cute reader upon the first sight of a pedantick licence, will be ready
with these like words to ding the book a coits distance from him, I
hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructer that comes to me un-
der the wardship of an overseeing fist. I know nothing of the licen-
cer, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall
warrant me his judgement? The State Sir, replies the Stationer, but
has a quick return, The State shall be my governours, but not my cri-
ticks; they may be mistak'n in the choice of a licencer, as easily as this
licencer may be mistak'n in an author: This is some common stuff;
and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, That such authoriz'd books
are but the language of the times. For though a licencer should happ'n
to be judicious more then ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy
of the next succcession, yet his very office, and his commision enjoys
him to let passe nothing but what is vulgarly receive'd already. Nay,
which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though
never so famous in his life time, and even to this day, come to their
hands for licence to be printed, or reprinted, if there be found in his
book one sentence of a ventrous edge, utter'd in the height of zeal,
and who knows whether it might not be the dictat of a divine Spirit,
yet not suiting with every low decrepit humor of their own, though
it were Knox himself, the Reformer of a Kingdom that spake it, they
will not pardon him their dash: the sense of that great man shall to
all posterity be lost, for the fearfulness, or the presumtuous rash-
nesse of a perfunctory licencer. And to what an author this violence
hath bin lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to
be faithfully publish't, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a
more convenient septon. Yet if these things be not resent'd seriously
and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that
such iron moulds as these shall have authority to knaw out the choi'est
periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud
against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more
sorrow will belong to that haples race of men, whose misfortune it
is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or
care to be more then worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to
be ignorant and slothfull, to be a commonlyd dastard dunce will be the
only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disafeem of every knowing person alive,
and most injurious to the writ'n labours and monuments of the dead,
so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole Nation.