their information half way, as I may so speak: are radiant *ab intimo* and awake into this or the other operation, by the powerfull appulse of some superadvenient form. That which change of Phantasmes is to the soul, that is alteration of rayes to them. For their rayes are *ab intrinseco*, as the phantasmes of the soul. These be the reall matter of which all supposed bodies are compounded, and this matter (as I said) is form and life, so that all is life and form what ever is in the world, as I have somewhere intimated in *Antipsychopan:* But however I use the terme *body* ordinarily in the usuall and vulgar acception. And for that sense of the ancients, nearest to which I have defined it in the place first above mentioned, that I seem not to choose that same as most easie to proceed against in disproving the corporeity of the soul, the arguments do as necessarily conclude against such a naturall body as is ordinarily described in Physiologie (as you may plainly discern if you list to observe) as also against this body composed of the Cuspidall particles of the Cone. For though they be Centrall lives, yet are they neither Plasticall, Sensitive, or Rationall, so farre are they from proving to be the humane soul whose nature is there discust.

[2]

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C

**C** *One:* Is a solid figure made by the turning of a rectangular triangle, about; one of the sides that include the right angle resting, which will be then the Axis of the compleated Cone. But I take it sometimes for the comprehension of all things, God himself not left out, whom I term the *Basis* of the *Cone* or *Universe*. And because all from him descends, καθ' ὑποστολήν, with abatement or contraction, I give the name of *Cone* to the Universe. And of Cone rather than Pyramid because of the roundnesse of the figure, which the effluxes of all things imitate.

*Chaos,*  
*Chronicall,*  
*Clare,* } See interpret. Gen.

*Circulation,* The terme is taken from a toyish observation, viz. the circling of water when a stone is cast into a standing pool. The motion drives on circularly, the first rings are thickest, but the

[3]

further they go they grow the thinner, till they vanish into nothing. Such is the diffusion of the species audible in the stricken aire, as also of the visible species. In brief any thing is said to circulate that diffuseth its image or species in a round. It might have been more significantly called orbiculation; seeing this circumfusion makes not onely a circle, but fills a sphere, which may be called the sphere of activity. Yet Circulation more fitly sets out the diminution of activity, from those ringes in the water which as they grow in compasse, abate in force and thickness. But sometimes I use Circulate in an ordinary sense to turn round, or return in a circle.

*Centre, Centrall, Centrality.* When they are used out of their ordinary sense, they signifie the depth or inmost being of any thing, from whence its acts and energies flow forth. See *Atom-lives*.

*Cuspis of the Cone.* The multiplide Cuspis of the Cone is nothing but the last projection of life from Psyche, which is  $\delta\eta\psi$  a liquid fire or fire and water, which are the corporeall or materiall principles of all things, changed or disgregated (if they be centrally distinguishable) and again mingled by the virtue of Physis or Spermaticall life of the world; of these are the Sunne and all the Planets, they being kned together, and fixt by the Centrall power of each Planet and Sunne. The volatile Ether is also of the same, and all the bodies of plants, beasts and men. These are they which we handle and touch, a sufficient number compact together. For neither is the noise of those little flies in a summer-evening audible severally: but a full Quire of them strike the ear with a pretty kind of buzzing. Strong and tumultuous pleasure and scorching pain reside in these, they being essentiall and centrall, but sight and hearing are onely of the images of these, See *Body*.

*Eternitie.* Is the steddie comprehension of all things at once. See *Æon* discribed in my Expos. upon Psychozoia.

*Energie.* It is a peculiar Platonick terme. In my Interpret. Gen. I expounded it Operation, Efflux, Activity. None of those words bear the full sense of it. The examples there are fit, viz. the light of the Sunne, the phantasms of the soul. We may collect the genuine sense of the word by comparing severall places in the Philosopher. Ἐχει γὰρ ἕκαστον τῶν ὄντων ἐνεργεῖαν, ἢ ἐστὶν ὁμοίωμα αὐτοῦ, ὥστε αὐτοῦ ὄντος, κάκεινο εἶναι, καὶ μένοντος φθάνειν εἰς τὸ πόρρω, τὸ μὲν ἐπὶ πλέον, τὸ δὲ εἰς ἔλαττον. Καὶ αἱ μὲν ἀσθενεῖς καὶ ἀμυδραὶ, αἱ δὲ καὶ λαυθάνουσαι, τῶν δ' εἰσὶ μείζους καὶ εἰς τὸ πόρρω. *For every being hath its Energie, which is the image of it self, so that it existing that Energie doth also exist, and standing still is projected forward more or lesse. And some of those energies are weak and obscure, others hid or undiscernable, othersome greater and of a larger projection.* Plotin. Ennead. 4. lib. 5. cap. 7. And again, Ennead. 3. lib. 4. Καὶ μένομεν τῷ μὲν νοητῷ ἀνθρώπῳ ἄνω· τῷ δὲ ἐσχάτῳ αὐτοῦ, πεπεδήμεθα τῷ κάτω, οἷον ἀπόρροιαν ἀπ' ἐκείνου διδόντες εἰς τὸ κάτω, μᾶλλον δὲ ἐνέργειαν, ἐκείνου οὐκ ἐλαττουμένου. *And we remain above by the Intellectual man, but by the extreme part of him we are held below, as it were yielding an efflux from him to that which is below, or rather an energie he being not at all lessened.* This curiositie Antoninus also observes, (lib. 8. Meditat.) in the nature of the sun-beams, where although he admits of χύσις, yet he doth not of ἀπόρροια which is ἔκχυσις. Ὁ ἥλιος κατακεχύσθαι δοκεῖ, καὶ πάντῃ γε κέχυται οὐ μὴν ἐκκέχυται. ἢ γὰρ χύσις αὐτοῦ τάσις ἐστίν. ἀκτῖνες γοῦν αἱ ἀναγαὶ αὐτοῦ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐκτείνεσθαι λέγονται. *The sunne, saith he, is diffused, and his fusion is every where but without effusion, &c.* I will onely adde one place more out of Plotinus. Ennead. 3. lib. 6. Ἐκάστου δὲ μορίου ἢ ἐνέργεια ἢ κατὰ φύσιν ζωὴ οὐκ ἐξιστάσα. *The naturall energie of each power of the soul is life not parted from the soul though gone out of the soul, viz. into act.*

Comparing of all these places together, I cannot better explain this Platonick term, *energie*, then by calling it the rayes of an essence, or the beams of a vitall Centre. For essence is the Centre as it were of that which is truly called Energie, and Energie the beams and rayes of an essence. And as the *Radii* of a circle leave not the centre by touching the Circumference, no more doth that which is the pure Energie of an essence, leave the essence by being called out into act, but is ἐν-έργεια a working in the essence though it flow *out* into act. So that *Energie* depends always on essence, as *Lumen* on *Lux*, or the creature on God; Whom therefore Synesius in his Hymnes calls the Centre of all things.

*Entelecheia.* See Interpret. Gen.

## F

**F***Aith.* *Platonick faith in the first Good.* This faith is excellently described in Proclus. where it is set above all ratiocination, nay, Intellect it self. Πρὸς δὲ αὐτὸ ἀγαθὸν οὐ γνώσεως ἔτι καὶ συνεργείας δεῖ τοῖς συναφθῆναι σπεύδουσιν, ἀλλ' ἰδρύσεως καὶ μονίμου καταστάσεως καὶ ἡρεμίας. *But to them that endeavour to be joyned with the first Good, there is no need of knowledge or multifarious cooperation, but settlednesse, steddinesse, and rest.* lib. 1. cap. 24. Theolog. Platon. And in the next chapter; Δεῖ γὰρ οὐ γνωστικῶς οὐδ' ἀτελῶς τὸ ἀγαθὸν ἐπιζητεῖν, ἀλλ' ἐπιδόντας ἑαυτοὺς τῷ θεῷ φωτὶ καὶ μύσαντας, οὕτως ἐνιδρῦεσθαι τῇ ἀγνώστῳ καὶ κρυφῷ τῶν ὄντων ἐνάδι. *For we must not seek after that absolute or first Good cognoscitively or imperfectly, but giving our selves up to the divine light, and winking* (that is shutting our eyes of reason and understanding) *so to place our selves steddily in that hidden Unitie of all things.* After he preferres this faith before the clear and present assent to the κοινὰ ἔννοια, yea and the νοερὰ ἀπλότης, so that he will not that any intellectuall operation should come in comparison with it. Πολυειδῆς γὰρ αἴτη καὶ δι' ἑτερότητος χωριζομένη τῶν νοουμένων, καὶ ὅλως κίνησις ἐστὶ νοερὰ περὶ τὸ νοητόν. Δεῖ δὲ τὴν θεῖαν πίστιν ἐνοειδῆ καὶ ἡρεμον ὑπάρχειν ἐν τῷ τῆς ἀγαθότητος ὁρμῷ τελείως ἰδρυθεῖσαν. *For the operation of the Intellect is multiform and by diversitie separate from her objects, and is in a word, intellectuall motion about the object intelligible. But the divine faith must be simple and uniform, quiet and steddily resting*

in the haven of Goodnesse. And at last he summarily concludes, Ἐστὶ οὖν οὗτος ὁρμος ἀσφαλῆς τῶν ὄντων ἀπάντων. See Procl. Theolog. Platonick. lib. 1. cap. 25.

H

**H**yle. See Interpret. Gen.

I

**I**ntellect. Sometimes it is to be interpreted *Soul*. Sometime the intellectuall facultie of the soul. Sometimes Intellect is an absolute essence shining into the soul: whose nature is this.

[6]

A substance purely immateriall, impeccable, actually omniform, or comprehending all things at once, which the soul doth also being perfectly joynd with the Intellect. Ἐχομεν οὖν καὶ τὰ εἶδη διχῶς, ἐν μὲν ψυχῇ οἷον μὲν ἀνειλιγμένα καὶ οἷον κεχωρισμένα, ἐν δὲ τῷ νῶ ὁμοῦ τὰ πάντα. Plot. Ennead. 1. lib. 1. cap. 8. *Ideas*, or *Idees*. Sometimes they are forms in the Intellectual world. viz. in *Æon*, or *On*, other sometimes, phantasmes or representations in the soul. *Innate Idees* are the souls nature it self, her uniform essence, able by her *Fire* to produce this or that phantasme into act.

||

*Idiopathy.* } See Interpret. Gen.  
*Iao*

L

**L**ogos. See Interpret. Gen.

**L**ife. The vitall operation of any soul. Sometime it is the soul it self, be it sensitive, vegetative, or rationall.

*Lower man.* The lower man is our enquickned body, into which our soul comes, it being fitly prepared for the receiving of such a guest. The manner of the production of souls, or rather their non-production is admirably well set down in Plotinus, See, *Ennead. 6. lib. 4. cap. 14, 15.*

M

**M**onad. See Interpr. Gen.

**M**undane. *Mundane spirit*, Is that which is the spirit of the world or Universe. I mean by it not an intellectuall spirit, but a fine, unfixt, attenuate, subtile, ethereall substance, the immediate vehicle of plasticall or sensitive life.

*Memory. Mundane memory.* Is that memory that is seated in the *Mundane* spirit of man, by a strong impression, or inustion of any phantasme, or outward sensible object, upon that spirit. But there is a Memory more subtile and abstract in the soul it self, without the help of this spirit, which she also carries away with her having left the body.

*Magicall.* That is, attractive, or commanding by force of sympathy with the life of this naturall world.

*Moment.* Sometimes signifies an instant, as indivisible, as κίνημα, which in motion answers to an instant in time, or a point in a line, *Aristot. Phys.* In this sense I use it, *Psychathan. lib. 3. cant. 2. stanz. 16; But in a moment sol doth ray.* But Cant. the 3. Stanz. 45. v. 2. I understand, as also doth Lansbergius, by a *moment* one second of a minute. In *Antipsych. Cant. 2. Stanz. the 20. v. 2.* by a *moment* I understand a minute, or indefinitely any small time.

[7]

O

**O**rb. *Orb Intellectuall*, is nothing else but *Æon* or the Intellectual world. The Orbs generall mentioned *Psycathan. lib. 1. cant. 3. stanz. 23. v. 2.* I understand by them but so many universall orders of beings, if I may so terme them all; for *Hyle* hath little or nothing of being.

E

*Omniformity.* The omniformity of the soul is the having in her nature all forms, latent at least, and power of awaking them into act, upon occasion.

*Out-world.* and *Out-Heaven.* The sensible world, the visible Heaven.

P

**P**erigee, } See Interpret. Gen.  
*Psychicall,*  
*Pareties,*  
*Parallax,*  
*Protopathy.*

*Parturient.* See, *Vaticinant.*

*Phantasie. Lower phantasie,* is that which resides in the Mundane spirit of a man, See *Memory.*

Q

*Quantitative.* Forms *quantitative*, are such sensible energies as arise from the complexion of many natures together, at whose discretion they vanish. That's the seventh Orb of things, though broken and not filling all as the other do. But if you take it for the whole sensible world, it is entire, and is the same that *Tasis* in *Psycozoia*. But the centre of *Tasis*, viz. the multiplication of the reall *Cuspis* of the *Cone* (for *Hyle* that is set for the most contract point of the *Cuspis* is scarce to be reckoned among realities) that immense diffusion of atoms, is to be referred to *Psyche*, as an internall vegetative act, and so belongs to *Physis* the lowest order of life. For as

that warmth that the sense doth afford the body, is not rationally, sensitive, or imaginative, but vegetative; So this, *ἰσχυρὴ* i.e. liquid fire, which *Psyche* sends out, and is the outmost, last, and lowest operation from her self, is also vegetative.

## R

*Rhomboïdes*. See Interpr. general.

[8]

**R** *Reason*. I understand by Reason, the deduction of one thing from another, which I conceive proceeds from a kind of continuitie of phantasmes: and is something like the moving of a cord at one end; the parts next it rise with it. And by this concatenation of phantasmes I conceive, that both brutes and men are moved in reasonable wayes and methods in their ordinary externall actions.

*Rayes*. The rayes of an essence is its energie. See *Energie*.

*Reduplicative*. That is reduplicative, which is not onely in this point, but also in another, having a kind of circumscribed ubiquitie, viz. in its own sphear. And this is either by being in that sphear omnipresent it self, as the soul is said to be in the body *tota in toto & tota in qualibet parte*, or else at least by propagation of rayes, which is the image of it self; and so are divers sensible objects *Reduplicative*, as light, colours, sounds. And I make account either of these wayes justly denominate any thing spirituall. Though the former is most properly, at least more eminently spirituall. And whether any thing be after that way spirituall saving the Divinitie, there is reason to doubt. For what is entirely omnipresent in a sphear, whose diametre is but three feet, I see not, why (that in the circumference being as fresh and entire as that in the centre) it should stop there and not proceed even *in infinitum*, if the circumference be still as fresh and entire as the centre. But I define nothing.

## S

**S** *Permaticall*. It belongs properly to Plants, but is transferred also to the Plasticall power in Animalls, I enlarge it to all magnetick power whatsoever that doth immediately rule and actuate any body. For all magnetick power is founded in *Physis*, and in reference to her, this world is but one great Plant, (one λόγος σπερματικὸς giving it shape and corporeall life) as in reference to *Psyche*, one happy and holy Animall.

*Spirit*. Sometimes it signifieth the soul, othersometime, the naturall spirits in a mans body, which are *Vinculum animæ & corporis*, and the souls vehicle: Sometimes life. See *Reduplicative*.

[9]

*Soul*. When I speak of mans Soul, I understand that which *Moses* saith was inspired into the body, (fitted out and made of earth) by God, Genes. 2. which is not that impeccable spirit that cannot sinne; but the very same that the Platonists call ψυχή, a middle essence betwixt that which they call νοῦς (and we would in the Christian language call πνεῦμα) and the life of the body which is εἶδωλον ψυχῆς, a kind of an umbratil vitalitie, that the soul imparts to the bodie in the enlivening of it: That and the body together, we Christians would call σὰρξ, and the suggestions of it, especially in its corrupt estate, φρόνημα σαρκός. And that which God inspired into *Adam* was no more then ψυχή, the soul, not the spirit, though it be called שמת חיים *Spiraculum vitæ*; is plain out of the text; because it made man but become a living soul, חיה נפש. But you will say, he was a dead soul before, and this was the spirit of life, yea the spirit of God, the life of the soul that was breathed into him.

E2

But if חיה implie such a life and spirit, you must acknowledge the same to be also in the most stupid of all living creatures, even the fishes (whose soul is but as salt to keep them from stinking, as Philo speaks) for they are said to be שמת חיים chap. 1. v. 20. 21. See 1 Cor. chap. 15, v. 45, 46. In brief therefore, that which in Platonisme is νοῦς, is in Scripture πνεῦμα; what σὰρξ in one, τὸ θηρίον, the brute or beast in the other, ψυχή the same in both.

*Self-reduplicative*. See *Reduplicative*.

## T

**T** *Ricentreitie*. Centre is put for essence, so *Tricentreitie* must implie a trinitie of essence. See *Centre*, and *Energie*.

## V

**V** *Aticinant*. The soul is said to be in a *vaticinant* or *parturient* condition, when she hath some kind of sense and hovering knowledge of a thing, but yet cannot distinctly and fully, and commandingly represent it to her self, cannot plainly apprehend, much lesse comprehend the matter. The phrase is borrowed of Proclus, who describing the incomprehensibleness of God, and the desire of all things towards him, speaks thus; Ἄγνωστον γὰρ ὃν ποθεῖ τὰ ὄντα τὸ ἐφετὸν τοῦτο καὶ ἄληπτον, μήτε οὖν γινῶναι μήτε ἐλεῖν ὃ ποθεῖ, δυνάμενα, περὶ αὐτὸ πάντα χορεύει καὶ ὠδίνει μὲν αὐτὸ καὶ οἶον ἀπομαντεύεται. *Theolog. Platon. lib. 1. cap. 21*. See *Psychathan. lib. 3. cant. 3. stanz. 12. & 14*.

[11]

*The Philosophers Devotion.*

E3

**S** Ing aloud his praise rehearse  
Who hath made the Universe.  
He the boundlesse Heavens has spread  
All the vitall Orbs has kned;  
He that on *Olympus* high

Tends his flocks with watchfull eye,  
And this eye has multiplide  
Midst each flock for so reside.  
Thus as round about they stray  
Toucheth each with out-stretch'd ray,  
Nimbly they hold on their way,  
Shaping out their Night and Day.  
Never slack they; none respire,  
Dancing round their Centrall fires.

In due order as they move  
Echo's sweet be gently drove  
Thorough Heavens vast Hollownesse,  
Which unto all corners presse:  
Musick that the heart of *Jove*  
Moves to joy and sportfull love;  
Fills the listning saylers eares  
Riding on the wandering Sphears.  
Neither Speech nor Language is  
Where their voice is not transmise.

God is Good, is Wise, is Strong,  
Witnesse all the creature-throng,  
Is confess'd by every Tongue.  
All things back from whence they  
sprong,

As the thankfull Rivers pay  
What they borrowed of the Sea.

Now my self I do resigne,  
Take me whole I all am thine.  
Save me, God! from Self-desire,  
Deaths pit, dark Hells raging fire,  
Envy, Hatred, Vengeance, Ire.  
Let not Lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these thy praise I'll sing,  
Loudly sweep the trembling string.  
Bear a part, O Wisdomes sonnes!  
Free'd from vain Relligions.  
Lo! from farre I you salute,  
Sweetly warbling on my Lute.  
*Indie, Egypt, Arabie,*  
*Asia, Greece, and Tartarie,*  
*Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon*  
With the *Mountains* of the *Moon*,  
from whence muddie *Nile* doth runne,  
Or wherever else you won;  
Breathing in one vitall aire,  
One we are though distant farre.

Rise at once lett's sacrifice  
Odours sweet perfume the skies.  
See how Heavenly lightning fires  
Hearts inflam'd with high aspires!  
All the substance of our souls  
Up in clouds of Incense rolls.  
Leave we nothing to our selves  
Save a voice, what need we els!  
Or an hand to wear and tire  
On the thankfull Lute or Lyre.

Sing aloud his praise rehearse  
Who hath made the Universe.

*F I N I S.*

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**won**

*stay, dwell* (like German *wohnen*)

**eath**

*easy, light*; also **uneath**

Words in **-en**, especially verbs:

**aboven, amazen, been** (*infinitive*), **causen, standen, withouten...**

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