

**The Circe / of Signior Giovanni Battista Gelli of the Academy of Florence. Consisting of ten dialogues between [Ulysses and several] men transform'd into beasts: giving a lively representation of the various passions, and [the] many infelicities of humane life. Done out of Italian, by Mr. Tho. Brown.**

### **Contributors**

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Homer.  
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H. Littledale  
1902.

T H E  
C I R C E  
O F



Signior Giovanni Battista Gelli

Of the ACADEMY of

FLORENCE.

Consisting of Ten DIALOGUES  
between Men transform'd into Beasts:  
Giving a lively Representation of the  
various Passions, and many Infelicities  
of Humane Life.

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Done out of *Italian*,  
By Mr. THO. BROWN.

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——— *pauci dignoscere possunt*  
*Vera bona, atq; illis multum diversa, remota*  
*Erroris nebulâ, quid enim ratione timemus*  
*Aut cupimus* ——— Juv. Sat. 10.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for John Nutt near Stationers-  
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1712





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TO THE  
READER.

**I**T may be thought not unnecessary to give so short an Account of the following Piece, as this; that the Hint was taken from the judicious Plutarch, who (in a Dialogue usually printed with the rest of his Morals, concerning the Brutes Use of Reason, and Entitled, Gryllus,) has given a fair Sketch of a good Design; but that being imperfect by the Loss of some Part of it, how much is not known; the Author hereof, John Battista Gello, a Florentine Wit, and Famous in his time, undertook the Accomplishment of it, which he performed in the Italian Language, and dedicated it to Cosmo the First, Duke of Tuscany. Thence it has been translated



## To the READER.

at several times into most European Languages, and addressed to Kings and Princes. Among our selves, one of the Tutors to the learned Lord Herbert, thought it worthy his Pains to make a Version of it into English; but the Humour and Language of that Age, differing so much from ours, 'tis hoped that Old Standard Wit will be very acceptable in a Modern Dress.

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THE

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THE  
TABLE  
OF THE  
DIALOGUES.

- I. **U** *Lyffes* and *Circe*, with the *Oister*,  
who had before his Transformation been a *Fisher-man*; and the *Mole*, who  
had been a *Plow-man*.  
II. The same Dialogists, with the *Snake*,  
who had been a *Physician*.  
III. The same, with the *Hare*, a Country-  
Gentleman.  
IV. —the *Goat*, a Citizen of *Corinth*.  
V. —the *Hind*, a *Grecian* Woman.  
VI. —the *Lion*, a Sailor.  
VII. —the *Horse*,——.  
VIII. —the *Dog*, a Gentleman of Learning.  
IX. —the *Calf*,——.  
X. —the *Elephant*, a Philosopher.

THE



- I. Affix and Give, with the Oiler,  
 who had before his Transforma-  
 tion been a Fisherman; and the Wife, who  
 had been a Flower-man.  
 II. The same Dialogists, with the Bank,  
 who had been a Physician.  
 III. The same, with the Wife, a Country-  
 Gentleman.  
 IV. —the Gent, a Citizen of Geneva.  
 V. —the Wife, a German Woman.  
 VI. —the Lion, a Sailor.  
 VII. —the Wife, —  
 VIII. —the Dog, a Gentleman of Learning.  
 IX. —the Cat, —  
 X. —the Elephant, a Philosopher.

# THE TABLE OF THE DIALOGUES

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T H E  
A R G U M E N T  
To the ensuing  
DIALOGUES.

**A**fter the destruction of Troy by the Greeks, Ulysses set Sail for his own Country; and having been long driven by contrary Winds, at last arrived at the Island of Circe. Here he found a most courteous reception, which made him the more willing to tarry there, and being desirous to see his Native Country again, he asked her leave to depart, and begged the Favour of her, that she would be pleased to restore those Grecians, whom she had transformed into Beasts, to their humane shape, that he might carry them home to their respective places of Abode. Circe complied with his Request, but upon this Condition, that only those who were willing to become Men again, should reassume their old Shape,



## The Argument.

*Shape, and the rest should stay behind, and end their Days in the Bodies of those Animals, into which they were changed. And that Ulysses might know their Sentiments upon this Matter, she granted them the Power to speak and converse with him, just as they would have done when they were Men. Ulysses visits the whole Island, and discourseth with several of them, who gave him their Reasons why they rather chose to continue in that State, than to become Men again. At last he meets with one, who considering the Excellence of Man, and how much Superiour he is to all other Creatures, by the means of his Reason and Understanding, is desirous to be restored to his former Shape. Having effected this by the intercession of Ulysses, first of all, as in Duty bound, he returns his Thanks to the All-wise, and Almighty Author of Nature; and thus they returned joyfully together to their own Country.*

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Dialogue



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# CIRCE.

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## Dialogue I.

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*Ulysses, Circe, Oister, and Mole.*

*Ulysses,*

**A**

Ltho', Madam, I have received to many proofs of your kindness and affection, that I cou'd willingly pass my days in this delightful and charming Island ; yet that invincible love, which every man bears to his native Country, and my desire to behold my Relations and Friends after I have so long been absent from them, and wandred up and down the world, make me uneasie till I enjoy the sight of them. But, Madam, before I take my leave of you, I desire you to inform me, whether among these unhappy wretches, whom you

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have



have transformed into Lyons, Wolves, Bears, and other Beasts, there are any *Grecians*?

*Circe.* Yes, my dear *Ulysses*, there are: but why do you ask me this question?

*Ulysses.* Let us sit down here upon this Rock, where the sight of the Sea before us, and the harmony of the winds blowing through that odoriferous Grove, will make our conversation the more pleasant, and I will inform you.

*Circe.* With all my heart, for I study nothing more than to oblige you.

*Ulysses.* The reason why I asked you, most beautiful *Circe*, whether there were any *Grecians* among these Wretches whom you transformed into Beasts, was because I resolved to beg the favour of you to restore them to their human shape at my entreaty, that I might carry them with me home to their own Country.

*Circe.* And why should you desire this of me?

*Ulysses.* Because in the first place I pity their hard circumstances, as being my Countrymen, and secondly because it wou'd give me no little reputation in *Greece* to deliver them from this Captivity. Whereas on the other hand, should it be known that it was in my power to free them, but that I neglected it,  
and



and so left them to lead a wretched life among Beasts, I think all mankind ought to exclaim against me.

*Circe.* Some foolish people perhaps might call this charity, and commend you for it, but I dare engage that the poor fellows themselves will be so far from thanking you for this deliverance, they will never forgive you the injury, but pelt you with curses as long as they live.

*Ulysses.* Why is it an injury to free a man from the abject condition of a Brute, and restore him to his former state?

*Circe.* The greatest in the world, and to convince you that this is no untruth, pray take the pains to examin them your self. For I must tell you before hand, that I won't grant you this favour unless they willingly agree to't.

*Ulysses.* But how shall I be able to know it, since they can neither understand me, nor talk with me? I am afraid you have a design to make yourself merry at the expence of your humble Servant.

*Circe.* Never fear that, for I will restore them to their Speech.

*Ulysses.* And shall they be able to discourse as rationally, as they could do, when they were Men?



*Circe.* In every respect as well, for as it was I that changed them into Beasts, so by my means they shall be restored to all the knowledge, which formerly they were Masters of. But that we may lose no more time, observe those two shells fastened to yonder stone, that open and shut again, and that hillock of earth a little without the water, at the foot of that Palm tree.

*Ulysses.* I see them plain enough.

*Circe.* In the former lives an *Oyster*, and in the other a *Mole*, that were formerly Men and *Grecians*: Go to them therefore and talk with them, and that you may do it with more freedom, I will get me hence and divert my self on the Shore. When you have examin'd them, and find how they stand affected, come to me, and I will do whatever you wou'd have me.

*Ulysses Alone.* 'Tis very strange this that *Circe* has told me! that continuing in the Bodies of Beasts, they should be able by her means to discourse and reason with me. For my part it seems so incredible to me, that I am almost afraid of putting it to the trial, lest I should be laughed at for my pains. But should it happen so, there is none but *Circe* here upon the spot to jeer me, and she has  
no



no reason to do it, because she put me upon this undertaking. Well then, I'll for once make the experiment. But by what names shall I call them? I can't tell, unless it be by that of the Beasts into which they are changed. Let me do so then, you *Oister* there, do you hear me?

*Oister.* Why what business have you with me, good Master *Ulysses*?

*Ulysses.* I would call you by your own name too if I did but know it. But if thou art a *Grecian*, as *Circe* informs me thou art, prithee honest friend tell me so.

*Oister.* To satisfy your curiosity, know then that I was a *Grecian* before I was changed into an *Oister*, that I lived not far from *Athens*, that my name was *Itacus*, and that by occupation I was a poor Fisherman.

*Ulysses.* Why then honest friend rejoice and be merry; for partly out of compassion, as knowing thou wast born a man, and partly out of the love I bear thee, because thou art my Country-man, I have prevailed with *Circe* to restore thee to thy human shape, and design to carry thee home with me into *Greece*.

*Oister.* If this is all you have to say to me, you might have saved your self this trouble, for I must take the freedom to tell you, that



all your fine Rhetorick and Eloquence, for which you are so famous among the *Grecians*, will make no impressi<sup>o</sup>n upon me, and therefore 'tis but lost time to perswade me to leave all these conveniences, which in my present condition I so happily enjoy, without any perplexity or thought at all, in order to become man again, who is the most helpless unhappy creature in the Universe.

*Ulysses.* To hear thee talk thus, one would be apt to conclude that with thy human shape thou didst likewise lose thy reason.

*Oister.* For your comfort, friend *Ulysses*, you will never lose yours because you have none, if you believe as you talk. Put raillery apart, let us argue this matter friendly and calmly between our selves, and you shall see whether I, who have tried both conditions of man and beast, am able to maintain my point.

*Ulysses.* I should be glad to hear you perform that.

*Oister.* Listen then, but before we proceed in our discourse, you must promise me beforehand, that while I open (as you see ) to speak, you will take care that those Roguy confounded Crabs shall not throw a stone between my two shells, which would hinder me from shutting 'em ever after.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* And prithee what should make these Crabs to serve thee so?

*Oister.* Why to draw me out of my habitation afterwards with their claws, and make a meal of me: for these tricks you must know they use to play us, when they find us open.

*Ulysses.* What a cunning device is that! But who is it that taught you to beware of them, and avoid their treachery?

*Oister.* Nature, that kindly furnishes every part of the Creation with all that is necessary to its safety.

*Ulysses.* Fear not and speak boldly, for I engage to watch for you.

*Oister.* To return then to my Argument, tell me honest *Ulysses*, you Men that boast so much of your reason and value yourselves upon being, as you pretend, more wise and perfect than we, don't you set the greatest esteem upon that which you judg to be best in its kind?

*Ulysses.* No doubt on't, and this is one of the chief signs by which we discover our perfection and wisdom; to esteem all things alike, as it proceeds from our knowing little of their intrinsick nature and goodness, so it is a manifest demonstration of folly.

*Oister.* And don't you likewise love them better than other things of less consideration?



*Ulysses.* Most certainly, by the same token that all love and hatred is built upon knowledg. Whatever we judge to be good and useful, we desire and love as on the other hand we hate and avoid whatever seems bad or hurtful to us.

*Oister.* Very well, and as you love them better than the rest, have you not a greater care of them ?

*Ulysses.* Who ever doubted that ?

*Oister.* And don't you think that nature, or the wise Intelligence that governs her, follows the same course? certainly she does, and with much more reason than you, because she cannot err, as I have often heard those worthy Gentlemen the Philosophers affirm at  
 \* *A Piazza in Athens, when going to sell my Fish I stood near the famous \* Portico, where they use to dispute and argue the greatest part of the day.*

*Ulysses.* This I believe as well as they.

*Oister.* Nay if you grant me this, you grant me likewise that we Brutes, as you are pleased to call us, are better and more noble than Men.

*Ulysses.* Under favour, Friend, I don't see how that follows.

*Oister.*



*Oister.* Because nature having a greater respect for us than she has for you, consequently loves us better, and loving us better, she does it for no other reason than for what I hinted to you just now.

*Ulysses.* Why methinks thou reasonest like the ablest Logician in *Athens*.

*Oister.* As for Logick, I know not what it means, neither have I any ambition to set up for a professor of it, I only talk just as nature has instructed me, and this consequence any one may make, that has the use of reason, since 'tis so plain and evident.

*Ulysses.* Ay, were it so plain, as you pretend, that nature has a greater regard for you than for us.

*Oister.* 'Tis the easiest thing in the world to prove. Listen to me then if you will put me to the trouble of demonstrating it; and because you shall better perceive the strength of my argument, we will agree to begin from the very first day, that she brings forth you and us into the world, I mean from the day of our Birth. Now tell me I beseech you, what extraordinary care does she seem to have taken of you, since she causes you to be born naked: Whereas on the contrary she has shown what a value she sets upon us, since she sends us  
into



into the World Cloathed, some which Skins, some with Hair, some with Scales, some with one thing, some with another, which evidently shows that our Preservation was none of the least of her Cares.

*Ulysses.* This Argument, as Powerful as it seems to be, makes nothing at all to your purpose; For tho' she has made us Naked, and cover'd us with so thin a Skin, that the least thing almost hurts us, yet the reason why she did so, was because she knew that we should have more occasion than you have to Exercise the Fancy and our inward Sences, whose business it is to serve the understanding: And therefore it was convenient that our Members, and particularly those Organs, and Instruments, by which Operations are performed, should be of a thinner, lighter, matter, as likewise our Blood finer and hotter than yours, and from hence proceeds the Weakness of our Constitution. For if we were compounded of those viscous thick Humours, and gross Particles that you are, (which is the reason why you are Stronger and Lustier than we, but yet not longer-lived, because the latter comes from the Temperature of the Constitution, in which we very much surpass you, and therefore have  
our



our Sense of touching much more nice and exquisite ) it wou'd necessarily follow, that all our Faculties must be as dull and heavy as yours. 'Tis an old observation of the Physiognomers that the Habits of the Mind follow the Constitution of the Body: Thus we may observe that the Conditions of a *Lyon* or a *Bear* are suited to the Members of those Animals: Thus we find among Men that those who are compounded of gross Humors, are also gross of understanding, and on the other Hand those that are made of finer, brisker Particles, have likewise brisker Apprehensions: So that Nature having designed to make us Rational Creatures, and give us the most perfect knowledge, was in a manner Forced to make us so.

*Oister.* Forced do you say? No I will never believe that: because as she made all Things, it was Consequently in her Power to make them as she pleased, and had she thought it necessary, might have taken another Method and Order for Creating them. As for Example, she might have made Water to heat, and Fire to refrigerate.

*Ulysses.* True. But then this admirable order, which is established among Creatures, and to which they owe their whole Beauty, had never been seen in the World. *Oister.*



*Oister.* Far from that, we should have had another Order, which wou'd have Produced another Sort of Beauty full as admirable and perhaps more agreeable than that we see.

*Ulysses.* And perhaps not. But while we thus go upon vain Conjectures, we ramble out of our way. But what signifies it tho' Nature has sent us Naked into the World since she has given us Dexterity and Strength enough to Cloath ourselves at your expence?

*Oister.* Ay, but consider then what dangers you Run, and how many of you have lost your Lives, in Endeavouring to cover your selves with our Spoils. Then the Labour and Toil you undergo to make them fit for Service, for before you can make use of our Skins, you must Dress them; and as for our Hair, you must Comb it, and Weave it, and Play a Thousand tricks with it, before it is fit for use.

*Ulysses.* This Labour you talk of is both Delightful and Wholesome. 'Tis rather a Pastime to us than otherwise.

*Oister.* Yes, so I suppose it is to such as *Ulysses* that do it for Pastime; but ask those Poor Hungry Wretches that Drudge out of necessity and have a Wife and Family to maintain out of the Sweat of their Brows, whether



whether there is any great Letchery in this sort of Life, and you'll soon be convinced on which side the truth is. This I remember full well, that when I was that Sorry Two-legged Animal call'd Man, it went so much against the Grain with me to Work, that I chose to be a *Fisher-man*, and wou'd have Pitched upon a meaner Occupation than that with all my Soul, if it wou'd have excused me from Working. I always thought Labour to be the Business of *Oxen*, who Drudge all the Year round, and when they can Drudge no longer, are fairly Knocked in the Head.

*Ulysses*. Hark ye Friend, if you took the Trade of a *Fisherman* upon you, because Working did not agree with your Complexion, Methinks it has happen'd to you as to all Lazy Fools that hate Industry, that is to say, you brought that very Mischiefe upon your self which you endeavor'd to avoid, for you chose an Employment, which since you did not take it up for your Pleasure, is the most Laborious and Painful that can be. Not to mention the infinite Dangers and Fatigues you are exposed to, the Injuries of Wind and Rain, of Heat and Cold, all which must be endured, and a Thousand Inconveniences besides.

*Oister.*



*Oister.* Why for this very consideration I will never be a Man again, and I think I have Reason enough for't, since Nature seems to interest herself so little upon your Account, that she not only sends you Naked, and Helpless into the World, but does not so much as provide you any House to defend and shelter you from the Weather, as she has kindly done for us; which is a plain Indication that you are no better than so many *Rebels* and *Banditti*, having no certain Place of your to own reside in.

*Ulysses.* Why since you are upon this point, pray tell me what House she has made for you?

*Oister.* What House! cast your Eyes a little upon these two Shells, and observe with what Art and Convenience she has Built this Habitation for me. See how easily I open and shut, as often as I have occasion either to Feed or Repose my self, and to defend me from all that wou'd Injure me. Consider likewise what she has done for the *Snails* and *Tortoises*, and how readily they carry their Houses about them.

*Ulysses.* But then what Houses has she provided for the other Beasts who are much more in Number, and likewise for the Birds?

*Oister.*



*Oister.* Why the Cavities and Dens of the Earth serve them in Winter, and in Summer the Trees and tops of Hills.

*Ulysses.* Very fine Houses indeed ! I warrant you they live very commodiously in them.

*Oister.* If they have not so many conveniences as yours have, to make them amends they have none of those Perplexities and Vexations that attend your noble Palaces.

*Ulysses.* And what perplexities and vexations do our Houses give us, since we make them with our own Hands, just we as please our selves ?

*Oister.* What perplexities and vexations ! Why to maintain, repair, and preserve them from the Injuries of Time and Weather. Besides when does any one of you pass a quiet comfortable Hour in them ? The Noise and Squealing of your Children makes them uneasy to you in the Day, and in the Night you are perpetually in fear of Thieves, who are of late grown so Dexterous in their Trade, that no Locks, no Bolts, nor Bars can withstand them. And then when any ill-digested Vapours grumble in the Bowels of the Earth, I mean when an Earth quake or so happens, Lord ! to see how nimbly you Scamper out  
of



of them, for fear they should Tumble upon your Heads: As I remember upon such an occasion once in my Country, the Inhabitants were so scared and affrighted, that they stood all Night in the Fields, and in the Day-time walked in Drove together, praying and crying to the Gods, and carrying about them certain Holy Amulets, with lighted Torches in their Hands, which by the by makes it plainly appear, that Fear sometimes so strangely Discomposes you, and that in spite of your Reason, that you hardly know what you do.

*Ulysses.* Pshaw! these Accidents happen so seldom, that they dont deserve to be mention'd.

*Oister.* Well, but however you cannot afford to build other Houses in every place where you come, as Nature has providently done for us, neither can you pretend to carry them after you, as several of us can.

*Ulysses.* Suppose we can't, yet what harm is there in all this, when we have one already to our Minds? You know the old saying, A Man that finds himself well should not change his Home.

*Oister.* What harm say you? what if it be your ill Fortune to be Planted near a bad Neighbour, who by his ill Conditions, proves a perpetual Thorn in your side, and plagues  
you



you and your whole Family, would you not be glad to remove to more peaceable Quarters, and is it not a cruel Vexation that you cannot go to another place, as we do when we see convenient? But to return to what we talked of first, I maintain that Nature has show'd a greater concern and Care for us than she has done for you, and since she never fails to provide for whatever she thinks worthy of her Care, it follows of course that we Beasts or Brutes, as those *Hobby-horses* the Philosophers are pleased to call us, are better and far more noble than you.

*Ulysses.* Why this is nothing but Sophistry and whipt cream, Tinsel reasoning and no better, for tho' Nature may seem at first sight to have furnished you with several Conveniences, which we enjoy not, yet the Reason why she was so Liberal to you, was because she knew that you were not able to procure them of your selves. But listen to what I am going to say, and you'll soon be sensible which of us is the more noble Creature. Answer me one fair Question. Which of the two is the more noble the Master or the Servant?

*Oyster.* No doubt on't, the Master.

*Ulysses.* You say right: and so in every  
C thing



thing else, that which is the End is more noble than that which is ordained to maintain and serve it. Hence it plainly follows that we, as being your End, must be more noble than you. Now that we are the End for which you were made, and that Nature created you on purpose to serve us, experience plainly shows, since while you live, we put you to what Drudgery we please, clap *Pack-Saddles* on your Backs, make you carry our Things from one place to another, till the Ground, and do a Thousand other Slavish things for us. And then when you are Dead, we Cloath our selves with your Skins, and feed upon your Flesh: So tell me now whether Nature intended you for our Service or not.

*Oister.* If this Argument will hold Water, why then Nature made you Men for the Earth, this vile Dirty Earth you walk upon, for 'tis she at last that devours you all, Princes as well as Slaves, Philosophers as well as Fools; and therefore Man should be less noble than the Earth, since she is the End of you all.

*Ulysses.* This Argument under Favour won't serve your turn, and to satisfy you that what I say is true, you must observe that there are two sorts of Ends.

*Oister.*



*Oyster.* Hold *Ulysses*, for I can listen no longer to thee: Thou art going, I see, to enter into one of those Long-winded disputations, which I formerly used to be plagued with at the *Portico* in *Athens* when I went thither to Sell my Fish, and which in my poor Judgment neither the Philosophers themselves, nor the company understood.—— But I feel the Dew begins to fall on which I feed, and therefore open my Shell, as thou seest, to receive it, and in this I find so much Pleasure, without any Trouble or Care of my own that while I was Man, I never enjoy'd the like: So that you need not wonder if I am resolved not to alter my Condition. If you are of another Opinion, even keep it to your self, and trouble me no more, for after I have done Feeding, I will shut up my little Tenement and take my Repose, without any farther thought or concern, which is a Blessing you seldom enjoy, and this happy peaceful Life I infinitely prefer to all those Chimerical advantages which I might hope by thy means to obtain, so Friend Goodnight.

*Ulysses.* I cou'd hardly have happen'd upon a worse Fellow to perswade than this: I suppose he was some ignorant silly Wretch in his time, that scarce knew how to tell Twenty,



and his Trade sufficiently shows it, for your *Fishermen* are poor sorry Scoundrels that are hardly able to Write or Read. 'Tis a plain Case that he knows little or nothing of the Pleasures of this World, since he is such a sort as to prefer a little Dew to the best of them. Well then let me leave him in this Miserable State, a most just reward of his Folly, and let me try my Fortune with the *Mole*, which *Circe* told me was in yonder Hillock of Earth for perhaps he may prove a Man of a better understanding: I will walk up to him and accost him without more Ceremony.

*Mole*. What Business hast thou with me, *Ulysses*, and what makes thee come to disturb my repose thus?

*Ulysses*. Why Friend if thou didst but know what a Service I intend thee, thou wouldst alter thy Language I suppose, and not say I come to disturb thee, provided thou hast not utterly lost the use of thy reason.

*Mole*. As if I did not hear what it was just now from your own Mouth, when you talked with my Neighbour there whom *Circe* transform'd into an *Oyster*.

*Ulysses*. In short, I can restore thee to thy humane Shape, deliver thee from this Place of Servitude,



Servitude, and carry thee along with me to the place of thy Nativity, if thou art a *Grecian*, as she inform'd me.

*Mole.* While I was a Man I call'd my self a *Grecian*, and was Born in the most Fruitful part of all *Ætolia*.

*Ulysses.* And art thou not desirous to resume thy former Shape, and return to thy own House again?

*Mole.* If I were, I should deserve to be Ear-marked for a Fool, a most Egregious Fool.

*Ulysses.* Why is it folly for any one to desire a better State?

*Mole.* No, but to take up with a worse, as I should most certainly do, were I to become a Man again: for in my present Condition, as despicable as it may appear to you, I enjoy the greatest Pleasure that can be; whereas being Man I should find the Case alter'd, and live in Perpetual trouble and vexation.

*Ulysses.* Prithee who has instill'd this Doctrin into thee? that silly Scoundrel of a *Fisherman* that I was just now talking with?

*Mole.* Even the best Mistress in the World, I mean Experience.

*Ulysses.* And how camest thou to know by Experience that we are more unhappy and miserable than you?



*Mole.* I will only give thee one Instance, which I gather'd out of my own Occupation, and leave it to thee afterwards to pick out a Hundred more at your leisure, that are no less Evident than this.

*Ulysses.* May I make so bold as to ask you what Occupation or Art you follow'd, which made you to deduce so false a Conclusion?

*Mole.* I was a Prosecutor of my Mother Earth, *alias* a *Plough-man*.

*Ulysses.* I find I have Verified the Proverb, *out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire*, left the company of a *Sprat-catcher*, to fall into the Hands of a *Plough-jobber*, who if he is of the same Mold with the rest of his Brethren, will be much less able to comprehend Reason, than the other.

*Mole.* Call me no Names *Ulysses*, for every Man is a Man, as the Proverb has it, but rather attend to what I am going to say, for if you well consider it, perhaps you'll repent that *Circe* has not done you the Favour to turn you into a Beast, as she has done us.

*Ulysses.* Go on then, for I desire nothing more.

*Mole.* What Beasts do you find in all your Observations either in Earth or Water, the Species of whom are almost infinite, whom  
Nature



Nature does not Voluntarily provide for? Whereas that noble Animal call'd Man, Lord of all the Universe, as he fondly thinks himself, must Manure the Earth, and Plough it, and Sow it, and Harrow it, if he wou'd have it furnish him with one single Meal, as it does *gratis* all the Year round to the rest of the Creation.

*Ulysses.* He may e'en thank himself for this, since nothing but nice Eating will please him, whereas wou'd he feed upon the Fruits, which the Earth produces of its own accord, as the Beasts do, this doughty Argument wou'd fall down to the ground.

*Mole.* But pray Sir, what Herbs, what Seeds, what Fruits does this Mother Earth produce of her own accord, unless she is assisted by Art, that are sufficient for human sustenance.

*Ulysses.* Why have you not read that the good People of the *Golden Age* had no other nourishment than what the Ground spontaneously afforded?

*Mole.* Alas Friend, and dost thou believe these idle Stories, thou that seemest to be so Wise a Man?

*Ulysses.* Well, supposing them to be Stories, as thou sayst, yet the labour a Man



takes to Manure and Till the Ground, to Water and Prune his Vines, to Plant and Graft his Fruit Trees, does it not carry so much pleasure with it, that one may say Nature purposely contrived it so, first of all for his Recreation and Diversion, that he might not live a Lazy Lubberly life; and secondly for his Wealth and Profit? Now to make this plain to you, do but consider what Noble interest she gives him for the pains he takes, by which it appears that nothing is so Advantageous and Delightful as Husbandry. Not to tell you that Nature has orderd it thus on purpose, to give Man an opportunity to show his Ingenuity and Cunning, and how much superiour he is to the Beasts.

*Mole.* For my part I should take it otherwise, as that he should never take any repose, or pass one easie comfortable Hour. Besides to lay the greater load upon him, she alarms him with everlasting apprehensions of Famine, so that if through unkindly seasons, immoderate Rains, or the like, the Earth does not so liberally produce her Fruits one Year as she does another, he lives all this while in perpetual Fear and Anxiety least he and his Family should Slave, and he never put a piece of Bread into his Head without a  
Thousand



Thousand vexatious thoughts for Futurity ; nothing of which ever happens to us : for when we find our selves Pinch'd where we are, tis only shifting our Quarters, and removing to a better place.

*Ulysses.* As if we were such Sots and so wanting to ourselves, as not to supply our necessities out of Foreign Countries, where there is plenty, when we have any Scarcity in our own.

*Mole.* Right, but then what Dangers and Troubles, what Fatigues and Hardships do you undergo to do this ? and what uneasiness of Mind does it give you, which is infinitely worse ? 'Tis evident enough that your Life from the Beginning to the End of it, is nothing but one continual scuffle, sometimes with one unlucky disaster, and sometimes with another, so that 'tis not without good Reason that you weep at your first coming into World, which none of us do, foreseeing as it were the Infelicity and Misery of that State, into which you are just entred.

*Ulysses.* That cannot be the reason of our weeping, because we have no Apprehension, Sense of any thing then.

*Mole.* Tho' I grant you have no Apprehension, yet you begin to feel the inconveniences of the  
the



the place, where you come to inhabit; which, as I have already observed to you, is made agreeable to the Nature of all other Animals, whereas 'tis otherwise with you and that is the Reason why Weeping is only particular to your Species.

*Ulysses.* How only to our Species? Don't your Horses likewise weep? At least I have been told so.

*Mole.* For my part I take it to be a Story, and rather believe that those exsudations or Tears, which at certain times drop from their Eyes, are occasion'd by some moist superfluous Humours that descend from the Head, because a Horse is a very tender Creature: Or if he really weeps as you know he is naturally Good-Natured and loving, he does it for some Misfortune that has befallen him; as for instance for the loss of a good Master, or the Absence of some beloved Brother of his own kind. However this is certain, that he does not weep immediately after his Birth, as you do, who in truth have too many provocations to weep, considering that the very first moment you come into the World you must be bound up and swaddled, and fed by the Hands of Nurses; for alas! you are such helpless Wretches that you can do nothing for  
your



yourselves. And therefore, *Ulysses*, you may put an end to this discourse if you please, for to be plain with you I am one of those obstinate Brutes that wou'd rather dye a thousand times over, than become Man again.

*Ulysses*. One would be apt to conclude, old Friend of mine, that as I told yonder *Oyster* but just now, thou hadst lost the use of thy reason together with thy human shape : And to make thee sensible of this, only reflect what sort of Beasts both of you are, for if you were perfect in your kind, I wou'd own that you had some reason on your side.

*Mole*. Why prithee what do we want ?

*Ulysses*. What do you want? the *Oyster* the sense of Smelling and Hearing, and what is of more importance, a loco-motive faculty to move from one place to another. This is enough in all conscience : and then for thy part, most illustrious *Mole*, thou wantest thy sight, the great value and advantage of which sense thou canst not but know, since it contributes more to knowledge than all the rest of the senses put together.

*Mole*. Yet under favour this is no reason why we should be call'd imperfect. 'Tis true we are so call'd by you in respect of other Animals that enjoy them all; but that's nothing to the purpose, you would have a just pretence indeed



indeed to call us imperfect, if we wanted any thing that was essential to our species.

*Ulysses.* But answer me this question, would it not be better for you to have them?

*Mole.* No upon my word wou'd it not: what wou'd seeing signifie to me as I am a *Mole*, or what benefit cou'd an *Oyster* make of smelling, hearing, and the loco-motive faculty, as you call it? Now to satisfy you fully in this point pray hear me a few words. For what reason have you Men a power given you to move from one place to another, but only to fetch those things that you want?

*Ulysses.* I must own that nature has given it us with no other intention, upon which account 'tis a common saying with us, that all motion proceeds from necessity.

*Mole.* So then if the things you wanted, were to be had next door to you, you wou'd not travel a league for them wou'd you?

*Ulysses.* No, the man must be a *Logger-head* that wou'd

*Mole.* What occasion then has an *Oyster* to move from one place to another, if she has every thing at home that she wants? or what need of smelling, if nature furnishes her with food without any necessity of troubling herself about what is good for her and what not?

In



In the like manner I, who must always live under ground, where I find enough to satisfy me, what should I be the better for seeing?

*Ulysses.* Why tho I own it is not necessary to thee, yet methinks thou should'st desire to have it.

*Mole.* And why so? since I am as well without it. 'Tis enough for me that I am perfect in my own species. I have now answer'd you your question, pray resolve me, do you desire to shine like a Star, or to fly like a Bird?

*Ulysses.* Desire it? why these are things, that don't belong to us Men.

*Mole.* Yet I suppose if other men had them, you wou'd desire the same.

*Ulysses.* 'Tis true I wou'd.

*Mole.* Even so should I desire sight, if other *Moles* enjoy'd it, but since they have it not, I never disturb my self about the matter, so far am I from desiring it. And therefore honest *Ulysses* don't trouble yourself any farther to make a Profelyte of me, or think to inveigle me to become Man again; for since I find my self perfect in my own kind, and live without any thought at all, I intend so to remain, because I find far fewer vexations in this, than I did in human State. So, Sir, if you please to march bout your business, I am your most humble servant,  
for



for I am just going to retire to my Subterranean Apartments.

*Ulysses.* I can scarce tell whether I am awake or dream. If I am awake, surely I am not the same *Ulysses* as I used to be, since I have not been able to persuade either of these two Sots to believe the truth. I that heretofore by the power of my Eloquence could lead the *Grecians* as I pleased, find my self disappointed here. But upon second thoughts I believe the fault lies on their side, for it has been my fortune to light upon a brace of Block-heads, that were not able to understand reason; neither is it any great wonder, since one of them was a Fisherman, and the other a Ploughman. I suppose I shall have better luck with the rest, if I try them, unless they are all of them of the same Kidney. So I will return to *Circe*, and let her know how I have succeeded with my two Gentlemen, and desire her, since she has already passed her promise, to give me leave to argue the matter with some of the rest, for I should think it very hard and unjust that others should suffer for the sake of two incorrigible Coxcombs that know not, and never will know, what is for their Good.



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## Dialogue II.

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*Circe, Ulysses, the Snake.*

*Circe.* **W**ELL, my dear *Ulysses*, and what do your Country-men the Grecians say to you? Are any of them willing to become men again?

*Ulysses.* Not one? 'Tis true indeed I have only discoursed with those two whom you shew'd me, one of whom it seems had been a Fisherman in the days of yore., the other a Ploughman: so 'tis no wonder at all if two such fordid wretches, whose lives had been so miserable and painful, refused to try there fortune in the world again.

*Circe.* Don't think I did this without design. I resolv'd you should begin with those two fellows to convince you that even their humble condition, which has been so often and so extravagantly praised by many of your Writers, is attended by so many inconveniences, that the most contemptible and imperfect Beasts in the Universe enjoy a more happy  
state



state than theirs, and I suppose they have fully satisfied you.

*Ulysses.* But then the question is, Madam, whether their refusal did not proceed from their ignorance, for certainly they were men of little or no sense that complain'd of their condition, and yet were not able to redress it.

*Circe.* Now in my opinion a man shows his prudence and discretion much more in managing himself so as to live contented in his present condition, whatever it is, than in striving to change it, as the dexterity of Gamesters is best shown in playing their ill cards well. For in the former Case we are only directed by our Knowledg and Wisdom, whereas in the latter we throw all upon fortune, to whose blind arbitration a wise Man would submit himself as little as may be.

*Ulysses.* I need not tell you, *Circe*, that there are no Creatures in the world, among whom so vast a difference is to be seen as among Men: for if you cast your eyes upon the World, you will find some such incomparable Wisdom and Prudence, that there seems to be something Divine in their composition: whereas you shall see others so stupid and senseless, that one wou'd be almost tempted to reckon  
them



them in the Catalogue of Brutes, so that 'tis often disputed whether they have Rational Souls or no, which happens not to any creature besides. For if you examin Lyons, or Bears, or Camels, or whatever Species you please, you shall find but very little difference between them. Now these two fellows whom you gave me leave to converse with, were certainly a pair of unthinking Scoundrels that had little or no knowledg of what was good or bad in their way of living, and therefore like the rest of mankind, that are as errant fools as themselves, they thought any other condition preferable to their own.

*Circe.* Indeed if the good or evil which befalls a man in this life were only to be gathered by ratiocination and argument, I would be of your opinion, but 'tis a plain case that it may be known by experience; and I need not tell you that experience is the best Mistress. For instance, a Man may be able to tell whether his shoe pinches him without having read over a long system of Logic. But hold—you shall now have an opportunity to show your skill upon yonder Snake, that comes crossing the way towards us, as I remember he was formerly a *Grecian*, and perhaps he will satisfy you much better than his two Predecessors: for

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this



this reason I will immediately qualify him to converse and talk with you.

*Ulysses.* I fancy the *Snake* is sensible you talk of him, because he stands still, and looks so steadfastly upon us.

*Circe.* Perhaps he is, now do you enter the lists with him. In the mean time I will go pass the time among my Nymphs on yonder strand.

*Ulysses.* I found so much diversion in talking with the two other beasts, that although I could not bring them over to my opinion, I am resolved to have a litte discourse with this *Snake*.

*Snake.* Prithee, *Ulysses*, what business hast thou with me. Alas! I understand and speak. Heaven forbid I should be turn'd into man again.

*Ulysses.* And what should be the reason, honest friend, that thou art so unwilling to become man? perhaps the misfortunes thou foundst in the World have created this aversion in thee.

*Snake.* No, No, you fall wide of the mark. In short 'tis not the infelicity of this or that particular condition, but of human nature in general, makes me talk so, which in truth is nothing else but an Epitome of all sorts of misery.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* Let me die if I have not fallen upon as Errant a Coxcomb, as my other two noble Disputants were. But Friend, listen to what I am going to say to thee: Know then that 'tis in my Power to restore thee to thy Humane shape, for out of the kindness I bear thee, because thou art my Country-man, I solicited *Circe* to consent to it, and she has granted it at my request. Now wilt thou accept of this Kindness I offer thee?

*Snake.* No Sir, e'en bestow it upon some one else. All I beg of thee is to let me end my Days peaceably in this my present Condition, for I should make a foolish Bargain indeed, should I be such a Blockhead as to Exchange it for thine.

*Ulysses.* What reasons canst thou give me for this obstinacy?

*Snake.* Why have not the other two, whom you so lately discoursed with, satisfied you as to this matter?

*Ulysses.* Alas! They were a Brace of sorry Scoundrels, and so very Ignorant that I did not much mind what they said to me.

*Snake.* Well, but did not they give thee their reasons why they wou'd not become Men again?



*Ulysses.* One of 'em, it seems, had been a *Fisherman*, and he refused my kind offer, because forsooth he wou'd not be Plagued where to find a Lodging, from which care, as he pretended, the Beasts were exempt, who lived partly in the Cavities of the Earth, partly in Woods, and upon Trees, partly in the Water, and several other places: and the other, who had been a *Plough-jobber* in his time, refused me, because he wou'd not be at the trouble of Tilling the Ground, which unless it is manured and sow'd by humane Industry, will not produce Food for him of itself, as it liberally does for all other Creatures whatever.

*Snake.* And I, who while I lived among you, was a *Physician*, can tell you of another inconvenience, which is a greater Plague to you, than what the other two Wretches complained of, and against which there is no Defence to be made, as I own there may be in the Business of Husbandry, and Architecture, in both which I grant you excel.

*Ulysses.* And what may that be, I beseech you?

*Snake.* The infirmity and weakness of Constitution that Nature has given you, which renders you obnoxious to a Thousand sorts of Distempers, so that you can never say  
at



at any time that you are perfectly in Health, as we are : Besides, the Materials you are made of are so brittle and tender, that upon every little Mismanagement, the Machine is in danger of being spoiled.

*Ulysses.* To this I answer, as I did to your two Brethren just now, that Nature has purposely done this that we might the better perform all our rational Operations, which we should not have been so well qualified to do, had she Compounded us of those coarser and grosser Particles, of which you are made.

*Snake.* Now in my Opinion she has done it to make you the sickliest, weakest Creatures in the Universe.

*Ulysses.* Suppose what thou sayest were true, yet has she not given us Wisdom, which teaches us to prevent and avoid whatever may annoy us ?

*Snake.* In parr I grant it, but then 'tis so difficult to put it in Execution, that not one Man in a Thousand is capable of using this faculty. But to convince you, beyond all possibility of a reply, that Nature is far from being a Friend to you, only observe what ungovernable and voracious Appetites she has given you, so that you are never at ease, but are everlastingly hunting after some new  
D 3 Dainties,



*Dainties.* And when, after a long and Expensive search, you have found out such as please you, you never know when to give over, so that 'tis no Wonder if by this excess and intemperance, you entail an infinite number of Distempers upon your selves.

*Ulysses.* Pray what are those Dainties we are so fond of, that were never meant by Nature for our sustenance and aliment?

*Snake.* What are they? Why t'wou'd be an endless labour to recount them to you: but to instance in some few, all those things you use by way of Sawces or Condiments, which tho' they are good to season other things, yet cannot be eaten alone, as Salt, Pepper, and the like.

*Ulysses.* Now for my part I was always of the contrary opinion; nay I have often heard it affirmed, that 'twas impossible for us to live without Salt.

*Snake.* The reason of that is, because you abound so in superfluous Humours, that are occasion'd by your excessive Eating and Drinking, and want something to dry them up. But if you fed upon simple Meats, and of these wou'd only eat so much as Nature requires, you wou'd not be troubled with any such inconveniences. Now these Condiments or Sawces (in which Class you may reckon  
all



all those things that, as I have already observ'd to you, are proper to season other things, but cannot be eaten alone ) give such a Relish to your Meats, and such an Edge to your Appetites, that you are excited to eat much more than you need. Besides this Fantastick variety of Tasts provokes you to drink more than Nature can well carry off ; By which means you come to be visited by Catharrs, Defluxions, Rheumatisms, Tumours, Gouts, Palsies, and a Thousand such Distempers, which never happen to any of us.

*Ulysses.* I must confess that what thou sayest is partly true.

*Snake.* In the next place, consider, that Nature has a greater kindness for us, she has not subjected to the Tyranny of any irregular Appetites, so that as we desire nothing but what is proper, and convenient for us, so we never exceed the bounds of Temperance, and what falls out very happy for us, we have not the Art of varying and mingling our meats, and consequently lye under no temptation of committing any excess. But is it not a plain case, that because you Men should fall into the aforesaid disorders, she taught you how to mingle those Ingredients with your meats, that were plainly objects of the smell, only



that by pleasing the Appetite they might the easier lead you into intemperance, as *Musk* for instance, which is nothing but an impostumated Bagg in the Testicles of certain Animals, and yet you Prize it as the most precious and Sovereign thing in the World; Whereas she has given us no other pleasure in in our smelling, than what we receive from those things that are necessary for our nourishment, and which we never tast for our Luxury, but Use.

*Ulysses*. Why, where is the mighty harm on't if we sometimes make use of refreshing Odours? For this in my opinion is so far from being an inconvenience, that we are obliged to nature for making us capable of this delight which she has deny'd you, who have no other pleasure than what your food barely gives you.

*Snake*. Right, bur for my part now I cannot say whether 'tis an advantage or otherwise to you to possess this Sense in a more exquisite degree than we do, when I consider that the offensive smells so much exceed in number those that are good. But then to ballance this matter, has she not generated a world of superfluous Humours in your Bodies, which for the most part create very offensive savours, which is not so with us? And this,



this, as I take it, is a most evident demonstration of the Imperfection and Weakness of your Constitution, which is subject and obnoxious, as I told thee, to so many different sorts of Distempers, that are not known among us. Not to enlarge upon particulars are there not more than fifty Distempers incident only to the Eye?

*Ulysses.* Well, suppose there are, have we not remedies enough to cure them?

*Snake.* As how I beseech you?

*Ulysses.* By the help of Physick, for which noble faculty Man is so deservedly admired, and this you can not but be sensible of, if you were once a Physician, as you pretend.

*Snake.* This is the point I am driving at, and in this very particular, as I conceive, Men are infinitely more unhappy than we.

*Ulysses.* You'll give me your reason for't, I hope?

*Snake.* Why 'tis my opinion that Medicines do you more harm than good, and that none but Sots make use of them. Neither do I stand singly by my self as to this opinion, for thou knowest well enough that several Cities of Greece have expell'd and banish'd Physicians out of their Territories.

*Ulysses.* And what do you conclude from this?



this? Will you deny that Physick is one of the seven liberal Arts, built upon the surest truths, and of the greatest advantage to humane kind. Take care that you don't advance any such absurd Doctrine, least you show your self to have been a Bungler in the faculty, and for that reason rail at it, like those positive Sots, who when they are not able to resolve any difficulty, conclude that no one else can untie the Knot.

*Snake.* I don't deny, for my part, that 'tis an useful commendable Art, which is supported by substantial Proofs, neither will I deny but that my Skill in it was indifferent, like that of the rest of my Brethren. However I may without vanity affirm that the World believe so favourably of my Skill, that I was reckon'd one of the most topping Physicians of *Greece*, and I suppose you will not be backward to own it; for without doubt you have heard a hundred times of the famous *Agefimus* of *Lesbos*.

*Ulysses.* Why art thou that celebrated Doctor of *Lesbos*, or to express my self more properly, his Ghost or Apparition?

*Snake.* The very same, and prompted by my natural Curiosity to see forein Countries, was driven upon this Island, where with the rest  
of



of my Companions I was changed into a Beast  
*Ulysses.* 'Twas the luckiest thing in the  
World my meeting with you, for you have left  
so great a reputation behind you all over  
*Greece*, that I should get the universal applause  
of all people, could I be so fortunate as to re-  
store you to your former shape, and bring you  
home to your native Country,

*Snake.* Nay never give yourself the trouble  
to argue that point with me, for I tell you be-  
forehand that you'll never gain me over to your  
party; and to let you see that I have reason for  
what I say, let us return to our former argu-  
ment. Physick then may be considered in two  
respects. First as a Science, in which respect  
it is most sure and certain, because it only  
considers Universals, which being everlasting  
and invariable, must consequently beget a  
certainty in us. And in this sense knowing of  
things by their respective causes is called a  
Science, and belongs to Contemplation, the  
end of which is to know and discover the truth.  
Now in this acceptation of the word many  
persons may be said to know Physick, and for  
my part I knew my share of it when I belonged  
to the profession. Secondly, Physick may be  
considered as an Art; and Arts, you know,  
are learnt by experience, and in this respect  
'tis



'tis very deceitful and uncertain. When it is taken in this sence, it belongs to practice, the end of which is to prepare and dispose particular things, and when 'tis so taken, I must confess we know but very little of it, and this we find to be true by experience.

*Ulysses.* How came you then to get so great reputation in the world, if you knew so little of the Practic part ?

*Snake.* I owed it chiefly to the folly and ignorance of my Patients, who little regarding what we do, suffer themselves to be gull'd and imposed upon by our fine speeches.

*Ulysses.* I must own indeed that we are generally purblind in our own cases, and see but a little way before us.

*Snake.* And in this more than any other, which proceeds from our extream fondness and desire to live. To satisfy you that 'tis so, I desire you only to remark, that they reward us in good Silver and Gold for those very faults which they punish in others; and these blunders of ours are so numerous and gross, that I don't know what wou'd become of us if the Earth did not conceal them; accordingly we find that one of our *Grecian* Sages, being asked how he came to live free from all Diseases, replied, that he never made use of a Physician.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* Another learned Country-man of ours was of the same opinion, when he said, that a true Physician never takes any Physick.

*Snake.* And when your hand was in, you might have taken notice of another notable saying.

*Ulysses.* What is that, I beseech you?

*Snake.* That a true Lawyer will never go to Law with another. But what ought never to be forgiven in those of my profession, to maintain the credit of the imposture, they make the silly world believe that they take Physick themselves, ordering their Apothecaries to make certain Medicins for them, and send them to their own Houses: and when they have so done, very fairly fling them away. I have known several in my time that have practised this cheat more than once.

*Ulysses.* Why prithee every body knows that the Mystery of a Physician is half a cheat, neither are other professions exempt from this Scandal, for we do nothing else but trick, and put false Dice upon one another.

*Snake.* And if 'tis their fortune to meet with a silly credulous Patient, Lord! what a Cully they make of him: then they cheat by whole-sale, and are sure to enrich themselves at the unthinking Blockhead's expence.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* You know 'tis a common saying, that the good opinion a Patient has of his Physician contributes more to his cure than all the Cordials and Julips that are prescribed him. A Doctor that has the gift of perswading, and tells his lies with a confident Air, and a good Grace, is sure to run away with the most money and reputation.

*Snake.* I know it full well by experience, for having a flippant voluble tongue, a becoming assurance (without which a Physician as well as a Lawyer will make but a scurvy figure) and a good Talent at wheedling, but especially the fair sex, who by the by are the best Customers a Doctor can desire; having all these qualifications, I say, tho I knew little or nothing of the Practic part, I was sent for far and near, and happy was the man that could soonest enjoy my company. In short I was reckon'd a Prodigy of a Doctor, and all Greece rung with my Praises. But to pursue my discourse, is it not a plain case that our most celebrated Physicians have but an imperfect knowledge of Physick, when they prescribe a thousand remedies for the same individual Disease.

*Ulysses.* Now I should have thought that the more remedies a Physician gives for one illness, 'twas a sign he knew more of his art.

*Snake.*



*Snake.* No, the quite contrary, for when we prescribe several things for one distemper, 'tis a plain case that we don't know which is the proper remedy. As all effects whatever have one proper cause to produce them, although they may accidentally be produced afterwards by many other causes, so every illness has its proper remedy, which if a man knew, he could not fail of curing it. And therefore when you find any Physician prescribes you several remedies for one indisposition, you may take it for granted that he knows not the proper remedy but would find it out at your expence; and then, as the saying is, *Jove* have mercy on you. Or else that he is in league with the Apothecary, and to swell his bills, cares not what becomes of you.

*Ulysses.* Consider then if a man has not a fine time on't, that falls into your hands.

*Snake.* Right, and that is the reason why abundance of people will tell you, that 'tis better to meet a lucky Physician, than one that is learned.

*Ulysses.* What mean you by a lucky Physician?

*Snake.* One whose Patients for the most part recover, and well may you call him lucky, whose prescriptions are generally attended with



with good success, and who, when he sees half a score different roads before him, has always the good fortune to take the right, for, as I have already observed to you, 'tis so difficult a matter in Physick to apply Universals to Particulars, that unless the Patient lights into a lucky hand, 'tis ten to one but he miscarries.

*Ulysses.* We may e'en thank our selves and our own Covetousness for it, which puts us upon pretending to understand several things we know not, only for the desire of Gain.

*Snake.* No, you ought rather to thank Nature for it, who has not made so good a provision for your health, as she has for ours. In the first place, by giving you a Constitution so weak and ticklish, and an Appetite so violent and irregular : and in the next place, by teaching you just Physick enough to kill your selves, so that instead of a Relief, it turns to your Destruction.

*Ulysses.* In what respect, I pray, has Nature better provided for you than us ?

*Snake.* First of all, she has given us so strong a frame of body, and a desire so well regulated, that we are never tempted to do any thing which is contrary to our nature. Besides, as for the business of diseases, she has taught us a surer and more perfect Physick than you.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* 'Tis not enough to say so, I expect you should produce your arguments, and prove it.

*Snake.* As for the goodness and strength of our constitution, it being a point you are forced to give up, I shall say no more of it, and proceed to the next thing in debate, which is the regularity of our Appetites. Consider first our manner of feeding, and you shall not find one Beast among all our Tribes, that desires any thing but what is convenient and proper to its nature, and even of this takes only such a quantity, as is necessary for his nourishment : whereas it happens quite otherwise with you, for you desire a thousand things that are injurious to you, and yet have not that command of yourselves as to eat no more of what pleases you than necessity requires.

*Ulysses.* I must confess that in this respect you are happier than we.

*Snake.* You may observe the same as to our drinking: for we drink just so much and no more than is requisite for our preservation. But you Rational Implements called Men suffer yourselves very often to be drawn on so far by the Charms of the Bottle, that you are not only disordered in your intellectuals, and rendered incapable of all business, but

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bring



bring upon yourselves a thousand distempers and ills.

*Ulysses.* Come, you had much better drop this argument, for by giving us so Celestial a a Liquor as Wine, nature has plainly show'd that she has a greater kindness for us than you.

*Snake.* I wou'd joyn with you, had she given you withal an appetite so well governed, that you never would drink more than was convenient ; but since she forgot to give you that, 'tis all one as if she had put a Sword into the hands of a Madman, who generally makes an ill Use of it. What are you the better for all your boasted Wisdom, if you stupify or drown this Guide, and suffer it not to conduct you?

*Ulysses.* You may rail at Wine a thousand years, yet never make me have the worse opinion of it.

*Snake.* Then as for what we call carnal Appetites, are you not daily so transported by them, that to gratifie a little foolish itch, you frequently hasten your deaths, which never happens to us? 'Tis plain therefore that in this particular nature has shown a greater regard for us than you, since she never excites those desires in us, but only at certain seasons of the year, when we have occasion to throw off those  
Superfluities,



Superfluities, or when 'tis the most proper time for Generation,

*Ulysses.* You will not face me down sure that some of you Beasts are not always disposed to the same pleasure?

*Snake.* And what are those but some few silly Animals debauched by domestick Education, that are provoked by you to these actions, meerly for your own advantage and profit? But let us dismiss this article if you please, and take notice of those things that are proper for the preservation of health. And first of all, let us consider the Air, the good or ill Qualities of which are of the last importance to us, since we continually suck it in with our lungs to cool and refresh the interiour parts. Now where did you find any of us live in any other place or air but what is most convenient and proper for him, unless he was driven away by force, and carried to some other quarters. Whereas for a little vain lucre and a thousand other unaccountable whimsies, you Men ramble to forein Countries, where the Climate is so prejudicial to you, that it soon trips up your heels.

*Ulysses.* Well this I won't deny.

*Snake.* And then as for Sleep, Food, and other things that are necessary for the preserva-



tion of Health, I will not enlarge about them, because you must needs be sensible that you cannot enjoy them at their proper Seasons; whether this happens because you are so accustomed by Use and Practise, or else govern'd by your own fancies: Whereas we who never make use of them, but when Nature calls upon us, are never out in our Reckoning, by which means we avoid an infinite number of Distempers, to which you are subject, in all parts of your Body, that have I know not how many peculiar Diseases belonging to them. Go to the Head, there is the *Cephalalgia*, the *Hemicrania*, the *Epilepsy*, the *Apoplexy*, the *Phrenitis*, the *Mania*, and —

*Ulysses*. Hold a little. This everlasting persecutor will talk me to death.

*Snake*. Go to the Lungs, there you'll find the *Asthma*, the *Peripneumonia*, the *Empyema*, the *Phthisis*, and the Lord knows how many more. Go to the Heart, the fountain of life —

*Ulysses*. Come, come, I'll hear no more on't. I will rather take it upon content.

*Snake*. Nay I am resolved to let you see what Blessings are lai'd up in Store for you, it has the *Syncope*, the *Palpitatio*, and the like. If you'll visit the Bowels, there's to be found that noble Companion the *Cholick*, the *Iliaca Passio*,



*Passio*, the *Adstrictio Alvi*, the *Lienteria*, the *Cæliaca affectio*, the *Diarrhea*, the *Dysentery*, the *Tenesmus*, the *Fluxus Hepaticus*, the *Lumbrici*, the *Hæmorrhoids*, and that Royal Disease, the *Fistula*.

*Ulysses*. I must e'en have Patience, and hear him out. This 'tis to fall into the Hands of of a noisy, execrable Quack.

*Snake*. Go to the Reins, Bladder, and so forth, there you'll find the *Calculus*, the *Inflammatio*, the *Mictus Sanguinis*, the *Diabetes*, the *Incontinentia Urinæ*, the *Iscuria*, with a hundred more that shall be nameless. If you go to the Eye, there you have your *Gutta*, *Serena*, your *Cataract*, your *Ophthalmia*, your *Epiphora*, your *Ægilops*, your *Fistula Lachrymalis*, your —

*Ulysses*. The Coxcomb thinks himself on a Stage, where he has a Privilege to murder People with hard words.

*Snake*. If to the Ear, there's your *Surditas*, your *Sonitus*, your *Dolor aurium*.

*Ulysses*. That last Distemper thou hast given me with a witness, I thank thee for't. I find he's resolv'd to dispatch me.

*Snake*. If to the Nose, you cannot miss the *Ozana*, the *Polypus*, the *Fætor narium*, the *Hæmorrhagia*, and the *Coryza*. If to the Tongue—



*Ulysses.* Wou'd I had a Padlock upon thine. But the Larum will run on, and there's no help for't.

*Snake.* The *Paralysis*, *Gustus Inflammatio*, the *Ranula sub lingua*. If to the Throat, there's your *Angina*, your *Catharrs*, your *Vulvæ relaxatio*, and the like. — Well what think you now, worthy Friend?

*Ulysses.* That I had better have been dissected alive, than forced to hear all this Villainous Jargon.

*Snake.* Now as for your Diseases that are incident to those divine Creatures call'd Women, there's your *Chlorosis*, your *Suppressio Mensium*, your *Histerica passio*, your *Hydrops*, *Gangræna*, and *Cirrhus Uteri*, your *Fluor Muliebris*, your *Sterilitas*, your *Abortus*, your *Partus difficilis*, your *Fætus mortuus*, your *Secundina retenta*, your *Prosefidentia*, and a Thousand more I cou'd mention, but that I won't trespass upon your Patience.

*Ulysses.* That's honestly said however, after you have dumfounded me this half Hour with your unintelligible Stuff.

*Snake.* I own a few Distempers happen to us; but to our comfort be it said, we are sufficiently instructed by Nature to find out the proper remedies for them.

*Ulysses.* And will you affirm this for a truth?  
*Snake.*



*Snake.* Most certainly, and by this you may plainly perceive that Nature is more indulgent to us than to you, since she has taught every Species of us, and every individual belonging to that Species, without any expence of Time or Money, without any Study or Labour, without any Teaching or Instructions from others, to find out proper remedies for those ills, to which we are most obnoxious.

*Ulysses.* I confess I am surprized at what you tell me.

*Snake.* Since you think it so strange, I will not put you off with bare words, but give you matter of fact. First then —

*Ulysses.* He's got into his old strain, and there's no stopping him.

*Snake.* If you please, consider us *Snakes*, who upon the approach of the Spring, perceiving our Skins to be rough and troublesome upon our Backs, because we lay still under ground all the Winter, and directed by Natural instinct to eat *Fennel*, which causes us to cast our old Garments: and afterwards when we find our sight impair'd and diminished we have recourse to the same Herb to cure us. Have not all your *Lizards* a certain *Nostrum* to run to, that immediate-



ly helps them, when they are bitten by any of us? Don't the Harts, when they are Wounded, make themselves whole again with *Dictamnus*, and when they perceive themselves bitten by the *Phalangium*, a sort of Venomous Spider, don't they soon heal themselves with eating Crabs or Crevises? Your Swallows, when they see the Eyes of their young ones are hurt, don't they help them with *Chelidonium*? And the Tortoises, don't they cure our biting with Hemlock? The Weasle, when she goes to fight with the Rat, does not she first fortifie herself with Rue? In like manner does not the Stork cure all her illness with *Origanum*, and the wild Swine with Ivy? Does not the Elephant defend himself from the Venome of the Chameleon, with Olive-leaves? and Bears from that of the *Mandragoras*, with Pismires? Your Stock-Doves, your Jays, your Black-birds and Partridges, don't they purge their superfluities with Bay-leaves? And your tame Pigeons, your Turtles and Hens with Chick-weed? Your Cats and Dogs, when they find their Stomachs over charged, don't they immediately ease themselves with eating dewy grass?

*Ulysses.* You'll lose nothing, I find, if talking will do it.

*Snake.*



*Snake.* But what need I trouble you with more particulars of this kind? In fine, Chuse what sort of Beast you please, and you shall find that Nature directed him to find out a remedy for any disease, to which he is subject. And this holds good not only in respect of every Species, as I have already told you, but likewise of every individual belonging to that Species. From whence it plainly follows, that we lye under no necessity of buying one another's labour, of stealing degrees, of corrupting Nurses, of wheedling Apothecaries, or trying any dangerous Experiments upon ourselves, and friends; and what is infinitely worse, of paying an ignorant Rascal that bleeds us dry in the Pocket-vein, and sends us to our graves, before our time, as you Poor Wretches are forced to do. Tell me now plainly, is it not a received opinion among you, that the more you grease a Physician in the Fist, the better you are like to do, nay don't you pick out the fairest broadest Mony for these Factors of Death?

*Ulysses.* As for this, every Country has its particular customs; but pray, Friend, resolve me this question, are there no fools to be found among you?

*Snake.* No, *Ulysses*, and carry this along  
with



with you, that no Beast whatever wants any of that knowledge, which belongs to his Species. 'Tis true some are more docible and wary than others, but since you are for asking of questions, pray tell me, if all the Fools among you, I mean all the quarrelling, pettifogging, prating, drinking, dressing, powdering, rhiming Fops were oblig'd to wear a white Cap with Bells to't, wou'd they not make a most delicious harmony?

*Ulysses.* The question is whether some of those whom you reckon to be Fools, are not wiser than others that pass for Men of Sense: for I remember that a certain fellow who was cured of Madness, being asked by a Woman what Physick he had taken, because she wou'd give the same to a Child of hers, told her bluntly that he wou'd not tell it her, adding that it was the greatest Injury in the World to cure any one of that disease, for in his opinion he had never pass'd his time more agreeably than when he was taken for a Fool.

*Snake.* And what do you suppose to be the reason of it, but that while this distemper continued upon him, he was troubled with none of those thoughts that use to disturb your repose, and consequently knew nothing of the



the Misery that is almost inseparable from your Nature.

*Ulysses.* Well, I won't argue that point with you now, but to return to our former discourse, I dare maintain to you, that altho you have fewer diseases than we, 'tis because your lives are shorter than ours, which is no little infelicity, let me tell you.

*Snake.* Perhaps it may be so to us, who are provided by Nature with whatever is necessary for us, and who always live in perfect health, without any anxiety of Grief to make us weary of our being. But dying, let me tell you is no matter to us, because we don't foresee our Death before-hand, neither are we so sensible what an unhappiness it is to lose our Existence here. But for this mighty Blessing you boast of, I mean a long Life, 'tis, properly speaking, nothing else but a longer confinement to a nasty Jail, a nauseous wretched repetition of the same insipid force, tho' you, it seems, are so much in love with the show, that you are at a perpetual expence to make the Candlehold out to the last Act. And therefore when the most trifling distemper attacks you, a fit of the Head-ach or so, you are so alarm'd with apprehensions of dying, that the Lawyer, the Doctor, and the Priest are im-



immediately sent for, and your concern of Mind is infinitely more vexatious to you than bodily Pain can be. For which reason some of your wisest Philosophers have maintain'd, that your Life is nothing else, but a continual Course and Meditation of Death.

*Ulysses.* Pshaw! these are but words.

*Snake.* Another of that Character, reflecting upon the many Miseries a Man must expect to undergo, has affirmed, that it had been better never to have been Born, and of those that are Born, that they only can be call'd happy that die in their Cradles. If this is not enough, consider how many Men have dispatched themselves with their own Hands, purely to get rid of those Troubles, that either threatned or had actually invaded them. A thing so detestable and horrid! that it never so much as came into any of our Heads.

*Ulysses.* Some foolish pusillanimous People, I grant you, despairing to ride out the Storm, or fearing they should not be able to overcome their adverse destiny, have disposed of themselves in this manner; but for one of these I dare engage you may find Thousands that wou'd not die by their Good-Will.

*Snake.* Right, but you seem not to know the true reason of it.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* Come then what is it ?

*Snake.* They are afraid of going into a worse State, having been terrified by strange Stories that are told 'em of *Pluto's* Kingdom, where variety of odd Torments are said to be prepared for such of you as have violated the Laws of Reason to gratify your Appetites, but these are things that never disturb us. However I dare be positive that if Men cou'd perswade themselves that there was no future State, but that their lives and their troubles concluded together, you wou'd soon see so a strange an alteration of the Scene, as wou'd surprize you ; there being so many more unhappy Wretches in the World, than Favorites of Fortune, that enjoy themselves in Ease and Satisfaction.

*Ulysses,* Well, *Agessimus,* I see you are so obstinate, there's no danger of your being convinced, for which reason I will dispute no longer with you, and especially because I perceive by the latter end of your discourse, where like a true Physician you deliver your self doubtfully about Religion, that you have lost all manner of knowledge. — To be frank with thee, I am sorry to find thee so, however I have still so great a kindness for thee upon the story of thy being a *Grecian*, that if thou art desirous to resume thy humane



mane shape, thou mayst immediately do it, for *Circe* at my instance has been induced to grant it, and then thou mayst afterwards return with me to thy Native Country.

*Snake.* No, not I, and it shall be my daily Prayer that I may never change my present condition.

*Ulysses.* Why do but consider what a wretched despicable State thine is, a sorry loathsome Reptile detested by all Mankind.

*Snake.* So much the better still; for all the fondness you Men show to us Beasts is for your own Advantage and Profit, and then you whip us, and spur us, and ride us, and all out of pure loving Kindness I suppose.

*Ulysses.* Besides thou consumest the better part of thy Life under Ground, in, I know not what, nasty holes and caverns, without any delight and satisfaction.

*Snake.* And, worthy Friend, don't you sleep away the better half of yours, and far more uneasily than we?

*Ulysses.* Then what pleasures dost thou enjoy? thou feedest on nothing but Water.

*Snake.* Why what am I the worse for't, if I desire nothing more?

*Ulysses.* Besides thy knowledge is imperfect, and this proceeds from the confusion of thy Imagination or Fancy.

*Snake.*



*Snake.* And yet the *Ægyptians*, who were no Blockheads, you know full well, have made us pass for the Emblem of Wisdom. I should own indeed that my Fancy was confuted, as you say, should I be such a Sot as to desire to become Man again, for then I should be everlastingly perplexed with vain foolish Thoughts; with endless Whimsies, Crotchets, Fancies, Jealousies, Suspicions, and Chimeras: whereas in my present Station I shall pass my days contentedly, without so much as thinking at all. I shall likewise show that my Memory was much altered for the worse, to be willing to return into a State so full of Anxiety and Inquietude. Wherefore, *Ulysses*, give your self no more trouble about me, for I am positively resolved not to change my Condition. I have given you my reasons already, and you may rest satisfied with them. What! to be made that restless Creature Man again? No, excuse me, Friend, for that wou'd be the ready way to involve my self in infinite Vexations, which I am not ambitious to renew my acquaintance with. I should never be able to enjoy one Moment's repose again, and upon every little excess (and who can avoid it sometimes?)



I should be continually alarm'd with the Terrours of Death, or what is as frightful, of Crutches and Spectacles, of Gouts, and Rheumatisms, of Catharrs, and Palsies, and all the other Concomitants of old Age. So, Sir, I am your humble Servant, for I will go rub my my Scales on yonder *Juniper*, where I shall tast more solid pleasure and delight than ever I enjoy'd in my humane State, because 'tis attended with no Vexation and Sorrow: whereas all your delights are perpetually mingled with so much bitterness, that many of you have not scrupled to affirm that a Thousand pleasures were not worth one single Trouble or Torment.

*Ulysses.* I am satisfied now that I have had to do with Beasts, dull, incorrigible, obstinate Beasts; and altho *Circe* gave them power to speak and answer me, yet I am tempted to believe she kept back their understandings from them, for they consider nothing but trivial idle things, and neglect those of the last importance. However this shall not discourage me from carrying on so generous a design. So I will return to *Circe*, and desire her to give me leave to converse with the rest that are here. Perhaps it may be my good Fortune to meet with some that may be sensible of the kindness I  
design



design them. For as the Proverb has it, *Evil may be done to a Man by Force, but Good never.*

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## Dialogue III:

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*Ulysses, Circe, the Hare.*

*Ulysses.* **W**ERE not I fully convinced, Madam, of the Sincerity of your Affection to me, I should be apt to doubt whether you really intended to grant me the Favour I asked of you, and that being loath to deny it me, you put me upon such positive Wretches, that in Defiance of all Reason, were fully resolved not to become Men again, by which means I should be obliged to quit my design.

*Circe.* Harbour no such thoughts, my dear *Ulysses*, for such underhand dealing neither agrees with the love I bear you, nor with the Generosity of my Temper. But you know well enough, he that can't stand buff to a disappointment or two, does not deserve to succeed in any noble attempt.

*Ulysses.* Why this last fellow I have been conversing with, is Ten times more obstinate  
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than



than the two Sots I talked with before: for whereas I design'd to do him the greatest Service imaginable, by restoring him to his humane Shape, and native Country, he positively refused my offer, and told me he should make but a foolish bargain on't, should he exchange his present condition for what I proposed to him.

*Circe.* Why, my *Ulysses*, if you had tried their way of living, perhaps you wou'd have returned the very same answer.

*Ulysses.* This fellow told me that while he was a Man he follow'd the employment of a Physician, and Physicians, you know, see nothing but disagreeable objects, as Portions, Glister pipes, Close Stools, and Coffins, and hear nothing but Groans and Lamentations of the Bed-ridden Patient, and his weeping Relations; all which running still in his Memory, as 'tis Natural for us to remember the Evil longer than the Good; for this reason, I suppose, he refused to become Man.

*Circe.* Look upon all Ranks and Conditions of Men, and you will find that the wretched and unhappy are infinitely superiour in Number to those that live in ease and Tranquillity.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* If 'tis so as you say, Madam, one of the wisest Men that *Greece* ever produced, was certainly much in the wrong on't; when among other things, for which he returned his daily thanks to Heaven, he thanked it for making him a Man and not a Beast.

*Circe.* He might do it, out of Complaisance or Prepossession, because 'tis the general Opinion of Mankind: Now in my Judgment more Credit ought to be given to those, who having made Trial of both Conditions, know which is the best by experience and by the knowledge that is derived to them from the Senses, which not only surpass all other Knowledg in certainty, but is the beginning and foundation of all the rest.

*Ulysses.* But under favour, Madam, the Life of Brutes should not be compared to that of Men, because 'tis much more imperfect.

*Circe.* For my part I don't believe it. I know abundance of Beasts that possess their Senses in a more perfect manner than you do, and in the operation of them infinitely exceed you.

*Ulysses.* I grant they exceed us in some particular Sense, as for instance, the *Eagle* in seeing, the *Dog* in smelling, and the *Goose* in hearing;



but then they are much inferiour to us in their Judgment of sensible things, because they have not the common Sense so perfect as we, and besides are wholly incapable of rational Conversation, and comparing one Sense with another; for our sensitive Notices are much more perfect than theirs. But Madam, to wave this discourse, I must intreat you to let me try my Luck once more, for I can hardly believe that all of them have so intirely lost the use of their Reason, as the three last seem to have done, whom, I must confess, you turned down to the lowest Class of Beasts not without a just cause, since as far as I can judge by their discourse, they were little better when they were Men.

*Circe.* I am content you shou'd try your Skill upon yonder *Hare*, whom you see feeding under the shade of that well-spread *Oak*. Go then and speak to him, for I have restored to him his Organs of Speech.

*Ulysses.* Don't run away, Friend, but stay here, and answer me a few questions, for *Circe* has assured me thou art able to do it.

*Hare.* Alas! what is the meaning of this? By what strange Fascination it has happen'd I can't tell, but I once more understand the signification of human discourse. Oh my untoward destiny!



destiny ! what have I done to deserve this Unhappiness ?

*Ulysses*. Callest it thou, then, an Unhappiness to understand the Speech of Men.

*Hare*. Not without very good reason, if they have not changed their Condition, since I lived among them.

*Ulysses*. What might the occasion be, I pray, that induced you to have so ill an opinion of Mankind.

*Hare*. Alas ! while I was a Man, I cou'd hear nothing but Lamenting, and Groaning, and Sighing, among them. In short, I cou'd see nothing but an universal Scene of Wo and Misery.

*Ulysses*. I find I have fulfill'd another Proverb, *Never a Barrel the better Herring*. My t'other Spark was a Phylician, and so never visited any but froward, uneasie People, always complaining of their Pains and Aches ; and this fellow, as far as I can perceive, has seen none but Lunaticks and Mad-men.

*Hare*. So much Vexation and Sorrow, which I beheld on every side of me, inspired me with that horreur and uneasiness, that rather than be a daily Spectator of it, I could have gladly passed my days in some hideous Desert or Forest, where no human Creature ever re-



sorted: and I had certainly embraced that sort of life, if humane Nature cou'd have supported it; but Man, you know, has occasion for so many things, that 'tis impossible for him to live alone, unless he's resolved before-hand to struggle with a Thousand Inconveniences.

*Ulysses.* Why, did you never hear any of your Brother Beasts lament?

*Hare.* I own I have: for when those of my own Species suffer any pain, I know it immediately by the noise they make: for 'tis natural for every Creature by the different Modulation and Tone of his Voice to show whether 'tis well or ill with him. But then these natural Accents only tell me their Grief in general, which makes nothing near that doleful Impression upon one, as the Lamentation of a Man does, who, by recounting the occasion and particulars of his Misery, in a querulous, melancholy Tone, infects his Hearers with the same Concern and Sorrow. For my part, besides the Sighs that naturally come from People in distress, I seldom heard any thing else talked of but Murders, Treasons, Robberies, Burglaries, Felonies, and that cruel Oppression, which one Man exercised over another, that I have been often more grieved and troubled for them than for my self.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses*. You wou'd much oblige me, honest Friend, to tell me what was your State and Condition of life, when you were a Man.

*Hare*. I shifted my station so often, and acted so many different parts upon the Theatre of the World, that I don't well know how to resolve your question. But under favour, Sir, what makes you so inquisitive, and curious to ask what I was?

*Ulysses*. The affection that a Man naturally bears to those of his own Country, for which reason I begged of *Circe* to restore all my Fellow-*Grecians* to their humane shape: and being informed by her that you were one of the number, I was willing to do you all the service that lay in my Power; for you must know I am a *Grecian*, and my name is *Ulysses*.

*Hare*. You may e'en let your intended kindness alone, for I am resolved you shall not restore me to my humane Condition, unless you compel me to it?

*Ulysses*. Why so I beseech you. Is it not much better to be a Man than a Brute Beast?

*Hare*. No, not for any thing I can see to the contrary.

*Ulysses*. And art thou then so positively and peremptorily determined to pass the re-



mainder of thy days in this Body of a Beast.

*Hare.* I am so, and not without reason; for in my present state I live free and unencumbered, at my full stretch and ease: whereas when I was a man, I could never be content in any condition.

*Ulysses.* But the question is, whether this did not proceed from your own fault. Perhaps you were so nice, and uneasy in your temper, that nothing in reason could satisfy you.

*Hare.* I might be tempted to think so, were not the whole world in the same Predicament with my self. But for my part, I never yet found one single Man in all my Rambles, let his quality and condition be what it would, and I think I have try'd enough in all Conscience, that was ever perfectly content. Now since we have fallen upon these matters, pray tell me what mighty Advantages has Man to brag of, that he should be so very fond of himself: for either Fortune has placed him in a station, where he is to command and provide for others, or else he is commanded and governed himself.

*Ulysses.* In both these Conditions, if he has but Prudence to direct him, he may live happy enough.

*Hare.*



*Hare*. Nay rather in none. If he is some mighty Lord or Prince, and consequently sits at the helm of Government, provided he manages his trust as he ought to do, he cannot enjoy one moments repose. Not to tell you that he is a continual mark for Envy, and that Conspiracies and Designs are perpetually forming to remove him from his exalted but dangerous station : Don't you know that a Prince within the compass of his dominions holds the same place which the Almighty Controller of nature holds in the Universe, that he is to provide against all invasions from abroad, and all insurrections at home, to see justice impartially administered, the laws duly executed, and to maintain the commerce and security of his People? Which gave occasion, I suppose, to the common saying that all his Subjects sleep with his Eyes. Tell me then what pleasure can he have?

*Ulysses*. Only the most substantial and refined pleasure, that human nature is capable of, to see his subjects live harmoniously and amicably together, in all the reciprocal duties of a civil Life, to see Virtue and all the subaltern Arts and Sciences flourish under his Encouragement and Protection : Now what can be a more solid satisfaction than this ? While he  
lives,



lives, he is secure of the inviolable affections of his People, and after death is mentioned with veneration, and his glorious actions recorded in all the Annals of fame.

*Hare.* Ay, but where are these peaceable and loving Subjects to be found? Among us Beasts, I warrant you, who only follow the dictates of Nature, and carry out inclinations and desires no farther than she directs them. But 'tis otherwise with Man, for to his restless incurable impatience, to his pride and obstinacy, which are interwoven with his very constitution, are owing all your tumults, heart-burnings, and jealousies, that I desire you to show me one Country between the two Poles, where there are not so many factions and parties, so many feuds and animosities, that a Man had better live in the most abandoned and solitary Desert, nay herd among the most savage Creatures that can be found, than live in the best constituted Kingdom whatever.

*Ulysses.* Nay, Puss, you overstrain the Point; for a wise and virtuous Prince may preserve so good order among his People, by the influence of wholesome laws, that the inconveniences you mentioned just now can signify but little.

*Hare.*



*Hare*. But how can this be done to so perverse and intractable an Animal, as Man is, without the most exquisite torments and the most barbarous punishments to deter Malefactors? So that these sanguinary methods perhaps go as much against the grain of the Magistrate that is forced to inflict them, as of the unhappy wretches that suffer them; unless you are crueller than we, who dare not offend one of the same species, nor yet attack those of another, unless we are compelled to it out of hunger, or fear, or a principle of self-preservation.

*Ulysses*. I must own indeed that places of the highest Authority are surrounded with more Anxieties than Pleasures, that those who enjoy them have troubles enough to employ them, and particularly such as discharge their high function with that impartiality and application as becomes them. But to dismiss this subject, because it does not happen to one Man in a Million to be a Prince, let us discourse of a private person, who has nothing to take care of but himself and family.

*Hare*. Why 'tis much the same case with a private person; for either he is rich, or poor. If the former, you must not immediately conclude him to be a contented Man, for wealth  
and



and tranquillity of mind seldom lodg together ; and besides 'tis the nature of Riches to make the Possessor jealous and apprehensive of every thing, so that he seldom enjoys one serene hour. One while the fears of a new War, and the lamentable effects that attend it, alarm his Quiet ; another while the inconstancy of fortune and vicissitude of human affairs : sometimes he suspects his Wife, and sometimes his Children, nay he is uneasy about his Servants, and perpetually fears some new Treachery or other from that quarter. In short, Gold has so many Enemies to watch all its motions, that the Owner is eternally obliged to be upon his Guard. But if he is poor, I shall say no more of him, for as nothing is so vile and despicable as poverty, so nothing is so loathsome and mortifying.

*Ulysses.* I am not wholly of your opinion as to this matter, because I have been told that many of our Wise-Men have admired and commended it : nay there have been some disinterested Souls, who that they might the more freely carry on their Philosophical Disquisitions, have despised and thrown their Riches away.

*Hare* The greatest part of these Virtuoso's, and perhaps all of them, did this not for that reason



reason as you imagine, but out of a principle of ambition to purchase themselves a reputation with the people, or else were influenced by a motive of Lucre, for who wou'd not throw away an ounce of Gold, to get a pound afterwards, by doing so? It has ever been the way of the common people, you know, when they see a man despise a thing to heap it profusely upon him.

*Ulysses*. I find you are resolved to have your own way, right or wrong; but I tell you I have known abundance of men in my time, that enjoyed themselves under their poverty, with all the calmness and alacrity of mind imaginable, but especially such as were Wise.

*Hare*. And I tell you that they were downright solemn Hypocrites, tho' I must own they acted the part of Wise Men too, not to let Fortune and the World insult over them at once. Nay farther I will maintain this, that the more discerning and knowing a man is, his poverty sits he heavier upon him.

*Ulysses*. For what reason I pray?

*Hare*. He perpetually reflects upon the wrong that fortune has done him, in making him poor, while he sees an infinite number of gawdy, plump Villains, and noisie Coxcombs rattle it in their Coaches, shine in their Silks,  
and



and live up to the highest pitch of Affluence and Luxury.

*Ulysses.* This makes me remember a good Saying of a Friend of mine, who compared wealth to a ruin, which always falls in the weakest place.

*Hare.* Consider too, what a vexation it must be to him, to find that what nature designed for the use of all Men, (for this common Mother of ours wou'd trespass against her own rules, if she did not provide enough to supply the common necessities of her family) should be so extravagantly heaped upon one Man, that he is forced to squander it away upon his Whores and Horses, his Flatterers and his Pimps, while in the mean time thousands of brave fellows starve in corners. And from whence should this proceed do you think, but that he that has the greatest Power would gladly seize all into his hands? Whereas we have nothing like this among us, because as none of us desire, so none of us can possess more of what nature has provided for us, than another.

*Ulysses.* One would be apt to conclude from what you say, that you are of the opinion of those people who maintain that it is no crime at all to rob: because the goods of this world



world as they pretend, have so often been stoln and so often shifted hands, that 'tis impossible for the right owners to have them again, and so let him that can get them e'en take them for his pains.

*Hare*. But to confute you beyond all possibility of an answer, poverty is so sharp and heavy a pressure, that to get clear of it, Men debase themselves so low as to become servants one to another ; which is so base and infamous a practice, that among us Beasts, there is none so vile and mean-spirited, but wou'd rather suffer death, than voluntarily condescend to serve another of his own species, for maintaining him in necessaries. But nature has been a more indulgent Mother to us than to you, for thanks to her Ladyship we have nothing of this infamous servitude among us: On the other hand she has given each of us fortitude and wisdom enough to govern himself.

*Ulysses*. But, Puss, there must be something more than poverty in the wind that occasions Men to become servants to one another, for we see abundance of rich Men do it.

*Hare*. Rather they are poorer Wretches than the rest, if you rightly consider it. They are poor in spirit and poor in wisdom, that would instruct them to curb their unjust desires.  
And



And thus partly to build a name and family, partly to gratify their sordid avarice, and partly to acquire a little authority, by which they may lord it over others, they are content to become slaves to their fellow Creatures.

*Ulysses.* But what necessity does a man lye under, to part with his liberty, when he may live happy enough in a mean condition?

*Hare.* Ay, but where is this condition to be found? For my part, I never met with any man yet, but own'd he had either too little, or too much. They were but few indeed of the latter sort, by the same token they would never acknowledg it, but in the last act of their lives, when the scene was just going to shut upon them, and then they lamented themselves very heartily for being such Coxcombs as to toil and drudge so many years to get an Estate, which they must leave behind them.

*Ulysses.* Well, but these are faults of a Man's own growth, who cannot suppress or moderate his desires, and not of nature's planting.

*Hare.* 'Tis all one now in my opinion, since nature has framed him so, as to make him desire those things, that at long run will prove injurious and troublesome to him: but because she had a greater tenderness for us, she was pleas'd to cast us in a better mold. I remember



remember when I was a Boy, that my Father, who was a Gentleman of *Ætolia*, and had a plentiful Estate there, sent me to a Mathematick Master to be instructed, as the manner of *Greece* is, in the Rudiments of Geometry, and here I began to consider that Man knows little or nothing, unless he is first taught it: and teaching is a very unpalatable Pill at that Age, not so much for the difficulty of the Science that is taught, and the heavy Hand of the Master, as for the vain and childish desires with which Youth is generally distracted; so that altho' I wanted nothing, yet I was not satisfied with my Condition.

*Ulysses*. Ay, but no notice ought to be taken of what a Boy does, because he is not come to years of Discretion.

*Hare*. Some time after this, my Father happen'd to die, and then 'twas my Ill destiny to be engaged in a long and tedious Law-suit with my Brothers for my part of the Estate. Of all the persecutions and plagues in the Universe, nothing certainly is comparable to that of dancing attendance upon a Lawyer. You must observe his hours, sit with him at the Tavern, hear all his impertinent *Jargon*, in short you must be a Slave to all his motions. And tho' you are con-

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vinced



vinced that this Rascal betrays you, and keeps a private Intelligence with your Enemies yet you must take no notice of it, (like some poor Wretches that are forc'd to connive at their own Cuckoldom) for fear of drawing a greater Mischief upon your Head. Well, nothing supported me under these troubles, but the comfortable reflection, that when this cursed Law-Tempest was over, I should ride safe in Harbour, free from all Storms and Hurricanes of this Nature; but it seems I reckon'd without my Host, for the quite contrary happen'd. To make short of my Story, after a cursed expensive Suit I got my share of the Estate, part of which lay in Land and Houses, and part in ready Mony; and now my Vexations came double and treble upon me. Having been always used to be govern'd, I found my self at a damn'd loss when I came to be my own Master, and behaved my self as awkwardly in my new Sovereignty, as a Country-Bumkin in a new Suit of Cloaths. As little as I knew of the World, I had so much Experience of it, that I did not think it safe to trust others, however there was no avoiding it. I was obliged for the improvement of my small Fortune to deal with Husband-men and Merchants, but soon perceived that both of them had a mind  
to



to make a Penny of me : for to let out a Farm to a Husband-man is neither better nor worse than to go Snacks with a Thief, and to put your Goods into a Merchant's hands, is to trust one, whose Profession it is to bubble all he deals with. And yet I found that neither of them were content with their Condition, but eternally Lamented and Complained : One, of the excessive Rains and Droughts that spoiled the Fruits of the Earth, the cruelty of Landlords, as likewise of the little esteem the World had of the poor Country-men ; the other of contrary Winds, unlucky accidents and dangers at Sea, Ensurances, Shipwracks, Pirates, and the perpetual Wars between Princes, that destroy'd Navigation and Commerce.

*Ulysses*: Why every Body must expect to meet some vexation in this World. Even you, with all your boasted happiness, have something to trouble you.

*Hare*. Ay, but to our comfort be it said, where we have one, you have at least a thousand Crosses. But to go on with my History : during this time, partly to supply my self with the conveniences and necessities of life, and partly to secure what was my own, from being taken out of my Hands



( for all Men are Thieves more or less, altho' they practice different Methods of Stealing ) I had to do with an infinite number of crafty, tricking Knaves, as Scrivners, Sollicitors, Counsellors, Proctors, and the like Vermin. Now you may take it from me, that after all my dealing with them, I cou'd never meet with one single Man of the Pack, that lived contented ; for all of them looking with an envious Eye at those that are born to plentiful Estates, without any Toiling or Drudging of their own, Lament that they must Bustle, and Sweat, and beat the Hoof, to get Bread for themselves and Families. And particularly those Fire-brands of Dissention, the Sons of Parchment, quarrel'd with their Stars that they were forc'd to rise when every Client knock'd at their doors, to pore over musty Cases and Precedents, and founder their Lungs to get them Food and Cloathing.

*Ulysses.* This I am sure of, that whoever has to do with them, will soon repent of his Bargain, but I can't imagine what great trouble these Lawyers should be at, who play sure Game, and are extravagantly pay'd for their pains.

*Hare.* I am not of your opinion, for a Man that troubles others and makes a Lively-hood of it, can never be at quiet himself. Besides  
you



you don't consider what hatred they draw upon themselves by their under-hand, knavish Practices, how every body flights and neglects them, like begging Soldiers when they have no occasion for them, and how scandalously the World talks of them.

*Ulysses*. A true Lawyer, let me tell you, never values that, so long as he has the finger-ing of their Mony. But I remember a merry dispute happen'd once in one of our Universities in *Greece* about the point of Precedence, that is to say, who ought to go first, the Lawyers, or the Physicians, and after a long canvassing and arguing of the matter, it was at last decided in favour of the Lawyers, and the reason that was given for't was this, that at all your publick Executions the Thief always goes first, and the Hangman follows after.

*Hare*. Well, when I perceived what little content their was to be had in any of these Conditions, thought I to my self, if there's such a thing as tranquillity to be found on this side Heaven, it must certainly be among the Priests, who secluding themselves from the noise and hurry of the World, enjoy a peaceful and learned Retirement in their Cells, possessing all things in common, and suffering themselves to be govern'd by one of their own



Function. And having form'd this Resolution within my self, I determined to take my Farewell of the World, and pass my days in one of these Religious Fraternities. But, alas! I had not spent a full Month among these austere self-denying Gentlemen, but I was made sensible to my cost, that a Man may live easie any where, much sooner than in a Cloyster. The Goddess of Discord and Malice seem'd to have taken up her head quarters among them. There was nothing but Defaming and Back-biting, Whispering little Stories, and censuring one another's Learning, or Morals; and each Man endeavouring to make himself Head over the rest, set all the Wheels of Flattery and Dissimulation a going, and made no Conscience to betray and bespatter his Brother-Priest. In short the Villany and Detraction practised in the World was dull and gross to what I found here. I perceived likewise what an uneasie Confinement it was to them to make only a show of Living up to their Rules, tho that maintain'd them in the Reputation of their Sanctity with the People, and this Reputation was both Meat, Drink, and Cloths to them; what Artifices and Frauds they were forced to use, in order to make their  
Holy



Holy Juggles go down more glibly, what a cruel shackling and fettering themselves it was, that they cou'd not be open Rake-hells? And what foolish Pains they took to persuade the silly Multitude, that they were more be-friended by the Gods, than those that lived in the World; tho' the latter have all those Laws to direct them, which God and Nature have given the former. These things possess'd me with such an Abomination for the whole Tribe, that I can't endure to think of them ever since. Then I thought, forsooth, to live like a Gentleman at large, and pass my time in Hawking, and Hunting, and such like noble Diversions.

*Ulysses*. Nay if you chuse that sort of Life to find happiness and content in't, I can tell you before hand that you mistook your way, but much more if you follow'd the military Profession. I my self have tried these two different ways of living, and can tell by dear Experience how much they deceive our Expectations.

*Hare*. As for a military Life, I knew the Fatigues and Vexations that attend it too well to make the Experiment. Besides I ever thought it down-right Madness, unless a Man drew his Sword for the safety of his  
G 4 Country,



Country, his own Reputation, or some other lawful and honourable Cause, to hire his Life for so much a day : for since we can come into the World but once, 'tis my opinion that all the Gold that Nature every made, or shall make hereafter, can't pay for the Life of one Man. Then finding that I cou'd not live like a Gentleman without a multitude of Servants, who are all of them Thieves and Pick-Pockets in their Nature, and busie their thoughts continually to abuse and cheat their Masters, I was resolved to drop my Gentility, and take Sanctuary in some other Station. At last after mature deliberation, I concluded that it wou'd be the wisest course for me to place my self in some honourable Post at Court, and to bring this about, Employed all my own Interest and that of my Friends ; for thought I, where can Happiness dwell so properly, as in the Magnificence and Ease of a Palace, near the Person of a Prince, who can command every thing? But good Heavens! how lamentably was I mistaken in my Politics? For besides the slavery of attending a Prince, and being perpetually about his Person, lest some body else should get possession of his Ear, or whisper to him some malicious Story of you to your ruine; besides your  
being



being obliged to flatter all his inclinations, tho never so unjust and dishonorable, to answer for all his Faults, and to stand between him and the Ill-humour of his People; besides these and a Thousand other Inconveniences you must expect in such a Service; as, not being able to Eat or Sleep at the proper Time, which is the chief Preservation of Health, the Envy that reigns in Courts, and the real or imagined Unkindness of Princes towards those that serve them (who for the most part never think themselves sufficiently rewarded, unless their Masters will give them their whole Kingdom) never suffer'd me to enjoy one Minute's Happiness. Upon these disappointments growing desperate, I went to Sea, and where I least dreamt of it, there I found what I had been so long, and so unsuccessfully, hunting after, I mean Content and Quiet: for being driven by accident upon this Island, I was transformed by *Circe*, as you see, into a *Hare*, which, to give you some Idea of it, I can compare to nothing so well, as to ones falling into a delicious and pleasant Sleep after a long and wearisom Journey. For altho' I know not so much now as I knew when I was a Man, yet to balance matters I am not under so many Fears and Apprehensions.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* Why, Puss, dost thou take thy self then for a Creature that fears not ?

*Hare.* I fear not those of my own Species, as you do, which is enough for my purpose ; I fear no Hectors, no Bailiffs, no Informers, no Lawyers ; and as for other things, I matter them not, knowing there's no defence against them, as you likewise know there's none against the Anger of the Gods.

*Ulysses.* 'Tis very true that in all these Conditions there are abundance of troubles, as thou saist, and perhaps more than thou hast recounted. But then Puss, there are Pleasures in them too, which thou hast taken no notice of.

*Hare.* And what pleasures have Men, let their Rank and Quality be what it will, but the Vexation and Remorse they bring at long run, more than pays for them, when the Account is rightly sum'd up ? Don't you know what one of our most Ancient Greek Poets has said, that the Pleasure of this World is not true Pleasure, but only Sorrow cloathed in the Garments of pleasure ?

*Ulysses.* And how does he make good this Assertion ?

*Hare.* The *Allegory* he uses on this occasion, tho' somewhat of the longest, is very  
just



just and pertinent. He tells you, then, that when *Pandora* open'd her fatal Box here upon earth, all sorts of Ills, and Diseases, and Miseries flow'd out of it, by the same token that *Pleasure* made her escape with them at the same time. And as she travell'd abroad in the World, what by her winning Behaviour and the Charms of her Beauty and Conversation, she drew vast Multitudes of Men after her, of all Ages, and Degrees and Countries. The Priests left their Sacrifices, and Temples, the Magistrates threw up the Reins of Government, to apply themselves more nearly to her. In short the Lawyers left squabbling at the Bar, the Soldiers fighting and cutting of Throats, and the Artificers their laudable Vocation of lying and cheating, to follow this new Divinity, so that the Incense of all the World was in a manner paid to her, and no body troubled himself about going to Heaven. Upon this *Jupiter* resolved to remove her from the Earth, and settle her in her old quarters in Heaven. Accordingly he dispatched the Nine Muses to her upon this Errand, who by the Magick of their Harmony drew her back to Heaven, but before they did that, made her leave her Apparel behind her, because nothing but what is chaste and divested of all gaudy Ornament, is admitted



admitted into so pure a place. In the mean time *Sorrow*, wandring up and down in the World, and not knowing where to find reception, for the Priests that had preached her to be Happiness, and the Philosophers that had pretended to conquer her, took care to keep her at as great a distance from them as they could, found herself banished out of all Cities, and turned out of all Companies, at last by meer accident she lights upon these cloaths; so hoping that if she disguised herself in them, she should not be known, nor kicked and abused as before, she put them on her back, and thus she has travell'd about the world ever since, cloathed in her Sister *Pleasure's* apparel, and deceives Mankind continually.

*Ulysses.* Well, and what inference does he draw from all this?

*Hare.* Why, that every thing that Men take for pleasure, brings them Sorrow in the conclusion, that the Pleasures of the World are nothing else but Sorrow, cloathed and covered over with a thin superficial Delight, by which means Men being deceived are eager in the pursuit of them, but when the heat of the Chase is over, perceive their Mistake. And now I am upon the Chapter of Pleasure, I cannot forbear to speak of a certain noble Recreation,



tion, in great Repute with all sorts of Men, which is commonly ranked by a very great Solecism under this head, and that is *Gaming*: though 'tis so far from deserving the Name of Pleasure, that 'tis nothing but the Quintessence of Vexation, and yet men are such sots as to reckon it among their Diversions.

*Ulyßes*. I suppose you mean losing and not playing, for we have a common Proverb among us, that 'tis not ill to play but to lose.

*Hare*. No such matter, I'll assure you, for both are ill, although I must own that losing is the worse of the two. Whatever disturbs and ruffles the mind, whatever sets the passions all afloat, is vitious in its own nature: now though Winning may seem to carry some feeble appearance of Good with it, by reason of the present profit it brings, yet it so alters and discomposes a Man, that it frequently causes him to do a thousand idle scandalous things; and if it makes him merry while the Paroxysm lasts, yet that Mirth can never be truly good, that does not proceed from a good Principle. Besides, Winning is apt to betray a Man into many foolish and vain Expenses, and this is the reason why your people that constantly follow Play, are beggar'd by it at last;



last ; for suppose they win as much Mony to night, as they lost at three or four Sittings before, yet they must not expect the same Luck always ; or suppose upon a strict Computation they may be found to have won as much as ever they lost, yet perhaps they flung away a Sum at one left-handed Throw, which they were making up in a hundred, and so coming in by Driblets did them no Service. Besides you know the old saying, *Lightly come, lightly go*, and therefore I conclude that all that use it, are much in the wrong.

*Ulysses.* But under favour, Puss, your Conclusion won't hold water, for I know some Gentlemen that have not a foot of Land in the World, and yet not only keep Body and Soul together by Gaming, but make a topping Figure, let me tell you ; ride in their Calashes, have their cast of Misses, and are Company for Lords.

*Hare.* Ay Sir, after they have spent all they were worth upon it : for Play may not unfitly be compared to Ivy, which clings fast to a strong wall, and never rests till it has undermined it, and then when 'tis ready to tumble, keeps it up and supports it. In the like manner Play when it lights upon a man of an Estate finds ways and means to undo him, and when he has no more to lose, sustains him,  
but



but so scandalously that he had better be twenty foot under Ground than to be obliged to it. To procure him a lowlie, precarious Subsistence, he is forced to haunt your Ordinaries where the Gamesters resort, to flatter and fawn upon every Coxcomb that wins, to snuff the Candles, to pick up the Cards when they drop, to sit cross-legg'd for his Friend that gave him the last Half-crown, and the like. Some Gentlemen who at their first sallying into the World happened upon sharpers and were bubbled by them, strike up a League with them to lick themselves whole again, learn their Tricks, and practise them upon their Neighbours in the Country, but surely the remedy is worse than the disease: nay the private History of *Greece* tells us of certain Dukes that have invited their brother Dukes to supper, drunk them to a pitch, set common Gamesters upon them, and at last divided the spoil with these worthy Gentlemen of the Elbow. A thing so abominable! that a generous Highway-man wou'd be ashamed on't; therefore believe me, *Ulysses*, Play is one of the greatest Infelicities to which Man is subject, and this execrable Infection has spread so terribly that the greatest part of both Sexes neglect every thing to follow it. Some are so bewitched by its Charms, that they sacrifice



crifice their Reputation, their Health, their Estates, their Families, their Friends, nay themselves, to this voracious Monster, they bestow upon it what they ought to bestow upon their poor Wives and Children, till at last they are reduced to Rags and Poverty, and then they fly the sight of Men more than we do that of Dogs, but especially of those that knew them in the days of their Prosperity; and yet these incurable Sots, if they can but muster up half a piece, immediately run with it to the fatal Mansion where the frail Die reigns Lady paramount of all, and gratifie their Itch of Gaming at the Expence of their Belly, which curses them all the while for't. And now, *Ulysses*, deal plainly with me; don't you think that the Pleasures that men have, ought rather to be called Vexations?

*Ulysses*. Ay, but Puffs, all are not of this sort, and a Man is no more forced to this than to any of the rest. Besides what had he Wisdom given him for, but by its seasonable Intervention to soften and alleviate whatever displeased him?

*Hare*. Right, but with what difficulty, since the remedy is so feeble, and the disease so inveterate? And therefore lose no more time in persuading me to change this Condition,  
for



for yours, for I am resolved not to give you an occasion to record me for a Sot that abandon'd a state, wherein there was no thought at all, to go into another wherein he never found the least content, and where he must see those things which Nature gave in common to every body, taken from him by any one that has more power than himself, by which means he must be forced to become this Usurper's slave, and for the sweat of his brows, and reward of his service receive a scanty portion of what nature freely and liberally gave to all; and lastly, to sum up all at parting, where all the pleasures he can find will most infallibly entail Repentance upon him at last.

*Ulysses*. But, Puss, Prithee don't be so furious, see'st thou not what a contemptible Quadruped thou art, and of so little knowledg that thou dost not know whether thou art a Male or Female?

*Hare*. Tho you prying Virtuofos, that pretend to know every thing, can't tell, we know it well enough.

*Ulysses*. Thou art afraid of a shadow, and hast nothing to trust to but the goodness of thy heels and yet thou art a prey to a hundred sorts of Creatures.



*Hare.* And what is that to me, if Nature so ordered it ?

*Ulysses.* Besides thou art so tender and weak, that the least pinch in the world dispatches thee.

*Hare.* Come pray drop the discourse, for I find you wou'd make me out of love with my present being, whereas for not knowing so many perplexing things as you do, I think it most happy. But if you are so intent upon this charitable work, pray make a Convert of some body else, for I am resolved not to accept of your offer, but following my own nature without any more thought or trouble will go feed on yonder fair green grafs: And so farewell.

*Ulysses.* But, dear Puss, one word before thou goest. Methinks thou resemblest a certain man, who being thrown into Jail by his Creditors, desired them of all love not to remove him from thence; for said he, while I was out of Prison I had a thousand vexatious thoughts both for my self and others; but now I am here, I have nothing in the world to take care of, having my Meat, Drink, Washing, Lodging, and all necessaries provided me, so for this reason he thought it the easiest happiest place to pass his days in; though by the by,  
Puss,



Puff, this only proceeded from his stupidity and weakness of mind. For if he had been a man of any resolution and courage, he wou'd much sooner have chosen to enjoy his liberty abroad, though under mean circumstances, than to be a rich man in Prison, and would have found some way or other to break through all his misfortunes. To apply this story, I find by thy discourse that thou hast been an uneasie puling wretch in thy time, always shifting thy quarters, and always dissatisfied, and thou still continuest in the same humour; Every little vexation sits so heavy upon thee, because thou hast not bravery enough to stem those common afflictions which the World and Fortune bring with them, that thou art resolved rather to remain in that despicable condition of a Brute, than to be restored to thy human shape. And since 'tis so with thee, I will e'en take thee at thy word, and suffer thee to be a Beast to the end of the Chapter; for in doing otherwise, I should not only displease thee, although it were for thy advantage, but bring a scandal upon our own species rather than any honour, as all those scoundrels do that resemble thee.

*Hare*. I would quit scores with you *Ulysses*, for this angry language, could I stay a moment



longer, but as Nature teaches us to eat no more than merely necessity requires, so she obliges us to lose no time when we are hungry, and find convenient feeding near us. And therefore having seen that delicious grass yonder on the fair hill over against us, and my appetite calling upon me, I am forced to break off abruptly, and take my leave of you.

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## Dialogue IV.

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*Ulysses, Circe, the Goat.*

*Ulysses.* **T**Was always my opinion, most noble *Circe*, that there was a mighty difference between one Man and another, and we have a Proverb in *Greece* much to this purpose; but I could never have believed it had been so great, as now I am convinced it is since my last discourse with yonder *Hare*, or to express my self more properly, with him whom you transformed into that creature.

*Circe.* And why so? do you find him inclined to become Man again?

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* So far from that, that he's ten times more averse to it than his three obstinate Predecessors were.

*Circe.* Well, and are your satisfied now that you were in the the wrong on't to tax me of Cruelty and I don't know what, for turning them into Beasts?

*Ulysses.* You must pardon me, Madam, if I am still of the same opinion, and think you have been no Benefactor to them. But as for this last mean-spirited Wretch, I am almost ashamed that I have thrown away so many words upon him. 'Tis such a pusillanimous abject Scoundrel, that his fearfulness won't let him look truth in the Face. Every little puff of Wind, every slight Raffle of Fortune so unhinges and discomposes him, that he wou'd rather chuse to live in the vilest servitude without thought, than in a creditable Station with those difficulties that commonly attend it.

*Circe.* How came you to know this?

*Ulysses.* Why, he himself told me so, and the reason he gave me, why he wou'd rather live as a Beast, than be restored to his humane shape, was the many troubles and vexations, to which he imagined we Men were subject; and yet while he remains in this



Condition, he is such a Slave to Nature, and led so forcibly by her, that he is not Master of his own Operations. And this I cou'd not but perceive while we were discoursing together, for in the heat of our Dialogue, he was taken, it seems, with a desire to eat, and seeing some Grasse before him, left me all on the sudden, tho I am sure it was with an ill will, for I had treated him in very familiar Language, and I know he was upon Thorns to answer me; however he broke off short, telling me that he cou'd not choose but go and feed, because Nature commanded him so to do. See then, Madam, what a mean-hearted Wretch this was, who rather chose to live in a State of Servitude, because he thought it was attended with fewer vexations, than to become Man, and be Master of his own Passions, tho perhaps it might give him some little trouble to conquer them; as I suppose you have heard many of our *Grecian* Philosophers have done, who to avoid Slavery and Violence, have not only had the courage to contend with the World and Fortune, but have gallantly sacrificed their own Lives.

*Circe.* But hold a little. This that you call Servitude or Violence, is to him neither one nor the other.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* And why so?

*Circe.* Because his Nature requires it. Tell me, I pray now, when a Stone falls, does it do so by force?

*Ulysses.* No, not in my opinion.

*Circe.* And yet it can't do otherwise than fall.

*Ulysses.* I own it, because Nature has ordained it so, and that Motion, which causeth it to descend towards the Centre, proceeding from an interior Power, which is within the same, call'd Nature, must be natural to it and not violent, because all violent Motions are those that proceed from an exterior Power. And therefore tho' the Stone can't act otherwise, yet it cannot be properly said to be forced.

*Circe.* Why so? Is it not drawn down by Force of its own Gravity?

*Ulysses.* Pardon me, Madam, not by Force, but by Nature, it being natural for a Stone to be ponderous, and if it were not so, it wou'd cease to be a Stone.

*Circe.* And 'tis just so with the affections of Beasts, when they are led by Nature, and therefore it ought not to be called Force or Violence, since she always acts the best for them, as she does for every thing else, and



does nothing but what tends to their Conservation and Perfection.

*Ulysses.* But wou'd it not be much better for them not to be so govern'd by her, and to be able to perform their Operations more freely.

*Circe.* No, because they have not the assistance and direction of reason; for in this case they wou'd frequently err, whereas being guided by her, they cannot err, they seldom or never fail.

*Ulysses.* And how can you be satisfied that 'tis so with them?

*Circe.* Daily experience shews it me, as being often conversant with all the different Species of them, which I keep here in this Island. Now none of them, as far as I can perceive, either eats more than Nature requires, or feeds on any thing that is unproper or injurious to it, neither are they guilty of the least excess or disorder, and this is the reason that during that little space that Nature has appointed them to live, which I own is much shorter than what she has given to Man, they enjoy an uninterrupted Health and Vigour, which falls out otherwise with you.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* But if they commit no excess or disorder, how comes it about, that their lives are shorter than ours ?

*Circe.* It proceeds from their Constitution, which as Nature has given it them, is not so Temperate as that of Men, and from the moisture that feeds the natural Heat, as that maintains and keeps in the Lamp of Life, which in Beasts participates more of the Water, and less of the Air than ours does, and consequently is more liable to corruption. I speak of the generality of Beasts, for some of them live much longer than Man, as for instance the *Hart* and *Elephant*.

*Ulysses.* And is it your opinion then, Madam, that 'tis better to be a Beast than a Man ?

*Circe.* For my part I will not decide this matter, neither have you any reason to think I believe it, for then I wou'd have changed my self into a Beast, as well as I have done them. But if I should agree to every thing you say, our Conversation wou'd soon be at an End. 'Tis enough for you that I have given you free leave to restore as many of them to their humane Shape, as are desirous to wear it ; and altho you have not had the good luck as yet to meet with any one, that  
wou'd



wou'd accept the favour you offer'd him, yet I wou'd by no means have you discouraged, but prosecute your design, for 'tis ten to one but you will find some one that will.

*Ulysses.* I am resolved to take your advice, for I think it wou'd redound much to my Dishonour, to throw up so generous a design, as this, not and carry it on, till I succeed.

*Circe.* Go then and try what you can do upon the *Goat* you see feeding there, for, as I remember, he was a *Grecian* too.

*Ulysses.* If you are a *Grecian*, Friend, as *Circe* has informed me you are, pray let me have a little discourse with you. It may be perhaps for your advantage.

*Goat.* A *Grecian* I was while I continued a Man, and my Name was *Cleomenes* of *Corinth*, but now I am not, neither am I desirous to be so.

*Ulysses.* What, are you ashamed of your Country then?

*Goat.* By no means, for without vanity I may say it, that in every respect 'tis one of the best and finest Countries in the World.

*Ulysses.* What is it then you wou'd not be?

*Goat.* Why become Man again, and this is the only thing I am afraid of, for I live more to my Satisfaction in this Species, where  
my



my Heart and Eyes are horizontal, than when I walked erect. Thanks to my kind destiny I enjoy my self, and the staple Commodities of Nature, my share of Earth, Air, and Water, without any one to invade my Freehold. In short, I enjoy much more Tranquillity and Content now, than I found when I lived among you.

*Ulysses.* I came on purpose to offer you this kindness, and thought I should lay no little Obligation upon you, to restore you to your humane Shape, deliver you out of this Servitude, and carry you again to your native Country.

*Goat.* I thank you however for your Good-Will: But alas! shou'd what you design'd me take effect, it wou'd happen to me quite otherwise than you imagine.

*Ulysses.* And why should you say so, *Cleomenes*? Our Sages of Greece, I am sure, have always maintain'd, that Man is the most perfect and most noble Creature in the Universe, nay that he is in some respect the End and Lord of all the rest.

*Goat.* I must confess they shou'd themselves Sages in talking so, for every Man is obliged to set the best Leg foremost, to speak well of himself, and say what he knows.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* May I therefore make so bold as to ask you, what sort of a Life yours is, and what Felicity you enjoy, that you rather choose to live a Beast thus, than reassume your former Condition?

*Goat.* Should I give my self the trouble to recount to you those advantages and conveniences that we Beasts are in possession of, perhaps you wou'd not think that they deserve such a Name; Nay I very much question whether you wou'd be able to understand them, any more than you are to comprehend the happiness you so earnestly hunt after in this or the other Life, because the Nature of Man is so fantastick and insatiable. But because I will not be wholly silent neither, I will make bold to lay before you some of those Evils we avoid, which are so grievous and mortifying, that if you weigh matters aright you wou'd infallibly envy us, as you have the vanity to flatter your selves that we envy you.

*Ulysses.* Come on then, honest Friend, and let us hear what you have to offer.

*Goat.* There are innumerable Evils and Miseries to which poor Man is obnoxious, and these have fortified me in my resolution of Living and Dying a Beast. But time will  
not



not permit me to discourse of them all, for being just come from feeding, Nature, that has a respect to nothing but my Preservation, gently advises me to take a short nap under the refreshing Shade of these Trees.

*Ulysses.* However gratify my curiosity so far, as to acquaint me with some of the principal Evils.

*Goat.* Ay, with all my heart. Know then, *Ulysses*, that among his other Infelicities and Miseries, Man has four to struggle with, each of which in my opinion is insupportable. For my part, whenever I reflect upon them, they possess me with that Horror and Aversion for the humane State, that I had rather be the vilest Reptile imaginable than Man, whom you insolently stile Sovereign of the Creation.

*Ulysses.* Pray descend to the particulars.

*Goat.* The small or no assurance he has of things to come, the perpetual suspicions he has of those of his own kind, with whom he is obliged to be always Conversant, his fear and dread of the Laws, and Confinement under them.

*Ulysses.* Hold, Friend, you think on too many things for one time.

*Goat.*



*Goat.* And the chief thing is, to be able to avoid the thinking on them. To begin with the first, tell me what security any Man can pretend to have, that he shall peaceably enjoy his own for an Hour? But especially those of the common sort, who are in the Hands of Fortune, and I need not tell you how inconstant and slippery a Coquette she is, and after that under the Power of Princes and Senates, who govern by no other Law but that of their own will; and the will of Man, you know, is, never to be satisfied.

*Ulysses.* I own it, but then a wise Man will always accommodate himself, as well as he can, to the disposal of one, and the commands of the other.

*Goat.* And if we speak of that now, with respect to that which we call our own, who can insure himself of the possession of it for one Day only? for since the distinction of *meum* and *tuum* hath obtained in the World, Men are grown so avaricious, that every one endeavours to enrich himself right or wrong, and build the Fabrick of their own Fortunes upon the Ruins of others.

*Ulysses.* You are in the right of it, Men are more industrious to insnare one another, than to catch you poor Animals.

*Goat.*



*Goat.* I will not enlarge upon those continual Perplexities and Anxieties you daily labour under, lest the tyrannical Ravage of oppressing Princes should deprive you of your rich Possessions ; but I have been familiarly conversant with several Persons who though they have been very rich, have led poor and miserable Lives, out of a continual solicitude, lest they should lose what they were only imaginary Masters of, which they were never capable of enjoying it, and reaped no more Benefit and Satisfaction from it, than those who could claim no propriety in it.

*Ulysses.* You need not say any more of Covetousness, for that is such a Vice, that it transports Men so, not only to be other Mens, but also their own Enemies.

*Goat.* I shall forbear to mention the danger of Thieves, the infidelity and villany of Servants ; nay, sometimes the disloyalty and baseness of your own Wife, especially if she is younger than yourself ; we are not exposed to any of these Misfortunes, we amass no Treasures, have no distinction of Property, but enjoy all things in common, none of us oppressing or wronging our Neighbour. We are not obnoxious to fear ; for all of the same kind being equal in Power, there is  
no



no Superiority amongst us ; so consequently we are under no apprehension of being injured and oppressed by one more Potent.

*Ulysses.* 'Tis very true that these Considerations occasion great Perplexities amongst Men, but a wise and prudent Person that can govern his Affections by reason, will in a great measure free himself from them.

*Goat.* But if you perchance are Conquerors at one time, they will rally again.

*Ulysses.* No compleat Victory was ever obtained without Industry and Fatigue.

*Goat.* You Men are always addicted to flatter your selves with specious Pretences ; but in the second place, is there any Creature besides Man that is disturbed, restless and uneasie for things to come ?

*Ulysses.* Pray, how doth this contribute to Man's Infelicity ?

*Goat.* Very much, it fills him with continual Fears and Disturbances. If he see the Clouds begin to gather, then is he perplexed and troubled how to get his Harvest home. If he hear it thunder, or see the Lightning, the fear and dread of the Thunderbolt makes him make Vows to the Gods ; some run into Caves in the Ground, being of the Opinion that Thunder never penetrates



trates above five Foot into the Earth, and others have covered themselves with Seals Skin, because it is said that this Animal only is free from being Thunder-struck.

*Ulysses.* There are but few such timorous Coxcombs as these.

*Goat.* Those that are not affected with these things have others that discompose them ; some are always so much under the fear and apprehension of Sickness, that they cannot ever be said to be really well, denying themselves those things for prevention which Nature hath designed for an innocent Pleasure and Refreshment, abridging themselves of those Necessaries which a regular Appetite might modestly require. These Persons make themselves Slaves to Rules, Customs and Habits, so that if the Season chance to vary from its usual Course, they are presently under so great a Consternation, that it very often throws them into a fit of Sickness.

*Ulysses.* Such pitiful Hen-hearted Wretches as these don't deserve the name of Men.

*Goat.* As for those who are of a more  
 couragious Constitution, they are either  
 very short-liv'd, or at least live so fast, and  
 I impair



impair Nature so much, that they have a thousand Maladies and Distempers before they come to be old ; or at least being conscious to themselves of their Irregularities and Debaucheries, they are under perpetual Fears and Jealousies lest they should, knowing how well they have deserved them.

*Ulysses.* None of these inconveniences attend you ?

*Goat.* Not in the least, for we live always by one Rule, the Dictates and Law of Nature ; but when you are sick, how fearful and suspicious are you, lest your Friends should forsake you, and you should want what is necessary for your Support and Assistance, and your Charges being then great, lest your Estate should be so impoverish'd, that you should be forced to work for your Living afterwards ? But we can govern our selves in our Sickness although all things are in common amongst us.

*Ulysses.* Yet by your good leave, you Beasts, when you have a Thorn in your Foot, or any other such like Misfortune befalls you, stand in need of human Assistance.

*Goat.* This happens so seldom that it is not worth mentioning ; then as for the fear  
of



of Death under the dismal apprehension of which you continually labour, we are intirely free from it.

*Ulysses.* Are not you subject to the fear of Death?

*Goat.* Not unless it be present, and we feel the Pain and Smart of it; whereas you anticipate it by thinking on it, and if by any means you chance to know its determinate time, it overwhelms you with Grief and Sorrow, and some have laid violent hands upon themselves for this very reason. But then as to your Care and Concern about Futurities; how miserable and wretched a State is yours, who are obliged, not only to provide those things that you have occasion for from day to day, but in some cases, a year or two before-hand, and afterwards to preserve them that they are neither lost or spoiled.

*Ulysses.* Why, there is the very same thing amongst you Brutes.

*Goat.* Which of us, pray?

*Ulysses.* The Pismire who lays up a Stock in Summer against Winter.

*Goat.* You say right, but this is not out of any fear or apprehension, lest she should want in the Winter, which is the reason



why you Men provide Stores ; but because she cannot endure the Cold of that Season, and never comes from under Ground all that time, so she carries her Meat to be just at hand ; which she doth by a natural Instinct, not out of any Fear lest she should not always find sufficient on the Earth for her Maintenance and Support ; For how is it possible that we should have any notion of Futurity who know nothing of Time or its Parts ?

*Ulysses.* It is impossible that you should be ignorant of Time. There are a great many of you that change Countries every Spring and Fall, as Swallows and Thrushes ; and others hide themselves under the Earth, as Snakes, Badgers, &c.

*Goat.* This doth not in the least proceed from our knowledge of Time, but only from feeling the different Effects of it, for we are not only ignorant of time itself, but also of the motion of the celestial Bodies, which is the cause of it ; we are only sensible of the different Effects it hath upon the Earth, as Heat, Cold, Wind, Rain, and such like various natural Productions ; these things we are sooner and better acquainted with than you, so that you often predict  
them



them from us; for our Fancy not being full of Whim and Caprice as yours is, we can more nicely perceive every the most minute change which you cannot.

*Ulysses.* Do you account the knowledge of Time an unhappiness?

*Goat.* Certainly the most great that can attend any Creature, because Time, or rather the Motion by which it is computed, is the occasion of all Changes and Alterations, and what is still more mortifying, the cause of your own Dissolution, which always represents Death before your Face: you continually count the Hours, and are constantly contriving to provide, what you shall have occasion for from time to time, now we who live according to the Dictates of Nature, are not subject to any of these Anxieties and Disturbances; nay, your folly is often so great, that you perplex your selves about those things which will happen after your Death.

*Ulysses.* That Care is most just and requisite, we are bound by Nature to provide for the welfare of our Children who are part of our selves.

*Goat.* Things of such Consequence as this you mention, are attended with pleasure



and satisfaction, but you also are very solicitous about those that are trivial and ridiculous.

*Ulysses.* What are those, pray?

*Goat.* Concerning your Grave, as tho' the Earth were not the Universal Mother of all Mankind, but you buy it of the Priest, as if every Man were not intitled to a Propriety in her; and he that has no Money, is left to be entombed in our Carcasses.

*Ulysses.* Let us pass by this Subject, it not being so universal and extensive.

*Goat.* Then there is the fear and dread you have of one another: now amongst us there is no such thing, for no Beast will prey upon another of the same kind, unless urged on by Love, Hunger, Jealousy, &c. and this happens very rarely.

*Ulysses.* Neither are we Enemies to one another by Nature.

*Goat.* But the boundless Ambition of your Desires hath made it a second Nature. None of you are content and satisfied with what would suffice Nature, but continually endeavouring to defraud his Neighbour; hence proceed such Wars, the ruin and depopulating Cities, plundering Countries, Massacres, Treasons and Robberies, the poysoning  
ing



ing of one another, a thing totally unknown amongst us.

*Ulysses.* A prudent Man may easily obviate all these.

*Goat.* Pray, how?

*Ulysses.* By being content with a competency, and living remote and independent from others.

*Goat.* The first may be in your Power to perform, but you will find the latter very difficult if not impossible. Every Man hath occasion for a great many several things, which it is not in his own Power to procure for himself, which obliges Men to dwell together, and form themselves into Societies, upon which account Cities were built, that you might live conveniently together, and be mutually assisting to each other; and one Man very often having no occasion for what his Neighbour hath, who may perhaps want his Commodities; you invented Money, which indeed is an excellent Expedient, and a very commodious *Medium* of Commerce; but this very Money becoming so absolutely necessary, for the convenience and pleasure of human Life, you are all of you so bewitched and infatuated with the love of it, that the Mischiefs it occasions amongst you,



do far surpass the Benefit and Advantage that doth accrue by it; thus are you every moment alarmed by Fears and Suspicion, lest the hand of Theft and Rapine, or Fraud and Injustice should despoil you of it, which makes you continually jealous of each other.

*Ulysses.* You say right, the distinction of *Meum* and *Tuum* hath introduced much Mischief into the World, being the occasion of most of the Animosities amongst us, which cannot happen amongst you, where all things are in common; yet we have a most noble remedy against it, which is *Friendship*, the most pleasant and beneficial Blessing, that the Gods ever bestowed on us Mortals, by this we can communicate, not only of the *Goods of Fortune*, but our very Thoughts also, our Grief, Joy and all the other Passions of our Mind.

*Goat.* We also are not excluded from enjoying the Benefit of Friendship, which obtains not only amongst those of the same kind, but of different also; as the Turtle-Dove and Popinjay, Peacock and Pigeons, the Bee and Fallow-Deer, and many others.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* True Friendship proceeds from the consideration of what is good and virtuous, of which you can't have the least Notion or Idea. Therefore that Friendship which is contracted amongst wicked Persons for some evil and base End, or sordid Gain and Advantage, may be more properly called a Combination, Plot or Conspiracy, than true Friendship. Now yours is nothing but meer Instinct and natural Inclinations; Friendship also should be voluntary and elected, which is beyond your Power to do.

*Goat.* If we are not susceptible of true Friendship, yet we are free from Fawning, Flattery, whose specious Pretences often do as much harm, as real Friendship can do good.

*Ulysses.* But by the Assistance of Reason and Experience in Conversation, we are capable of distinguishing the one from the other.

*Goat.* For my part, I cannot see how, since an expert Flatterer, can so well counterfeit the part of a true Friend, besides the Nature of Man is very prone to be pleased with Flattery, and you may be easily imposed upon in this particular.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* What you say is very true, that Flattery, naturally pleases most Men, and upon this account, the discovery will be pretty difficult; for a true Friend, as well as the Flatterer, ought to give us a due Commendation when we do what is praise worthy, but here lies the discriminating Point, all Flatterers will forsake you in adversity, which is the only time to try a true Friend, though it is not impossible to know him before-hand.

*Goat.* By what Characteristicks do you distinguish him?

*Ulysses.* There are several ways of making the discovery; as for instance, The Flatterer always suits and accommodates himself to the Humour and Circumstances of the Person he flatters, imitating him in his Actions, Gesture and Discourse, applauding every thing he says or does; whereas a true Friend strives not so much to please as to be really serviceable; therefore a Flatterer is compared to the Shadow that always follows the Body, and a true Friend to the Light which makes all things appear in their proper Colours. The Flatterer also commends every thing you do, and a true Friend that only which really deserves it. The  
Flatterer



Fatterer will attribute whatsoever is honourable and praise-worthy to you, and take whatsoever is scandalous and ignominious upon himself, his whole Design being to soothe and caress you in whatsoever you do, be it well or ill; whereas a sincere Friend will endeavour to correct and reform you.

*Goat.* Supposing all this to be true, yet the strictness of the Laws, and the fear of the Punishment inflicted on those who break them, is a sufficient Argument for me to remain Brute still.

*Ulysses.* Do you think then that Laws are prejudicial to Mankind?

*Goat.* No, but it discovers the weakness and imperfection of your Nature to have occasion for them. What impetuous desires and inclinations have you against your own Ease and Interest? which are so predominant over you, that the Light of Reason is not sufficient to secure you against them, but there is occasion for so many Laws to deter you from them by the fear of Punishment.

*Ulysses.* They were designed for the corrupt and depraved part of Mankind, but the good and virtuous are so far from being influenced by them, that they act what is  
Just



Just and Right spontaneously, without so much as knowing them.

*Goat.* A small ability in Arithmetick will serve to compute their Number, if you don't reckon the same Persons over again. But supposing you were all so, how uneasie must you be, always standing upon your Guard, lest your Senses should surprize and captivate your Reason, and make you Slaves to your Lusts and Passions.

*Ulysses.* The Wise and Virtuous have made this habitual, and then the difficulty is over.

*Goat.* It will cost you abundance of pains and trouble before this can be accomplished, since all Men are naturally prone to what is forbidden; now we have no Desires or Inclinations, but what are consistent with, and agreeable to our Natures, and so voluntarily avoid and abstain from all things that are prejudicial to us, without regard either to fear of Punishment, or Shame which Passion creates you so much trouble and uneasiness.

*Ulysses.* You need value your selves much upon this, it is a very great thing indeed, neither to be influenced by the fear of Punishment, or sense of Shame.

*Goat:*



*Goat.* How are we to blame in regard we are ignorant of either, and therefore let us speak of those things that fall under our cognizance? In short, the Ease and Freedom I enjoy in my present Condition, is so agreeable and pleasant to me, in competition with those many Ties and Obligations you lie under, the greatest part whereof are the effect of your Folly and Ambition, whereby you, whom Nature had made free, are so enslaved, that I am so far from being inclined to become Man again, that I will never so much as come near them again; for you are not content to be bound by these Laws yourselves only, but lay the very Beasts that serve you, and over whom you pretend a Propriety under the same Obligations; thus you punish them for the Injuries they do to others (as you call them) as feeding in other Mens Grounds, &c. whereas you yourselves ought to be punished for violating the Laws of Nature, in making that a particular Property, which was originally in common; this is the true Reason why you cannot associate safely together as we do, being under continual apprehensions of losing your Possessions, or being involved under some such like Troubles and Inconveniences; for  
my



my part, I envy not this Noble State of yours, which is attended with so many Miseries and Misfortunes; and am resolved to spend the small remainder of my Days in the Condition I am now in, free from the fear of Death or any other Calamities.

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## Dialogue V.

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*Ulysses, Circe, and the Hind.*

*Ulysses.* **T**Ruth, dear Lady, often meets with a very unkind Reception, creating an Aversion to such as speak it, yet it is so base for the Mouth and Heart, not to accord with each other, and I know you to have so noble and generous a Soul, that I will presume to declare my self freely, tho' in some things, I may, perhaps, gain your displeasure.

*Circe.* As free and plain as you please, noble *Ulysses*, nothing can be more agreeable to me than the naked Truth.

*Ulysses.* Why, then I much suspect whether according to your Promise you have  
restored



restored those with whom I have conversed to the right use of their rational Faculty, tho' you have permitted them the exercise of Speech; if not, you have very much imposed on me; now, their Sentiments are so very absurd, that I can never imagine they would entertain them, if they were Masters of right Reason, for they all unanimously declare, they would rather continue Beasts as they are, than recover their former Humanity.

*Circe.* You might have just Reason to complain, if I had served you so; no Person ought to promise any thing, but what they are both willing and able to perform, the first is Villany, and the last Folly; but you may assure your self, that whilst you conversed with them, they had as perfect use of their Reason and Understanding, as ever they had when they enjoyed an human Shape.

*Ulysses.* How then come they to be so stupidly sottish, notwithstanding I have offered them so many convincing Arguments to the contrary?

*Circe.* Perhaps they have met with so much Pleasure and Convenience in that sort of Life, which we are altogether unacquainted



quainted with, that induces them to be of that Opinion ; but prosecute your Design, and perhaps you may find some of a quite different Sentiment ; you need not fear any sort of Beast you meet with, for they have all been Men formerly, and none of them will hurt or injure you.

*Ulysses.* The *Grecian* Sages rank'd them in the first Class of Vertue that were able to instruct and direct themselves, to lead a vertuous and honest Life. Those in the second who would be directed and informed by others ; but would not admit him to be accounted amongst the Number of Men, that was not able to advise himself, and would not be directed and instructed by others. Such sort of Animals are those I have conversed with, so that it ought not to seem strange to me if they refuse to become Men again ; but still it is the Duty of every one to do all the good that is in his Power, and therefore this ought not to deter me, that have more Understanding than they, from attempting to do this generous Service for those that are worthy of it. I see a stately Herd of Deer, I'll see if there be any *Grecian* amongst them. I conjure you all by what bounteous Heaven bestows upon you, that  
is



is most pleasant and desirèable to you, to tell me if there be any *Grecians* amongst you.

*Hind*. Thanks be to the immortal Gods that I hear and understand the Voice of a Man, and can speak as formerly.

*Ulysses*. Perhaps I have now lighted upon one who hath not lost the use of his Understanding as the others had, since he so devoutly thanks the Gods for the recovery of his Speech and Understanding.

*Hind*. Are you a *Grecian* Sir, that asks us this Question ?

*Ulysses*. Yes, my Name is *Ulysses*.

*Hind*. And I also was of *Greece*, and a Woman before *Circe* metamorphosed me into an *Hind*.

*Ulysses*. Nay, if I have now to do with Women who generally will be in the wrong, I can expect but small Success, but however, it will be some sort of Satisfaction to have discoursed with both Sexes.

*Hind*. Pray, noble *Ulysses*, for the Love of *Jupiter*, tell me, why you enquired whether there were any *Grecian* here, and how it comes to pass that I understand you, and can discourse with you, which I never could do with any other since I have been a *Hind*.

K

*Ulysses*.



*Ulysses.* You are obliged to me for this Favour: out of the natural Affection I bear to my native Country, I have obtained leave of *Circe* to discourse with every one of you, and that all who will, may receive their former Shape, and go home along with me, and you are one for whom I will do this piece of Service, if you think fit to accept of it: Do you hear what I say to you? come, tell me your mind presently, for you Women do but confound your selves, when you consider too long, for your Capacities are but very shallow, and therefore you are most successful at quick Repartees.

*Hind.* Not I, by all that is good, I hope, I have answered you quick enough.

*Ulysses.* Your quick Answer deserves a sharp Censure.

*Hind.* Why so, good Sir?

*Ulysses.* Because it is Ridiculous and Irrational.

*Hind.* You censure me too rashly, I have very good Reasons to offer for what I say.

*Ulysses.* Pray then, oblige me with some of these weighty Reasons.

*Hind.* I think it a sufficient Reason that I will not be restored to my former Condition



tion, being, as I told you before, a Woman.

*Ulysses*. That's a very weak Reason indeed, for then you would be a reasonable Creature, which in your own Opinion is far more eligible than that of any Beast whatsoever, in regard you so devoutly thanked the Gods for permitting you the Power to speak, which is only proper to Man.

*Hind*. It is not being a reasonable Creature that makes me so averse to return to my former Condition, but because I must be a Woman again; we are so scorned and despised by you, that some of your Wise Men have asserted that we are of the not same Species, others have affirm'd that a Female is only a Male not brought to Maturity, or a thing wherein Nature has been deficient in its Production; though it is very evident how directly contrary this is to the Law of Nature, for we are as absolutely requisite and necessary for the Generation of Man, as a Man himself is, and what is born of us is able to beget his like, which those that proceed from two different Species cannot do, as is evident by Mules who are generated from a Horse and an Ass.



*Ulysses.* You are a wonderful Philosopher.

*Hind.* My Husband was an excellent Philosopher, and I could not chuse but improve by his Conversation ; but besides, this sort of Philosophy comes to us naturally.

*Ulysses.* And yet all your Philosophy is not able to remedy one Defect so universally predominant in your Sex.

*Hind.* What is that ?

*Ulysses.* To hear your own Tongue run so, that you are more desirous of talking, than to be Woman again, thanking the Gods so devoutly for that Favour, which intimates how very fond you are of it.

*Hind.* I am much in the right of it, in regard you use our Sex so barbarously, making meer Slaves of us, whereas we were originally designed for your Assistants and Associates, perverting the Order of Nature, for which you give no other Reason than that it is your Will and Pleasure. Amongst Animals, the Female equally partakes with the Male in his Pleasures and Diversions, as well as Care and Labour ; but Man assumes to himself a tyrannical Power and Prerogative, stiling himself, Lord of the Creation, and domineers and insults over her, that he ought



ought to cherish and succour, only because her Frame and Constitution is not quite so robust and hardy.

*Ulysses*. Pray, what are these mighty Hardships that are put upon you, that you make such dismal Complaints.

*Hind*. As if you did not know; why you put the most servile Drudgery upon us.

*Ulysses*. Nay, now you wrong us extreamly, for we make you our Friends and Companions.

*Hind*. Can you pretend to call her a Friend and Companion, whose whole Life is nothing but a continual Slavery under a cruel and rigid Master; nay, you have ordered Matters so, that we must purchase this Servitude (or Companionship as you call it.)

*Ulysses*. This is for your own Benefit and Advantage.

*Hind*. That's pleasant indeed, to give Money to be Servants is much for our Advantage. I thought Servants had usually received Wages. I should be very glad to hear you make this out.

*Ulysses*. Why, then I'll tell you: You not having sufficient Prudence and Conduct to keep and manage your own Estates; out of pure Respect and Kindness to you,



the Law hath judged it necessary, that your Husband should have the keeping and management of your Fortunes, not as if it were their own Property, but as your Trustees and Guardians, that you may have wherewithal to subsist when you come to be Widows, for it comes into your own Hands after their Death, which often makes a very great Hole in their Estate; now it would be more reasonable, that the Husband should put as much more to his Wife's Portion, and so live upon that together as long as it lasts, and then each provide for themselves; for it's very hard that we should take all the Pains and Care, and you only live in Idleness, and spend what we get, and after our Deaths to dispose of what we leave as you think fit.

*Hind.* I am sure that we save more at home by our good Housewifery, than you generally get, and you never knew any Man that grew very rich that had not a Wife to manage things well at home, and look after the main chance.

*Ulysses.* I must needs agree with you in this, for you Women being meaner spirited, and of a more sneaking Temper than Men, you are better at pinching and sparing, and  
raking



raking and scraping together ; but still, if you do nothing but look after what we get, then you ought to be obedient to us ; for your Souls being incapable of managing Affairs of great Moment and Consequence, it is said that Submission and Obedience is a Woman's greatest Commendation.

*Hind.* This is what you would fain persuade the World to, because it makes so much for your own Interest, but if you'll consult both Reason and Experience, you'll find the quite contrary. Pray, how long was the Kingdom of the *Amazons* govern'd by Women, and they never wanted Mens Prowess or Policy to defend or enlarge their Dominions ? What a flourishing State was *Babylon* under Queen *Semiramis* ? And your own Histories are full of the glorious Achievements of the *Scythian Tomyris*.

*Ulysses.* But how many more such will you find ?

*Hind.* Truly, they may thank you for it, who confine them within the Walls of your House to such mean, abject, and sordid Business as is fit only for the most contemptible Slaves and Vassals ; saying, that she only is praise-worthy, whose Actions exceed not the Limits of her own House : Notwithstanding



ing if you would do them Justice, you must needs own, that they are so diligent and industrious in these mean Affairs, that their Houses look like Paradises, to those who have no Women in them. Then as to your Cloaths, what sorry, pitiful, nasty Wretches would you be, if it were not for us?

*Ulysses.* You can manage these things well enough if you will.

*Hind.* And so we should things of greater moment if you did but permit us.

*Ulysses.* You had best leave off whilst you are well; for I remember a Story of a *Shoemaker*, who being commended for finding fault with a Buckle that was amiss in the Shoe of a Statue; thereupon grew so vain, as to run beyond his Last, and make some other very ridiculous Remarks.

*Hind.* I wish we could please you in any thing, but all we can do, can scarce deserve a good word from you.

*Ulysses.* You do us abundance of wrong; we respect and honour you above our selves.

*Hind.* You never allow us the Power of managing any thing, either at home or abroad; you will, indeed, set us at the upper



per End of the Table, and when we are Young and Beautiful, and your Inclinations are very strong towards us, then, perhaps, we shall be caressed and courted, but when you have satisfied your Desires, and our Charms begin to fail, then you'll treat us with the utmost Scorn and Contempt.

*Ulysses*. You scandalize our Sex, there's no Man was ever so barbarous.

*Hind*. I will not mention your Actions, lest I should put some in mind of what they never thought of; but what think you of such Expressions as these? That an Husband has but two good Days with his Wife, that of Marriage, and of her Funeral.

*Ulysses*. Those are only jocular Expressions spoken for Merriment and Diversion, their Sentiments are quite otherwise, for you see that most Men marry, and those that do not, are branded with a mark of Ignominy.

*Hind*. You have another saying also; He that hath a Wife, deserves a Crown of Patience; but he that hath had two, merits a Crown of Folly.

*Ulysses*. There's a great deal of Reason in this saying; for second Marriages generally prove unfortunate to those that have Children,



Children, and they seldom have that intire Affection for each other, as at the first. Patience also is absolutely necessary for him that does cohabit with you, for you are naturally froward and termagant; upon which Account, one of our Wise Men said, That when a Woman came into her Husband's House, she carried a lighted Torch before her in one of her Hands, meaning that she raised Discord and Animosities where ever she came.

*Hind.* Pray, let us have the rest too; that she carried an Hook in her Hand behind her, to rob the House she went out of.

*Ulysses.* I must needs own that some of our Sages have talk'd at this Rate, and the turbulent and petulant Temper of many of you has given them but too just occasion for it. Nor can I but acknowledge that some base and scandalous Fellows have used you very cruelly and unworthily, not considering how useful and necessary you are in the World, and what uncomfortable Lives we should lead if it were not for you, for indeed, we are imperfect without you, and therefore we ought to respect and tender you as our own selves, and he deserved not the



the Name of Man that does not. Now although Nature hath not made you so vigorous and strong, as we are, we are beholding to her for it, for if she had, you would not condescend to those mean Services you perform for us, for which we are equally obliged to you and Nature; therefore be not discouraged if some inconsiderate Persons express themselves contemptibly of you, for there are many that have spoken very largely and deservedly in your Commendation, saying, that you were our Crown, and that we had better not be, than be without you; particularly, a very wise *Egyptian* King shewing another his Wealth, at last shewed him his Wife, as the most noble and valuable Thing he had in the World, saying, that a wise Woman was a most inestimable Jewel.

*Hind*. How comes it to pass then, that we are used so scurvily?

*Ulysses*. In what particulars?

*Hind*. Making us Servants instead of Companions. How came you to have those Privileges and Prerogatives that you may use such a Liberty and Freedom, as we are denied, without infringing our Honour and Vertue? Why is not a Family tainted by your licentious Extravagancies as well as ours?

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we are more exposed to such Temptations than you, being urged by your cursed sly Insinuations and Importunities; and when you have succeeded, you treat us as the most vile of Creatures.

*Ulysses.* Why then are you not more tender of your Honour?

*Hind.* How is it possible to keep that shut to which every one of you hath a Pick-lock? so that our Infamy is justly owing unto you, and by so much the more as you exceed us in Wisdom and Conduct.

*Ulysses.* We have all the reason in the World for this, but you compare your case with ours, which leads you into the mistake; is it reasonable for a Man to leave his Estate and Honour which he hath acquired by his Industry and Ingenuity, to another Man's Child?

*Hind.* By no means.

*Ulysses.* And who could be sure that a Child were his own, if his Wife were permitted to do as you Brutes do? who no longer take care of your young, than till they are able to provide for themselves, and then you mind them never after.

*Hind.* You Men, indeed, need talk of this, you do take a wonderful deal of Pains  
and



and Care in the bringing up your Children ; while they are little and full of trouble, you leave them wholly to our management, which the Male Beasts do not.

*Ulysses*. And do not you put them out to Nurse, which no other Creature does besides you ?

*Hind*. But it is you your selves that are the cause of it, who cannot endure to hear them cry, or hardly permit them in your sight, till they are grown up, and then you incourage them to be disobedient, and slight us, calling them your Children, they go by your Name, are accounted of your Family, and no mention is made of us.

*Ulysses*. There is very good Reason for this.

*Hind*. Nothing but your own Lordly domineering Temper, whereby you dispose of us as you please.

*Ulysses*. No, it is because they have their sensitive Part, and the very Essence of Man, only from us.

*Hind*. What do we serve for, then ?

*Ulysses*. Nothing in this particular, the Female only contributes the vegetative Part, such as Trees have, nor can bring them to any greater Perfection without the Assistance  
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of the Male ; therefore Nature which never does any thing in vain, has made no distinction of Sexes among Plants ; but if she has done it in any, as the *Cormol*, which bears a Berry like an *Haw*, the Female only bears Fruit, and the Male is barren, and there is no occasion for their Conjunction, in regard what proceeds from them is only of a vegetative Nature, which the Female itself alone can produce. This may be observed by Hens who lay the Egg, which is the vegetative Substance, but the Chicken which hath the sensitive Part, cannot be formed without the conjunction of the Cock. So, you Women, sometimes of your selves, produce a *Mola*, as the Physicians call it, which is endued only with the vegetative Faculty, but hath no Sensation, which is the proper Effect of the Male. Our Children therefore being animated by the sensitive Soul, receiving their being Men, only from us, are most justly called ours, and you may leave them, though we cannot.

*Hind.* And what recompence may we expect for the great Pain and Care we take to bring them up ?

*Ulysses.* What is your Due, and that which all Women have, to be honoured and  
maine



maintained by them, if they continue their Assistance to them, and whosoever is neglectful or deficient herein, deserves not the name of a Man ; and Nature, for prevention sake, hath endued Children with a stronger Inclination of Love towards the Mother than the Father.

*Hind*. It is very evident what a passionate Tenderneſs we have both for our Children and Husbands ſeveral have expired, upon the News of their Childrens Death ; others have laid violent Hands upon themſelves, when they ſaw their Husbands die : eſteeming it diſhonourable to live without a Man, and diſhoneſt to be married twice.

*Ulyſſes*. Though this may ſeem to be the effect of Tenderneſs, Affection and Bravery, yet it really proceeds from folly, puſillanimity, and a perſwaſion that they cannot live happily alone ; for if Nature, who makes the beſt proviſion for all things, had judged it convenient that the Man and Wife ſhould have both died at the ſame time, it would certainly have been ſo ; but to conclude this Argument, are you willing to become Woman again, and return to Greece with me ?

*Hind*.



*Hind.* Not I, indeed, for I think, I have offer'd very good Reasons to the contrary.

*Ulysses.* They are very frivolous in my Opinion, and therefore I repeat the Question.

*Hind.* You are a Man, and consequently not toucht with what I have said; I now an *Hind*, and have as much Privilege and Authority as any Male in the whole Herd; I go abroad, when, and where I please, without Check or Controul; my Pains in bringing forth Young, are not comparable to what Women undergo in Child-birth, nor the Care and Trouble, any thing like that of bringing up Children.

*Ulysses.* Would you then perswade me, that you have no Pains in bringing forth Young, or have need of Purgation, as well as Women?

*Hind.* I own we have, but Nature hath furnished us with sufficient Strength easily to perform it our selves, and such an Instinct, as to find out and eat the Herb *Ara*, which speedily perform the others.

*Ulysses.* But have you no trouble in bringing up your Young, as well as we?

*Hind.*



*Hind.* Not worth the mentioning, ours want very few things, and those by natural Instinct also, we easily procure ; but you are under a constant solicitude to know what is proper and convenient, and then how to provide it ; therefore trouble your self no further, for I enjoy more Ease and Content now, than when I was a Woman ; but if I were to change again, I do assure you, I would rather be a human Creature than any other, besides what I am ; for now, when I am ready to fawn, I had rather be where Men than Beasts resort ; so I wish you a good Voyage, and I will spend the rest of my Days in these Woods ; for since I have been once more restored to my Speech, without becoming Woman again, I render thanks to the Gods, and am in perfect Charity with all Men.

*Ulysses.* I would not have you be so obstinate, for we Men are better Masters of Reason than your Sex must pretend to ; besides, I have no interest in what I do, it was meerly out of Love and Respect to you, because you were a *Grecian*.

*Hind.* Your Discourse always turns upon the same Hinge, and yet how do you use us, when you have us in your Power ?

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*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* You seem to be very fond of speaking; now I must needs tell you, that *Circe* hath permitted you only for this time, that you might discover your Mind to me, for she will not restore any to their former State, but those only as willingly and thankfully accept of it; so that if you resolve to remain an *Hind*, you will for ever be deprived of this your darling Delight.

*Hind.* If I were sure of that, I don't know what to think of it.

*Ulysses.* There's no room for doubt, you know very well no Deer speaks.

*Hind.* Well, I care not for all that, I shall keep Company with none but Deer, and we have other ways of communicating with each other, and our occasions for it are so few, and happen so seldom, that I shall find no great Inconvenience upon this Account: I heartily thank you for your kind Intentions, you may find some more worthy object to bestow your Favours upon, for I am resolved to continue as I am.



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## Dialogue VI.

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### *Ulysses and the Lyon.*

*Ulysses.* **N**ature (we say) cannot err; yet in the human Nature, she hath made the Female far inferiour to the Male, to what she hath done in all other Animals. For amongst Birds, the Female is as courageous and brave as the Male, or at most, the difference is hardly discernible, and the Hen will not take any more Pains in hatching or providing afterwards for the Brood than the Cock. So it is in all terrestrial and aquatile Animals, but with us, those noble Vertues and Endowments that are so conspicuous amongst Men, are either not to be found at all in Women, or else, are so faint and languid, that they are scarce perceptible. Therefore they ought to lay the blame upon Nature, and not upon us, if we use them rather as Servants than Friends and Associates, for this is not the effect of Tyranny and Oppression, but occasioned by

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the weakness and imbecillity of their Nature. For being conscious that they are not able to subsist of themselves, they fly to us for Assistance and Protection, and so voluntarily submit to our Yoke ; whereas, were they equally brave and wise, we should not be able to maintain our Jurisdiction over them. It is not therefore so much to be admired, if she, whom I last conversed with, shewed so much aversion for being restored to what she formerly was, since she was a Woman, and being now an *Hind*, she enjoys Liberty and Freedom, the most pleasant and desirable thing in the World, whereas, should she be Woman again, she must become a Servant, than which nothing is more irksome and intolerable. I will therefore endeavour to find some, to whom my Kindness may be advantageous, since it would be prejudicial to her ; and perhaps, it may be so to some of these *Lyons*, that come this way. But their fierce and dreadful Countenances, do strangely terrifie me, notwithstanding *Circe's* assurance, that none of the Beasts in her Island should hurt me ; now they will not meddle with me, without they are ready to famish with Hunger, or I disturb them. However, I have so great Testimonies of her  
Love,



Love, that I will depend on her Word, and accost them. Gentle and Noble *Lyons*, may Nature always furnish you with all things that conduce to your Ease and Pleasure in your present State, or Change you into one more acceptable to you; pray, be so kind to tell me, if there be any one amongst you that was a *Grecian*; for if it be agreeable to his Desires and Wish, he may this Day, by the mighty Power of Love, be restored to his pristine Shape, and return into his own Country.

*Lyon*. I was a *Grecian*, as I perceive you are, if you speak your Mother Tongue.

*Ulysses*. I am a *Grecian*, my Name is *Ulysses*, if you ever heard of me.

*Lyon*. Very often both in *Greece* and elsewhere in my Travels; but have you left off following the Wars, by which you acquired so much Fame and Honour, not only in *Greece*, but throughout the whole World also? or are you unfortunately driven upon these Coasts as I was?

*Ulysses*. It was not Fortune, but the desire of seeing the World, brought me hither; for *Greece* having conquered all her Enemies, and I having no way now left to acquire more Honour, I went Sea.



*Lyon.* Is your Wife *Penelope* living still, whose celebrated Chastity was a most worthy Example to all the *Grecian* Ladies?

*Ulysses.* She is alive and very well, and though I am as much beloved by *Circe* in this Island; yet the great Love and Affection I have for my dear *Penelope*, and the desire to see my own Country again, hath made me prevail with *Circe*, to permit me to go home, and out of the true Love I bear my dear Country-men, I have obtained this Favour, that all that will, may become Men again, and go to *Greece* with me; this made me enquire, whether there were any *Grecians* amongst you, and I am very glad to find one to bestow this Favour upon.

*Lyon.* Very often, when you think you extreamly oblige a Person, you may do him a Diskindness, and yet he is bound in Gratitude to thank you for your good Intentions, though through ignorance, they were ill directed. This is my Case, and I most heartily thank you for your generous Offer, though I must desire you to excuse me from accepting of it; for contrary to your Sentiments, it would be very injurious and prejudicial to me.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* That's indeed beyond my comprehension; Is it more eligible to be a Brute than a Man?

*Lyon.* It is a most indisputable Truth, as you know very well what our Sage *Grecian* used to say, That if a Man could be seen within, he would be found Nature's Store-house and receptacle of Evils.

*Ulysses.* It is not Nature, but himself, that ought to be blamed, for by following his inordinate Appetite, he destroys his own natural Constitution, and so becomes the Cause of all his own Miseries.

*Lyon.* I mean not the Evils of the Body, but those of the Mind, which are far more pernicious.

*Ulysses.* You are too dogmatical. Our Bodies, are only the Vehicles of our Souls, as if they be imperfect or disordered, the Soul itself cannot perform its Functions duly and regularly.

*Lyon.* I do not deny, but that the indisposition of the Organs of the Body, obstructs and impedes the Operations of the Mind. But, I positively assert, that the Miseries and Misfortunes that attend Mankind, which proceed from the Soul, are more and greater than those of the Body; this is evi-



dent beyond Contradiction, being seated in, and affecting the most noble part of Man.

*Ulysses.* The Soul, indeed, is more Noble than the Body, but not being able to act without it, must of necessity be affected by it.

*Lyon.* The Evils of the Body, are far less dangerous than those of the Mind, for Man is sensible of them all, and discovers them, either by the changing his Colour, the quickness of his Pulse, &c. and endeavours by all means possible to be freed from them; but those of the Mind, very often disguise themselves so, that we not only do not desire to be rid of them, but place Happiness and Satisfaction in them, and from hence, commonly proceed all our Miseries and Misfortunes, as being deprived of our Native Country, Children, Friends, Estate and Honour, and many others: whereas, nothing but Death, at worst, can attend those of the Body, which sooner or later happens to all. Now, amongst the Distempers of the Body, those are accounted worst, which deprive the Patient of his Senses, as a Lethargie, Madness, Epilepsie, &c. then, if those of the Mind do so affect him, that hath them, that he know-  
eth



eth it not, then certainly they are more dangerous.

*Ulysses.* What you say is very right.

*Lyon.* Physicians say, it is beneficial to be ill sometimes, Nature itself requiring it; but not such a sort of Sickness, that the Patient may be insensible of it, and not desire to be relieved, for to be desirous of a Cure, is half way towards it. This is quite contrary in the Evils of the Mind, for he that is infected with them, cannot make any right Judgment concerning himself, that very part that should do it, being affected. Upon this Account, Folly is the greatest Evil that can attend a Man, for he is ignorant of his Malady, and consequently never endeavours after a Cure.

*Ulysses.* This is the case of Drunkards, when the Wine has dilated those tender Parts where the interior Senses perform their Functions, who being ignorant of their Condition, are guilty of a thousand ridiculous Follies and Impertinencies.

*Lyon.* Drunkennes is a transient Folly; here the Organs are only obstructed for some time by the fumes of the Wine; but when it proceeds from the indisposition of the Soul, it seldom admits of a Cure. What greater



greater Argument can there be, that the Distempers of the Mind are more pernicious than those of the Body, than that you shall never find any one in an Ague say, he is in Health; or one troubled with the Tiffick, that he is long winded; or a gouty Person, that his Joynts are in good order? But in those of the Mind, some call Rage and Fury, Courage; Lasciviousness, Friendship; Envy, Emulation and Cowardice, Caution; wherefore, the one applies himself to, and loves his Physician, and the other avoids and hates his friendly Admonisher.

*Ulysses.* 'Tis so, I confess.

*Lyon.* Ask a penurious Huncks of a Miser, why he disquiets himself Night and Day, why he denys himself, not only the Conveniences, but Necessaries of Life, why he drudges like a Dog in a Wheel, and all to leave his Bags to some prodigal Spend-thrift that will piss upon his Grave, and squander away all in Wine and Harlots? he'll tell you that Sixpence sav'd is Sixpence got, and that there's nothing like the honest turning of the Peny. Ask a poor Wretch over-run with Rhymes and Poetry, why he amuses himself with Odes and Sonnets, with Acrosticks and Anagrams, and such idle Trash, while



while he might employ his hours more advantageously both to himself and the Publick? his answer is, that he despises Wealth, and courts Immortality, when all his noble Compositions will at last end in a *Grocer's Shop*, or be buried under Tarts and Cheese-Cakes. Ask that senseless Butterfly, a Beau, why he is so affected in his Dress, and exhausts his little Patrimony in Ribbands and Essences? Oh, 'tis the Quintessence of Life, cries he, to be cleanly, and besides, one must please the Ladies. I could give a hundred other Instances, but these are sufficient.

*Ulysses*. The dressing Vice in the Robes of Virtue, and commending those things as Honourable, which are really Base and Scandalous, has been the occasion of a great deal of Mischief in the World.

*Lyon*. To this you may add, that a Man that perceives himself troubled with any bodily Infirmary, goes commonly to Bed, where he finds some alleviation of his Pain, if he will suffer himself to be governed, and perhaps a Cure at last. If he tosses and tumbles too much, he has Nurses about him to cover him again, and desire him to lie still. But he that is sick in Mind, finds no rest or quiet, and wherever he removes, carries



carries his Persecutor about him. And as to a Mariner, that Tempest which hinders him from coming into Port, is infinitely worse, than that which only retards him in his Course; so the Evils of the Mind never permitting us to gain the Harbour of Reason, and drop Anchor there, must consequently be the most vexatious of all. To be short if you would plainly know how far those of the Mind surpass the rest, only consider that he who is subject to those of the Body, suffers only the will: but he that is subject to those of the Mind, not only suffers the Evil, but likewise acts it.

*Ulysses.* But how can a Man know this, when commonly those that do Evil, take care to conceal it from the World?

*Lyon.* Trace all the Dissentions and Calamities that plague Mankind to their Cradle, and you'll soon know it. For instance, you'll be sensible that they proceed from Ambition, Envy, Avarice, Anger, or the like Infirmities of Mind, which not only disarm him of his Reason, but haunt him so incessantly, that he can neither suffer himself nor others, to be in quiet for them. To conclude, one Man of this Kidney is enough to disturb a whole City, but especially if he makes a  
great



great Figure in the World, and has Authority and Fortune enough to support him.

*Ulysses*. But are not these Diseases of the Mind, which, as you say, are so much more dangerous and troublesome than those of the Body, to be found among you?

*Lyon*. No such Matter.

*Ulysses*. Take care that you be not so deceived by them, as not to know them; for in my Opinion now, Reason will tell a Man that they must be much worse in you, than in us, because you have no such Faculty to restrain and govern them.

*Lyon*. If we have not Reason as you have, that might teach us to overcome them, though not wholly yet in part, we have not such immoderate insatiable Appetites as you, because we are ignorant of a thousand things that you know. Pray, tell me, what Ambition can possibly have footing among us, since we are all equal, and none of us despises another; nay, since we have no such thing as Superiority or degree of Honour to tempt us to obtain them by any manner of Injustice, as you do, who are so strangely blinded by this Lust of Sovereignty, as to sacrifice every thing to it? Envy can never find harbour among those of the same Species



cies that are equal, much less, among those of a different Species, since we have not the least judgment or knowledge of their Felicity. Covetousness also is a Vice to which we are utterly Strangers, because we have no distinction of *Meum* and *Tuum*, but possess all in common. The same may be said of many other Vices, that render your Lives unhappy ; but never infected our Tribes : upon which Consideration, some of our wise *Grecians* have affirmed, that if Man is the chief of other Creatures, 'tis only in respect of his Miseries and Troubles.

*Ulysses.* Well, suppose we have many Evils that you have not, yet for our Comfort be it observed, we have likewise many good things that are not to be found among you.

*Lyon.* And what are those in the name of Wonder ?

*Ulysses.* Virtues.

*Lyon.* So far from that, *Ulysses*, that I will farther maintain, that you don't possess one single Virtue, which is not greater, and more perfect in us.

*Ulysses.* I should be glad to hear you make out that Paradox to me.

*Lyon.*



*Lyon*. 'Tis what I intended, and I will begin with Fortitude, upon which thou valuest thy self so extravagantly, that one must salute thee by no other Title forsooth, than that of a Taker of Cities, and a Conquerour of People. But this I must tell thee by the by, that in all my military Exploits, thou carest not a farthing what dishonourable Tricks and Stratagems thou makest use of, provided thou canst but over-reach thy Enemy. Thus under the specious name of Sagacity and good Conduct, thou coverest a most scandalous and detestable Vice.

*Ulysses*. Speak the Truth of me as long as you please, but wrong me not.

*Lyon*. I did not direct my Discourse to you in particular, and beg your Pardon, if you think I have affronted you. But this I know full well, that all of you set such a Value upon Victory, that you don't care what methods you take to purchase, though they be never so base. I knew a famous Prince in my time, who supplied our Newsmongers with that above thirty years, took Towns, and ravaged Countries, and affected to be thought a Hero, yet what a glorious exploit did he perform all this while, though he had the most favourable Conjunction to carry



carry on his Designs, as a Man could have wished. At his first coming to the Throne, he found all his Neighbouring Princes, either drown'd in an inglorious effeminacy, or enervated by Superstition, or incapable to make any Opposition. He had an Army at his command that had been long trained up in War, and flushed by a long Train of Victories, but with all these advantageous Circumstances that seem'd to promise him an universal Monarch, this mighty Prince contented himself now and then to steal a Town from a Brother Prince, who was little better than a Natural, and whenever he approached the Enemy, always took care to keep his Royal Person out of danger. Yet this mid-night Plunderer of Cities, own'd his Success chiefly to his Perjuries and Frauds, has had Triumphal Arches and Statues erected to his Honour, the Priests and Lawyers have justified his Rapines, the Poets have flatter'd his great Conduct and Gallantry; in short, he has had so much Incense paid him, that I am afraid Posterity (now I that am a Beast, but a Beast loves to speak the Truth) cannot forbear to prefer a generous Bear or Tiger to this tricking, crafty, knavish Monarch, that has done all by flight of Hand,  
and



and watching his Opportunity, which Heaven be praised, is not practised among us. The Wars we are engaged in, as well among our selves as against you, are carried on without any shuffling or deceit on our part; each of us confiding in his own Strength, endeavours to revenge those Injuries that are done to him, though we are not under any Law that obliges us to do it, nor fear any Punishment or Infamy, if we think fit to overlook them.

*Ulysses.* But who shall satisfy me that this is not Anger, rather than true Fortitude?

*Lyon.* Only consider our manner of Fighting, and you'll be convinced. As none of us suffer our selves to be overcome by the Enemy, but oppose him with all our Force even to the last gasp of Life, without any dread or fear either of Punishment or Death, so we rather chuse to die Fighting than be taken, and never yield to our Adversary, at least in our Minds; which plainly shows that we don't cry out for Quarter, or supplicate his Mercy, or endeavour by any pitiful Signs and Gestures to raise his Compassion. And when we have lost the Day (for 'tis impossible for both sides to win) we generally

M

suffer



suffer our selves to die. But to proceed, you shall never see a Lyon wait servilely upon a Lyon, nor a Stag upon a Stag, as one Man does upon another, without any regard to his Reputation or Liberty. And from whence does this proceed, but from our invincible and mighty Courage? which plainly appears when you take us Captives, for we bear Hunger and Thirst with incredible patience; nay, many of us voluntarily pine away and die, rather than remain with you, and prefer Death to a nasty Servitude. For this Reason when you have a mind to make any of us tame, you are forced to take our young ones, who not knowing what they do, as having never tasted the Life of Nature, suffer you to feed them familiarly by your enticing Tricks; by which means, they lose at once with their Liberty, that Vigour of Mind, and Strength of Body, that belongs to their Species. But to convince you beyond all possibility of a Reply that Nature has given us a greater share of Courage than you, she has made us less impatient of Pain and other Inconveniencies, and this she has done, not only to the Males, but to the Females, who are no less apt than the Males to defend both themselves and their young  
from



from any Injuries that may be offer'd to them. I dare appeal to you whether you have not often observed that the Mare is not inferiour to the Horse, nor the Hind to the Hart, either in Courage or Strength; neither do they take Example from your Women, who, while their Husbands lye rough in the Field, and expose themselves to all the Hazards of War, stand idly by the Fire side, telling of foolish Stories, and belying their Neighbours. From all which, it appears, that this Virtue of Fortitude is found more universally among Wild Beasts than Man: Nor is this all, for I will positively maintain, that what passes for Fortitude with you, is Fearfulness improved by Art, a circumspect Cowardice, or a Mystery how to run away with Honour and Discretion; for you never engage in any Danger, which you can handsomely decline, nor suffer any Evil, but to avoid a greater: Now he that suffers any Pain to avoid a greater, is properly called Fearful and not Brave. Therefore complain not of Nature, because she has not armed you, as she has done us, with Claws, Teeth, or Horns, since you debauch your own Courage, either by Education, Luxury, or Superstition.



*Ulysses.* 'Tis a common saying with us, That every Story is good till another is told. The same may be said of all Arguments, and so having replied nothing to you all this while, but suffer'd you to go on without interruption, I shall not wonder if you flatter your self, that Beasts have more Courage than Men ; but think not that I am ~~not~~ of your Opinion, for I know it to be absurd and false, and can demonstrate that no Creature but Man can pretend to true Fortitude. Now to convince you that I maintain nothing but the Truth, you must know that Courage is a *Medium*, determined by Reason, between Temerity and Cowardice, and the end of it ought to be Virtuous and Honourable. How then can it possibly be found among you, who have not the direction of Reason to find out this *Medium* ? Hence it comes to pass, that as you repose no great Confidence in things on which you ought to rely, so you run head-long into every kind of Danger without any Consideration, or are not afraid of that which ought to be feared ; or lastly, are so very timorous, that you are afraid of every thing. In the next place you have no Idea of what is Just and Honourable, and consequently when you expose



pose your selves to Danger, either do it for Profit or Pleasure, or to Revenge some Injury. But this is not Fortitude.

*Lyon*. Before you go any farther; For what Reason did you Princes of *Greece* make War upon *Troy*?

*Ulysses*. To vindicate an injured Prince's Honour, whose Queen had been villanously stoln away by a treacherous lustful *Barbarian*.

*Lyon*. You mean, to help a poor abject whining Cuckold to his Wife again, that had been a Strumpet before he ever married her, and did not deserve the meanest Scoundril upon Earth to fall in her Quarel.

*Ulysses*. Nay, you may ridicule the most serious things, if you please.

*Lyon*. And pray, what principle of Virtue did those Gentlemen Rascals in red go upon those Inhabitants of Hollow-Trees, and Hay Cocks, those Valiant Plunderers of Hen-roosts, those Heroic Scowrers of Hedges, the Rubbish of High-ways and Bridges, the Refuse of Gaols and Gibbets, I mean your half-starved Wretches that ventur'd all for two pence a Day, by the same Token it was paid them in good substantial Drubs upon their Backs. What they too, I suppose,



fought for the Liberty of Greece, and Helen's Honour, did they not?

*Ulysses.* I find you are resolved to be merry.

*Lyon.* And then you right worshipful Commanders, who ought to have set a good Example to the rest of the Army, but were perpetually squabbling about your Whores, or taken up in Gaming or Drinking; Pray, Sir, had not you too a Principle of Virtue before your Eyes?

*Ulysses.* Come, come, this is nothing at all to the purpose, therefore to proceed in my Argument; I will affirm that whosoever throws himself into apparent Danger, either out of Anger, Delight, or Ignorance, is brutal and foolish, but by no means brave. Now this very often happens to be your case, because you know not what things those are you should reasonably fear, and much less those you ought to confide in.

*Lyon.* Why, you suppose we have very little Knowledge indeed, if you believe we know not that the ill is that we should fear.

*Ulysses.* 'Tis true, there are some few ills a brave Man may be afraid of, and which nothing but a Fool or a Mad-man would  
fright,



flight, as for Example, Infamy, Poverty, and the like; but these few excepted, a Man of Fortitude should fear nothing, let it appear to be never so terrible and dreadful, where Honour and Virtue are concerned; for which Reason we commonly call him the bravest Man who fears not Death, the greatest of Terrours, because 'tis the end of Life. However, no Inference can be drawn from this, that every sort of Death is not to be feared, neither ought we to conclude that a Man wants Courage, because he fears a natural Death, or to be cast away at Sea, or any Accident of that nature. Therefore he is truly brave that fears not an honourable Death, I mean, to die in the Field upon a lawful occasion, or for the defence of his Country, which is so Reputable and Glorious, that the Publick has ordained particular Honours for those that fall in so just a Quarrel.

*Lyon.* A very pretty Temptation that, to make Cowards fight. But, pray tell me, who have less fear of Death than we? as any one will own that sees how undauntedly we fight and defend our selves even to the last drop of our Blood, without fear of any thing.



*Ulysses.* Tho' I should allow you to have no fear of Death, when you fight, yet since you don't act upon a Principle of Virtue and Honour, but either do it to repress Injuries, to defend your selves and young ones, or for some such motive, you cannot be said to have true Fortitude. In like manner among us Men, those that voluntarily embrace Death either for being disappointed in their Amours, or to avoid Poverty or any Misfortune of the like nature, which does not happen to us through any Fault of their own, are not to be reckon'd valiant but timorous. For to avoid things painful, or to chuse Death, not for being honourable, but to fly some Misery or Evil, proceeds from pusillanimity, and not from Fortitude.

*Lyon.* How can we be said to be fearful, who in all our Skirmishes and Combats, don't so much as know what Danger is?

*Ulysses.* For that Reason you are Bold, and not Couragious; for a Man may be allowed to fear certain terrible things, without the least Injury or Wrong to his Courage, as for Instance, all such things as surpass human Power, as Earth-quakes, Thunder, and the like, though 'tis certain that Men of Bravery and Resolution, sustain these things



things with more alacrity and unconcernedness than those of meaner Spirits. Now as to fear every thing, when there is no occasion for it, is a Vice called Timidity, so not to fear any thing, when Prudence teaches otherwise, is the other extreme call'd Temerity, in the midst of which two extremes (for Vice is nothing else but an extreme that offends either in too little or too much) Fortitude stands, supported by Reason, for observe while you live that your Men of true Courage and Gallantry, will never expose themselves to any Danger without very good Reason; for certainly 'tis the greatest folly in the World for one to hazard his Life, the dearest thing he carries about him, unless it be upon a very justifiable account, and your wise Men are most of all obliged to preserve it, as being most worthy to live, because they are most capable to assist and serve their Friends. Upon this Consideration, we don't bestow the name of valiant Men upon those mercenary Wretches that fight for Pay, but only upon such as do it, either to defend their Native Country, or to justify their own Honour, or upon any such lawful provocation; neither do we reckon those brave, but lewd profligate Rake-hells or Misers, who either  
to



to gratifie their irregular Appetites, or else to acquire Riches, run head-long into any danger whatever. In like manner, those that do it either out of Anger or Ignorance, are ranked by us in the Class of the vindicative or rash. In short, that Man only is to be esteemed truly brave, who fears not Death, when Honour bids him draw his Sword, or to avoid any ignominious Imputation, which cannot be said of you, since as I have already told you, you have not the Light of Reason to inform and direct you.

*Lyon.* But don't you reckon those Brave, who being compelled to it by the Constitution of their Government, expose themselves to Danger, in order to obtain some honourable Post in the Commonwealth.

*Ulysses.* No, for although to outward appearance, they seem to be Brave, they are not really so. For a Man of true Courage performs gallant Actions, chiefly and principally for the love of Virtue, let the recompence of them be what it will, whereas these Gentlemen propose Glory or Profit to themselves.

*Lyon.* Be it so. Now those that are expert in Military Affairs, under what predicament do you reckon them, in that of the Brave?

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* Yes, although I must confess that this is a spurious sort of Fortitude, and inferior to the rest, because it proceeds from Art and Experience, by which you are instructed to hurt others, and defend your self, and not from Election guided by right Reason, which true Fortitude requires. And by the way, you may observe, that although Fortitude is exercised about assurance and fear, yet it principally consists in terrible and dreadful things; and he that behaves himself best under these, deserves better to be called Brave, than he that is only concerned in the former, it being much easier to abstain from Pleasure, than to bear Grief. And although a brave Man, in suffering the Calamities and Disasters that befall him, is forced to wade through a World of Difficulties, yet his Resolution to succeed in his Heroick Attempts, so well supports him, and fills him with such agreeable Ideas, that he patiently bears all his Misfortunes with a composed sedate mind, free from fear.

*Lyon.* By your Confession then, I perceive that there are so many nice Circumstances required to make an Action valiant, and so many rare Ingredients necessary in the composition of a brave Man, that for my part,



I despair of ever seeing one or the other. Especially since they cannot be perfect, till they have gained an universal Applause, which is supposed, upon what Grounds, I can't tell, to have always a regard to Truth and Merit. But you must not think to impose upon me with your thin Sophistry, for I am satisfied there is more Fortitude among us than you can pretend to, and that we are brought to engage in bold Exploits with much less difficulty than you. Therefore lose no more time in perswading me to become Man, for a Lyon I am, and a Lyon will remain ; so thanking you for your good-will, I rest your obedient Servant, and will go find my Companions in yonder Wood.

*Ulysses.* What an ignorant, shallow Monster this is? He knows no Operations but what proceed from the Body ; as for those of the Mind, he is utterly a stranger to them ; so 'tis no wonder if he calls those things Actions of Fortitude, which are only natural Inclinations and Motions, without any Election or Reason: So e'en let him continue a Brute as he is, while I try my Luck once more to see whether I can find one, who carrying his Views beyond the Body, considers and values the diviner Part, and consequently



requently better deserves to be restored to his human Shape, than this silly Scoundril.

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## Dialogue VII.

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*Circe, Ulysses, the Horse.*

**C***irce.* What do you here alone, *Ulysses*, and what are you thinking on, that you stand musing thus?

*Ulysses.* I don't know, Madam, the beauty of place, and the delightful shade of these Trees first tempted me to come here, where I had not staid long, but I began to consider with my self how few in number those Men are that know themselves perfectly, or that endeavour to know what part of them is the noblest and best. And I could not account to my self how it should be so, since this knowledge is so absolutely necessary to every one that desires to attain to true happiness, (which is the Centre all Men naturally tend to) that 'tis impossible without the same to obtain it. For which reason this short but difficult



difficult Lesson, *Know thy self* has by the appointment of our wise Men, been written over the Portico's of our most magnificent Structures in Greece.

*Circe.* But from whence do you gather that so few know themselves?

*Ulysses.* By their Actions; for you know, Madam, a Man is compounded of two Natures, one corporeal and earthly, the other Celestial and Divine. In the former he resembles brute Beasts, in the latter those immaterial Intelligences that turn about the Spheres. Now as the Celestial is the nobler and better part, so he ought to set a greater value on that than the other, for who in his right Senses would prefer the Cabinet to the Jewel it incloses? However by what strange infatuation it happens, I can't tell, the generality of mankind pay their Devotion to the wrong Shrine, I mean they neglect, and almost forget the heavenly part, while they bestow all their attention and care upon the Body.

*Circe.* I have heard you say that you have abundance of Philosophers in Greece, who apply themselves intirely to the study of Wisdom and Vertue, in order to refine and cultivate that part, which according to you is the noblest.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses*. Right, but they are very few in comparison of those that hunt after Wealth, and pursue bodily Pleasure. And even of these few, Madam, the greatest part seek Virtue for no other end, but the Temporal advantage they propose to themselves by it, as to live Easier and Finer, to obtain Honour, to get Estates and the like. But such designing Gentlemen ought by means to be call'd virtuous, for they don't embrace Virtue for Virtue's sake, and because she's good, but to make their Markets of her. The first and most active desire of our Soul is to know the truth, and the Causes of things, in order to satisfy its Curiosity, which is the end of it, and not to propose to our selves any sordid lucre and interest by it, as those do, who knowing nothing but the Body, think on nothing but the Body and its pleasures; to which stupidity is owing all the miseries and infelicities of human life.

*Circe*. I thought that during the little time you remain'd with me here, you wou'd enjoy all the delights, in which this charming and beautiful Island abound. And if nothing else could move you, yet the continual verdure of these Groves, the querulous murmurs of these Fountains, the fanning breezes of the Zephires,



Zephires, and the whispering noises of the Leaves would have provoked you to be gay and cheerful. Especially if you considered that security and those Delights which you may observe many different Beasts take one with another, that Sport and Play all day long in the Green and pleasant Woods, after the manner of those golden Times, so often celebrated by the Poets, when Discord and Hatred had got no footing in the World, when Nature enjoy'd an uninterrupted Tranquillity, and all Animals herded peaceably together, without any distrust or jealousy. These Ideas, I say, of that happy Age, the Delights and Peace of this Island seem naturally to revive; and yet, my dear *Ulysses*, you stand all the day musing and contemplating; sometimes under the melancholy shade of these Trees, sometimes on the Beach by the Sea shore, with thy hands folded together, and thy Mind so profoundly buried in Thought, that you almost seem'd to me a Body without a Soul. This, I confess, I little expected to see in you, both because the pleasantness of the Place, and the kind reception you have found here, might inspire you, one would think, with a little Gayety, so that I have often thought with my self that something or other sits very  
heavy



heavy upon your Mind, though you will not declare it.

*Ulysses.* Why, my dear *Circe*, you, I find, think of nothing but of the Body and the Pleasures belonging to it. You have no taste nor relish of that Delight which a considering Man feels in beholding the deep Secrets and Wisdom of Nature. On the other hand, you violently depress and keep hard to the Earth, that part of you, which you ought to raise up even to Heaven itself, where beholding those divine Substances, you would feel another sort of Pleasure than what this foolish World affords, tho' you doat so extravagantly upon them; for the Pleasures of the Mind are infinitely greater than those of the Body. And observe, Madam, what I tell you, cou'd I be so happy as to restore some few of my Country-men, whom you Ladyship has transform'd into Beasts, to their human State, deliver them from their present Servitude, and carry them home with me, I should think to obtain so much Reputation and Glory with the wisest Persons of *Greece*, which altho' 'tis uncertain and short-liv'd, is however reckon'd among the pleasures of the Mind, that I should reap more Satisfaction and Content by it, than by all the Pleasures of the Body I ever tasted, either here, or in any other Place.

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*Circe.*



*Circe.* If these your wise Men of Greece are so few in number in respect of the rest, as you have told me they are, why then this Glory of yours would take up but a small compass, and consequently be of little value; for the multitude wou'd not be able to estimate thy glorious Actions according to their merit, because they are not sensible how far Man is superiour to a Beast.

*Ulysses.* No, no, you are mistaken. 'Tis infinitely better to be praised by only one Man, who is praised by a thousand, than by a thousand vulgar Sots, whose Names are not so much as known.

*Circe.* Since you are so ambitious of this Honour, How comes it about then that you have not succeeded in't all this while? What! have you not found so much as one yet that is willing to become Man again?

*Ulysses.* No, for all those little Wretches whom I hitherto conversed with, when they were Men, neither knew themselves nor their own value, but were wholly immersed in sensual Pleasure; and because in their present Condition they enjoy a few more Conveniences belonging to the preservation and welfare of their Body, than they did before, having no regard to the Divine and Celestial Part, they resolve to remain Beasts.

*Circe.*



*Circe.* If they are so few that know any thing of this Divinity, which you pretend to be within them, 'tis no wonder that hitherto you have been disappointed in your Men. However, don't drop your design for all this, if you desire to succeed, for 'tis impossible but you must meet with one at last, that is of your Opinion, and will be glad to accept your kind offer. I need not tell you how different the Judgments of Men are upon most Subjects, and particularly in what relates to their Happiness. In the mean time, for I take no delight in these abstracted Speculations, I will pass my time in these agreeable Vallies, according to my usual Custom.

*Ulysses.* And I will follow that Sport which chiefly pleases me. If among my poor Country-men here I can but meet with one that is wise enough to know the Preheminence of Man, (for if to know ones self be the first Fruit of Wisdom, surely he may be call'd Wise that is endued with that Knowledge) and if I can prevail with him to be restored to his former State, I shall not think that I have spent all my time in vain, since one Kindness that is done to a wise Man, is worth a thousand that are done to Fools. But hold—see yonder a fair Horse trotting towards me. Bless me! what a well-shaped beautiful Creature it is.



24. Has Swift taken a hint  
from this?

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*Circe, Ulysses,* Dial. VII.

Next to Man, Nature seems to have taken most Care in framing him. Well, I am so mightily pleased to look upon him, that I wish with all my heart he may prove a *Grecian*, that I may do him this piece of Service, Prithee, tell me, honest Friend, what Countryman thou wert, before *Circe* transformed thee into a Horse.

*Horse.* I was of *Greece*, but what makes you ask me this Question?

*Ulysses.* Why, I have a mind to restore thee to thy former shape, provided thou art willing to become Man again, for *Circe* has given me Power to do it, and after I have deliver'd thee from this Servitude, I will give thee Liberty to return to thy Native Country, or go whither thou pleasest.

*Horse.* No Sir, I shall not accept of your Offer, I thank you. While I was a Man, I liked my Condition well enough, and thought very contemptibly of the Beasts; but now I have made Experiment of their way of living, faith Sir, I am resolved to live and die a Horse.

*Ulysses.* And for what cause, I beseech you? for Reason, methinks, might have taught you another Lesson.

*Horse.* In short, because I find in my present way of Life, fewer Incumbrances and Impediments to hinder me from enjoying Content,



tent, and obtaining that Perfection and End<sup>d</sup> which belongs to my Kind and Nature. But while I was a Man, I confess I did not do that which belongs to a Man.

*Ulysses*. Ay, Friend, I know well enough that you are a Creature that can live well enough of your self, without the assistance and help of Man.

*Horse*. I understand your Irony, but you would do well to apply it to those of my Kind of your own bringing up ; who by your pretended kind Usage and Flattery, having lost that fierceness, which they naturally have, cannot afterwards live without you. But that is not my case, Heaven be praised, who having never been under the Whip of your subjection, possess my Liberty, and go freely wherever I please, without any fear of correction from you, or distrust of those of my own Species.

*Ulysses*. And have you no other Reason than this ?

*Horse*. Why, is it not enough in all conscience to be less hindred from being able to do that which belongs to our Nature than you are ?

*Ulysses*. But in what respect, I pray ? for of my self I don't understand it.

*Horse*. I'll soon satisfy you as to that particular. You know then there are two Im-



pediments that hinder both you and us from doing that which belongs to our respective Natures; one is the fear of those things that may annoy and hurt us, the other the immoderate pursuit of those that give us Delight and Satisfaction. Now, both these things very often pluck back both you and us from that we should do, turning our Will and Appetite (which are the first movers of your Actions as well as ours) from that which they should seek after; either deterring them so by Fear, or alluring them with Pleasure.

*Ulysses.* What mean you, Friend, by all this heap of words?

*Horse.* Listen then, and I'll inform you. One of these two Impediments, call'd Fear, robs us of Fortitude, which Virtue reaches us to despise Fear, when we are engaged in any noble Enterprize. The other, which is Excess, robs us of Temperance, that suffers us not to take overmuch Delight in things that please, because they hurry us upon several things which we ought not to do. Both these things hinder us infinitely less than they do you, from those Operations that are convenient for us. And the reason is, because we have a greater share of Fortitude and Temperance, than you have; and as by the former, we restrain that part of our Appetite, which



which you call ireful, so that we fear not terrible things too much, nor trust too much in those things that we have; so by the other we govern our Concupiscence, so that it shall not immoderately follow after those things that bring Delight, nor fly too much from those that bring Pain and Sorrow: Thus having these Passions more moderate, and tractable, we perform more easily whatever belongs to our Nature, than you Discharge whatever belongs to yours.

*Ulysses*. This would be very fine, I confess, if you could prove to me that they are more perfect in you than in us.

*Horse*. I will not give my self the trouble to speak of Fortitude, for 'tis a case given up by you. Thus your Writers, I don't mean your Poets, who, because they write principally to delight the Reader may be sometimes allow'd to stretch a Point a little, but your Historians who are obliged to keep religiously to the strictness of Truth, when they have a mind to describe a Man of wonderful Strength, usually compare him to a Lyon, or a Bull, or some such Creature, but when they have occasion to speak of our Strength, never compare it to that of a Man. And from whence doth this proceed? but because they are convinced that we are much stronger than you.



*Ulysses.* Under Favour, this is Vigour and Strength of Body, and not Fortitude. But after this rate of arguing, an Elephant wou'd be the bravest Creature in the Universe, because he is the strongest, and to make an Instance in those of your own Species, an unweildy lumpish Dray-Horse wou'd carry away the Prize from the most mettled Prancer that ever ran at the Olympic Games. I perceive this Coxcomb is of the same Kidney with the rest, and knows nothing above the Advantages of the Body.

*Horse.* And from whence comes the Strength of the Body, but from that of the Mind?

*Ulysses.* Perhaps this Proposition may hold good in those that have Sense enough to perceive it.

*Horse.* And what should hinder us from perceiving it, since our Minds are more sedate and composed, and troubled with fewer Passions than yours?

*Ulysses.* What Passions have we that you have not?

*Horse.* In the first place, all those Passions that proceed from things past, or things to come, because we know nothing but what is present to us, and neither are troubled for what is past, nor foresee the future.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses*. What Passions does this occasion in us?

*Horse*. Must you be told then? Why, Fear and Hope. Fear of those things that displease you, and Hope of those that may help or delight you. In the next place, Joy and Sorrow are produced from things present, which either please or offend you. Now these Passions so disorder and discompose your Minds, that they don't suffer you to act as brave Men ought to do, and from these four, as from one Head, all the subaltern Passions derive their Original. Let us now proceed to that Virtue, that removes those Impediments that hinder us from acting rightly by the allurements of Delight or Pleasure, which is called Temperance. You will not, I suppose, deny that we are infinitely more moderate than you, not only under Delectations and Pleasures, but also under Grievs and Anxieties of the Mind.

*Ulysses*. Your humble Servant, but I will, and for a very good Reason, because you are much more govern'd by the Sense than we.

*Horse*. Hold a little. Reflect upon our manner of Living, and you will find the contrary to be true by Experience, and if you will give me the hearing, I will show it.

*Ulysses*.



*Ulysses.* With all my heart, for I desire nothing more.

*Horse.* You know that Temperance is chiefly employ'd, as I have already observed to you, about Pain and Pleasure. But because it is much harder to abstain from Pleasures than to be moderate under Pain, I will begin with the former. In the Class of Pleasures those of *Venus* are the most provoking, and have the greatest Influence over us. Now, I defie you to show any Species of Beasts whatever, that are so blindly captivated, and so extravagantly hurried by them as you: for tho' we are eager enough to gratifie this Appetite, yet after the Female has once conceived, neither does she seek after us, nor we after her. Besides this, we neither become their Servants, nor stoop to make such low Condescensions, as you do, who are such effectual Vassals to your Lust, that it makes you forget your Quality, your Reputation, your Ease, and lists you in the Number of Slaves. In the first place, you must write a thousand foolish Letters to this Idol of your Heart, and cram them with a thousand Absurdities and Lies. You must tell her the Stars have borrowed their Lustre from her Eyes, that the finest Lilies and Roses in the World, are those that grow in her Checks; in short, that

Nature



Nature was at an extraordinary Expence to frame so finished, so divine, so lovely a Piece. After this, you must make a Million of Protestations to be hers, and only hers while you live, to dedicate your Heart and your Fortune entirely to her, and despise the rest of the Sex for her sake, you must throw yourself a hundred times at her Feet, you must whine, and sigh, and look like a fearful Scoundril just going to Execution, you must swear that you live by her Smiles, and that *Jove's* Thunderbolt is not so terrible as a killing Glance from her Eyes. When you have pass'd thro' these Forms, you must present her with Pearl-Necklaces, with Locketts and Jewels; you must treat her at all the Summer-houses, you must carry her to the Park and Play-house, and regale her with all the fine things in Season, you must serenade her in the Street and cool your Heels there, when perhaps the more fortunate Gallant is in Bed with this Coquet; you must hire some second-hand Poet to deifie her in mercenary Rhymes, you must fight all the presumptuous Wretches that call her Honour or Beauty in question: in short, you must lye, and flatter, and swear, and whine, and sigh, and languish, and fawn like a Dog, and creep like a Slave to get admission into her Heart.

And



And after a long train of Expences and Perjuries, which nothing but an abandon'd Sot wou'd be guilty of, when you come to enjoy this imaginary Goddess that has cost you so many Vows, Imprecations and Treats; when you come to caress her in your Arms, and taste all her Delights, what do you get by it, but a foolish squirt of Pleasure for so much Anxiety and Pain, but a Moment's silly satisfaction for so many thoughtful Days and uneasy Nights, and 'tis well if you speed so, for 'tis ten to one but some hot-headed Rival, some humble whining Slave of hers, cuts your Throat, before you have obtained the least Favour of her.

*Ulysses.* You are no stranger, I find, to the extravagancies of this Passion.

*Horse.* How many married Sots among you, for the Follies I have recounted to you, may be excused perhaps in a foolish young Fellow that is single? How many married Sots, I say, for the sake of a nauseous, painted, bulk-ridden Harlot have left their Children to starve (a Crime so execrable and unnatural, that it never entred into our Thoughts to commit it, while our young ones want us to look after them) without any regard to their Reputation or Estate, and by such extravagant Courses are reduced to Rags, beg  
of



of Porters and Chimney-sweepers, ply at Tavern Doors, snuff Candles, pimp, fawn and flatter any one that will employ them. Some have gone so far into Heroism, after they have exhausted their Fortune, and played all their Tricks, after they have tired their Friends, and carried Credit as far as it will go, to rid themselves of a miserable Life they dispatch it with their own Hands; but as these Examples are very rare, the generality of these Sots drink only in Cellars, starve in Garrets, and are buried *gratis* in the next Church-yard.

*Ulysses*. You have been very satyrical upon this occasion. Pray, have you done?

*Horse*. I might here, were I minded to be satyrical, as you call it, but especially since so many lewd Books are, to your great Scandal, extant to justify my Charge, I might here take occasion to enlarge upon some infamous Authors, who excited by the like Passions, have made no scruple to publish their filthy Thoughts upon this Subject, and proclaim their beastliness to the World. I might too, refresh your Memory with Stories of certain People, who by abandoning themselves to these Irregularities, have come to a most ignominious End. But let us draw the Curtain here. You flatter your selves, forsooth, that Beauty is a divine Qualification, and  
that



that Love being only a desire to enjoy it, is consequently a commendable Passion. Thus under the Name of Beauty, you understand a little foolish red and white, something given by Nature, but oftner by Art, and under the Name of desiring it, which is one of the first Perfections of the Soul, you conceal this your human Passion. I call it human, because it is never so impetuous and violate in us, but infinitely more moderate, and that at those Seasons, only which Nature has appointed for the propagation of the Species.

*Ulysses.* As if we never saw you commit a thousand Follies upon the like occasion.

*Horse.* You have seen us, perhaps, fight and wound one another, while the generous *Oestrus* continued, and this proceeds from jealousy, which is a common Passion that always grows up with this desire, and constantly attends it. But if I should turn the Tables upon you, it wou'd make your Hair stand on end, perhaps, to think what wicked and abominable Actions you Men have been guilty of. Consult your own Histories a little, and you will find how much Hatred and Animosity, how many Fews and Quarrels, how many Treasons and Murders, as well by Sword as by Poyson, which is a most execrable Barbarity, have ow'd their original to this disorder.



disorderly Passion. I will therefore drop so odious a Subject, and pass to the Pleasures of Eating and Drinking. Now pitch upon what Beasts you please, either wild or tame, and you must own that in this respect we are more moderate than you. I desire you to show me one that at any time either eats or drinks more than Nature requires, or that seeks after any other aliment, than what she ordained, Seed, or Grass, or Flesh, or Fruit: whereas you are so far from being satisfied with one Nourishment, that you eat every thing almost, search every corner in the Universe, and ransack the four Elements to supply your Luxury. Nay, not contented with this, you employ learned Masters in the Mystery of Eating, who try a thousand expensive Tricks to give a greater *haut goût* to your Food, than Nature thought fit to give them. This betrays you into frequent excesses, by which means you destroy the Vigour of your Constitution, and either shorten your Days, or entail a sickly vexatious old Age upon your selves. Of Drunkenness, your darling Sin, that tempts you for a little Delight you find in the Wine, to drows your Reason, upon which you value your selves above all other Creatures, I will say nothing; since you your selves are so ashamed of it, that

'tis



'tis a common Proverb with you, that a drunken Man deserves a double Punishment for the Crimes he commits in that disorder; first of all, for his Crimes, and in the next place, for suffering the Wine to disarm him of his Intellects, by which means he fell into those Irregularities. Therefore I leave you to judge, whether we are not much more temperate than you, and whether our Destiny is not far happier than yours, who have the greater share of that Virtue, which takes off the Impediments that hinder us from acting according to Nature.

*Ulysses.* I confess that a Man, if he looks only on some few of your Operations, without giving himself leisure to consider the End, wou'd be apt to think you were much more temperate than we, which I will now demonstrate to be false. I must inform you then, that Temperance is an elective habit, chosen by right Reason, which causes him that possesses it, not to be overmuch discomposed in things that go against the Grain, nor overmuch taken with the delight of those that please him. Now this habit, as has been already observed, is exercised more about Delectations than Grievs, but it does follow from hence, that it comprehends them all. For Temperance has no relation to the Pleasures of the Mind, as Probity, nor to the Delight of the Under-



Understanding, and such like : Neither to all those of the Body ; for we don't use to call him an intemperate Man that delights himself in objects belonging to the sight, as Pictures, Statues, and things of that Nature, and much less him that finds a Recreation in things belonging to the hearing, as Voices and Sounds ; or one that pleases himself in sweet Odours, provided they have no respect to Eating. As a Dog does, for Example, who takes delight in the scent of a Hare, for no other reason, but because he hopes to make a Dinner of poor Puss. 'Tis therefore plain, that this Virtue is only employ'd about the delectations of the Taste and Touching. Nay, I dare venture to affirm that only the pleasure of Touching is its Object, because the Taste is but a sort of Touching : witness that famous Epicure upon Record, who took such a pleasure in Wine, that he desired his Maker to give him a Neck as long as a Crane's, that it might last the longer, which cou'd only be perform'd by the Touch.

*Horse.* And to what purpose do you make all this long Harangue ?

*Ulysses.* Hearken then, you must observe then, that Man enjoys the Instrument of this Sense in a more perfect degree than any other

O



ther Creature whatever.

*Horse.* And how do you prove this ?

*Ulysses.* Mind me. All the Organs and Members, by which the Sensation is performed, must be altogether naked, if I may so express my self, and divested of all their objects, because nothing can receive that which it has taken, and therefore 'tis impossible that the Eye should have any colour in itself at all, nor the Taste any relish. Otherwise, the Eye wou'd see every thing of the same colour it had in itself, as we find by Experience, when we look through a colour'd Glass; and the Taste wou'd find every thing to have the same relish that it self has, as a Man whose Palate is debauched by a cholerick Ague, imagines every thing he tastes, during that Indisposition, to be bitter.

*Horse.* This is most certain, but I don't see to what end you offer it.

*Ulysses.* Why, because the Instruments by which the Touch is perform'd, whether they are Sinews, Flesh, or Skin, must of necessity do the same, because their Objects are chiefly the first Qualities, that is to say, heat, dryness, cold and moisture, and these being compounded of the four Elements, cannot be without a mixture of them.

*Horse.*



*Horse.* How then do they make a Shift to perceive them, when they receive them again into them, if they have them?

*Ulysses.* They only feel the excess or defect of them, I mean only those things that are hot, cold, dry, or moist, more or less than they are; and therefore whatever Creature has the most temperate Flesh and Skin, must enjoy this Sense in the greatest Perfection, because it soonest feels the least Difference, and this we Men do, who certainly have a more temperate Constitution than any other Animal. Hence it follows that we possess this Sense in a more exquisite degree, and find a greater Pleasure upon all its Operations than you; so that you ought not to wonder, if feeling greater Pleasure, we were likewise less temperate, but this I am far from affirming.

*Horse.* What, won't you own that we are less drawn and influenc'd by these Pleasures than you, when Experience daily teaches the contrary?

*Ulysses.* I will own that you abstain more from Pleasures, and trouble your selves less with Pain and Sorrow than we, but still this does not proceed from Temperance.

*Horse.* And why so?



*Ulysses.* Because, as I have already informed you, Temperance is an elective habit, made by the direction of right Reason. How then can you make any pretences to this Virtue, since in the first place you want Reason that might instruct you what this Habit is, and what that *Medium* is, which you are never to exceed, either in your Grief, or in the Delight you take in those things, without which, the Species cannot be maintain'd and propagated? This is the Reason why Nature has thought fit to make those Actions so delightful, that contribute so much to the preservation of the *Individuum*, as Eating and Drinking, as likewise those that maintain the Species, as the act of Generation. In the next place, you don't choose freely and spontaneously, because you are guided in all your Operations by Nature, and have not so much Liberty as we.

*Horfe.* How comes it about then, that these effects of Temperance are seen so visibly in us, if we have no such Virtue?

*Ulysses.* They proceed from a secret Instinct of Nature, who being sensible that you are not of such perfect Knowledge, as to chuse for your selves that which is best for  
your



your Conservation, has so order'd it, that you can neither eat nor drink more than your Necessity requires, or commit any excess, by which any Harm or Prejudice might arise to you. Now this ought not to be called Temperance, which directs us not to be much disturbed about those things that are not convenient, nor take too much satisfaction in such as are, but to do every thing with moderation, and when 'tis a proper time.

*Horse.* Why, if we do all this you talk of, either by Nature or Temperance, 'tis enough for us.

*Ulysses.* If that proposition were true, it would consequently follow, that to be led by Compulsion to some end, should be better than voluntarily and freely to embrace it. But this is servile and base Doctrine, therefore let me perswade you to be restored to your human State, and return with me to your own Country,

*Horse.* Thank you for your Advice, Friend, but I shall not follow it, for altho' I cannot defend my own side, so learnedly as you can, yet I know enough to tell me that my present Condition is much better than yours, and therefore will continue in it.



*Ulysses.* Go then, walk upon all four, and eat grass, if that is thy Resolution. Thou dost not deserve to be any thing but a Beast, since thou sufferest thy self to be so led away by thy Senses, as to forget the Light of Reason.

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## Dialogue VIII.

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### *Ulysses and the Dog.*

*Ulysses.* **I**F it is the intention of Nature, as our Philosophers assert, that every thing should tend to its proper End and Perfection, Why did she bestow so great a Power upon our Senses, that they drag our Mind continually down to the Earth, and for the most part employ it in these terrestrial things, as I find by this Fellow that was transformed into a Horse, with whom I conversed just now? so that indeed, we differ but little from brute Beasts, who, because they have their end in the Earth, were purposely made by Nature, with their Faces  
turned



turned towards it ; whereas the framed Man only with his Face erect towards Heaven, to let him understand that he should continually aspire, and raise himself towards it, and contemplating the Operations of those divine Substances, obtain a Felicity that will exalt him above the human State. But what means this Dog, fawning and wagging his Tail, and now he is come up to me, stands still ? 'Tis the Nature of this Creature, I know, to be very fond of Man, and I suppose he's the gladder to see me, because those of my kind are so seldom seen in this Island.—— I believe, nay, I know it to be true by Experience, that Nature gave us those Senses that are not necessary for the Conservation of Life, only for our better being, and to make our Knowledge more perfect : Hence it comes to pass, that having their objects upon the Earth, they incline and depress our better part towards it, which, if they did not hinder it, would of its own Nature continually aspire to Heaven—— Bless me ! how this Dog stares and looks at me ? By his gestures and signs, he seems to understand my Discourse ; but to proceed—— 'Tis plain she could do it for no other Cause, but that



the Difference between these two Parts might oblige us to greater Wariness and Circumspection, and likewise excite our Diligence, to give greater and greater Proofs daily of our Virtue, which not only has such Difficulties to struggle with, but become stronger and more perfect by them.—— But what designs has this Dog upon me, that he makes so much of me? 'Tis strange to consider how friendly and faithful this Creature is to Man.

*Dog.* Tell me, worthy Sir, whether you are of *Greece*, and particularly of *Ithaca*?

*Ulysses.* I am a *Grecian*, and *Ithaca* is my native Country.

*Dog.* I knew so much by your Speech, for every Country has a peculiar way of pronouncing their Words, which Strangers that are born out of it can hardly or never attain to, and I stood rejoicing to find one of my Country men here. But at the same time I am not a little afflicted, to find that you have not obtained the same Happiness as I have.

*Ulysses.* And under favour, what may be that Happiness?

*Dog.*



and the Dog.

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**Dog.** That *Circe* has not been so kind as to transform you into some Beast as I am.

**Ulysses.** *The Devil a Barrel the better Her-ring.* They are tainted with the same Disease, I find. But heark ye, dear Friend of mine, do you think it a Happiness to be turned from a Man into a Beast.

**Dog.** Yes, I'faith, and you would say the same, had you made the Experiment as I have done. If you believe it not, do but listen to me a few minutes, and I will make it as plain to you as a Pike-staff.

**Ulysses.** Begin then, for 'tis what I desire. I have taken a world of pains with *Circe*, to perswade her to restore you again to the human State; but if 'tis so as you tell me, I will trouble my self no more about the matter.

**Dog.** One favour I'll make bold to beg of you first, and that is, to tell me your Name.

**Ulysses.** My Name is *Ulysses*, and my two darling Recreations in the Days of yore was Learning, and afterwards a Military Life.

**Dog.**



*Dog.* I am so much the gladder to meet with you, because you were educated in two of the most noble and generous Professions in the World. My Name is *Cleanthes*, and I too formerly was a piece of a Philosopher, but having a great Estate fallen to me, I left my Studies, and abandon'd my self to a voluptuous Life, as the generality of Mankind in such Circumstances do, till one day my Destiny bringing me hither, I was transform'd by *Circe*, as you see, into a Dog, and in this Condition I live ten times easier and happier, than I did when I was a Man.

*Ulysses.* But I expect, or rather intreat you to tell me, why you look upon your being to be better than ours.

*Dog.* With all my Heart, and I will begin with the Virtues, for instance, with Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and the rest; upon which you value your selves so mightily, as if you excell'd all other Animals in this Point. But first of all, resolve me one civil Question. Which ground, do you think, deserves most Commendation, either that † inhabited by the Cyclopes, which is said to produce all sorts of Fruit and Corn spontaneously,  
of

† He means  
Sicily.



of its own natural Goodness, without being cultivated and plough'd by human Industry, or our mountaneous and barren Soil of *Itaca*, which hardly affords enough for the sustenance of Goats, and though it is manur'd and till'd with all the diligence imaginable, yields so sorry a Crop, that it never answers the poor Husbandman's Expectation, or pays him for his Pains. But before you bring in your Verdict, see that your Love for your Native Country does not bias your Judgment.

*Ulysses.* Tho' I must own I love my own Country better than *Sicily*, yet I think it much inferiour to it in point of Fertility, otherwise I should wrong the Truth.

*Dog.* The same holds good as to the Soul, which in this respect resembles the Ground, and consequently you ought to give the Preference to such, as without any Study or Labour, are capable to produce of themselves good and perfect Operations.

*Ulysses.* And this likewise I confess to be true.

*Dog.* Why then, you must grant me that the Souls of Beasts, which without Difficulty, Learning and Application, bring forth the  
Virtues



Virtues of themselves, are far better and more noble than yours.

*Ulysses.* What Virtues are those, I beseech you, that Beasts are endued with of their own Nature?

*Dog.* Far greater than those which Man attains to with long Difficulty and Art. But to proceed regularly in our Discourse, let us begin with that which is the Basis and Foundation of them.

*Ulysses.* And what do you call that?

*Dog.* Why, Wisdom, without which there can be no such thing as Virtue. For Virtue being nothing else but a *Medium* between two extremes, determin'd by right Reason, it follows of course that there can be no Virtue without Wisdom. Now the *Medium* that is a Virtue is not like an Arithmetical *Medium*, which lies at an equal distance from its extremes, as in your continued Quantity, for instance, the Circle of a Circle, from which draw as many Lines to the Circumference, as you please, they will be all equal; or as six is between two and ten in separate Quantity, which is as far distant from one as the other: but 'tis like a Geometrical *Medium* which is distant from its extremes by some  
Simili-



Similitude or rational Proportion, as for Example, six is between nine and four, where it contains once and a half the four, and is contained once and a half likewise in the nine; for which reason 'tis said to be a *Medium* between one and the other by proportion of Reason. So likewise the *Medium*, in which Virtue consists, not lying at an equal distance from its extremes, after the manner or similitude of an Arithmetical *Medium*, it follows that Virtue must determine it according to a rational proportion of Extremes, after the similitude of a Geometrical *Medium*: and this Virtue, to whose Jurisdiction and Province it belongs to determine it, is Wisdom. 'Tis impossible therefore that there should be any Virtue without Wisdom, upon which account, 'tis with very good Reason said to be the Rule and Foundation of all the rest, and this, as I have already hinted to you, is found in more perfection among us, than you, who so vainly pretend to it.

*Ulysses.* And who tells you that 'tis so?

*Dog.* Even the best Mistress in the World,  
*Reason.* Tell me, I pray, don't you grant that



that the Habits are known by means of the Operations?

*Ulysses.* I do, for 'tis certainly true.

*Dog.* You must consequently grant then that we are wiser than you, because we perform our Operations far more wisely than you do yours. And to convince you of this Truth, let me only desire you to consult your own Experience. Consider diligently the Operations of each of our Kinds, beginning at the lowest Class of Beasts, and you will find the Ant to be so provident and wise, that he lays up Store enough in the Summer to subsist him the Winter following; observe with what Artifice and Cunning the Spiders lay their Snares to intrap certain little Insects on which they feed; and how cautiously your Wasps and many other of the like nature, hide themselves in Holes under Ground at those Seasons, which, if they ventur'd abroad, would be too severe and pinching for them. I need not exspatiate upon the wise Government and Administration of the Bees, because so many Virtuofos among you have taken such pains to know and describe their manner of Life, and all the Mysteries  
of



of their little Commonwealth. Go to the Birds, and you shall find that all of them change their place of abode from time to time, as Nature directs them: You shall see that some of them, knowing themselves incapable to bring up their Young, cause them to be hatched and fed by others, as the Cuckow, and that some doubting whether the Young ones they have bred are of their own begetting, have found out a wonderful way to satisfy themselves of this Truth, as the Eagle, who is reported to turn their Eyes towards the Rays of the Sun. I will in silence pass over the great Wisdom of the Cranes, who govern themselves with so good Order under the Command and Conduct of one of their own kind; and how, when the rest take their Repose, he alone stands with his Head aloft, and serves as a Centinel for them, holding a Stone all the while in one of his Feet to secure him from sleeping, and when he hears the least Noise, gives an Alarm to the whole feather'd Caravan. As for the Partridges, what Cunning and Dexterity do they show in defending their Young ones from the Fowler, the old setting themselves before,



before, till the others have time to escape? Your Swallows, when they can find no Dirt to fasten those little Splinters of Wood and Straw together, of which Materials they make their Nests, for they wall them exactly after the same manner as you do your Houses, have they not so much Wisdom as to wash them in water, and tumbling them afterwards in the Dust, to beat it into a sort of Mortar, not much differing from yours? Then in feeding and breeding up their Young, what admirable Sagacity do they show, in taking Care that each of them should have his share of the Food, and ridding their Nests of all the Filth, that they might lie clean? The Pye, when she perceives that her Eggs have been handled, how provident she is to remove them to a place of more Security, hanging two at a time on a little Twig with certain slimy matter that comes from her Belly, and then balancing them on their Neck, so that one does not weigh down the other, carries them to a new Nest? How careful are the Stares to hide their Eggs from their Males, who are so libidinous, that because they should not be employ'd in covering them, would certainly



tainly break them? Let us now go on to your terrestrial Animals, and to begin with the Quadrupeds, what can be wiser or more sagacious than the Elephant and Camel? I will not give my self the trouble to recount any particulars about them, because they are so well known. Cast your Eyes upon the Red-Deer, and consider the Males, who when they find themselves fat, retire to the most private places, and are glad to abscond, because they are sensible that they are unfit to run; and this they likewise do when they shed their Horns, as knowing that they are incapable to defend themselves when they are disarm'd of their only Weapons. What shall I say of the Wisdom that the Hinds show in bringing up their Young, who purposely chuse to fawn in those places, where they see the Steps of Men, concluding, that other Beasts will not come to disturb them there, and that Man will not molest like the rest; and afterwards when they are somewhat bigger, in leading them upon the Rocks, and teaching them to leap? What Wisdom does the Bear show, in teaching her little ones to climb the Trees, and frequently affright-

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ing



ing them that they may learn the better to defend themselves from other Beasts? As for the Wisdom of the Horse, and those of our own Species, I will say nothing of it, because living continually among you as we do, I presume you can be no stranger to it: Much less will I speak of the Wisdom of Reptiles, as the Snake, whom you represent to be the Emblem of Prudence. Neither will I enlarge upon the Wisdom of Fishes, nor tell how they defend themselves from such as would take them, sometimes by troubling the Water with their Fins, and sometimes by vomiting a black Liquor like Ink; not to mention a thousand other Expedients they use upon such occasions. 'Tis enough for my purpose that you have learnt from them the Building of Ships, and the Art of Navigation, without which, you could hardly supply your Necessities, making your Oars after the fashion of some of their Feet; and your Sails in imitation of certain Wings that some Fishes have, who rising up to the surface of the Water, and spreading them out, make a shift to fly with them by the assistance of the Wind. In short, if you seriously con-



consider the Operations of all Beasts, you must be forced to confess, that we have more Wisdom than you, and consequently that our Condition is much preferable to yours, since we have received all these Advantages freely from Nature: Even, as just now you confessed that the Country of the *Cyclopes*, which naturally produces all manner of Fruit, is better than our barren *Ithaca*, which would produce nothing at all, if it were not perpetually manur'd and ploughed by you.

*Ulysses.* Truly, Friend, when you first began to discourse of Wisdom, I was in good hopes to hear something pertinent, and well digested upon this subject, flattering my self, that when you were a Man, you had applied your self to the study of Moral Philosophy; but you had not gone very far, before I was convinced of my Mistake, and found you offer'd nothing but whipt Cream. In short, thou art not able to tell me what Wisdom properly is, and what is worse, dost often confound it with Art.

*Dog.* Why, is it not Wisdom to know how to govern our Operations rightly, and

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employ



employ them carefully about those things that are good for us? Surely, you will not contradict me in this?

*Ulysses.* No. But I must inform you that this is not sufficient; for we don't call him Wise that can prudently manage and order one thing only, as for Example, one that looks after his Health, or can draw up an Army in rank and file, but one that shows it in every thing that relates to the tranquillity and repose of Life. Now this comes not within the little Sphere of your Capacity, and therefore you must not pretend to Wisdom. To satisfy you that this is true, only be so patient to listen to me a while, and I will prove it. Wisdom then is a Virtue that consists in the practical Understanding, for 'tis its Business to know the general Heads of things that are to be practised. These are the first steps she goes by, and these she learns from the Understanding, which afterwards by the help of Ratiocination she applies to particulars. But this is a Talent you have nothing to do with, because you have not this advantage of the Understanding.

*Dog:*



*Dog.* But how will you make it appear, that it is in the Understanding, and not in the Sense?

*Ulysses.* Listen then. Wisdom forms to itself a Judgment of things past, and of things to come, which it would be impossible for her to do, if she knew them not: and I need not inform you that the Sense knows nothing but what is present.

*Dog.* Surely, you are mistaken. Why, don't the Memory and Fancy know things that are absent?

*Ulysses.* True, but they make no Judgment of them, nor do they afterwards apply them to particulars.

*Dog.* Why cannot we have these first Principles of Wisdom by Nature, as you for Example have them by Science?

*Ulysses.* The Reason is obvious enough, because they are either acquired by Learning, or Experience, whereas 'tis impossible that you should have either of these. Not Learning, because you are not capable to form to your selves any Idea of Universals; nor secondly, Experience, because you have not the gift of Memory, whose proper Business it is to treasure up, and keep par-



ticulars, which Reason afterwards consults and examines, and so comes to gain Experience.

*Dog.* Why, will you pretend that we have no Memory? You seem to know very little of the matter.

*Ulysses.* I say no, for yours is Imagination and not Memory.

*Dog.* And what real difference is there between them, if we remember things as well by our Imagination, as you do by your Memory?

*Ulysses.* I won't deny that the Imagination preserves the Representations of those things, that have fallen under the Cognizance of the Senses as the Memory does, but the Memory keeps them more distinctly and more particularly; and besides, this joyns the Circumstance of time, as when it was that she received such Representations by the Sense, which the Imagination alone, as you have it, can by no means perform. And therefore, an Ass, when he comes to a Ditch, into which he formerly tumbled, will not budge through, as the Proverb has it. Now this proceeds from nothing else, but only from the Idea his Imagination represents



sents to him of his falling into that Ditch, indistinctly, and without any specification of time: so that although he is not able to determine, whether such an Accident befel him in the time past, or in the time present, or will do so in the time to come, which are the three parts of time; yet however, he cannot be brought to pass it. 'Tis indeed true, that those Animals that possess this Power of the Imagination in a more perfect degree, by which they have a clearer and more distinct Knowledge of things, seem to have a Memory: in which Class those of your Species without any Complement to you, hold the principal Rank: for to appearance, you remember things better, and know them more distinctly, but particularly your Masters, than any Creature whatever. As for those other Kinds that possess it more imperfectly, they seem to remember less, as your flies, that when they are driven from any place, forget it immediately, and return to it again. So then, 'tis a plain case that Man only can be said in Propriety of Speech to have Memory, because he knows the distinction of time, and consequently is the only



Creature that deserves to be called Wise: for he that has no Knowledge of the time, cannot judge when 'tis good to go upon any Action, and when not, which properly belongs to Wisdom.

*Dog.* If we have not Wisdom, what is it then that directs us so faithfully, as to do only that which is convenient to our Nature?

*Ulysses.* 'Tis a secret Instinct or Property that Nature has given you for your Benefit, and that directs you to your End. Therefore if you should enquire of those Ants for Example, that were bred last Spring, for what reason they lay up Magazines of Corn in their little Apartments under Ground, since having no Knowledge of the preceding Winter, they cannot do it out of any Principle of Wisdom, as you pretend, they would return you no other Answer, but that they saw those that begot them do the same, or that Nature directed them to this piece of good Husbandry.

*Dog.* And is not this the very same in us, which you call Wisdom in you?

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* No, I tell you, for there is a vast difference between them. In the first place, Wisdom is no natural Quality, but is a Habit first chosen by the Will, and afterwards acquired by Operation. And to give you a clearer Light into this Affair, be pleased to carry with you that in our intellectual Part (I speak of the Understanding and not of the Sense) there are two Faculties or Powers, by one of which we behold those things that are invariable, necessary and everlasting, or that have their beginning in such manner, that they are never liable to alteration; and by the other, we know those things that are fortuitous and mutable, and that may be as well after one Fashion as another. The first is called speculative Understanding; the second, Reason, or practical Understanding. Now because those things that are necessary and invariable are of three sorts, for either they are beginnings, or else conclusions following the said beginnings; or lastly, a gathering together and application of both; so likewise in the speculative Part there are three Habits, that is to say, the Understanding, Science and Wisdom;



dom : By the assistance of the Understanding we perceive the Beginnings, by Science the Conclusions, and by Wisdom both one and the other. And because those things that are mutable and fortuitous, are likewise of two sorts, for either they are active and operative, or else they are factive (I speak only of those that are in our Power, and not of such as proceed from Nature) those are called Active or Operative that belong to our Customs and moral Operations, and that make us and our Affections perfect, directing them towards the Good : those Factive, that belong to things without us, and make them perfect. Now about the first, Wisdom is employed, which is nothing else but a Habit to act with Reason, and comprehends those things that are either Good or Evil to us. About the second, Art is exercised, which is nothing but a Rule, or Form to manage artificial things with Reason. Observe therefore that in you Beasts, there can neither Wisdom nor Art be found, because you have no Reason, or practical Understanding, which is the Ground they work upon. Neither is it to be wonder'd that  
Nature,



Nature, which does nothing in vain, has given you neither one nor the other, since you have none to govern but your selves, except your Young ones, for the little time they cannot subsist without you ; whereas the case is quite different with us, to whom the administration of domestick and publick Affairs belongs, and who have a thousand Accidents to foresee and provide for. In which respect, perhaps Wisdom is more necessary to us, than as for what purely relates to our selves: but you having no need of any thing but what Nature furnishes you with at her own Expence, lie under no necessity to have recourse to Art.

*Dog.* Were I to be imposed upon by tinsel Arguments, and Cobweb Distinctions, I own you are so great a Master of Sophistry, that I should go near to lose my Cause : but 'tis my way not to take things upon trust, or submit my self implicitly to any Authority, let it look never so specious, unless it has Truth to support it. But for all the fine Harangue you have made, I must take the freedom to tell you, that  
you



you made a false step at your first setting out.

*Ulysses.* Inform me then, what Errour I have committed.

*Dog.* Why, among the intellectual Habits of the Understanding, when you reckon'd them up, and digested them under their proper Heads, you forgot to mention the Opinion, and yet you cannot but be sensible that by its means you arrive to the Knowledge of several things.

*Ulysses.* Nay, you your self are guilty of this Errour, for you perceived not that I purposely omitted it, when talking of fortuitous or mutable things, I told you, that I would only meddle with those things that depended upon us, and about which Wisdom was exercised, and that I would pass over such as depended upon Nature, about the Knowledge of which the Opinion was employed; for which reason, 'tis no wonder if it is sometimes deceived, since the things that Nature produces are so numerous and different.

*Dog.*



*Dog*. And what was the occasion, I pray, that moved you to take that Method?

*Ulysses*. Why, because it does not deserve to be reckoned among these Virtues, or intellectual Habits, since it brings no Advantage or Perfection to the Understanding, as the others do: for a Man is never call'd Wise for having such or such an Opinion of any thing, but for knowing it aright. Besides, the Opinion may be deceived, but the rest cannot be so.

*Dog*. What's this? Can none of the other Habits be deceived?

*Ulysses*. Not the three first that belong to the speculative Intellect, because their Objects are constant and invariable, by which means that shall always be either true or false, which the Soul judges to be so by any of these three. The same may be likewise affirmed of those two that belong to the practical Understanding. But there is this difference between them, that with the first, it judges, and always pronounces the Truth, as well on its own Part, as that of the things about which it is exercised, because they are invariable, and cannot



not change ; and with the second, it always delivers the Truth, only on its own Part.

*Dog.* And will you deny me then, that Art and Wisdom, talk as magnificently of them as you please, are not sometimes deceived ?

*Ulysses.* No. But this, as I have already observed to you, proceeds not from any Fault of theirs, because they are true Habits, but from the variable Condition of those things, about which they were exercised.

*Dog.* Were I so minded, I could return you an Answer for this. But to return to the Business in hand, let me ask you one Question. If we have no such thing as Wisdom among us, How then come all our Operations to be so regular and uniform, and that we fail in them, much less than you do in yours. And if we have no Art, from whence proceeds that wonderful Skill and Sagacity, which is to be seen in every thing we contrive for our own Use and Convenience, as for instance, the Nests we make for our Young.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* Why, from a particular Instinct or Capacity that Nature has given you for the Conservation of your kind, and not from any Wisdom or Art. And to convince you that this is true, consider how all Birds and Beasts of the same Species observe the same Fashions, and build their Nests alike: whereas if this were owing to Wisdom or Art, both which operate by Election, some variety or other would be found in them, relating to time or place, and a hundred other Occasions as you may always perceive in our Works.

*Dog.* Under Favour, *Ulysses*, all these plausible Reasons you have produced, seem to me nothing but vain and frivolous Distinctions, coined on purpose to disguise the Truth, which you have been pleased to bestow upon things without any necessity or meaning. Thus the very same thing which is called Wisdom and Art in you, passes with us for Instinct and Direction of Nature. Thus what is Memory in you, is only Reminiscence in us. Now this Instinct or Direction of Nature, call it  
what



what you will, if it guides us more regularly than your boasted Wisdom does you; 'tis a better Light, and consequently we are more perfect than you. So then, to put an end to this tedious Dialogue, enjoy your own Condition, if you think it the best. As for me, who have made Experiment of both, I am so well satisfied that this is the better of the two, that all your Rhetorick shall not persuade me to change it.

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Dialogue



## Dialogue IX.

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*Ulysses, the Bullock.*

*Ulysses.* **I** Find the saying now to be true, that Nature has divided nothing so equally as the Brain, for all these worthy Gentlemen, whom I have done my self the Honour to talk with, are exactly of the same size as to their Intellectuals. All of them agreed to shut their Ears to Reason when it was offered them: All of them judiciously preferr'd their present Brutal Condition to the humane State, and yet I can hardly believe they had the heart to affirm it when they were Men. But this may proceed from the natural fondness all Creatures bear to their own Species, and their unwillingness to change it for any other, least they should be losers by the Bargain, and this perhaps is more visible in Man than any other Animal. When I say this, I desire to be understood of the

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substantial being, and not of the accidental : For I know well enough that an old Man wou'd be glad with all his Soul to change Ages with a young Fellow ; that one that is Sick wou'd willingly change Carcasses with a Man in Health ; and that a poor Wretch needs no persuasions to change conditions with a rich Man. But to change themselves substantially, and become another Man in all respects of Body and Mind ; I believe not one in a Hundred wou'd comply with it ; so few or rather none there are that look upon their Neighbor to be better than themselves ; 'Tis no wonder therefore if I cou'd not persuade one of these Beasts to become Man again.— But ah ! what a lovely young *Bullock* comes feeding towards me. How fierce one wou'd take him to be by his looks, yet how gentle and tractable he is. Indeed we are not a little obliged to Nature for making this Animal, since he takes so much drudgery and labour off our hands, and tho' he is of such prodigious strength, is so easie to be managed. I will ev'n satisfy my self whether the Man that was changed into him, was a *Grecian*, which I suppose may be so, since he stands still to listen to me, as if he understood me.—

Tell



Tell me, honest Friend, who you were, and of what Country, before you were transform'd into this Shape.

*Bullock*. Why you and I are Country-men; if what you talk is your Mother Tongue.

*Ulysses*. Why then, I suppose, you have a desire to see your Native Country again as well as my self.

*Bullock*. Not so hasty neither, where one is well, there is his Country, and for my part I am so well satisfied with my present condition, that tho' I might be restor'd to my humane Shape this present minute, yet I wou'd refuse it. And since I have resolv'd to continue what I am, I see no reason I have to change so fertile and delicious a place.

*Ulysses*. What, have you lost all remembrance of your Relations and Friends, whom you left behind you? Don't you desire to shake hands with them once more, to run over old Stories, and have a little merry conversation with them? Or have no regard to your Native Country, for which Nature has planted so invincible an affection in us, that Thousands have not scrupled to sacrifice their Lives for its sake.



*Bullock.* Why this is one of the misfortunes belonging to Man to have more uneasie thoughts for his Friends, his Relations, and his Country, than for himself; and to deal plainly with you, this is the reason why I am resolved to remain in my present state, where I think not at all, or very little, and when I do, 'tis always for my self. Thus I live at full ease and content among those of my own Species, and am never molested or incommoded by them: For since each of us thinks only for himself, and Nature has abundantly provided for all our necessities; we have no Quarrels and Animosities, no Jealousie and Envy, no Robberies and violent Deaths, either by Sword or Poison, nor in short a Thousand other calamities to which humane Life is exposed, so that some of your wise Men have not improperly call'd it an Ocean of Miseries.

*Ulysses.* Hark you, Friend, this comes very unluckily out of your mouth, because I know it will appear upon examination, that there are more detestable faults among you Beasts, than among us Men. Now, as I take it, he that has enough to employ him at home, ought not in common discretion to find faults in his Neighbor.

*Bullock.*



*Bullock*. I am sensible that there are Vices also among us, for Nature has so order'd it that nothing in this World should be perfect. But this I dare venture to affirm, that if you look into all our different kinds, you will not find above one Vice in each of us, as for instance, gluttony in *Hogs*, cruelty in *Tigers*, fierceness in *Bears*, and a ravenous disposition in *Wolves*. Whereas name what Vices you please, and I dare engage you may find them in Man.

*Ulysses*. If you mean the whole Species, and don't confine your self to individuals, I confess that what you advance is partly true; but I must beg leave to inform you that 'tis utterly impossible that all Vices should be found in one single Man, since they wou'd destroy one another. At the same time 'tis possible that one Man might possess all the Virtues, cou'd he but live long enough to acquire them, since Nature has given him a Genius strong enough to master every thing.

*Bullock*. And how do you make this assertion good?

*Ulysses*. Because Vices being contrary to one another, as for example, Pusillanimity to Boldness, and Avarice to Prodigality,



they must of consequence trip up one anothers heels, and can't take up their Quarters together. Thus you never found the same numerical Man a Hero and a Patron, a Miser and a squandering Rake-hell. But with Virtues the case is different, because they are so far from being contrary to one another, that they mutually assist and promote one another.

*Bullock.* And will you pretend that there are no Virtues among us.

*Ulysses.* Not so perfect as in Man; but were it so as you say, yet there is not above one or two Virtues in a whole Species; whereas one Man, as I have already told you, may possess them all.

*Bullock.* Yes, if one wou'd take your words for't, but we are of another opinion. Nay, boast of your Perfection as long as you will, I will positively maintain to you, that all the Virtues you brag of, either proceed from fear the vilest, or interest the vaineft of all Principles, or lastly, from the constitution of your Body, and not from any merit of your own. What is the reason why some Men are sober, or charitable, or valiant, why some Women are chaste and reserved? Not for any respect they have to  
Virtue,



Virtue, but because they are afraid of their Reputation, or because 'tis not their interest to be otherwise, or lastly, because their Bodies don't tempt them into any irregularities. To conclude, there are many more Virtues among us than you.

*Ulysses*. A very merry Paradox! But to ask you one civil question, who shall be Judge of this?

*Bullock*. I am so confident of the goodness of my cause, that I will appeal to you. Only give me a fair hearing, and I will make out every particular so evident and plain, that you shall give sentence against your self.

*Ulysses*. Proceed then.

*Bullock*. Tell me now, are not your Philosophers agreed that Justice is the Assembly of all Virtues, that she contains and comprehends them all within her self, and that she is the standard or rule by which they should square themselves. Who but she commands the brave not to be fearful, nor avoid those dangers, that will bring them immortal reputation? Who but she advises the temperate not to abandon themselves to pleasure, nor be guilty of any base little actions, to shun a few inconsiderable inconveniences



veniences, or the humble to do no injury to others? Besides, who but Justice regulates all the actions of Mankind, measuring and reducing to a convenient medium, not only those that a Man does freely and spontaneously, as buying, lending, trafficking, and the like, but also those he does in a manner compell'd, either by disdain or ill custom, or secretly, as Theft, Murther, Perjury, Poisoning, or openly and without any respect at all, as Stripes, mutilation of Members, Villanies, Man slaughters, and other outrages of the like nature?

*Ulysses.* I confess that what you say is true, for which reason some of us have call'd Justice a complete system of all Virtues, adding that she is the most perfect of all. Because other Virtues make him that possesses them, only serviceable and good to himself, whereas she makes him so to all those of the same Species, and proposes not only an advantage to the particular Person, but to the publick in general.

*Bullock.* This being granted then, if I shall farther prove to you, that there is no Justice properly speaking, or but very little among you, it will inevitably follow that there is no Virtue, properly speaking, or  
but



but very little among you likewise. And if I shall afterwards prove to you, that there is more justice among us than you, it will of consequence follow that we possess many more Virtues than you, and that our being is far better and more excellent than yours.

*Ulysses*. The conclusion, I own, is undeniable, but the difficulty will be to prove it.

*Bullock*. Why if the premises are true, the conclusion must of course be so.

*Ulysses*. And do you then understand so much Logick.

*Bullock*. What wonder is it, since I was bred and born in *Greece*, where you know we are taught it from our Infancy.

*Ulysses*. Well, go on with your show.

*Bullock*. The first of these Propositions, I mean, that where there is no Justice there is no Virtue at all. I need not give my self the trouble to prove, since you have own'd that she comprehends all the Virtues, for which reason some have call'd her, as you observe, the system of all Virtue.

*Ulysses*. I own your Major, now go on with your Minor.

*Bullock*. And that is as plain as may be, if that famous Apophthegm of your wise Men is true, that every thing is known by  
its



its Operations. And I dare appeal to you whether it is not so, for I am apt to flatter my self, that if you carefully consider the actions of Men, you will be of my Opinion.

*Ulysses.* Perhaps I might, if they all acted after the same manner.

*Bullock.* 'Tis sufficient that you see the generality of them, and those that are most conspicuous for Quality, Wealth, Preferments, and the like, by whom the lesser part is always to be determined, to act villainously and unjustly. Now tell me I beseech you, if there were Justice naturally among you, as there is among us, or if you lived up to that Law which Nature has written in your Hearts, what occasion wou'd there be for you so many Laws, Statutes, Edicts and Decrees? Tho'tis a common saying among you, I know, that Laws are like Cobwebs, which your Hornets and the like bulky Insects break with ease, while the poor Flies are entangled in them.

*Ulysses.* I confess that if every Man wou'd do to his Neighbor, as he wou'd be done by himself, we should have little need of Laws: however the greatest part of them are only a Declaration of the natural Law, from which if they recede never so little they are  
not



not to be esteem'd just. For as in matters of speculation there are some Principles so plain and evident that they carry their own conviction with them, and consequently don't need proving; as for instance, that 'tis impossible for a thing to be, and not be at the same time, and some conclusions that are deduced from these first Principles, and built upon them; so likewise in practical things, there are certain common notices, interwoven into our constitution by nature herself, and obvious to the most illiterate Man at first sight, as for example, don't do that to others, which thou wou'dst not have done to thy self. And 'tis upon these Principles that our Laws are grounded.

*Bullock.* In my opinion now they were devised on purpose to give you an opportunity to interpret this natural reason after your own manner, and to contract or extend it just as you thought fit. For though you make a mighty pudder about Justice, and seem to make a Goddess of her, yet you renounce her in your actions, and as the experience of the World daily shows you, he passes for the best Lawyer that can wrest the Law best to advantage.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* If you talk of the Laws, talk of them as they are in themselves, and not as they are corrupted, which all of us must own them to be; but to return to our Argument, prove that there is no Justice to be found among us.

*Bullock.* 'Tis what I drive at. To justify this assertion then, you are to understand that Justice is divided into two parts, one of which is called distributive, and the other commutative Justice. The former consists in the distribution of rewards and punishments, rewards to the good, and punishments to the bad: The second is employ'd about the commutation of things necessary for humane use, which ought to be equally observed that the publick tranquillity may be maintained. Now if I make it appear to you that neither of these two parts is to be found among you, I suppose you will throw up the cause and grant me that no Justice at all is practised by you.

*Ulysses.* But how do you prove that none of these parts of Justice are to be found among us.

*Bullock.* Experience sufficiently shows it, and you yourself, if you have but Philosophy



phy enough to lay aside your prejudices and prepossessions will own as much. To begin then with the former, tell me with what Forehead you can pretend that in the distribution of rewards and punishments, you suffer yourselves to be guided by equity and truth, without any regard to favour and affection, since we find that sincere, honest, and virtuous Men are not only in no manner of esteem with you, but are often persecuted, oppressed, and banished by huge over-grown Villains, that take a pride in insulting them.

*Ulysses*. Far be it from me to justify any such wicked practises as the doing evil to a Man of probity for no occasion.

*Bullock*. Tho' there's not the least pretence or ground for this barbarous treatment, yet don't we see that Knaves, who will eternally be the major part in all Governments in the World, leave no Stone unturned to blacken the reputation of good Men, to render them suspected and odious to the People, and expell them out of all places of Dignity and Trust. The reason is visible, they are afraid to have Men of integrity sit near them, least the World should observe what a vast difference there  
is



is between them. Cast your eyes upon all our Cities here in *Greece*, whether the administration of them is lodged in one single hand, or in a few, or in the People, and you will soon be convinced what authority and influence wicked Men have in all their publick Assemblies, and how little the virtuous are regarded by them. Now this is wholly owing to the blindness, corruption, and partiality of those Persons, whose business it is to distribute rewards and punishments, who frequently suffer themselves to be so much influenced by private interest, envy, or some other irregular passion, that for the same gallant Action we see one Man prefer'd, and no notice taken of another, nay what is more monstrous, for the very same crime in all circumstances, one Man has been advanced to a Gallows, and another to a good Post in the Government.

*Ulysses.* Why, suppose what you say were true to a tittle, I mean, that no distributive Justice was to be found among us, yet are you a farthing the better for't, or does this make you a jot the juster? I wou'd desire therefore to know whether you Beasts are in possession of this Virtue, for you  
told



told me even now that you were more just than we.

*Bullock.* As much as is requisite for our State and Nature, and if you examin our actions, you'll soon find it to be so, and particularly when one of us fights with another, where you may see all of us rejoyce and congratulate the Conqueror, but those that are unprofitable are continually despised by us.

*Ulysses.* Whether this be true or no, you best know yourselves, neither will I contend with you about it. But what will you say to me of commutative Justice is that to be found among you?

*Bullock.* We have just as much of it as you have, that is to say, nothing at all on't, but with this remarkable difference, that we don't stand in need of it, since we possess every thing in common; whereas 'tis in a manner impossible for you to live without it, since those two everlasting Incendiaries call'd *Meum* and *Tuum* have been introduced into the World. In short, your avarice and insatiable thirst after Riches have driven her away, since you have made it the whole business of your lives to overreach and cheat your Neighbour, without  
any



any respect to right and equity, in all your Contracts and Bargains with him. And indeed the courtesie of Mankind dubs him for an able long-headed Man, who can soonest get a good Estate, who can best dazle the eyes of the People, and tickle their ears with a feather, while he picks their Pockets. What others may think of such a Fellow I can't tell, but for my part I think him excusable.

*Ulysses.* But since his dealings are so palpably unjust, why should you excuse him?

*Bullock.* Why, because they make him Rich, and Riches make him honourable, tho' he has not one good quality about him; upon which score I think every thing well done when it fills a Man's Coffers. Alas! my dear Friend, how many Sots and Blockheads are there in the World, who if they were poor, wou'd be pist upon and insulted, lampoon'd and ridiculed for dull unthinking Fools; who because they have abundance of dirty Acres they can call their own, are deified in Epistles Dedicatory, are respected in all Companies, have the upper Seat given them at all publick Entertainments, are call'd your Excellence  
and



and your Honour, and have their Levees crowded every morning with store of humble Servants, who applaud all their actions, and admire every sottish saying that drops from them, tho' they are the errantest Coxcombs in nature. 'Tis a plain case that you despise Virtue by the worthy Proverbs you daily Preach to your Children. Get money, my Son, honestly if thou canst, however get money. Virtue won't keep the Wolf from the Door, she's so sheepish-hearted. Money will make the Pot boil tho' the Devil has pift in the Fire. A Man without money is as a Man dead, take money from a Man, and cut off his Head, money is the best Picklock, and surest Friend; with a Hundred other notable sayings to the same purpose. And indeed you two legg'd Gentlemen are so intirely taken up in scraping up Wealth, that you can't allow yourselves the least intervals to mind any thing else, that when you go out of this World, you can hardly tell whether you have been here or not, since you are perfect Strangers to yourselves, and know nothing of the beauty and symmetry of the Universe, which for any thing you were the better for it, might have been a



*Chaos*, or a confused heap of rubbish, huddled together without design or order. In short, the generality of Men are such sordid low-minded Muck-worms, and so blinded by the lustre of Gold, that they keep their eyes perpetually upon it, and never lift them up to behold the wonderful Architecture and Magnificence of the noble Vault above them, studded with so many glittering Stars, and glorious Constellations, which wou'd be a Step to lead them to the contemplation of something more divine and excellent. On the other hand you pay so little respect to Merit, when it is cloathed in rags, that tho' it Preaches the most wholesome instructive Truths to you, you never afford it a hearing.

*Ulysses*. Nay, you need not give yourself the trouble to enlarge any more upon this Argument, for I know very well we have but too many abject groveling Wretches among us, who debauched by interest and hope of lucre run headlong into the most abominable practises, which were it not for this wicked temptation they wou'd never do. But it does follow from hence that we have no such thing as Justice among us, for we have several Heroes to show upon record



record, who both in the distributive and commutative part, cou'd never be brought to make the least deviation from equity. Such examples I will not overwhelm you with at present, both because our Books are full of them, and because I will not trespass upon your patience: But this give me leave to add, that those very Operations you recounted to me, show plainly that there is less Justice among you, tho' I must own they seem to carry the appearance of Justice.

*Bullock*. And why so, since every thing is known by its Operations.

*Ulysses*. Because in you they are only customs and properties given you by nature, who knowing that you have not Wisdom to guide yourselves in that path, that is best for you, has so directed you for your best advantage. But can you tell me what Justice properly is?

*Bullock*. Why, 'tis a constant and perpetual will, which gives every Man what is his due. This is the definition of it, I have heard it from your Philosophers of *Greece*, and 'tis what I take to be true. Well, what say you am I deceived or no?



*Ulysses.* No, if by the will you understand a habit caus'd by frequent actions; for you cannot call a Man just for doing two or three just actions, but one that always, or at least for the most part squares his actions by this rule.

*Bullock.* Why so I understood it, for I need not be told that those powers that never come to effect are vain and impossible.

*Ulysses.* If it be so, how can you make it out that there is any Justice among you, since you have not the will, which is the subject on which Justice is first grounded; for the will, you know, is a rational faculty, and none but rational Creatures can have it.

*Bullock.* And why cannot it be in the sensitive Appetite, which we enjoy as well as you.

*Ulysses.* Because Justice restrains and governs the Appetite, which follows the knowledge; whereas the will constantly follows the understanding, which may be truly said not only to know those things that the sense does, but likewise the proportion that is between them, from whence it forms a judgment what belongs to one and what to the other, which the sense is incapable to perform.

*Bullock.*



*Bullock.* If we have not Justice, what Principle is it then that regulates our appetite, and make it just towards others? for as I have already observed, we live far more justly among one another than you do.

*Ulysses.* Why, have I not told you. 'Tis a Law that Nature has given you for your benefit, by the means of which Law you act necessarily according to the same. And as for those operations that wholly proceed from Nature, you neither deserve to be commended nor blamed for them; as for instance, we neither praise nor dispraise a Stone for falling downwards, nor the Fire for ascending upwards. Now if you pretend that your operations are voluntary, (for unless I am mistaken you flatter your selves that you have a free appetite) I must return you this answer, that suppose the case were so as you put it, yet 'tis certain that you have no perfect and distinct knowledge of what you do, for which reason your operations cannot truly be called good; for to make any action virtuous and perfect 'tis essentially requisite that the Actor should know what he does.

*Bullock.*



*Bullock.* These are idle frivolous distinctions, devised by your selves, in order to maintain your superiority over us. Now I say let any one consider your actions, and I dare engage that he will own with me, that if Justice is to be found among you, tis onely in your words and discourses, which I confess are specious and artificial. But this is what we are never guilty of, and indeed Nature made it impossible for us to pretend one thing and mean another, which is the constant practise of those Persons, whom you compliment upon the score of their great address and dexterity, and call forsooth refined Politicians.

*Ulysses.* Let us if you please, more distinctly run over those operations that proceed from Justice, according to the definition you have given me of it, which I own is a true one, and you will easily be convinced that you deceive your self, when you maintain that you are more just than we: For since Justice gives every one that which belongs to him, it first of all renders that Honour to the Gods that is due to them. And this, whether tis a branch of it, or an independent Virtue  
of



of it self, but joyned and fastened to it, is called by us Religion. Now tell me how it can possibly, either in part or whole, be found among you, who not only are ignorant of the Gods, but have no manner of *Idea* or thought of a Divine being, since you have not the use of reason, which wou'd instruct you to trace out a first cause, or mover, by running from one cause to another, till at last you came to the supreme which set the rest on work.

*Bullock*. For my part I know it not, but some of us, as I have been informed, worship the Sun every Morning when they rise, acknowledging him to be the principal Minister of Nature, and among the Birds, several thank him in their way, as soon as he appears above the *Horizon*, turn themselves towards him, and congratulate him with their cheerful harmony. But why do I speak of animate Creatures, since 'tis plain by experience that some herbs honour him, turning their Leaves and Flowers continually towards his sight?

*Ulysses*. But under favour this proceeds not from any knowledge they have of him, as of a Divine being, but from the comfort and satisfaction they receive from his



light and heat, for which reason the better to enjoy them they turn towards him, and show certain signs of alacrity through the delight and pleasure they feel. But to dismiss this point, let us in the next place consider what it is we owe to our Country, and to those that beget us, which Duty we call Piety. As for the Duty relating to our Country, to which we are no less obliged than to our Parents, I will say no more of it to you, because as you have no distinction of *Meum* and *Tuum* among you, so you have no Country, or certain place of your own; but as for those that procreated you, what respect can you pay them, or what Services can you do them, who know them no longer than you have occasion to remain under their care, and afterwards forget them.

*Bullock.* Why, Friend, is not this Piety, as you call it to be found among us? Let me intreat you only to consider the *Stork*, who when he finds his Father and Mother unable to fly any more, and forced by reason of their age to remain in the nest, Feeds and nourishes them with his own Blood, and when he finds they want Feathers, plucks himself and covers them, to pre-



preserve them from the injuries of the cold and the weather.

*Ulysses*. And what signifies this, since 'tis only to be found in one Species, for none but the *Stork* is observed to practise it? And yet of the *Stork* it may be truly said, that he does it rather for his own convenience, than out of any filial tenderness or regard to his Parents; for being very cold and chil by nature, when he has gotten his Food he continues in the Nest with them to warm himself. But I wou'd not have you lay any great stress upon this instance, for some of the late inquisitive observers of Nature deny the matter of fact, and have proved it by experience to be fabulous. Well then, let us now proceed to those Duties, we ought to pay to our Superiors, or those who by their great merit and virtues have eminently distinguished themselves from the rest of Mankind, and therefore ought to have a particular esteem and veneration paid them, which is called by us Obedience or Submission. Now what foot-step or sign of this is to be found among you?

*Bullock*. There is no occasion for it, because to our great happiness we are all equal: however, among those kinds that have need  
of



of a superintendant to govern, or a guide to conduct them, as for example among the *Bees* and the *Cranes*, you shall see a most profound obedience and submission paid to their Superiors.

*Ulysses*. Rather if you please call it a natural inclination, and you will speak properly. Lastly to proceed to that Duty, which we are obliged to render to such, as we have received Benefits from, called by us thankfulness or gratitude, you will not pretend, I suppose, to have any thing like that among you.

*Bullock*. Why, have you not observed that many of us, not only relieve and assist one another, but are serviceable to Man, for the Food, or some other necessities we receive from him. How often have Dogs generously saved the lives of their Masters, when they have been attacked by Assassins, or Robbers? How joyful and proud is the Horse to carry his owner. Nay not only domestick Animals, but the fiercest, the most savage Creatures have been known to express their gratitude in a most wonderful manner to their Benefactors and Deliverers.

*Ulysses*. Yes just so long as yourselves please and no longer, for if the freak once  
takes



takes you in the head, you wince and kick, and salute us with your heels, and do us a thousand other injuries, forgetting all the obligations you have to us, so that, as the Proverb has it, if some of you give good Milk, you kick the pail down afterwards. A *Pigeon*, for all he has been fed by his Master in the extremity of the Winter, when there was no prog to be had abroad, makes no conscience to visit his Corn-fields, and is not so very nice and scrupulous as to quarter himself wholly upon a Stranger. Leave the Pantry door open for *Tray*, and *Tray* I dare engage will as soon make bold with his Master's shoulder of Mutton, as if it belonged to a Stranger. Neither is a Horse so over rigid in his Principles of honour, but he will break through his Master's Hedge as well as another's, and if a *Hog* can bustle his way into an Orchard, or a Turnip-ground, he never asks any questions who they belong to, but falls to work immediately.

*Bullock*. This shows that Nature meant every thing in common, and that property is a modern invention devised by yourselves without consulting her.

*Ulysses*.



Ulysses. I will not speak of Friendship, because it is impossible that any such thing should be among you, I mean a rational well-grounded Friendship, that has Virtue for its Foundation, by which the free election of the mind is afterwards made, and not a natural Friendship, for the latter has no relation at all to Justice. Neither will I enlarge upon the Protection, the vigilance and care we ought to have of our Inferiours; all which things being founded upon Reason, we must not expect to find them among you. Therefore let me advise you to drop this Argument, and not to infer that your Condition is better than ours, because you pretend to have more virtues than we; for to deal plainly with you, you have just knowledge enough to betray you into mistakes, and not secure you from them.

Bullock. Come I will argue this point no longer with you, for although by the help of your Sophistry and fine Distinctions, you should happen to have the better end of the Staff (and what wonder, if having been trained up, and constantly exercised in this noble Science, you should prove too hard for me at your own Weapons?) yet you should never



ver make a Convert of me. I shall always persist in my present Opinion, as most agreeable to Truth, and confirmed to me, not only by experience, but by sensitive knowledge; which as I humbly conceive, surpasses all the rest in certainty. Therefore thanking you for your good will, and the kindness you intended me, I must take my leave of you, for I am resolv'd to continue as I am.

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## Dialogue X.

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*Ulysses the Elephant.*

*Ulysses.* **T**IS a wonder, I protest, that among so many *Greeks* as I have conversed with, and have been transformed by *Circe* into different Beasts, I cannot meet with one that is desirous to become Man again. If a common saying among us, which pretends that 'tis impossible for that which the many say to be altogether false, were true in all respects, I might



might conclude from thence, that the condition of brute Beasts is preferable to that of Men. But this Proverb holds good only in practical things, for as to matters of Speculation, we have another saying which perfectly contradicts it, and advises us to talk as the many do, but to think with the fewest. Besides, I have frequently heard our gravest Philosophers bestow such Epithets upon the Multitude, as denote their Inability and want of Judgment, charging them with Instability, Fickleness, Ignorance, and the like. Now though the generality of Proverbs are found by long experience to be true, 'tis impossible for the two above mentioned sayings to be so, unless we understand to mean practical, and the second Speculative things. Therefore since we cannot know the excellency of human Nature, and how much superiour Man is in point of knowledge to the irrational Creatures, without employing our contemplative part, whose Office it is to find out the Truth, 'tis not to be admired, if the greater part are easily seduced into Errors. It will be my best way then, since *Circe* has already restored my Companions and Ships, and they only tarry for me, to  
make



make the best of my way homewards, and lose no more time here, especially since I find I am not likely to succeed in my design. Not that I am in the least afraid of being infected in such bad Company, because remaining here among a parcel of Brutes, although I still continue a Man, I should live after the Imagination and Memory as they do, whereas among those of my own species, I should live according to Art and Memory, by which means daily acquiring some new Perfection, I shall come to live with more sedateness and tranquility of mind. Let me therefore walk towards the Harbour, and not give the World any occasion to charge me with the folly of taking more care for others than for my self. But what Beast is it I see of such prodigious bulk walking on the *Strand*. 'Tis an *Elephant*, if the great distance that is between us, don't deceive me. Oh! how wonderful is the variety of Nature in the production of Animals, and how happy should I reckon my self, if upon enquiry, this mighty Creature should prove to be a *Græcian*. I am resolved to put the Question to him, and if now at last I should meet with one that is desirous to be restored to his  
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human State, I shall think all my labour and time well bestowed. Tell me Friend, if you were a Man before you was transformed into an *Elephant*, as I suppose you were, what Countryman you are?

*Elephant*. I was a *Græcian*, Born in the most famous City of *Athens*, where I applied my self a long time to the study of Philosophy, and my name was *Aglaophemus*. And now I have answer'd you your Question, pray tell me why you asked it. You know we Philosophers are an inquisitive sort of People, who make it our business to enquire after the causes of things, on purpose to gratifie that itch of Knowledge, which every Man naturally has.

*Ulysses*. Heaven be praised, I have at last found out a lover of Truth, and one that may truly and properly call himself a Man. Know then, *Aglaophemus*, that *Circe* out of kindness to me has been pleased to give me Power to restore to their Shapes all the *Græcians* in this Island, whom she has transformed into Beasts, and to carry them home with me to their native Country, but upon this condition that they were willing to accept it. Therefore out of Compassion to those of my own Language and Coun-



Country, I have taken a World of pains to deliver all those I could find here out of this miserable Servitude; but though I have conversed with several of them, yet I have not as yet been so lucky as to meet with one that would consent to become Man, or that knew the excellency of the human Being, and the baseness and imperfection of that of Beasts.

*Elephant*. And what makes you fancy that I should be better able to perceive it than they, or what do you see in my face to believe that I deserve to be called a Man more than they.

*Ulysses*. You told me you had been a Philosopher in your time, and one of that character, if he does not bely it, loves and desires the truth, or to express my self more properly, makes it the whole employment and concern of his life to seek it. As for those, whom it has been my fortune hitherto to talk with, they were either Ploughmen, or Fishermen, or Lawyers, or Gentlemen, who generally speaking, propose to themselves no other end than Profit or Pleasure, and were resolved to continue Beasts out of a foolish Imagination that they enjoy'd more bodily Pleasures and



Advantages in their present Condition, than they did when they were Men. But you, who were a Philosopher, as you tell me, all whose Actions ought to lead him towards the improvement of Knowledge, and the discovery of Truth, will scorn and despise these idle delectations of the Body, to obtain the Pleasure and Perfection of the Mind. Now this employment is worthy of human Nature, and since I found you busied in it, I said you deserved to be called a Man, and not those abject Sots that act like Beasts. In the same manner that deserves not to be called fire, that cannot burn, or a light that cannot conduct a Man in the dark.

*Elephant.* I must own indeed, that while I was a Man, I was a great lover of the Truth, and for this reason made Philosophy my Business. The same reason prevailed with me to travel abroad, to try if I could but be so happy as to meet with some worthy Person or other, who would introduce me into the most private recesses of Truth, until at last it was my Fortune to be driven upon this Island, where *Circe* transformed me, as you see, into an *Elephant*.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses*. Very well, proceed.

*Elephant*. Now I am not fully satisfied, whether my present Condition is better than yours or not, therefore you must excuse me if I don't believe you at first, but proceed warily like a true Philosopher, who as he believes nothing without a good reason for't, so on the other hand does not slight what is said to him, meerly because he does not understand it, unless 'tis so repugnant to common Sense, as to carry all the marks of falsity with it. A Man that has the vanity to think that nothing is true, but what he can account for, is certainly one of the most egregious Sots in Nature. Therefore I long to be informed why you are so desirous to restore me to my human Shape, and what Advantages I may expect from it: And if you make it appear plain to me, that your being is better than ours, as you seemed to insinuate, I shall be glad with all my Heart to exchange my present Condition for that of Man, and to return with you to my native Country.

*Ulysses*. To convince you then that I will not be behind-hand with you in Civility, I promise on my part, that if you demonstrate your being to be more excellent than



ours, I will beg of *Circe* to transform me into one of these Beasts, nay I will spend the remainder of my Life with you; so much am I taken with the Modesty of your Discourse, which indeed becomes a true Philosopher.

*Elephant.* Nay I will not oblige my self to that, for although I have no very great inclination to become Man again, having felt so much pain in my Transmutation, which perhaps is one of the reasons why I am not over fond to change my Condition, yet to be free with you, I don't discover so many conveniences in this state, as to judge it better than yours. But satisfy me, I beseech you, why you take so much pains to persuade me to be a Man, for I don't question but you have your reasons for it.

*Ulysses.* I will acquaint you then, and because you are a Philosopher, will proceed philosophically with you. You know well enough, that although there's such an infinite variety of Creatures in the World, yet each of them has some Operations proper and peculiar to those of that species, by means of that distinguishing Form which gives it a being, so that till it loses its being, it cannot lose its Operations.

*Ele-*



*Elephant*. Right, for were it otherwise, Nature would have made them in vain, which is impossible.

*Ulysses*. You know likewise that the Nature and Being of things is known by their Operations, and 'tis a received Axiom that those which have the best and most noble Operations, have the best and most noble Being : For a Man is not able to know the causes, but by their effects.

*Elephant*. True, for to know the causes of themselves, and then by knowing them, to know their effect, belongs only to the first Cause or Mover, who produced all the rest.

*Ulysses*. Now by these two Propositions, you may easily gather that the being of Man is far more perfect than that of Beasts ; for what is the proper Operation of Beasts ?

*Elephant*. The perceptive faculty, as I take it, for Nutrition, Accretion, and Propagation, they possess in common with Vegetables, but enjoying the benefit of Perception, they are called animate Creatures.

*Ulysses*. And what do you mean by the Perception ?



*Elephant.* To know the nature of things by the assistance of the Senses.

*Ulysses.* And what is the Operation proper to Man ?

*Elephant.* The very same in my opinion with the former, although the knowledge of Man is called intellective, and that of Beasts sensitive ; for this boasted understanding of yours can know nothing at all without the Senses.

*Ulysses.* You are mistaken, let me tell you, if you think they are the same, or that the intellect can understand nothing, but what is first communicated to it by the senses, for it may form and produce within it self a Thousand intelligible notions and conceptions, tracing one thing by another, without the help of the Senses. 'Tis very true, I confess, that the first beginning of them was owing to the Senses, for we can understand nothing, the first *Idea* of which we did not receive from the sensitive Knowledge. And with this qualification, your Proposition is true enough.

*Elephant.* These are idle inventions and vain fancies, that are not at all necessary to conservation of the being, but seem rather proper to discompose us and make us un-



uneasie, than for any thing else. 'Tis enough for us, that we are able to know the nature of things, that either contribute to our profit, necessity, or delight, by our sensitive Knowledge, which I think to be in no respect inferiour to your intellectualive, as you are pleased to call it.

*Ulysses*. Nay, be not so positive in a thing you are ignorant of, for you know it does not belong to a blind Man to pass judgment upon colours.

*Elephant*. Come, come, I will prove my assertion to you. Tell me now, the more certain any knowledge is, is it not so much the more perfect?

*Ulysses*. I own it,

*Elephant*. Why then that of the Senses is more certain than any other.

*Ulysses*. And who told you this?

*Elephant*. Who? I my self, don't I see that the leaves of yonder Bay tree, that stands over against us, are green? for my part I am so well assured of it, that altho' all the Philosophers in *Athens* agreed to maintain the contrary, I would never believe it.



*Ulysses.* But what security have you that you are not deceived, and that they are in the wrong?

*Elephant.* A pretty question! what other security do I want if I see it?

*Ulysses.* Why, to be satisfied that your Eye was not deceived, as you wou'd be, if you possess'd the intellective Faculty, by which means you would be more certain than now you are, having only your Sense to trust to. And to convince you that this is true, listen to me a little, and you shall find I will make it appear. You see the Sun yonder, think you now that it moves or not?

*Elephant.* It seems to me that he stands still.

*Ulysses.* Very good, and how big do you take him to be, and of what colour?

*Elephant.* Why, if you were of a round Body, I should take him to be about your bigness; and he seems to me of the same colour with these Oranges.

*Ulysses.* See now how strangely you imposed upon your self, when you maintained that the sensitive Knowledg is most certain of itself, without the light of the understanding to direct it; for of three things that you affirm'd, that two of them are most notoriously



riously false, and yet you fancied yourself to be in the right all the while.

*Elephant*. And what are they?

*Ulysses*. In the first place that he stands still, and secondly, that he is so small in bigness: For he moves with that incredible rapidity, that neither a Dart out of an Engine, nor an Arrow out of a Bow, bear any manner of comparison to him, since drawn by the *Primum Mobile*, he once a day goes round the Earth, which is so far distant from him. For which reason he must describe a much greater Circumference than that of the Terrestrial Globe, which they say is above Twenty two Thousand Miles in compass. Besides this, he is a hundred and sixty times bigger than the Earth, as you would plainly know if you were conversant in Mathematical Matters, which are no less certain to our understanding, than that the leaves of yonder Bay-tree are green, is so to your sight, in which particular I confess you are not mistaken, although you have not so much certainty of it as you would have, if you had the intellectual faculty.

*Elephant*. And why so?

*Ulysses*.



*Ulysses.* Because you would be able then to discern what are the proper Objects of one Sense, and what are the common, and are known by more Senses than one, and you would know how no Sense can be deceived in the knowledge of its proper Object, provided there is a due distance between one and the other, the *Medium* proportion'd, the Organs rightly disposed, with some other conditions that are required in these Operations. You would likewise know how it might easily be deceived by common sensibles, whereas 'tis impossible you should be deceived in judging those Bay-leaves to be green, while there was a due distance between your sight and them, the Air clear and not cloudy, and the Colour the true object of the eye. But you are very much mistaken as to the motion and greatness of the Sun, both of them being common sensibles. Therefore let me advise you not to insist so much upon the knowledge of the Senses, which is weak and uncertain, unless it is assisted by the understanding.

*Elephant.* And what are the other ?

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* There are three Powers, or intellectual Virtues. The first of them is the understanding of those separated Substances, that continually turn about the Spheres: The objects of which understandings, because they carry not the shape of any material Body, nor have the least dependance upon matter, are those *Ideas* that subsist by themselves, and have no need as to their existence of any matter at all: Now although those understandings know the material shapes, yet they have regard to them in immaterial kinds, which they have in themselves, or else in the first cause, which, since it produces all things, contains them all within itself. There is likewise another intellectual Virtue, which having a bodily Shape or material Organ, and being join'd to it, has for its Object material Shapes. But in regard only as they are in the same matter, and because matter is the first beginning to divide, and make things singular, it follows that this Power can only know particular things, and this we call the Sense. Between these two, there is another Power or knowing Virtue, that stands almost as a *Medium*, and this is our understanding, which having no bodily figure,



figure, nor yet being bound to any corporal Organ, but a faculty of the Soul, has for its object these material figures, not as far as they exist in, or depend upon the same matter, but as far as they may be considered in their own proper Nature. For which reason, he that will understand those, must not only separate and divide from the same matter, but must divest them of all the Qualifications and Conditions that attend it. And from hence it proceeds that this understanding is as much superiour to the Sense in knowing, as it is inferiour to those first intelligencies, of which I have already discoursed to you.

*Elephant.* And why so?

*Ulysses.* Because its knowledge is more certain, for the Sense Being only conversant about particular things, and sensible Bodies, which are everlastingly in Motion, and are obnoxious to change every moment, it can have no certain knowledge of them. For before you can frame a true judgment of a thing, that always moves and varies, 'tis another being from what it was when you first began to consider it, upon which account 'tis impossible to make a certain judgment of it: Whereas the intellect se-  
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parating, or abstracting things from matter, and considering their proper essence, and dividing it into its several parts, or composing their Predicates, Substantials, and Accidentals, with their Subjects, comes to have a most certain knowledge of their Nature.

*Elephant*. But with Submission, what perfect knowledge can it have for example of Man, if it considers him divested of all matter, because there is no man but consists of Flesh and Bones.

*Ulysses*. The matter of things may be reduced under two Heads: One of which is called common, the other particular. The common matter of Man is the Flesh, the Bones, the Sinews, and other parts; and the particular matter is this numerical Flesh, and Bones, and Sinews: Now this particular matter being perpetually subject to Change, always varies, and is in a constant Flux; and without this the understanding considers it, but yet not without the Flesh and Bones. So then if you consider a Man as a rational Creature consisting of Bones, Flesh, and Mortal, I mean universally, and without descending to particular matter, in this respect he may properly



perly be said to be invariable, and a certain assured Knowledge may be had of him.

*Elephant.* Why, have not we the fancy, that is able to perform the same Operations? for it receives the Images or Representations of things by the Senses immaterially, and besides, unites and separates, divides and compounds things as it pleases, and at all times when it will.

*Ulysses.* 'Tis very certain, that the fancy is so noble a power, that some learned Men have formerly doubted that it is all one and the same thing with the Intellect, nay those that did not carry its Prerogative so high, but were of another Opinion, have affirmed that the Intellect at least could not operate without the Fancy, which is infallibly true. But it does by no means follow from hence, that it is not much inferior to the understanding, and to convince you of this, you need only consider that the Fancy is a Minister to the understanding, and serves it continually in its Operations: Now those Powers that are designed and appointed by Nature for the Service of others, are less perfect than they.

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As you may evidently observe in your self that the exterior Senses, as the sight, the hearing, and the rest, because they officiate and wait upon the common Sense, which has not for its Object one only sensible, as they have, but all, are consequently less noble than it. And likewise that Power that serves the Imagination or Fancy, is far less noble than that. But to give your self all the satisfaction you can possibly require in this case, examine the Operations of your fancy, and those of our understanding, and you will soon be sensible how much inferior the Fancy is to the Understanding. For although your Fancy takes the Images and Representations of things immaterially, yet it cannot take them without the properties of matter, quantity, time, place, and the like; from whence it proceeds that you can imagine any thing at all without these conditions annexed to it. But this does not happen to our understanding, that can perceive the nature of things without considering, quantity or place, time or variety, and such like accidents belonging to matter. It is true that it acquires these its notices from the images that are in the fancy immaterially, for it could  
not



not have them from the things itself, because 'tis so spiritual. Besides this, altho' your fancy can likewise make and divide, as for instance, can form a Centaur of a Horse and a Man, or suppose a Man without feet or hands, yet it cannot divide the matter from the form, nor the accidents from the Substance, nor compound them together, as our understanding can. And the reason of this is, because the fancy comprehends both one and the other with only one Sensation, and in one only Subject. Nor is this all, for it cannot frame an imagination of any thing which it has not seen, if not in the whole, or at least in its parts.

This is what I will by no means allow you, for we cogitate and think of many things we never saw. Pray answer me this question, when a *Sheep* runs away from a *wolf*, does he endeavour to shun his Company, because his Colour displeases him, or because he cannot endure his shape?

*Ulysses.* No.

*Elephant.* Why then does he avoid him?

*Ulysses.* Because he fancies him to be his Enemy.

*Elephant.*



*Elephant*. And yet the *Sheep*, I dare engage for him, never saw what sort of a thing hatred was. Now according to your own Hypothesis, how can we think on things that we never saw?

*Ulysses*. I own you have a certain Power within you called Imagination, which collects and gathers out of those things that the Sense has seen, certain Intentions and Proprieties, which come not within the Jurisdiction of the Senses; as for example a Bird does, who seeing a straw, or any thing of that Nature, immediately judges the same to be proper to make a Nest for her young, and therefore she takes it and carries it away. And this the *Sheep* does, who seeing a *wolf*, judges him to be an Enemy, and therefore strives to avoid him. However these sorts of intentions, which you gather from sensible things, are but few in number, and are only necessary to the preservation of your being, as Hatred, Sorrow, Delight, Profit; in short, whatever may prove hurtful, and prejudicial to you, and the like. The very same faculty may be observed in our Children, at that Age when they are incapable of using their Reason, and what is more, Idiots and Fools have it.

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But now the Imagination of Man not only gathers such intentions or notices as these out of things, but abundance more, that are necessary not only to the defence and conservation, but likewise the Perfection and Happiness of his Being. Besides this, you do it by a certain instinct of Nature, by which means a *Sheep* seeing a *Wolf*, without drawing any Inferences, or Conclusions, betakes himself immediately to his Heels; whereas we gather the like intentions of things not by natural instinct, but by a train of Arguments deduced from Reason, comparing one thing with another; upon which score this faculty in us is called Cogitation, and by some particular Reason: For it considers the intentions and properties of particular things, after the same manner as the understanding does Universals. And therefore if a Man happens to see a *Wolf*, though he takes him to be his Enemy, yet he does not at all on the sudden scamper away from him naturally, as the *Sheep* certainly wou'd, for if he sees him tied and bound to his good behaviour, so that he can do him no harm, he never scruples to go up to him and look at him. But if he sees him making towards him as  
hard



hard as he can scour, howling and open-mouthed, like one oppressed with hunger, comparing all these things together, he concludes he comes to him with no friendly Intentions, and therefore thinks it the wisest way to rub off. By this single instance, you may perceive how much more perfect these faculties are in us than in you.

*Elephant*. I can make a shift to comprehend some things you talked of, and some I don't.

*Ulysses*. This proceeds from the defect of your Nature, which is to short-sighted to see every thing at once. Therefore lose no more time, but consent to be Man again, who is the most noble of all Creatures, and then you'll understand all together.

*Elephant*. And what do you look upon to be the principal cause of his Excellence?

*Ulysses*. Two faculties that are peculiar to him, and can be found in no other creature but himself, give him this superiority over them. One of them is called the Intellect, the other the Will.

*Elephant*. And what Operations proceed from these Faculties, that make him more excellent than us?



Ulysses. From the Intellect he derives his knowledge of things, from the Will his power of willing, or not willing.

Elephant. Why don't the Sense and Appetite perform the very same Operations in us?

Ulysses. Yes, but in a far more imperfect degree, for they only had you to what is necessary for your life, whereas in Man, as I have already intimated to you; they tend not only to the conservation, but the Happiness and Perfection of his Being. To begin then with the Intellect, for a Man must first understand a thing, before he can desire or refuse it; this noble faculty not only perceives particular things, as the sense does, this being the lowest and meanest Operation, because we can arrive to no certainty of 'em, by reason of the continual variations they are subject to, but likewise understands Universals, forming to it self a representative Knowledge of more individuals of one only kind, in which more particulars do equally agree; and this Knowledge it forms after the following manner. The Fancy represents to the Intellect an *Idea* of one Man in particular, with those circumstances that make him an *Individuum*, that is to say, that  
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he is in one particular Place, that he is of such a Figure and Shape, and the like; now because you cannot find any one to whom all these circumstances agree, but only that individual Man, the Intellect in this affair knows nothing else but that particular Person. But if it examines this Representation or *Idea* afresh, and begins to divest him of all those particular Circumstances which only belonged to that individual Man, and consider nothing but the human Nature abstractedly in him, it forms to itself an intellectual Operation, the result of which is this universal Knowledge, that humane Nature is a corporeal Substance, mortal, and capable of perceiving Reason: And in this all Men equally agree.

*Elephant*. And what Perfection in itself has this universal Knowledge of your Intellect, than the particular Knowledge of our Senses?

*Ulysses*. Why a greater certainty, and is not that enough? In short, you know that a thing is so and not otherwise, and that you cannot be deceived, which the sensitive Knowledge can never pretend to give.

*Elephant*. And how does that appear?



*Ulysses.* You shall see. He that sees this Man, and t'other Man, and finds him to have Reason, does not therefore assuredly know, neither can he deduce any such Conclusion, that every Man is rational. And so he that observes, that a *Dog* perceives, and that a *Horse* perceives, cannot infer from hence, that all *Dogs*, and all *Horses* perceive. But he that knows a Man to be nothing else but a rational Creature, knows that every Man consequently is rational; and he that knows a Beast to be nothing else but a corporeal Substance animated by a sensitive Soul, knows of Course that every *Dog*, and every *Horse*, since they are Animals, must have the gift of Perception. Besides this, he is sure that what he knows is so, and cannot be mistaken, because he knows it by its proper Cause, forasmuch as the being a Man, is the cause that this and the other particular Man understands, and the being a Beast is the occasion that this *Dog*, and that *Horse* perceives.

*Elephant.* To be plain with you, I begin to comprehend that this your intellectual Knowledge is far more excellent, as to the certainty of it, than our sensitive Knowledge can pretend to.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses*. To proceed, our understanding can likewise perceive things, not only in the gross, and set altogether, as your Sense does, but can consider separately all the Intentions and Properties that particularly belong to them. By which means when it sees a white Object for instance, it can of itself understand what whiteness is, and how it is a colour that disgregates and scatters the visive faculty, and what sort of a Body that is upon which it is grounded: Whereas your Sense knows white no otherwise than by knowing a white thing, and comprehending with the same Art of Knowledge, the Subject with the form and accidents. For the visive faculty cannot take the colour of itself, but the thing coloured; and to satisfy you that what I have now advanced is true, observe how you never make a judgment of colours in the abstract, but only of things coloured, as all those Men likewise do, who only follow the Direction and Knowledge of the Sense.

*Elephant*. I must own that this way of knowing is very plain and distinct.



*Ulysses.* This is not all. Our understanding, by knowing perfectly the Nature of things, can either affirm or deny, that is, either put them together or divide them, which does not fall within the Sphere of the Sense. For knowing that the Substance receives and supports the Accidents, and that the Bodies sustain the Colours that are Accidents, it joyns these two Natures together, affirming that the Body is a Substance: And thus knowing that a Substance exists by itself, and that a Colour must inhere in something, it will divide and separate these two Natures, by denying that they are the same, and that Colour is no Substance. Besides, by many of these Affirmations and Negations, it cannot several different Conclusions, which the Sense could never have known, and therefore you cannot do it: For though you avoid something that might be hurtful and injurious to you, yet you do it not by affirming or denying, by way of Argument and Reason, for such Operations transcend your Abilities, but are only guided and drawn by the Appetite, without any farther consideration or thought.

*Elephant.*



*Elephant*. Why this too I comprehend well enough.

*Ulysses*. Our understanding goes a degree yet higher than this, for looking on the Representations or Images of those things, which the Senses have gather'd and laid up in the common Magazine of the Fancy, it deduces out of them the Knowledge of many more things, than either this exterior or interior Senses knew: For by their means it knows the universal Natures, and Forms separate from matter, and the Intelligences that move the Heavens, and lastly, the first and supreme Cause of all things, to which Knowledge, neither the Fancy, nor the Imagination, nor any other of your faculties can carry you.

*Elephant*. But after what manner does it arrive to the Knowledge of the first Causes?

*Ulysses*. Not only by Negation, as many have affirm'd: But by imagining a first Cause, and then after denying all the Predicates of the same, which have any imperfection at all in them, as all the material Conditions are, that we observe in these corporeal Creatures, by maintaining that this first Cause cou'd not be produced by  
any



any thing before it, that it is not obnoxious to Corruption, that it is not variable by accident or any alteration, not confined to any one place, not subject to any space of duration, and the like: Nor also only by that other Argument of surpassing Excellence, as others have held, by affirming that it exceeds in Goodness, in Beauty, in Wisdom, and all other Perfections, all those Good and Beautiful, and Wise, and perfect beings that we behold in this World. But he can likewise know it looking within himself. For if he considers the excellence of his Nature, which consists only in this, that he understands all things, as well those that are inferior to him, as those that are above him, he can after a certain manner make himself like to them all, and become all. And afterwards when he comes to consider that Imperfection, which he discovers in himself, that is to say, that he possesses all things in power, but not in act, and therefore does not always understand, but is sometimes in the wrong, and sometimes in the right, he can form within himself an *Idea* of an understanding, more exalted and more perfect than himself, which may always be in act, and may always



ways understand all things, and has so understood them from the beginning, and cannot be in power to receive any Intelligence again, having in himself the Images of all things that have been, or ever shall be. And this is the first Cause, who having governed, and always governing this spacious Universe in so wonderful Order, must of necessity have always understood, and always understands all things after one manner, and with the very same Intelligence.

*Elephant*. A most wonderful property this of the humane understanding !

*Ulysses*. And this happiness he enjoys, because he cannot only understand, but perceives that he understands, which is an Operation that the Senses cannot perform. For although the Eye sees, and the Ear hears, yet the Eye sees not that it sees, neither does the Ear hear that it hears ; for these are subordinate faculties annexed to corporeal Organs, by which means they cannot reflect, and withdraw into themselves ; whereas the Intellect being a spiritual and divine Power, returning into itself, and understanding that it understands, is capable of knowing itself and  
its



its own Perfection : Upon which account Man only, of all other Creatures can know his own Excellence. The Heaven, altho' it is incorruptible and is so glorious a Body, yet it knows not this : Nay the Sun himself that is the greatest Minister of Nature, and out of his own inexhaustible Store-house gives light to all the rest of the celestial Luminaries, yet knows he not his own excellence, and use, neither do any of the other Creatures know the same. But Man who is no stranger to his own excellence, who knows he is superior to all other Creatures, or rather to speak more properly the end of all (for since he knows the virtues of all things both animate and inanimate, he may do with them as he pleases) is chiefly pleased in himself, and enjoys that serenity and satisfaction of mind and body that is hardly to be imagined. And that he may the better excuse this, he has another faculty that faithfully preserves all his *Ideas* and Notions, called intellective Memory, which is as much above your sensitive, as those notices of which the aforesaid memory is keeper is above those sensitive notices that your sensitive Memory keeps.

*Elephant.*



*Elephant*. Oh most happy condition of human Nature!

*Ulysses*. Besides this, Man has this other property, that 'tis impossible for him to conceive any thing so high and exalted, which he cannot by the means of Speech convey and declare to the rest of his Company. For we understand not only the voice as a sound, or significative of some common Passion, as Joy, Sorrow, Fear, and the like, as you do; but we understand the meaning of it, by the vehicle of Words, whose signification is determin'd by us to express all the Sentiments of our Minds, so that Man is the only Creature in the World that is able to instruct, inform, and cultivate himself. By the advantage of this useful Talent, a Man that knows little may improve his Judgment, by conversing with such as have more experience than himself, and altho' 'tis not to be expected that the Master should be able to inspire his Disciple with the same portion of Knowledge, that he himself possesses, yet however he furnishes him with ways and means to acquire it, lets him in the right Road, so that 'tis his own fault if he loses his way. Upon this Score it was that some learned *Egyptians*, who flour-



flourished some Ages ago, being sensible of the vast advantages derived to Man, from his intellectual faculty stiled Man, a terrestrial God, a divine and celestial Creature, a Messenger of the Gods, Lord of the inferior World, and Heir apparent of the upper, and lastly, a Miracle of Nature.

*Elephant.* I must own indeed that this intellectual faculty makes him so excellent and noble, that I don't wonder that they have called him by these distinguishing and honourable Names.

*Ulysses.* This is not all, the Will makes him no less excellent, by the means of which Faculty, he wills or not wills freely, that which by his intellect he judges to be good or ill; in the same manner as you follow or avoid whatever you judge to be convenient or inconvenient by the Sense.

*Elephant.* Why, could not the Appetite perform the same Office, without setting up this supernumerary Faculty?

*Ulysses.* No, for following the Appetite, the Sense desires or hates only such things as are known to the Sense, and yet we find by daily experience that Man loves many Virtues, and hates many Vices, that come not within the verge of the sensitive Knowledge.



ledge. Now this faculty, as I have already observed to you, contributes mightily to the excellence of Man, for it makes him spontaneous Agent, and Master of all his Operations, and the reason of this is, because the Will is free, and is not by nature determin'd to one contrary more than another. For although good is the object of the Will, yet it is not upon that account determin'd more to that than its contrary. In short, 'tis not with this faculty, as with the natural Elements, which when they are near their Objects, and have a due distance from them, cannot chuse but operate, as we plainly see by Fire, which when it falls upon combustible matter, must of necessity destroy it. But the Will, when it has a good Object before it, tho' 'tis somewhat inclin'd by Nature to desire, and follow it. however is far enough from being forced to do so; so that she is at full liberty whether to embrace it or no. This is one great Prerogative of the Will, but it has more. All the other faculties that a Man possesses as he is a Creature, are subordinate to it, not always so entirely as not to be moved by their Objects, unless the Will gives the word of Command, but they are so disposed and ordained as to move at all times when.



whenever the Will pleases. Thus we find, that although the sight, when any visible Object is presented to it, is naturally moved by it, yet the Will may command it to look upon something else, and thus she may controul the rest of the sensitive faculties. Nay, what is prodigious, there is no object or force either terrestrial or celestial, that can command her to will otherwise than she pleases. Now after any thing to a Beast which it desires, and this object necessarily moves the Beast to follow it by impulse of Nature, without any election, as any Man we see, that will give himself the trouble to observe your Operations.

*Elephant.* Well, but what excellence does Man derive from his free Will?

*Ulysses.* So much excellence, that some of the most celebrated Sages of *Egypt* have called him for this very respect only, the great miracle of Nature.

*Elephant.* Why so, I beseech you?

*Ulysses.* Because all other Creatures walk by a certain Law, which so bridles them in that they can move to no other end than that which Nature ordained them, nor can they move a step beyond those limits  
which



which she has prescrib'd. But Man by the advantage of his Free-will, may pursue a more worthy, or less worthy end, as himself pleases, either by abandoning himself to those things that are below him, or else by aspiring out of a generous ambition to those that are above him; for if he gives up himself wholly to his belly, and fixes his Eyes continually upon the Earth, he will soon become like one that perceives nothing, and if he indulges himself too much in sensitive pleasures, he soon degenerates into a brute Beast, but if he lifts up his face towards the Heavens from whence he came, and like an inquisitive Philosopher considers the Beauty of the celestial Bodies, the wonderful harmony of Nature, the agreeable vicissitudes of Seasons, and the like, he will soon change himself from a terrestrial to a heavenly Creature, and if despising all the allurements and obstacles he finds from his body, he seriously applies his thoughts to the contemplation of divine Things, he shall almost make himself a God. Who then can behold Man and not be surprized with admiration, him I say who is not only superior to all other Creatures, and Lord of



this Universe, but has this peculiar privilege granted him by nature to do whatever he pleases.

*Elephant.* What is the reason then, that since his will has good perpetually for its object, and operates spontaneously, he for the most part chooses that which is not good, follows Vice, and neglects Virtue?

*Ulysses.* Because the Will is so wonderfully united and joyn'd to the senses, and because the Intellect, whose last decisive judgment always determines the Will, derives all its knowledge from the sense, which generally shows it good in Masquerade, and not in its proper Colours. By this means the Will coming to be attracted and set loose by the knowledge of that, and by the allurements of the senses, although she chooses not that which is good, at least she flies it not, and does not so severely execute her Office as she ought to do by commanding the sensitive Appetite to obey. Thus all our errors finally depend on those parts of Nature that we have in common with you, and not on those by which we are rational Creatures.

*Elephant.* No more, my dear Ulysses, no more, I am convinced of my mistake. Cause  
me



me then to leave this brutal Figure, and become Man again. I have already lost too much time since *Circe* has converted me into an *Elephant*.

*Ulysses*. Be it so then, as you desire, for *Circe* has given me authority.

*Aglaophemus*. Oh what a transcendant happiness it is to be a Man. How much more do I like the human state, since I made experiment of the other. How beautiful the light seems to him, that has always lived in Darkness, and how much fairer does Virtue show to him, that has been long accusom'd to its contrary? sordid and unhappy Wretches! Who for a little sensual pleasure, are resolved to live like Brutes.

*Ulysses*. I thank you with all my Heart, for showing me the truth, and by the Power of your Eloquence reconciling me to it. Heaven reward you for this trouble, and since I have mention'd Heaven, let me with the profoundest resignation, as Nature has directed me, turn my self towards the supreme universe and express my gratitude to him in the following strains.

*Great Nature of the World, [Parent of good  
Almighty, thine this Universal Frame*

U 82

Thus



Thus wondrous fair: thy self how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seem;  
In these thy lowest Works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power divine.  
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,  
For yea behold him daily, and with Songs  
Circle his Throne rejoicing still in Heaven.  
On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end  
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling  
Morn

With thy bright Circles, praise him in thy Sphere  
While Day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World the Eye and Soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high Noon hast gained, and when thou  
fals't.

Moon that now meet'st the Orient Sun, now  
fliest

With the fixt Stars, fixt on their Orb that flies,  
And the five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystick Dance, not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.  
Ye Mists, and Exhalation that now rise  
From Hill, or steaming Lake, dusky or grey

Rising



*Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise ye winds that from four quarters blow  
Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops ye Pines,  
With every Plant in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as you flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Joyn voices all, ye living Souls, ye Birds  
Bear in your Wings, and in your Notes his praise.*

*Ulysses.* You had not this Knowledge of the first efficient of the Universe, while you lived in that body of a Beast.

*Aglaophemus.* No, but as soon as I became Man again, I felt it spring in my mind, almost like a natural property, as to express my self better, I felt it return into me again. Before I was transformed by *Circe* into an *Elephant*, I remember that I had it, but much more perfectly now, since I am better instructed of the excellence of humane Nature than I was before. I begin to believe that this first Cause loving him above any of his other Creatures, as his Fabric which is more noble than theirs sufficiently declares, that his end will not be like to that of other Animals, who having no share of understanding, have no knowledge at all of the first Cause, as he has.

*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses.* Without flattering our selves be it said, the Perfection of our Intellect is hardly to be imagined. It leads and directs us to the knowledge of truth, and although we carry this Clog of a Body about us, we are not able to acquire its Perfection, by reason of the daily Impediments we meet, and the shortness of our lives, yet surely we shall attain it in another State, when we are free from these Incumbrances, if Nature has not made us in vain. I am the more inclin'd to believe it, because we are never able in this short span of Life, to obtain our end, as every thing else in Nature does.

*Aglaophemus.* Let us fly, *Ulysses*, let us fly these wicked Banks, where this deceitful and subtle Woman, with her alluring Inticements causes Men to live not only after the manner of Beasts, but imprisons them in their bodies also. Let us make hast to live freely, and according to the dictates of reason in our own native Country, and seek not I beseech you to visit this pernicious Enchantress again, lest by some new stratagem she detain us longer in this unhappy Island.



*Ulysses.*



*Ulysses*. Then let us go, for I desire nothing more, and I perceive that the Gods, who ever favour the designs of those that endeavour all they can to resemble them, have sent us a fair and prosperous Gale to carry us to *Greece*.

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*F I N I S.*

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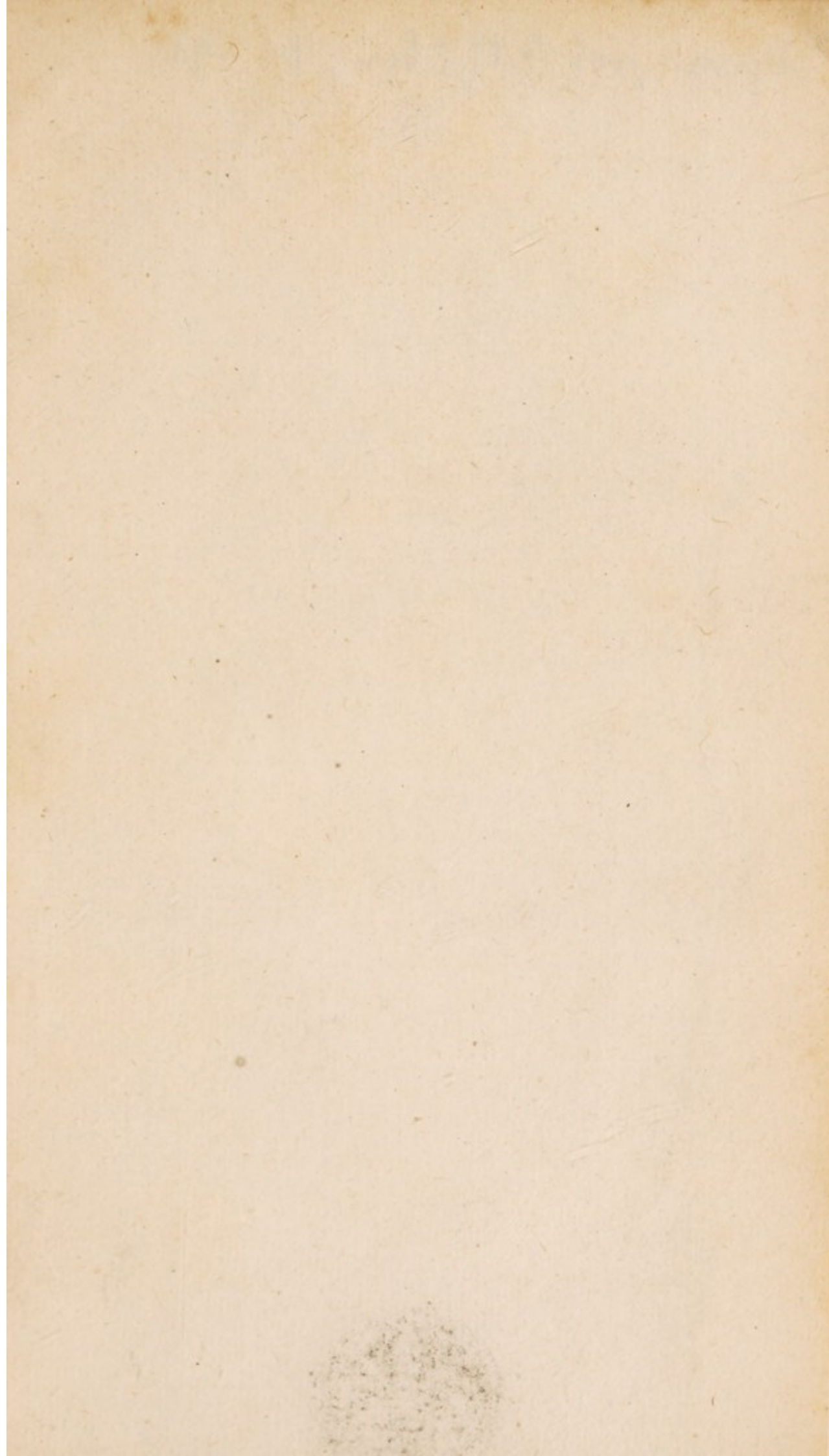
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Ulysses quotes Milton, p. 291.



