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Montaigne's Essays

In Three Books. With Notes and Quotations. And an Account of The Author's Life ; With a short Character of the Author and Translator, by the late Marquis of Halifax; With the Addition of A Complete Table to each Volume

Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de

London, 1743

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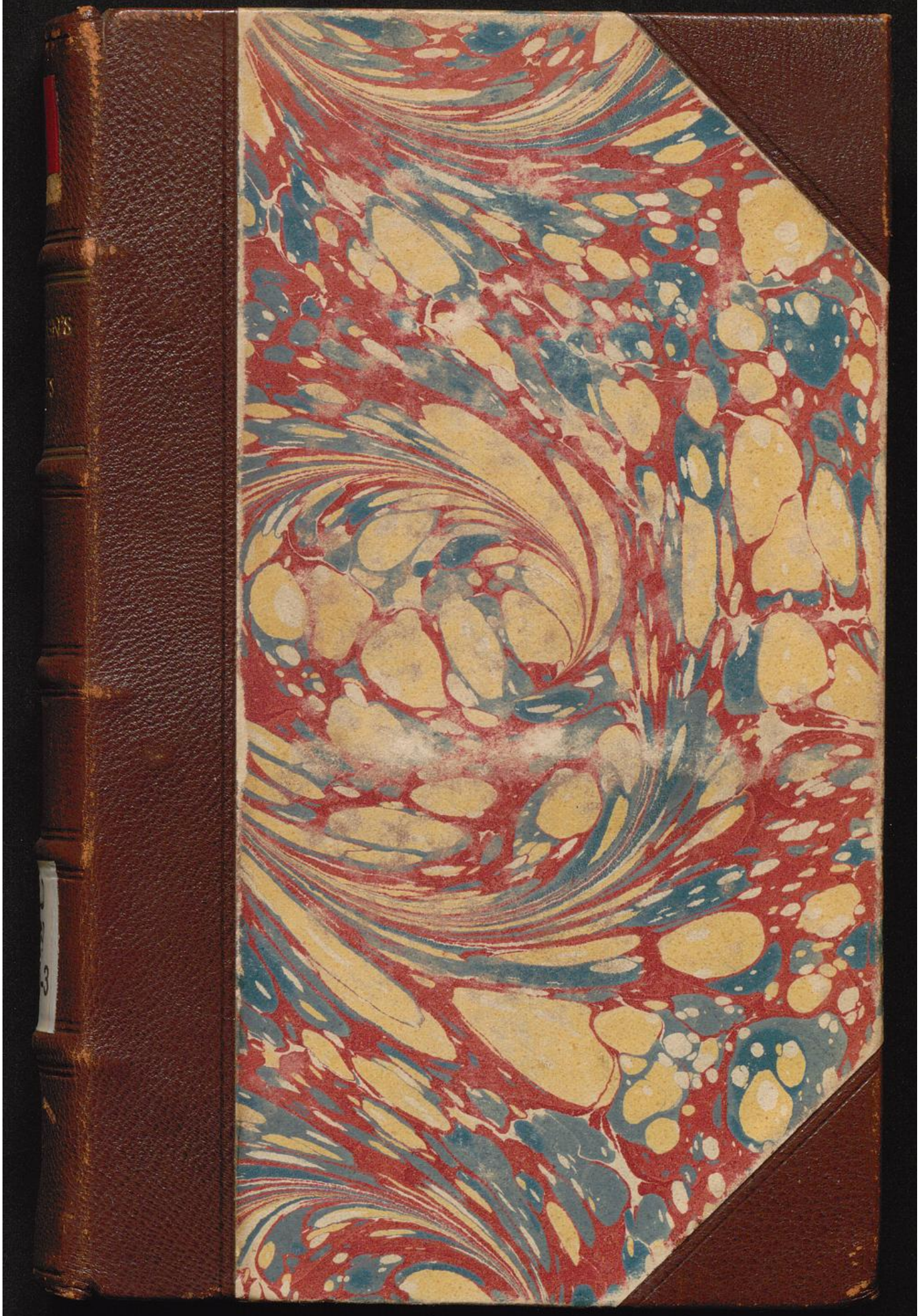
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J. Adamson

MONTAIGNE's

ESSAYS

In THREE BOOKS.

WITH

NOTES and QUOTATIONS.

Translated by

CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

——*Vireſque acquirit eundo.* VIRG. Lib. 4. Æn.

The THIRD VOLUME.

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ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seig^r. *de Montaigne.*

The Third BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of Profit and Honesty.

NO Man is free from saying silly Things; but the Misfortune is when we endeavour to play the Fool.

Næ iste magno conatu magnus nugas dixerit *.

The Man, in troth, with much ado
Has prov'd that one and one make two.

This no way regards me; my Words escape me with as much Indifference as they are little worth, and so much the better: I would immediately part with them for what they cost me, and neither buy nor sell them,

* *Terent. Heaut. Act.* 4. *Scen.* 1.

but according to their Weight. I write as I ſpeak in common Converſation, and that this is true, I here give you an Example. To whom ought not Perfidy to be hateful, when even *Tiberius* himſelf refuſed it in an Affair of the greateſt Importance to him? Advice was ſent him from *Germany*, that if he thought fit they would rid him of *Arminius* by Poiſon: *Arminius* was the greateſt and moſt powerful Enemy the *Romans* had to deal with; he had deſtroyed their Legions under the Conduct of *Varus*, and was the only Obſtacle to the Enlargement of their Dominions in that vaſt Country: But *Tiberius* made Anſwer, *That the* Romans *were uſed to take Vengeance on their Enemies by open and honourable Means with their Swords in their Hands, and not by Fraud and Deceit.* Here Utility and Policy gave place to Honeſty. You will tell me that he was an impudent Deceiver himſelf, and ſpoke contrary to his Sentiments; I really believe he did ſo: It is no great Miracle in Men of his Profeſſion. But the Acknowledgment due to Virtue is not the leſs valid for being found in the Mouth of a bad Man; in as much as Truth wrings it from him. Our outward and inward Frame is full of Imperfection; but there is nothing uſeleſs in *Nature*, not even Inutility itſelf; nothing having ſlipt into this *Univerſe*, that does not poſſeſs ſome proper Place in it. Our *Being* is cemented with ſickly Qualities; *Ambition*, *Jealouſy*, *Envy*, *Revenge*, *Superſtition*, and *Deſpair*, have ſo natural a Poſſeſſion in us, that the Image is diſcerned in Beaſts: Even that unnatural Vice, Cruelty itſelf; for in the midſt of Compaſſion, we feel within I know not what tart ſweet malicious Pleaſure in ſeeing others ſuffer: Children themſelves feel it.

Treachery rejected by Tiberius.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquore ventis,
E Terra magnum alterius ſpectare laborem *.

'Tis ſweet from Land to ſee a Storm at Sea,
And others ſinking, whilſt ourſelves are free.

Vices neceſſary in all Governments.

Whoever ſhould diveſt Man of the Seeds of theſe Qualities, would deſtroy the fundamental Conditions of human

* *Lucan. l.* 1.

Life:

Life: Even in all Governments there are necessary Offices, which are not only vile but vicious too. Vices have there a help to make up the Seam in our piercing; as Poisons are useful for the Preservation of Health. If they become excusable because they are of use to us, and that the common Necessity covers their true Qualities; we are to resign this Part to the most robust and least fearful of the People, who sacrifice their Honour and Conscience, as others of old sacrific'd their Lives for the good of their Country: We who are weaker, take upon us the Parts of Actions, that are both more easy, and less hazardous: The publick Good requires that a Man should betray, and lie, and murder; but let us leave this *Commission* to Men that are more pliable and obedient. Indeed, I have often been vexed to see Judges impudently making use of Fraud and false Hopes of Pardon and Favour, to cozen a poor Criminal into a Confession of the Fact alledged against him. It would become Justice, and *Plato* himself, who countenances this manner of proceeding, to furnish me with other means more worthy of my Approbation. This is a malicious Justice, and I look upon it as no less violated by it self than others. I said not long since in Discourse, *That I who should hardly be drawn in to betray my Prince for any particular Man, should be very much ashamed to betray any particular Man for my Prince:* And I do not only hate being a Deceiver my self; but that any one should deceive me, or others by my Means; I will neither afford Matter nor Occasion to any such thing. In the little I have had to negotiate betwixt our Princes in the Divisions and Subdivisions, by which we are at this time torn to Pieces, I have been very careful that they should neither be deceiv'd in me, nor deceive others by me: People of that sort of Trade are very reserv'd, and pretend to be the most moderate imaginable, and to chime in as much as possible with the Opinion of those with whom they have to do; but for my Part I shew myself in my true Opinion, and in a Form as much my own as I can: Like a Novice and a raw Negotiator, I had rather fail in the Affair I am about, than be wanting to my self. And yet I have hitherto had the good Luck, (for Fortune has doubtless the best Share in it) that little or nothing has passed from

Hand to Hand with less Suspicion, or with more Favour and Secrecy. I have a free and open Way that easily insinuates itself, and obtains Belief with those with whom I am to deal at the first Meeting. Sincerity and pure Truth, in what Age soever, find their Opportunity and Advantage; and besides, the Liberty and Freedom of a Man, who treats without any Interest of his own, is never hateful or suspected; and he may very well make use of the Answer of *Hipperides* to the *Athenians*, who complained of this harsh way of speaking to them: *Gentlemen*, says he, *do not consider whether or no I am free, but whether I am so without a Bribe, or without any Advantage to my own Affairs.* My Freedom of Speech has also easily acquitted me from all Suspicion of dissembling; my Vehemency leaving nothing unsaid, how home and bitter soever (so that I could not have said worse behind their Backs) carried along with it a manifest Shew of Simplicity and Indifference. I pretend to no other Fruit by acting than to act, and add to it no long Pursuit nor Proposals; every Action plays it's own Game, win if it can. As to the rest, I am not biassed by any Passion either of Love or Hatred towards the Great, nor have my Will fettered either by particular Injury or Obligation. I look upon our *Kings* with an Affection simply loyal and respectful, neither prompted on, nor restrained by any private Interest, and I love myself for it. Neither does the general or just *Cause* attract me otherwise than with Moderation, and without Animosity. I am not subject to these penetrating and entirely affected Engagements. Anger and Hatred are beyond the Duty of Justice, and are Passions only useful to those who do not keep themselves strictly to their Duty by mere *Reason. Utatur motu animi, qui uti ratione non potest. He only employs his Passion, that can make no use of his Reason.* All lawful Intentions are moderate of themselves; if otherwise, they degenerate into seditious and unlawful. This is it which makes me walk every where with my Head erect, my Face and my Heart open, to confess the Truth; and I am not afraid to confess it: I should easily in case of need light up one Candle to St. *Michael*, and another to his *Dragon*, like the old Woman? I will follow the right Cause even to the Fire; but exclusively if

I can. Let *Montaigne* be overwhelmed in the publick Ruin if need be; but if there be no need, I should think myself obliged to *Fortune* that saves him; and I will make use of all the length of Line my Duty allows for his Preservation. Was it not *Atticus*, who being of the just, but losing Side, preserved himself by his Moderation, in that universal Shipwreck of the World, amongst so many Changes and Revolutions? In such private Men as he, it is much easier; and in such sort of Business, I find a Man may justly be ambitious not to be meddling: For a Man indeed to be wavering and irresolute, to keep his Affections unmoved, and without Inclination in the Troubles of his Country, and a publick Division, I neither think it handsom nor honest. *Ea non media, sed nulla via est, velut eventum expectantium, quo Fortunæ consilia sua applicent* *. *That is not a middle Way, but no Way, to expect Events by which they refer their Resolutions to Fortune.* This may be allowed in our Neighbours Affairs; and thus *Gilo* the Tyrant of *Syracuse* suspended his Inclination in the Way betwixt the *Greeks* and *Barbarians*, keeping an Ambassador residing with Presents at *Delphos*, to lye and watch to see which way Fortune would incline, and then take present Opportunity to fall in with the Victors. It would be a kind of Treason to proceed after this manner in our own domestick Affairs, wherein we must of necessity be of the one Side or the other; though I hold it more excusable for a Man to sit still, when he has no *Office* or Command to call him out to Action, except in foreign Expeditions, to which, according to our Laws, no Man is pressed against his Will: And yet I don't excuse myself upon these Terms. Even those who wholly engage themselves in such a War, may behave themselves with so much Moderation and Temper, that 'tis likely the Storm may fly over their Heads without doing them any harm. Had we not Reason to expect such an Issue in the Person of the Sieur *de Morvilliers*, late Bishop of *Orleans*? And I know several, who though they behave themselves with the

That it is neither honourable nor honest, to stand neuter in a Civil War.

* *Liv. l.* 32.

greatest Courage and Vigour in the present War, whose Manners are so gentle, obliging, and just, that they will certainly stand firm, whatever Event Heaven is preparing for us. I am of Opinion, that it properly belongs to *Kings* only to quarrel with *Kings*, and laugh at those *Bully-Rocks*, that out of Wantonness of Courage present themselves to so disproportioned Disputes: for a Man has never the more particular Quarrel to a *Prince*, for marching openly and boldly against him for his own Honour, and according to his Duty: If he does not love such a Person, he does better, he has a Reverence and Esteem for him. And the Cause of defending the *Laws*, and the ancient Government of a Kingdom, has this always especially annext to it, that even those, who for their own private Interest invade them, excuse, if they do not honour the *Defenders*. But we ought not, as the Fashion is at present, to honour with the Name of Duty that Peevishness and inwatd Discontent which spring from private Interest and Passion; nor call a treacherous and malicious Conduct, Courage. People give the Name of *Zeal* to their Propensity to Mischief and Violence; though it is not the *Cause* but their Interest that inflames them. They kindle and begin a *War*, not because it is just, but because it is War. Nothing hinders a Man from behaving himself discreetly, without any Breach of his Loyalty, amongst the adverse Party; carry yourself then, if not with the same equal Affection, (for that is capable of different Measures) at least with an Affection moderate, well tempered, and such as shall not so engage you to one Party, that it may expect all you are able to do for that Side, and content yourself also with a moderate Proportion of their Favour and Good-will, and to swim in troubled Waters, without fishing in them. The other Way of offering a Man's self, and the utmost Service he is able to do, both to one Party and the other, has yet in it less of Prudence than Conscience. Does not he to whom you betray another, to whom you was as welcome as to himself, know that you will at another time do as much for him? He holds you for a Villain; and in the mean time hears what you will say, gathers Intelligence from you, and works his own Ends out of your Disloyalty;

for

Wherein double Dealing Men are of Use.

for Double-dealing Men are useful in bringing in, but we must have a care they carry out as little as is possible. I say nothing to one Party, which I may not upon Occasion say to the other, with a little Alteration of Accent, and report nothing but Things either indifferent or known, or what is of common Consequence. I cannot suffer myself for any Consideration to tell them a *Lie*. What is intrusted to my Secrecy, I religiously conceal; but I take as few Trusts of that Nature upon me as I can. The Secrets of *Princes* are a troublesom Burden to such as are not interested in them. I very willingly capitulate that they trust me with little, but confidently rely upon what I tell them: I have ever known more than I desired. One open Way of speaking opens another open Way of speaking, and draws out Discoveries like *Wine* and *Love*. *Philippides*, in my Opinion, answered King *Lysimachus* very discreetly, who asking him what Part of his Estate he should bestow upon him? *What you will*, said he, *provided it be none of your Secrets*. I see every one mutters, and is displeased, if the Bottom of the Affair be conceal'd from him wherein he is employ'd, or that there be any Reservation in the Case; for my part, I am content to know no more of the Business than what they desire I should employ myself in, nor desire that my Knowledge should exceed or strain my Word: if I must serve for an Instrument of Deceit, let it be at least with a safe Conscience; I will neither be reputed a Servant so affectionate, nor so loyal, as to be fit to betray any one. Who is unfaithful to himself, is excusably so to his Master. But there are *Princes* who do not accept Men by halves, and despise limited and conditional Services. I cannot help it, I truly tell them how far I can go; for a *Slave* I should not be, but upon very good Reason; and however, I could hardly submit to that Condition. And they also are to blame to exact from a Freeman the same Subjection and Obligation to their Service, that they do from one whom they have made, and bought, or whose Fortune does particularly and expresly depend upon theirs. The *Laws* have delivered me from a great Anxiety, they have chosen

ſen a Maſter for me, all other Superiority and Obligation ought to be relative to him, and cut off from every thing elſe. Yet is not this to ſay, that if my Affection ſhould otherwiſe ſway and incline me, my Hand ſhould preſently obey it; the Will and Deſire are a *Law* to themſelves; but Actions muſt receive Commiſſion from the publick Appointment. All this Proceeding of mine is a little diſſonant from the ordinary Forms; it would produce no great Effects, nor be of any long Duration; Innocence itſelf could not, in this Age of ours, either negotiate without Diſſimulation, or traffick without lying. And indeed publick Employments are by no means for my Palate; what my Profeſſion requires, I perform after the moſt private manner that I can. Being young, I was engaged up to the Ears in Buſineſs, and it ſucceeded well; but I diſengaged myſelf in due time. I have often ſince avoided meddling in it, ſeldom accepted, and never aſked it, keeping my Back ſtill turned to Ambition: but if not like Rowers, who ſo advance backward, yet ſo nevertheleſs, that I am leſs obliged to my Reſolution than to my good Fortune, that I was not wholly embarked in it. For there are Ways leſs diſpleaſing to my Taſte, and more ſuitable to my Ability, by which if ſhe had formerly called me to the publick Service, and my own Advancement towards the World's Opinion, I know I ſhould, in ſpite of all my own Arguments to the contrary, have purſued them. Such as commonly ſay, in Oppoſition to what I profeſs, that what I call Freedom, Simplicity, and Plainneſs in my Manners, is Art and Subtlety, and rather Prudence than Goodneſs, Induſtry than Nature, good Senſe than good Luck, do me more Honour than Diſgrace; but doubtleſs they make my Subtlety too ſubtile; and whoever has followed me cloſe, and pried narrowly into me, I will give him the Victory, if he does not confeſs that there is no *Rule* in their School that could match this natural Motion, and maintain an Appearance of Liberty and Licence ſo equal and inflexible, through ſo many various and crooked Paths, and through which all their Wit and Endeavours could never have led them. The Way of Truth is one, and ſimple; that of particular Profit, and the Commodity

of

of Affairs with which a Man is intrusted, is double, unequal, and casual. I have seen these counterfeit and artificial Liberties practised, but for the most part without Success. They relish of *Æsop*'s Ass, who in Emulation of the Dog, obligingly clapt his two fore Feet upon his Master's Shoulders; but as many Caresses as the Dog had for such an Expression of Kindness, twice so many Blows with a Cudgel had the poor Ass for his Compliment. *Id maximè quemque decet, quod est cujusque suum maximè* *. *That best becomes every Man, that he is best at.* I will not deprive Deceit of it's Due; that would be to understand the World but very ill. I know it has often been of great Use, and that it maintains and supplies the greatest Part of Mens Affairs. There are Vices that are lawful, as there are many Actions either good, or at least excusable, that are not lawful in themselves. That *Justice* which in itself is natural and universal, is otherwise, and more nobly ordered than that other *Justice*, which is peculiar, national, and wrested to the ends of Government. *Veri Juris germanæque Justitiæ solidam, & expressam effigiem nullam tenemus; umbra & imaginibus utimur* †. *We retain no solid and express Effigies of true Right and Justice; we have only the Shadow and Notion of it.* Insomuch that the wise *Dandamis* hearing the Lives of *Socrates*, *Pythagoras* and *Diogenes* read, judged them to be great Men every Way, excepting that they were too much subjected to the Reverence of the *Laws*, which, to second and authorize true Virtue, must abate very much of it's original Vigor, and many vicious Actions are introduced, not only by their Permission, but Advice. *Ex senatusconsultis plebisque citis scelera exercentur* **. *Vicious Actions are committed by the Consent of the Magistrates and the common Laws.* I follow the common Phrase, that distinguishes betwixt profitable and honest things, so as to call some natural Actions, that are not only profitable and necessary, dishonest and foul. But let us proceed in our Examples of Treachery; two Pretenders to the

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* *Cicero de Off. l.* 1. † *Ibid. l.* 5.

** *Seneca, Epist.* 97.

King.

Kingdom of *Thrace* were fallen into Dispute about their Title. The *Emperor* hindered them from proceeding to Blows; but one of them, under colour of bringing things to a friendly Issue by an Interview, having invited his *Competitor* to an Entertainment in his own House, took, and kill'd him. Justice requir'd that the *Romans* should have Satisfaction for this Offence; but there was a Difficulty in obtaining it by ordinary Ways. What therefore they could not do by due Forms of *Law*, without a War, and without Danger, they attempted to do by Treachery; and what they could not honestly do, they did profitably. For which End one *Pomponius Flaccus* was found to be a fit Instrument. This Man, by dissembled Words and Assurance, having drawn the other into his *Snare*, instead of the Honour and Favour he had promised him, sent him bound Hand and Foot to *Rome*. Here one Traitor betray'd another, contrary to common Custom; for they are full of Mistrust, and 'tis hard to over-reach them in their own Art: witness the sad Experience we have lately had. Let who will be *Pomponius Flaccus*, and there are enough that would be. For my Part, both my Word and my Faith are like all the rest, Parts of this common Body; their best Effect is the publick Service, which I take for presuppos'd. But should one command me to take charge of the Palace, and the Records there, I should make answer, That I understood it not; or the Command of a Conductor of *Pioneers*, I would say, That I was called to a more honourable Employment. So likewise he that would employ me to lie, betray, and forswear myself, though not to assassinate, or to poison, for some notable Service, I should say, If I have rob'd or stolen any thing from any Man, send me rather to the *Gallies*. For it is lawful for a Man of Honour to say as the *Lacedæmonians* did, having been defeated by *Antipater*, when just upon the Point of concluding an Agreement, *You may impose as heavy and ruinous Taxes upon us as you please; but to command us to do shameful and dishonest things, you will lose your time, for it is to no purpose.* Every one ought to take the same Oath to himself, that the *Kings of Egypt* made their *Judges* solemnly swear, That they would not do any thing contrary

trary to their Consciences, though ever so much commanded to it by the Kings themselves. In such *Commissions* there is an evident Mark and Ignominy and Condemnation. And he who gives it, does at the same time accuse you, and gives it, if you understand it right, for a Burden and a Punishment. As much as the publick Affairs are bettered by your Exploit, so much are your own the worse; and the better you behaved yourself in it, 'tis so much the worse for yourself. And it will be no new thing, nor perhaps without some Colour of Justice, if the same Person ruin you who set you on work. If Treachery can be in any Case excusable, it must be only so when it is practised to chastise and betray Treachery. There are Examples enough of Treacheries not only rejected, but chastised, and punished by those in Favour of whom they were undertaken. Who is ignorant of *Fabricius*'s Sentence against *Pyrrhus* his *Physician?* But this we also find recorded, that some Persons have commanded a thing, who afterwards have severely revenged the Execution of it upon him they had employed, rejecting the Reputation of so unbridled an Authority, and disowning so lewd, and so base a Servitude and Obedience. *Jaropelus*, Duke of *Russia*, tamper'd with a Gentleman of *Hungary* to betray *Boleslaus*, King of *Poland*, either by killing him, or by giving the *Russians* Opportunity to do him some notable Mischief. This Gallant goes presently in hand with it, was more assiduous in the Service of that King than before; so that he obtained the Honour to be of his Council, and one of the chiefest in his Trust; with these Advantages, and taking a proper Opportunity of his Master's Absence, he betrayed *Visilicia*, a great and rich City to the *Russians*, which was entirely sacked and burnt, and not only all the Inhabitants of both Sexes, young and old, put to the Sword; but moreover a great Number of neighbouring Gentry, that he had drawn thither to that wicked End. *Jaropelus*'s Revenge being thus satisfied, and his Anger appeased, which was not however without Pretence (for *Boleslaus* had highly offended him, and after the same manner) and sated with the Effect of this Treachery, coming to consider the

Wherein Treachery is only to be excused.

Foulness

Foulneſs of it, with a ſound Judgment, and clear from Paſſion, looked upon what had been done with ſo much Horror and Remorſe, that he cauſed the Eyes to be bored out, and the Tongue, and privy Parts to be cut off, of him that had performed it. *Antigonus* perſuaded the Soldiers called *Argyraſpides* to betray *Eumenus* their General, his Adverſary, into his Hands. But after he had cauſed him ſo delivered to be ſlain, he would himſelf be the *Commiſſioner* of the Divine Juſtice, for the Puniſhment of ſo deteſtable a Crime, and committed them into the Hands of the Governor of the *Province*, with expreſs Command by all means to deſtroy, and bring them all to an evil End. So that of all that great Number of Men, not ſo much as one ever returned again into *Macedonia*. The more effectually he had been ſerved, the greater Wickedneſs he looked upon it to be, and the more deſerving a ſevere Puniſhment. The Slave that betrayed the Place where his Maſter *P. Sulpitius* lay concealed, was according to the Promiſe of *Sylla*'s Proſcription, manumitted for his Pains: But according to the Promiſe of the publick Juſtice, which was free from any ſuch Engagement, he was thrown Headlong from the *Tarpeian* Rock. And our King *Clouis*, inſtead of the Armour of Gold he had promiſed them, cauſed three of *Canacre*'s Servants to be hang'd after they had betrayed their Maſter to him, though he had debauched them to it. They hang'd them with the Purſe of their Reward about their Necks. After having ſatisfied their ſecond, and ſpecial Faith, they ſatisfy the general, and firſt. *Mahomet* the ſecond being reſolved to rid himſelf of his Brother, out of Jealouſy of State, according to the Practice of the *Ottoman* Family, he employed one of his Officers in the Execution, who pouring a Quantity of Water too faſt into him, choked him. This being done, to expiate the Murther, he delivered the Murtherer into the Hands of the Mother of him he had ſo cauſed to be put to Death, (for they were but half Brothers by the Father's Side) who in his Preſence ript up the Murtherer's Boſom,

A Slave thrown from the Tarpeian *Rock for Treaſon.*

Three Servants hanged for betraying Canacre *their Maſter.*

and with her own revenging Hands rifled his Breast for his Heart, tore it out, and threw it to the Dogs. And even to the vilest Dispositions, it is the sweetest thing imaginable, having once got their Ends in a vicious Action immediately to tag to it, with all imaginable Security, some shew of Virtue and Justice, by way of Compensation and conscientious Remorse. To this may be added, that they look upon the Ministers of such horrid Crimes, as People that reproach them with them; and think by their Deaths to raze out the Memory and Testimony of such Proceedings. Or if perhaps you are rewarded, not to frustrate the publick Necessity of that extreme and desperate Remedy; he that does it, cannot for all that, if he be not such himself, but look upon you as a cursed and execrable Fellow; and conclude you a greater Traitor, than he does him against whom you are so; for he tries the Lewdness of your Disposition by your own Hands; where he cannot possibly be deceived, you having no Object of preceding Hatred to move you to such an Act. But he employs you as condemn'd Malefactors are employed in Executions of Justice, an Office as necessary as dishonest. Besides the Baseness of such Commissions, there is moreover a Prostitution of Conscience. As the Daughter of *Sejanus* could not be put to Death by the *Law* of *Rome*, because she was a *Virgin*, she was, to make it lawful, first ravish'd by the Hangman, and then strangled; not only his Hand, but his Soul is Slave to the publick Convenience. When *Amurath* the First, the more grievously to punish his Subjects, who had taken Part with the Parricide Rebellion of his Son, ordain'd, that the nearest Kindred should assist in the Execution; I find it very handsom in some of them, to have rather chosen to be unjustly thought guilty of the Parricide of another, than to serve Justice by a Parricide of their own. And whereas I have seen at the taking of some little Fort by Assault in my Time, some Rascals, who to save their own Lives, would consent to hang their Friends and Companions; I look upon them to be in a worse Condition than those that were hang'd. 'Tis said, that *Wittoldus*, Prince of *Lithuania*, introduced a Law into his Country,

Virgins could not be put to Death at Rome.

Criminals condemn'd to execute themselves.

Country, that when a Criminal was condemn'd to Death, he should execute the Sentence himself; for he thought it strange that a third Person, innocent of the Fault, should be made guilty of the Homicide. A *Prince*, when by some urgent Circumstance, or some impetuous and unforeseen Accident, that very much concerns his Estate, compell'd to forfeit his Word, or break his Faith, or otherwise forced from his ordinary Duty, ought to attribute this Necessity to a Lash of the Divine Rod: Vice it is not, for he has given up his own Reason to a more universal and more powerful Reason; but certainly 'tis a Misfortune: So that if any one should ask me, what Remedy? *None*, says I, *if he were really rack'd betwixt these two Extremes, (sed videat ne quæratur latebra perjurio**) he must do it; but if he did it without Regret, if it did not grieve him to do it, 'tis a sign his Conscience is in a scurvy Condition. If there be a Person to be found of so tender a Conscience as to think no Cure whatever worth so important a Remedy, I shall like him never the worse. He could not more excusably, or more decently perish. We cannot do all we would. So that we must often, as the last anchorage, commit the Protection of our Vessels to the Conduct of Heaven. To what more just Necessity does he reserve himself? What is more impossible for him to do, than what he cannot do but at the Expence of his Faith and Honour? Things that perhaps ought to be dearer to him than his own Safety, or the Safety of his People. Though he should with folded Arms only call *God* to his Assistance, has he not reason to hope that the Divine Bounty will not refuse the Favour of an extraordinary Arm to just and pure Hands? These are dangerous Examples, rare and sickly Exceptions to our natural Rules: We must yield to them, but with great Moderation and Circumspection. No private Advantage is of such Importance, that we should upon that account strain our Consciences to such a Degree; the Publick may, when very manifest, and of very great Concern. *Timoleon* made a timely Expiation for his strange Fact by

* *Cicero de Offic. l.* 3.

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the Tears he shed, calling to Mind that it was with a fraternal Hand that he had slain the *Tyrant*. And it justly prick'd his Conscience, that he had been necessitated to purchase the publick Utility at so great a Price as the Violation of his own Welfare. Even the *Senate* itself, by his Means delivered from Slavery, durst not positively determine of so high a Fact, and divided into two so important and contrary Aspects. But the *Syracusans*, having opportunely, at the same time, sent to the *Corinthians* to solicit their Protection, and to require of them a Captain fit to re-establish their City in it's former Dignity, and to cleanse *Sicily* of several little *Tyrants*, by which it was oppressed; they deputed *Timoleon* for that Service, with this cunning Declaration: That according as he should behave himself, well or ill in his Employment, their Sentence should incline either to favour the Deliverer of his Country, or to disfavour the Murtherer of his Brother. This fantastick Conclusion carries along with it some Excuse, by reason of the Danger of the Example, and the Importance of so double-faced an Action: And they did well to discharge their own Judgment of it, and refer it to others, who were not so much concern'd. But *Timoleon*'s Conduct and Behaviour in this Expedition soon made his Cause more clear; so worthily and virtuously did he carry himself upon all Occasions. And the good Fortune, that accompanied him in the Difficulties he had to overcome in this noble Employment, seemed to be strewed in his Way by the *Gods*, as favourably conspiring for his Justification. This Man's View is excusable, if any can be so. But the Profit of the Augmentation of the publick Revenue, that serv'd the *Roman* Senate for a Pretence to the foul Conclusion I am going to relate, is not sufficient to warrant any such Injustice.

Certain *Cities* had for Money redeem'd themselves and their Liberties out of the Hands of *L. Sylla*, and that too by Order and Consent of the *Senate*; but the Affair coming again in Question, the *Senate* condemn'd them to be taxable as they were before, and that the Money they had disburs'd for their Redemption should be confiscated. *Civil Wars* often produce such vile Examples; that we punish private Men for confiding in

us when we were publick Ministers; and the self same *Magistrate* makes another Man pay the Penalty of his Change that cannot help it. The *Prædagogue* whips his Scholar for his Docility; and the Guide beats the blind Man that he leads; a horrid Image of Justice. There are Rules in *Philosophy* that are both false and weak. The Example that is proposed to us, preferring private Utility before Faith given, has not weight enough by the Circumstance they put to it. *Robbers* have seized you, and after having made you swear to pay them a certain Sum of Money, dismiss you. 'Tis not well done to say, that an honest Man may be quit from his Oath without payment, being out of their Hands. 'Tis no such matter: What Fear has once made me willing to do, I am obliged to do it when I am no more in fear. And though that Fear only prevail'd with my Tongue, without forcing my Will, yet am I bound to keep my Word. For my part, when my Tongue has inconsiderately said something that I did not think, I have made a Conscience of disowning it. Otherwise by degrees we shall abolish all the Right another pretends to from our promise. *Quasi verò forti viro vis possit adhiberi* *. *As though a Man truly valiant could be compell'd.* And 'tis only lawful upon the Account of private Interest to excuse Breach of Promise, when we have promised something that is unlawful and wicked in itself: For the Right of Virtue ought to take Place of the Right of any Obligation of ours. I have formerly placed *Epaminondas* in the first Rank of excellent Men, and do not repent it. How far did he stretch the Consideration of his own particular Duty? who never kill'd Man that he had overcome; who for his inestimable Benefit of restoring the Liberty of his Country, made Conscience of killing a *Tyrant*, or his Accomplice, without due Form of Justice; and who concluded him to be a wicked Man, how good a Citizen soever otherwise, who amongst his Enemies spar'd not his Friend and Acquaintance in *Battle?* This was a Soul of a rich Composure: He married Bounty and Humanity; nay, even

Private Utility not to be preferr'd before Faith given.

* *Cicero de Offic. l.* 3.

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the tendereſt and moſt delicate in the whole School of *Philoſophy*, to the rudeſt and moſt violent of all human Actions. That great Courage, ſo conſtant and unſhaken in Dangers, ſo obſtinate againſt Poverty, Pain, and Death; was in *Nature* or *Art* that had ſoften'd it to ſo extreme a Degree of Sweetneſs and Compaſſion? Dreadful in War, with Fire and Blood, he over-ran and ſubdued a Nation invincible to all others but to him alone; and yet in the Fury of an Engagement could turn aſide from encountering his Hoſt and Friend. Certainly he was moſt fit to command in War, who could ſo rein himſelf with the Curb of a good Nature, in the Height and Heat of his Fury, and a Fury ſo inflam'd and foaming with Blood and Slaughter. 'Tis almoſt a Miracle to be able to mix any Image of Juſtice with ſuch violent Actions: And it was only poſſible for ſuch a Stedfaſtneſs of Mind as that of *Epaminondas*, to mix with it the Sweetneſs and Eaſineſs of the gentleſt Manner and pureſt Innocency. And whereas one told the *Mammertines*, that *Statues* were of no Reſiſtance againſt armed Men; and another told the *Tribune* of the People, that the time of Juſtice and War were diſtinct Things; and a third ſaid, that the Noiſe of Arms deafen'd the Voice of the Law: This Man in all this Rattle was not deaf to that of Civility, and mere Courteſy. Had he not borrowed from his Enemies the Cuſtom of ſacrificing to the *Muſes* when he went to War, that they might by their Sweetneſs and Gaiety ſoften his martial and unrelenting Fury? Let us not fear by the Example of ſo great a Maſter, to believe that there is ſomething unlawful, even againſt an Enemy; and that the common Concern ought not to require all Things of all, againſt private Intereſt. *Manente memoria etiam in diſſidio publicorum fœderum privati juris:*

——*& nulla potentia vires*
Præſtandi, ne quid peccet amicus habet *.

And no Pow'r upon Earth can e'er diſpenſe,
Treachery to a Friend without Offence.

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* *Ovid.*

And that all Things are not lawful to an honest Man, for the Service of his *Prince*, the *Laws*, or the *general Quarrel*. *Non enim Patria præstat omnibus officiis, & ipsi conducit pios habere Cives in Parentes* *. 'Tis an Instruction proper for the Time wherein we live; we need not harden our Courages with these Arms of Steel, 'tis enough that our Soldiers are inur'd to them. 'Tis enough to dip our Pens in Ink, without dipping them in Blood. If it be Grandeur of Courage, and the Effect of a singular and uncommon Virtue, to contemn Friendship, private Obligations, a Man's Word, and Relation, for the common Good, and Obedience to the Magistrate; 'tis certainly sufficient to excuse us, that 'tis a Grandeur that could have no Place in the Grandeur of *Epaminondas*'s Courage. I abominate those mad Exhortations of this other enraged and discompos'd Soul:

——*Dum tela micant, non vos pietatis imago*
Ulla, nec adversâ conspecti fronte parentes
Commoveant, vultus gladio turbate verendos †.

When Swords are drawn, let no Remains of Love,
Friendship or Piety Compassion move;
But boldly wound the venerable Face
Of your own Fathers if oppos'd in Place.

Let us deprive wicked, bloody, and treacherous Natures of such a Pretence of Reason. Let us set aside this guilty and enormous Justice, and stick to no more human Imitations. How great Things can *Time* and *Example* do? In an Encounter of the *Civil War* against *Cinna*, one of *Pompey*'s Soldiers having unawares kill'd his Brother, who was of the contrary *Party*, he immediately through Shame and Sorrow kill'd himself; and some Years after, in another Civil War, among the same *People*, one demanded a Reward from his Captain, for having kill'd his Brother. A Man brings but a very bad Proof of the Honour and Beauty of an Action, by pleading the Usefulness of it; and such as say, that every one is obliged,

* *Cicero de Off. l.* 6. † *Lucan. l.* 7.

and

and that it is honest if it is useful, draw but a very false Conclusion.

Omnia non pariter rerum omnibus apta.*

All Things are not alike for all Men fit.

Let us chuse what is more necessary and profitable for human Society, it will be Marriage; and yet the Counsel of the Saints find the contrary much better, excluding the most honourable Vocation of Men; as we design those Horses for *Stallions*, of which we make the least Account.

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* *Propert.*

CHAP. II.

Of Repentance.

OThers form *Man*, I only report him, and represent a particular one, ill made enough; and whom, if I had him to model anew, I should certainly make something else of him than what he is: But that's past recalling. Now, though the Features of my Picture alter and change, 'tis not however unlike. The World eternally turns round, all Things therein are incessantly moving; the Earth, the Rocks of *Caucasus*, and the *Pyramids* of *Egypt*, both by the publick Motion, and their own. Even *Constancy* itself is no other but a slower and more languishing Motion. I cannot fix my Object, 'tis always tottering and reeling by a natural Drunkenness. I take it as it is at the Instant I consider it. I do not paint it's Being, I paint it's Passage, not a

Passage from one Age to another, or, as the People say, from seven to seven Years; but from Day to Day, from Minute to Minute. I must accommodate my *History* to the Hour: I may presently change, not only by Fortune, but also by Intention. 'Tis a Counterpart of various and changeable Accidents, and irresolute Imaginations, and, as it falls out, sometimes contrary. Whether it be that I am then another myself, or that I take Subjects by other Circumstances and Considerations; so it is that I may perhaps contradict; but, as *Demades* said, I never contradict the Truth. Could my Soul once take footing, I would not essay, but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial. I propose a Life mean, and without Lustre. 'Tis all one. All moral *Philosophy* may as well be applied to a private Life, as to one of the greatest Employment. Every Man carries the entire Form of human Condition. *Authors* communicate themselves to the People by some particular and foreign Mark; I, the first of any, by my universal *Being*, as *Michael de Montaigne*, not as a *Grammarian*, a *Poet*, or a *Lawyer*. If the World find Fault that I *speak* of my self, I find Fault that they do not so much as *think* of themselves. But it is Reason, that being so particular in my Way and Manner of living, and of so little Use, I should pretend to recommend myself to the publick Knowledge? And it is also Reason, that I should introduce into the World, where *Art* and *Mode* have so much Credit and Authority, crude and simple Effects of *Nature*, and of a weak Nature to boot? Is it not to build a Wall without Stone or Brick, or some such thing, to write Books without Learning? The Fancies of *Musick* are carried on by *Art*, mine by *Chance*. I have this at least according to Discipline, that never any Man treated of a Subject he better understood and knew, than what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding Man alive. Secondly, that never any Man penetrated farther into his Matter, nor better and more distinctly sifted the Parts and Consequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the End he propos'd to himself. To finish it, I need bring nothing but Fidelity to the Work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere that is any where

to

to be found. I ſpeak Truth, not ſo much as I would, but as much as I dare, and I dare a little the more as I grow older; for methinks Cuſtom allows to Age more Liberty of prating, and more Indiſcretion of talking of a Man's ſelf. That cannot fall out here, which I often ſee elſewhere, that the Work and the Artificer contradict one another. Has a Man of ſo ſober Converſation wrote ſo fooliſh a Treatiſe? Or do ſo learned Writings proceed from a Man of ſo weak Converſation? who talks at a very ordinary Rate, and writes in ſo uncommon a Way? that is to ſay, his Capacity is borrowed, and not his own. A learned Man is not learned in all Things; but a ſufficient Man is ſufficient throughout, even to Ignorance itſelf. Here my Book and I go Hand in Hand together. Elſewhere Men may recommend or accuſe the Work upon the Workman's Account; here they cannot. Who touches the one, invades the other. He that ſhall cenſure it without knowing him, will no more wrong himſelf than me; who does underſtand it, gives me all the Satisfaction I deſire. I ſhall be happy beyond my Deſert, if I can obtain only thus much from the publick Approbation, as to make Men of Underſtanding perceive that I was capable of making my Advantage of Knowledge, had I had it, and that I deſerved to be aſſiſted by a better Memory.

Be pleaſed here to excuſe, what I often repeat, that I very ſeldom repent, and that my Conſcience is ſatisfied with itſelf, not like the Conſcience of an *Angel*, or that of an *Horſe*, but like the Conſcience of a Man; always adding this Clauſe, Not one of Ceremony, but a true and real ſubmiſſive one; that I ſpeak enquiring and ignorant, purely and ſimply referring myſelf to the common and accepted Beliefs for the Reſolution. I do not teach, I only repeat. There is no Vice, that is abſolutely ſo, which does not offend, and which a ſound Judgment does not accuſe; for there is in it ſo manifeſt a Deformity and Inconvenience, that perhaps they are in the Right, who ſay, That it is chiefly begot by Ignorance. So hard it is to imagine that a Man can know without abhorring it. *Malice* ſucks up the greateſt Part of her own Venom, and poiſons herſelf. *Vice* leaves Repentance in the Soul, like an *Ulcer* in the Fleſh, which

is always scratching and lacerating itself; For *Reason* effaces all other Griefs and Sorrows, but it begets that of Repentance, which is so much the more grievous, by Reason it springs within, as the Cold and Heat of Fevers are more sharp than those that only strike upon the outward Skin. I hold for Vices, (but every one according to it's Proportion) not only those which *Reason* and *Nature* condemn; but those also, which the Opinion of Men, though false and erroneous, has made such, if authorized by Law and Custom. There is likewise no *Virtue* which does not rejoice a well-descended Nature. There is a kind of I know not what Congratulation in well-doing, that gives us an inward Satisfaction, and a certain generous Loftiness that accompanies a good Conscience. A Soul daringly vicious may perhaps arm itself with Security, but cannot supply itself with this Complacency and Satisfaction. It is no small Satisfaction to a Man to see himself preserved from the Contagion of so depraved an *Age*, and to say to himself, *Whoever could penetrate into my Soul, would not there find me guilty, either of the Affliction or the Ruin of any one; or of Revenge, or Envy, or any Offence against the publick Laws, or of Innovation, or Trouble, or Failure of my Word. And though the Libertinage of the Time permits, and teaches every one so to do, yet have I not plunder'd any* French *Man's Goods, or taken his Money: and have lived in War as well as in Peace, upon what is my own; neither have I set any Man to work without paying him his Hire.* These Testimonies of a good *Conscience* please, and this natural Rejoicing is very beneficial to us, and the only Reward that we can never fail of. To ground the Recompence of virtuous Actions upon the Approbation of others, is too uncertain and unsafe a Foundation; especially in so corrupt and ignorant an Age as this, the good Opinion of the Vulgar is injurious. Upon whom do you rely to shew you what is recommendable? God defend me from being an honest Man, according to the Description of Honour I daily see every one make of himself. *Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt* *. *What before were Vices, are now re-*

* *Seneca Epist.*

puted

puted Manners. Some of my Friends have ſometimes ſchool'd and tutor'd me with great Sincerity and Plainneſs, either of their own accord, or by my Entreaty, as an Office which a well diſpoſed Soul ſurpaſſes all other Acts of Friendſhip, not only in Utility but Kindneſs. I have always receiv'd them with the moſt open Arms of Courteſy and Acknowledgment. But, to ſay the Truth, I have often found ſo much falſe Meaſure both in their Reproaches and Praiſes, that I had not done much amiſs, rather to have err'd than to have done well, according to their Method. We chiefly, who live private Lives, not expos'd to any other View than our own, ought to have ſettled a Precedent within ourſelves, by which to try our Actions. And according to that, ſometimes to encourage, and ſometimes to correct our ſelves. I have my *Laws* and my *Judicature* to judge of myſelf, and apply myſelf more to thoſe than any other Rules. I do indeed reſtrain my Actions according to others, but extend them not by any other Rule than my own. You yourſelf only know if you are cowardly and cruel, loyal and devout. Others ſee you not, and only gueſs at you by uncertain Conjectures, and do not ſo much ſee your Nature as your Art. Rely not therefore upon their Opinions, but ſtick to your own. *Tuo tibi judicio eſt utendum. Virtutis, & vitiorum grave ipſius Conſcientiæ pondus eſt: Qua ſublata, jacent omnia* *. *Thou muſt ſpend thy own Judgment upon thyſelf; great is the Weight of thy own Conſcience, in the Diſcovery of thy own Virtues and Vices; which being taken away, all things are loſt.* But the ſaying that Repentance immediately follows the Sin, ſeems not to have reſpect to Sin in it's gayeſt Dreſs, which is lodg'd in us as in it's own proper Habitation. We may diſown and retract the Vices that ſurprize us, and to which we are hurried by Paſſions; but thoſe, which by a long Habit are rooted in a ſtrong and rigorous Will, are not ſubject to Contradiction. Repentance is no other but a recanting of the Will, and an Oppoſition to our Fancies,

What Repentance is.

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1.

which leads us which Way they pleaſe. It makes this Perſon diſown his former Virtue and Continency.

Quæ mens eſt hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ *?*

Why is not my Mind, now alas!
The ſame that when a Boy it was?
Or why does not my roſy Hue
Return, my Beauty to renew?

'Tis an exact Life, that contains it ſelf in due order in private; every one may juggle his part, and repreſent an honeſt Man upon the Stage; but within, and in his own Boſom, where all things are lawful, all things conceal'd to be regular, there's the point. The next Degree is to be ſo in his Houſe, and in his ordinary Actions, of which he is accountable to none, and where there is no Study, nor Artifice. And therefore *Bias*, ſetting forth the excellent State of a private Family; of which, ſays he, the Maſter is the ſame within, by his own Virtue and Temper, that he is Abroad for fear of the Laws and report of Men. And it was a worthy ſaying of *Julius Druſus*, to the *Maſons* who offered him for three thouſand Crowns to put his Houſe in ſuch a Poſture, that his Neighbours ſhould no longer have the Opportunity of ſeeing into it as before; *I will give you*, ſaid he, *ſix thouſand, to make it ſo that every Body may ſee into every Room.* 'Tis honourably recorded of *Ageſilaus*, that he uſed in his Journeys always to take up his Lodgings in Temples, to the End that the People, and the Gods themſelves, might pry into his moſt private Actions. Such a one has been a Miracle to the World, in whom neither his Wife nor Servant have ever ſeen any thing ſo much as remarkable. Few Men have been admired by their own *Domeſticks.* *And no one has been a Prophet, not only in his own Houſe, but in his own Country;* ſays the Experience of Hiſtories? 'Tis the ſame in things of no Conſequence. In this low Example the Image of a greater is to be ſeen. In my

No Man a Prophet in his own Country.

* *Hor. Lib.* 4. *Od.* 10.

Country

Country of *Gascony*, they look upon it as a Drollery to see me in Print. The farther off I am read from my own Home, the better I am esteem'd. I am fain to purchase *Printers* in *Guienne*, elsewhere they purchase me. Upon this it is, that they lay their Foundation, who conceal themselves while present and living, to obtain a Name when they are absent and dead. I had rather have a great deal less in hand, and do not expose my self to the World upon any other account than my present Share; when I leave it, I quit the rest. The People reconduct Mr. such a one with publick Wonders and Applause to his very Door, he puts off his Pageantry with his Robe, and falls so much the lower by how much he was higher exalted. In himself within all is in Tumult and Disorder. And though all should be regular there, it requires a quick and well chosen Judgment to perceive it in these low and private Actions. To which may be added, that *Order* is an heavy melancholick Virtue; to enter a Breach, carry an Embassy, and govern a People, are Actions of Renown; to reprehend, laugh, sell, pay, love, hate, and genteelly and justly converse with a Man's own Family and with himself; not to relent, not to give a Man's self the Lye, is more rare and hard, and less remarkable. By which means retir'd Lives, whatever is said to the contrary, undergo Offices of as great, or greater Difficulty than others do. And private Men, says *Aristotle*, serve Virtue more painfully and assiduously, than those in Authority. We prepare ourselves for eminent Occasions, more out of Glory than Conscience. The shortest Way to arrive at Glory, should be to do that for Conscience which we do for Glory. And the Virtue of *Alexander* appears to me with much less Vigour in his *Theatre*, than that of *Socrates* in his mean and obscure Employment. I can easily conceive *Socrates* in the place of *Alexander*, but *Alexander* in that of *Socrates* I cannot. Who shall ask the one, what he can do, he will answer, *subdue the World:* And who shall put the same Question to the other, he will say, *carry on human Life conformable to it's natural Condition*; a much more general, weighty, and legitimate Knowledge than the other. The Virtue of the Soul does not consist in flying high, but walking orderly;

orderly; it's Grandeur does not exercise it self in Grandeur, but in Mediocrity. As they who judge and try us within, make no great account of the Lustre of publick Actions, and see they are only Streaks and Rays of clear Water springing from a slimy and muddy Bottom; so likewise they who judge of us by this gallant outward Appearance, in like manner conclude of our internal Constitution; and cannot couple common Faculties, and like their own with the other Faculties, that astonish them, and are so far out of their Sights. Therefore it is, that we give such savage Forms to *Dæmons.* And who does not give *Tamerlain* great Eye-brows, wide Nostrils, a dreadful Face, and a prodigious Stature, according to the Imagination he has conceiv'd by the report of his Name? Had any one formerly brought me to *Erasmus*, I should hardly have believ'd but that all was *Adage* and *Apophthegm* he spoke to his Man, or his Hostess. We much more aptly imagine an *Artizan* upon his Close-stool, or upon his Wife, than a great *President* venerable by his Port and Sufficiency. We fancy that they will not abase themselves so much from their high *Tribunals*, as to live. As vicious Souls are often incited by some strange Impulse to do well, so are virtuous Souls to do ill. They are therefore to be judg'd by their settled State when they are near repose, and in their native Station. Natural Inclinations are much assisted and fortified by Education, but they seldom alter and overcome their Institution. A thousand Natures of my time have escap'd towards Virtue or Vice through a quite contrary Discipline.

Sic ubi desuetæ silvis in carcere clausæ
Mansuevere fere & vultus posuere minaces
Atque hominem didicere pati, si torrida parvus
Venit in ora cruor; redeunt rabiesque furorque,
Admonitæque tument gustato sanguine fauces,
Fervet, & à trepido vix abstinet ira magistro *.

So savage Beasts, when they are captive made,
Grow tame, and half forget their killing Trade;

* *Lucan. lib.* 4.

Demit

Demit their fierce Looks, and themſelves inure
The Government of Mankind to endure:
But if again the Blood for which they burn
They taſte, their Rage and Fury then return,
They thirſt for more, grow fell, and wildly ſtare,
And ſcarce their trembling Maſters do forbear.

Theſe original Qualities are not to be rooted out, they may be cover'd and conceal'd. The *Latin Tongue* is as it were natural to me; I underſtand it better than *French*, but I have not us'd to ſpeak it, nor hardly to write it theſe forty Years; and yet upon an extreme and ſudden Emotion, which I have faln into twice or thrice in my Life (and once ſeeing my Father in perfect Health fall upon me in a Swoon) I have always uttered my firſt Outcries and Ejaculations in *Latin*. Nature ſtarting up, and forcibly expreſſing itſelf in ſpite of ſo long a Diſcontinuation; and this Example is ſaid of many others. They who in my time have attempted to correct the Manners of the World by new Opinions, have indeed reform'd ſeeming Vices, but the real and eſſential Vices they leave as they were, if they do not augment them; and Augmentation is therein to be fear'd, we defer all other well-doing of leſs Coſt and greater Merit, upon the account of theſe external Reformations, and thereby expiate at an eaſy Rate, for the other natural, conſubſtantial, and inteſtine Vices. Look a little into our Experience. There is no Man, if he liſtens to himſelf, who does not in himſelf diſcover a particular and governing Form of his own that juſtles his Education, and wreſtles with the Tempeſt of Paſſions that are contrary to him. For my part, I ſeldom find myſelf agitated with Surprizes; I almoſt always find my ſelf in my place, as heavy and unweildy Bodies do: If I am not at home I am always near at hand; my Debauches do not tranſport me far, there is nothing ſtrange or extreme in the Caſe: and yet I have ſound and vigorous Raptures and Delights. The true Condemnation, and which touches the common Practice of Men, is, that their very Progreſs itſelf is full of Filth and Corruption; the Idea of their Reformation blotted, their Repentance ſick and faulty, very near as much as their Sin. Some either

either for having been link'd to Vice by a natural Propensity, or long Practice, cannot see the Deformity of it. Others (of which Constitution I am) do indeed weigh Vice, but they counter-balance it with Pleasure, or some other Occasion, and suffer, and lend themselves to it for a certain Price, but viciously and basely however: yet there might perhaps be imagin'd so vast a Disproportion of Measure, where with Justice the Pleasure might excuse the Sin, as we say of Profit; not only if accidental, and out of Sin, as in Thefts; but in the very Exercise of it; as in the Enjoyment of Women, wherein the Temptation is violent, and 'tis said, sometimes not to be overcome.

Being the other Day at an Estate in *Armaignac*, belonging to a Kinsman of mine, I there saw a Country-Fellow that was by every one nick-nam'd *The Thief*; who thus related the Story of his own Life: That being born a Beggar, and finding that he should not be able to get his living by his Hands, he resolved to turn *Thief*, and by his Strength of Body, had exercised this Trade all the time of his Youth in great Security; for he never made his Harvest or Vintage upon other Men's Grounds, but a great way off, and in so great Quantities, that it was not to be imagined one Man could have carried away so much in one Night upon his Shoulders; and moreover, was so careful equally to divide and distribute the Mischief he did, that the Loss was of no less Importance to every particular Man. He is now grown old and rich, for a Man of his Condition, thanks be to his *Trade*, which he openly confesses to every one; and to make his Peace with *God*, he says, that he is daily ready by good Offices to make Satisfaction to the Successors of those he has robb'd, and if he do not finish, (for to do it all at once he is not able) he will then leave it in Charge to his Heirs to perform the rest proportionably to the Wrong he himself only knows he has done to every one. By this Description, whether true or false, this Man looks upon Theft as a dishonest Action, and hates it, but less than Poverty, and does simply repent; but for as much as was thus recompensed he repents not. This is not that Habit that incorporates us into Vice, and conforms even our Understanding it self to it, nor is it

it that impetuous Whirl-wind, that by ſudden Guſts troubles and blinds our Souls, and in the Moment precipitates us, Judgment and all, into the Power of Vice.

What I do, I do thoroughly by Cuſtom, and proceed all of a Piece; I have ſeldom any Movement that ſteals away, or hides it ſelf from my Reaſon, and that is not conducted by the Conſent of all my Faculties: My Judgment therefore has either all the Blame or all the Praiſe of it; and the Blame it once has it ever keeps; for almoſt from its Birth it has always had the ſame Inclination, the ſame Courſe, and the ſame Force. And as to univerſal Opinions, I fix'd my ſelf from my Childhood in the place where I reſolved to ſtick. There are ſome Sins that are impetuous, prompt, and ſudden; let us ſet them aſide; but in theſe other Sins ſo often repeated, deliberated and contrived, whether Sins of Complexion, or Sins of Profeſſion and Vocation; I cannot conceive that they can have ſo long been ſettled in the ſame Reſolution, unleſs the Reaſon and Conſcience of him who has them, be conſtant to have them ſo, and the Repentance he boaſts to be inſpir'd with on a ſudden, is very hard for me to imagine. I follow not the Opinion of the *Pythagorean Sect*, that Men take up a new Soul when they repair to the Images of the *Gods* to receive *Oracles*, unleſs they mean that it is new, and lent for the time, our own ſhewing ſo ſmall ſigns of Purification and Cleanneſs, fit for ſuch an Office. They act quite contrary to the Precepts of the Stoicks, who ſtrickly command us to correct the Imperfections which we know our ſelves guilty of, but forbid us to alter the Repoſe of our Souls. Theſe make us believe that they have great Grief and Remorſe within; but of Amendment, Correction, or Interruption, they make nothing appear. It cannot certainly be a perfect Cure, if the evil Humours are not wholly diſcharged; if *Repentance* were laid in the Scale, it would weigh down Sin. I find no Quality ſo eaſy for any Man to counterfeit as Devotion, if his Life and Manners are not conformable to it: The Eſſence of it is abſtruſe and occult, but the Appearances eaſy and pompous. For my own part, I may de-

Devotion eaſy to counterfeit.

sire in general to be other than I am; I may condemn and dislike my whole Frame, and beg of God Almighty for an entire Reformation, and that he will please to pardon my natural Infirmity: But methinks I ought not to call this Repentance, any more than my not being satisfied that I am not an *Angel* or *Cato*; my Actions are conformable to what I am, and to my Condition. I can do no better, and *Repentance* is not properly concern'd in things that are not in our Power; Sorrow is, I imagine, an infinite number of Natures more elevated and regular than mine; and yet I do not, for all that, improve my Faculties; neither my Mind nor my Arm becomes more vigorous for conceiving those of another to be so. If to imagine and wish a nobler way of acting than that we have, should produce a Repentance of our own, we must then repent us of our most innocent Actions, forasmuch as we well suppose, that in a more excellent Nature they would have been carried on with greater Dignity and Perfection; and would that ours were so. When I reflect upon the Behaviour of my Youth, and compare it with that of my old Age, I find that I have acquitted my self equally well in both, according to my Capacity. This is all that my Resistance can do. I do not flatter my self; in the same Circumstances I should always be the same. It is not a Spot, but rather an universal Tincture, with which I am stained. I know no lukewarm, superficial, ceremonious Repentance: It must sting me to the Quick, it must pierce into my Bowels as deep and seize me as universally as God sees into me, before I can call it Repentance. As to Employment, many good Opportunities have escap'd me for want of good Conduct; and yet my Deliberations were sound enough according to the Occurrences presented to me. 'Tis their way to chuse always the easiest and the safest Course. I find that in my former Deliberations, I have proceeded with Discretion according to my own Rule, and according to the State of the Subject propos'd, and should do the same a thousand Years hence on the like Occasions. I do not consider what it is now, but what it was then, when I deliberated on it.

Repentance whence produc'd.

The

The Force of all Counsel consists in the Time; Occasions and Things eternally shift and change. I have in my Life committed some great and important Errors, not for want of good Understanding, but for want of good Luck. There are secret and not to be foreseen Parts in Matters we handle, especially in the Nature of Men; mute Conditions, that make no show, unknown sometimes even to the Professors themselves; that spring and start up by accidental Occasions. If my Prudence could not penetrate into, nor foresee them, I blame it not: 'tis commission'd no farther than it's own Limits. If the Event be too hard for me, and take the Side I have refus'd, there is no Remedy; I do not blame myself, I accuse my Fortune, and not my own handy-work; this cannot be called Repentance. *Phocion*, having given the *Athenians* an Advice that was not follow'd, and the Affair nevertheless succeeding contrary to his Opinion, some one said to him, *Well*, Phocion, *art thou content that Matters go so well! I am very well pleas'd*, replied he, *that this has happen'd so well, but I do not repent that I counsel'd the other*. When any of my Friends address themselves to me for Advice, I give it candidly and clearly, without sticking, as almost all other Men do, at the hazard of the thing, that it may fall out contrary to my Opinion, by which means I may be reproach'd for my Counsel; I am very indifferent as to that, for the Fault will be theirs in having consulted me; and I could not refuse them my best Advice. I, for my own part, can rarely blame any one but myself for my Oversights and Misfortunes. For indeed I seldom consult the Advice of another, if not by Honour of Ceremony, or excepting where I stand in need of Information, as to Matter of Fact. But in things wherein I stand in need of nothing but Judgment, other Mens Reasons may serve to fortify my own, but have little Power to dissuade me. I hear them all with Civility and Patience; but, to my Knowledge, I never made use of any but my own. With me they are but Flies and Atoms, that confound and distract my Will. I lay no great Stress upon my Opinions; but I lay as little upon those of others, and Fortune rewards me accordingly. If I receive but little Advice,

I also give but little; I seldom consult others, and am seldom believed, and know no Concern, either publick or private, that has been mended or bettered by my Advice. Even they whom Fortune had in some sort ty'd to my Direction have more willingly suffered themselves to be governed by any other Counsels than mine; and as a Man who is as jealous of my Repose as of my Authority, I am better pleas'd that it should be so. Leaving me there, they act according to my Profession, which is to settle, and wholly contain myself within myself. I take a Pleasure in being unintereſted from other Mens Affairs, and disengaged from being their Guarantee, and responsible for what they do. In all Affairs, that are past, be it how it will, I have very little Regret; for this Imagination puts me out of my Pain, that they ought to fall out so; they are in the great Revolution of the World, and in the Chain of Stoical Causes. Your Fancy cannot, by Wish and Imagination, remove one Tittle, that the great Current of things will not reverse, both the past and the future. As to the rest, I abominate that accidental Repentance which Old Age brings along with it; and he, who said of old, that he was oblig'd to his Age for having wean'd him from Pleasure was of an Opinion very different from mine. I can never think my self beholden to Impotency for any good it can ever do me. *Nec tam aversa unquam videbitur ab Opere suo Providentia, ut Debilitas inter optima inventa sit. Nor can Providence ever be seen so averse to her own Work, that Debility should be rank'd amongst the best things.* Our Appetites are rare in Old Age; a profound Satiety seizes us after the Act; I see nothing of Conscience in this, Heavineſs and Weakneſs imprint in us a drowsy and rheumatick Virtue. We must not suffer ourselves to be so wholly carried away by natural Alterations, as to suffer them to bastardize our Judgment. Youth and Pleasure have not formerly so far prevail'd upon me, that I did not well enough discern the Face of Vice in Pleasure, neither does that Distaste, that Years have brought me, so far prevail with me now, that I cannot discern Pleasure in Vice. Now that I am no more in my flourishing Age, I judge as well of these things as if I was. I, who narrowly and strictly examine it, find my

Reason

Reaſon the very ſame that it was in my moſt licentious Age, tho' perhaps a little weaker, and more decay'd by being grown old; and I find that the Pleaſure ſhe refuſes me upon the account of my bodily Health, ſhe would no more refuſe now in Conſideration of the Health of my Soul than at any time heretofore. I do not repute her more valiant for being out of Combat. My Temptations are ſo broken and mortified, that they are not worth her Oppoſition, holding but out my Hands I repel them. Should one preſent her the old Concupiſcence, I fear ſhe would have leſs Power to reſiſt it than heretofore. I do not diſcern that Reaſon in herſelf judges any thing otherwiſe now, than ſhe formerly did, nor that ſhe has acquir'd any new Light. Wherefore, if there be Convaleſcence, 'tis an inchanted one. Miſerable kind of Remedy, to owe a Man's Health to his Diſeaſe! 'Tis not our Misfortune that can perform this Office, but the good Fortune of our Judgment. I am not to be made to do any thing by Perſecutions and Afflictions, but curſe them: That is for People that are not to be rouz'd but by a Whip. My Reaſon is much more active in Proſperity, and much more diſtracted, and harder put to it to digeſt Pains than Pleaſures; I ſee beſt in a clear Sky. Health admoniſhes me more cheerfully, and conſequently to a better purpoſe than Sickneſs. I did all that in me lay to reform and regulate my ſelf from Pleaſures at all Times, when I had Health and Vigour to enjoy them. I ſhould be troubled and aſham'd that the Miſery and Misfortune of my Age ſhould be prefer'd before my good, healthful, ſprightly, and vigorous Years; and that Men ſhould eſteem me, not for what I have been, but by that miſerable part of my ſelf, where I have as it were ceas'd to be. In my Opinion 'tis the happy Living, and not (as ſaid *Antiſthenes*) the happy Dying, in which human Felicity conſiſts. I have not made it my Buſineſs to make a monſtrous Addition of a Philoſopher's Tale to the Head and Body of a Libertine; nor would I have this wretched Remainder give the Lie to the pleaſant Sound, and long Part of my Life. I will preſent my ſelf uniformly throughout. Were I to live my Life over again, I ſhould live it juſt as I have done. I neither complain of the paſt, nor

do I fear the future: and if I am not much deceiv'd, I am the ſame within that I am without.

'Tis one main Obligation I have to Fortune, that the Succeſſion of my bodily State has been carried on according to the natural Seaſons. I have ſeen the Leaves, the Bloſſoms, and the Fruit, and now ſee the Tree wither'd; happily however, becauſe naturally. I bear the Infirmities I have the better, becauſe they came not till I had Reaſon to expect them; and alſo becauſe they make me with great Pleaſure remember that long Felicity of my paſt Life. My Wiſdom perhaps may have been the ſame in both Stages of Life; but it was more active, and of a better Grace whilſt young, flouriſhing, ſprightly, and ingenuous, than when broken, peeviſh, and uneaſy, as it is at preſent. I renounce then theſe caſual and painful Reformations. God muſt touch our Hearts, our Conſciences muſt amend of themſelves, by the Force of our Reaſon, and not by the Decay of our Appetites. Pleaſure is in itſelf neither pale nor diſcolour'd, to be diſcern'd by dim and decay'd Eyes. We ought to love Temperance for it ſelf, and in Obedience to God who has commanded it and Chaſtity; but what I am forced to by Catarrhs, or owe to the Stone or Colick, is neither Chaſtity nor Temperance. A Man cannot boaſt that he deſpiſes and reſiſts Pleaſure, if he cannot ſee it; if he knows not what it is, cannot diſcern it's Graces, Forces and moſt alluring Beauties; I know both the one and the other, and may therefore the better ſay it; but methinks our Souls in old Age are ſubject to more troubleſom Maladies and Imperfections than in Youth. I ſaid the ſame when young, and then I was reproach'd with the want of a Beard, and I ſay ſo now when my grey Hairs give me ſome Authority; we call the Difficulty of our Humours, and the Diſreliſh of preſent Things, Wiſdom, but in Truth we do not ſo much forſake Vices as we change them, and in my Opinion, for worſe. Beſides a fooliſh and feeble Pride, and impertinent Prating, froward and unſociable Humours, Superſtition and a ridiculous Deſire of Riches when we have loſt the Uſe of them; I find more Envy, Injuſtice and Malice, Age imprints more Wrinkles in the Mind, than it does in the Face, and Souls are

never, or very rarely ſeen, that in growing old do not ſmell ſour and muſty. Man moves all together, both towards his Perfection and Decay. In obſerving the Wiſdom of *Socrates*, and many Circumſtances of his Condemnation I ſhould dare to believe, that he himſelf, by Colluſion, in ſome Meaſure purpoſely contributed to it; fearing by a longer Life, he having then reached his ſeventieth Year, to ſee his lofty Wit and univerſal Knowledge crampt and ſtupified by old Age. What ſtrange Metamorphoſes do I ſee Age make every Day in many of my Acquaintances! It is a powerful Diſtemper, which naturally and imperceptibly ſteals in upon us, and therefore a vaſt Proviſion of Study and great Precaution are abſolutely neceſſary to avoid the Imperfections it loads us with, or at leaſt to weaken their Progreſs. Notwithſtanding all my Retrenchments and Redoubts, I find Age gaining upon me Inch by Inch; I make as ſtout a Defence as I can, but I am entirely ignorant whither it will drive me at laſt. At all Hazards, I am ſatisfied that when I fall, the World may know from whence I fell.

CHAP. III.

Of Three Commerces.

WE muſt not rivet ourſelves ſo cloſe to our Humours and Complexions. Our chiefeſt Sufficiency is to know how to apply ourſelves to divers Cuſtoms. 'Tis to be, but not to live to keep a Man's ſelf tied and bound by Neceſſity to one only Courſe. Thoſe are the braveſt Souls that have in them the moſt Variety, and that are moſt flexible and pliant; of which here is

an honourable Testimony of the elder *Cato: Huic versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres, quodcunque ageret* *. *This Man's Parts were so convertible to all Uses, that a Man would think he was born only for whatever he did.* Might I have the Liberty to dress my self after my own *Mode*, there is no Fashion so graceful to which I would be so fixt, as not to be able to disengage my self from it. Life is an unequal, irregular, and a multiform Motion. 'Tis not to be a Friend to a Man's self, much less his own Master; 'tis not to be a Slave so incessantly, to be so led by the Nose by one's own Inclinations, that a Man cannot turn aside nor wring his Neck out of the Collar. I speak it now in this part of my Life, wherein I find I cannot disengage my self from the Importunity of my Soul, by reason that it cannot commonly amuse itself but on things wherein it is perplex'd, nor employ it self but intirely, and with all it's Force. Upon the lightest Subject can be offer'd, it makes it infinitely greater, and stretches it to that Degree, as therein to employ it's utmost Power, wherefore it's Idleness is to me a very painful Labour, and very prejudicial to my Health. Most Men's Minds require foreign Matter to exercise and enliven them, mine has rather need to sit still and repose itself. *Vitia otii negotio discutienda sunt*†, *The Vices of Sloth are to be shaken off by Business*; for it's chiefest and most painful Study, is to study itself. Books are to it a sort of Employment that debauches it from it's Study. Upon the first Thoughts that possess it, it begins to bustle and make trial of a Vigour in all Senses, exercises it's Power of handling, sometimes making trial of it's Force, and then fortifying, moderating, and ranging itself by the way of Grace and Order. It has of it's own wherewith to rouze it's Faculties: Nature has given to it, as to all others, Matter enough of it's own to make Advantage of, and Subjects proper enough, where it may either invent or judge. Meditation is a powerful and full Study to such as can effectually employ themselves. I had rather forge my Soul than furnish

That our Inclinations are not always to be follow'd.

* *Livius, l.* 34. † *Senec. Epist.* 56.

it.

it. There is no weaker or ſtronger Occupation, than that of entertaining a Man's own Thoughts, according as the Soul is. The greateſt Men make it their whole Buſineſs. *Quibus vivere eſt cogitare* *. *To whom to live is to think.* *Nature* has alſo favour'd it with this Privilege, that there is nothing we can do ſo long, nor any Action to which we more frequently, and with greater Facility addict ourſelves. 'Tis the Buſineſs of the *Gods*, ſays *Ariſtotle*, and from whence both their Beatitude and ours proceed. The principal Uſe of Reading to me, is, that by various Objects it rouſes my Reaſon, and employs my Judgment, not my Memory. Few Entertainments then detain me without Force or Violence; it is true, that the Beauty and Neatneſs of a Work takes as much, or more, with me, than the Weight and Depth of the Subject; and foraſmuch as I ſlumber in all other Communication, and give but a negligent Attention, it often falls out, that in ſuch mean and pitiful Diſcourſes, I either make ſtrange and ridiculous Anſwers unbecoming a Child, or more indiſcreetly and rudely maintain an obſtinate Silence. I have a melancholick and penſive Way, that withdraws me into my ſelf, and to that a ſtupid and childiſh Ignorance of many very ordinary things; by which two Qualities it is come to paſs, that Men may truly report five or ſix as ridiculous Tales of me, as of any other whatever. But to proceed in my Subject: this difficult Complexion of mine renders me unfit for common Society, and very nice in my Converſation with Men, whom I muſt cull and pick out for my Purpoſe. We live and negotiate with the People; if their Converſation be troubleſom to us, if we diſdain to apply our ſelves to mean and vulgar Underſtandings (and the Mean and Vulgar are oft as regular, as thoſe of the fineſt Thread; and all Wiſdom is Folly, that does not accommodate it ſelf to the common Ignorance) we muſt no more intermeddle either with other Men's Affairs or our own; and all Buſineſs both publick and private muſt be manag'd apart from the Populace. The leaſt forc'd, and moſt natural Motions of the Soul, are the moſt beautiful; the beſt

* *Cic. Tuſc. l.* 5.

Employments, those that are least constrain'd. Great God! how good an Office does *Wisdom* perform to those whose Desires it limits to their Power! That is the most happy Knowledge. *According to what a Man can*, was the Sentence which *Socrates* was so much in love withal, a *Motto* of great Substance; we moderate and adapt our Desires to the nearest and easiest to be acquir'd things. Is it not a foolish Humour of mine, to separate my self from a thousand to whom my Fortune has attached me, and without whom I cannot live, to cleave to one or two that are out of my Commerce, or rather a fantastick Desire of a thing I cannot obtain? My soft indolent Manners, Enemies of all Sourness in Conversation, may easily enough have secur'd me from the Envy and Animosities of Men; I do not say so as to be belov'd, but never any Man gave less Occasions of being hated; but the Coldness of my Conversation has reasonably depriv'd me of the Good-will of many, who are to be excus'd, if they interpret it in another and worse Sense. I am very capable of contracting and preserving uncommon and exquisite Friendships; and the more so because I greedily seize upon such Acquaintance as fits my liking: I throw my self with such violence upon them, that I hardly fail to stick, and generally make an Impression where I hit, of which I have made often happy Proof. In common Friendships I am cold and shy, for my Motion is not natural, if not with full Sail: Besides, my Fortune having train'd me up from my Youth in, and given me a Relish of one sole and perfect Friendship, it has in truth given me a kind of Disgust to others, and too much imprinted in my Mind, that they are Beasts of *Company*, as the Ancients said, but not of the *Herd*: Thus I have a natural Difficulty in communicating my self by halves, and with that reserved, and servile, and jealous Prudence dictated to us in the Conversation of numerous and imperfect Friendships. And we are principally enjoin'd to these in this Age of ours, when we cannot talk of the World, but either with Danger or Falshood. Yet do I very well discern, that he who has the Conveniencies (I mean the essential Conveniencies) of Life for his End, as I have, ought to fly these Difficulties and Delicacy of Humour, as much as the Plague. I

should

ſhould commend a Man of great Birth, join'd to great Talents, that knows both how to bend and to ſlacken himſelf; that finds himſelf at eaſe in all Conditions of Fortune, that can diſcourſe with a Neighbour, of his Building, Hunting, or any little Conteſt betwixt him and another; that can chat with a Carpenter or a Gardener with Pleaſure. I envy thoſe who can render themſelves familiar with the meaneſt of their Followers, and familiarize themſelves with the meaneſt of their Servants, and find Entertainment among their own Attendants. I diſlike the Advice of *Plato*, that Men ſhould always ſpeak in a magiſterial Tone to their Domeſticks, whether Men or Women, without being ſometimes facetious and familiar. For beſides, my Reaſon is inhumane and unjuſt, to ſet ſo great a Value upon this pitiful Prerogative of Fortune; and the Governments, wherein leſs Diſparity is permitted betwixt Maſters and Servants, ſeem to me the moſt equitable. Others ſtudy how to raiſe and elevate their Minds, I, how to humble mine, and to bring it low; 'tis only vicious in Extenſion.

Magiſterial Language to Servants reprov'd.

Narras, & genus Æaci
Et pugnata ſacro bella ſub Ilio:
Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum, et quota
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces †.

Thou por'ſt on *Helvicus*, and ſtudieſt in vain
How many Years paſt betwixt King and King's Reign;
To make an old Woman e'en twitter for Joy
At an eighty eight Story, or the Scuffle at *Troy*.
But where the good Wine, and beſt Fire is,
When the cruel *North Wind* does blow,
And the Trees do Penance in Snow;
Where the Poet's Delight and Deſire is,
Thou pitiful Book-worm ne'er troubleſt thy Brain*.

† *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 19. * *Paraphras'd by* T. F.

Thus,

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Thus, as the *Lacedæmonians* Valour stood in need of Moderation, and of the sweet and harmonious Sound of Flutes to soften them in Battle, lest they should precipitate themselves into Temerity and Fury; whereas all other Nations commonly make use of harsh and shrill Sounds, and of loud and imperious Voices, to incite and heat the Soldiers Courage to the last Degree: So, methinks, that contrary to the usual Method, in the Practice of our Minds, we have for the most part more need of Lead, than Wings; of Temperance and Composedness, than Ardour and Agitation. But above all things 'tis, in my Opinion, egregiously to play the Fool, to put on the Gravity of a Man of Understanding amongst those that know nothing: To speak in Print, *favellar in punta di forchetta:* You must descend to those with whom you converse; and sometimes affect Ignorance, lay aside Constraint and Subtilty; 'tis enough in common Conversation to preserve Decency and Order, as to the rest, flag as low as the Earth, if they desire it. The Learned often stumble at this Stone; they will be always shewing their utmost Skill, and strow their Writings all over with the Flowers of their Eloquence: They have in these Days so fill'd the Cabinet and Ears of the Ladies with it, that if they have lost the Substance, they at least retain the Words: So as in Discourse upon all sorts of Subjects, how mean and common soever, they speak and write after a new and learned Way.

Hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta, quid ultra?
Concumbunt docte *.

In the same Language they express their *Fears*,
Their *Anger*, and their *Joys*, their *Griefs*, and *Cares*,
And all their *Secrets* do pour out: What more?
In the same learned Phrase they play the *Whore*.

And quote *Plato* and *Aquinas* in things which the first they meet could determine as well. The Learning that cannot penetrate their Souls, hangs still upon the Tongue. If those of Quality will be persuaded by me,

* *Juven. Sat.* 6.

they

they will content themſelves with ſetting out their proper and natural Treaſures; they conceal and cover their Beauties under others that are none of theirs: 'Tis a great Folly to put out their own Light, to ſhine by a borrow'd one: They are inter'd and buried under the Article *Capſula tota.* It is becauſe they do not ſufficiently know that the World has nothing fairer than themſelves, 'tis for them to honour the Arts, and to paint Painting. What need have they of any thing, but to live belov'd and honour'd? They have, and know but too much for this. They need do no more, but rouze and heat a little the Faculties they have of their own. When I ſee them tampering with *Rhetorick*, *Law*, *Logick*, and the like Drugs, ſo improper and unneceſſary for their Buſineſs, I begin to ſuſpect, that the Men, who inſpire them with ſuch things, do it that they may govern them upon that account. For what other Excuſe can I contrive? It is enough that they can, without our Inſtruction, govern the Graces of their Eyes to Gaiety, Severity, and Sweetneſs, and ſeaſon a Denial either with Anger, Suſpence, or Favour, and that they need not another to interpret what we ſpeak for their Service. With this Knowledge they command with the Switch, and rule both the *Regents* and the Schools. But if nevertheleſs they think much to give place to us in any thing whatever, and will out of Curioſity have their Share in Books; Poetry is a Diverſion proper for them, 'tis a wanton and ſubtle, a diſſembling and prating *Art*, all Pleaſure, and all Show like themſelves. They may alſo extract ſeveral Conveniencies from Hiſtory. In *Philoſophy*, out of the moral part of it, they may ſelect ſuch Inſtructions as will teach them to judge of our Humours and Conditions, to defend themſelves from our Treacheries, to regulate the Ardour of their own Deſires, to manage their Liberty, lengthen the Pleaſures of Life, and mildly to bear the Inconſtancy of a Servant, the Rudeneſs of a Huſband, and the Importunity of Years, Wrinkles, and the like. This is the utmoſt of what I would allow them in the Sciences. There are ſome particular Natures that are private

Poeſy allow'd to Women.

What kind of Philoſophy is proper for Women.

private and retir'd; my natural way is proper for Communication, and apt to lay me open; I am all without, and in sight, born for Society and Friendship; The Solitude that I love my self, and recommend to others, is chiefly no other, than to withdraw my Thoughts and Affections into my self; to restrain and check, not my Steps, but my own Cares and Desires; resigning all foreign Solitude, and mortally avoiding Servitude and Obligations; and not so much the Crowd of Men, as the Crowd of Business. Local Solitude, to say the truth, does rather give me more room, and set me more at large: I more willingly throw my self upon Affairs of State, and the World, when I am alone. At the *Louvre*, and in the Bustle of the *Court*, I fold my self within my own Skin. The Crowd thrusts me upon my self. And I never entertain my self so wantonly, so licentiously, nor so particularly, as in places of Respect, and ceremonious Prudence; our Follies do not make Men laugh, but our Wisdom. I am naturally no Enemy to a Court-Life, I have therein past a good part of my own, and am of a Humour to be cheerful in great Companies, provided it may be by Intervals, and at my own time: But this Softness of Judgment whereof I speak ties me by Force to Solitude, even in my own House, in the middle of a numerous Family, and a House sufficiently frequented. I see People enough, but rarely such with whom I delight to converse. And I there reserve both for my self and others an unusual Liberty: There is in my House no such thing as Ceremonies, ushering or waiting upon them down to the Coach, and such other troublesom Ceremonies as our Courtesy enjoins, (O servile and importunate Custom!) every one there governs himself according to his own Method; let who will speak his Thoughts, I sit mute, meditating and shut up in my Closet, without any Offence to my Guests. The Men, whose Society and Familiarity I covet, are those they call sincere and ingenuous Men, and the Image of these makes me disrelish the rest. It is, if rightly taken, the most uncommon of our Forms, and a Form chiefly owing to *Nature*. The End of this Commerce is simply Privacy, Frequentation and Conference, the Exercise

ciſe of Souls, without other Fruit. In our Diſcourſe all Subjects are alike to me; let there be neither Weight nor Depth, 'tis all one, there is yet Grace and Pertinency, all there is tinctured with a mature and conſtant Judgment, and mixt with Bounty, Freedom, Gaiety, and Friendſhip. 'Tis not only in talking of the Affairs of *Kings* and *States*, that our Wits diſcover their Force and Beauty, but every jot as much in private Affairs. I underſtand my People even by their Silence and Smiles; and better diſcover them perhaps at *Table*, than in the *Council*. *Hippomachus* ſaid very well, *That he could know the good Wreſtlers by only ſeeing them walk in the Street.* If Learning will pleaſe to take a Share in our Talk, it ſhall not be rejected, not magiſterial, imperious, and importunate, as it commonly is, but ſuffragan and docile in it ſelf. We there only ſeek to amuſe ourſelves, and to paſs away our time agreeably; when we have a mind to be inſtructed and preached to, we will go ſeek it in it's Throne. Let it debaſe it ſelf to us for once, if it ſo pleaſe; for uſeful and profitable as it is, I preſuppoſe that even in the greateſt Need, we may do well enough without it, and perform our Buſineſs tho' we have not it's Aſſiſtance. A Man well born and practiſed in the Converſation of Men will, by the Strength of his own Genius, render himſelf agreeable to all. Art is nothing but the Counter-part and Regiſter of what ſuch noble Minds produce. The Converſation alſo of beautiful and well-bred Women, is alſo for me a moſt ſweet Commerce: *Nam nos quoque Oculos eruditos habemus* *. If the Soul has not therein ſo much to enjoy, as in the firſt, the bodily Senſes, which participate ſo much the more of this, bring it to a Proportion near to, though, in my Opinion, not equal to the other. But 'tis a Commerce wherein a Man muſt ſtand a little upon his guard, eſpecially thoſe of a vigorous Conſtitution, as I am. I burn'd my ſelf that way in my Youth, and ſuffered all the Torments that *Poets* ſay are to be inflicted on thoſe who precipitate themſelves into Love without Order or Judgment. It is true, that this Laſh of the Whip has ſince been a good Monitor to me.

* *Cicero.*

Quicunque

Quicunque Argolicâ de classe Capharea fugit,
Semper ab Euboicis vela retorquet aquis *.

O'th' *Græcian* Fleet, who would *Caphareus* flee,
Must always steer from the *Euboic* Sea.

'Tis Folly to fix all a Man's Thoughts upon it, and Madness to engage in it with a furious and indiscreet Affection; but on the other side, to engage there without Love and without Inclination, like *Comedians*, to play a common part, without putting any thing to it of his own but Words, is indeed to provide for his Safety; but withal, after as base and cowardly a manner, as he who should abandon his Honour, Profit or Pleasure, for fear of Danger; for it is most certain, that from such a Practice, they who set it on foot can expect no Fruit that can please and satisfy a noble Soul. A Man must of Necessity have in good earnest desir'd that which he in good earnest expects to have a Pleasure in enjoying. I say, though Fortune should unjustly favour their Dissimulation, which often happens, because there is none of the Sex, let her be as ugly as the *Devil*, who does not think herself well worthy to be belov'd, and that does not recommend herself either by her Youth, her fine Hair, or her graceful Motion, (for Women totally ugly there are not more than perfectly beautiful) and the *Brachman* Virgins, for want of any other Recommendation, the People being assembled by the Common Crier to that effect, come out into the Market-place to expose their matrimonial Parts to publick View, to try if those at least were not sufficient to get them Husbands. Consequently there is not one who does not easily suffer herself to be persuaded by the first Vow that is made to serve her. Now from this common Treachery of Men, that must fall out, which we already experimentally see, either that Women rally together, and separate themselves by themselves to avoid us, or else form their Discipline by the Example we give them, play the Parts of their Farce as we do ours, and give themselves up to the Sport, without Passion, Care, or Love: *Neque af-*

* *Ovid. Trist. l.* 1. *El.* 1.

fectui

fectui ſuo aut alieno obnoxiæ; believing, according to the Perſuaſion of *Lyſias* in *Plato*, that they may with more Utility and Convenience ſurrender themſelves up to us the leſs we love them. Where it will fall out, as in *Comedies*, that the People will have as much Pleaſure or more than the *Comedians*. For my part, I no more acknowledge a *Venus* without a *Cupid*, than a *Mother* without *Iſſue*: They are things that mutually lend, and owe their Eſſence to one another; ſo this Cheat rebounds back upon him who is guilty of it, it does not coſt him much indeed, but he alſo gets little or nothing by it. They who have made *Venus* a *Goddeſs*, have taken notice that her principal Beauty was incorporeal and ſpiritual. But the *Venus* which theſe People hunt after, is not ſo much as humane, nor indeed brutal; the very Beaſts will not accept one ſo groſs and ſo earthly. We ſee that Imagination and Deſire often heats and incites them before the Body does; we ſee in both the one Sex and the other, they have in the *Herd* choice and particular Election in their Affections, and that they have amongſt themſelves a long Commerce of good Will. Even thoſe to whom old Age denies the Practice of their Deſire, do yet tremble, neigh, and ſhew Extaſies of Love. We ſee them before the Act full of Hope and Ardor, and when the Body has play'd it's Part, yet pleaſe themſelves with the ſweet Remembrance of the Pleaſure paſt; ſome that ſwell with Pride after they have performed, and others, who tir'd and ſated, do yet by Vociferation expreſs a triumphing Joy. The Man that has nothing to do, but only to diſcharge his Body of a natural Neceſſity, need not trouble others with ſuch curious Preparations. It is not Meat for a groſs and boiſterous Appetite. As one who does not deſire that Men ſhould think me better than I am, I will here freely diſcover the Errors of my Youth. Not only for the Danger of impairing my Health, (and yet I could not be ſo careful, but that I had two light Miſchances) but moreover upon the account of Contempt, I have ſeldom given myſelf up to common and mercenary Embraces. I would heighten the Pleaſure by the Difficulty, by Deſire, and a certain kind of Glory; and was clearly of

Modest and noble Amours of Tiberius. *Those of* Flora.

Tiberius's Mind, who in his *Amours* was as much taken with Modesty and Birth as any other Quality; and of the Courtesan *Flora*'s Humour, who never prostituted herself to less than a *Dictator*, a *Consul*, or a *Censor*, and solaced herself in the Dignity of her Lovers; doubtless Pearl and Tissue, Titles and Attendants, add something to it. As to the rest, I had a great Esteem for Wit, provided the Person was without bodily Exception; for, to confess the Truth, if the one or the other of these two Perfections must of necessity be wanting, I should rather have quitted that of the Understanding, that has it's Use in better things; but in the Subject of Love, a Subject principally relating to the Senses of Seeing and Touching, something may be done without the Graces of the Mind, without the Graces of the Body nothing. Beauty is the true Prerogative of Women, and so peculiarly their own, that ours, though naturally requiring another sort of Feature, is never in it's Lustre, but when puerile and beardless, confus'd and mix'd with theirs. 'Tis said, that such Youths as are prefer'd to the *Grand Signior* upon the Account of Beauty, which are an infinite Number, are at the fartherest dismissed at two and twenty Years of Age. Reason, Prudence, and Offices of Friendship, are better found amongst Men, and therefore it is, that they govern the Affairs of the World. These two Commerces are fortuitous, and depending upon others; the one is troublesom by it's Rarity, the other withers with Age, so that they could never have been sufficient for the Business of my Life. That of Books, which is the third, is much more certain, and much more our own. It yields all other Advantages to the other two; but has the Constancy and Facility of it's Service for it's own Share: it goes side by side with me in my whole Course, and every where is assisting to me. It comforts me in my Age and Solitude; it eases me of a troublesom Weight of Idleness, and delivers me at all Hours from Company that I dislike; and it blunts the Point of Griefs, if they are not extreme, and have not got an entire Possession of my Soul. To divert myself from a troublesom Fancy, 'tis but to run to my Books, they presently

preſently fix me to them, and drive the other out of my Thoughts; and do not mutiny to ſee that I have only recourſe to them for want of other more real, natural and lively Conveniencies; they always receive me with the ſame Kindneſs. *He may well go a foot*, they ſay, *who leads his Horſe in his Hand.* And our *James*, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*, who, handſom, young and healthful, caus'd himſelf to be carry'd up and down in a Barrow, ſitting on a pitiful Pillow, and clad in a Robe of coarſe grey Cloth with a Cap of the ſame; but attended nevertheleſs by a royal Train of *Litters*, *Led Horſes* of all ſorts, Gentlemen and Officers, therein ſhew'd but a weak and unſteady Auſterity. The ſick Man is not to be lamented, who has his Cure in his Sleeve. In the Experience and Practice of this Sentence, which is a very true one, all the Benefit I reap from Books conſiſts; and yet I make as little uſe of it almoſt as thoſe who know it not; I enjoy it as a *Miſer* does his Money, in knowing that I may enjoy it when I pleaſe; my Mind is ſatisfied with this *Right* of Poſſeſſion. I never travel without Books, either in Peace or War; and yet ſometimes I paſs over ſeveral Days, and ſometimes Months, without looking into them; I will read by and by, ſay I to my ſelf, or to Morrow, or when I pleaſe, and Time ſteals away without any Inconvenience. For it is not to be imagin'd to what Degree I pleaſe my ſelf, and reſt content in this Conſideration, that I have them by me, to divert my ſelf with them when I am ſo diſpos'd, and to call to mind what an Eaſe and Aſſiſtance they are to my Life. 'Tis the beſt *Viaticum* I have yet found out for this human Journey, and very much lament thoſe Men of Underſtanding who are unprovided of it. And yet I rather accept of any ſort of Diverſion, how light ſoever, becauſe this can never fail me. When at Home, I a little more frequent my Library, from whence I at once ſurvey all the whole Concerns of my Family: As I enter it, I from thence ſee under my Garden, Court, and Baſe-court, and into all the parts of the Building. There I turn over now one Book, and then another, of various Subjects, without Method or Deſign: One while I meditate, another I record, and dictate as I walk to and fro, ſuch Whimſies as theſe with which I

here present you. 'Tis in the third Story of a Tower, of which the Ground-Room is my Chapel, the second Story an Apartment with a withdrawing Room and Closet, where I often lie to be more retired. Above it is a great Wardrobe, which formerly was the most useless part of the House. In that Library I pass away most of the Days of my Life, and most of the Hours of the Day. In the Night I am never there. There is within it a Cabinet handsom and neat enough, with a very convenient Fire-place for the Winter, and Windows that afford a great deal of Light, and very pleasant Prospects. And were I not more afraid of the Trouble than the Expence, the Trouble that frights me from all Business, I could very easily adjoin on either Side, and on the same Floor, a Gallery of an hundred Paces long, and twelve broad, having found Walls already rais'd for some other Design, to the requisite height. Every Place of Retirement requires a Walk. My Thoughts sleep if I sit still; my Fancy does not go by it self, my Legs must move it; and all those who study without a Book are in the same Condition. The Figure of my Study is round, and has no more flat Wall than what is taken up by my Table and Chairs; so that the remaining parts of the Circle present me a View of all my Books at once, set upon five Degrees of Shelves round about me. It has three noble and free Prospects, and is sixteen Paces Diameter. I am not so continually there in Winter; for my House is built upon an Eminence, as it's Name imports, and no part of it is so much expos'd to the Wind and Weather as that, which pleases me the better, for being of a painful Access, and a little remote, as well upon the account of Exercise, as being also there more retir'd from the Crowd. 'Tis there that I am in my Kingdom, as we say, and there I endeavour to make my self an absolute *Monarch*, and to sequester this one Corner from all Society, whether Conjugal, Filial, or Civil. Elsewhere I have but verbal Authority only, and of a confus'd Essence. That Man, in my Opinion, is very miserable, who has not at home where to be by himself, where to entertain himself alone, or to conceal himself from others. Ambition sufficiently plagues her Proselytes, by keeping themselves always in shew, like the

the Statue of a publick Place. * *Magna Servitus est magna Fortuna. A great Fortune is a great Slavery.* They have not so much as a Retirement for the Necessities of Nature. I have thought nothing so severe in the Austerity of Life that our Religious affect, as what I have observ'd in some of their Orders; namely, to have a perpetual Society of place by Rule, and numerous Assistants among them in every Action whatever; and think it much more supportable to be always alone, than never to be so. If any one shall tell me, that it is to undervalue the *Muses*, to make use of them only for sport, and to pass away the Time; I shall tell him, that he does not know the value of Sport and Pastime so well as I do; I can hardly forbear to add further, that all other end is ridiculous. I live from Hand to Mouth, and, with reverence be it spoken, I only live for my self; to that all my Designs do tend, and in that terminate. I studied when young for Ostentation; since to make my self a little wiser; and now for my Diversion, but never for any Profit. A vain and prodigal Humour I had after this sort of Furniture, not only for supplying my own needs and defects, but moreover for Ornament and outward show; I have since quite abandon'd it. Books have many charming Qualities to such as know how to choose them. But every Good has it's Ill; 'tis a Pleasure that is not pure and clean, no more than others: It has it's Inconveniencies, and great ones too. The Mind indeed is exercised by it, but the Body, the care of which I must withal never neglect, remains in the mean time without Action, grows heavy and melancholy. I know no Excess more prejudicial to me, nor more to be avoided in this my declining Age. These are my three belov'd, and particular Occupations; I speak not of those which I owe to the World by Civil Obligations.

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* *Seneca de Consol. ad Polyb. c.* 26.

CHAP. IV.

Of Diversion.

What Womens Mournings commonly are.

I Was formerly employ'd to comfort a Lady under a real Affliction; for most of their Mournings are but mere Artifice and Ceremony.

Uberibus semper Lacrymis, semperque paratis,
In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam
Quo jubeat manare modo. †

They always have a dam for present use,
Ready, and waiting when they draw the Sluice,
On least pretences of Joys, Griefs, or Fears,
To sally out in false dissembling Tears.

A Man goes the wrong way to work when he opposes this Passion; for Opposition does but irritate and make them more obstinate in Sorrow, and the Evil is exasperated by being contended with. We see in common Discourse, that what I have negligently let fall from me, if a Man takes hold of it, so as to controvert what I have said, I justify it with the best Arguments I can find; and much more a thing wherein I have a real Interest. And besides, in so doing, you enter rudely upon your Operation; whereas the first Addresses of a *Physician* to his Patient should be gracious, gay and pleasing. Never did any ill-look'd, morose *Physician* do any thing to the purpose. On the contrary then, a Man should at the first approaches favour their Grief, and express some Approbation of their Sorrow: By this Intelligence you obtain Credit to proceed farther, and after an easy and insen-

How Consolation ought to be practised.

† *Juven. Sat.* 6.

sible

ſible manner fall into Diſcourſes more ſolid and proper for their Cure. I, whoſe aim it was principally to gull the Aſſiſtants, who had their Eyes fix'd upon me, deſign'd only to palliate the Diſeaſe. And indeed I have found by Experience, that I have an unlucky hand at perſuading. My Arguments are either too ſharp, or too flat, and either preſs too roughly, or not home enough. After I had ſome time apply'd my ſelf to her Grief, I did not attempt to cure her by ſtrong and lively Reaſons, either becauſe I wanted them, or becauſe I thought to do my Buſineſs better another way; neither did I inſiſt upon a choice of any of thoſe methods of Conſolation which *Philoſophy* preſcribes; *That what we complain of is no Evil*, according to *Cleanthes*; *that it is a light Evil*, according to the *Peripateticks*; *That to bemoam one's ſelf is an Action neither commendable nor juſt*, according to *Chryſippus*; nor this of *Epicurus*, more ſuitable to my way, *of ſhifting the Thoughts from afflicting Things to thoſe that are pleaſing*; nor making a Bundle of all theſe together, to make uſe of upon Occaſion according to *Cicero*; but gently bending my Diſcourſe, and by little and little digreſſing, ſometimes to Subjects nearer, and ſometimes more remote from the purpoſe; ſhe was more intent to what I ſaid. I inſenſibly depriv'd her of her Sorrow, and kept her calm and in good Humour whilſt I continued there. I herein made uſe of *Diverſion*. They who ſucceeded me in the ſame Service, did not for all that find any Amendment in her, for I had not applied the Ax to the Root. Perhaps I touched elſewhere upon ſome ſort of publick Diverſions. And the Practice of military ones, which *Pericles* made uſe of in the *Peloponneſian* War, with a Thouſand others in different Places to withdraw the adverſe Forces from their own Countries, is too frequent in *Hiſtory*. It was an ingenious Evaſion by which the *Sieur d' Himbercourt* ſav'd both himſelf and others in the City of *Liege*, into which the Duke of *Burgundy*, who kept it beſieg'd, had made him enter, to execute the Articles granted them for their promis'd Surrender. The People being aſſembled by Night to conſider the Matter, begun to mutiny againſt the paſt Agreement, and to that degree, that ſeveral of them reſolved to fall upon the Commiſ-

sioners who had labour'd in it, and whom they had in their Power. He feeling the first Blasts of this first Storm of the People, who were coming to rush into his Lodgings, suddenly sent out to them two of the Inhabitants of the City (of whom he had some with him) with new and milder Terms, to be propos'd in their Council, which he had forged on the Spot. These two diverted the first Tempest, carrying back the inrag'd Rabble to the *Town-Hall*, to hear and consider of what they had to say. The Deliberation was short: A second Storm arose as impetuous as the other; whereupon he dispatch'd four new Mediators of the same Quality to meet them, protesting that they had now better Conditions to present them with, and such as would give them absolute Satisfaction; by which means the Tumult was once more appeas'd, and the People again turn'd back to the Conclave. In fine, by thus ordering these Amusements one after another, diverting their Fury, and dissipating it in frivolous Consultations, he laid it at last asleep till the Day appear'd, which was his principal End. This other Story that follows is also of the same Predicament. *Atalanta*, a Virgin of excelling Beauty, and of wonderful disposition of Body, to disingage herself from the crowd of a thousand Suitors, who sought her in Marriage, made this Proposition, that she would accept of him for a Husband who should equal her in Running, upon Condition that they who fail'd should lose their Lives; there were enough who thought the Prize very well worth the Hazard, and who suffered the Penalty of the bloody Contract. *Hippomenes*, being to try his Fortune after the rest, makes his Address to the *Goddess of Love*, imploring her Assistance, who granting his Request, gave him three golden Apples, and instructed him how to use them. The Ground they ran upon being an even Plain, as *Hippomenes* perceiv'd his Mistress to press hard up to him, he, as it were by chance, let fall one of these Apples; the Maid, taken with the Beauty of it, fail'd not to step out of her Way to take it up:

Obstupuit

Obſtupuit virgo, nitidique cupidine pomi
Declinat curſus, aurumque volubile tollit: *

The nimble Virgin, dazzled to behold
The glittering Apple tumbling o'er the Mold,
Stop'd her Career to ſeize the rolling Gold.

He did the ſame, when he ſaw his time, by the ſecond and third, till by ſo diverting her, and making her loſe ſo much Ground, he won the Courſe. When *Phyſicians* cannot ſtop a *Catarrh*, they divert, and turn it into ſome other leſs dangerous part. And I find alſo that it is the moſt ordinary practice for the Diſeaſes of the Mind. *Abducendus etiam nonnunquam animus eſt ad alia ſtudia, ſolicitudines, curas, negotia: Loci denique mutatione, tanquam ægroti non convaleſcentes, ſæpe curandus eſt* †. *The Mind is ſometimes to be diverted to other Studies, Thoughts, Cares, and Buſineſs: and laſtly, by change of Place, as ſick Perſons that do not recover are order'd change of Air.* 'Tis to little effect directly to juſtle a Man's Infirmities, we neither make him ſuſtain, nor repel the Attack; we only make him decline and evade it. This other Leſſon is too high and too difficult. 'Tis for Men of the firſt Claſs of Knowledge purely to inſiſt upon the thing, to conſider and judge of it. It belongs to a *Socrates* only, to entertain Death with an indifferent Countenance, to grow acquainted with it, and to ſport with it; he ſeeks no Conſolation out of the thing itſelf; dying appears to him a natural and indifferent Accident, 'tis there that he fixes his Sight and Reſolution, without looking elſewhere. The Diſciples of *Hegeſias*, that ſtarve themſelves to death, inflamed with a Deſire of Dying, by his fine Lectures, which were ſo frequent, that King *Ptolemy* order'd he ſhould be forbidden to entertain his Followers with ſuch Homicide-doctrines: thoſe People do not conſider Death itſelf, neither do they judge of it; it is not there that they fix their Thoughts, they run forwards, and aim at a new Being. The poor Wretches that we ſee brought to the Place of Execution, full of ardent Devotion, and therein,

* *Ovid. Metam. l.* 10. † *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 5.

as much as in them lies, employing all their Senses, their Ears in hearing the Instructions that are given them, their Eyes and Hands lifted up towards Heaven, their Voices in loud Prayers, with a vehement and continual Emotion, are doubtless things very commendable and proper for such a necessity. We ought to commend them for their Devotion, but not properly for their Constancy. They shun the encounter, they divert their Thoughts from the Consideration of Death, as Children are amus'd with some Toy or other, when the Chirurgeon is going to give them a prick with his Lancet. I have seen some, who casting sometimes their Eyes upon the dreadful Instruments of Death round about, have fainted, and furiously turn'd their Thoughts another way. Such as are to pass a formidable Precipice, are advis'd either to shut their Eyes, or look another way. *Subrius Flavius*, being by *Nero*'s Command to be put to death, and by the hand of *Niger*, both of them great Captains; when they led him to the Place appointed for his Execution, seeing the Hole, that *Niger* had caus'd to be hollow'd to put him into, ill-favour'dly contrived: *Neither is this*, said he, turning to the Soldiers who guarded him, *according to Military Discipline.* And to *Niger*, who exhorted him to keep his Head firm, *do but thou strike as firmly*, said he. And he very well foresaw what wou'd follow, when he said so; for *Niger*'s Arm so trembled, that he had several Blows at his Head before he could cut it off. This Man seems to have had his Thoughts rightly fix'd upon the Subject: he that dies in a Battle, with his Sword in his hand, does not then think of Death, he feels, nor considers it not; the Ardour of the Fight diverts his Thoughts another way. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, falling as he was fighting a Duel at single Rapier, and feeling himself nail'd to the Earth by nine or ten Thrusts of his Enemy after he was on the Ground, the Seconds call'd to him to think of his Conscience; but he has since told me, that though he very well heard what they said, it nothing mov'd him, and that he never thought of any thing but how to disengage and revenge himself: he afterwards kill'd his Man in that very Duel. He who brought *L. Syllanus* the Sentence of Death, did him a very great Kindness, in that having received his

Answer, *that he was well prepared to die*, but not by base Hands, he ran upon him with his Soldiers to force him; and naked as he was, obstinately defended himself with his Fists and Feet, he made him lose his Life in the Dispute; by that means dissipating and diverting in a sudden and furious Rage the painful Apprehension of a lingring Death to which he was design'd. We always think of something else; either the Hope of a better Life comforts and supports us, or the Hope of our Childrens Valour, or the future Glory of our Name, or the leaving behind the Evils of this Life, or the Vengeance that threatens those who are the Causes of our Death, administers Consolation to us.

Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
Supplicia hausurum scopulis & nomine Dido
Sæpe vocaturum.
*Audiam, & hæc manes veniet mihi fama sub imos**.

Sure if the Gods have any Power at all,
Split on a Rock, thou shalt on *Dido* call.
————thy Fortunes I shall know
By Fame convey'd me to the Shades below.†

Xenophon was sacrificing with a Crown upon his Head, when one came to bring him News of the Death of his Son *Gryllus*, slain in the Battle of *Mantinea*. At the first Surprize of the News he threw his Crown to the Ground; but understanding by the Sequel of the Narrative, that his Son died in a most brave and valiant manner, he took it up, and replac'd it upon his Head. Even *Epicurus* at his Death comforts himself with Reflections of the Usefulness and Eternity of his Writings. *Omnes clari, & nobilitati Labores, fiunt tolerabiles*‖. *All Labours that are illustrious and renown'd, are supportable.* And the same Wound, the same Fatigue, is not, says *Xenophon*, so intolerable

The valiant Death of Gryllus.

* *Æneid. l.* 4. † *Mr. Ogilby.*
‖ *Cicero Tusc. l.* 2.

to

The cheerful Death of Epaminondas.

to a General of an Army, as to a common Soldier. *Epaminondas* died much more chearful, having been inform'd that the Victory remain'd to him. *Hæc sunt solatia, hæc fomenta summorum dolorum*†. *These are Lenitives, and Fomentations to the greatest Pains.* And such other Circumstances amuse, divert, and turn our Thoughts from the Consideration of the thing in itself. Even the Arguments of *Philosophy* are always diverting, and putting by the Matter, so as scarce to rub upon the Sore. The greatest Man of the first *Philosophical* School, and Superintendant over all the rest, the great *Zeno*, against Death forms this *Syllogism*: *No Evil is honourable; but Death is honourable: Therefore Death is not Evil.* Against Drunkenness this: *No one commits his Secrets to a Drunkard, but every one commits his Secrets to a wise Man: therefore a wise Man is no Drunkard.* Is this to hit the Mark? I love to see, that these great and leading Souls cannot rid themselves of our Company. As perfect Men as they would be, they are yet but simple Men. Revenge is a sweet Passion, of great and natural Impression; I discern it well enough, though I have no manner of Experience of it. From which, not long ago, to divert a young Prince, I did not tell him, that if a Man struck him on one Cheek, he must turn the other to him, to fulfil the Duties of Charity; nor did I go about to represent the Tragical Events which Poetry attributes to that Passion: I left those Strings untouched, and amused my self with making him relish the Beauty of a contrary Image; by representing to him what Honour, Esteem, and Good-will he would acquire by Clemency and Good-nature, I diverted him to Ambition. Thus a Man is to deal in such Cases. If your Passion of Love be too violent, disperse it, say they, and they say true; for I have oft try'd it with Advantage; break it into several Desires, of which let one be Regent, if you will, over the rest; but, lest it should tyrannize and domineer over you, weaken and protract, in dividing and diverting it;

† *Cicero. Tusc. l. 2.*

Cum

Cum moroſa vago ſingultiet inguine venæ.*

Conjicito humorem collectum in Corpora quæque †.

and look to't in time, leſt it proves too troubleſom to deal with, when it has once ſeiz'd you.

Si non prima novis conturbes vulnera plagis,
Volgivagaque vagus venere ante recentia cures ‡.

Unleſs you fancy every one you view,
Revel in Love, and cure old Wounds by new ‖.

I once was wounded with a vehement Diſpleaſure, and withal, more juſt than vehement; I might perhaps have loſt my ſelf in it, if I had meerly truſted to my own Strength. Having need of a powerful Diverſion to diſengage me, I found out one, by amorous Arts and Study, in which I was aſſiſted by my Youth: Love reliev'd and reſcu'd me from the Evil wherein Friendſhip had engaged me. 'Tis in every thing elſe the ſame, a violent Imagination hath ſeiz'd me, I find it a nearer way to change, than to ſubdue it: I depute, if not one contrary, yet another at leaſt in it's place: Variation always relieves, diſſolves, and diſſipates; if I am not able to contend with it, I eſcape from it; and in avoiding it, ſlip out of the way, and make my doubles: Shifting of Places, Buſineſs, and Company, I ſecure my ſelf in the crowd of other Thoughts and Fancies, where it loſes my trace, and I eſcape. After the ſame manner does *Nature* proceed, by the Benefit of Inconſtancy; for the time ſhe has given us as the Sovereign Phyſician of our Paſſions, principally gains it's effect by that means; by ſupplying our Imaginations with other, and new Affairs, it unnerves, and diſſolves the firſt Apprehenſion, how ſtrong ſoever. A wiſe Man ſees his Friend little leſs dying at the end of five and twenty

Time the Phyſician of our Paſſions.

* *Perſius Sat.* 6. † *Lucret. l.* 4. ‡ *Ibid.*
‖ *Mr.* Creech.

Years,

Years, than the first Year, and according to *Epicurus*, no less at all; for he did not attribute any Alleviation of Afflictions, neither to the foresight of the Man, or the Antiquity of the Evils themselves. But so many other Thoughts traverse the first, that it languishes and tires at last. *Alcibiades*, to divert the Inclination of common Rumours, cut off the Ears and Tail of his beautiful Dog, and turn'd him out into the publick Place, to the end, that giving the People this occasion to prate, they might let his other Actions alone. I have also seen, for this same end of diverting the Opinions and Conjectures of the People, and to stop their Mouths, some Women conceal their real Affections by those that were only counterfeit, and put on to blind Men's Eyes; but I have likewise seen some of them, who in counterfeiting, have suffer'd themselves to be caught indeed, and have quitted the true and original Affection, for the feign'd. By which I have learned, that they who find their Affections well-plac'd, are Fools to consent to this Disguise. The favourable and publick Reception being only reserv'd for this pretended Servant, a Man may conclude him a Fellow of very little Address, and less Wit, if he does not in the end put himself into your place, and you into his; this is properly to cut out, and make up a Shoe for another to draw on. A little thing will turn and divert us; because a little thing holds us. We do not much consider Subjects in gross, and in themselves; but there are little and superficial Circumstances that strike us; the vain useless Husks that fall off from those Subjects.

Folliculos ut nunc teretes æstate cicadæ
Linquunt——*.

Such as the hollow Husks, or Shells we find
In Summer, Grashoppers do leave behind.

Even *Plutarch* himself laments his Daughter for the little apish Tricks of her Infancy. The Remembrance of a Farewel, of an Action, of a particular Favour, of a last Recommendation, afflicts us. The Sight of *Cæsar*'s

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

Robe

Robe troubled all *Rome*, which was more than his Death had done. Even the ſound of Names ringing in our Ears, as *My poor Maſter*, or, *my great Friend*; Alas, *my dear Father*, or *my ſweet Daughter*, make us melancholy and ſad. When theſe Repetitions torment me, and that I examine them a little nearer, I find them but a *Grammatical* Complaint; I am only wounded with the Word and Tone, as the Exclamations of Preachers very oft work more upon their Auditory than their Reaſons; and as the mournful Eyes and Voice of a Beaſt kill'd for Service, without my weighing, or penetrating at the ſame time into the true and real eſſence of my Subject.

His ſe ſtimulis dolor ipſe laceſſit. †

With theſe Incitements Grief it ſelf provokes.

Theſe are the Foundations of our Mourning. The Obſtinacy of the Stone againſt all Remedies adminiſtred to me, has ſometimes thrown me into ſo long Suppreſſions of Urine for three or four Days together, and ſo near Death, that it had been Folly to have hop'd to evade it; and it was much rather to have been deſir'd, conſidering the Miſeries I endure in thoſe cruel Fits. Oh, how great a Maſter in the Art of *Hangmanſhip*, was that honeſt Emperor, who cauſed Criminals to be tied in ſuch a Manner that they might die for want of making Water! Finding my ſelf in this Condition, I conſider'd by how many light Cauſes and Objects Imagination nouriſh'd in me the regret of Life; and of what Atoms the Weight and Difficulty of this diſlodging was compos'd in my Soul, and to how many idle and frivolous Thoughts we give way in ſo great an Affair. A Dog, a Horſe, a Book, a Glaſs, and what not? were conſider'd in my Loſs. To others, their ambitious Hopes, their Money, their Knowledge, not leſs fooliſh Conſiderations in my Opinion than mine. I look upon Death carleſly, when I look upon it univerſally as the end of Life. I inſult over it in groſs; but

Criminals Yard ty'd up to ſtop their Urine.

† *Lucan. l. 2.*

in

in Retail it domineers over me. The Tears of a Footman, the disposing of my Clothes, the touch of a Friendly Hand, which is a common Consolation, discourages and melts me. So do the Complaints in *Tragedies* infect our Souls with Grief, and the Griefs of *Dido* and *Ariadne*, touch with Compassion, even those that don't believe them in *Virgil* and *Catullus*. It is an Example of an obstinate and obdurate Nature, to be sensible of no Emotion; as 'tis reported for a Miracle of *Polemon*; who not so much as alter'd his Countenance at the biting of a mad Dog, that tore away the Calf of his Leg. And no Wisdom proceeds so far, as to conceive so lively and entire a cause of Sorrow by Judgment, that it suffers no encrease by Presence, where the Eyes and Ears have their Share; Parts that are not to be moved but by vain Accidents. Is it Reason, that even the *Arts* themselves should make an Advantage of our natural Brutality and Weakness? The *Orator*, says Rhetorick, in the farce of his Pleading, shall be mov'd with the sound of his own Voice, and feigned Emotions, and suffer it self to be impos'd upon by the Passion he represents; he will imprint in himself a true and real Grief, by means of the Part he plays, to transmit it to the Audience, who are yet less concern'd than he: As they do, who are hired at Funerals to assist in the Ceremony of Sorrow, who sell their Tears and Mourning by Weight and Measure. For altho' they act in a borrow'd Form, nevertheless by habituating themselves, and settling their Countenances to the Occasion, 'tis most certain, they oft are really affected with a true and real Sorrow. I was one, among several other of his Friends, who convey'd the Body of Monsieur *de Grammont* to *Soissons*, from the Siege of *la Fere*, where he was slain; I observ'd that in all Places we pass'd through, we filled the People with Tears and Lamentations by the mere solemn Pomp of our Convoy, for the Name of the Defunct was not there so much as known. *Quintilian* reports to have seen *Players* so deeply engag'd in a Mourning Part, that they could not give over weeping when they came Home, and who, having taken upon them to stir up that Passion in another, have themselves foster'd it to that degree, as to find themselves surpized not only into

into Tears, but even with Paleneſs, and the Behaviour of Men really overwhelmed with Grief. In a Country near our Mountains, the Women play Prieſt *Martin*, that is to ſay, both the Prieſt and the Clerk; for as they augment the Regret of the deceaſed Huſband, by the remembrance of the good and agreeable Qualities he was Maſter of; they alſo at the ſame time make a Regiſter of, and publiſh his Imperfections; as if, of themſelves to enter into ſome Compenſation, and ſo divert themſelves from Compaſſion to Diſdain; and yet with much better Grace than we do, who when we loſe an old Acquaintance, ſtrive to give him new and falſe Praiſes, and to make him quite another thing when we have loſt ſight of him, than he ſeem'd to be when we ſaw him: as if Regret was an inſtructive thing, or that Tears enlighten'd our Underſtandings by waſhing them. For my part, I henceforth renounce all favourable Teſtimonies Men would give of me, not becauſe I ſhall be worthy of them, but becauſe I ſhall be dead. Whoever ſhall aſk a Man, What Intereſt have you in this Siege? The Intereſt of Example, he will ſay, and of common Obedience to my Prince: I pretend to no Profit by it; and for Glory, I know how ſmall a part can reflect upon ſuch a private Man as I am: I have here neither Paſſion nor Quarrel in it: And yet you ſhall ſee him the next day quite another Man, chafing, and red with Fury, rang'd in Battle for the Aſſault: 'Tis the glittering of ſo much Steel, the Fire and Noiſe of our Cannon and Drums, that have infus'd this new Rancour and Fury into his Veins. A frivolous Cauſe you will ſay: How a Cauſe? There needs none to agitate the Mind; a meer whimſy without Body, and without Subject will rule and ſway it. Let me think of building Caſtles in the Air, my Imagination ſuggeſts to me Conveniencies and Pleaſures, with which my Soul is really tickled and pleaſed. How often do we torment our Mind with Anger or Sorrow by ſuch Shadows, and engage ourſelves in fantaſtick Paſſions, that alter both the Soul and Body? What aſtoniſh'd, fleering, and confus'd Grimaces does this raving put our Faces into! What Sallies and Agitation both of Members and Voices does it occaſion? Does it not ſeem that this individual Man has falſe

Visions from the Crowds of others, with whom he has to do, or, that he is possess'd with some internal *Dæmon* that persecutes him? Enquire of yourself, where is the Object of this Mutation? Is there any thing but us in Nature, but subsisting Nullity, over which it has Power? *Cambyses*, for having dreamt that his Brother should be one Day King of *Persia*, put him to death; a beloved Brother, and a Brother whom he tenderly loved, in whom he had always confided. *Aristedemus*, King of the *Messenians*, killed himself out of a fancy of ill Omen, from I know not what Howling of his Dogs; and King *Midas* did as much upon account of some fooliſh Dream he had. 'Tis to prize Life at it's just Value, to abandon it for a Dream. Hear our Soul speak, she triumphs over the Body, and the Weakness that exposes it to every Injury and Alteration; she has just Reason to say of it:

O prima infelix fingenti Terra Prometheo!
Ille parum cauti pectoris egit opus,
Corpora disponens, mentem non vidit in arte,
Recta Animi primum debuit esse via *.

O, 'twas for a most unhappy Day,
When rash *Prometheus* form'd him out of Clay!
In his Attempt th' ambitious Architect
Did indiscreetly the main thing neglect.
In framing Bodies, he had not the Art
To form the Mind, which is the chiefest part.

* *Prop. l.* 3. *El.* 3.

CHAP. V.

Upon some Verses of Virgil.

IN Proportion as useful Thoughts are full and solid, so are they also more cumbersom and heavy. Vice, Death, Poverty, Diseases, are grave and grievous Subjects. A Man must have his Soul instructed in the means to

to sustain and to contend with Evils, and in the Rules of living and believing well; he must likewise often rouze it up, and exercise it in this noble Study. But in a vulgar Soul, it must be by Intervals, and with Moderation; it will otherwise grow besotted, if continually intent. When I was young, I had need of frequent self Solicitations and Admonitions to keep me to my Duty: Gaiety and Health, it is said, do not so well agree with those grave and serious Meditations: I am at present in another Condition. The Indispositions of Age do but too much advertise and preach to me. From the Excess of Sprightliness, I am fallen into that of Severity; which is more troublesom: And for that Reason, I now purposely suffer my self to run into some little Liberties, and sometimes unbend my Mind with young and foolish Thoughts, in which it diverts it self. I am grown now but too full, too heavy, and too ripe. My Years read every Day new Lectures to me of Coldness and Temperance. This Body of mine avoids Disorder, and dreads it; 'tis now my Body's time to guide my Mind towards Reformation; it governs in it's turn, and more rudely and imperiously than the other; it lets me not an Hour alone, sleeping or waking; but is always preaching to me Death, Patience, and Repentance. I now defend my self from Temperance, as I formerly did from Voluptuousness: It draws me too much back, and even to Stupidity. Now I will be Master of my self to all Intents and Purposes. Wisdom has its Excess, and has no less need of Moderation than Folly. Therefore, lest I should wither, dry up, and overcharge my self with Prudence, in the Intervals and Truces which my Infirmities allow me,

Mens intenta suis ne fiet usque malis. †

That my Mind mayn't eternally be bent
And fix'd on Subjects still of Discontent.

I gently decline it, and turn away my Eyes from the stormy and frowning Sky I have before me; which,

† *Ovid. Trist. l. 4. El. 1.*

Thanks be to God, I conſider without Fear, but not without Meditation and Debate. And amuſe my ſelf in the Remembrance of my better Years.

——— *Animus quod perdidit optat,*
Atque in præterita ſe totus imagine verſat †.

The Mind what it has loſt wiſhes to have,
And for things paſt eternally does crave.

Let Infancy look forward, and Age backward; Is not this the Signification of *Janus* his double Face? Let Years hall me along if they will, but it ſhall be backward: As long as my Eyes can diſcern the pleaſant Seaſon expired, I ſhall now and then turn them that Way. Though it eſcapes from my Blood and my Veins, I ſhall not however root the Image of it out of my Memory.

——— *hoc eſt*
Vivere bis vita, poſſe priore frui *.

'Tis to live twice to him who can obtain
Of Thought t'enjoy his former Life again.

Plato ordains that old Men ſhould be preſent at the Exerciſes, Dances, and Sports of young People, that they may rejoice, in others, for the Activity and Beauty of Body, which is no more in themſelves; and call to mind the Grace and Comelineſs of that flouriſhing Age: And wills that in theſe Recreations, the Honour of the Prize ſhould be given to that young Man who has moſt diverted the Company. I formerly uſed to mark cloudy and gloomy Days, for extraordinary; thoſe are now my ordinary ones; the extraordinary are the clear and bright. I am ready to leap out of my Skin for Joy, as for an uncommon Favour, when nothing ails me. Let me tickle my ſelf preſently after, I cannot force a poor Smile from this wretched Body of mine. I am only

† *Petron. Arbiter.* * *Mart. l.* 10. *Ep.* 23.

merry in Conceit, by Artifice to divert the Melancholy of Age; but doubtless it requires another Remedy than the Efficacy of a Dream. A weak Contest of *Art* against *Nature*. 'Tis great Folly to lengthen and anticipate human Inconveniencies, as every one does. I had rather be a less while old, than to be old before I am really so. I seize on even the least Occasions of Pleasure I can meet; I know very well by Hear-say, several sorts of prudent Pleasures, that are effectually so, and glorious to boot; but Opinion has not Power enough over me, to give me an Appetite to them. I covet not so much to have them magnanimous, magnificent, and lofty, as I do to have them soft, easy, and ready. *A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono auctori* *. *We depart from Nature, and give our selves to the People, who understand nothing.* My *Philosophy* is in Action, in natural and present Practice, very little in Fancy. What if I have a Mind to play at *Cob-nut*, or to whip a *Top*.

Non ponebat enim Rumores ante Salutem. †

———He was too wise
Idle Reports before his Health to prize.

Pleasure is a Quality of very little Ambition; it thinks it self rich enough of it self, without any Addition of Repute, and is best pleased where most obscure. A young Man should be whipped, who pretends to a Palate in Wine and Sauces; there was nothing which at that Age I less valued or knew; now I begin to learn, I am very much asham'd of it. But what should I do? I am more asham'd and vex'd at the Occasions that put me upon it. 'Tis for us to doat and trifle away the Time, and for young Men to stand upon their Reputation and the Punctilios of Honour; they are going towards the World, and the World's Opinion; we are retiring from it. *Sibi Arma, sibi Equos, sibi Hastas, sibi Clavam, sibi Pilam, sibi Natationes, & Cursus habent: nobis senibus, ex lusionibus multis, talos relinquant & tesse-*

* *Sen. Ep.* 99. † *Ennius.*

 ras *.

ras. Let them reserve to themselves Arms, Horses, Spears, Clubs, Tennis, Swimming, and Races; and, of their numerous Sports and Exercises, leave to us Old Men the Diversion of Cards and Dice.* The Laws themselves send us home to our Lodgings. I can do no less in Favour of this wretched Condition, into which my Age has thrown me, than furnish it with Toys to play withal, as they do Children, and we also become such. Both Wisdom and Folly will have enough to do to support and relieve me by alternate Offices in this Calamity of Age.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem †.

Short follies mix with Counsels wise.

I accordingly avoid the lightest Punctures, and those that formerly would not have rippled the Skin, do now pierce me through and through: My habit of Body is now so naturally declining to Evil: *In fragili corpore odiosa omnis offensio est. To a decrepid Body all Offence is hateful.*

Mensque pati durum sustinet ægra nihil ‡.

And a sick Mind nothing that's hard endures.

I have ever been tender, tickliſh and delicate in Matters of Offence, at present I am much more tender and open throughout.

Et minimæ vires frangere quassa valent. §

And little Force will break what's crack'd before.

My Judgment restrains me from kicking against, and murmuring at the Inconveniencies, that Nature orders me to endure, but it does not take away my Feeling: I who have no other thing in my Prospect but to live and be merry, would run from one End of the World to

* *Cicero de Senect.* † *Hor. l. 4. Ode 12.*
‡ *Ovid. de Ponto.* § *Ovid. de Trist.*

the other to ſeek out one good Year of pleaſant and jocund Tranquillity. A melancholick and dull Tranquillity, is, I confeſs, enough for me, but it benumbs, ſtupifies, and beſots me, I am not contented with it: If there be any Perſon, any Knot of good Company in Country or City, in *France* or elſewhere, reſident or travelling, who can like my Humour, and whoſe Humours I can like, let them but whiſtle, and I will run to furniſh them with *Eſſays* of Fleſh and Bone. Seeing it is the Privilege of the Mind to reſcue itſelf from old Age, I adviſe mine to it with all the Power I have, let it in the Interim continue green, and flouriſh, if it can, like Miſſeltoe upon a dead Tree; But I fear 'tis a Traitor; it has contracted ſo ſtrict a Brotherſhip with the Body, that it abandons me at every turn to follow that in it's need. I wheedle and deal with it apart in vain; I try to no Purpoſe to wean it from this Correſpondence, quote in vain *Seneca* and *Catullus*, and repreſent to it beautiful Ladies, and Royal Dances; if it's Companion has the Colick it ſeems to have it too. Even the Faculties that are moſt peculiarly and properly it's own, cannot then perform their Functions, but manifeſtly appear dozed and ſtupified; there is no Sprightlineſs in it's Productions, if there be not at the ſame Time an equal Proportion in the Body too. Our Maſters are to blame, that ſearching out the Cauſes of the extraordinary Emotions and Sallies of the Soul, beſides attributing them to a divine Extaſy, Love, martial Fierceneſs, Poetry and Wine, they have not alſo allowed Health her Share in them. A boiling, vigorous, full and idle Health, ſuch as formerly the Verdure of Youth and Security by Fits ſupply'd me withal; that Fire of Sprightlineſs and Gaiety darts into the Mind Flaſhes that are lively and bright beyond our natural Light, and with the moſt working, if not the moſt deſperate *Enthuſiaſms*: It is then no wonder if a contrary State ſtupifies my Spirit, nails it down, and produces a contrary Effect.

Ad nullum conſurgit opus cum corpore languet *.

* *Corn. Gallus.*

For when the Body languishing doth lie,
I to no Office can my self apply:

And yet would have me oblig'd to it, for giving much less Consent to this Stupidity than other Men of my Age ordinarily do. Let us, at least whilst we have Truce, drive away Incommodities and Difficulties from our Commerce.

Dum licet obducta solvatur fronte Senectus *.

Whilst Strength is fresh, and us it well becomes,
Let's old Age banish which the Brow benumbs †.

Tetrica sunt amœnanda jocularibus ‡. *Sour things are to be sweetned with those that are pleasant.* I love a gay and civil Wisdom, and fly from all Austerity and Sourness of Manners, all Grumness and Formality of Countenance being suspected by me.

Tristemque vultus tetrici arrogantiam
Et habet tristis quoque turba cynædos.

I entirely believe *Plato*, who says that easy or difficult Humours are a great Prejudice to the good or bad Disposition of the Soul. *Socrates* had a constant Countenance, but withal serene and smiling; not sourly constant, like the elder *Crassus* whom no Man ever saw laugh: Virtue is a pleasant and gay Quality. I know very well that few will quarrel with the Liberty of my Writings, who have not more to quarrel with in the Licence of their own Thoughts: I conform my self well enough to their Inclinations, but I offend their Eyes. 'Tis a pretty Humour to strain the Writings of *Plato*, to wrest his pretended Negotiation with *Phædo*, *Dion*, *Stella*, and *Archeanassa*. *Non pudeat dicere, quod non pudeat sentire. Let us not be asham'd to speak, what we are not asham'd to think.* I hate a froward and pensive Spi-

* *Hor. ep.* 13. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.
‡ *Sid. Apollin.* 1.

rit,

rit, that ſlips over all the Pleaſures of Life, and ſeizes and feeds upon Misfortunes; like Flies, that cannot ſtick to a ſleek and poliſh'd Body, but fix and repoſe themſelves upon craggy and rough Places; and like Cupping-Glaſſes, that only ſuck and attract the worſt Blood. As to the reſt, I have enjoined my ſelf to dare to ſay all that I dare to do, and even Thoughts that are not to be publiſh'd diſpleaſe me; the worſt of my Actions and Qualities do not appear to me ſo foul, as I find it foul and baſe not to dare to own them. Every one is wary and diſcreet in Confeſſion, but Men ought to be ſo in Action. The Boldneſs of doing ill is in ſome ſort recompenſed and reſtrain'd by the Boldneſs of confeſſing it. Whoever will oblige him to tell all, ſhould oblige himſelf to do nothing that he muſt be forced to conceal. I wiſh that this exceſſive Licence of mine may draw Men to Freedom, above theſe timorous and mincing pretended Virtues ſprung from our Imperfections; and that, at the Expence of my Immoderation, I may reduce them to Reaſon. A Man muſt ſee and ſtudy his Vice to correct it; they who conceal it from others commonly conceal it from themſelves; and do not think it cover'd enough, if they themſelves ſee it; They hide and diſguiſe it from their own Conſciences. *Quare vitia ſua nemo confitetur? Quia etiam nunc in illis eſt; ſomnum narrare vigilantis eſt* *. *Why does no Man confeſs his Vices? Becauſe he is yet in them; 'tis for a waking Man to tell his Dream.* The Diſeaſes of the Body explain themſelves in increaſing. We find that to be the *Gout*, which we call a *Rheum* or a *Strain*. The Diſeaſes of the Soul, the greater they are, keep themſelves the more obſcure; and the moſt Sick are the leaſt ſenſible. For theſe Reaſons they muſt often be dragg'd into Light by an unrelenting and pitileſs Hand; they muſt be open'd and torn from the Caverns and ſecret Receſſes of the Heart. As in doing well, ſo in doing ill, the meer Confeſſion is ſometimes Satisfaction. Is there any Deformity in doing amiſs that can excuſe us from confeſſing our ſelves? It is ſo great a Pain to me to diſſemble, that I evade the truſt of another's Secrets, wanting the Heart

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 53.

to disavow my Knowledge. I can conceal it, but deny it I cannot, without the greatest Trouble and Violence to my self imaginable. To be very secret, a Man must be so by Nature, not by Obligation. 'Tis little worth in the Service of a Prince to be secret, if a Man be not a Liar to boot. If he who ask'd *Thales* the *Milesian*, whether he ought solemnly to deny that he had committed Uncleanness, had apply'd himself to me, I should have told him, that he ought not to do it; for I look upon Lying to be a greater Crime than the other. *Thales* advis'd him quite contrary, bidding him swear, to secure himself the greater Fault by the less: Nevertheless this Counsel was not so much an Election as a Multiplication of Vice. Upon which, let us say this by the by, that we deal sincerely and well with a Man of Conscience, when we propose to him some Difficulty in Counterpoise of the Vice: but when we shut him up betwixt two Vices, he is put to a hard Choice; as *Origen* was, either to *idolatrize*, or to suffer himself to be carnally abus'd by a great *Æthiopian* Slave that was brought to him. He submitted to the first Condition, and viciously, as it is said. And yet those Women of our Times are not to be disliked, who, according to their Error, protest, they had rather burthen their Consciences with ten Men than one Mass. If it be Indiscretion so to publish their Errors, yet there is no great Danger of their passing into Example and Custom. For *Aristo* said, that the Winds which Men fear'd most, were those that laid them open; we must tuck up this ridiculous Rag that hides our Manners; they send their Consciences to the Stews, and keep a starch'd Countenance: Even *Traitors* and *Assassins* espouse the Laws of Ceremony, and there fix their Duty; so that neither can Justice complain of Incivility, nor Malice of Indiscretion. 'Tis pity but an ill Man should be likewise a Fool, and that Decency should palliate his Vice. This rough-casting is only for sound and good Walls that deserv'd to be preserv'd and whited. In favour of the *Huguenots*, who condemn our auricular and private Confession, I confess my self in public,

Lying worse than the Sin of Uncleanness.

Auricular Confession.

lick, religiously and purely. St. *Augustin*, *Origen*, and *Hippocrates*, have published the Errors of their Opinions; and I moreover of my Manners. I am greedy of making my self known, and I care not to how many, provided it be truly; or to say better, I hunger for nothing; but I mortally hate to be mistaken by those who happen to learn my Name. He that does all Things for Honour and Glory, what can he think to gain by shewing himself to the World in a Mask; and by concealing his true Being from the People? Commend a crooked Fellow for his Stature, he has Reason to take it for an Affront: If you are a Coward, and that Men commend you for your Valour, is it of you that they speak? They take you for another. I should like him as well, who glorifies himself in the *Compliments* and *Congees* are made him, as if he were Master of the Company, when he is one of the most inferior of the Train. *Archelaus* King of *Macedon*, walking along the Street, some Body threw Water on his Head; which they who were with him, said he ought to punish: Ay, but said he, whoever it was, he did not throw the Water upon me, but upon him whom he took me to be. *Socrates* being told that People spoke ill of him, *Not at all*, said he, *there is nothing in me of what they say*. For my Part, if any one should commend me for a good *Pilot*, for being very *modest*, or very *chaste*, I should owe him no Thanks. And, by the same Rule, whoever should call me *Traitor*, *Robber*, or *Drunkard*, I should be as little concerned. They who do not rightly know themselves, may feed and feast upon false Approbations; not I, who see my self and who examine my self even to my very Bowels, and who very well know what is my due. I am content to be less commended, provided I am better known. I may be reputed a wise Man in such a sort of Wisdom as I take to be Folly. I am vexed that my *Essays* only serve the Ladies for a common moveable, a Book to lie in the Parlour Window; this Chapter shall prefer me to the Closet; I love to traffick with them a little in private; publick Conversation is without Favour, and without Savour. In Farewels, we above ordinary heat our Affections towards the Things we take Leave of. I take

my

my last Leave of the Pleasures of this World, these are our last Embraces. But to return to my Subject: What has render'd the Act of Generation, an Act so natural, so necessary, and so fit for Men, a Thing not to be spoken of without blushing; and to be excluded from all serious and regular Discourses? We boldly pronounce kill, rob, betray, but the other we dare only to mutter betwixt the Teeth. Is it to say, that the less we say in Words, we may pay it so much the more with Thinking? For it is certain, that the Words least in use, most seldom writ, and best kept in, are the best, and most generally known. No Age, no Manners are ignorant of them any more than of the Word *Bread.* They imprint themselves in every one without being express'd, without Voice, and without Figure. And the Sex that most practises it, is bound to say least of it. 'Tis an Act that we have placed in the *Free-franchise* of Silence, from whence to take it is a Crime. We are not to accuse and judge it; neither dare we reprehend it, but in Periphrasis and Picture. A great Favour to a Criminal, to be so execrable that Justice it self thinks it unjust to touch and see him! free and safe by the Benefit of the Severity of his Condemnation. Is it not here as with Books, that sell better, and become more publick by being suppress'd? For my part, I will take *Aristotle* at his Word, who says, that Bashfulness is an Ornament to Youth, but a Reproach to old Age. These Verses are preached in the ancient School, a School that I much more adhere to than the modern; the Virtues of it appear to me to be greater, and the Vices less.

Bashfulness an Ornament in young People.

Ceux qui par trop fuyant Venus *estrivent,*
Faillent autant que ceux qui trop la suivent *.

They err as much *Venus* who much forbear,
As they who in her *Rites* too frequent are.

Tu Dea, tu rerum naturam sola gubernas,

---

* *Plutarch.*

Nec

Nec ſine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque ſit lætum, nec amabile quicquam †.

Thou, *Nature*'s powerful *Ruler*, without whom
Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
From darkſom *Chaos* deep, and ugly Womb ‖.

I know not who could ſet *Pallas* and the Muſes at Variance with *Venus*, and make them cold towards Love; but I ſee no *Deities* ſo well met or that are more indebted to one another. Whoever would deprive the Muſes of amorous Imaginations, would rob them of the beſt Entertainment they have, and of the nobleſt Matter of their Work: and who would make *Love* loſe the Communication and Service of *Poetry*, would diſarm him of his beſt Weapons. By this means they charge the God of Familiarity and Good-will, and the protecting Goddeſſes of Humanity and *Juſtice*, with the Vice of Ingratitude and Unthankfulneſs. I have not been ſo long caſhier'd from the State and Service of this God, that my Memory is not ſtill perfect in his Force and Power.

———*agnoſco veteris veſtiga flammæ* *.

Of my old Flame ſome Foot-ſteps yet remain.

There are yet ſome Remains of Heat and Emotion after the Fever.

Nec mihi deficiat calor hic, hyemantibus annis.

Of Youth, though I am paſt the burning Rage,
I have ſome Heat yet in my Winter Age.

Wither'd and drooping as I am, I feel yet ſome Remains of that paſt Ardour.

Qual l'atto Ægeo per che Aquilone a Noto
Ceſſi, che tutto prima il voulſe & ſcoſſe,

† *Lucret.* ‖ *Mr.* Creech.
* *Æneid. l.* 4.

Non

Non s'accheta ci pero, ma'l ſono e'l moto,
Ritien de l'onde anco agitate è groſſe §.

As *Ægean* Seas, when Storms be calmed again,
That roll'd their tumbling Waves with troublous Blaſts,
Do yet of Tempeſts paſt, ſome Shews retain,
And here and there their ſwelling Billows caſt ‡.

But for what I underſtand of it, the Force and Power of this God are more lively and animating in the Picture of Poetry than in their own Eſſence.

Et verſus digitos habet *.

For there is charming Harmony in Verſe.

It has, I know not what kind of Air more amorous than Love itſelf; *Venus* is not ſo beautiful, naked, alive, and panting, as ſhe is here in *Virgil.*

Dixerat & niveis, hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: Ille repente
Accepit ſolitam flammam, notuſque medullas
Intravit calor, & labefacta per oſſa cucurrit,
Non ſecus atque olim tonitru cum rupta coruſco
Ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos †.

& paulo poſt

——— *ea verba loquutus,*
Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petivit
Conjugis infuſus gremio per membro ſoporem.

The Goddeſs here round in her ſnowy Arms
In ſoft Embraces him conſulting warms;
Straight he takes Fire, and through his Marrow came
Accuſtomed Heat, which did his Blood inflame:
So from a fiery Breach erupted flies,
Shining with Flame, bright Thunder from the Skies ‖.

§ *Taſſo Cant.* 12. ‡ *Mr.* Fairfax.
* *Juven. Sat.* 6. † *Virgil. Æneid. l.* 8. *Mr.* Ogilby.

and

and a little after,

———This having ſaid,
After a ſweet Embrace he takes his Reſt;
Repoſing on the beauteous Goddeſs Breaſt.

All that I find Fault with in conſidering it, is, that he has repreſented her a little too paſſionate for a married *Venus*. In this diſcreet Kind of coupling, the Appetite is not uſually ſo wanton, but more grave and dull. Love hates that People ſhould hold of any but herſelf, and goes but faintly to work in Familiarities derived from any other Title, as Marriage is. The Alliance and Dowry do therein ſway by Reaſon as much or more than *Grace* and *Beauty*. Men do not marry for themſelves, though they deny it, they marry as much or more for their Poſterity and Family. The Cuſtom and Intereſt of Marriage concerns our Race much more than us; and therefore it is, that I like to have a Match carried on by a third Hand, rather than a Man's own, and by another Man's Liking than that of the Party himſelf, and how much is all this oppoſite to Contracts of Love? And alſo it is a Kind of Inceſt to employ in this venerable and ſacred Alliance, the Heat and Extravagance of amorous Licence, as I think I have ſaid elſewhere. A Man, ſays *Arioſto*, muſt approach his Wife with Prudence and Modeſty, leſt in dealing too laſciviouſly with her, the extreme Pleaſure make her exceed the Bounds of Reaſon. What he ſays upon the Account of Conſcience, the *Phyſicians* ſay upon the Account of Health: That a Pleaſure exceſſively laſcivious, voluptuous, and frequent, makes the Seed too hot, and hinders Conception; 'tis ſaid on the contrary, that to a languiſhing Congreſſion, as that naturally is to ſupply it with a due and fruitful Heat, a Man muſt do it but ſeldom, and by notable Intermiſſions;

Quod rapiat ſitiens Venerem interiuſque recondat *.

I ſee no Marriages where the conjugal Underſtanding ſooner fails, than thoſe that we contract upon the Account

* *Virg. Georg. l.* 3.

of

of Beauty and amorous Desires; there should be more solid and constant Foundation, and they should proceed with greater Circumspection; this furious Ardour is worth nothing. They who think they honour Marriage by joining Love to it, do, methinks, like those, who to favour Virtue, hold, that Nobility is nothing else but Virtue; they are indeed Things that have some Relation to one another, but there is a great deal of Difference; we should not so mix their Names and Titles; 'tis a Wrong to them both, so to confound them. Nobility is a brave Quality, and with good Reason introduced; but forasmuch as 'tis a Quality, depending upon others, and may happen in a vicious Person, 'tis an Estimate infinitely below Virtue. 'Tis a Virtue, if it be one, that is artificial and apparent, depending upon Time and Fortune; various in Form, according to the Countries, Living, and Mortal; without Birth, as the River *Nile*, genealogical and common, drawn by Consequence, and a very weak one. Knowledge, Strength, Bounty, Beauty, Riches and all other Qualities fall into Communication and Commerce, but this is consummated in itself, and of no Use to the Service of others. There was propos'd to one of our Kings the Choice of two Concurrents, who both pretended to the same Command, of which the one was a *Gentleman*, the other was not; he ordered, that without Respect to Quality, they should chuse him who had the most Merit; but where the Worth of the Competitors should appear to be entirely equal, they should have Respect to Birth: This was justly to give it it's due Rank. A young Man unknown, coming to *Antigonus* to make Suit for his Father's Command, a valiant Man, but lately dead: *Friend*, said he, *in such Preferments as these, I have not so much Regard to the Nobility of my Soldiers, as their Strength and Courage:* And indeed it ought not to go as it did with the Officers of the Kings of *Sparta*, *Trumpeters*, *Fidlers*, *Cooks*, the Children of whom always succeeded in their Places, how ignorant soever, and were prefer'd before the most experienced in these Professions. They of *Calicut* make a Sort of Nobles above human; they are interdicted Marriage, and all but warlike Employments. They may have *Concubines* their fill, and the Women as many *Ruffians* without

without being jealous of one another; but 'tis a capital and irremissible Crime to couple with a Person of meaner Condition than themselves, and they think themselves polluted, if they have but touched one in walking along; and supposing their Nobility to be marvelously injur'd and interess'd in it, kill such as only approach a little too near them; insomuch that the ignoble are oblig'd to cry as they go, like the *Gondeleers* of *Venice*, at the Turnings of Streets, for fear of justling; and the Nobles command them to step aside to what Part they please; by which means the last avoid what they repute a perpetual Ignominy, and the other a certain Death. No Time, no Favour of the Prince, no Office, or Virtue, or Riches, can ever prevail to make a Plebeian become noble. To which this Custom is assisting, that Marriages are interdicted betwixt several Trades; neither is the Daughter of a Shoemaker permitted to marry with a Carpenter; and the Parents are obliged to train up their Children precisely in their own Callings, and not put them to any other Trade; by which means the Distinction and Continuation of their Fortune is maintained. A good Marriage, if it be really so, rejects the Company and Conditions of Love, and tries to represent those of Friendship. 'Tis a sweet Society of Life, full of Constancy, Trust, and an infinite Number of useful and solid Offices and mutual Obligations; of which any Woman that has a right Taste,

Optato quam junxit lumine tædæ,

Whose Hymeneal Torch shines bright,
Kindled by a wished Light.

would be loth to serve her Husband in Quality of a Mistress. If they be lodg'd in his Affection as a Wife, she is more honourably and securely placed. When he pretends to be in Love with another, and works all he can to attain his Desire, let any one but then ask him, on which he had rather a Disgrace should fall, his Wife or his Mistress, which of their Misfortunes would most afflict him, and to which of them he wishes the most Grandeur; these Questions are out of Dispute in a sound Marriage:

riage: And that so few are observed to be happy, is a token of it's Price and Value. If well form'd, and rightly taken, 'tis the best of all human Societies. We cannot live without it, and yet we do nothing but decry it. It happens, as with Cages, the Birds without Despair to get in, and those within Despair of getting out. *Socrates* being asked whether it was more commodious to take a Wife or not? *Let a Man take which Course he will,* said he, *he will be sure to repent.* 'Tis a Contract to which the common Saying, *Homo Homini, aut Deus, aut Lupus* *: *Man to Man is either a God or a Wolf,* may very fitly be applied. There must be a Concurrence of many Qualities to the erecting it. It is found now a-days more convenient for innocent and plebeian Souls, where Delights, Curiosity, and Idleness do not so much disturb it; but extravagant Humours, such as mine, that hate all Sorts of Obligation and Restraint, are not proper for it.

Et mihi dulce magis resoluto vivere collo †.

For Liberty to me is far more sweet,
Than all the Pleasures of the Nuptial Sheet.

Might I have had my own Will, I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me. But 'tis to much Purpose to evade it, the common Custom and Usance of Life will have it so. The most of my Actions are guided by Example, not Choice. And yet I did not go to it of my own voluntary Motion, I was led and drawn to it by strange and accidental Occasions. For not only Things that are incommodious in themselves, but also nothing so ugly, vicious, and to be avoided, that may not be rendred acceptable by some Condition or Accident; so unsteady and vain is all human Resolution. And I was persuaded to it, when worse prepar'd, and more backward than I am at present, that I have tried what it is. And as great a Libertine as I am taken to be, I have in Truth more strictly observ'd the Laws of Marriage, than I either promis'd, or ex-

* *Erasm. Adag.* † *Gallius, Ele.* 1.

pected,

pected. 'Tis in vain to kick when a Man has once put on his Fetters. A Man must prudently manage his Liberty; but having once submitted to Obligation, he must confine himself within the Laws of common Duty, at least, do what he can towards it. They who engage in this Contract, with a Design to carry themselves in it with Hatred and Contempt, do an unjust and inconvenient Thing; and the fine Rule that I hear pass from hand to hand amongst the Women, as a sacred Oracle,

Sers ton mary comme ton maistre,
Et t'en garde comme d'un traitre.

Serve thy Husband like a Waiter,
But guard thyself as from a Traitor.

Which is to say, comport thyself towards him with a dissembled, inimical, and distrustful Reverence and Respect (a Stile of War and Defiance) is equally injurious and hard. I am too mild for such rugged Designs. To say the Truth, I am not arrived to that Perfection of Cunning, and Gallantry of Wit, to confound Reason with Justice, and to laugh at all Rule and Order that does not please my Palate; because I hate Superstition, I do not presently run into the contrary Extreme of Irreligion. If a Man does not always perform his Duty, he ought at least to love and acknowledge it; 'tis Treachery to *marry* without *espousing*. Let us proceed further. Our Poet represents a Marriage happy in good Understanding, wherein nevertheless there is not much Loyalty. Does he mean, that it is not impossible but a Woman may give the Reins to her own Passion, and yield to the Importunities of Love, and yet reserve some Duty towards Marriage, and that it may be hurt without being totally broken? Such a Serving-Man there may be, as may ride in his Master's Saddle, whom nevertheless he does not hate. Beauty, Opportunity, and Destiny, (for Destiny has also a Hand in it)

——————fatum est in partibus illis
Quas sinus abscondit; nam si tibi Sidera cessent,
Nil faciet longi mensura incognita Nervi *.

* *Juven. Sat.* 9.

have debauch'd her to a Stranger; though not so wholly peradventure, but that she may have some Remains of Kindness for her Husband. They are two Designs, that have several Paths leading to them, without being confounded with one another; and a Woman may yield to such a Man as she would by no means have married, not only for the Condition of his Fortune, but the Dislike of his Person. Few Men have made a Wife of a Mistress, that have not repented it. And even in the other World, what an unhappy Life does *Jupiter* lead with his, whom he had first enjoyed as a Mistress! 'Tis, as the Proverb is, *to shite in the Basket, and then to put it upon his Head.* I have in my Time seen Love shamefully and dishonestly cur'd in a good Family by Marriage; the Considerations are too much different. We love at once two Things contrary in themselves without any Disturbance. *Isocrates* was wont to say, that the City of *Athens* pleased, as Ladies do, that Men court for Love; every one loved to come thither to take a Turn, and pass away his Time; but no one lik'd it so well as to espouse it, that is, to inhabit there, and to make it his constant Residence. I have been vex'd to see Husbands hate their Wives, only because they do them Wrong. We should not however, methinks, love them the less for our Faults; they should, at least upon the Account of Repentance and Compassion, be dearer to us. They are different Ends, and yet in some Sort compatible. Marriage has Utility, Justice, Honour, and Constancy for it's Share; a flat but more universal Pleasure: Love founds itself wholly upon Pleasure, and indeed, has it more full, lively and stinging; a Pleasure inflam'd by Difficulty; there must be in it Sting and Ardour: 'Tis no more Love, if without Darts and Fire. The Bounty of Ladies is too profuse in Marriage, and dulls the Points of Affection and Desire: To evade which Inconvenience, do but observe what Pains *Lycurgus* and *Plato* take in their *Laws.* Women are not to blame at all, when they refuse the Rules of Life that are introduced into the World; forasmuch as the Men made them without their Consent. There is naturally Contention and Brawling betwixt them and us; and the strictest Friendship we have with them is yet mixed with Tumult and Tempest. In the Opinion of our Author,

Author, we deal inconsiderately with them in this. After we have discover'd, that they are without Comparison more able and ardent in the Effects of Love than we, and that the old Priest has testified so much, who had been one while a Man, and then a Woman:

Venus *huic erat utraque nota* *:

Tiresias must decide
The Difference, who both Delights had try'd †.

And moreover that we have learnt from their own Mouths the Proof that in several Ages was made by an *Emperor* and *Empress* of *Rome*, both famous for Ability in that Affair: for he in one Night defloured ten *Sarmatian* Virgins that were his Captives: but she had five and twenty Bouts in one Night, changing her Man according to her Need and Liking:

—— *adhuc ardens rigidæ tentiginæ vulvæ:*
Et lassata Viris, nondum satiata recessit ‖.

And that upon the Difference which happen'd in *Catalonia*, wherein, a Wife complaining of her Husband's too frequent Addresses to her (not so much as I conceive, that she was incommoded by it (for I believe no Miracles out of Religion) as under this Pretence to curtail and curb in this, which is the fundamental Act of Marriage, the Authority of Husbands over their Wives, and to shew that their Frowardness and Malignity go beyond the nuptial Bed, and spurn under Foot even the Graces and Sweets of *Venus*;) the Husband, a Man really brutish and unnatural, reply'd, that on Fasting Days he could not subsist with less than ten Courses. Whereupon came out that notable Sentence of the Queen of *Arragon*, by which, after mature Deliberation of her Council, this good Queen, to give a Rule and Example to all succeeding Ages of the Moderation required in a just Marriage, set down six times a Day as a legitimate and necessary Stint; surrendring and quitting a great deal of the Needs and De-

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 3. † *Mr.* Sandys. ‖ *Juv. Sat.* 6.

sires of her Sex, that she might, she said, establish an easy, and consequently a permanent and immutable Method. Hereupon Doctors cry out, What the Devil must the female Appetite and Concupiscence be, when their Reason, their Reformation and Virtue, is tax'd at such a Rate? considering the divers Judgments of our Appetites; for *Solon*, Patron of the *Law-Schools*, taxes us but at three a Month, that Men may not fail in Point of conjugal Frequentation. After having, I say, believed and preached all this, we go and enjoin them Continency for their particular Share, and upon the extremest Penalties. There is no Passion so hard to contend with as this, which we will have them only to resist; not simply as a Vice only, but as an execrable Abomination, worse than Irreligion, or a Parricide; whilst we, at the same time, go to't without Offence or Reproach: Even those Women amongst us who have tried to do it, have sufficiently confessed what Difficulty, or rather Impossibility, they have found by material Remedies, to subdue, weaken and oppose the Body. We, on the contrary, would have them sound, vigorous, in good liking, high-fed and chaste together; that is to say, both hot and cold; for the Marriage which we say is to keep them from burning, is but a small Refreshment to them, as we order the Matter: For if they take one whose vigorous Age is hot and boiling, he will be proud that his Neighbours know it.

Sit tandem pudor, aut eamus in jus,
Multis Mentula millibus redempta,
Non est hæc tua, Basse, vendidisti *.

Polemon the Philosopher was justly, by his Wife, brought in Question for sowing in a barren Field the Seed that was due to one that was fruitful. If on the other Side, they take a decay'd Fellow, they are in a worse Condition in Marriage than either Maids or Widows. We think them well provided for, because they have a Man to lie withal, as the *Romans* concluded *Clodia Leta*, a Vestal Nun, violated, because *Caligula* had approached her, tho' it was affirmed he did no more than approach her:

* *Mar. l.* 12. *Epigr.* 99.

but on the contrary, we by that increaſe their Neceſſity, for as much as the Touching and Company of any Man whatever rouſes their Deſires, that in Solitude would be more quiet. And to the End, it is likely, that they might render their Chaſtity more meritorious by this Circumſtance and Conſideration. *Boleſlaus* and *Kinge* his Wife, King and Queen of *Poland*, vowed it by mutual Conſent, being in Bed together on their very Wedding-day, and kept their Vow in Spite of all matrimonial Conveniencies and Delights. We train them up from their Infancy to the Traffick of Love; their Grace, Dreſſing, Knowledge, Language, and whole Inſtruction tend that Way: Their Governeſſes imprint nothing in them but the *Idea* of Love, if for nothing elſe but by continually repreſenting it to them, to make them diſguſt it. My Daughter, the only Child I have, is now of an Age that forward young Women are allowed to be married at; ſhe is of a ſlow, thin, and tender Complexion, and has accordingly been brought up by her Mother after a private and particular manner, ſo that ſhe but now begins to be weaned from her childiſh Simplicity. She was one Day reading before me in a *French* Book, where ſhe happen'd to meet the Word **fouteau*, the Name of a Tree, very well known; the Woman to whoſe Conduct ſhe is committed, ſtopt her ſhort a little rudely, and made her ſkip over that dangerous Step; I let her alone, not to trouble their Rules, for I never concern myſelf in that Sort of Government. The feminine Polity has a myſterious Proceeding, we muſt leave it to them, but if I am not miſtaken, the Commerce of twenty *Lacquies* could not in ſix Months Time have ſo imprinted in her Fancy the Meaning, Uſage, and all the Conſequence of the Sound of thoſe ſmutty Syllables, as this good old Woman did by Reprimand and Interdiction.

Chaſtity vowed and kept on the Wedding-day.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & frangitur artibus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui †.

* *Beech-tree.* † *Horace, l. 3. Ode 6.*

The Maid, for Marriage ripe, much joys to learn
Ionick Dances, and can well discern,
With Art to feign, and quickly prove
The Pleasures of unlawful Love *.

Let them but give themselves the Rein a little, let them but enter into Liberty of Discourse, we are but Children to them in this Science: Hear them but represent our Pursuits and Discourses, they will perfectly make you understand well, that we bring them nothing they have not known before, and digested without our Help. It is perhaps, as *Plato* says, that they have formerly been debauched by young Fellows. I happened one Day to be in a Place, where I could learn some of their Talk without Suspicion: I am sorry that I cannot repeat it. By our Lady, said I, it is Time for us to go study the Phrases of *Amadis*, *Boccace* and *Aretine*, to be able to discourse with them: We employ our Time to much Purpose indeed, there is neither Word, Example, nor Step, they are not more perfect in than our Books: 'tis a Discipline that springs with their Blood:

Et mentem ipsa Venus *dedit* †.

Venus herself has made 'em what they are.

With these good Instructors, Nature, Youth, and Health, are continually inspiring them with; they need not learn, they breed it:

Nec tantum niveo gavisa est ulla columbo,
Compar, vel si quid dicitur improbius,
Oscula mordenti semper decerpere rostro:
Quantum præcipue multivola est mulier ‖.

Not more delighted is the milk-white Dove,
Or if there be a Thing more prone to Love,

---

* *Sir* Thomas Hawkins. † *Virg. Geor. lib.* 3.
‖ *Catullus.*

Still

Still to be billing with her Mate, than is
Woman, with every Man she meets to kiss.

So that if the natural Violence of their Desire were not a little restrain'd by Fear and Honour, which have been wisely contriv'd for them, we should be all sham'd. All the Motions in the World tend to this Conjunction; 'tis a Matter infus'd throughout; 'tis a Center to which all Things tend. We yet see the Edicts of old and wise *Rome*, made for the Service of Love, and the Precepts of *Socrates* for the Instruction of *Courtezans*.

Nec non libelli Stoici, inter sericos
Jacere pulvilios amant *.

And Stoical Books, for all their Gravity,
Amongst Silk Cushions love to lie.

Zeno, amongst his Laws, did also regulate the Divarications and Motions in getting a Maidenhead. Of what Sense was the Philosopher *Strato*'s Book of Carnal Conjunction? And what did *Theophrastus* treat of in those he entitled the one the *Lover*, and the other of *Love?* Of what *Aristippus* in his of ancient Delights? What do the so long and lively Descriptions in *Plato* of the Loves in his time pretend to? And the Book call'd the Lover, of *Demetrius Phalereus?* And *Clinias*, that of getting Children, or of *Weddings:* and the other of the Master, or the Lover? And that of *Aristo* of amorous exercises? What those of *Cleanthes*, one of Love, the other of the Art of Loving? The amorous Dialogues of *Spherus?* and the Fable of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, of *Chrysippus*, impudent beyond all Toleration? And his fifty so Lascivious Epistles? I will let alone the Writings of the Philosophers of the *Epicurean Sect*; Protectress of Voluptuousness and Pleasure. Fifty Deities were in time past assign'd to this Office: And there has been a Nation found out where to asswage the Lust of those that came to their Devotion, they had purposely Strumpets in their Temples for them to lie with; and it was an Act of Ceremony to do so before they went

Whores kept in Temples for the Use of those who came to their Devotion.

* *Hor. Ep.* 8.

to Prayers. *Nimirum propter continentiam incontinentia necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur. Doubtless Incontinency is necessary for Continency's sake: a Conflagration is extinguish'd by Fire.* In the greatest Part of the World that Member of our Body was deify'd in one and the same Province, some flay'd off the Skin to offer and consecrate a Piece, others offer'd and consecrated their Seed. In another, the young Men publickly cut through betwixt the Skin and the Flesh of that Part in several Places, and thrust Pieces of Wood into the Overtures as long and thick as they would receive, and of those Pieces of Wood afterwards made a Fire for an Offering to their Gods, and were neither vigorous nor chaste, if by the Force of that intolerable Pain they seem'd to be any thing dismayed. In other Countries the most sacred Magistrate was reverenc'd and acknowledg'd by that Member: and in several Ceremonies the Picture of it was carried in Pomp to the Honour of several Divinities. The *Egyptian Ladies* in their *Bacchanals* carried every one one carv'd of Wood about their Necks, exactly made, great and heavy as every one was able to bear, besides one which the Stature of their God represented, which in Greatness surpass'd all the rest of his Body. The married Women near to the Place where I live, make of their Kerchiefs the Figure of one upon their Foreheads, to glorify themselves in the Enjoyment they have of it; and coming to be Widows, they throw it behind and cover it with their Head-cloths. The most modest Matrons of *Rome* thought it an Honour to offer Flowers and Garlands to the God *Priapus*. And they made the Virgins, at the Time of their Espousals, sit upon his shameful Parts. I know not whether I have not in my time seen some Air of like Devotion. What was the meaning of that ridiculous thing our Forefathers wore before on their Breeches, and that is still worn by the *Swiss*? To what end do we make a shew of our Implements in Figure under our Gaskins, and often, which is worse, above their natural Size, by a kind of Imposture? I have half a mind to believe that this Sort of Vestment was invented in the better and more conscientious Ages, that the World might not be deceiv'd; and that every one should give publick Account of his Dimensions: The simple Nations wear them yet,

Codpieces worn.

yet, and near about the real Size. In thoſe Days the Taylor took Meaſure, as the Shoemaker does now, of a Leg or a Foot. That good Man, who, when I was young, gelt ſo many noble and antique Statues in his great City, that they might not corrupt the Sight, according to the Advice of this other good old Man: *Flagitii principium eſt nudare inter cives corpora; 'tis the Beginning of Wickedneſs to ſhew their Nudities in Publick*; ſhould have call'd to mind that as in the Myſteries of the Goddeſſes, all Maſculine Appearance was excluded, that he did nothing, if he did not geld Horſes and Aſſes, and finally all Nature too.

Omne adeò genus in terris, hominumque ferarumque
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furius ignemque ruunt——— *.

All Men on Earth, and Beaſts, both mild and tame,
Sea-Monſters, gaudy Fowl, ruſh to this Flame,
The ſame Love works in all †.

The *Gods*, ſays *Plato*, have given us one diſobedient and unruly Member, that like a furious Animal, attempts by the Violence of it's Appetite, to ſubject all Things to it. And they have given Women one that has the ſame Qualities, like a greedy and ravenous Animal, which if one refuſe to give him Food in ſeaſon, grows wild, impatient of Delay, and infuſing the Rage into their Bodies, ſtops the Paſſages, and hinders Reſpiration, cauſing a thouſand Inconveniencies; till having imbib'd the Fruit of the common Thirſt, he has plentifully beſprinkled and bedewed the Bottom of their Womb. Now my Legiſlator ſhould alſo have conſider'd, that perhaps it would have been a chaſter and more uſeful Cuſtom to let them know the Quick betimes, than permit them to gueſs according to the Liberty and Heat of their own Fancy; inſtead of real Parts, they ſubſtitute thro' Hope and Deſire others that are three times more extravagant. And a certain Friend of mine loſt himſelf by producing his in a Place not yet fit to admit them to their more ſerious Uſe. What

* *Virgil. Georg. l.* 3. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

Miſchief

Mischief do not those Pictures of prodigious Dimension, do, that the Boys make upon the Stair-cases and Galleries of the Royal Houses! which give them a strange Contempt of our natural Furniture. And what do we know but that *Plato*, after other well instituted Republicks, order'd, that the Men and Women, old and young, should expose themselves naked to the View of one another, in his *Gymnastick*, upon that very Account? The *Indians*, who see the Men stark naked, have at least cool'd the Sense of Seeing. And let the Women of the Kingdom of *Pegu* say what they will, (who below the Waist have nothing to cover them but a Cloth slit before, and so strait, that what Decency and Modesty soever they pretend by it, at every Step all is to be seen) that it is an Invention found out to allure the Men to them, and to divert them from the Boys to which that Nation is generally inclin'd; yet perhaps they lose more by it than they get; and a Man may venture to say, that an entire Appetite is much sharper than one already glutted by the Eyes. And also *Livia* used to say, that to a virtuous Woman, a naked Man was but a Statue. The *Lacedemonian* Women, more Virgins when Wives, than our Daughters are, saw every Day the young Men of the City strip'd naked in their Exercises, little minding themselves to cover their Thighs in walking, believing themselves, says *Plato*, sufficiently cover'd with their Virtue, without any other Robe. But those, of whom St. *Austin* speaks, have given Nudity a wonderful Power of Temptation, that have made it a Doubt, whether Women at the Day of Judgment shall rise again in their own Sex, and not rather in ours, for fear of tempting us again in that holy Estate. In brief, we allure and flesh them by all Sorts of Ways; we incessantly heat and stir up their Imagination, and yet we find Fault. Let us confess the Truth; there is scarce one of us that does not more apprehend the Shame that accrues to him by the Vices of his Wife than by his own, and that is not more solicitous (a wonderful Charity) of the Conscience of his virtuous Wife than of his own; who had not rather commit Theft and Sacrilege, and that his Wife was a Murtheress and an Heretick, than that she should not be more chaste than her Husband. An unjust Estimate of Vices! Both we and they are capa-

ble

ble of a thouſand Corruptions more prejudicial and unnatural than Luſt: But we weigh Vices not according to Nature but according to our Intereſt, by which Means they take ſo many unequal Forms. The Auſterity of our Decrees renders the Propenſity of Women to this Vice, more violent and vicious than it's Condition will bear, and engages it in *Conſequences* worſe than the *Cauſe*. They will voluntarily offer to go to the Exchange to ſeek for Gain, and to the War to get Reputation, rather than in the midſt of Eaſe and Delights to have to do with ſo difficult a Guard. Do not they very well ſee, that there is neither Merchant nor Soldier, who will not leave his Buſineſs to run after this other, and ſo much as the *Porter* and *Cobler*, toil'd and tir'd out as they are with Labour and Hunger?

Num tu quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes,
Permutare velis crine Licinniæ.
Plenas aut Arabum domos,
Dum fragrantia detorquet ad oſcula
Cervicem, aut facili ſævitia negat,
Quæ poſcente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet? *

Wouldſt thou for all that *Achæmenes* had,
Or all the *Phrygian* Wealth before thee laid,
Or Riches that in *Arabs* Houſes are,
Change thy *Licinnia*'s golden Hair,
When ſhe her Neck to fragrant Kiſſes wries,
Or with a pretty Anger them denies,
What ſhe would rather give than take by far,
And ſnatches them e'er ſhe's aware?

I cannot tell whether the Exploits of *Alexander* and *Cæſar* do really ſurpaſs the Reſolution of a beautiful young Woman, bred up after our Faſhion, in the Light and Commerce of the World, batter'd by ſo many contrary Examples, and yet keeping her ſelf entire in the midſt of a thouſand continual and powerful Solicitations and

* *Horace, l.* 2. *Ode* 12.

Pursuits. There is no Doing more active or more thorny than that not-doing. I find it more easy to carry a Suit of Arms all the Days of a Man's Life, than a Maidenhead; and the Vow of Virginity, of all others is the most noble, as being the hardest to keep. *Diaboli Virtus in Lumbis est* *, says Saint *Hierom*. We have doubtless resign'd to the Ladies the most difficult and most vigorous of all human Endeavours, and let us resign to them the Glory too. This ought to encourage them to be obstinate in it; 'tis a brave thing for them to defy us, and to spurn under-foot that vain Preheminence of Valour and Virtue that we pretend to have over them. They will find, if they do but observe it, that they will not only be much more esteem'd for it, but also much more belov'd. A gallant Man does not give over his Pursuit for being refus'd; provided it be a Refusal of Chastity and not of Choice. We may swear, threaten and complain to much purpose; we lie, we love them the better: There is no Allurement like Modesty, if it be not rude and uncivil. 'Tis Stupidity and Meanness to be obstinate against Hatred and Disdain; but against a virtuous and constant Resolution, mixt with an Acknowledgment, 'tis the Exercise of a noble and generous Soul. They may acknowledge our Services to a certain Degree, and give us civilly to understand, that they disdain us not. For that Law that enjoins them to abominate us because we adore them, and to hate us because we love them, is certainly very severe, were it but for the Difficulty of it. Why should they not give ear to our Offers and Demands, so long as they are contain'd within the Bounds of Modesty? Wherefore should we fancy them to have other Thoughts within, and to be worse than they seem? A *Queen* of our Time ingenuously said, That to refuse these Courtships, is a Testimony of Weakness in Women, and a Self-accusation of Facility; and that a Lady could not boast of her Chastity, who was never tempted. The Limits of Honour are not cut so short; they may give themselves a little rein, and dispense a little without forfeiting themselves; there lies before the *Frontier* some Space free, indifferent and neuter: He that has beaten and pursu'd her into her Fort, is a strange Fellow if he

* *D. Hieron. in Epist.* be

be not satisfied with his Fortune. The Price of the Conquest is consider'd by the Difficulty. Would you know what Impression your Service and Merit have made in her Heart? Judge of it by her Behaviour. Some may grant more, who do not so much. The Obligation of a Benefit wholly relates to the Good-will of those who confer it, the other co-incident Circumstances are dumb, dead, and casual. It costs her dearer to grant you that little, than it would do her Companion to grant all. If any thing, Rarity gives the Value, it ought especially in this. Do not consider how little it is that is given, but how few have it to give. The Value of Money alters according to the Coin, and Stamp of the Place. Whatever the Spite and Indiscretion of some may make them say upon the Excess of their Discontentment; yet Virtue and Truth will in time recover all. I have known some, whose Reputation has for a great while suffer'd under Slander, who have after been restored to the World's universal Opinion, merely by their Constancy without Care or Artifice; every one repents, and gives himself the Lie for what he has believ'd and said; and from Maids, a little suspected, they have been afterwards advanced to the first Rank amongst the Ladies of Honour. Some Body told *Plato*, that all the World spoke ill of him. *Let them talk*, said he, *I will live so as to make them change their Note*. Besides the Fear of God, and the Price of so rare a Renown, which ought to make them look to themselves, the Corruption of the Age we live in, compels them to it; and if I were as they, there is nothing I would not rather do, than intrust my Reputation in so dangerous Hands. In my Time, the Pleasure of Telling, (a Pleasure little inferior to that of Doing) was not permitted, but to those who had some faithful and only Friend; but now the ordinary Discourse and common Table-talk, is nothing but Boasts of Favours receiv'd, and the secret Liberality of *Ladies*. In earnest, 'tis too abject, and too much Meanness of Spirit, to suffer such ingrateful, indiscreet and giddy-headed People, so to persecute, teaze and rifle those tender and obliging Favours. This our immoderate and illegitimate Exasperation against this Vice, springs from the most vain and turbulent Disease that afflicts human Minds, which is Jealousy:

Quis

Quis vetat appoſito lumen de lumine ſumi?
Dent licet aſſiduè, nil tamen inde perit *.

That Light from Light be taken, who'll deny?
Tho' they do Nought but give, Nought's loſt thereby.

Jealouſy and Envy.

She and Envy her Siſter ſeem to me to be the moſt idle and fooliſh of the whole Troop. As to the laſt, I can ſay little to't, a Paſſion, that though ſaid to be ſo mighty and powerful, had never to do with me. As to the other, I know it by Sight, and that's all. Beaſts feel it. The Shepherd *Cratis* being fall'n in Love with a *She-Goat*, the *He* out of Jealouſy came to butt him as he was laid aſleep, and beat out his Brains. We have rais'd this Fever to a greater Exceſs, by the Examples of ſome barbarous Nations; the beſt diſciplin'd have been touch'd with it, and 'tis Reaſon; but not tranſported:

Enſe maritali nemo confoſſus adulter,
Purpureo Stygias ſanguine tinxit aquas †.

Ne'er did Adulterer, by the Huſband ſlain,
With purple Blood the *Stygian* Waters ſtain.

Lucullus, *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Antonius*, *Cato*, and other brave Men were Cuckolds, and knew it, without making any Buſtle about it. There was in thoſe Days but one Coxcomb, *Lepidus*, that died for Grief that his Wife had us'd him ſo:

Ah! tum te miſerum malique fati,
Quem attractis pedibus, patente porta,
Percurrent mugileſque raphanique ‡.

And the God of our Poet, when he ſurpriz'd one of his Companions with his Wife, ſatisfied himſelf with putting them to Shame only.

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* *Ovid. de Arte Amandi.* † *Ovid.* ‡ *Catullus Ep.* 15.

——*Atque aliquis de Diis non tristibus optat,*
Sic fieri turpis *.——

——they shamefully lay bound,
Yet one a Wanton wish'd to be so found †.

And nevertheless took fire at the soft Embraces she gave him, complaining, that upon that Account she was grown jealous of his Affection.

Quid causas petis ex alto? fiducia cessit
Quo tibi Diva mei §?

What need'st thou doubt, and make a Question thus,
Where is your Confidence repos'd in us ‖?

Nay, she intreats Arms for a Bastard of hers,

Arma rogo genitrix nato **.

Another for her Son does Armour crave.

Which are freely granted; and *Vulcan* speaks honourably of *Æneas*.

Arma acri faciendi viro ††.

Arms for a valiant Hero must be made §§,

with, in Truth, a more than common Humanity. And I am willing to leave this Excess of Bounty to the Gods:

Nec divis homines componere æquum est |||.

Nor is it fit to equal Men with Gods.

As to the Confusion of Children, besides that the gravest Legislators ordain and effect it in their Republicks,

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* *Ovid. Met. l.* 4. † *Mr.* Sandys. § *Virg. Æn. l.* 8. ‖ *Mr.* Ogilby. ** *Ibid.* †† *Mr.* Ogilby. §§ *Ibid.* ||| *Catullus, Num.* 69.

it nettles not the Women, where this Passion is I know not how much better seated. ———

Sæpe etiam Juno *maxima Cælicolûm,*
Conjugis in culpa flagravit quotidiana *.

And *Juno* with fierce Jealousy inflam'd,
Her Husband's daily Slips has often blam'd.

When Jealousy seizes these poor, weak and resistless Souls, 'tis pity to see how miserably it torments and tyrannizes over them; it insinuates itself into them, under the Title of Friendship; but after it has once possessed them, the same Causes that serv'd for a Foundation of Good-will, serve them for a Foundation of mortal Hatred: 'Tis of all the Diseases of the Mind, that which most Things serve for *Aliment*, and fewest for *Remedy*. The Virtue, Health, Merit and Reputation of the Husband, are the Incendiaries of their Fury and Ill-will.

Nullæ sunt inimicitiæ nisi amoris acerbæ †.

Their Angers are but the Effects of Love.

This Fever defaces and corrupts all they have of beautiful and good besides. And there is no Action of a jealous Woman, let her be how chaste, and how good a Housewife soever, that does not relish of Anger and Rudeness. 'Tis a furious Agitation, that rebounds them to an Extremity quite contrary to it's Cause: which was very manifest in one *Octavius* at *Rome*, who, having lain with *Pontia Posthumia*, found his Love so much augmented by Fruition, that he solicited with all Importunity to marry her, which seeing he could not persuade her to, this excessive Affection precipitated him to the Effects of the most cruel and mortal Hatred, for he killed her. In like manner, the ordinary Symptoms of this other amorous Disease, are intestine Hatreds, private Conspiracies and Conjurations.

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* *Catullus, Num.* 69. † *Propertius.*

Notumque

Notumque furens quid fœmina possit *.

——The Cause unknown,
But what a desp'rate Woman carry'd on
With Rage might do †,

and a Rage which so much the more frets itself, as it is compelled to excuse itself by a Pretence of Good-will. Now the Duty of Chastity is of a vast Extent. Is it their Wills that we would have them restrain? That is a very pliant and active Thing, a Thing very quick and nimble to be staid. How? if Dreams sometimes engage them so far that they cannot deny them. It is not in them, nor perhaps in Chastity itself, seeing it is a Female, to defend itself from Lust and Desire. If we are only interested in their Will, what a Case are we in then? Do but imagine what crouding there would be amongst Men in Pursuance of these Privileges, to run full Speed, though without Tongue and Eyes, into every Woman's Arms that would accept them. The *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Prisoners of War, that they might have their Pleasure of them, and they never the wiser. Oh, the furious Advantage of Opportunity! Should any one ask me, what was the first Part of Love? I should answer, that it was how to take a Man's Time, and so the second, and so the third; 'tis a Point that can do every thing. I have sometimes wanted Fortune, but I have also sometimes been wanting to myself in matter of Attempt. There is greater Temerity required in this Age of ours, which our young People excuse under the Name of Heat. But should Women examine it more strictly, they would find, that it rather proceeded from Contempt. I was always superstitiously afraid of giving Offence, and have ever had a great Respect for her I loved: Besides, who in this Traffick takes away the *Reverence*, defaces at the same Time the *Lustre*. I would in this Affair have a Man a little play the Child, the Timorous, and the Servant: If not altogether in this, I have in other Things some Air of the foolish Bashfulness

* *Æneid.* 5. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

whereof *Plutarch* makes mention; and the Course of my Life has been divers Ways hurt and blemished with it, a Quality very ill suiting my universal Form. And what is there also amongst us but Sedition and Discord? I am as much out of Countenance to be denied, as I am to deny; and it so much troubles me to be troublesom to others, that in Occasions where Duty compels to try the Good-will of any one in a Thing that is doubtful, and that will be chargeable to him, I do it very faintly, and very much against my Will: But if it be for my own Particular (whatever *Homer* truly says, that Modesty is a foolish Virtue in an indigent Person) I commonly commit it to a third Person to blush for me, and deny those that employ me with the same Difficulty; so that it has sometimes befallen me to have had a Mind to deny when I had not the Power to do it. 'Tis Folly then to attempt to bridle in Women a Desire that is so powerful in them, and so natural to them. And when I hear them brag of having so maidenly and so temperate a Will, I laugh at them. They retire too far back. If it be an old toothless Trot, or a young dry consumptive Thing, though it be not altogether to be believ'd, at least they may say it with more Likelihood of Truth. But they who are yet capable of Love, and still pant with Desire, talk at that ridiculous Rate to their own Prejudice, by Reason that inconsiderate Excuses are a kind of Self-accusation. Like a *Gentleman*, a Neighbour of mine, suspected to be insufficient;

Languidior tenera cui pendens sicula beta,
Nunquam se mediam sustulit ad tunicam *,

who three or four Days after he was married, to justify himself, swore aloud that he had rid *twenty Stages* the Night before: an Oath that was afterwards made Use of to convince him of his Ignorance in that Affair, and to divorce him from his Wife. Besides, it signifies nothing, for there is neither Continency nor Virtue, where there are no opposing Desires. It is true, they may say, but they will not yield to it. *Saints* themselves speak after

* *Catullus, Num.* 68.

that

that manner, I mean those who boast in good earnest of their Coldness and Insensibility, and who expect to be believ'd, when they profess it with a grave and serious Countenance; for when it is spoken with an affected Look, where their Eyes give the Lie to their Tongue, and speak in the Cant of their Profession, which always goes against the Hair, 'tis good Sport. I am a great Servant of Liberty and Plainness; but there is no Remedy, if it be wholly simple and childish; 'tis silly and unbecoming Ladies in this Commerce; and presently runs into Impudence: Their Disguises and Figures only serve to cozen Fools. Lying is there in it's Seat of Honour; 'tis a By-way, that by a Back-door leads to Truth. If we cannot curb their Imagination, what would we have them do? Do indeed? there are enough who evade all Communication, by which Chastity may be corrupted.

Illud sæpe facit quod sine teste facit *.

He often does himself apply
To that he does when none is by.

And those whom we fear the least, are perhaps most to be fear'd; their Sins that make the least Noise are the worst.

Offendor mœcha simpliciore minus †.

A profess'd Strumpet less Offence does give.

There are ways by which they may lose their Virginity without Prostitution, and which is more without their Knowledge. *Obstetrix virginis cujusdam integritatem manu velut explorans, sive malevolentia, sive inscitia, sive casu, dum inspicit, perdidit* ‡. Some one by seeking her Maidenhead has lost it, another by playing with it has destroy'd it. We cannot precisely circumscribe the Occasions we interdict them. They must guess at our Meaning under general and doubtful Terms. The very

* *Mar.* l. 7. *Epigr.* 61. † *Id. lib.* 6. *Ep.* 7.
‡ *D. Aug. de Civit. l.* 1. *cap.* 18.

The extreme Chastity of some Women.

Idea we invent for their Chastity is ridiculous; for, amongst the greatest Examples arriv'd at my Knowledge, *Fatua* the Wife of *Faunus* is one, who never after her Marriage suffer'd herself to be seen by any Man whatever; and the Wife of *Hiero*, who never perceiv'd her Husband's stinking Breath, imagining that it was common to all Men. They must become insensible and invisible to satisfy us. Now let us confess, that the Knot of this Judgment of Duty does principally lie in the Will. There have been Husbands who have suffer'd this Accident not only without Reproach, or taking Offence at their Wives, but with singular Obligation to them, and great Commendation of their Virtue. Such a Woman has been, who priz'd her Honour above her Life, and yet has prostituted it to the furious Lust of a mortal Enemy to save her Husband's Life, and who, in so doing, did that for him, she would not have done for herself! It is not here that we are to produce these Examples; they are too high and rich to be set off with so poor a foil as I can give them here; let us reserve them for a nobler Place; but for Examples of ordinary Lustre, Do we not every Day see Women amongst us that surrender themselves for their Husband's only Benefit, and by their express Order and Mediation? And of old *Phaulius* the *Argian*, who offer'd his to King *Philip* out of Ambition, as that *Galba* did out of Civility, who having entertain'd *Mæcenas* at Supper, and observing that his Wife and he began to cast Sheep's Eyes at one another, and to complot Love by Signs, let himself sink down upon his Cushion, like one in a profound Sleep, to give Opportunity to their Desires: which he also handsomly confessed, for at the same time a Servant making bold to clatter the Plate that stood upon the Table, he plainly cry'd, *What a Noise do you make, you Rogue? Do you not see that I only sleep for* Mæcenas? Such a Man may be, whose Manners may be lewd enough, and yet whose Will may be more reformed than another, who outwardly carries himself after a more regular Manner: As we see some who complain of having vowed Chastity before

Women prostituted by the Mediation of their Husbands, and for their Advantage.

they knew what they did; and I have also known others really complain of having given themselves up to Debauchery before they were at Years of Discretion. The Vice of the Parents, or the Impulse of Nature, which is a rude Counsellor, may be the Cause. In the *East-Indies*, though Chastity is of singular Reputation, yet Custom permitted a married Woman to prostitute herself to any one who presented her with an Elephant, and that with Glory too, to have been valued at so high a Rate. *Phædon* the Philosopher, a Man of Birth, after the taking of his Country *Elida*, made it his Trade to prostitute the Beauty of his Youth, so long as it lasted, to any one that would for Money, thereby to gain his Living. And *Solon* was the first in *Greece*, 'tis said, who by his Laws gave Liberty to Women, at the Expence of their Chastity, to provide for the Necessities of Life; a Custom that *Herodotus* says had been received in many Governments before his time. And besides, what Fruit is there of this painful Solitude? For what Justice soever there is in this Passion, we are yet to consider whether it turns to account or no. Does any one think to curb it by his Industry?

Pone seram, cohibe: sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes: cauta est, & ab illis incipit uxor *.

Hang on a Lock, I hear old Friends advise,
Appoint a Guard, but who shall watch the Spies?
Her Art first draws them in †.

What Conveniency will not serve their Turn in so knowing an Age? Curiosity is *vicious* throughout; but 'tis pernicious here. 'Tis Folly to examine into a Disease, for which there is no Physick that does not inflame and make it worse; of which the Shame grows still greater, and more publick by Jealousy, and of which the Revenge more wounds our *Prosperity* than heals *us*. You wither and die in the Search of so obscure a Proof. How miserably have they of my time arrived at that Knowledge, who have been so unhappy as to find it out? If

* *Juven. Sat.* 6. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

the Informer does not at the same time apply a Remedy, and bring Relief; 'tis an injurious Information, and that better deserves a Stab than the *Lie:* We no less laugh at him, who takes Pains to prevent it, than he who is a Cuckold, and knows it not. The Character of Cuckold is indelible, who once has it, carries it to his Grave; the Punishment proclaims it more than the Fault. It is to much Purpose to see, to draw the Curtain, and to lift up the Quilt to discover our private Misfortunes, thence to expose them on Tragick Scaffolds; and Misfortunes that only hurt us by being known; for a good Wife, or a happy Marriage, is said, not that they are really so, but because no one says to the contrary. Men should be so discreet, as to evade this tormenting and unprofitable Knowledge: and the *Romans* had a Custom, when returning from any Expedition, to send home before to acquaint their Wives with their coming, that they might not surprize them; and to this purpose it is, that a certain Nation has introduced a Custom, that the *Priest* shall, on the Wedding-day, unlock the Bride's Cabinet, to free the Husband from the Doubt and Curiosity of examining in the first Assault, whether she comes a Virgin to his Bed, or that she has been at the Trade before. But the World will be talking. I know an hundred honest Men Cuckolds, that are handsomly and not very indecently so; a worthy Man is lamented, but not disesteemed for it. Order it so that your Virtue may conquer your Misfortune, that good Men may curse the Occasion, and he who wrongs you may tremble but to think on't. And moreover, who escapes being talked of at the same Rate, from the least even to the greatest,

——*tot qui legionibus imperitavit,*
Et melior quam tu multis fuit, improbe, rebus.*

To whom so many Legions did bow,
And who by much was better far than thou.

You hear how many honest Men are reproached with this in your Presence, and you may believe that you are

* *Lucret. l.* 3.

no

no more ſpared behind your back. Nay, the Ladies will be laughing too; and what are they ſo apt to laugh at in this virtuous Age of ours, as at a peaceable and well-compoſed Marriage? There is not one amongſt you but has made ſomebody a Cuckold: and Nature runs much in parallel in Compenſation, and Turn for Turn. The Frequency of this Accident ought long ſince to have made it eaſy; and 'tis now paſs'd into Cuſtom. Miſerable Paſſion, which has this alſo that it is incommunicable,

Fors etiam noſtris invidet queſtibus Aures *.

And ſpiteful Fortune too denies
An Ear to our Calamities.

For to what Friend dare you intruſt your Griefs; who, if he does not laugh at them, will not make Uſe of the Occaſion to get a Share of the *Quarry?* The Sharps as well as the Sweets of Marriage, are kept ſecret by the Wife; and amongſt other troubleſom Conditions annexed to it, this to a prating Fellow, as I am, is one of the Chief, that Cuſtom has rendred it indecent and prejudicial, to communicate to any one all that a Man knows, and all that a Man feels. To give even Women Counſel againſt Jealouſy, would be ſo much Time loſt; their very Being is ſo made up of Suſpicion, Vanity, and Curioſity, that to cure them by any lawful Ways, is not to be hoped or expected. They often recover of this Infirmity, by a Form of Health much more to be feared than the Diſeaſe itſelf. For as there are Enchantments that cannot take away the Evil, but by throwing it upon another, they alſo willingly transfer this Fever to their Huſbands, when they ſhake it off themſelves. And yet I know not, to ſpeak Truth, whether a Man can ſuffer worſe from them than their Jealouſy; 'tis the moſt dangerous of all their Conditions, as the Head is of all their Members. *Pittacus* was uſed to ſay, that every one had his Defect, and that his was the jealous Head of his Wife; but for which he ſhould think himſelf perfectly happy. A mighty Inconvenience ſure which could poiſon

* *Catullus.*

the whole Life of so just, so wise, and valiant a Man; what must we other little Fellows do? The *Senate* of *Marseilles* had Reason to grant him that begged leave to kill himself, that he might be delivered from the Clamour of his Wife, his Request; for 'tis a Mischief that is never removed, but it carries away the Piece; and that has no Remedy but Flight or Patience. Though both of them very hard. He was doubtless an understanding Fellow that said, there was no happy Marriage but betwixt a blind Wife and a deaf Husband. Let us also consider, whether the great and violent Severity of Obligation we enjoin them, does not produce two Effects contrary to our Design, namely, whether it does not render the Pursuers more eager to attack, and the Women more easy to yield. For, as to the first, by raising the Value of the *Place*, we raise the Value and Desire of the *Conquest*. Might it not be *Venus* herself, who so cunningly enhanced the Price of her Merchandize, by making the Laws her Bawds; knowing how insipid a Delight it would be that was not heighten'd by Fancy, and Hardness to atchieve? To conclude, 'tis all Swines-flesh, varied by Sauces, as said *Flaminius* his Host. *Cupid* is a roguish *God*, who makes it his Sport to contend with Devotion and Justice: 'Tis his Glory, that his Power makes all other Powers, and all other Rules gives place to his.

Materiam culpæ prosequiturque suæ *.

And seeks out Matter for his Crimes.

As to the second Point; should we not be less Cuckolds, if we less fear'd to be so? according to the Humour of Women: whom Interdiction incites, and who are more eager for being forbid.

Ubi velis nolunt, ubi nolis volunt ultro,
Concessa pudet ire via †.

You would, they wont, when you would not, they wou'd,
Consent does freeze, Denial fires their Blood.

* *Ovid. Tr. l. 4. El. 1.* † *Ter. Eun. Act. 4. Sc. 7.*

What

What better Interpretation can we make of *Messalina*'s Behaviour? She at first made her Husband a Cuckold in private, as is the common Use: but, bringing her Business about with too much Ease, by reason of her Husband's Stupidity, she soon scorn'd that Way, and presently fell to making open Love to her own Servants, and to favour and entertain them in the Sight of all. She would make him know and see how she used him. This Animal not to be roused with all this, and rendring her Pleasures dull and flat by his too stupid Facility, by which he seemed to authorize, and make them lawful; what does she? but being the Wife of a living and healthful Emperor, and at *Rome*, the Theatre of the World, in the Face of the Sun, and with solemn Ceremony, and to *Silius*, who had long before enjoy'd her, she publickly marries herself one Day that her Husband was gone out of the *City*. Does it not seem as if she was going to become chaste by her Husband's Negligence? Or that she sought another Husband that might sharpen her Appetite by his Jealousy, and who by watching should incite her? But the first Difficulty she met with was also the last; this Beast suddenly rous'd. These stupid sort of Men are oft the most dangerous. I have found by Experience, that this extreme Toleration, when it comes to dissolve, produces the most severe Revenge, for taking fire on a sudden, Anger and Fury being combin'd in one, discharge their utmost Force at the first Charge.

*Irarumque omnes effundit habenas**.

He put her to Death, and with her a great Number of those with whom she had Intelligence, even those who could not help it, and whom she had caused to be forc'd to her Bed with Scourges. What *Virgil* says of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, *Lucretius* had better expressed of a stollen Enjoyment betwixt her and *Mars*.

——*bellifera Mœnia Mavors*
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Rejicit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris:

* *Virgil. Æneid. l.* 12.

Pascit

Paſcit amore avidos inhians in te Dea viſus,
Eque tuo pendet reſupini ſpiritus ore:
Hunc tu Diva tuo recubantem corpore ſancto
Circumfuſa ſuper, ſuaves ex ore loquelas
Funde.*

——For furious *Mars*,
The only Governor and God of Wars,
Tired with Heat and Toil, doth oft reſort
To taſte the Pleaſures of the *Paphian* Court;
Where on thy Boſom he ſupinely lies,
And greedily drinks Love at both his Eyes,
'Till, quite o'ercome, ſnatching an eager Kiſs,
He haſtily goes on to greater Bliſs:
Then 'midſt his ſtrict Embraces claſps thine Arms
About his Neck, and call forth all thy Charms,
Careleſs, with all thy ſubtle Arts become
A Flatterer, and beg a Peace for *Rome* †.

When I conſider this *rejicit*, *paſcit*, *inhians*, *molli*, *fovet*, *medullas*, *labefacta*, *pendet*, *percurrit*, and that noble *circumfuſa*, Mother of the gentle *infuſus*; I contemn thoſe little Quibbles and verbal Alluſions that have been ſince in Uſe. Thoſe well-meaning People ſtood in need of no Subtilty to diſguiſe their Meaning; their Language is downright and plain, and full of natural and continued Vigour, they are all over *Epigram*, not only with a Sting in the Tail, but the Head, Body and Feet; they carry the ſame Force throughout. There is nothing forc'd, nothing languiſhing, but they ſtill keep the ſame Pace. *Contextus totus virilis eſt, non ſunt circa floſculos occupati* ‡. *The whole Contexture is manly, without inſiſting upon little Flowers of Rhetorick.* 'Tis not a ſoft Eloquence, and without Offence only, 'tis nervous and ſolid, that does not ſo much pleaſe, as it fits and raviſhes the greateſt Mind. When I ſee theſe brave Methods of Expreſſion, ſo lively, ſo profound, I do not ſay that 'tis well ſaid, but well thought. 'Tis the Sprightlineſs of the Imagination that ſwells and elevates Words, *Pectus eſt quod di-*

* *Lucret. l.* 1. † *Mr.* Creech. ‡ *Sen. Epiſt.* 33.

sertum facit *. Our People call Language Judgment, and fine Words full Conceptions. This Painting is not so much carried on by Dexterity of Hand, as by having the Object more lively imprinted in the Soul: *Gallus* speaks simply, because he conceives simply: *Horace* does not content himself with a superficial Expression that would betray him; he sees farther and more clearly into things, his Wit breaks into, and rummages all the Magazine of Words and Figures wherewith to express himself, and he must have 'em above ordinary, because his Conception is so. *Plutarch* says, that he sees the Latin Tongue by the things. 'Tis here the same: the Sense illuminates and produces the Words: no more Words of Air, but of Flesh and Bone; they signify more than they express. Moreover those who are not well skill'd in a Language, perceive some Image of this; for in *Italy* I said whatever I had a mind to in common Discourse, but in more serious Subjects, I durst not have trusted myself with an *Idiom* that I could not wind and turn out of it's ordinary Pace; I would therein have a Power of introducing something of my own. The Handling and Utterance of fine Wits is that which sets off a Language; not so much by innovating it, as by putting it to more vigorous and various Service, and by straining, bending and adapting it to them. They do not create Words, but they enrich their own, and give them Weight and Signification by the Uses they put them to, and teach them unwonted Motions, but withal, ingeniously and discreetly. And how little this Talent is given to all, is manifest by the many *French* Scriblers of this Age. They are bold and proud enough not to follow the common Road, but Want of Invention and Discretion ruins them. There is nothing seen in their Writings but a wretched Affectation of a strange new Stile, with cold and absurd Disguises, which, instead of elevating, depresses the Matter. Provided they can but trick up their Stile with fine new Words, they care not what they signify; and to bring in a new Word by the Head and Shoulders, they leave out the old one, very often more sinewy and significant than the other. There is Stuff enough in our Language, but there is a

* *Quint.* 10.

Defect

Defect in cutting out. For there is nothing that might not be made out of our Terms of *Hunting* and *War*, which is a fruitful Soil to borrow from. And the Forms of speaking, like Herbs, improve and grow stronger by being transplanted. I find it sufficiently abounding, but not sufficiently pliable and vigorous. It quails under a powerful Conception. If you would maintain the Dignity of your Stile, you will oft perceive it to flag and languish under you, and there *Latin* steps in to it's Relief, as *Greek* does to other Languages. Of some of the Words I have pick'd out for my own Use, we do not easily discern the Energy, by reason that the frequent Use of them hath in some sort embas'd their Beauty, and render'd it common. As in our ordinary Language there are several excellent Phrases and Metaphors to be met with, of which the Beauty is wither'd by Age, and the Colour is sullied by too common handling; but that takes nothing from the Relish to an understanding Man: neither does it derogate from the Glory of those ancient Authors, who, 'tis likely, first brought those Words into that Lustre. The *Sciences* treat of things too finely, and after an artificial, very different from the common and natural Way. My Page makes Love, and understands it, but read to him *Leo Hebreus* and *Ficinus*, where they speak of him, his Thoughts and Actions, he understands it not. I do find in *Aristotle* most of my ordinary Notions; they are there covered and disguised in another Robe for the Use of their Schools. Well may they speed; but were I of the Trade, I would as much *naturalize* Art, as they *artify* Nature. Let us let *Bembo* and *Equicola* alone. When I write, I can very well spare both the Company, and the Remembrance of Books, lest they should interrupt my Method, and also in truth the best *Authors* too much humble and discourage me. I am very much of the *Painter*'s Mind, who, having represented Cocks most wretchedly ill, charged all his Boys not to suffer any natural Cock to come into his Shop; and had rather need give myself a little Lustre of the Invention of *Antinounydes* the Musician, who, when he was to sing or play, took Care before-hand, that the Auditory should either before or after, be entertained and glutted with some other ill Musicians. But I can hardly be

be without a *Plutarch*, he is so universal, and so full, that upon all Occasions, and what extravagant Subject soever you take in Hand, he will still intrude himself into your Business, and holds out to you a liberal, and not to be exhausted Hand of Riches and Embellishments. It vexes me that he is so expos'd to the Spoil of those who are conversant with him. I can no sooner cast an Eye upon him, but I purloin either a Leg or a Wing. And also for this Design of mine, 'tis convenient for me to write at home, in a wild Country, where I have nobody to assist or relieve me; where I hardly see a Man that understands the *Latin* of his *Pater-Noster*, and of *French* as little, if not less. I might have made it better elsewhere, but then the Work would have been less my own; and it's principal End and Perfection is to be exactly mine: I should well enough correct an accidental Error, of which I am full, as I run carelessly on: but for any ordinary and constant Imperfections, it were a kind of Treason to put them out. When another tells, or that I say to myself, *Thou art too thick of Figures; this is a Word of the* Gascon *Growth, and therefore a dangerous Phrase*; (I do not reject any of those that are used in the common Streets of *France*, they that will fight *Custom* with *Grammar*, are Fools;) *this is an ignorant Discourse; this is a Paradoxical Saying; this is a foolish Expression. Thou makest thyself merry sometimes; and Men will think thou sayest a thing in good Earnest, which thou only speakest in jest.* Yes, says I, but I correct the Faults of Inadvertence, not those of Custom. Do I not talk at the same Rate throughout? Do I not represent myself to the Life? 'Tis enough that I have done what I design'd; all the World knows me in my Book, and my Book in me. Now I have an apish imitating Quality; when I used to write Verses, (and I never made any but *Latin*) they evidently accused the Poet I had last read; and some of my first Essays have a little exotick Taste. I speak somewhat another kind of Language at *Paris* than I do at *Montaigne*. Whomever I stedfastly look upon, easily leaves some Impression of his upon me. Whatever I consider, I usurp; whether a foolish Countenance, a disagreeable Look, or a ridiculous Way of speaking; and Vices most of all, because they seize and stick

stick to me, and will not leave their Hold without shaking off. I swear more by Imitation than Humour. A murthering Imitation, like that of the Apes, so terrible both in Stature and Strength, that *Alexander* met with in a certain Country of the *Indies*, which he would have had much ado any other Way to have subdued. But they afforded him the Means by that Inclination of theirs to imitate whatever they saw done. For by that the Hunters were taught to put on Shoes in their Sight, and to tye them fast with many Knots, and to muffle up their Heads in Caps all compos'd of running Nooses, and to seem to anoint their Eyes with Glue; so did those silly Creatures employ their Imitations to their own Ruin; they glu'd up their own Eyes, halter'd and bound themselves. The other Faculty playing the Mimick, and ingeniously acting the Words and Gestures of another, purposely to make others merry, and to raise their Admiration, is no more in me than in a Stock. When I swear my own Oath, 'tis only by *God*, of all *Oaths*, the most direct. They say that *Socrates* swore by his *Dog*; *Zeno* had for his Oath the same Interjection, at this time in Use amongst the *Italians*, *Cappari*; *Pythagoras* swore by *Water* and *Air*. I am so apt, without thinking of it, to receive these superficial Impressions, that if I have *Majesty* or *Highness* in my Mouth for three Days together, they come out instead of *Excellency* and *Lordship*, eight Days after; and what I say To-day in Sport and Fooling, I shall seriously say the same To-morrow. Wherefore, in Writing, I more unwillingly undertake beaten Arguments, lest I should handle them at another's Expence. Every Subject is equally fertile to me. A Fly will serve me for a Subject, and 'tis well if this I have in Hand has not been undertaken at the Recommendation of as wanton a Will. I may begin with that which pleases me best, for the Subjects are all linked to one another; but my Soul displeases me, in that it ordinarily produces it's deepest and most airy Conceits, which please me best, when I least expect or study for them; and suddenly vanish, having, at that Instant, nothing to apply them to; on Horseback, at the Table, and in Bed; but most on Horseback, where I am most given to think. My speaking is a little nicely jealous of Silence and Attention,

tion, if I talk my best. Who interrupts, cuts me off. In Travelling, the Necessity of the Way will often put a Stop to Discourse; besides that I, for the most Part, travel without Company, fit to entertain long Discourse, by which Means I have all the Leisure I would to entertain myself. It falls out as it does in my Dreams, whilst dreaming I recommend them to my Memory, (for I am apt to dream that I dream) but the next Morning I may represent to myself of what Complexion they were, whether gay, or sad, or strange, but what they were, as to the rest, the more I endeavour to retrieve them, the deeper I plunge them in Oblivion. So of Thoughts that come accidentally into my Head, I have no more but a vain Image remaining in my Memory, only enough to make me torment myself in their Quest to no purpose. Well then, laying Books aside, and more simply and materially speaking, I find after all, that *Love is nothing else but the Thirst of enjoying the Subject desired*; neither is *Venus* any other thing than the Pleasure of discharging the Vessels, as the Pleasure Nature gives us of discharging other Parts, that either by Immoderation or Indiscretion become vicious. According to *Socrates*, *Love is the Appetite of Generation, by the Mediation of Beauty.* And having often considered the ridiculous Titillation of this Pleasure, the absurd, hair-brain'd and senseless Motions with which it inspires *Zeno* and *Cratippus*; the indiscreet Rage, and the Countenance enflamed with Fury and Cruelty in the sweetest Effects of Love: and then that sour, grave, severe and extatick one in so wanton an Action, that our Delights and our Excrements are promiscuously shuffled together, and that the supreme Pleasure carries along with it fainting and complaining, as well as Grief; I then believe it to be true, that *Plato* says, That the *Gods* made Man for their Sport:

Definition of Love.

——— *quænam ista jocandi*
Sævitia * ?

* *Claudian.*

What

What a strange sporting Cruelty
May this be said to be?

And that it is in Mockery, that *Nature* has ordered the most troublesom of Actions to be the most common, by that to make us equal, and to parallel Fools and wise Men, Beasts and us. Even the most contemplative and prudent Man, when I imagine him in this Posture, I hold him an impudent Fellow to pretend to be prudent and contemplative. They are the Peacocks Feet that abate his Pride.

——*ridentem dicere verum*
*Quid vetat?**——

One may speak Truth in jest without Offence.

They who banish serious Imaginations from their Sports, do, says one, like him who dares not adore the Statue of a *Saint*, if not covered with a Veil. We eat and drink indeed as Beasts do; but those are not Actions that obstruct the Functions of the Soul. In those we maintain our Advantage over them; but this subjects all other Thoughts, and by it's imperious Authority, makes an Ass of all *Plato*'s *Divinity* and *Philosophy* too, and yet he complains not of it. In every thing else a Man may keep some *Decorum*, all other Operations submit to the Rules of Decency; this cannot so much as in Imagination appear other than vicious or ridiculous. Examine if you can therein find one wise and discreet Proceeding. *Alexander* said, that he chiefly knew himself to be mortal by this Act and Sleeping; Sleep suffocates and suppresses the Faculties of the Soul; the Familiarity with Women does likewise dissipate and exhaust them. Doubtless 'tis a Mark not only of our original Corruption, but also of our Vanity and Deformity. On the one Side, *Nature* pushes us on to it, having fixed the most noble, utile, and pleasant of all her Functions to this Desire: And on the other Side leaves us to accuse and

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 1.

avoid

avoid it, as insolent and indecent, to blush at it, and to recommend Abstinence. Are we not sufficiently *Brutes*, to call that Work brutish which begets us? People of so many differing Religions have concurred in several Ceremonies, as Sacrifices, Lamps, burning Incense, Fasts and Offerings; and amongst other, in condemning this Act: All Opinions concentre in this, besides the old Custom of Circumcisions. We have perhaps Reason to blame ourselves for being guilty of so foolish a Production as Man, and to call the Act and Parts shameful that are employ'd in the Work. (I am sure mine are now properly shameful.) The *Essenians*, of whom *Pliny* speaks, kept up their Country several Ages without either Nurse or Baby-clouts, by the Arrival of Strangers, who following this pretty Humour, came continually in to them: A whole *Nation* being resolute, rather to hazard a total Extermination, than to engage themselves in Female Embraces, and rather to lose a Succession of Men than to beget one. 'Tis said, that *Zeno* never had to do with a Woman but once in his Life, and then out of Civility, that he might not seem too obstinately to disdain the *Sex*. Every one avoids seeing a Man born, every one runs to see him die. To destroy a Man, a spacious Field is sought out, and in the Face of the Sun; but to make him, we creep into as dark and private a Corner as we can. 'Tis a Man's Duty to withdraw himself from the Light to do it; but 'tis Glory, and the Fountain of many Virtues, to know how to destroy what we have done: The one is Injury, the other Favour: For *Aristotle* says, That to do any one a Courtesy, in a certain Phrase of his Country, is to kill him. The *Athenians*, to couple the Disgrace of these two Actions, being to purge the *Isle* of *Delos*, and to justify themselves to *Apollo*, interdicted at once all Birth and Burial in the Precincts thereof: *Nostri nosmet pœnitet* *. *We are ashamed of ourselves.* There are some Nations that will not be seen to eat. I know a Lady, and of the best Quality, who has the same Opinion, that it is an ill Sight to see one chew their Meat, that takes away much from their Grace and Beauty, and therefore un-

* *Terence.*

willingly appears at a publick Table with an Appetite; and know a Man also, that cannot endure to see another eat, nor be seen himself; and is more shy of Company in putting in than putting out. In the *Turkish* Empire, there are a great Number of Men, who, to excel others, never suffer themselves to be seen when they make their Repast; who never have any more than one a Week, who cut and mangle their Faces and Limbs, and never speak to any one: Fanatick People! who think to honour their Nature by disnaturing themselves; that value themselves upon their Contempt of themselves, and grow better by being worse: What monstrous Animal is this, that is a Horror to himself, to whom his Delights are grievous, and who weds himself to Misfortunes! There are who conceal their Life:

Exilioque domos, & dulcia limina mutant *.

Some banish'd do their native Seats exchange,
And Countries under other Climates range †;

and withdraw them from the Sight of other Men, that avoid Health and Chearfulness, as dangerous and prejudicial Qualities. Not only many Sects, but many People curse their Birth, and bless their Death; and there is a Place where the Sun is abominated, and Darkness adored. We are only ingenious in using ourselves ill; 'tis the only Quarry our Wits fly at; and Wit, when misapply'd, is a dangerous Tool.

O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent ‡.

O wretched Men whose Pleasures are a Crime!

Alas, poor Man! thou hast Inconveniencies that are inevitable enough, without increasing them by thine own Invention, and art miserable enough by Nature, without being so by Art; thou hast real and essential Deformities enough, without forging those that are imaginary. Dost thou find that thou hast not performed all the neces-

* *Virg. Geor. l.* 2. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Gallus Æleg.* 1.

ſary Offices that Nature has enjoined thee, and that ſhe is idle in thee; if thou doſt not oblige thyſelf to more and new? Thou doſt not ſtick to infringe the univerſal and undoubted Laws; but ſtick'ſt cloſe to thoſe confederate and fantaſtick ones of thy own, and by how much more particular, uncertain and contradictory they are, by ſo much thou employeſt thy whole Endeavour in them; the Laws of thy *Pariſh* bind thee; thoſe of the World concern thee not: Run but a little over the Examples of this Kind, thy Life is full of them. Whilſt the Verſes of theſe two Poets treat ſo reſervedly and diſcreetly of Wantonneſs as they do, methinks they diſcover it much more. *Ladies* cover their Necks with Net-work, as Prieſts do ſeveral ſacred Things; and *Painters* ſhade their Pictures to give them greater Luſtre: And 'tis ſaid, that the Sun and Wind ſtrike more violently by Reflection than in a direct Line. The *Egyptian* wiſely anſwered him, who aſked him what he had under his Cloak? *It is hid under my Cloak*, ſaid he, *that thou may'ſt not know what it is.* But there are certain other Things that People hide only to ſhew them. Hear this that ſpeaks plainer:

Et nudam preſſi corpus aduſque meum *.

And in theſe naked Arms of mine
Her naked Body I did twine.

Methinks I am *eunuch'd* with the Expreſſion. Let *Martial* turn up *Venus*'s Coats as high as he can, he cannot ſhew her ſo naked: He, who ſays all that is to be ſaid, gluts and diſguſts us: He, who is afraid to expreſs himſelf, draws us on to gueſs at more than is meant. There is a Kind of Treachery in this Sort of Modeſty, and eſpecially whilſt they half open, as they do, ſo fair a Path to Imagination; both the Action and Deſcription ſhould give a Reliſh to Theft. The more reſpectful, more timorous, more coy and ſecret Love of the *Spaniards* and *Italians* pleaſes me. I know not who of old wiſhed his Neck as long as that of a Crane, that he might the longer

* *Ovid. de Arte Amandi, l.* 1. *El.* 5.

taste what he swallowed. It had been better wished in this quick and precipitous Pleasure, especially in such Natures as mine, that had the Fault of being too prompt. To stop it's Flight, and delay it with Preambles, all Things, a Wink, a Bow, a Word, a Sign, stand for Favour and Recompence betwixt them. Was it not an excellent Piece of Thrift in him that could dine on the Steam of the Roast? 'Tis a Passion that mixes very little with solid Essence, much more with Vanity and feverish Raving, and we are to reward and pay it accordingly. Let us teach the *Ladies* to value and esteem themselves, to amuse and fool us. We give the last Charge at the first Onset, the *French* Impetuosity will still shew itself. By spinning out their Favours, and exposing them in small Parcels, even miserable old Age itself will find some little Share of Reward, according to it's Worth and Merit; who has no Fruition but in Fruition, who wins nothing unless he sweeps the Stakes; and who takes no Pleasure in the *Chace*, but in the *Quarry*, ought not to introduce himself into our *School*. The more Steps and Grieses there are, so much higher and more honourable is the uppermost Seat. We should take a Pleasure in being conducted to it, as in magnificent Palaces, by Portico's, Entries, long and pleasant Galleries, by many Turns and Windings. This Disposition of Things would turn to our Advantage; we should there longer stay, and longer love; without Hope, and without Desire we proceed not worth a Pin: Our Conquest and entire Possession is what they ought infinitely to dread: When they wholly surrender themselves up to the Mercy of our Fidelity and Constancy, they run a mighty Hazard; they are Virtues very rare, and hard to be found, they are no sooner ours, but we are no more theirs:

Postquam cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
Verba nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant *.

When our Desires and Lusts once sated are,
For Oaths and Promises we little care.

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* *Catullus.*

And

And *Thraſonides*, a young Man of *Greece*, was ſo in Love with his Paſſion, that having gained a Miſtreſs's Conſent, he refuſed to enjoy her, that he might not by Fruition quench and ſtupify the unquiet Ardour of which he was ſo proud, and with which he ſo pleaſed himſelf. *Dearneſs* is a good Sauce to Meat. Do but obſerve how much the manner of Salutation, particular to our *Nation*, has by it's Facility made Kiſſes, which *Socrates* ſays are ſo powerful and dangerous for ſtealing Hearts, of no Eſteem. It is a nauſeous and injurious Cuſtom for *Ladies*, that they muſt be obliged to lend their Lips to every Fellow that has three Footmen at his Heels, how naſty or deformed ſoever.

Cujus livida narribus caninis,
Dependet glacies, rigetque barba:
Centum occurrere malo culilingis *.

And we do not get much by the Bargain; for as the World is divided, for three beautiful Women, we muſt kiſs threeſcore ugly ones; and to a tender Stomach, like thoſe of my Age, an ill Kiſs overpays a good one. In *Italy* they paſſionately court, even their common Women, who proſtitute themſelves for Money, and juſtify the doing ſo, by ſaying that there are Degrees of Fruition; and that by their Services, they will procure themſelves that which is beſt and moſt entire. They ſell nothing but their Bodies, the Will is too free, and too much it's own to be expoſed to Sale: So ſay theſe, that 'tis the Will they undertake, and they have Reaſon. 'Tis indeed the Will that we are to ſerve, and to have to do withal. I abhor to imagine mine in a Body without Affection. And this Madneſs is, methinks, Couſin-german to that of the Boy, who would needs lie with the beautiful Statue of *Venus*, made by *Praxiteles*; or that of the furious *Egyptian*, who violated the dead Carcaſe of a Woman he was embalming: which was the Occaſion of the Law afterwards made in *Egypt*, that the Corps of beautiful young Women, of thoſe of good Qua-

The Corps of beautiful Women kept three Days in Egypt, *before they were interr'd.*

* *Mar. l. 7. Epigr. 77.*

lity, should be kept three Days before they should be delivered to those whose Office it was to take Care for the Interment. *Periander* did more wonderfully, who extended his conjugal Affection (more regular and legitimate) to the Enjoyment of his Wife *Melissa* after she was dead. Does it not seem a lunatick Humour in the *Moon*, seeing she could no otherwise enjoy her Darling *Endymion*, to lay him for several Months asleep, and to please herself with the Fruition of a Boy, who stir'd not but in his Sleep? I likewise say, that we love a Body without a Soul, when we love a Body without it's Consent and concurring Desire. All Enjoyments are not alike; there are some that are hectick and languishing: A thousand other Causes, besides Good-will, may procure us this Favour from the *Ladies:* This is not a sufficient Testimony of Affection; Treachery may lurk there as well as elsewhere: They sometimes go to it but by Halves.

Tanquam thura merumque parent
Absentem marmoreamve putes *.

So coldly they unto the Work prepare,
You'd think them absent, or else Marble were.

I know some, who had rather lend That than their Coach, and who only impart themselves that Way: You are to examine whether your Company pleases them upon any other Account, or like some strong-chin'd Groom, for that only, and in what Degree of Favour you are with them:

——— *tibi si datur uni*
Quo lapide illa diem candidiore notat †,

Whether thy Mistress favour thee alone,
And mark thy Day out with the whiter Stone.

What if they eat your Bread with the Sauce of a more pleasing Imagination?

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* *Mar. l.* 12. *Ep.* 61. † *Catullus.*

Te

Te tenet, absentes alios suspirat amores *.

She kindly strains thee in her Arms, but has
Her Thoughts the while fix'd in another Place.

What? Have we not seen one in these Days of ours, that made Use of this Act upon the Account of a most horrid Revenge, by that means to kill and poison, as he did a beautiful Woman? Such as know *Italy* will not think it strange, if for this Subject, I seek not elsewhere for Examples: For that Nation may be called the *Regent* of the World in this: They have generally more handsom, and fewer ugly Women than we: But for rare and excelling Beauties we may have as many as they. I think the same of their Wits; of those of the common Sort they have many, and evidently more. Brutality is without Comparison much rarer there; but in singular Souls, and those of the highest Form, we are nothing indebted to them. If I should carry on the Comparison, I might say, as touching Valour, that, on the contrary it is, to what it is with them, common and natural with us: but sometimes we see them possessed to such a Degree, as surpasses the most steady and obstinate Examples we can produce. The Marriages of that Country are defective in this: Their Custom commonly imposes so rude, and so slavish a Law upon the Women, that the most remote Acquaintance with a Stranger is render'd necessarily substantial; and seeing that all comes to one Account, they have no hard Choice to make. And have they broke down the Fence? We may safely presume they have, *Luxuria ipsis vinculis, sicut fera bestia, irritata, deinde emissa. Lust like a wild Beast, being more enrag'd by being bound, breaks from his Chains with greater Wildness.* They must give them a little more Rein.

Vidi ego nuper equum contra sua fræna tenacem
Ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo †.

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* *Tibullus.* † *Ovid. Am. l. 3. Eleg. 4.*

I ſaw, Spite of his Bit, a head-ſtrong Colt
Run with his Rider, like a Thunder-bolt.

The Deſire of Company is allay'd by giving a little Liberty. 'Tis a good Cuſtom we have in *France*, that our Sons are received into the beſt Families, there to be entertained and bred up Pages, as in a School of *Nobleneſs*. And 'tis look'd upon as a Diſcourteſy, and an Affront to refuſe a Gentleman. I have taken Notice (for ſo many Families, ſo many different Forms) that the Ladies who have been ſtricteſt with their Maids, have had no better luck than thoſe who allowed them a greater Liberty. There ſhould be Moderation in all Things; one muſt leave a great deal of their Conduct to their own Diſcretion; for, when all comes to all, no Diſcipline can curb them throughout. But it is true withal, that ſhe who comes off with flying Colours from a School of Liberty, brings with her whereon to repoſe more Confidence than ſhe who comes away ſound from a ſevere and ſtrict Education. Our Fathers dreſſed up their Daughters Looks in Baſhfulneſs and Fear, we ours in Confidence and Aſſurance. We underſtand nothing of the Matter. We muſt leave it to the *Sarmates*, that are not to lie with a Man, 'till with their own Hands they have firſt killed another in Battle. For me who have no other Title left me to theſe Things, but by the Cares; 'tis ſufficient, if according to the Privilege of my Age, they retain me for one of their Counſel. I do then adviſe them, and as Men too, to Abſtinence; but if the Age we live in will not endure it, at leaſt, Modeſty and Diſcretion. For as the Story of *Ariſtippus* ſays, ſpeaking to two young Men, who bluſh'd to ſee him go into a ſcandalous Houſe; the Vice is in not coming out, not in going in. Let her that has no Care of her Conſcience, have yet ſome Regard to her Reputation; and though ſhe be rotten within, let her carry a fair outſide at leaſt. I commend a Gradation, and the deferring of Time in their beſtowing of Favours. *Plato* declares, that in all Sorts of Love, Facility and Promptneſs are forbidden the Defendant. 'Tis a Sign of Eagerneſs, ſo raſhly, ſuddenly, and Hand over Head, wholly to ſurrender themſelves, which they ought to diſguiſe with all

the

the Art they have. In carrying themselves with Modesty and Reluctance in granting their last Favours, they much more allure our Desires, and hide their own. Let them still fly before us, even those who have most mind to be overtaken. They conquer more surely by flying, as the *Scythians* do. To say the Truth, according to the Law that *Nature* has impos'd upon them, it is not properly for them either to will or desire; their Part is to suffer, consent, and obey: and for this it is, that Nature has given them a perpetual Capacity, which in us is but sometimes and uncertain; they are always fit for the Encounter, that they may be always ready when we are so. *Patinate* *. And whereas she has order'd that our Appetites shall be manifest by a prominent Demonstration, she would have theirs to be hidden and conceal'd within; and has furnish'd them with Parts improper for Ostentation, and simply defensive. Such Proceedings as this that follows, must be left to the *Amazonian* License.

Alexander and *Thalestris*.

Alexander marching his Army through *Hyrcania*, *Thalestris* Queen of the *Amazons*, came with Three Hundred light Horse of her own Sex, well-mounted and arm'd, having left the Remainder of a very great Army that follow'd her behind the neighb'ring Mountain, to give him a Visit; where she publickly allow'd, and in plain Terms told him, that the Fame of his Valour and Victories had brought her thither to see him, and to make him an Offer of her Forces to assist him in the Pursuit of his Enterprises; and that finding him so handsom, young, and vigorous, she, who was also perfect in all those Qualities, advis'd that they might lie together; to the End, that from the most valiant Woman of the World, and the bravest Man then living, there might spring some great and wonderful Issue for the Time to come. *Alexander* return'd her Thanks for all the rest; but to give leisure for the Accomplishment of her last Demand, he detain'd her thirteen Days in that Place, which were spent in Royal Feasting and Jollity, for the Welcome of so noble a *Princess*. We are almost throughout incompetent and unjust Judges of their Actions, as they are

* *Seneca in Epist.*

of

of ours. I confess the Truth when it makes against me, as well as when 'tis on my side. 'Tis an abominable Intemperance that pushes them on so often to change, and that hinders them to limit their Affection to any one Person whatever; as is evident in that *Goddess*, to whom are attributed so many Changes, and so many several *Enamorato's*. But 'tis true withal, that Love is contrary to it's own Nature if it be not violent, and that Violence is contrary to it's Nature if it be constant. And they who make it a Wonder, exclaim, and keep such a Clutter to find out the Causes of this Frailty of theirs, as unnatural, and not to be believ'd; how comes it to pass they do not discern how often they are themselves guilty of the same, without any Astonishment or Miracle at all?

Affections of Women subject to change.

It would peradventure be more strange to see the Passion fix'd. 'Tis not a simply corporeal Passion. If there be no End in Avarice and Ambition, there is doubtless no more in Desire. It still lives after Satiety, and 'tis impossible to prescribe either constant Satisfaction or End; it ever goes beyond it's Possession: and by that means Inconstancy perhaps is in some sort more pardonable in them than in us. They may plead as well as we the Inclination to Variety and Novelty, in common to us both.

Inconstancy pardonable in Women.

Andreas *hang'd by his Wife* Joan, *Queen of* Naples, *for not being sufficiently furnished.*

And secondly, without us, that they buy a Pig in a Poak. *Joan*, Queen of *Naples*, caused her first Husband *Andreas* to be hang'd at the Bars of her Window in a Halter of Gold and Silk, woven with her own Hand, because that in Matrimonial Performances, she neither found his Parts nor Abilities answer the Expectation she had conceiv'd from his Stature, Beauty, Youth and Activity, by which she had been caught and deceiv'd. There is more Pains required in doing than in suffering; and so they are on their Part always at least provided for Necessity, whereas on our Part it may fall out otherwise. For this Reason it was that *Plato* wisely made a Law, that before Marriage, to determine of the Fitness of the Persons, the Judges should

Men strip'd naked before Marriage.

see

ſee the young Men who pretended to it, ſtrip'd ſtark naked, and the Women but to the Girdle only. When they come to try us, they do not perhaps think us worthy of their Choice.

Experta latus madidoque ſimillima loro
Inguina, nec laſſa ſtare coacta manu,
Deſerit imbelles thalamos——*.

'Tis not enough that a Man's Will be good, Weakneſs and Inſufficiency lawfully break a Marriage.

Et quærendum aliunde foret nervoſius illud,
Quod poſſet Zonam ſolvere virgineam †.

why not, and according to her own ſcantling, and amorous Intelligence, more bold and active?

Si blando nequeat ſupereſſe labori ‡.

If Strength they want Love's Taſk to undergo.

Old Men's Love feeble and imperfect.

But is it not a great Impudence to offer our Imperfections and Imbecillities, where we deſire to pleaſe, and leave a good Opinion and Eſteem of ourſelves? For the little that I am able to do now,

——*ad unum*
Mollis opus——**.

One Bout a Night.

I would not trouble a Woman that I am to reverence and fear.

——*fuge ſuſpicari,*
Cujus undenum trepidavit ætas
claudere luſtrum ††.

---

* *Mart. l.* 7. *Epig.* 57. † *Catullus.* ‡ *Virg. Geor. l.* 3.
** *Horace, Epod.* 17. †† *Hor. lib.* 2. *Ode* 4.

ſuſpect

ſuſpect not him,
On whoſe Love's Wildfire Age doth throw
It's cooling Snow *.

Nature ſhould ſatisfy herſelf in having rendred Age miſerable, without rendering it ridiculous too. I hate to ſee it, for one poor Inch of pitiful Vigour, which comes upon it but thrice a Week, to ſtrut, and ſet out itſelf with as much Eagerneſs as if it could do mighty Feats, a true Flame of Flax; and wonder to ſee it ſo boil and bubble, at a time when it is ſo congeal'd and extinguiſh'd. This Appetite ought not to appertain to any thing but the Flower of beautiful Youth. Truſt not to it, becauſe you ſee it ſeconds that indefatigable, full, conſtant, and magnanimous Ardour that is in you, for it will certainly leave you in the lurch at your greateſt need; but rather return it to ſome tender, baſhful, and ignorant Boy, who yet trembles at the Rod, and bluſhes,

Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur, vel miſta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba roſa ——— †.

So *Indian* Ivory ſtreak'd with Crimſon ſhows,
Or Lilies white mix'd with the Damaſk Roſe.

who can ſtay 'till the Morning without dying for Shame to behold the Diſdain of the fair Eyes of her who knows ſo well his fumbling Impertinence;

Et taciti fecere tamen convitia vultus ‖,

and though ſhe nothing ſay,
How ill ſhe likes my Work her Looks betray.

he never had the Satisfaction and the Glory of having battled them 'till they were weary, with the vigorous Performance of one heroick Night. When I have ob-

* *Sir* Richard Fanſhaw. † *Æneid. lib.* 12.
‖ *Ovid. Am. l.* 1. *Eleg.* 7.

ſerv'd

ſerv'd any one to be troubled with me, I have preſently accus'd her Levity; but have been in doubt if I had not Reaſon rather to complain of *Nature*; ſhe has doubtleſs uſed me very uncivilly and unkindly,

Si non longa ſatis, ſi non bene mentula craſſa:
Nimirum ſapiunt, videntque parvam
Matronæ quoque mentulam illibenter *.

and done me a moſt irreparable Injury. Every Member I have, as much one as another, is equally my own, and no other does more properly make me a Man than this. I univerſally owe my entire Picture to the Publick. The Wiſdom of my Inſtruction wholly conſiſts in Liberty, and naked Truth; diſdaining to introduce theſe little, feign'd, common, and provincial Rules, into the Catalogue of it's real Duties, all natural, general, and conſtant; of which *Civility* and *Ceremony* are Daughters indeed, but illegitimate. We are ſure to have the Vices of Appearance when we ſhould have had thoſe of Eſſence. When we have done with theſe, we run full drive upon others, if we find it muſt be ſo. For there is Danger that we ſhall fancy new Offices, to excuſe our Negligence towards the natural ones, and to confound them. That this is ſo, it is manifeſt, that in Places where the *Faults* are Witchcrafts, the Witchcrafts are but *Faults*. That in Nations where the Laws of Decency are moſt rare and moſt remiſs, the primitive Laws of common Reaſon are better obſerved: the innumerable Multitude of ſo many Duties ſtifling and diſſipating our Induſtry and Care. The Application of our ſelves to light and trivial Things, diverts us from thoſe that are neceſſary and juſt. Oh, that theſe ſuperficial Men take an eaſy and plauſible Way in compariſon of ours! Theſe are Shadows wherewith we palliate and pay one another; but we do not pay, but inflame the Reckoning towards that great Judge, who tucks up our Rags and Tatters above our ſhameful Parts, and is not nice to view us all over, even to our inmoſt and moſt ſecret Nudities: it were an uſeful Decency of our maidenly Modeſty, could

* *Martial.*

it

it keep him from this Discovery. In fine, whoever could reclaim Man from so scrupulous a verbal Superstition, would do the World no great Disservice. Our Life is divided betwixt Folly and Prudence. Whoever will write but what is reverend and canonical, will leave above the one half behind. I do not excuse myself to myself; and if I did, it should rather be for my Excuses that I would excuse myself, than for any other Fault. I excuse myself of certain Humours, which I think more strong in Number than those that are on my side. In consideration of which, I will farther say this (for I desire to please every one, though it will be hard to do; *esse unum hominem accommodatum ad tantam morum ac sermonum & voluntatum varietatem,*) that they ought not to condemn me for what I make Authorities, receiv'd and approv'd of by many Ages, to utter: and that there is no Reason that for want of *Rhime* they should refuse me the Liberty they allow even to Churchmen of our Nation and Time, of which here are two, and of the briskest amongst them;

Rimula, dispeream, ni monogramma tua est *.

Un vit d'amy la contente, & bien traitte †.

besides how many others. I love Modesty, and 'tis not out of Judgment, that I have chosen this scandalous Way of speaking; 'tis Nature that has chosen it for me: I recommend it not, no more than other Forms that are contrary to common Custom: But I excuse it, and by Circumstances both general and particular, alleviate the Accusation. But to proceed, from whence also can that Usurpation of Sovereign Authority you take upon you over the Women, who favour you at their own Expence,

Si furtiva dedit nigra munuscula nocte ‖.

If in the Silence of the Night,
She has permitted stol'n Delight.

---

* *Beza.* † *St.* Gelais. ‖ *Catullus.*

so

ſo that you preſently aſſume the Intereſts, Coldneſs and Authority of a Huſband; from whence I aſk, can it be deriv'd? 'Tis a free Contract. Why do you not then begin, as you intend to hold on? There is no Preſcription upon voluntary Things. 'Tis againſt the Form; but it is true withal, that I in my time have carried on this Intrigue as much as the Nature of it would permit, as conſcientiouſly, and with as much Colour of Juſtice, as any other Contract whatever; and that I never pretended other Affection than what I really had, and have truly acquainted them with the Declination, Vigour, and Birth of the ſame, and Fits and Intermiſſions: a Man does not always hold on at the ſame Rate. I have been ſo ſparing of my Promiſes, that I think I have been better than my Word. They have found me faithful to their Inconſtancy, even to a profeſs'd, and ſometimes a multiplied Inconſtancy. I never broke with them whilſt I had any Hold at all, and what Occaſion ſoever they have given me, never broke with them to Hatred or Contempt. For ſuch Privacies, though obtain'd upon never ſo ſcandalous Terms, do yet oblige to ſome Good-will. I have ſometimes, upon their Tricks and Evaſions, diſcovered a little indiſcreet Anger and Impatience; for I am naturally ſubject to raſh Emotions, which though light and ſhort, even ſpoil my Market. Would they freely have conſulted my Judgment, I ſhould not have ſtuck to have given them ſharp and paternal Counſels, and to have pinch'd them to the Quick. If I have left them any Cauſe to complain of me, 'tis rather to have found in me, in compariſon of the modern Cuſtom, a Love fooliſhly conſcientious, than any Thing elſe. I have kept my Word in Things wherein I might eaſily have been diſpenſed; they then ſometimes ſurrendred themſelves with Reputation, and upon Articles that they were willing enough ſhould be broken by the Conqueror. I have more than once made Pleaſure in it's greateſt Effort ſtrike to the Intereſt of their Humour; and where Reaſon importun'd me, have arm'd them againſt myſelf; ſo that they order'd their Affairs more decently and ſecurely by my *Rules*, when they frankly referr'd themſelves to them, than they would have done by their own.

The Author's Fidelity in Love.

I have

I have ever, as much as I could, wholly taken upon myſelf alone the Hazard of our Aſſignations to acquit them, and have always contriv'd our Meetings after the hardeſt and moſt unuſual Manner, as leſs ſuſpected, and moreover, in my Opinion, more acceſſible. They are chiefly more open, where they think they are the moſt ſecurely ſhut. Things leaſt fear'd are leſs interdicted and obſerv'd. One may more boldly dare what no Body thinks you dare, which by the Difficulty becomes eaſy. Never had any Man his Approaches more impertinently genital; this way of Loving is more according to my Diſcipline: but how ridiculous and ineffectual to our People, who better know than I? yet I ſhall not repent me of it, I have nothing there more to loſe.

——*me tabula ſacer*
Votiva paries, indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta Maris Deo *.

For me, my votive Table ſhows
That I have hang'd up my wet Clothes
Upon the Temple Wall
Of Sea's great Admiral †.

'Tis now my Time to ſpeak out. But I might perhaps ſay, as another would do. Thou talkeſt idly, my Friend, the Love of thy Time has little Commerce with Faith and Integrity.

Hæc ſi tu poſtules
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias ‖.

Theſe Things if thou wilt undertake,
By Reaſon, permanent to make;
This will be all thou'lt get by it,
Wiſely to run out of thy Wit.

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 5. † *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw.
‖ *Terent. Eun. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 1.

On the contrary also, if it were for me to begin again in earnest, it should be by the same Method, and the same Progress, how fruitless soever it might prove. Folly and Ignorance are commendable in an incommendable Action. The farther I go from their Humour in this, I approach so much nearer to my own. As to the rest, in this Traffick, I would not suffer myself to be totally carried away, I would please myself in it, but would not forget myself withal: I would keep the little Sense and Discretion, that Nature has given me, intire for their Service and my own: a little Emotion, but no Dotage. My Conscience should also be engaged in it, even to Debauch and Dissolution; but never so far as to Ingratitude, Treachery, Malice and Cruelty. I would not purchase the Pleasure of this Vice at any Rate, but content myself with it's proper and single Expence. *Nullum intra se vitium est, Nothing is a Vice in itself.* I almost equally hate a stupid and slothful Laziness, as I do a toilsom and painful Employment; the one pinches, the other lays me asleep. I like Wounds as well as Bruises, and Cuts as well as dry Blows. I found in this Commerce, when I was the most able for it, a just Moderation betwixt these Extremes. Love is a sprightly, lively, and gay Agitation. I was neither troubled nor afflicted with it, but heated, and moreover disordered; a Man must stop there: it hurts no-body but Fools. A young Man ask'd the Philosopher *Panetius*, if it was becoming a wise Man to be in Love? *Let the wise Man look to that*, answer'd he, *but let not thou and I, who are not so, engage ourselves in so stirring and violent an Affair, that will slave us to others, and render us contemptible to ourselves.* He said true; that we are not to intrust a Thing so precipitous in itself, to a Soul that has not wherewithal to withstand it's Assaults, and disprove the Saying of *Agesilaus*, that Prudence and Love cannot live together. 'Tis a vain Employment, 'tis true; indecent, shameful, and unlawful; but to carry it on after this manner, I look upon it as wholesom and proper to enliven a drowsy Soul, and to rouze up a heavy Body. And as an experienc'd Physician, I would prescribe it to a Man of my Form and Condition, as soon as any other *Recipe* whatever, to rouze and keep him in Vigour 'till well

advanc'd in Years, and to defer the Approaches of Age, whilst we are but in the Suburbs, and that the Pulse yet beats.

Dum nova canities, dum prima & recta senectus,
Dum supereſt Lacheſi quod torqueat, & pedibus me
Porto Meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo *.

Whilst Age strait-shouldred hath same Youth in it,
Whilst my Hair's grey, whilst there's left a Remnant
For *Lacheſis* to spin, whilst I walk on
My own Legs need no Staff to lean upon †.

We have need to be trink'd up and tickled by some such nipping Incitation as this. Do but observe what Youth, Vigour, and Gaiety it inspir'd *Anacreon* withal. And *Socrates*, who was then older than I, speaking of an amorous Object, *Leaning*, said he, *my Shoulder to her Shoulder, and my Head to hers, as we were reading together in a Book, I felt, without dissembling, a sudden Sting in my Shoulder, like the Biting of a Flea, which I still felt above five Days after, and a continual Itching crept into my Heart.* What! only an accidental Touch, and of a Shoulder, to heat and alter a Soul mortified and enervated by Age, and the strictest Liver of all Mankind! And pray why not? *Socrates* was a Man, and would neither be nor be like any other Thing. *Philosophy* does not contend against natural Pleasures, provided they be moderate: and only preaches Moderation, not a total Abstinence. The Power of Resistance is employ'd against those that are adulterate, and introduc'd by Innovation. *Philosophy* says, that the Appetites of the Body ought not to be augmented by the Mind; and ingenuously warns us not to stir up Hunger by Saturity, not to stuff instead of filling the Belly, to avoid all Fruition that may bring us to want, and all Meats and Drinks that procure Thirst and Hunger: As she does in the Service of Love, she there prescribes us to take such an Object as may only simply satisfy the Body's real Need, and may not stir the Soul, which ought only barely to follow and assist the Body, without mix-

Natural Pleasures allow'd if moderate.

* *Juven. Sat.* 3. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

ing in the Affair. But have I not reaſon to believe, that theſe Precepts, which nevertheleſs, in my Opinion, are elſewhere very ſevere, are only directed to a Body in it's beſt, and beſt performing Plight: and that in a Body broken with Age, as in a weak Stomach, 'tis excuſable to warm and ſupport it by Art, and by the Mediation of the Fancy, to reſtore the Appetite, and Chearfulneſs it has loſt in itſelf. May we not ſay, that there is nothing in us during this earthly Priſon, that is purely either corporeal or ſpiritual; and that we injuriouſly break up a Man alive; and that it ſeems but reaſonable that we ſhould carry ourſelves as favourable, at leaſt a gainſt the Uſe of Pleaſure, as we do againſt that of Pain? It was (for Example) vehement even to Perfection in the Souls of the Saints by Repentance: The Body had there naturally a Share by the Right of Union, and yet might have but little Part in the Cauſe; and yet are they not contented that it ſhould barely follow, and aſſiſt the afflicted Soul. They have afflicted it by itſelf, with grievous and peculiar Torments, to the End, that by Emulation of one another, the Soul and Body might plunge Man into Miſery, by ſo much more ſalutiferous, as it is more painful and ſevere. In like manner, is it not Injuſtice in bodily Pleaſures; to ſubdue and keep under the Soul, and ſay, that it muſt therein be dragg'd along, as to ſome enforc'd and ſervile Obligation and Neceſſity? 'Tis rather her Part to botch and cheriſh them, there to preſent herſelf and to invite them, the Authority of Ruling belonging to her; as it is alſo her Part, in my Opinion, in Pleaſures that are proper to her, to inſpire and infuſe into the Body all the Feeling and Senſe it is capable of, and to ſtudy how to make it pleaſant and uſeful to it. For it is good Reaſon, as they ſay, that the Body ſhould not purſue it's Appetites to the Prejudice of the Mind; but why it is not alſo reaſon that the Mind ſhould not purſue hers to the Prejudice of the Body? I have no other Paſſion to keep me in Breath. What Avarice, Ambition, Quarrels and Suits do to others, who, like me, have no particular Vocation, Love would make more commodiouſly do; it would reſtore to me Vigilancy, Sobriety, a genteel Deportment, and the Care of my Perſon. It ſhould re-aſſure my Countenance, that

these four Looks, those deform'd and to be pitied four Looks of old Age, might not step in to disgrace it; would again put me upon sound and wise Studies, by which I might render myself more lov'd and esteem'd, clearing my Mind of the Despair of itself, and of it's Use, and redintegrate it to itself; would divert me from a thousand troublesom Thoughts, and a thousand melancholick Humours, that Idleness and the ill Posture of our Health loads us withal at such an Age; would warm again, in Dreams at least, the Blood that Nature has given over; will hold up the Chin, and a little stretch out the Nerves, the Vigour and Gaiety of Life of that poor Man, who is going full drive toward his Ruin. But I very well understand that it is a Commodity very hard to recover: By Weakness and long Experience our Taste is become more delicate and nice: We ask most, when we bring least; and will have the most Choice, when we least deserve to be accepted: and knowing ourselves for what we are, we are less confident and more distrustful. Nothing can assure us of being belov'd, considering our Condition and theirs: I am out of Countenance to see myself in Company with these young wanton Creatures,

Cujus in indomito constantior inguine nervus,
Quam nova collibus arbor inhæret *.

To what end should we go and insinuate our Misery with their gay and sprightly Humour.

Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem †.

That Youth inflamed may behold,
Not without Laughter, and much Scorn,
A burning Torch to Ashes worn ‖.

They have Strength and Reason on their side, let us give way, we are best able to make good our Ground. And

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* *Horat. Epod.* 12. † *Horace, l.* 4. *Ode* 13.
‖ *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

these

theſe Bloſſoms of ſpringing Beauty ſuffer not themſelves to be handled by ſuch benumb'd Hands, nor be dealt with by meer material Means. For, as the old Philoſopher anſwer'd one that jeer'd him, becauſe he could not gain the Favour of a young Girl he made love to, *Friend, the Hook will not ſtick in ſuch ſoft Cheeſe.* It is a Commerce that requires Relation and Correſpondence: The other Pleaſures we receive may be acknowledg'd by Recompences of another Nature: But this is not to be paid but with the ſame Kind of Coin. In earneſt, in this Sport, the Pleaſure I give does more tickle my Imagination, than that they give me. Now, as he has nothing of Generoſity in him that can receive a Courteſy where he confers none, it muſt needs be a mean Soul that will owe all, and can be contented to maintain a Friendſhip with Perſons to whom he is a continual Charge. There is no Beauty, Favour, nor Privacy ſo exquiſite, that a gallant Man ought to deſire at this Rate. If they only can be kind to us out of Pity, I had much rather die than live upon Charity. I would have right to ask in the Stile that I ſaw ſome beg in *Italy*, *Faite bien pour voi*, *Do good to yourſelf*; and after the manner that *Cyrus* exhorted his Soldiers, *Who loves me, follow me.* Conſort yourſelf (ſome one will ſay to me) with Women of your own Condition, whom, the Company of one of the ſame Age will render more eaſy to your Deſire. O ridiculous and ſtupid Compoſition!

——*nolo*
Barbam vellere mortuo Leoni *.

Rouze not a ſleeping Lioneſs.

Xenophon lays it for an Objection, and an Accuſation againſt *Menon*, that he never made Love to any but old Women: For my part, I will take more Pleaſure in ſeeing only the juſt and ſweet Mixture of two young Beauties; or only to meditate on it in my Fancy, than to be myſelf an Actor in the ſecond with a deform'd old Creature. I leave that fantaſtick Appetite to the Emperor

* *Mart. l. 7. Epigr.* 90.

Galba, that was only for old curry'd Flesh: And to this poor Wretch,

O, ego Dii faciant talem te cernere possim,
Charaque mutatis oscula ferre comis,
Amplectique meis corpus non pingue lacertis *.

O would to Heaven that I might thee see,
To kiss those Locks, grey with Antiquity,
And thy lank wither'd Body to embrace.

Painted Beauties reckoned amongst Deformities.

And amongst the Deformities, I reckon forc'd and artificial Beauties. *Emonez*, a *young Courtezan* of *Chios*, thinking by fine Dressing to acquire the Beauty that Nature had deny'd her, came to the Philosopher *Arcesilaus*, and ask'd him, If it was possible for a wise Man to be in Love: *Yes*, replied he, *provided it be not with a faded and adulterated Beauty, like thine.* The Deformity of a confess'd Antiquity, is not to me so despisable and nauseous, as another that is polish'd and plaister'd up, shall I speak it without the Danger of having my Throat cut? Love, in my Opinion, is not properly and naturally in it's Season, but in the Age next to Childhood.

At what Age Love is in his Throne.

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mille sagaces falleret, hospites,
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu †.

Whom should you, with dishevel'd Hair,
And that ambiguous Face, bring in
Amongst the Chorus of the Fair,
He would deceive the subtlest there,
So smooth, so rosy is his Skin.

Nor Beauty neither. For whereas *Homer* extends it so far as to the Budding of the Chin; *Plato* himself has ob-

* *Ovid. Trist.* † *Horace, l. 2. Ode 5.*

serv'd

ſerv'd it for rare. And the Reaſon why the Sophiſt *Dion* called the firſt appearing Hairs of Adoleſcence, *Ariſtogitons*, and *Harmodii*, is ſufficiently known. I find it in Virility already, in ſome Sort, a little out of Date, though not ſo much as in old Age.

Importunus enim tranſvolat aridas
Quercus *.

Love, reſtleſs, with quick Motion flies
From wither'd Oaks.

And *Margaret*, Queen of *Navarre*, like a Woman, does very far extend the Advantage of Women, ordaining, that it is Time at thirty Years old, to convert the Title of fair into that of good. The ſhorter Authority we give him over our Lives, 'tis ſo much the better for us. Do but obſerve his Comportment; 'tis a beardleſs Boy, that knows not how they proceed in his School, contrary to all Order: Study, Exerciſe, and Cuſtom, are Ways for Inſufficiency to proceed by. There *Novices* rule. *Amor ordinem neſcit, Love knows no Order* †. Doubtleſs his Conduct is much more graceful, when mix'd with Inadvertency and Trouble: Miſcarriages and ill Succeſſes give him Appetite and Grace, provided it be ſharp and eager, 'tis no great matter whether it be prudent or no. Do but obſerve how he goes reeling, tripping and playing: You put him in the Stocks when you guide him by Art and Wiſdom, and he is reſtrain'd of his divine Liberty, when put into thoſe hairy and callous Clutches. As to the Reſt, I oft hear them ſet out this Intelligence, as entirely ſpiritual, and diſdain to put the Intereſt, the Senſes there have, into Conſideration. Every Thing there ſerves Turn, but I can ſay, that I have often ſeen, that we have excuſed the Weakneſs of their Underſtandings, in Favour of their outward Beauty; but have never ſeen, that in Favour of a Mind, how mature and well-diſpoſed ſoever, any one would lend a Hand to ſupport a Body that was never ſo little decay'd. Why does not ſome one make an Attempt to make that

* *Horace l.* 4. *Ode* 13. † *D. Hieron.*

noble *Socratical* Contract and Union of the Body to the Soul, purchasing a philosophical and spiritual Intelligence and Generation at the Price of his Thighs, which is the highest Price it can amount to? *Plato* ordains in his *Laws*, that he who has perform'd any signal and advantageous Exploit in War, may not be refus'd during the whole Expedition, his Age or Deformity notwithstanding, a Kiss or any other amorous Favour, from any whatever. What he thinks to be so just in Recommendation of military Valour, why may it not be the same in Recommendation of any other good Quality? And why does not some Women take a Fancy to prepossess over her Companions the Glory of this chaste Love? I may well say chaste,

——nam si quando ad prælia ventum est,
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis
Incassum furit *.——

For when to join Love's Battle they engage,
Like Fire in Straw, they fondly spend their Rage †.

The Vices that are stifled in the Thought are not the worst. To conclude this notable Commentary, which has escap'd from me in a Torrent of Babble, a Torrent sometimes impetuous and offensive.

Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum,
Præcurrit casto Virginis è gremio:
Quod miseræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,
Dum adventu matris prosilit excutitur,
Atque illud prono preceps agitur decursu,
Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor ‡.

As a fair Apple by a Lover sent
To's Mistress, for a private Compliment,
Does tumble from the rosy Virgin's Lap,
Where she had quite forgot it by mishap;
When starting at her Mother's coming in,
It is dropt out her Garments from between,
And rolls over the Floor before her Eyes,
A guilty Blush her fair Complexion dies.

* *Virg. Geor. l.* 3. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Catullus.*

I say

I say that *Males* and *Females* are cast in the same Mould, and that, Education and Custom excepted, the Difference is not great: *Plato* indifferently invites both the one and the other to the Society of all Studies, Exercises and Commands, Military and Civil in the Commonwealth; and the Philosopher *Antisthenes* took away all Distinction between their Virtue and ours. It is much more easy to accuse one Sex than to excuse the other. 'Tis according to the Proverb, *Ill may Vice correct Sin.*

CHAP. VI.

Of Coaches.

IT is no difficult Matter to prove, that when great Authors write of Causes, they not only make use of those they think to be the true Causes indeed, but also of such as they believe are not so, provided their Works may be illustrated with the Beauty of Invention. They speak true, and usefully enough, if it be ingeniously. We cannot make ourselves sure of the supreme Cause, and therefore clutter a great many together, to see if it may not accidentally be amongst them.

——*namque unam dicere causam,*
Non satis est, verùm plures unde una tamen sit *.

And thus my Muse a Store of Causes brings;
For here, as in a thousand other Things,
Tho' by one single Cause th'Effect is done,
Yet since 'tis hid, a thousand must be shown,
That we may surely hit that single one.

* *Lucretius, lib.* 6. † *Mr.* Creech.

Will

Why they say God bless you *when you sneeze.*

Will you ask me, whence the Custom of Blessing those that sneeze? we break Wind three several Ways; that which sallies from below is too filthy; that which breaks out from the Mouth carries with it some Reproach of having eaten too much; the third Eruption is sneezing, which, because it proceeds from the Head, and is without Offence, we give it this civil Reception: Do not laugh at this Distinction, for they say 'tis *Aristotle*'s. I think I have read in *Plutarch*, (who of all the Authors I ever convers'd with, is he that has best mix'd *Art* with *Nature*, and *Judgment* with *Knowledge*) giving a Reason for the Rising of the Stomach in those that are at Sea, that it is occasion'd by Fear, having found out some Reason by which he proves, that Fear may produce such an Effect: I who am very subject to vomit, know very well that that Cause concerns not me; and know it not by Argument, but by necessary Experience, without instancing what has been often told me, that the same thing oft happens in Beasts, especially Hogs, when out of all Apprehension of Danger, and what an Acquaintance of mine has told me of himself, that being very subject to it, the Disposition to vomit has three or four times gone off him, being very much afraid in a violent Storm, as it happen'd to that Ancient, *Pejus vexabar quam ut periculum mihi succurreret**, *I was too much troubled for my Danger to relieve me.* I was never afraid upon the Water, nor indeed in any other Peril (and I have had enough before my Eyes, if Death be one) so as to be astonish'd and lose my Judgment. Fear springs sometimes as well from want of Judgment, as from want of Courage. All the Dangers I have been in, I have look'd upon without winking, with an open, sound and intire Sight; and besides, a Man must have Courage to fear: It has formerly served me better than some others, so to order my Retreat, that it was, if not without Fear, nevertheless without Affright and Astonishment. It was stirr'd indeed, but not amazed nor stupified. Great Souls go yet much farther, and represent Flights

Why People are apt to vomit at Sea.

* *Seneca.*

not

not only ſound and temperate, but moreover fierce. Let us make a Relation of that which *Alcibiades* reports of *Socrates*, his Fellow in Arms; *I found him*, ſays he, *after the Rout of our Army, him and* Lachez, *in the Rear of thoſe that fled, and conſidered him at my Leiſure, and in Security, for I was mounted on a good Horſe, and he on Foot, and had ſo fought. I took Notice in the firſt Place, how much Judgment and Reſolution he ſhewed, in Compariſon of* Lachez; *and then the Bravery of his March, nothing different from his ordinary Gait; his Sight firm and regular, conſidering and judging what paſſed about him, looking one while upon thoſe, and then upon others, Friends and Enemies, after ſuch a Manner, as encouraged the one, and ſignified to the others, that he would ſell his Life dear to any one ſhould attempt to take it from him, and ſo they came off*; for People are not willing to attack ſuch kind of Men, but purſue thoſe they ſee are in a Fright. This is the Teſtimony of this great Captain, which teaches us what we every Day ſee, that nothing ſo much throws us into Dangers, as an inconſiderate Eagerneſs of getting ourſelves clear of them. *Quò timoris minus eſt, eò minus ferme periculi eſt*, Where there is leaſt Fear, there is, for the moſt Part, leaſt Danger.* Our People are to blame to ſay, that ſuch a one is afraid of Death, when he expreſſes that he thinks of it, and foreſees it: Foreſight is equally convenient in what concerns us, whether Good or Ill. To conſider and judge of the Danger, is, in ſome Sort, the Reverſe to being aſtoniſhed. I do not find myſelf ſtrong enough to ſuſtain the Force and Impetuoſity of this Paſſion of Fear, nor of any other vehement Paſſion whatever: If I was once conquered and beaten down, I ſhould never riſe again very ſound. Whoever ſhould once make my Soul loſe her Footing, would never ſet it upright again: She retales and reſearches herſelf too profoundly, and too much to the Quick, and therefore would never let the Wound ſhe had received heal and cicatrize: It has been well for me that any Sickneſs has never yet diſcompoſed it: At every Charge made upon me, I make my utmoſt Oppoſition, and beſt Defence; by which Means, the firſt

* *Livius, l.* 22.

that

that should rout me, would disable me from ever rallying again: I have no After-game to play. On which Side soever the Inundation breaks my Banks, I lie open, and am drown'd without Remedy. *Epicurus* says, *that a wise Man can never become a Fool*; and I have an Opinion reverse to this Sentence, which is, that he who has once been a very Fool, will never after be very wise. God grant me Cold according to my Cloth, and Passions proportionable to the Means I have to withstand them. *Nature* having laid me open on the one Side, has covered me on the other; having disarmed me of Strength, she has armed me with Insensibility, and an Apprehension that is either regular or dull. Now I cannot long endure (and when I was young much less endured) either Coach, Litter, or Boat, and hate all other Riding but on Horseback, both in the City and Country. But I can worse endure a Litter than a Coach, and by the same Reason, better a rude Agitation upon the Water, from whence Fear is produced, than the Motions of a Calm. At the little Jerks of Oars, stealing the Vessel from under us, I find, I know not how, both my Head and my Stomach disordered: neither can I endure to sit upon a tottering Stool. When the Sail or the Current carries us equally, or if we are towed, those equal Agitations do not disturb me at all. 'Tis an interrupted Motion that offends me, and most of all when most slow: I cannot otherwise express it. The *Physicians* have ordered me to squeeze and gird myself about the Bottom of my Belly with a Napkin, to remedy this Accident; which however I have not tried, being accustomed to wrestle with my own Defects, and to overcome them by myself. Would my Memory serve me, I should not think my Time ill spent in setting down here the infinite Variety that History presents us of the Use of Coaches in the Service of War: various according to the Nations, and according to the Ages; in my Opinion of great Necessity and Effect: so that it is a Wonder that we have lost all Knowledge of them. I will only say this, that very lately, in our Fathers Time, the *Hungarians* made very advantageous Use of them against the *Turks*; having in every one of them a Targetteer and a Musket, and a Number of Harquebusiers, drawn up ready, and

charged, and all covered with a * *Paveſade* like a *Galliot*. They made the Front of their Battle with three thouſand ſuch Coaches, and after the Canon had play'd, made them all pour in their Shot upon the Enemy, and made them ſwallow that Volley before they taſted of the reſt, which was no little Advance; and that done, the ſaid Chariots charged into their Squadrons to break them, and make Way for the reſt: beſides the Uſe they might make of them to flank their Bodies in a Place of Danger marching in the Field, or to cover a *Quarter*, and fortify it in haſte. In my time, a Gentleman in one of our Frontiers, unwieldy of Body, and not being able to procure a Horſe able to carry his Weight, having a Quarrel, rid up and down in a Chariot of this Faſhion, and found great Convenience in it. But let us leave theſe Chariots of War. And if the Inſignificancy of Coaches had not been ſufficiently known by better Proofs, the laſt *Kings* of our firſt *Race* travelled in a Chariot drawn by four Oxen. *Mark Anthony* was the firſt at *Rome* that cauſed himſelf to be drawn in a Coach by *Lions*, and a Singing Wench with him. *Heliogabalus* did ſince as much, calling himſelf *Cybele* the Mother of the *Gods*; and alſo by *Tygers*, taking upon him the Perſon of the *God Bacchus*; he alſo ſometimes harneſſed two Stags to his Coach, another time four Dogs, at another four naked Whores, cauſing himſelf to be drawn by them in Pomp, ſtark naked too. The Emperor *Firmus* cauſed his Chariot to be drawn by *Oſtriches* of a prodigious Size, ſo that it ſeemed rather to fly than roll. The Strangeneſs of theſe Inventions puts this other Fancy in my Head; that it is a kind of Puſillanimity in Monarchs, and a Teſtimony that they do not ſufficiently underſtand themſelves what they are, when they ſtudy to make themſelves honoured, and to appear great by exceſſive Expence. It were indeed excuſable in a Foreign Country, where they are Strangers; but amongſt their own Subjects, where they are in ſovereign Command, and may do what they

The exceſſive Expence of Monarchs a Teſtimony of Puſillanimity.

* *A Defence of Shields ranged by one another.*

pleaſe,

pleaſe, it derogates from their Dignity, the moſt ſupreme Degree of Honour, to which they can arrive. As, methinks, it is ſuperfluous in a private Gentleman to go finely dreſſed at home; his Houſe, his Attendance, and his Kitchen, ſufficiently anſwer for him. The Advice that *Iſocrates* gave his *King*, ſeems to be grounded upon Reaſon; that he ſhould be ſplendid in Plate and Furniture: For as much as it is an Expence of Duration, that devolves to his Succeſſors; and that he ſhould avoid all Magnificence that will, in a ſhort Time, be forgot. I loved to go fine, when I was a younger Brother, for want of other Ornament, and it became me well: There are ſome upon whom their rich Clothes weep. We have ſtrange Stories of the Frugality of our Kings about their own Perſons, and in their Gifts; Kings that were great both in Reputation, Valour and Fortune. *Demoſthenes* mightily ſtickles againſt the Law of the City, that aſſigned the publick Money for the Pomp of their publick Plays and Feſtivals: He would that their Greatneſs ſhould be ſeen in the Number of Ships well equipped, and good Armies well provided for. And there is good Reaſon to condemn *Theophraſtus*, who, in his Book of *Riches*, has eſtabliſhed a contrary Opinion, and maintains that ſort of Expence to be the true Fruit of Abundance. They are Delights, ſays *Ariſtotle*, that only pleaſe the baſer Sort of the People, and that vaniſh from the Memory ſo ſoon as they are ſated with them, and of which no ſerious and judicious Man can have any Eſteem. This Money would, in my Opinion, be much more royally, as more profitably, juſtly and durably, laid out in *Ports*, *Havens*, *Walls*, and *Fortifications*; in ſumptuous *Buildings*, *Churches*, *Colleges*, the reforming of *Streets* and *Highways*; wherein Pope *Gregory* the Thirteenth will leave a laudable Memory to futures Times; and wherein our Queen *Catharine* would, to all Poſterity, manifeſt her natural Liberality and Munificence to ſucceeding Ages, would her Means ſupply her Affection. Fortune has done me a great Deſpite, in interrupting the noble Structure of the *Pont-neuf* of our great City, and depriving me of the Hopes of ſeeing it finiſhed before I die. Moreover, it ſeems to the Subjects, who are daily Spectators of theſe Triumphs that

The Pont-neuf *at* Paris.

that their own Riches are expos'd before them, and that they are entertain'd at their own Expence. For the People are apt to presume of *Kings*, as we do of our *Servants*, that they are to take care to provide us all things necessary, in abundance: but not to touch it themselves: And therefore the Emperor *Galba*, being pleased with a *Musician* that play'd to him at Supper, call'd for his Cabinet, and gave him a handful of Crowns that he took out of it, with these Words, *This is not the Publick Money, but my own.* Yet it so falls out, that the People, for the most part have Reason on their Side, and that their Princes feed their Eyes with what they once had to fill their Bellies. Liberality itself is not in it's true Lustre in a Sovereign Hand: Private Men have therein the most Right; for, to take it exactly, a King has nothing properly his own: he owes himself to others. Authority is not given in favour of the *Magistrate*, but of the *People.* A Superior is never made so for his own Profit, but for the Profit of the Inferior; and a Physician for the Sick Person, and not for himself. All Magistracy, as well as all Art, has it's End out of itself. *Nulla ars in se versatur* *. Wherefore the *Governors* of young *Princes*, who make it their Business to imprint in them this Virtue of Liberality, and to preach to them to deny nothing, and to think nothing so well spent as what they give, a Doctrine that I have known in great Credit in my Time, either have more particular Regard to their own Profit than that of their Master, or ill understand to whom they speak. It is too easy a thing to imprint Liberality in him, who has as much as he will to supply it with at the Expence of others; and the Estimate of it, not being proportion'd to the Value of the Gift, but to the Wealth of him who extends it, it comes to nothing in so mighty Hands. They find themselves prodigal, before they can be reputed liberal; and yet it is but of little Recommendation, in comparison of other Royal Virtues: and the only one, as the Tyrant *Dionysius* said, that suits well with Tyranny itself. I should rather teach him this of the ancient Labourer,

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* *Seneca.*

Τῇ χειρὶ δεῖ σπείρειν, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὅλῳ τῷ θυλάκῳ *.

That whoever will have a good Crop, must sow with his Hand, and not pour out of the Sack: he must disperse it abroad, and not lay it on a Heap in one Place: and that as he is to give, or to say better, to pay and restore to so many People, according as they have deserv'd, he ought to be a faithful and discreet Dispoſer. If the Liberality of a Prince be without Measure or Discretion, I had rather he were covetous. A Royal Virtue seems most to consist in Justice; and of all the Parts of Justice, that best denotes a King which accompanies his Liberality; because they have particularly reserv'd it to be perform'd by themselves, whereas all other Sorts of Justice they remit to the Administration of others. An immoderate Bounty is a very weak Means to acquire them Goodwill, for it checks more People than it allures: *Quo in plures usus sit, minus in multos uti possit* †. *Quid autem est stultius, quam quod libenter facias, curare ut id diutius facere non possis* ‡? *By how much more you use it to many, by so much less will you be in a Capacity to use it to many more. And what greater Folly can there be than to order it so, that what you would do willingly you cannot do long?* And if it be confer'd without due Respect of Merit, it puts him out of Countenance that receives it, and is received without Grace. *Tyrants* have been sacrific'd to the Hatred of the People by the Hands of those very Men they have unjustly advanc'd; such kind of Men thinking to secure to themselves the Possession of Benefits unduly receiv'd, if they manifest to have him in Hatred and Disdain of whom they hold them; and in this associate themselves to the common Judgment and Opinion. The Subjects of a Prince profuse in Gifts grow unreasonable in asking, and accommodate themselves not to Reason but Example. We have, indeed, very often Reason to blush at our own Impudence:

Wherein Royal Virtue consists.

Tyrants hated by those that they have unjustly advanc'd.

* *Corinea apud Plutarch.* † *Cic. de Offic.*
‡ *Seneca de Benef. vel in Epist.*

pudence: we are over-paid, according to Juſtice, when the Recompence equals our Service; for do we owe nothing of Natural Obligation to our Princes? If he bears our Charges, he does too much; 'tis enough that he contributes to them; the Overplus is called Benefit, which cannot be exacted: For the very Name of Liberality ſounds of Liberty; there is no End of it, as we uſe it. We never reckon what we have receiv'd, we are only for the future Liberality. Wherefore, the more a Prince exhauſts himſelf in giving, the poorer he grows in Friends. How ſhould he ſatisfy immoderate Deſires that ſtill increaſe the more they are fill'd? He who has his Thoughts upon taking, never thinks of what he has taken. Covetouſneſs has nothing ſo proper, and ſo much it's own as Ingratitude. The Example of *Cyrus* will not do amiſs in this Place, to ſerve the *Kings* of theſe Times for a Touchſtone to know whether their Gifts are well or ill-beſtow'd, and to ſee how much better that Emperor confer'd them than they do: By which Means they are reduc'd to borrow of their unknown Subjects, and rather of them whom they have wrong'd, than of them on whom they have confer'd their Benefits, and ſo receive *Aids*, wherein there is nothing of gratuitous but the Name. *Cræſus* reproach'd him with his Bounty, and caſt up to how much his Treaſure would amount, if he had been a little cloſer handed. He had a mind to juſtify his Liberality, and therefore ſent Diſpatches into all Parts, to the *Grandees* of his Dominions, whom he had particularly advanc'd, entreating every one of them to ſupply him with as much Money as they could, for a preſſing Occaſion, and to ſend him a Particular of what every one could advance. When all theſe Tickets were brought to him, every one of his Friends, not thinking it enough barely to offer him only ſo much as he had receiv'd from his Bounty, adding to it a great deal of his own, it appear'd that the Sum amounted to a great deal more than *Cræſus* his Reckoning. Whereupon *Cyrus*, *I am not*, ſaid he, *leſs in love with Riches than other Princes, but rather a better Huſband, you ſee with how ſmall a Venture I have acquired the ineſtimable Treaſure of ſo many Friends; and how much more faithful Treaſure they are to me than mercenary Men without Obligation or Affection*

would be; and my Money better laid up than in Chests, putting upon me the Hatred, Envy and Contempt of other Princes. The *Emperors* excus'd the Superfluity of their Plays and publick Spectacles, by reason that their Authority did, in some sort (at least in outward Appearance) depend upon the Will of the People of *Rome*; who, time out of mind, had been accustomed to be entertain'd and caress'd with such Shows and Excesses. But they were particular Men who had nourish'd this Custom, to gratify their Fellow-Citizens and Companions, (and chiefly out of their own Purses by) such Profusion and Magnificence: It had quite another Taste, when they were the Masters who came to hold it up. *Pecuniarum translatio à justis dominis ad alienos non debet liberalis videri* *. *The transferring of Money from the right Owners to Strangers, ought not to have the Title of Liberality.* *Philip*, seeing his Son, went about by Presents to gain the Affection of the *Macedonians*, reprimanded him in a Letter after this manner: *What! hast thou a Mind that thy Subjects look upon thee as their Cash-keeper, and not as their King? Wilt thou tamper with them to win their Affections? Do it then by the Benefit of thy Virtue, and not by those of thy Chest.* And yet it was doubtless a fine thing to bring and plant within the *Theatre* a great Number of vast Trees with all their Branches in their full Verdure, representing a great shady Forest, dispos'd in excellent Order, and the first Day to throw into it a thousand Ostriches, a thousand Stags, a thousand Boars, and a thousand Fallow-Deer, to be kill'd and dispos'd of by the People; the next Day, to cause an hundred great Lions, an hundred Leopards, and three hundred Bears to be kill'd in his Presence: And for the third Day, to make three hundred Pair of Fencers to fight it out to the last, as the Emperor *Probus* did. It was also very fine to see those vast *Amphitheatres*, all fac'd with Marble without, curiously wrought with Figures and Statues, and the Inside sparkling with rare Decorations and Enrichments.

Rich and sumptuous Amphitheatres.

Baltheus en gemmis, en illita Porticus auro †.

* *Cic. de Offic. lib.* 1. † *Calphurnius, Eg.* 7.

Behold

Behold a Belt with Jewels glorious made,
And a brave Portico with Gold o'er-laid.

All the Sides of this vaſt Space were fill'd and environ'd, from the Bottom to the Top, with three or fourſcore Ranks of Seats, all of Marble alſo, and cover'd with Cuſhions.

——*exeat, inquit,*
Si pudor eſt, & de pulvino ſurgat equeſtri.
*Cujus res legi non ſufficit**.

Get y'out, whoſe Means fall ſhort of Law, one cries,
For Shame, from off the noble Cuſhion riſe†.

When an hundred thouſand *Men* might ſit plac'd at their Eaſe; and the Place below, where the Plays were play'd, to make it by Art firſt open, and cleft into Chinks, repreſenting Caves that vomited out the Beaſts deſigned for the Spectacle; and then ſecondly, to be overflow'd with a profound Sea, full of Sea-Monſters, and loaded with Ships of War, to repreſent a Naval Battle: And thirdly, to make it dry and even again for the Combats of the *Gladiators*; and for the fourth Scene, to have it ſtrew'd with Vermilion and Storax inſtead of Sand, there to make a ſolemn Feaſt for all that infinite Number of People: The laſt Act of one only Day.

——*Quoties nos deſcendentis arenæ*
Vidimus in partes, ruptaque voragine terræ
Emerſiſſe feras, & iiſdem ſæpe latebris
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.
Nec ſolum nobis ſylveſtria cernere monſtra
Contigit, æquoreos ego cum certantibus urſis
Spectavi vitulos, & equorum nomine dignum,
Sed deforme pecus‖.

How often, when Spectators, have we ſeen
One Corner of the Theatre ſink in;
And from a dreadful Chaſm in the Earth,
Vomit wild Beaſts: Then preſently give birth

* *Juv. Sat.* 3. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton. ‖ *Calphurnius.*

Unto a glittering Grove of golden Bowers,
Then put forth Blossoms of enamell'd Flowers.
Nor yet of *Sylvan* Monsters had we sight.
Alone, I saw Sea-calves with wild Bears fight,
And a deformed Sort of Monsters came,
Which, by their Shape, we might Sea-Horses name.

Sometimes they have made a high Mountain advance itself, full of Fruit-Trees, and other flourishing Sorts of Woods, sending down Rivulets of Water from the Top, as from the Mouth of a Fountain: Other whiles, a great Ship was seen to come rolling in, which opened and divided of itself; and after having disgorg'd from the *Hold* four or five hundred Beasts for Fight, clos'd again, and vanish'd without Help. At other times, from the Floor of this Place, they made Spouts of perfum'd Waters dart their Streams upward, and so high as to besprinkle all that infinite Multitude. To defend themselves from the Injuries of the Weather, they had that vast Place one while cover'd over with Purple Curtains of Needle-work, and by and by with Silk of another Colour, which they could draw off or on in a Moment, as they had a mind.

Quamvis non modico caleant spectacula sole,
Vela reducuntur cum venit Hermogenes.

The Curtains, tho' the Sun does scorch the Skin,
Are, when *Hermogenes* appears, drawn in.

The Net-work also that was set before the People to defend them from the Violence of these turn'd-out Beasts, were also woven of Gold.

———*Auro quoque torta refulgent*
Retia *.

And woven Nets refulgent are with Gold.

If there be any thing excusable in such Excesses as these, it is where the Novelty and Invention create more Wonder than Expence. Even in these Vanities we discover how fertile those Ages were in other kind of Wits than

* *Calphurnius, Eg.* 7.

these

these of ours. It is with this Sort of Fertility, as with other Products of Nature. Not that she there employ'd her utmost Force. We do not go, we rather run up and down, and whirl this way and that; we turn back the Way we came. I am afraid our Knowledge is weak in all Senses. We neither see far forward nor backward: Our Understanding comprehends little, and lives but a little while; 'tis short both in Extent of Time, and Extent of Matter.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabilis,
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte *.

Men slash'd e'er *Diomed* was made;
But all are in Oblivion drown'd,
And put unmourn'd into the Ground,
For lack of sacred Poets Aid †.

Et supra bellum Trojanum, & funera Trojæ,
Multi alias alii quoque res cecinere Poetæ ‖.

And long before the War, and Sack of *Troy*,
And other things *Bards* did their Pens employ.

And the Narrative of *Solon*, of what he had got out of the *Egyptian* Priests, touching the long Life of their State, and their manner of learning and preserving Foreign *Histories*; is not, methinks, a Testimony to be slighted upon this Consideration. *Si interminatam in omnes partes magnitudinem regionum videremus, & temporum, in quam se injiciens animus, & intendens, ita latè longeque peregrinatur, ut nullam oram ultimi videat, in qua possit insistere: in hac immensitate infinita vis innumerabilium appareret formarum* **. *Could we see on all Parts the unlimited Magnitude of Regions and Extent of Times, upon which the Mind being intent, does wander so far and wide, that no Limits of the last are to be seen, in which it can bound*

* *Horace, l.* 4. *Ode* 9. † *Sir* Richard Fanshaw.
‖ *Lucret. l.* 5. ** *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l.* 1.

it's Eye. We should in that infinite Immensity discover an innumerable Quantity of Forms. Tho' all that has arriv'd at our Knowledge of Times past should be true, and known by some one Person, it would be less than nothing in Comparison of what is unknown. And if this be the Image of the World, which glides whilst we live upon it, how wretched and short is the Knowledge of the most curious? Not only of particular Events, which Fortune often renders exemplary and of great Concern, but of the State of great *Governments* and *Nations*, an hundred more escape us, than ever come to our Knowledge. We make a mighty Business of the Invention of *Artillery* and *Printing*, which other Men at the other End of the World, in *China*, had a thousand Years ago. Did we but see as much of the World as we do not, we should perceive, it is to be suppos'd, a perpetual Multiplication and Vicissitude of Forms. There is nothing singular and rare in respect of *Nature*, but in respect of our Knowledge; which is a wretched Foundation whereon to ground our Rules, and that represents to us a very false Image of Things. As we now a-days vainly conclude the Declension and Decrepidness of the World, by the Arguments we extract from our own Weakness and Decay;

Printing in China.

Jamque adeo fracta est Ætas effœtaque Tellus *.

So much the Age, so much the Earth is chang'd.

so did they formerly vainly conclude the Birth and Youth of theirs, by the Vigour they observ'd in the Wits of their Time, abounding in Novelties, and the Invention of divers Arts.

Verum, ut opinor, habet novitatem summa, recensque
Natura est mundi, neque pridem exordia cepit:
Quare etiam quædam nunc artes expoliuntur,
Nunc etiam augescunt, nunc addita navigiis sunt
Multa †.

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* *Lucret. l. 2.* † *Ibid. l. 5.*

But

But ſure the Nature of the World is ſtrong,
Perfect and young; nor can I think it long
Since it Beginning took, becauſe we know
Arts ſtill increaſe, and ſtill politer grow,
And many Things, in former Times unknown,
Are added now to Navigation.

Our World has lately diſcover'd another, (and who will aſſure us that it is the laſt of his Brothers, ſince the *Dæmons*, the *Sybils*, and we ourſelves have been ignorant of this till now?) as large, well peopled, and fruitful as this whereon we live; and yet ſo raw and childiſh, that we yet teach it it's *A B C*: 'Tis not above fifty Years ſince it knew neither *Letters*, *Weights*, *Meaſures*, *Veſtments*, *Corn* nor *Vines*. It was then quite naked in the Mother's Lap, and only liv'd upon what ſhe gave it. If we rightly conclude of our End, and this Poet of the Youthfulneſs of that Age of his; that other World will only enter into the Light when this of ours ſhall make it's *Exit*. The Univerſe will be paralytick, one Member will be uſeleſs, another in Vigour. I am very much afraid that we have very much precipitated it's Declenſion and Ruin by our Contagion; and that we have ſold it our Opinions and our Arts at a very dear Rate. It was an infant World, and yet we have not whip'd, and ſubjected it to our Diſcipline, by the Advantage of our Valour and Natural Forces; neither have we won it by our Juſtice and Goodneſs, nor ſubdu'd it by our Magnanimity. Moſt of their Anſwers, and the Negotiations we have had with them, witneſs, that they were nothing behind us in Pertinency and Clearneſs of natural Underſtanding. The aſtoniſhing Magnificence of the Cities of *Cuſco* and *Mexico*, and amongſt many other ſuch like Things, the Garden of this King, where all the *Trees*, *Fruits*, and *Plants*, according to the Order and Stature they are in a Garden, were excellently form'd in Gold; as in his Cabinet were all the Animals bred upon the Earth, and in the Seas of his Dominions; and the Beauty of their Manufactures, in *Jewels*, *Feathers*, *Cotton* and *Painting*, gave ample Proof that they were

The magnificent Garden of the King of Mexico.

were as little inferior to us in Industry. But as to what concerns *Devotion*, *Observance* of the *Laws*, *Bounty*, *Liberality*, *Loyalty*, and plain Dealing, it was of Use to us, that we had not so much as they; for they have lost, sold, and betray'd themselves by this Advantage. As to *Boldness* and *Courage*, *Stability*, *Constancy* against Pain, Hunger, and Death, I should not fear to oppose the Examples I find amongst them, to the most famous Examples of elder Times, that we find in our *Records* on this side of the World. For as to those who have subdu'd them, take but away the Slights and Artifices they practis'd to deceive them, and the just Astonishment it was to those Nations, to see so sudden and unexpected an Arrival of Men with Beards, differing in Language, Religion, Shape and Countenance, from so remote a Part of the World, and where they had never heard there was any Habitation, mounted upon great unknown Monsters, against those who had never so much as seen a Horse, or any other Beast train'd up to carry a Man or any other Loading; shell'd in a hard and shining Skin, with a cutting and glittering Weapon in his Hand against them, who, out of wonder at the Brightness of a Looking-glass, or a Knife, would truck great Treasures of Gold and Pearl; and who had neither Knowledge nor Matter with which at Leisure they could penetrate our Steel: to which may be added, the Lightning and Thunder of our Pieces and Harquebusses, enough to fright *Cæsar* himself, if surpriz'd with so little Experience; and now, against naked People, if not, where the Invention of a little quilted Cotton was in use, without other Arms at the most, than *Bows*, *Stones*, *Staves*, and *Bucklers of Wood*; People surpriz'd under colour of Friendship and good Faith, by the Curiosity of seeing strange and unknown Things; take but away, I say, this Disparity from the Conquerors, and you take away all the Occasion of so many Victories. When I look upon that invincible Ardor wherewith so many thousands of Men, Women, and Children, have so often presented, and thrown themselves into inevitable Dangers for the Defence of their *Gods* and *Liberties*; that generous Obstinacy, to suffer all Extremities and Difficulties, and even Death it self, rather than submit to the Dominion

minion of those by whom they had been so shamefully abus'd; and some of them chusing rather to die of Hunger and Fasting, than to accept of Nourishment from the Hands of their so basely victorious Enemies: I foresee, that whoever would have attacked them upon equal Terms of Arms, Experience, and Number, would have had a hard, and perhaps a harder Game to play, than in any other War we have seen. Why did not so noble a Conquest fall under *Alexander*, or the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*; and so great a Revolution and Change of so many Empires and Nations, fall into Hands that might have rooted up and gently levell'd, and made plain and smooth whatever was rough and savage amongst them, and that might have cherished and propagated the good Seeds that Nature had there produced, mixed, not only with the Culture of Land, and the Ornament of Cities, the Arts of this Part of the World, in what was necessary, but also the *Greek* and *Roman* Virtues, with those that were Originals of the Country? What a particular Reparation had it been to them, and what a general Good to the whole World, had our first Examples and Deportment in those Parts allured those People to the Admiration and Imitation of Virtue, and had begot betwixt them and us a fraternal Society and Intelligence? How easy had it been to have made Advantage of Souls so innocent, and so eager to learn; having for the most part naturally so good Inclinations before? Whereas on the contrary, we have taken Advantage of their Ignorance and Inexperience, with greater Ease to incline them to Treachery, Luxury, Avarice, and towards all Sorts of Inhumanity and Cruelty, by the Pattern and Example of our Manners. Whoever inhanced the Price of Merchandize at such a Rate? So many Cities levelled with the Ground, so many Nations exterminated, so many Millions of People fallen by the Edge of the Sword, and the richest and most beautiful Part of the World turned upside down, for the Traffick of Pearl and Pepper: Mechanick Victories! Never did Ambition, never did Animosities engage Men against one another to such a Degree of Hostility and miserable Calamity! Certain *Spaniards* coasting the Sea in Quest of their Mines, landed in a fruitful, and pleasant, and very

very well peopled Country, and there made their usual Remonstrances to the Inhabitants. That they were peaceable Men, who were come from a very remote Country, and sent on the Behalf of the *King* of *Castile*, the greatest Prince of the habitable World, to whom the *Pope*, *God*'s Vicegerent upon Earth, had given the Principality of the *Indies*. That if they would become *Tributaries* to him, they should be very gently and courteously used, at the same time requiring of them Victuals for their Nourishment, and Gold whereof to make some pretended Medicine. They moreover remonstrated to them the Belief of the only *God*, and the Truth of our *Religion*, which they advised them to embrace, to which they also added some Threats. To which they received this Answer: *That as to their being peaceable, they did not seem to be such, if they were so. As to their King, he seemed to be necessitous and poor, because he asked, and he who had given him that Dividend, a Man that loved Dissention, to go give away that to another, which was none of his own, to bring it into Dispute against the ancient Possessors. As to Victuals, they would supply them; that of Gold they had little, it being a Thing they had in very small Esteem, as being of no Use to the Service of Life, whereas their Care was only bent to pass it over happily and pleasantly: but that what they could find, excepting what was employed in the Service of their Gods, they might freely take. As to one only God, the Proposition had pleased them well, but that they would not change their Religion, because they had so happily lived in it, and that they were not used to take Advice of any but their Friends, and those they knew. As to their Menaces, it was a Sign of want of Judgment, to threaten those whose Nature and Power was to them unknown. That therefore they were to make haste to avoid their Coast, for they were not used to take the Civilities and Remonstrances of arm'd Men and Strangers in good Part; otherwise they should do by them as they had done by those others, shewing them the Heads of several executed Men round the Wall of their City.* A fair Example of the Gibberish and beginning to speak of this Infancy. But so it is, that the *Spaniards* did neither in this nor several

The Offers of the Spaniards *to the discovered* Indians.

ſeveral other Places, where they did not find the Merchandize they ſought for, make any ſtay or any Attempt, whatever other Conveniencies were there to be had; witneſs the *Canibals*.

Of two the moſt puiſſant Monarchs of that World, and perhaps of this, *Kings* of ſo many *Kings*, and the laſt they exterminated; that of *Peru*, having been taken in a Battle, and put to ſo exceſſive a Ranſom as exceeds all Belief, and it being faithfully paid, and that he had by his Converſation given manifeſt Signs of a frank, liberal, and conſtant Spirit, and of a clear and ſettled Underſtanding; the Conquerors, after having exacted a Million, three hundred twenty five thouſand, and five hundred Weight of Gold, beſides Silver, and other Things which amounted to no leſs; (ſo that their Horſes were ſhod with maſſy Gold) had yet a Mind to ſee (at the Price of what Diſloyalty and Injuſtice ſoever) what the Remainder of the Treaſure of this *King* might be, and to poſſeſs themſelves of that alſo. To which End a falſe Accuſation was exhibited againſt him, and falſe Witneſſes brought in to prove that he went about to raiſe an Inſurrection in his Provinces, by that means to procure his own Liberty. Whereupon, by the virtuous Sentence of thoſe very Men, who had by this Treachery conſpired his Ruin, he was condemned to be publickly hang'd, after having made him buy off the Torment of being burnt alive, by the Baptiſm they gave him immediately before Execution. A horrid and unheard of Barbarity, which nevertheleſs he underwent without growing leſs either in Word or Look, with a truly grave and royal Behaviour. After which, to calm and appeaſe the People, daunted and aſtoniſhed at ſo ſtrange a Thing, they counterfeited great Sorrow for his Death, and appointed moſt ſumptuous Funerals. The other *King* of *Mexico*, after having a long time defended his beleaguer'd City, and in this Siege manifeſted the utmoſt of what Suffering and Perſeveration can do, if ever Prince and People did, and his Misfortune having delivered him alive into his Enemies Hands, upon Articles of being

The exceſſive Ranſom of the King of Peru.

Afterward hanged notwithſtanding.

The Siege of Mexico.

ing treated like a *King*; neither did he in his Captivity discover any thing unworthy of that Tie. His Enemies, after their Victory, no[illegible]ng so much Gold as they expected, when they h[illegible]ched and rifled with their utmost Diligence, the[illegible]ut to procure Discoveries by the most crue[illegible]hey could invent upon the Prisoners they h[illegible]t having profited nothing that Way, their Courages being greater than their Torments, they arrived at last to such a Degree of Fury, as contrary to their Faith, and the Law of Nations, to condemn the *King* himself, and one of the principal *Noblemen* of his Court to the Rack, in the Presence of one another. This *Lord* finding himself overcome with Pain, being environ'd with burning Coals, pitifully turned his dying Eyes towards his Master, as it were to ask him Pardon, that he was able to endure no more; whereat the *King* darting at him a fierce and severe Look, as reproaching his Cowardice and Pusillanimity, with a rough and steady Voice said to him thus only: *And what dost thou think I suffer*, said he, *am I in a Bath, am I more at Ease than thou?* Whereupon the other immediately quailed under the Torment, and died upon the Place. The King, half roasted, was carried thence; not so much out of Pity, (for what Compassion ever touched such barbarous Souls, who, upon the doubtful Information of some Vessel of Gold to be made a Prey of, caused not only a Man, but a *King* so great in Fortune and Desert, to be broil'd before their Eyes) but because his Constancy render'd their Cruelty still more shameful. They afterward hang'd him, for having nobly attempted to deliver himself by Arms from so long a Captivity, where he died with a Courage becoming so magnanimous a *Prince*.

The King taken Prisoner.

Put to the Rack.

Afterwards hang'd.

Another Time they burnt in one and the same Fire, four hundred and sixty Men alive at once; the four hundred, being of the common People, the sixty, the principal Lords of a Province; no other but mere Prisoners of War. We have these Narratives from themselves: for they do not only own it, but

Indian *Prisoners burnt alive by the* Spaniards.

but boaſt of it. Could it be for a Teſtimony of their Juſtice, or their Zeal to Religion! Doubtleſs theſe are Ways too differing, and contrary to ſo holy an End. Had they propoſed to themſelves to extend our Faith, they would have conſidered, that it does not amplify in the Poſſeſſion of Territories, but in the gaining of Men, and would have more than ſatisfied themſelves with the Slaughters occaſioned by the Neceſſity of War, without indifferently mixing a Maſſacre, as upon wild Beaſts, as univerſal as Fire and Sword could make it, having only, by their good Will, ſaved ſo many as they intended to make miſerable Slaves of, for the Work and Service of their *Mines:* So that many of the Captains were put to death upon the Place of Conqueſt, by Order of the *King* of *Caſtile*, juſtly offended with the Horror of their Deportments, and almoſt all of them hated and diſeſteemed. *God* did meritoriouſly permit that all this great Plunder ſhould be ſwallowed up by the Sea in Tranſportation, or by civil Wars, wherewith they devoured one another, and the greateſt Part was buried upon the Place, without any Fruit of their Victory. As to what concerns the *Revenue*, that being in the Hands of ſo parſimonious and ſo prudent a Prince, it ſo little anſwers the Expectation was given to his Predeceſſors of it, and that firſt Abundance of *Riches* which was found at the firſt Landing in thoſe new diſcovered Countries, (for though a great deal be fetched from thence, yet we ſee 'tis nothing in Compariſon of what might be expected) it is, that the Uſe of Coin was there utterly unknown, and that conſequently their Gold was found all hoarded together, being of no other Uſe but for Ornament and Show, as a Furniture reſerved from Father to Son, by many puiſſant Kings, who always drained their Mines to make this vaſt Heap of *Veſſels* and *Statues*, for the Decoration of their *Palaces* and *Temples*; whereas our Gold is always in Motion and Traffick: we cut ours into a thouſand ſmall Pieces, and caſt it into a thouſand Forms, and ſcatter and diſperſe it a thouſand Ways. But ſuppoſe our Kings ſhould thus hoard up all the Gold they could get in ſeveral Ages, and let it lie idle by them. Thoſe of the Kingdom of *Mexico* were in ſome Sort more civilized, and greater *Artiſts* than the other *Nations* that

were beyond them: Therefore did they judge as we do, that the World was near it's Period, and looked upon the Desolation we brought amongst them for a certain Sign of it. They believed that the Existence of the World was divided into five *Ages*, and the Life of five successive *Suns*, of which *four* had already ended their Time, and that which gave them Light was the *fifth*. The first perish'd with all other Creatures, by an universal Inundation of Water. The second, by the Heavens falling upon us, which suffocated every living Thing: to which Age they assign the *Giants*, and shew'd Bones to the *Spaniards*, according to the Proportion of which, the Stature of Men amounted to twenty Hands high. The third by Fire, which burnt and consumed all. The fourth, by an Emotion of the *Air* and *Wind* which came with such Violence as beat down even many Mountains; wherein the Men died not, but were turned into *Baboons*; (what Impressions will not the Weakness of human Belief admit?) After the Death of this fourth *Sun*, the World was twenty five Years in perpetual Darkness; in the fifteenth of which a Man and a Woman were created, that restored human Race: Ten Years after, upon a certain Day, the Sun appeared newly created, and since the Account of their Years take Beginning from that Day. The third Day after his Creation, the ancient *Gods* died; and the new ones are since born daily. After what manner they think this last *Sun* shall perish, my *Author* knows not. But their Number of this fourth Change agrees with the great Conjunction of Stars, that eight hundred and odd Years ago, as *Astrologers* suppose, produced great Alterations and Novelties in the World. As to Pomp and Magnificence, upon the Account of which I am engaged in this Discourse, neither *Greece*, *Rome*, nor *Ægypt*, whether for Utility, Difficulty, or State, compare any of their Works with the *Way* to be seen in *Peru*, made by the *Kings* of the Country, from the City of *Quitto*, to that of *Cusco*, (three hundred Leagues) straight, even five and twenty Paces wide, pav'd, and enclos'd on both Sides with high and beautiful Walls; and close by them on the Inside, two clear Rivulets, bordered with a beautiful Sort of a *Tree*, which they

The magnificent Causeway betwixt Quitto *and* Cusco.

they call *Molly:* in which Work, where they met with Rocks and Mountains, they cut them through, and made them even, and filled up Pits and Valleys with Lime and Stone to make them level. At the End of every Day's Journey are beautiful *Palaces*, furniſh'd with Proviſions, Veſtments, and Arms, as well for Travellers, as for the Armies that are to paſs that Way. In the Eſtimate of this Work, I have reckon'd the Difficulty, which is particularly conſiderable in that Place. They did not build with any Stones leſs than ten Foot ſquare: and had no other Conveniency of Carriage, but by drawing their Load themſelves by Force of Arms, and knew not ſo much as the Art of Scaffolding, nor any other Way of ſtanding to their Work, but by throwing up Earth againſt the Building, as it roſe higher, taking it away again when they had done. Let us here return to our Coaches, inſtead of which, and of all other Sorts of Carriages, they cauſed themſelves to be carried by Men, and upon their Shoulders. This laſt King of *Peru*, the Day that he was taken, was thus carried betwixt two upon Staves of Gold, and ſet in a Chair of Gold in the middle of his Battle. As many of theſe *Chairmen* as were killed to make him fall, (and they contended for it) took the Place of thoſe that were ſlain, ſo that they could never beat him down, what Slaughter ſoever they made of thoſe People, 'till a *Light-Horſeman* ſeizing upon him, brought him down.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Inconvenience of Greatneſs.

SINCE we cannot attain to Greatneſs, let us revenge ourſelves by railing at it: and yet it is not abſolutely railing againſt any thing to proclaim it's Defects, becauſe they are to be found in all Things, how beautiful, or how much ſoever to be coveted. Greatneſs has in general this manifeſt Advantage, that it can grow leſs when it

it pleases, and has very near the absolute Choice of both the one and the other Condition. For a Man does not fall from all Heights, there are several from which one may descend without falling down. It does indeed appear to me, that we value it at too high a Rate, and also over-value the Resolution of those whom we have either seen, or heard have contemn'd it, or displac'd themselves of their own Accord. It's Essence is not so evidently commodious, that a Man may not without a Miracle refuse it; I find it a very hard Thing to undergo Misfortunes, but to be content with a competent Measure of Fortune, and to avoid Greatness, I think a very easy Matter. 'Tis methinks a Virtue, to which I, who am none of the nicest, could without any great Endeavour arrive. What then is to be expected from them that would yet put into Consideration the Glory attending this Refusal, wherein there may lurk worse Ambition, than even in the Desire itself, and Fruition of Greatness? Forasmuch as Ambition never behaves itself better according to itself, than when it proceeds by obscure and unfrequented Ways. I incite my Courage to Patience, but I rein it as much as I can towards Desire. I have as much to wish for as another, and allow my Wishes as much Liberty and Indiscretion; but yet it never befel me to wish for either Empire or Royalty, for the Eminency of those high and commanding Fortunes. I do not aim that way, I love myself too well. When I think to grow greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a compell'd and timorous Advancement, such as is proper for me; in Resolution, in Prudence, in Health, in Beauty, and even in Riches too. But the supreme Reputation, and this mighty Authority oppress my Imagination. And quite contrary to some others, I should perhaps rather chuse to be the second or third in *Perigourd*, than the first at *Paris*; at least, without lying, the third, than the first at *Paris*. I would neither dispute, a miserable *unknown*, with a Nobleman's Porter, nor make Crowds open in Adoration as I pass: I am train'd up to a moderate Condition, as well by my Choice, as Fortune; and have made it appear in the whole Conduct of my Life and Enterprizes, that I have rather avoided than otherwise, the climbing above the Degree of Fortune in which *God* plac'd

plac'd me by my Birth: All natural Conſtitution is equally juſt and eaſy. My Soul is ſo ſneaking and mean, that I meaſure not good Fortune by the Heigth, but by the Facility. But if my Heart be not great enough, 'tis open enough to make amends at any one's Requeſt freely to lay open it's Weakneſs. Should any one put me upon comparing the Life of *L. Thorius Balbus*, a brave Man, handſom, learned, healthful, underſtanding, and abounding in all Sorts of Conveniencies and Pleaſures, leading a quiet Life, and all his own, his Mind well prepar'd againſt Death, Superſtition, Pains, and other Incumbrances of human Neceſſity; dying at laſt in Battle with his Sword in his Hand, for the Defence of his Country, on the one Part; and on the other Part, the Life of *M. Regulus*, ſo great and high as is known to every one, and his End admirable; the one without Name, and without Dignity, the other exemplary, and glorious to wonder: I ſhall doubtleſs ſay as *Cicero* did, could I ſpeak as well as he. But if I was to touch it in my own Phraſe, I ſhould then alſo ſay, that the firſt is as much according to my Capacity, and Deſire, which I conform to my Capacity, as the ſecond is far beyond it; that I could not approach the laſt but with Veneration, the other I would willingly attain by Cuſtom. But let us return to our Temporal Greatneſs, from which we are digreſs'd. I diſreliſh all Dominion, whether active or paſſive. *Otanes*, one of the ſeven who had Right to pretend to the Kingdom of *Perſia*, did, as I ſhould willingly have done; which was, that he gave up to his Competitors his Right of being promoted to it, either by Election or by Lot; provided, that he and his might live in the Empire out of all Authority and Subjection, thoſe of the ancient Laws excepted: and might enjoy all Liberty that was not prejudicial to them, as impatient of commanding, as of being commanded. The moſt painful and difficult Employment in the World, in my Opinion, is worthily to diſcharge the Office of a *King*. I excuſe more of their Miſtakes than Men commonly do, in Conſideration

A Sovereign Authority mov'd for a moderate Fortune.

That it is a troubleſom and difficult Employment to command.

of the intolerable Weight of their Function, which astonishes me. 'Tis hard to keep measure in so immeasurable a Power. Yet so it is, that to those who are not the best natur'd Men, it is a singular Incitement to Virtue, to be seated in a Place where you cannot do the least good that shall not be put upon Record; and where the least Benefit redounds to so many Men: and where your Talent of Administration, like that of *Preachers*, does principally address itself to the People, no very exact Judge, easy to be deceived, and easily content. There are few Things wherein we can give a sincere Judgment, by reason that there are few wherein we have not in some sort a particular Interest. Superiority and Inferiority, Dominion and Subjection are bound to a natural Envy and Contest, and must necessarily perpetually encroach upon one another. I neither believe the one nor the other touching the Rights of the adverse Party; let *Reason* therefore, which is inflexible and without Passion, determine. 'Tis not above a Month ago, that I read over two *Scotch Authors* contending upon this Subject; of which, he who stands for the People, makes *Kings* to be in a worse Condition than a *Carter*; and he who writes for *Monarchy*, places him some Degrees above *God Almighty* in Power and Sovereignty. Now the Inconveniency of *Greatness*, that I have made Choice of to consider in this Place, upon some Occasion that has lately put it into my Head, is this: There is not perhaps any Thing more pleasant in the Commerce of Men, than the Trials that we make against one another, out of Emulation of Honour and Valour, whether, in the Exercises of the Body, or in those of the Mind; wherein the Sovereign Greatness can have no true part. And, indeed, I have often thought, that through mere Force of Respect Men have us'd Princes disdainfully and injuriously in that Particular. For the Thing I was infinitely offended at in my Childhood, that they who exercis'd with me, forbore to do their best, because they found me unworthy of their utmost Endeavour, is what we see happen to them every Day, every one finding himself unworthy to contend with them. If we discover that they have the least Passion to have the better, there is no one who

The Inconveniency of Greatness.

who will not make it his Buſineſs to give it them, and who will not rather betray his own Glory, than offend theirs; and will therein employ ſo much Force only as is neceſſary to advance their Honour. What Share have they then in the Engagement, wherein every one is on their Sde? Methinks I ſee thoſe *Paladins* of ancient times preſenting themſelves to *Juſts*, with enchanted *Arms* and *Bodies*; *Briſſon* running againſt *Alexander*, purpoſely miſs'd his Blow, and made a Fault in his Career; *Alexander* chid him for it, but he ought to have had him whipt. Upon this Conſideration, *Carneades* ſaid, that the Sons of Princes learn'd nothing right, but to ride the great Horſe; by reaſon that in all their Exerciſes every one bends and yields to them: but a Horſe, that is neither a Flatterer nor a Courtier, throws the Son of a *King* with no more Remorſe, than he would do that of a *Porter*. *Homer* was compell'd to conſent, that *Venus*, ſo ſweet and delicate as ſhe was, ſhould be wounded at the Battle of *Troy*, thereby to aſcribe Courage and Boldneſs to her; Qualities that cannot poſſibly be in thoſe who are exempt from Danger. The *Gods* are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve, and to be tranſported with Paſſions, to honour them with the Virtues, that amongſt us are built upon theſe Imperfections. Who does not participate in the Hazard and Difficulty, can pretend no Intereſt in the Honour and Pleaſure that are the Conſequents of hazardous Actions. 'Tis pity a Man ſhould be ſo potent that all things muſt give way to him. *Fortune* therein ſets you too remote from Society, and places you in too great a Solitude. This Eaſineſs and mean Facility of making all things bow under you, is an Enemy to all Sorts of Pleaſure. This is to ſlide, not to go, this is to ſleep, and not to live. Conceive Man accompanied with Omnipotency, you throw him into an *Abyſs*: he muſt beg Diſturbance and Oppoſition as an Alms. His Being and his Good is indigent: Their good Qualities are dead and loſt; for they are not to be perceived, but by Compariſon, and we put them out of it: they have little Knowledge of the true Praiſe, having their Ears

The Paladins.

Riding the great Horſe *the only true Exerciſe of the Sons of Princes.*

ſtunn'd with ſo continual and uniform an Approbation. Have they to do with the meaneſt of all their Subjects? They have no means to take any Advantage of him, if he ſay, *'Tis becauſe he is my King*, he thinks he has ſaid enough to expreſs, that he therefore ſuffered himſelf to be overcome. This Quality ſtifles and conſumes the other true and eſſential Qualities: They are involv'd in the Royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themſelves withal, but Actions that directly concern themſelves, and that meerly reſpect the Function of their Place. 'Tis ſo much to be a *King*, that he only is ſo by being ſo; the ſtrange Luſtre that ſurrounds him, conceals and ſhrowds him from us; Our Sight is there repelled and diſſipated, being ſtop'd and filled by this prevailing Light. The *Senate* awarded the Prize of Eloquence to *Tiberius*; he refus'd it, ſuppoſing, that though it had been juſt, he could derive no Advantage from a Judgment ſo partial, and that was ſo little free to judge. As we give them all Advantages of Honour, ſo do we ſooth and authorize all their Vices and Defects, not only by Approbation, but by Imitation alſo. Every one of *Alexander*'s Followers carried their Heads awry, as he did; and the Flatterers of *Dionyſius* run againſt one another in his Preſence, ſtumbled at, and over-turn'd whatever was under-foot, to ſhew they were as pur-blind as he. Natural Imperfections have ſometimes alſo ſerved to recommend a Man to Favour. I have ſeen Deafneſs affected: and becauſe the Maſter hated his Wife, *Plutarch* has ſeen his Courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved: And which is yet more, Uncleanneſs and all Manner of Diſſolution has been in Faſhion; as alſo Diſloyalty, Blaſphemies, Cruelty, Hereſy, Superſtition, Irreligion, Effeminacy, and worſe if worſe there be. And by an Example yet more dangerous than that of *Mithridates*'s Flatterers, who, by how much their Maſter pretended to the Honour of a good Phyſician, came to him to have Inciſions and Cauteries made in their Limbs; for theſe others ſuffered the Soul, a more delicate and noble Part, to be cauteriz'd. But

The Prize of Eloquence refus'd by Tiberius, *and why.*

Dionyſius *his Flatterers.*

Thoſe of Mithridates.

to end where I begun: The Emperor *Adrian* disputing with the Philosopher *Favorinus* about the Interpretation of some Word: *Favorinus* soon yielded him the Victory; for which his Friends rebuking him; *You talk simply*, said he, *would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty Legions? Augustus* wrote Verses against *Asinius Pollio*, and I said *Pollio*, say nothing, for it is not Prudence to write in contest with him who has Power to proscribe: And he was in the right; for *Dionysius*, because he could not equal *Philoxenus* in *Poetry*, and *Plato* in *Discourse*, condemn'd one to the *Quarries*, and sent the other to be sold for a Slave in the Island of *Ægina*.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Art of Conferring.

'TIS the Custom of our Justice to condemn some for a Warnings to other. To condemn them for having done amiss, were Folly, as *Plato* says, for what is done can never be undone; but 'tis that they may offend no more, and that others may avoid the Example of their Offence: we do not correct the Man we hang, we correct others by him. I do the same. My Errors are sometimes natural, incorrigible and irremediable: but the Good which virtuous Men do the Publick in making themselves imitated, I perhaps may do in making my Manners avoided.

Nonne vides Albi ut malè vivat filius utque
Barrus *inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam*
Perdere quis velit *.

Do but observe the wealthy *Albius'* Son,
Into what Want he is by Wildness run;

* *Horace, l.* 1. *Sat.* 4.

See what a ſhabby Fellow *Barrus* is grown,
Barrus, the ranting'ſt Gallant of the Town:
A good Inſtruction for young *Heirs* that they
Should not their Patrimony fool away *.

While I publiſh and accuſe my own Imperfections, ſome body will learn to be afraid of them. The Parts that I moſt eſteem in myſelf derive more Honour from decrying, than from commending my own Manners: which is the Reaſon why I ſo often fall into, and ſo much inſiſt upon that Strain. But, when all is ſumm'd up, a Man never ſpeaks of himſelf without Loſs. A Man's Accuſations of himſelf are always believ'd, his Praiſes never. Perhaps there may be ſome of my own Complexion, who better inſtruct me by Contrariety than Similitude, and more by avoiding than imitating. The elder *Cato* had a regard to this ſort of Diſcipline, when he ſaid, *that the Wiſe may learn more of Fools, than Fools can of the Wiſe*; and *Pauſanias* tells us of an ancient Player upon the *Harp*, who uſed to make his Scholars go to hear one that played very ill, and liv'd over-againſt him, that they might learn to hate his Diſcords and falſe Meaſures. The Horror of Cruelty more inclines me to Clemency, than any Example of Clemency could poſſibly do. A good *Rider* does not ſo much mend my Seat, as an aukward Attorney, or a *Venetian* on Horſe-back; and a clowniſh Way of Speaking does more reform mine, than the queinteſt *Dialect*. The ridiculous and ſimple Look of another does always advertiſe and adviſe me; that which pricks, rouzes, and incites much better than that which tickles. The Time is now proper that we ſhould reform backward, more by diſſenting than agreeing, by differing than conſenting. Profiting little by good Examples, I make uſe of thoſe that are ill, which alſo are every where to be found; I endeavour to render myſelf as agreeable as I ſee others offenſive, as conſtant as I ſee others fickle, as affable as I ſee others rough, and as good as I ſee others evil. But I propoſe to myſelf invincible Meaſures. The moſt fruitful and natural Exerciſe of the Mind, in my Opinion,

* *Mr.* Alexander Brome.

is

is Conference; I find the Uſe of it more ſweet than of any other Action of Life: And for that Reaſon it is, that if I were now compell'd to chooſe, I ſhould ſooner, I think, conſent to loſe my Sight, than my Hearing and Speech. The *Athenians*, and alſo the *Romans*, kept this Exerciſe in great Honour in their *Academies*. The *Italians* retain ſome Footſteps of it to this Day to their great Advantage, as is manifeſt by the Compariſon of our Underſtandings with theirs. The Study of Books is a languiſhing and feeble Motion, that heats not, whereas Conference teaches and exerciſes at once. If I confer with an underſtanding Man, and a rude Jeſter, he preſſes hard upon, and wounds me on both ſides; his Imagination raiſes up mine to a more than ordinary pitch. Jealouſy, Glory, and Contention, ſtimulate and raiſe me up to ſomething above myſelf; and a Conſent of Judgment is a Quality totally offenſive in Conference. But, as our Minds fortify themſelves by the Communication of vigorous and regular Underſtandings; 'tis not to be expreſs'd how much they loſe and degenerate by the continual Commerce and Frequency we have with thoſe that are mean and low. There is no Contagion that ſpreads like that: I know ſufficiently by Experience what 'tis worth a Yard. I love to diſcourſe and diſpute, but it is but with few Men, and for myſelf; for to do it as a Spectacle and Entertainment to great Perſons, and to vaunt of a Man's Wit and Eloquence, is, in my Opinion, very unbecoming a Man of Honour. Impertinency is a ſcurvy Quality, but not to be able to endure it, to fret and vex at it, as I do, is another ſort of Diſeaſe, little inferior to Impertinence itſelf; and is the Thing that I will accuſe in myſelf. I enter into Conference, and diſpute with great Liberty and Eaſe, foraſmuch as Opinion meets in me with a Soil very unfit for Penetration, and wherein to take any deep Root: no Propoſitions aſtoniſh me, no Belief offends me, though never ſo contrary to my own. There is no Fancy ſo frivolous and extravagant that does not ſeem to me ſuitable to the Product of Human Wit. We, who deprive our Judgments of the Right of Determining, look indifferently upon various Opinions, and

Conference of greater Advantage than the Reading of Books.

if we incline not our Judgments to them, yet we eaſily give them the Hearing. Where one Scale is totally empty, I let the other waver under old Wives Dreams. And I think myſelf excuſable, if I rather chuſe the odd Number, *Thurſday*, rather than *Friday*; and if I had rather be twelfth or fourteenth, than the thirteenth at Table; if I had rather on a Journey ſee a *Hare* run by me than croſs my way; and rather give my Man my left Foot than my right, when he comes to dreſs me. All ſuch Whimſies as are in Uſe amongſt us, deſerve at leaſt to be hearkned unto. For my Part, they only with me import Inanity, but they import that. Moreover, vulgar and caſual Opinions are conſidered as Things of Moment, and are indeed ſomething more than nothing in Nature; and who will not ſuffer himſelf to proceed ſo far, perhaps falls into the Vice of Obſtinacy, to avoid that of Superſtition. The Contradictions of Judgments then do neither offend nor alter, they only rouze and exerciſe me. We evade Correction, whereas we ought to offer and preſent ourſelves to it, eſpecially when it appears in the Form of Conference, and not of Authority. At every Oppoſition, we do not conſider whether or no it be juſt, but right or wrong, how to diſengage ourſelves: inſtead of extending the Arms, we thruſt out our Claws. I could ſuffer myſelf to be rudely handled by my Friend, ſo much as to tell me that I am a Fool, and talk I know not of what. I love ſtout Expreſſions amongſt brave Men, and to have them ſpeak as they think. We muſt fortify and harden our Hearing againſt this Tenderneſs of ceremonious Sound of Words. I love a ſtrong and manly Familiarity and Converſation; a Friendſhip that flatters itſelf in the Sharpneſs and Vigour of its Communication; like Love, in biting and ſcratching. It is not vigorous and generous enough, if it be not quarrelſom, if civiliz'd and artificial, if it treads nicely, and fears the Shock. *Neque enim diſputari ſine reprehenſione poteſt* *, *Neither can a Man diſpute, but he muſt reprehend.* When any one contradicts me, he raiſes my Attention, not my Anger; I advance towards him that controverts and inſtructs me. The *Cauſe* of Truth ought to be the common *Cauſe*

* *Cicero de Finib. l.* 1.

both

both of one and the other: What will he anſwer? The Paſſion of Anger has already confounded his Judgment; *Amazement* has uſurp'd the Place of Reaſon. It were not amiſs, that the Deciſion of our Diſputes ſhould paſs by Wager: that there might be a material Mark of our Loſſes, to the End we might the better remember them; and that my Man might tell me, *Your Ignorance and Obſtinacy coſt you laſt Year, at ſeveral times, an hundred Crowns.* I embrace and careſs *Truth* in what Hand ſoever I find it, and chearfully ſurrender myſelf, and my conquer'd Arms, as far off as I can diſcover it: and, provided it be not too imperiouſly, take a Pleaſure in being reprov'd, and accommodate myſelf to my Accuſers, very often more by Reaſon of Civility than Amendment, loving to gratify and nouriſh the Liberty of Admonition, by my Facility of ſubmitting to it. Nevertheleſs it is hard to bring the Men of my Time to it. They have not the Courage to correct, becauſe they have not the Courage to ſuffer themſelves to be corrected, and ſpeak always with Diſſimulation in the Preſence of one another. I take ſo great Pleaſure in being judg'd and known, that it is upon the Matter indifferent to me in which of the two Forms I am ſo: My Imagination does ſo often contradict and condemn itſelf, that 'tis all one to me if another do it, eſpecially conſidering that I give his Reprehenſion no greater Authority than what I will myſelf. But I break with him, who carries himſelf ſo high, as I know ſome do, that repents his Advertiſement, if not believ'd, and take it for an Affront if it be not immediately follow'd. In that *Socrates* always receiv'd ſmiling the Contradictions oppos'd againſt his Arguments, a Man may ſay his Strength of *Reaſon* was the Cauſe, and the Advantage being certain to fall on his ſide, he accepted them as Matter of new Victory. Nevertheleſs, we ſee on the contrary, that nothing in Argument renders our Sentiments ſo delicate, as the Opinion of Preheminency and Diſdain of the Adverſary; and that in Reaſon, 'tis rather for the Weaker to take in good Part the Oppoſitions that correct him and ſet him right. Indeed I chuſe the frequenting thoſe that ruffle me rather than thoſe that fear me. 'Tis a dull and hurtful Pleaſure to have to do with People who admire us, and approve

of

of all we ſay. *Antiſthenes* commanded his Children, never to take it kindly, or for a Favour from any Man that commended them. I find I am much prouder of the Victory I obtain over myſelf, when even in the Ardour of Diſpute, I make myſelf ſubmit to my Adverſaries Force of Reaſon; then I am pleas'd with the Victory I obtain over him through his Weakneſs. In fine, I receive and admit of all manner of Attacks that are direct, how weak ſoever: but I am too impatient of thoſe that are made out of Form. I care not what the Subject is, the Opinions are to me all one, and I am as indifferent whether I get the better or the worſe: I can peaceably argue a whole Day together, if the Argument be carried on with Order. I do not ſo much require Force and Subtilty, as Method. I mean the Order which we every Day obſerve in the wrangling of Shepherds and Apprentices, but never amongſt us. If they ſtart from their Subject, 'tis an Incivility, and yet we do it. But their Tumult and Impatience never puts them out of their *Theme*. Their Argument ſtill continues its Courſe. If they prevent and do not ſtay for one another, they at leaſt underſtand one another very well. Any one anſwers too well for me, if he anſwers what I ſay. But when the Diſpute is irregular and perplex'd, I leave the thing, and inſiſt upon the Form with Anger and Indiſcretion; and fall into a wilful, malicious, and imperious Way of Diſputation, of which I am afterwards aſham'd. 'Tis impoſſible to deal honeſtly and fairly with a Fool. My Judgment is not only corrupted under the Hand of ſo impetuous a Maſter, but my Conſcience alſo. Our Diſputes ought to be interdicted, and puniſh'd as well as other verbal Crimes. What Vice do they not raiſe and heap up, being always govern'd and commanded by Paſſion? We firſt quarrel with their Reaſons, and then with the Men. We only learn to diſpute, that we may contradict, and ſo every one contradicting, and being contradicted, it falls out that the Fruit of Diſputation is to loſe and nullify *Truth*; and therefore it is that *Plato* in his *Republick* prohibits this Exerciſe to Fools and ill-bred People. To what End do you go about to enquire of him who knows nothing to purpoſe? A Man does no Injury to the Subject, when he leaves it to ſeek how he may defend it.

I do not mean by an artificial and ſcholaſtick Way, but by a natural one, with a ſound Underſtanding. What will it be in the End? One flies to the *Eaſt*, the other to the *Weſt*, they loſe the Principal, and wander in the Crowd of Incidents. After an Hour of Tempeſt they know not what they ſeek: One is low, the other high, and a third wide. One catches at a Word and a *Simile*; another is no longer ſenſible of what is ſaid in Oppoſition to him, and thinks of going on at his own Rate, not of anſwering you. Another finding himſelf too weak to make good his Reſt, fears all, refuſes all, and, at the very Beginning, confounds the Subjects: or in the very Height of the Diſpute ſtops ſhort, and grows ſilent: by a peeviſh Ignorance affecting a proud Contempt; or by an unreaſonable Modeſty ſhuns any further Debate. Provided that this ſtrikes, he cares not how much he lays himſelf open; the other counts his Words, and weighs them for Reaſon. Another only brawls, and makes uſe of the Advantage of his Lungs. Here's one that learnedly concludes againſt himſelf, and another that deafs you with Prefaces. and ſenſeleſs Digreſſions: Another falls into downright Railing, and ſeeks a ridiculous Quarrel, to diſengage himſelf from a Wit that preſſes too hard upon him: And a laſt Man ſees nothing into the Reaſon of the Thing, but draws a Line of Circumvallation about you of *Dialectick* Clauſes, and the *Formula's* of his *Art*. Now who would not enter into Diſtruſt of Sciences, and doubt whether he can reap from them any ſolid Fruit for the Service of Life; conſidering the Uſe we put them to? *Nihil ſanantibus literis*. Who has got Underſtanding by his Logick? Where are all her fair Promiſes? *Nec ad melius vivendum, nec ad commodius diſſerendum* *; *it neither makes a Man live better, nor diſpute more commodiouſly*. Is there more Noiſe or Confuſion in the Scolding of Fiſh-Wives, than in the publick Diſpute of Men of this Profeſſion; I had rather my Son ſhould learn in a *Tap-Houſe* to ſpeak, than in the *School* to prate. Take a Maſter of Arts, confer with him, Why does he not make us ſenſible of

* *Seneca.*

this

this artificial Excellence? Why does he not ravish Women, and Ignorants, as we are, with Admiration at the Steadiness of his *Reasons*, and the Beauty of his Order? Why does he not sway and persuade us to what he will? Why does a Man who has so great Advantage in Matter, mix Railing, Indiscretion, and Fury in his Disputation? Strip him of his Gown, his Hood, and his Latin; let him batter our Ears with *Aristotle*, who is wholly pure, and wholly believ'd, you will take him for one of us, or worse. Whilst they torment us with this Complication and Confusion of Words, it fares with them, methinks, as with Jugglers; their Dexterity imposes upon our Senses, but does not at all work upon our Belief; this *Legerdemain* excepted, they inform nothing that is not very ordinary and mean: For being the more Learn'd they are nevertheless Fools. I love and honour Knowledge, as much as they that have it. And in it's true Use, 'tis the most noble, and the greatest Acquisition of Men: But in such as I speak of (and the Number of them is infinite) who build their fundamental Sufficiency and Value upon it; who appeal from their Understanding to their Memory, *sub aliena umbra latentes*; and who can do nothing but by Book; I hate it, if I may dare to say so, worse than Stupidity itself. In my Country, and in my Time, Learning improves Fortunes enough, but not Minds. If it meet with those that are dull and heavy, it overcharges and suffocates them, leaving them a crude and undigested Mass: If airy and fine, it purifies, clarifies, and subtilizes them, even to Examination. 'Tis a Thing of almost indifferent Quality; a very useful Accession to a well-born Soul, but hurtful and pernicious to others; or rather, a Thing of very precious Use, that it will not suffer itself to be purchased at an Under-rate. In the Hand of some 'tis a *Scepter*, in that of others a *Fool's Bauble*. But let us proceed, What greater Victory can you expect, than to make your Enemy see and know that he is not able to encounter you? When you get the better of your Argument, 'tis *Truth* that wins; when you get the Advantage of Fame and Method, 'tis then you that win. I am of Opinion, that in *Plato* and *Xenophon*, *Socrates* disputes more in favour of Disputants,

putants, than in favour of the Diſpute, and more to inſtruct *Euthydemus* and *Protagoras* in the Knowledge of their Impertinence, than in the Impertinence of their Art. He takes hold of the firſt Subject, like one that has a more profitable End than to explain it, namely, to clear the Underſtanding, that he takes upon him to inſtruct and exerciſe. To hunt after Truth is properly our Buſineſs, and we are inexcuſable if we carry on the Chace impertinently and ill: to fail of ſeiſing it is another Thing. For we are born to inquire after *Truth*, it belongs to a greater Power to poſſeſs it. It is not, as *Democritus* ſaid, hid in the Bottom of the Deeps; but rather elevated to an infinite Height in the divine Knowledge. The World is but a School of Inquiſition. It is not who ſhall carry the *Ring*, but who ſhall run the beſt *Courſes*. He may as well play the Fool who ſpeaks true, as he that ſpeaks falſe; for we are upon the Manner, not the Matter of Speaking. 'Tis my Humour as much to regard the *Form* as the *Subſtance*, and the *Advocates* as much as the *Cauſe*; as *Alcibiades* order'd we ſhould: And every Day paſs away my Time in reading *Authors*, without any Conſideration of their Learning; their Method is what I look after, not their Subject; how, not what they write: And juſt ſo to do I hunt after the Converſation of an eminent Wit, not that he may teach me, but that I may know him; and that being acquainted, if I think him worthy of Imitation, I may imitate him. Every Man may ſpeak Truly, but Methodically, and Prudently, and Fully, is a Talent that few Men have. The *Falſity* alſo that proceeds from Ignorance does not offend me, but the *Foppery* of it. I have broken off ſeveral Treaties that would have been of Advantage to me, by reaſon of the Impertinence of thoſe with whom I treated. I am not mov'd once in a Year at the Faults of thoſe over whom I have Authority; but upon the Account of the ridiculous Obſtinacy of their Excuſes, we are every Day going together by the Ears: They neither underſtand what is ſaid, nor why, and anſwer accordingly, which would make a Man mad. I never feel any Hurt upon my Head but when 'tis knock'd againſt another, and more

more easily forgive the Vices of my Servants, than their Boldness, Importunity, and Folly. Let them do less, provided they understand what they do. You live in Hopes to warm their Affection to your Service; but there is nothing to be had or to be hop'd for from a Log. But what if I take Things otherwise than they are? perhaps I do: and therefore it is that I accuse my own Impatience; and hold in the first Place, that it is equally vicious both in him that is in the Right, and him that is in the Wrong; for 'tis always a tyrannick Sourness, not to endure a Form contrary to ones own: And besides, there cannot in Truth be a greater, more constant, nor more irregular Folly, than to be mov'd and angry at the Follies of the World, for it principally makes us quarrel with our selves; and the old *Philosopher* never wanted Occasion for his Tears, whilst he consider'd himself. *Miso*, one of the seven *Sages*, of a *Timonian* and *Democritick* Humour, being asked, * *what he laughed at, being alone? That I do laugh alone*, answered he. How many ridiculous Things, in my own Opinion, do I say, and answer every Day that comes over my Head? and then how many more, according to the Opinion of others? If I bite my own Lips, what ought others to do? In fine, we must live amongst the Living, and *let the River run under the Bridge*, without Care, or at least, without our Alteration. To speak the Truth, why do we meet a Man with a hump Back, or any other Deformity, without being mov'd, and cannot endure the Encounter of a deform'd Mind without being angry? This vicious Sourness relishes more of the Judge than the Crime. Let us always have this Saying of *Plato* in our Mouths; *Do not I think Things unsound, because I am not sound my self? Am I not my self in Fault? may not my Observation reflect upon my self?* A wise and divine Saying, that lashes the most universal and common Error of Mankind; not only the Reproaches that we throw in the Faces of one another, but our Reasons also, our Arguments and Controversies are

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* *Heraclitus.*

rebound-

reboundable upon us, and we wound our ſelves with our own Weapons. Of which Antiquity has left me grave Examples enough. It was ingeniouſly, and home ſaid, by him who was the Inventor of this Sentence,

Stercus cuique ſuum bene olet *.

We ſee nothing behind us. We mock our ſelves a hundred times a Day, when we deride our Neighbour, and deteſt in others the Defects which are more manifeſt in us, and admire them with a marvellous Inadvertency and Impudence. It was but Yeſterday, that I ſaw a Man of Underſtanding, as pleaſantly as juſtly ſcoffing at the Folly of another, who did nothing but torment every Body with the Catalogue of his Genealogy and Alliances above half of them falſe, (for they are moſt apt to fall into ſuch ridiculous Diſcourſes, whoſe Qualities are moſt dubious, and leaſt ſure;) and yet, would he but have look'd into himſelf, he would have diſcern'd himſelf to be no leſs intemperate and impertinent, in extolling his Wife's Pedigree. Oh importunate Preſumption, with which the Wife ſees her ſelf arm'd by the Hands of her own Huſband! Did he underſtand *Latin*, we ſhould ſay to him,

Age, ſi hæc non inſanit ſatis ſua ſponte, inſtiga †.

If of her ſelf ſhe be not made enough,
Faith urge her on unto the utmoſt Proof.

I do not ſay, that no Man ſhould accuſe who is not clean himſelf, for then no one would ever accuſe, becauſe none is abſolutely clean from the ſame Sort of Spot; but I mean, that our Judgment, falling upon another whoſe Name is then in Queſtion, does not at the ſame Time ſpare our ſelves, but ſentences us with an inward ſevere Authority. 'Tis an Office of Charity, that he who cannot reclaim himſelf from a Vice,

* *Eraſm. Adag.* † *Teren. And. Act.* 4. *ſc.* 2.

ſhould nevertheleſs endeavour to remove it from another, in whom perhaps it may not have ſo deep and malignant a Root. Neither do I think it an Anſwer to the purpoſe, to tell him, who reproves me for my Fault, that he himſelf is guilty of the ſame. What by that? The Reproof is notwithſtanding true, and of very good uſe. Had we a good Noſe, our own Ordure would ſtink worſe to us, foraſmuch as it is our own. And *Socrates* is of Opinion, that whoever ſhould find himſelf, his Son, and a Stranger guilty of any Violence and Wrong, ought to begin with himſelf, to preſent himſelf firſt to the Sentence of Juſtice, and to purge himſelf, implore the Aſſiſtance of the Hand of the Executioner; in the next Place he ſhould proceed to his Son, and laſtly, to the Stranger. If this Precept ſeems too ſevere, he ought at leaſt to preſent himſelf the firſt to the Puniſhment of his own Conſcience. The Senſes are our proper and firſt Judges, which perceive not Things but by external Accidents; and 'tis no wonder, if in all the Parts of the Service of our Society, there is ſo perpetual and univerſal a Mixture of Ceremonies, and ſuperficial Appearance; inſomuch that the beſt and moſt effectual Part of our Policies conſiſt therein; 'Tis ſtill Man with whom we have to do, of whom the Condition is wonderfully Corporal. Let thoſe, who of theſe late Years would erect for us ſo contemplative and immaterial an Exerciſe of Religion, not wonder if there be ſome who think it had vaniſh'd and melted through their Fingers, had it not more upheld itſelf amongſt us as a Mark, Title and Inſtrument of Diviſion and Faction, than by itſelf. As in Conference, the Gravity, Robes and Fortune of him that ſpeaks, often give Reputation to vain Arguments and idle Words; it is not to be preſum'd, but that a Man ſo attended and fear'd has in him more than ordinary Sufficiency; and that he to whom the King has given ſo many Offices and Commiſſions, ſo ſupercilious and proud, has not a great deal more in him, than another that ſalutes him at ſo great a Diſtance, and who has no Employment at all. Not only the Words but the four Looks alſo of theſe People are conſidered and recorded; every one making it his Buſineſs to give them ſome

fine

fine and ſolid Interpretation. If they ſtoop to common Conference, and that you offer any thing but Approbation and Reverence, they then knock you down with the Authority of their Experience; they have heard, they have ſeen, they have done ſo and ſo, you are cruſh'd with Examples. I ſhould tell them, that the Fruit of a *Chirurgeon*'s Experience is not the *Hiſtory* of his Practices, and his remembring that he has cur'd four People of the *Plague*, and three of the *Gout*, unleſs he knows how from hence to extract ſomething whereon to form his Judgment, and to make us ſenſible that he is become more ſkilful in his Art. As in a Concert of Inſtruments, we do not hear a *Lute*, a *Harpſical*, or a *Flute* alone, but one intire Harmony of all together. If Travel and Offices have improv'd them, 'tis a Product of their Underſtanding to make it appear. 'Tis not enough to reckon Experiments, they muſt weigh and ſort them, digeſt and diſtil them, to extract the Reaſons and Concluſions they carry along with them. There were never ſo many *Hiſtorians*. It is indeed good, and of uſe to read them; for they furniſh us every where with excellent and laudable Inſtructions from the Magazine of their Memory, which doubtleſs is of great Concern to the Relief of Life; but 'tis not that we ſeek for now: We examine whether theſe Relators and Collectors of Things are commendable themſelves. I hate all Sorts of Tyranny, whether verbal or effectual. I am very ready to oppoſe theſe vain Circumſtances that delude our Judgments by the Senſes; and whilſt I lye upon my Guard from theſe extraordinary Grandeurs, I find that, at beſt, they are but Men, as others are;

Rarus enim ferme Senſus communis in illa
Fortuna *.

——For 'tis rare
If mighty Fortunes common Senſe can ſhare †.

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* *Juven. Sat.* 8. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

Perhaps we esteem and look upon them far less than they are, by reason they undertake more, and more expose themselves, they do not answer the Charge they have undertaken. There must be more Vigour and Strength in the Bearer, than the Burden; he who has not lifted as much as he can, leaves you to guess, that he has still a Strength beyond that; and that he has not been try'd to the utmost of what he is able to do; he who sinks under his Load makes a Discovery of his best, and the Weakness of his Shoulders. This is the Reason that we see so many silly People amongst the Learned, and more than those of the better Sort: they would have made good Husbandmen, good Merchants, and good Artizans: their natural Vigour was cut out to that Proportion. Knowledge is a Thing of great Weight, they faint under it: their Understanding has neither Vigour nor Dexterity enough to set forth and distribute, to employ or make use of this rich and powerful Matter. It has no prevailing Virtue but in a strong Nature, and such Natures are very rare. And the weak ones, says *Socrates*, spoil the Dignity of *Philosophy* in the handling. It appears useless and vicious, when lodg'd in an ill contriv'd Mind. They spoil and make Fools of themselves.

Humani qualis simulator simius oris,
Quem puer aridens, pretioso stamine serum
Velavit, nudasque nates, ac terga reliquit
Ludibrium mensis *.

Just like an Ape, that in his Face does bear
Of Man the counterfeited Character,
Whom wanton Boys to Table-laughter move,
Have dizen'd up in richest Silks above,
And the Ape more ridiculous to show,
The raw, bald Buttocks naked left below.

Neither is it enough for those who govern and command us, and have all the World in their Hand to have a common Understanding, and to be able to do the same that we can. They are very much below us, if they be not

* *Claudian.*

infinitely above us. As they promiſe more, ſo they are to perform more, and yet Silence is to them not only a Countenance of Reſpect and Gravity, but very often of good Huſbandry too: for *Megabyſus* going to ſee *Apelles* in his Painting Room, ſtood a great while without ſpeaking a Word, and at laſt began to talk of his Paintings, for which he received this rude Reproof; *Whilſt thou waſt ſilent, thou ſeem'dſt to be ſome extraordinary Perſon, by reaſon of thy Chain and Rich Habit, but now that we have heard thee ſpeak, there is not the meaneſt Boy in my Shop that does not deſpiſe thee.* Thoſe princely Ornaments, and that mighty State, did not permit him to be ignorant with a common Ignorance, and to ſpeak impertinently of Painting; he ought to have kept this external and preſumptive Knowledge ſilent. To how many Puppies of my time has a ſullen and ſilent Behaviour procur'd the Opinion of Prudence and Capacity? Dignities and Offices are of neceſſity conferred more by Fortune than upon the Account of Merit, and we are to blame, to condemn *Kings* when they are miſplaced. On the contrary, 'tis a wonder they ſhould have ſo good Luck where there is ſo little Skill;

Dignities more diſtributed by Fortune than Merit.

Principis eſt virtus maxima, noſſe ſuos *.

There's of a Prince's Virtues none
So great as that he knows his own.

For Nature has not given them a Sight that can extend to ſo many People, to diſcern which excels the reſt, nor to penetrate into our Boſoms, where the Knowledge of our Wills and beſt Value lies. They muſt chuſe us by conjecture and by groping; by the Family, Wealth, Learning, and the Voice of the People, which are all very feeble Arguments. Whoever could find out a way that a Man might judge by Juſtice, and chuſe Men by Reaſon, would in one thing eſtabliſh a perfect Form of Government. Ay, but he brought this great Affair to a very good paſs. That is indeed to ſay ſomething, but

* *Martial.*

not to say enough. For this Sentence is justly receiv'd, *That we are not to judge of Counsels by* Events. The *Carthaginians* punish'd the ill Counsels of their Captains, though the Issue was successful, and the People of *Rome* have often deny'd a *Triumph* for great and very advantageous Victories, because the Conduct of the *General* was not answerable to his good Fortune. We ordinarily see in the Actions of the World, that *Fortune*, to shew us her Power in all Things, and that she takes a Pride to abate our Presumption, seeing she could not make Fools wise, she has made them fortunate in Envy of Virtue; and favours those Executions most, the Web of which is most purely her own. Whence it is that we daily see the simplest amongst us bring to pass great Business, both publick and private. And, as *Syrannez* the *Persian* answer'd those who wonder'd that his Affairs succeeded so ill, considering that his Deliberations were so wise, *that he was sole Master of his Designs, but that the Success was wholly in the Power of Fortune.* These may answer the same, but with a contrary *Bias*, most worldly Affairs are govern'd and perform'd by her.

Fata viam inveniunt *.

The Event does often justify a very foolish Conduct. Our Interposition is nothing more than as it were a running on by Rote, and more commonly a Consideration of Custom and Example, than of Reason. Being astonish'd at the Greatness of the Execution, I have formerly been acquainted with their Motives and Address by those who have perform'd it, and have found nothing in it, but very ordinary Counsels; and the most vulgar and useful are also perhaps the most sure and convenient for Practice, if not for Shew. And what if the plainest Reasons are the best seated? the meanest, lowest, and most beaten more adapted to Affairs? To maintain the Authority of the Counsels of Kings, 'tis not fit that profane Persons should participate of them, or see farther into them than the

How the Authority of the Counsels of Kings is to be preserv'd.

* *Virg. Æn. l.* 3.

outermost

outermoſt Bar. He that will huſband his Reputation, muſt be reverenc'd upon Credit, and taken altogether. My Conſolation gives the firſt Lines to the Matter, and conſiders it lightly by the firſt Face it preſents: The Streſs and Main of the Buſineſs I have ſtill referr'd to Heaven:

Permitte divis cætera *.

good and ill Fortune are in my Opinion two Sovereign Powers. 'Tis Folly to think that human *Prudence* can play the Part of *Fortune*; and vain is his Attempt, who preſumes to comprehend Cauſes and Conſequences, and by the Hand to conduct the Progreſs of his Deſign; and moſt eſpecially vain in the Deliberations of War. There was never greater Circumſpection and military Prudence, than ſometimes is ſeen amongſt us: Can it be that Men are afraid to loſe themſelves by the Way, that they reſerve themſelves to the End of the Game? I do moreover affirm, that our Wiſdom itſelf, and wiſeſt Conſultations, for the moſt part commit themſelves to the Conduct of Chance. My Will and my Reaſon is ſometimes mov'd by one Breath, and ſometimes by another; and many of thoſe Movements there are that govern themſelves without me: my Reaſon has uncertain and caſual Agitations and Impulſions.

Vertuntur ſpecies animorum, & pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat
Concipiunt †.

Their Thoughts are chang'd, the Motions of their Mind Inconſtant are, like Clouds before the Wind ‡.

Let a Man but obſerve who are of greateſt Authority in Cities, and who beſt do their own Buſineſs, we ſhall find that they are commonly Men of the leaſt Parts: Women, Children, and Madmen have had the Fortune to govern great *Kingdoms* equally well with the wiſeſt *Princes*: and *Thucydides* ſays, that the ſtupid more fre-

* *Hor. l.* 1. *Ode* 1. † *Virg. Georg. lib.* 1.
‡ *Mr.* Ogilby.

quently do it than those of better Understandings. We attribute the Effect of their good Fortune to their Prudence.

Ut quisque fortuna utitur,
Ita præcellet; atque exinde sapere illum omnes dicimus *.

Men, as they husband their Estate, we prize,
And who are Rich are still reputed wise.

Wherefore I say, that in all Sorts of Fortune, Events are a very poor Testimony of our Worth and Parts. Now I was upon this Point, that there needs no more, but to see a Man promoted to Dignity, though we knew him but three Days before a Man of no Regard; yet an Image of Grandeur, and some extraordinary Parts insensibly steals into our Opinion, and we persuade ourselves, that being augmented in Reputation and Attendants, he is also increased in Merit. We judge of him not according to his Value, but as we do by Counters, according to the Prerogative of his Place. If it happens so that he falls again, and be mix'd with the common Crowd, every one enquires with Admiration into the Cause of his having been raised so high. *Is it he?* say they, *could he make no better Provision for himself when he was in Place? Do Princes satisfy themselves with so little? Really we were in good Hands.* This is a Thing that I have often seen in my time. Nay, so much as the very Disguises of Grandeurs represented in our *Comedies*, does in some sort move and deceive us. That which I myself adore in Kings, is the Crowd of Adorers. All Reverence and Submission is due to them, except that of the Understanding: my Reason is not oblig'd to bow and bend, my Knees are. *Melanthius* being ask'd, what he thought of the Tragedy of *Dionysius?* I could not see it, said he, it was so clouded with Language: so the most of those who judge of the Discourses of great Men, ought to say, I did not understand his Words, he was so clouded with Gravity, Majesty, and Greatness. *Antisthenes* one Day intreated the *Athenians* to give order that their Asses might

* *Plaut. Pseud.*

as

as well be employ'd in tilling the Ground as the Horſes were: To which it was anſwer'd, that thoſe Animals were not deſtin'd for ſuch a Service: *That's all one*, reply'd he, *it only ſticks at your Command:* for the moſt ignorant and incapable Men you employ in your Commands of War, immediately become worthy enough becauſe you employ them. To which the Cuſtom of ſo many People who canonize the *Kings* they have choſen out of their own Body, and are not content only to honour, but adore them, comes very near. Thoſe of *Mexico* after the Ceremonies of his Coronation dare no more preſume to look him in the Face; but, as if they had *deified* him by his *Royalty*, among the Oaths they make him take to maintain their *Religion* and *Laws*, to be valiant, juſt, and mild, he moreover ſwears to make the *Sun* run his Courſe in his wonted Light, to drain the Clouds at a fit Seaſon, to confine Rivers within their Channels, and to cauſe all things neceſſary for his People to be landed upon the Earth. I differ from this common Faſhion, and am more apt to ſuſpect his Capacity, when I ſee it accompanied with that Grandeur of Fortune and publick Applauſe. We are to conſider, of what Advantage it is to ſpeak when he pleaſes, to chuſe the Subject he will ſpeak of, to interrupt or change other Mens Arguments with a magiſterial Authority; to protect himſelf from the Oppoſitions of others by a Nod, a Smile, or Silence, in the Preſence of an Aſſembly that trembles with Reverence and Reſpect. A Man of a prodigious Fortune, coming to give his Judgment upon ſome ſlight Diſpute that was fooliſhly ſet on foot at his Table, begun in theſe Words, *It can be no other but a Liar or a Fool that will ſay otherwiſe than ſo and ſo.* Purſue this philoſophical Point with a Dagger in your Hand. There is another Obſervation I have made, from which I draw great Advantage: which is, that in Conferences and Diſputes, every Word that ſeems to be good is not immediately to be accepted. Moſt Men are rich in borrow'd Sentences, without underſtanding the Force of them themſelves. That a Man does not perfectly underſtand all he borrows, may perhaps be verified in myſelf. A Man muſt not always

Deification and Adoration of the Kings of Mexico.

presently yield, what Truth or Beauty soever may seem to be in the Argument. Either a Man must stoutly oppose it, or retire, under colour of not understanding it, to try on all Parts how it is lodg'd in the Author. It may happen that we may run upon the Point, and meet the Truth that we could not otherwise reach. I have sometimes, in the Necessity and Heat of the Combat, made Falsities that have gone through and through, beyond my Expectation and Design. I only gave them in Number, they were received in Weight. As when I contend with a vigorous Man, I please myself with anticipating his Conclusions, I ease him of the Trouble of explaining himself; I strive to prevent his Imagination, whilst it is yet springing and imperfect: the Order and Pertinency of his Understanding warms and threatens me afar off: I deal quite contrary with these; I must understand, and pre-suppose nothing but by them. If they determine in general Words, *this is good, that is naught*, and that they happen to be in the right, see if it be not Fortune that hits it off for them. Let them a little circumscribe and limit their Judgment, why, or how it is so. These universal Judgments, that I see so common, signify nothing. These are Men that salute a whole People in a Crowd together; they who have a real Acquaintance, take Notice of, and salute them particularly and by Name. But 'tis a hazardous Attempt; and from which I have more than every Day seen it fall out, that weak Understandings, having a mind to appear ingenious in taking notice, as they read a Book; of that which is best, and most to be admired, fix their Admiration upon something so very ill chosen, that instead of making us discern the Excellency of the Author, they make us see their own Ignorance. This Exclamation is safe enough, *This is fine*, after having heard a whole Page of *Virgil:* and by that the cunning sort of Fools save themselves. But to undertake to follow him Line by Line, and with an expert and approv'd Judgment, to observe where a good Author excels himself, weighing the Words, Phrases, Inventions, and various excellencies, one after another; take heed of that, *Videndum est, non modo quid quisque loquatur, sed etiam, quid quisque sentiat,*

ſentiat, atque etiam qua de cauſa quiſque ſentiat *. *A Man is not only to examine what every one ſays, but alſo what every one thinks, and for what Reaſon every one thinks.* I every Day hear Coxcombs ſay Things that are not fooliſh: They ſay a good Thing, let us examine how far they underſtand it, whence they have it, and what they mean by it. We help them to make uſe of this fine Expreſſion, of this fine Sentence, which is none of theirs, they only have it in Keeping; they have ſpit it out at a Venture, we bring it for them into Credit and Eſteem. You take them by the Hand when you ſee them falling. To what Purpoſe? They do not think themſelves obliged to you for it, and become more Fools ſtill. Never take their Part, let them alone; they will handle the Matter like People who are afraid of burning their Fingers, they neither dare change it's Seat nor Light, nor break into it; ſhake it never ſo little, it ſlips through their Fingers; they give up their Cauſe, be it never ſo ſtrong, or good however. Theſe are fine Arms, but ill mounted. How many times have I ſeen the Experience? Now, if you come to explain any Thing to them, and to confirm them, they preſently catch at it, and preſently rob you of the Advantage of your Interpretation; *it was what I was about to ſay; it was juſt my Thought, and if I did not expreſs it ſo, it was for want of Language.* Very pretty! Malice itſelf muſt be employed to correct this proud Ignorance. *Hegias* his Doctrine, that we are neither to hate, nor accuſe, but inſtruct, has Reaſon elſewhere; but here 'tis Injuſtice and Inhumanity to relieve and ſet him right, who ſtands in no need on't, and is the worſe for't. I love to let them ſtep deeper into the Dirt; and ſo deep, that if it be poſſible, they may at leaſt diſcern their Error. Folly and Abſurdity are not to be cur'd by bare Admonition. And what *Cyrus* anſwered to him, who importun'd him to *harangue* his Army, upon the Point of Battle, that Men do not become valiant and warlike upon a ſudden, by a fine Oration, no more than a Man becomes a good Muſician by hearing a fine Song, may properly be ſaid of ſuch an Admonition as

Folly not to be cur'd by Admonition.

* *Cic. Offic. lib.* 1.

this.

this. These are Apprenticeships that are to be served before-hand, by a long and continued Education. We owe this Care, and this Assiduity of Correction and Instruction to our own; but to go preach to the first Passer-by, and to lord it over the Ignorance and Folly of the first we meet, is a Thing that I abhor. I rarely do it, even in particular Conferences, and rather surrender my Cause, than proceed to these supercilious and magisterial Instructions. My Humour is unfit either to speak or write for Beginners; but for Things that are said in common Discourse, or amongst other Things, I never oppose them, either by Word or Sign, how false or absurd soever. As to the rest, nothing vexes me so ill in Folly, as that it pleases itself more than any Reason can reasonably please itself. 'Tis ill Luck, that Prudence forbids us to satisfy and trust in ourselves, and always dismisses us timorous and discontented; whereas Obstinacy and Temerity fill those who are possessed with them with Joy and Assurance. 'Tis for the Ignorant to look at other Men over the Shoulder, always returning from the Combat full of Joy and Triumph. And moreover, for the most Part, this Arrogancy of Speech, and Gaiety of Countenance gives them the better of it in the Opinion of the Audience, which is commonly ignorant, and incapable of well-judging and discerning the real Advantage. Obstinacy of Opinion, and Heat in Argument are surest Proofs of Folly. Is there any Thing so assur'd, resolute, disdainful, contemplative, serious, and grave as an Ass? May we not mix with the Title of Conference and Communication, the quick and sharp Repartees which Mirth and Familiarity introduces amongst Friends, pleasantly and wittily jesting with one another? An Exercise for which my natural Gaiety renders me fit enough; which if it be not too long and serious, as the other I just spoke of, 'tis no less smart and ingenious, nor of less Utility, as *Lycurgus* thought. For my Part I contribute to it more Liberty than Wit, and have therein more of Luck than Invention; but I am perfect in suffering, for I endure a Revenge, that is not only tart, but indiscreet to boot, without being moved at all. And whoever attacks me, if I have not a brisk Answer immediately

Obstinacy a Testimony of Folly.

mediately ready, I do not ſtudy to purſue the Point with a tedious and impertinent Conteſt, bordering upon Obſtinacy, but let it paſs, and defer my Revenge to another and ſome better Time. There is no Merchant that always gains. Moſt Men change their Countenance and their Voice where their Wit fails; and by an unſeaſonable Indignation, inſtead of revenging themſelves, accuſe at once their own Folly and Impatience. In this Jollity we ſometimes pinch the private Strings of our Imperfection, which, at another Time, when more temperate, we cannot touch without Offence, and profitably give one another a Hint of our Defects. There are other Sports of Hand, rude and indiſcreet, after the *French* manner, that I mortally hate; my Skin is very tender and ſenſible: I have in my Time ſeen two Princes of the Blood *inter'd* upon that very Account. 'Tis unhandſom to fall out and fight in Play. As to the Reſt, when I have a Mind to judge of any one, I aſk him how much he is ſatisfied with himſelf, to what Degree his ſpeaking or his Work pleaſes him. I will have none of theſe fine Excuſes, *I did it only in Sport.*

Ablatum mediis opus eſt incudibus iſtud *.

This Work unfiniſh'd from the Anvil came.

I was not an Hour about it; I have never revis'd it ſince. Well then, ſay I, lay theſe aſide, and give a perfect one, ſuch a one as you would be meaſured by: And then, what do you think is the beſt Thing in your Work; is it this Part or that? the Grace, or the Matter, the Invention, the Judgment, or the Learning? For I find that Men are commonly as wide of the Mark in judging of their own Works, as thoſe of others; not only by Reaſon of the Kindneſs they have for them, but for want of Capacity to know and diſtinguiſh them. The Work, by it's own Force and Fortune, may ſecond the Workman, and ſometimes outſtrip him, beyond his Invention and Knowledge. For my Part, I do not judge of the Value of other Men's Works more obſcurely than of my

* *Ovid. Triſt. lib.* 1. *El.* 6.

own;

own; and prize my Essays now high, now low, with great Doubt and Inconstancy. There are several Books that are useful upon the Account of their Subjects, from which the Author derives no Praise; and good Books, as well as good Works, that shame the Workman. I may write the Manner of our Feasts, and the Fashion of our Clothes, and may write them ill; I may publish the *Edicts* of my Time, and the Letters of *Princes* that pass from hand to hand; I may make an *Abridgment* of a good *Book*, (and every *Abridgment* upon a good *Book* is a foolish *Abridgment*) which Book shall come to be lost, and in that Case Posterity will derive a singular Utility from such Compositions: but what Honour shall I have, unless by great good Fortune? A great Part of the most famous Books are in this Condition. When I read *Philip de Comines*, several Years ago, doubtless a very good Author, I there took Notice of this for no vulgar Saying, *That a Man must have a Care of doing his Master such great Service, that at last he will not know how to give him his just Reward.* I ought to commend the Inventor, not him, because I met with it in *Tacitus* not long since: *Beneficia eo usque læta sunt, dum videntur exolvi posse, ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur* *. *Benefits are so far acceptable, as they are in a Capacity of being returned; but once exceeding that, Hatred is returned instead of Thanks.* And *Seneca* boldly says, *Nam qui putat esse turpe non reddere, non vult esse cui reddat* †. *For he who thinks it a Shame not to requite, would not have that Man live to whom he owes Return.* Q. *Cicero* says more faintly, *Qui se non putat satisfacere, amicus esse nullo modo potest. Who thinks himself behind-hand in Obligation, can by no means be a Friend.* The Subject, according to what it is, may make a Man looked upon as learned, and of good Memory, but to judge him in the Parts that are most his own, and the most worthy, the Vigour and Beauty of his Soul; a Man must first know what is his own, and what is not; and in that which is

The Epitomizing of Books a foolish Undertaking, and without Honour to the Undertaker.

* *Tacit. Ann. lib.* 4. † *Sen. Ep.* 81.

not

not his own, how much we are obliged to him for the Choice, Diſpoſition, Ornament, and Language he has there preſented us with. What if he has borrowed the Matter, and ſpoiled the Form? as it oft falls out; we who are little read in Books are in this Streight, that when we meet with a great Fancy in ſome new *Poet*, or ſome ſtrong Argument in a Preacher, we dare not nevertheleſs commend it, till we have firſt informed ourſelves of ſome learned Man, if it be his own, or borrowed from ſome other; until that, I always ſtand upon my Guard. I lately came from reading the Hiſtory of *Tacitus* quite through, without interrupting it with any thing elſe; (which but ſeldom happens with me, it being twenty Years ſince I have ſtuck to any one Book an Hour together) and I did it at the inſtance of a Gentleman for whom *France* has great Eſteem, as well for his own particular Worth, as upon the Account of a conſtant Form of Capacity and Virtue, which runs through a great many Brothers of them. I do not know any Author that in a publick Narration mixes ſo much Conſideration of Manners, and particular Inclinations. And I am of a quite contrary Opinion to him, which is, that being eſpecially to follow the Lives of the Emperors of his Time, ſo various and extreme in all Sorts of Forms, and ſo many notable Actions as their Cruelty particularly produced in their Subjects, he had a ſtronger and more attracting Matter to treat of, than if he had been to deſcribe Battles, and univerſal Commotions: ſo that I oft find him ſterile, running over thoſe brave Deaths, as if he feared to trouble us with their Multitude and Length. This Form of *Hiſtories* is by much the moſt uſeful: publick Commotions depend moſt upon the Conduct of *Fortune*, private ones upon our own. 'Tis rather a Judgment, than a Deduction of *Hiſtory*; there are in it more *Precepts* than *Stories*; it is not a Book to read, 'tis a Book to ſtudy and learn; 'tis ſo full of Sentences, that right or wrong, they are right in Muſter; 'tis a Nurſery of *Ethicks* and *politick Diſcourſes*, for the Uſe and Ornament of thoſe who have any Place in the Government of the World. He always pleads by ſtrong and ſolid Reaſons, after a tart and ſubtle

The Character of Tacitus.

Manner, according to the affected Stile of that Age; and was so in Love with a sound Stile, that where Quickness and Subtilty was wanting in Things, he supplied them with lofty and swelling Words. It is not much unlike the Stile of *Seneca*. I look upon *Tacitus* as more sinewy and *Seneca* more sharp. His Pen seems most proper for a troubled and sick Estate, as ours at present is; you would often say, that he deciphers and points at us. They who doubt of his Fidelity, sufficiently accuse themselves of being his Enemy upon some other Account. His Opinions are sound, and lean for the most part towards the *Roman* Affairs: And yet I am angry at him, for judging more severely of *Pompey*, than suited with the Opinion of those worthy Men that lived in the same Time, and treated with him; and to have reputed him equal with *Marius* and *Sylla*, excepting that he was more close. Other *Writers* have not acquitted his Intention in the Government of Affairs, from Ambition nor Revenge; and even his Friends were afraid that his Victory would have transported him beyond the Bounds of Reason, but not to so immeasurable a Degree: There is nothing in his Life that has threatned us with so express Cruelty and Tyranny. Neither ought we to proportion Suspicion to Evidence; and that makes me that I do not believe his Narratives to be ingenuous and true; but that he might add a little in this very Thing, that they are not always applied to the Conclusions of his Judgments, which he follows according to the Inclination he has taken, very often beyond the Subject he treats of, which he will not deign to look upon with so much as one Glance of Favour. He needs no Excuse, for having approved the Religion of his Time, according as the Laws enjoined, and to have been ignorant of the true; this was his Misfortune, not his Fault. I have principally considered his Judgment, and am not very well satisfied throughout,

Tiberius *his trouble of Conscience about the Religion of his Time.*

at these Words in the Letter, that *Tiberius* being old and sick, sent to the *Senate. What shall I write to you, Sirs, or how should I write to you, or what should I not write to you at this Time? May the Gods and the Goddesses lay a worse Punishment*

niſhment upon me, than I am every Day tormented with, if I know. I do not ſee why he ſhould ſo poſitively apply them to the ſharp Remorſes that tormented the Conſcience of *Tiberius:* At leaſt, when I was in the ſame Condition, I perceived no ſuch Thing. And this alſo ſeemed to me a little mean in him, that being to ſay, he had born honourable Offices in *Rome*, he excuſes himſelf, that he does not ſpeak it out of Oſtentation: This ſeems a little too mean for ſuch a Soul as his; for, not to ſpeak roundly of a Man's ſelf, implies ſome want of Courage; a rough and lofty Judgment, and that judges ſoundly and ſurely, makes Uſe of his own Example upon all Occaſions, as well as thoſe of others, and gives Evidence as freely of himſelf, as of a third Perſon: We are to paſs by theſe common Rules of Civility in Favour of Truth and Liberty. I dare not only ſpeak of my ſelf, but ſpeak only of my ſelf. When I write of any Thing elſe, I miſs my Way, and wander from my Subject; yet am I not ſo indiſcreetly enamoured of myſelf, that I cannot diſtinguiſh and conſider myſelf apart, as I do a Neighbour, or a Tree. 'Tis equally a Fault, not to diſcern how far a Man's Worth extends, and to ſay more than a Man diſcovers in himſelf. We owe more Love to *God*, than to our *ſelves*, and know him leſs; and yet ſpeak of him as much as we will. If the Writings of *Tacitus* relate any thing true of his Qualities, he was a great Man, upright and bold, not of a ſuperſtitious, but a philoſophical and generous Virtue. A Man may think him a little too bold in his Relations; as where he tells us, that a Soldier carrying a Burthen of Wood, his Hands were ſo frozen and ſo ſtuck to the Load, that they there remained clos'd and dead, being ſever'd from his Arms. I always in ſuch Things ſubmit to the Authority of ſo great Witneſſes. What he alſo ſays, that *Veſpaſian*, by the Favour of the *God Serapis*, cured a blind Woman by anointing her Eyes with his Spittle, and I know not what other Miracles: He does

A Soldier's Hands periſhed with Cold carrying a Burthen of Wood.

A blind Woman cur'd by Veſpaſian.

does it by the Example and Duty of all good *Historians*. He records all Events of Importance; and amongst publick Accidents are the common Rumours and Opinions: 'Tis their Part to recite common Beliefs, not to regulate them: That Part concerns *Divines* and *Philosophers*, who are the Guides of Conscience. And therefore it was, that this Companion of his, and as great a Man as himself, very wisely said; *Equidem plura transcribo quam credo; nam nec affirmare sustineo, de quibus dubito, nec subducere quæ accepi* *. *Truly, I set down more Things than I believe, for I can neither endure to affirm Things whereof I doubt, nor smother what I have heard.* And this other, *Hæc neque affirmare, neque refellere operæ pretium est; famæ rerum standum est, 'Tis neither worth the while to affirm, nor to refute these Things; we must stand to Report.* And writing in an *Age* wherein the Belief of Progidies began to decline, he says, he would nevertheless forbear to insert in his Annals, and to give a Relation of Things received by so many worthy Men, and with so great Reverence of Antiquity. 'Tis very well said. Let them deliver us History, more as they receive than believe it; I, who am *Monarch* of the Matter whereof I treat, and who am accountable to none, do not nevertheless always believe myself; I often hazard sallies of my own Wit, for which I very much suspect myself, and certain Quibbles, at which I shake my Ears; but I let them go at a Venture, I see that others get Reputation by such Things: 'Tis not for me alone to judge. I present myself standing, and lying on my Face, my Back, my right Side, and my left, and in all my natural Postures. Wits, though equal in Force, are not always equal in Taste and Application. This is what my Memory has presented me in Gross, and with Incertainty enough. All Judgments in Gross, are weak and imperfect.

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* *Quint. Curtius.*

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of Vanity.

THere is not perhaps a more manifeſt Vanity, than to write ſo vainly. That which Divinity has ſo divinely expreſſed to us, ought to be carefully and continually meditated by underſtanding Men. Who does not ſee that I have taken a Road, in which, inceſſantly and without Labour I ſhall proceed, ſo long as there ſhall be Ink and Paper in the World? I can give no Account of my Life by my Actions; Fortune has placed them too low: I muſt do it by my Fancies. And yet I have ſeen a Gentleman that only communicated his Life by the Workings of his Belly: You might ſee in his Houſe a ſhew of a Row of Baſons of ſeven or eight Days Excrements; that was all his Study, all his Diſcourſe; all other Talk ſtung in his Noſtrils. Theſe here, but not ſo nauſeous, are the Excrements of an old Mind, ſometimes thick, ſometimes thin, and always indigeſted; and when ſhall I have done repreſenting the continual Agitation and Change of my Thoughts, as they come into my Head, ſeeing that *Diomedes* wrote ſix thouſand Books upon the ſole Subject of *Grammar?* What then ought Prating to produce, ſince Pratling, and the firſt Beginning to ſpeak, ſtuffed the World with ſuch a horrible Number of Volumes? So many Words about Words only. O *Pythagoras*, why didſt not thou allay the Tempeſt! They accuſed one *Galba* of old for living idly; he made Anſwer, *That every one ought to give Account of his Actions, but not of his Leiſure.* He was miſtaken, for *Juſtice* takes Cognizance, and will have an Account even of thoſe that glean, which is one of the lazieſt Employments. But there ſhould be ſome Reſtraint of Law againſt fooliſh

and impertinent Scriblers, as well as againſt Vagabonds and idle Perſons; which, if there was, both I and an hundred others would be baniſhed the Kingdom. I do not ſpeak this in Jeſt: Scribling ſeems to be a Sign of a diſordered and licentious Age. When did we write ſo much as ſince our *civil Wars?* When the *Romans* ſo much, as when their *Commonwealth* was upon the Point of Ruin? Beſides that, the refining of Wits does not make People wiſer in a Government: This idle Employment ſprings from this, that every one applies himſelf negligently to the Duty of his Vocation, and is eaſily debauched from it. The Corruption of the Age is made upon the particular Contributions of every individual Man. One contributes Treachery, others Injuſtice, Irreligion, Tyranny, Avarice and Cruelty, according as they are of Power; the weaker Sort contribute Folly, Vanity and Idleneſs, of which I am one. It ſeems as if it were the Seaſon for vain Things when the hurtful oppreſs us; and that in a Time when doing ill is common, to do nothing but what ſignifies nothing, is a Kind of Commendation. 'Tis my Comfort, that I ſhall be one of the laſt that ſhall be called in Queſtion; and whilſt the greater Offenders are calling to Account, I ſhall have Leiſure to amend: For, it would, methinks be againſt Reaſon to puniſh little Inconveniencies, whilſt we are infected with the greater. As the Phyſician *Philotimus* ſaid to one who preſented him his Finger to dreſs, and who he perceived, both by his Complexion and his Breath, had an Ulcer in his Lungs: *Friend*, ſaid he, *it is not now Time to concern yourſelf about your Fingers Ends.* And yet I ſaw, ſome Years ago, a Perſon whoſe Name and Memory I have in very great Eſteem, in the very Height of our great Diſorders, when there was neither Law nor Juſtice put in Execution, nor Magiſtrate that performed his Office, no more than there is now, publiſh I know not what pitiful Reformations about Clothes, Cookery, and long depending Suits in Law. Theſe are Amuſements wherewith to feed a People that are ill uſed, to ſhew that they are not totally forgot. Theſe others do the ſame, who inſiſt upon ſtoutly defending

defending the Forms of Speaking, Dances and Games, to a People totally abandoned to all Sort of execrable Vices. 'Tis no Time to bathe and clean a Man's ſelf when he is ſeized on by a violent Fever. 'Tis for the *Spartiates* only to fall to combing and curling themſelves, when they are juſt upon the Point of running headlong into ſome extreme Danger of their Lives. For my Part, I have yet a worſe Cuſtom, that if my Shoe go awry, I let my Shirt and my Cloak do ſo too, I ſcorn to mend myſelf by Halves: When I am lean, I feed upon Miſchief; I abandon myſelf through Deſpair; let myſelf go towards the Precipice, and as the Saying is, *Throw the Helve after the Hatchet.* I am obſtinate in growing worſe, and think myſelf no more worth my own Care; I am either good or ill throughout. 'Tis a Favour to me, that the Deſolation of this Kingdom falls out in the Deſolation of my Age: I better ſuffer that my *Ills* be multiplied, than if my *Goods* had been diſturbed. The Words I utter in Miſhape, are Words of Spite. My Courage ſets up his Briſtles inſtead of letting them down; and, contrary to others, I am more devout in good than evil Fortune, according to the Precept of *Xenophon*, if not according to his Reaſon, and am more ready to turn up my Eyes to Heaven to return my Thanks than to crave; I am more ſolicitous to improve my Health when I am well, than to reſtore it when I am ſick. Proſperities are the ſame Diſcipline and Inſtruction to me, that Adverſities and Perſecutions are to others; as if good Fortune were a Thing inconſiſtent with good Conſcience; Men never grow good, but in Evil. Good Fortune is to me a ſingular Spur to Modeſty and Moderation. And Intreaty wins, a Threat checks me. Favour makes me bend, Fear ſtiffens me. Amongſt human Conditions this is common enough, to be better pleaſed with ſtrange Things than our own, and to love Innovation and Change.

Change pleaſing to Men.

Ipſa dies ideo nos grato perluit hauſtu,
Quod permutatis hora recurrit aquis *.

* *Petronius Arbiter. Epig.*

Spoken of a Water Hour-Glass.

The Day itself with better Draughts does pass,
Because it changes Water every Glass.

I have my Share. Those who follow the other Extreme of agreeing amongst themselves, to value what they have above all the rest, and to conclude no Beauty can be greater than what they see, if they are now wiser than we, are really more happy. I do not envy their Wisdom, but their good Fortune. This greedy Humour of new and unknown Things helps to nourish in me the Desire of Travel: But a great many more Circumstances contribute to it. I am very willing to over-run the Government of my House. There is, I confess, a Kind of Convenience in commanding, though it were but in a Barn, and to be obeyed by one's Servants: But 'tis too uniform and languishing a Pleasure, and is moreover of Necessity mixt with a thousand vexatious Thoughts. One while the Poverty and the Oppression of your Tenants; another, Quarrels amongst Neighbours; another, the Trespasses they make upon you, afflicts you;

Aut verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hyemes iniquas *.

Or hail-smit Vines, or Years of Dearth,
Sometimes the too much wet in Fault,
Sometimes the Stars, that broil the Earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was naught †.

and that *God* scarce in six Months sends a Season, wherein your *Bailiff* can do his Business as he should; but that if it serves the Vines, it spoils the Meadows.

Aut nimiis torret fervoribus æthereus Sol,
Aut subiti perimunt imbres, gelidæque pruinæ,
Flabraque ventorum violento turbine vexant §.

* *Horat. l.* 3. *Ode* 1. † *Sir* Richard Fanshaw.
§ *Lucret. l.* 5. The

The scorching Sun with his too busy Beams,
Burns up the Fruits, or Clouds do drown with Streams;
Or chill'd by too much Snow, they soon decay;
Or Storms blow them and all our Hopes away *.

To which may be added, the new and neat made Shoe of the Man of Old, that hurts your Foot; and that a Stranger does not understand how much it costs you, and what you contribute to maintain that Shew of Order that is seen in your Family, and that perhaps you buy too dear. I came late to the Government of a Family. They whom Nature sent into the World before me long eas'd me of that Trouble; so that I had already taken another Bent more suitable to my Humour; yet for so much as I have seen, 'tis an Employment more troublesom than hard. Whoever is capable of any Thing else will easily do that. Had I a Mind to be rich, that Way would seem too long; I had serv'd my *Kings*, a more profitable Traffick than any other. Since I pretend to nothing but the Reputation of having got nothing, as I have embezzled nothing, conformable to the rest of my Life, improper either to do good or ill of any Moment; and that I only desire to pass, I can do it, Thanks be to God, without any great Endeavour. At the worst, evermore prevent Poverty by lessening your Expence: 'Tis that which I make my great Concern, and doubt not but to do it before I shall be compelled. As to the Rest, I have sufficiently settled my Thoughts to live upon less than I have, and live contentedly. *Non æstimatione census, verum victu, atque cultu, terminatur pecuniæ modus* †. *'Tis not in the Value of Possessions, but in our Diet and Clothing that our Riches are truly limited.* My real Need does not so wholly take up all I have, that Fortune has not whereunto to fasten her Teeth without biting to the Quick. My Presence, as contemptible as it is, does me great Service in my Domestick Affairs; I employ myself in them, but it goes

The Government of a Family more troublesom than hard.

* *Mr.* Creech. † *Cicero.*

againſt the Hair, conſidering that I have this in my Houſe, that though I burn my Candle at one End by myſelf, the other is not ſpared. *Journies* do me no harm but only by their Expence, which is great and more than I am well able to bear; being always wont to travel with not only a neceſſary, but a handſom Equipage. I muſt make them ſo much ſhorter and fewer, wherein I ſpend but the Froth, and what I have reſerved for ſuch Uſes, delaying and deferring my Motion till that be ready. I will not, that the Pleaſure of going abroad ſpoil the Pleaſure of being retir'd at home. On the contrary I intend they ſhall nouriſh and favour one another. *Fortune* has aſſiſted me in this, that ſince my principal Profeſſion in this Life, was to live at Eaſe, and rather idly than buſily; ſhe has deprived me of the neceſſity of growing rich, to provide for the Multitude of my *Heirs*. If there be not enough for one, of that whereof I had ſo plentifully enough, at his Peril be it. His Imprudence will not deſerve that I ſhould wiſh him any more. And every one, according to the Example of *Phocion*, provides ſufficiently for his Children, who ſo provides for them, as to leave them as much as was left him. I ſhould by no means like *Crates* his Way. He left his Money in the Hand of a *Banker*, with this Condition; that if his Children were Fools, he ſhould then give it to them; if witty, he ſhould then diſtribute it to the greateſt Fools of the People. As if Fools, for being leſs capable of living without Riches, were more capable of uſing them. So it is that the Damage which is occaſioned by my Abſence, ſeems not to deſerve, ſo long as I am able to ſupport it, that I ſhould wave the Occaſions of diverting myſelf from that troubleſom Aſſiſtance. There is always ſomething that goes amiſs. The Affairs one while of one Houſe and then of another will tear you to Pieces. You pry into every thing too near; your Perſpicacity does you Hurt here as well as in other Things. I ſteal away from Occaſions of vexing myſelf, and turn from the Knowledge of Things that go amiſs, and yet cannot I ſo order it, but that every Hour I juſtle againſt ſomething or other that diſpleaſes me. And the Tricks that they moſt conceal from me,

are

are thoſe that I the ſooneſt come to know. Some there are that a Man himſelf muſt help to conceal. Vain Vexations, vain ſometimes but always Vexations. The ſmalleſt and ſlighteſt Impediments are the moſt piercing: And as little Letters muſt tire the Eyes, ſo do little Affairs the moſt diſturb us. A Rout of little Ills more offend than one how great ſoever. By how much domeſtick Thorns are numerous and ſharp, by ſo much they prick deeper, and without warning, eaſily ſurprize us, when leaſt we ſuſpect them. I am no *Philoſopher*. Evils oppreſs me according to their Importance, and they import as much according to the Form as the Matter; and very often more. If I have therein more Perſpicacity than the Vulgar, I have alſo more Patience. Finally, they weigh with me, if they do not hurt me. Life is a tender Thing, and eaſily moleſted. Since my Age has made me grow more penſive and moroſe, *Nemo enim reſiſtit ſibi cum ceperit impelli* *: *For no Man reſiſts himſelf, after he once begins to decline*; for the moſt trivial Cauſe imaginable, I irritate that Humour, which afterwards nouriſhes and exaſperates itſelf of it's own Accord; attracting and heaping up Matter upon Matter whereon to feed.

Stillicidii caſus Lapidem cavat †.

A falling Drop at laſt will cave a Stone.

Theſe continual trickling Drops make Ulcers in me. Ordinary Inconveniencies are never light, they are continual and irreparable; when they continually and inſeparably ſpring from the Concerns of good Huſbandry. When I conſider my Affairs at Diſtance, and in Groſs, I find, becauſe perhaps my Memory is none of the beſt, that they have gone on hitherto in improving beyond my Reaſon or Expectation. Methinks my Revenue is greater than it is; their Proſperity betrays me: But when I pry more narrowly into the Buſineſs, and ſee how all Things go,

* *Sen. Epiſt. l.* 3. † *Pro Lucret. l.* 1.

Tum vero in curas animum diducimus omnes †.

——————then my Breast
Is with innumerable Cares oppress'd.

I have a thousand Things to desire and to fear. To give them quite over is very easy for me to do: But to look after them without Trouble is very hard. 'Tis a miserable Thing to be in a Place where every Thing you see employs and concerns you. And I fancy that I more cheerfully enjoy the Pleasures of another Man's House, and with greater and purer Relish than those of my own. *Diogenes*, according to my Humour, answer'd him who asked what sort of Wine he liked the best, *That of another*'s, said he. My Father took a Delight in Building at *Montaigne*, where he was born, and in all the Government of domestick Affairs, I love to follow his Example and Rules; and shall engage those who are to succeed me, as much as in me lies, to do the same. Could I do better for him, I would; and am proud that his Will is still performing and acting by me. *God* forbid, that in my Hands I should ever suffer any Image of Life, that I am able to render to so good a Father, to fail. And whereas I have taken in Hand to finish some old Foundations of Walls, and to repair some ruinous Buildings, indeed I have done it more out of Respect to his Design, than my own Satisfaction; and am angry at my self, that I have not proceeded further to finish the Foundation he has left in my House; and so much the more, because I am very likely to be the last Possessor of my Race, and to give the last Hand to it. For, as to my own particular Application, neither the Pleasure of Building, which they say is so bewitching, nor hunting, nor Gardens, nor the other Pleasure of a retired Life, can much trouble my Head. And it is what I am angry at myself for, as I am for all other Opinions that are incommodious to me; which I would not so much care to have vigorous and learned, as I would have them

† *Virg. Æn. lib.* 5.

eaſy and convenient for Life. They are true and ſound enough, if they are profitable and pleaſing. Such as hear me declare my Ignorance in Huſbandry, whiſper in my Ear, that it is Diſdain, and that I neglect to know the Inſtruments of Huſbandry, it's Seaſon and Order; how they order my Vines, how they graft, and to know the Names and Forms of Herbs and Fruit, and the dreſſing the Meat by which I live, with the Names and Prices of the Stuffs I wear, becauſe I have ſet my Heart upon ſome higher Knowledge; they kill me in ſaying ſo. This is Folly, and rather Brutiſhneſs than Glory; I had rather be a good Horſeman than a good Logician.

Quin tu aliquid ſaltem potius quorum indiget uſus,
Viminibus mollique paras detexere junco *.

Why rather not uſeful Employment find
Thy long neglected Vines to prune and bind.

We amuſe our Thoughts about the general Concern, and about univerſal Cauſes and Conducts, which will very well carry on themſelves without our Care; and leave our own Buſineſs at random, with the Care of our own Perſons which are neareſt to us, than that of any one Man whatever. Now I am indeed for the moſt part at Home; but I would be better pleaſed there than any where elſe.

Sit meæ ſedes utinam ſenectæ,
Sit modus laſſo Maris, & Viarum,
Militiæque †.

Tyber, which th'*Argives* built (O may)
That be the Place of my laſt Day;
May it my Limit be of Eaſe,
From Journies, Warfare, and rough Seas ‡.

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* *Virg. Eclog.* 2. † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 6.
‡ *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

I know not whether or no I shall bring it about; I could wish, that instead of some other Member of his Succession, my Father had resign'd to me the passionate Affection he had in his Old Age to his Husbandry. He was happy in that he could accommodate his Desires to his Fortune, and satisfy himself with what he had. *Philosophy* may to much purpose condemn the Meanness and Sterility of my Employment, if I can once come to relish it as he did. I am of Opinion that the most honourable Calling is to serve the Publick, and to be useful to many. *Fructus enim ingenii, & virtutis omnisque præstantiæ tum maximus accipitur, quum in proximum quemque confertur* *. *We then reap the most Wit, Vertue, and all Sorts of Merit, when they are conferr'd upon every one of our neareſt Relations.* For my Part I disclaim it; partly out of Conscience, (for where I see the Weight that lies upon such Employments, I perceive also the little Means I have to contribute to them; and *Plato*, who was a Master in all Sorts of Government, did not nevertheless forbear to abstain from them) and partly out of Cowardice. I content myself with enjoying the World without Bustle, only to live an irreproachable Life, and such a one as may neither be a Burthen to myself, nor to any other. Never did any Man more faintly and negligently suffer himself to be govern'd by a third Person, than I should do, had I any one to whom to intrust myself. One of my Wishes at this time should be, to have a Son-in-Law that knew handsomly how to cherish my Old Age, and to rock it asleep; into whose Hands I might depositin Sovereignty the Management and Use of all my Goods, that he might dispose of them as I do, and get by them what I get, provided that he on his part were truly acknowledging, and a Friend. But we live in a World where Loyalty in one's own Children is unknown. He that has the Charge of my Purse upon Travel, has it purely, and without control; and he might also deceive me in reckoning; and, if he is not a *Devil*, I shall oblige him to deal faithfully with me by so intire a Trust: *Multi fallere docuerunt, dum timent falli, aliis jus peccandi, sus-*

* *Cicero de Amicitia.*

picando fecerunt *. *Many have taught others to deceive, by fearing to be deceived, and by ſuſpecting them, have given them a juſt Title to do ill.* The moſt common Security I take of my People, is their Ignorance: I never ſuſpect any to be vicious, 'till I have firſt found them ſo, and repoſe the moſt Confidence in the younger ſort, that I think are leaſt ſpoil'd by Example. I had rather be told at two Months End, that I have ſpent four hundred Crowns, than to have my Ears beaten every Night with three, five, and ſeven; and I have been this way as little robb'd as another. It is true, I am willing enough not to ſee it; I do in ſome ſort, indeed, harbour a Kind of perplexed, uncertain Knowledge of my Money; for to a certain Proportion, I am content to doubt. One muſt leave a little Room for the Infidelity or Indiſcretion of a Servant; if you have enough in groſs to do your Buſineſs, let the Overplus of Fortune's Liberality run a little more freely at her Mercy; 'tis the Gleaner's Portion. After all, I do not ſo much value the Fidelity of my People, as I deſpiſe their Injury. What a mean and ridiculous Thing it is for a Man to ſtudy his Money, to delight a Man's ſelf with handling and telling it! 'Tis by ſuch means, that Avarice makes it's Approaches. Of eighteen Years that I have had my Eſtate in my own Hands, I could never prevail with myſelf, either to read over my Deeds, or examine my principal Affairs, which ought of Neceſſity to paſs through my Knowledge and Inſpection. 'Tis not a Philoſophical Diſdain of worldly and tranſitory Things. My Taſte is not ſo purified to that Degree, and I value them at as great a rate at leaſt as they are worth; but 'tis in truth an inexcuſable and childiſh Lazineſs and Negligence. What would not I rather do than read an Evidence? and ſooner, than as a Slave to my own Buſineſs, to tumble over a Company of old muſty Writings? or, which is worſe, thoſe of another Man, as ſo many do now a-days to get Money? I have nothing dear but Care and Trouble, and endeavour nothing ſo much as to be careleſs and at eaſe. I had been much fitter, I believe, could it have been without Obligation and Servitude, to have liv'd

* *Senec. Epiſt.* 3.

upon

upon another Man's Fortune than my own: And also I do not know, when I examine it nearer, whether according to my Humour, what I have to suffer for my Affairs and Servants, have not in it something more abject, troublesom and tormenting, than there would be in serving a Man better born than myself, that would govern me with a gentle Rein, and a little at my own Ease. *Servitus Obedientia est fracti Animi, & abjecti, arbitrio carentis suo*, Servitude is the Obedience of a subdu'd and abject Mind, wanting it's own Free-will.*

Poverty affected by Crates.

Crates did worse, who threw himself into the Liberty of Poverty, only to rid himself of the Inconveniencies and Care of his House. This is what I would not do; I hate Poverty equally with Grief; but I could be content to change the Kind of Life I live for another that was meaner, and had fewer Affairs. When absent from home, I strip myself of all these Thoughts, and should be less concern'd for the Ruin of a Tower, than I am, when present, at the Fall of a Tile. My Mind is easily composed at a Distance, but suffers as much as that of the meanest Peasant when I am in Place. The Reins of my Bridle being wrong put on, or a Strap flapping against my Leg, will keep me out of Humour a Day together. I raise my Courage well enough against Inconveniencies, lift up my Eyes I cannot.

Sensus, ô superi, sensus.

I am at home responsible for whatever goes amiss. Few Masters, I speak of those of competent Condition, such as mine (and if there be any such, they are happy) can rely so much upon another, but that the greatest Part of the Burthen will lye upon their own Shoulders. This takes much from my Grace in entertaining Strangers, so that I have perhaps detained some rather out of Expectation of a good Dinner, than by my own Behaviour; and lose much of the Pleasure I ought to reap at my own House, from the Visitation and Assembling of my Friends. The most ridiculous Carriage of a Gentleman in his own House, is to see him bustling about the Business of the

* *Cicero.*

House,

House, whispering one Servant, and looking an angry Look at another. It ought insensibly to slide along, and to represent an ordinary Current; and I think it equally unhandsom to talk much to their Guest of their Entertainment, whether by way of Bragging or Excuse. I love Order and Cleanliness:

& cantharus, & lanx
Ostendunt mihi me *.

more than Abundance, and at Home have an exact Regard to Necessity, little to outward Shew. If a Footman falls to Cuffs at another Man's House, or that he stumble and throw a Dish before him as he is carrying it up, you only laugh and make a Jest on't. You sleep whilst the Master of the House is stating a *Bill* of *Fare* with his Steward, for your Morrow's Entertainment: I speak according as I do myself, not disesteeming nevertheless good Husbandry in general, or not considering how pleasant a quiet and thrifty Management, carried regularly on, is to some Natures. And not willing to annex my own Errors and Inconveniencies to the Thing, nor to give *Plato* the Lie, who looks upon it as the most pleasant Employment to every one to do his particular Affairs, without Wrong to another: when I travel, I have nothing to care for but myself, and the laying out my Money; which is disposed of by one single Precept. Too many things are requir'd to the raking it together; in that I understand nothing; in spending it I understand a little, and how to give Order to my Expences, which is indeed it's principal Use. But I rely too proudly upon it, which renders it unequal and out of Form, and moreover immoderate, in both the one and the other Use. If it makes a Show, if it serve the Turn, I indiscreetly let it run, and as indiscreetly tie up my Purse-strings, if it does not shine and please. Whatever it be, whether *Art* or *Nature* that imprints in us the Condition of Living by the Example of others, it does us much more harm than good. We deprive ourselves of our proper Utilities, to accommodate Appearances to the common Opinion. We care not so much

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 5.

what

what our Being is, as to us, and in reality, as what it is to the publick Observation. Even the Goods of the Mind, and *Wisdom* itself, seem fruitless to us, if only enjoy'd by ourselves, and if it produce not itself to the View and Approbation of others. There is a sort of Men whose Gold runs in Streams imperceptibly under-ground; others expose it all in Plates and Branches, so that to the one a *Farthing* is worth a *Crown*, and to others the contrary: The World esteeming it's Use and Value according to the shew. All curious Solicitude about Riches smells of Avarice: Even the very disposing of it, with a too punctual and artificial Liberality, is not worth a painful Solicitude. He that will order his Expence to just so much, makes it too pinch'd and narrow. The keeping or spending are of themselves indifferent things, and receive no colour of Good or Ill, but according to the Application of the Will. The other Cause that tempts me out of these Journies is the Difference in the present Manners of our State; I could easily satisfy myself with this Corruption in reference to the publick Interest,

pejor que sæcula ferri
Temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen, & à nullo posuit natura metallo.*

'Tis the ninth Age, worse than the Iron Times,
Nature no Metal hath to name our Crimes †.

but not to my own. I am in particular too much oppressed. For in my Neighbourhood we are of late, by the long Libertinage of our *Civil Wars*, grown old in so riotous a Form of State,

Quippe, ubi fas versum atque nefas.

Where Wrong is Right, and War through all the World,
So many Shapes of Wickedness hath hurl'd ‡.

that in earnest, 'tis a wonder how it can subsist.

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* *Juven. Sat.* 13. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.
‡ *Mr.* Ogilby.

Armati

Armati terram exercent, ſemperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto *.

With Arms upon their Backs they blow the Soil,
And make't their Buſineſs to ſubſiſt by Spoil.

In fine, I ſee by our Example, that the Society of Men is maintain'd, and held together at what Price ſoever; in what Condition ſoever they are plac'd, they will ſtill cloſe and ſtick together, both moving and in heaps; as uneven Bodies, that ſhuffled together without Order, find of themſelves a means to unite and ſettle, often better than they could have been diſpos'd by Art. King *Philip* muſter'd up a Rabble of the moſt wicked and incorrigible Raſcals he could pick out, and put them altogether into a City he had cauſed to be built for that purpoſe, which bore their Name. I believe that they, even from Vices themſelves, erected a Government amongſt them, and a commodious and juſt Society. I ſee not on Action, or three, or an hundred, but Manner, in common and received Uſe, ſo cruel, eſpecially in Inhumanity and Treachery, which are to me the worſt of all Vices, that I have not the Heart to think of them without Horror; and almoſt as much admire as I deteſt them. And the exerciſe of theſe notorious Villainies carry with them as great Signs of Vigour and Force of Soul, as of Error and Diſorder. Neceſſity reconciles and brings Men together; and this accidental Connexion afterwards forms itſelf into Laws: For there have been as ſavage ones as any human Opinion could produce, which nevertheleſs have maintain'd their Body with as much Health and Length of Life as any *Plato* or *Ariſtotle* could invent. And certainly, all theſe Deſcriptions of *Policies* feign'd by *Art*, are found to be ridiculous and unfit to be put in Practice. Theſe great and tedious Debates about the beſt Form of Society, and the moſt commodious Rules to bind us, are Debates only proper for the Exerciſe of our Wits; as in the Arts there are ſeveral Subjects which have their Being in Agitation and Controverſy, and have no Life

* *Virg. Æn. l.* 3.

but

but there. Such an *Idea* of Government might be of some Value in a new World; but we take a World already made, and formed to certain Customs. We do not beget it as *Pyrrha*, or *Cadmus* did. By what means soever we may have the Privilege to rebuild and reform it a-new, we can hardly writhe it from it's wonted bent, but we shall break all. *Solon* being ask'd whether he had establish'd the best Laws he could for the *Athenians*; *Yes*, said he, *of those they have receiv'd.* *Varro* excuses himself after the same manner, that if he were to begin to write of Religion, he would say what he believed; but being it was already received, he would write more according to Custom than Nature. Not according to Opinion, but in Truth and Reality, the best and most excellent *Government* for every *Nation* is that under which it is maintain'd. Her Form and essential Convenience depends upon *Custom.* We are apt to be displeased at the present Condition; but I do nevertheless maintain, that to desire the Command of a few in a Republick, or another sort of Government in *Monarchy* than that already establish'd, is both Vice and Folly.

The Law of Solon.

What is the best Government for every Nation.

Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre,
S'il est Royal, ayme la royauté,
S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'aussi, car Dieu t'y a facit naistre *.

The Government approve, be't what it will,
If it be Royal, then love Monarchy:
If a Republick, yet approve it still,
For God himself thereto subjected thee.

So writ the good M. *de Pybrac*, whom we have lately lost, a Man of such excellent Wit, such sound Opinions, and such gentle Manners. This Loss, and that at the same time which we have had of Mons. *de Foix*, are of so great Importance to the Crown, that I

Testimony of Mons. de Pybrac, *and Mons.* de Foix.

* *Pybrac aux Quadrins.*

do

do not know whether there is another *couple* in *France*, worthy to ſupply the Room of theſe two *Gaſcons* in Sincerity and Wiſdom in the King's Council. They were both great Men in different ways; and certainly, according to the Age, rare and great, each of them in their kind. But what Deſtiny placed them in theſe Times, Men ſo remote from, and ſo diſproportion'd to our Corruptions and inteſtine Tumults? Nothing preſſes ſo hard upon a State as Innovation: Change only gives Form to Juſtice and Tyranny. When any Piece is out of Order, it may be propt; one may prevent and take care that the Alteration and Corruption natural to all things do not carry us too far from our Beginnings and Principles: but to undertake to found ſo great a maſs anew, and to change the Foundations of ſo vaſt a Building, is for them to do, who to make clean, efface; who will reform particular Defects by an univerſal Confuſion, and cure Diſeaſes by Death: *Non tam commutandarum quam evertandarum rerum cupidi* *; *not ſo deſirous of changing, as of overthrowing Things*. The World is unwilling to be cur'd; and ſo impatient of any thing that preſſes it, that it thinks of nothing but diſengaging itſelf at what Price ſoever. We ſee by a thouſand Examples, that it generally cures itſelf to it's Coſt: The Diſcharge of a preſent Evil is no Cure, if a general Amendment of Condition does not follow. The Chirurgeon's End is not only to eat away the dead Fleſh, that is but the Progreſs of his Cure; he has a Care over and above to fill up the Wound with better and more natural Fleſh, and to reſtore the Member to it's due State. Whoever only propoſes to himſelf to remove that which offends him, falls ſhort, for Good does not neceſſarily ſucceed Evils; another Evil may ſucceed and a worſe, as it happened to *Cæſar*'s Tutors, who brought the *Republick* to ſuch a paſs, that they had reaſon to repent the medling with it. The ſame has ſince happened to ſeveral others, even down to our own Times. The *French*, my Contemporaries, know it well enough. All great Mutations ſhake and diſorder a State. Whoever would aim directly at a Cure, and would conſider of it before he began, would be very willing to withdraw his Hands

* *Cic. Offic. lib.* 2.

from medling in it. *Pacuvius Calavius* corrected the Vice of this Proceeding by a notable Example. His Fellow *Citizens* were in Mutiny againſt their *Magiſtrates*; he, being a Man of great Authority in the City of *Capua*, found means one Day to ſhut up the Senators in the Palace, and calling the People together in the Market place, he told them, that the Day was now come, wherein at full Liberty they might revenge themſelves on the *Tyrants*, by whom they had been ſo long oppreſs'd; and whom he had now all alone, and unarm'd at his Mercy: Adviſing them withal, that they ſhould call them out one by one by Lot, and ſhould particularly determine of every one, cauſing whatever ſhould be decreed to be immediately executed; with this Caution alſo, that they ſhould at the ſame time depute ſome honeſt Man in the Place of him that was condemn'd, to the End there might be no Vacancy in the *Senate*. They had no ſooner heard the Name of one *Senator*, but that a great Cry of univerſal Diſlike was rais'd up againſt him. I ſee, ſays *Pacuvius*, that this muſt out, he is a wicked Fellow, let us look out a good one in his room; immediately there was a profound Silence, every one being at a ſtand whom to chuſe. But one, more impudent than the reſt, having nam'd his Man, there aroſe yet a greater Conſent of Voices againſt him, an hundred Imperfections being laid to his Charge, and as many juſt Reaſons being preſently given why he ſhould not ſtand. Theſe contradictory Humours growing hot, it far'd worſe with the ſecond Senator and the third, there being as much Diſagreement in the Election of the new, as conſent in the putting out of the old. In the End, growing weary of this Buſtle to no purpoſe, they began, ſome one way and ſome another, to ſteal out of the Aſſembly; every one carrying back this Reſolution in his Mind, that the oldeſt and beſt known Evil was ever more ſupportable than one that was new and untried. To ſee how miſerably we are torn in pieces: for what have we not done!

Eheu cicatricum, & ſceleris pudet,
Fratrumque: quod nos dura refugimus,
Ætas? Quid intactum nefaſti
Liquimus? Unde manus, juventus

Metu

Metu Deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris?*

Fie on our Broils, vile Acts, and Brothers fall:
Bad Age! What Miſchief do we ſhun at all?
What Youth his Hand for Fear of Gods contains,
Or who from ſacred Altars Spoil refrains†?

I do not preſently conclude,

ipſa ſi velit ſalus,
Servare prorſus non poteſt hanc familiam‡.

Would Safety 'tſelf it's beſt Care have,
This Family it cannot ſave.

We are not however perhaps at the laſt Gaſp. The Conſervation of States is a Thing that in all likelihood ſurpaſſes our Underſtanding. A civil Government, is, as *Plato* ſays, a mighty and powerful Thing, and ſo hard to be diſſolv'd, that it continues many times againſt mortal and inteſtine Diſeaſes, againſt the Injury of unjuſt Laws, againſt Tyranny, the Corruption and Ignorance of Magiſtrates, and the Licence and Sedition of the People. We compare ourſelves in all our Fortunes to what is above us, and ſtill look towards the better: But let us meaſure ourſelves with what is below us; there is no Condition ſo miſerable, wherein a Man may not find a thouſand Examples that will adminiſter Conſolation. 'Tis our Vice that we more unwillingly look upon what is above, than willingly what is below: and *Solon* was uſed to ſay, that whoever would make a Heap of all Ills together, there is no one would not rather chooſe to bear away the Ills he has, than to come to an equal Diviſion with all other Men from that Heap, and take with him from thence ſo much as would upon the Dividend fall to his particular Share. Our Government is indeed very ſick, but there have been others ſicker, without dying. The *Gods* play at Tennis with

* *Hor. l.* 1. *Ode* 35. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.
‡ *Ter. Adel. Act.* 4. *Scen.* 7.

us, and bandy us every way. *Enimvero Dii nos Homines quasi pilas habent* *. The Stars have fatally destin'd the State of *Rome* for an Example of what they could do in this Kind: In it is compriz'd all the Forms and Adventures that concern a State: All that Order or Disorder, good or evil Fortune can make. Who then can despair of his Condition, seeing the Shocks and Commotions wherewith she was tumbled and tost, and yet withstood them all? If the Extent of Dominion be the Health of a *State*, which I by no means think it is, (and *Isocrates* pleases me, when he instructs *Nicocles* not to envy Princes who have large Dominions, but those who know how to preserve them when they fall into their Hands) that of *Rome* was never so sound, as when it was most sick: The worst of her Forms was the most fortunate. A Man could hardly discern any Image of Government under the first *Emperors*, it was the most horrible and tumultuous Confusion that can be imagined. It endur'd it notwithstanding, and therein continued, not only conserving a *Monarchy* limited within his own Bounds, but so many *Nations*, so differing, so remote, so ill affected, so confusedly commanded, and so unjustly conquer'd.

The Estate of Rome, and it's divers Forms.

The horrible Confusion under the first Emperors.

nec gentibus ullis
Commodat in populum, terræ pelagique potentem,
Invidiam fortuna suam ‡.

But to no foreign Arms would Fortune yet
Lend her own Envy against *Rome* so great,
That over Nations, and mighty Kings,
O'er Lands and Seas she stretch'd her Eagles Wings.

Every thing that totters does not fall. The Contexture of so great a Body holds by more Nails than one. It holds even by it's Antiquity, like old Buildings, from which the Foundations are worn away by Time, with-

* *Plaut.* ‡ *Lucret.*

out

out Rough-caſt or Mortar, which yet live and ſupport themſelves by their own Weight;

——*nec jam validis radicibus hærens,*
Pondere tuta ſuo eſt †.

Like an old lofty Oak, that heretofore
Great Conquerors Spoils, and ſacred Trophies bore,
Stands firm by his own Weight *.

moreover 'tis not rightly to go to work, to diſcover only the Flank and the Graff; to judge of the Security of a Place, it muſt be examin'd which way Approaches can be made to it, and in what Condition the Aſſailant is. Few Veſſels ſink with their own Weight, and without ſome exteriour Violence. Let us every Way caſt our Eyes, every thing about us totters; in all the great States, both of Chriſtendom and elſewhere, that are known to us, if you will but look, you will there ſee evident Threats of Alteration and Ruin.

Et ſua ſunt illis incommoda, parque per omnes
Tempeſtas ‖.

They all of them do in the Miſchief ſhare,
And the rude Tempeſt rages every where.

Aſtrologers may very well, as they do, warn us of great Revolutions, and eminent Mutations: Their *Prophecies* are preſent and palpable, they need not go to Heaven to foretel this. There is not only Conſolation to be extracted from this univerſal Combination of Ills and Menaces, but moreover, ſome Hopes of the Continuation of our State; Foraſmuch as naturally nothing falls, where all does. An univerſal Sickneſs is particular Health: Conformity is an Enemy to Diſſolution. For my part, I deſpair not, and fancy that I diſcover Ways to ſave us.

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† *Lucan. l.* 1. * *Mr.* May. ‖ *Æneid.* 11.

Deus

Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice *.

God will, perchance,
Them to their Seats with happy Change advance †.

Who knows that *God* will have it happen, as it does in human Bodies, that purge and restore themselves to a better State by long and grievous Maladies; which restores them a more intire and perfect Health than what they took from them? That which weighs the most with me, is, that in reckoning the Symptoms of our Ill, I see as many natural ones, which Heaven sends us, and properly it's own, as of those that our Disorder and human Imprudence contribute to it. The very Stars seem to declare, that we have continued long enough, and beyond the ordinary Term already: And this afflicts me that the Mischief which most threatens us, is, not an Alteration in the intire and solid Mass, but it's Dissipation and Divulsion, which is the most worthy of our Fears. I moreover fear, in these Ravings of mine, the Treachery of my Memory, lest by Inadvertence it should make me write the same Thing twice. I hate to examine my self, and never review, but very unwillingly, what has once escap'd my Pen. I here set down nothing new. These are common Thoughts, and having peradventure conceiv'd them a hundred times, I am afraid I have set them down some where else already. Repetition is every where troublesom, though it were in *Homer*; but 'tis ruinous in Things, that have only a superficial and transitory shew. I do not love Inculcation, even in the most profitable Things, as in *Seneca*. And the Practice of the Stoical School displeases me, to repeat, upon every Subject at length, the Principles and Presuppositions that serve in general, and always to re-alledge anew common and universal Reasons. My Memory grows infinitely worse every Day than other:

Repetition troublesom.

* *Hor. Epod.* 13. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

Pocula

Pocula Lethæos ut ſi ducentia ſomnos
Arente fauce traxerim.*

As if in thirſt *Lethe*'s oblivious Flood
I had carous'd into my Blood.

I muſt be fain for the time to come, (for hitherto, thanks be to God, nothing has happened much amiſs) whereas others ſeek Time and Opportunity to think of what they have to ſay, to avoid all Preparations, for fear of tying myſelf to ſome Obligation upon which I muſt be forced to inſiſt. To be tied and bound to a Thing puts me quite out, and to depend upon ſo weak an Inſtrument as my Memory, I never could read the following Story without being offended at it with a natural Reſentment. *Lynceſtes*, accus'd of Conſpiracy againſt *Alexander*, the Day that he was brought out before the Army, according to the Cuſtom, to be heard what he could ſay for himſelf, had prepared a ſtudied Speech, of which, haggling and ſtammering, he pronounced ſome Words; but ſtill being more perplexed, whilſt ſtruggling with his Memory, and recollecting himſelf of what he had to ſay, the Soldiers that ſtood neareſt killed him with their Spears; they looked upon his Aſtoniſhment and Silence as a Confeſſion of his Guilt. For having had ſo much leiſure to prepare himſelf in Priſon, they concluded that it was not his Memory that fail'd him, but that his Conſcience tied up his Tongue, and ſtop'd his Mouth. This was very well ſaid. The Place, the Aſſiſtants, and the Expectation aſtoniſhed him, even at the time when it ſtood him upon to ſpeak the beſt he could. What can a Man do, when 'tis a Harangue upon which his Life depends? For my part, the very being tied to what I am to ſay is enough to looſe me from it. When I wholly commit and refer my ſelf to my Memory, I lay ſo much Streſs upon it, that it ſinks under me, and I ſuppreſs it with the Burden. So much as I truſt to it, ſo much do I put my ſelf out of my own Power, ſo much as to find it in my own Countenance; and have been ſometimes very much put to't

Lynceſtes *kill'd with thruſts of Pikes by* Alexander's *Soldiers*,

* *Hor. Epod.* 14.

to conceal the Slavery wherein I was engaged; whereas my Design is, to manifest in speaking a perfect negligence both of Face and Accent, and casual and unpremeditated Motions, as rising from present Occasions, chusing rather to say nothing to purpose, than to shew that I came prepared to speak well, a Thing especially unbecoming a Man of my Profession, and of great Obligation to him that cannot retain much; the Preparation begets a great deal more Expectation than it will satisfy. A Man often strips himself to his Doublet to leap no further than he would have done in his Gown. *Nihil est his qui placere volunt, tam adversarium quam expectatio* *; *nothing is so great an Adversary to those who make it their Business to please, as Expectation.* It is recorded of the Orator *Curio*, that when he propos'd the Division of his Oration into three or four Parts, it often happened, either that he forgot some one, or added one or two more. I have always avoided falling into this Inconvenience, having always hated these Promises and Prescriptions, not only out of distrust of my Memory, but also because this Method relishes too much of the Artist. *Simpliciora militares decent.* 'Tis enough that I have promis'd to myself never to take upon me to speak in place of respect; for as to speaking, when a Man reads his Speech, besides that it is very absurd, it is a mighty Disadvantage to those who naturally could give it a Grace by Action; and to rely upon the Mercy of my present Invention, I will much less do it; 'tis heavy and perplexed, and such as would never furnish me in sudden and important Necessities. Permit, Reader, this Essay it's course also, and this Sitting to finish the rest of my Picture. I add, but I correct not; first because I conceive, that a Man having once parted with his Labours to the World, he has no farther Right to them; let him do better if he can in some new Undertaking, but not adulterate what he has already sold; of such Dealers nothing should be bought till after they are dead: Let them well consider what they do, before they produce them to Light. Who hastens them? My Book is always the same, saving that upon every new Edi-

* *Cicero. Acad. l.* 4.

tion

tion (that the Buyer may not go away quite empty) I take the Liberty to add (as it were by an ill jointed inlaying or faneering) ſome few inſignificant Things over and above. They are no other than over weight, that do not disfigure the primitive Form of thoſe Eſſays, where they, by a little ambitious Subtilty, give a Kind of particular Repute to every one of thoſe that follow. From thence however there will eaſily happen ſome tranſpoſition of Chronology; my Stories taking Place according to their Patneſs, and not always according to the Age. Secondly, becauſe that for what concerns myſelf, I fear to loſe by the Change: My Underſtanding does not always go forward, it goes backward too. I do not much leſs ſuſpect my Fancies for being the ſecond or the third, than for being the firſt, or preſent, or paſt; we oft correct ourſelves as fooliſhly as we do others. I am grown older by a great many Years ſince my firſt Publications, which were in the Year 1580: But I very much doubt whether I am grown an Inch the wiſer. I now, and I anon, are two ſeveral Perſons; but whether the better, now, or anon, I am not able to determine. It were a fine Thing to be old, if we only travel'd towards Improvement; but 'tis a drunken ſtumbling, reeling, ill favoured Motion, like that of Reeds, which the Air caſually waves to and fro at Pleaſure. *Antiochus* had in his Youth effectually written in Favour of the *Academy*, but in his old Age he wrote as much againſt it: Would not which of theſe two ſoever I ſhould follow, be ſtill *Antiochus?* After having eſtabliſhed the Incertainty, to go about to eſtabliſh the Certainty of human Opinions, was it not to eſtabliſh Doubt, and not Certainty? and to promiſe, that had he had yet another Age to live, he would be always upon Terms of altering his Judgment, not ſo much for the better, as for ſomething elſe? The publick Favour has given me a little more Confidence than I expected; but what I moſt fear, is, leſt I ſhould glut the World with my Writings: I had rather of the two *nettle* my *Reader* than *tire* him; as a learned Man of my Time has done. Praiſe is always pleaſing, let it

The Writings of Antiochus *corrected by himſelf in his more mature Age.*

it come from whom, or upon what Account it will; yet ought a Man to understand why he is commended, that he may know how to keep up the same Reputation still. The vulgar and common Esteem is seldom happy in hitting right; and I am much mistaken, if amongst the Writings of my Time, the worst are not those which have most gained the popular Applause. For my Part, I confess myself obliged and return my Thanks to those good-natured Men, who are pleased to take my weak Endeavours in good Part. The Faults of the Workmanship are no where so apparent, as in a Matter which of itself has no Recommendation. Blame not me, Reader, for those that slip in here by the Fancy or Inadvertency of others; every Hand, every Artizan contribute their own Materials. I neither concern my self with *Orthography* (and only care to have it after the old Way) nor Pointing, being very unexpert both in the one and the other. Where they wholly break the Sense, I am very little concern'd, for they at least discharge me; but where they substitute a false one, as they so often do, and wrest me to their Conception, they ruin me. When the Sentence nevertheless is not strong enough for my Proportion, a civil Person ought to reject it as spurious, and none of mine. Whoever shall know how lazy I am, and how indulgent to my own Humour, will easily believe that I had rather write as many more Essays, than be ty'd to revise these over again for so childish a Correction. I was saying elsewhere, that being planted in the very Center of this new *Religion*, I am not only deprived of any great Familiarity with Men of other kind of Manners than my own, and of other Opinions, by which they hold together, as by a Tie that supersedes all other Obligations; but moreover, I do not live without Danger, amongst Men to whom all Things are equally lawful, and of whom the most Part cannot offend the Laws more than they have already done; from whence the extremest Degree of Licence does proceed. All the particular Circumstances respecting me being sum'd up together, I do not find one Man of my Country, who pays so dear

Orthography and Pointing despised.

for the Defence of our Laws both in Coſt and Damages (as the Lawyers ſay) as my ſelf. And ſome there are who vapour and brag of their Zeal and Conſtancy, that if Things were juſtly weighed, do much leſs than I. My Houſe, as one that has ever been open and free to all Comers, and civil to all, (for I could never perſuade my ſelf to make a Garriſon of it, that being to make it the Aim of the remoteſt Enemy) has ſufficiently merited a popular Kindneſs, and ſo that it would be a hard Matter juſtly to inſult over me upon my own Dung-hill; and I look upon it as a wonderful and exemplary Thing, that it yet continues a Virgin for Blood and Plunder during ſo long a Storm, and ſo many neighbouring Revolutions and Tumults. For to confeſs the Truth, it had been poſſible enough, for a Man of my Complexion, to have ſhaken Hands with any one conſtant and continued Form whatever. But the contrary Invaſions and Incurſions, Revolutions, and Viciſſitudes of Fortune round about me, have hitherto more exaſperated, than calmed and mollified the Humour of the Country, and involve me over and over again, with invincible Difficulties and Dangers. I 'ſcape, 'tis true, but am troubled that it is more by Chance, and ſomething of my own Prudence, than by Juſtice, and am not ſatisfied to be out of the Protection of the *Laws*, and under any other Safe-guard than theirs. As Matters ſtand, I live above one half by the Favour of others, which is an untoward Obligation. I do not like to owe my Safety either to the Generoſity or Affection of great Perſons, who are content to allow me my Liberty, or to the obliging Manners of my Predeceſſors, or my own. For what if I was another kind of Man? If my Deportments, and the Frankneſs of my Converſation or Relation oblige my Neighbours, 'tis cruel that they ſhould acquit themſelves of that Obligation, in only permitting me to live, and that they may ſay, we allow him the free Liberty of having divine Service read in his own private *Chapel*, when it is interdicted in all Churches round about, and allow him the Uſe of his Goods, and the Fruition of his Life, as one that protects our Wives and Cattle in Time of Need. For my Houſe has for many *Deſcents*,

scents, shared in the Reputation of *Lycurgus* the *Athenian*, who was the general *Feoffee* and *Guardian* of the Purses of his Fellow-Citizens. Now I am clearly of Opinion, that a Man should live by Authority, and not either by Recompence or Favour. How many gallant Men have rather chosen to lose their Lives, than to abandon their Duty? I hate to subject my self to any Sort of Obligation, but above all, to that which binds me by the Duty of Honour. I think nothing so dear as what is given me, and that because my Will lies at Pawn under the Title of Ingratitude, and more willingly accept of Offices that are to be sold; being of Opinion, that for the last I give nothing but Money, but for the other I give my self. The Knot that binds me by the Laws of Courtesy, pinches me more than that of legal Constraint, and I am much more at ease when bound by a *Scrivener*, than by my-self. It is not Reason that my Conscience should be much more engaged when Men simply rely upon it? In a Bond, my Faith owes nothing because it has nothing lent it. Let them trust to the Security they have taken without me; I had much rather break the Wall of a Prison, and the Laws themselves, than my own Word. I am nice even to Superstition, in keeping my Promises, and therefore upon all Occasions have a Care to make them certain and conditional. To those of no great Moment, I add the Jealousy of my own Rule to make it Weight; it racks and oppresses me with it's own Interest. Even in Actions that are wholly my own, and free; if I once say it, I conceive that I have bound my self, and that delivering it to the Knowledge of another, I have positively enjoined it my own Performance. Methinks I promise it, if I but say it, and therefore am not apt to say much of that Kind. The Sentence that I pass upon my self is more severe than that of a Judge, who only considers the common Obligation; but my Conscience looks upon it with a more severe and penetrating Eye. I lag in those Duties to which I should be compelled if I did

Lycurgus the general Trustee for all his Fellow-Citizens.

Promises to be strictly observed.

did not go. *Hoc ipsum ita justum est quod recte fit, si est voluntarium* *. *Even that which is well done, is only just, when 'tis voluntary.* If the Action has not some Splendor of Liberty, it has neither Grace nor Honour.

Quod me jus cogit, vix Voluntate impetrent §.

That which the Laws have Power to constrain,
They from my Will would hardly e'er obtain.

Where Necessity draws me, I love to let my Will take it's own Course. *Quia quicquid imperio cogitur, exigenti magis quam præstanti acceptum refertur. For whatever is compelled by Power is more imputed to him that exacts, than to him that performs.* I know some who follow this Rule, even to Injustice, who will sooner give than restore, sooner lend than pay, and will do them the least good to whom they are most obliged. I am of a quite contrary Humour. I so much love to disengage and disobligate my self, that I have sometimes looked upon Ingratitudes, Affronts, and Indignities, which I have received from those, to whom either by Nature or Accident I was bound in some Duty of Friendship, as an Advantage to me, taking this Occasion of their ill Usage, for an Acquittance and Discharge of so much of my Debt. And though I still continue to pay them all the Offices of publick Reason, I notwithstanding find my self very sparing of doing that upon the Account of Justice, which I did upon the Score of Affection, and am little eased of my former Solicitude by my inward Will. *Est prudentis sustinere ut cursum, sic impetum benevolentiæ* †. *'Tis the Part of a wise Man to keep a curbing Hand, as upon the ordinary Pace, so especially upon the Precipitation of his good Will*; which is in me too urging and pressing where I take; at least, for a Man who loves not to be strained at all. And this husbanding my Friendship serves me for a Sort of Consolation in the Imperfections of those in

* *Cicero de Offic.* § *Ter. Adel. Act.* 3. *Senec.* 5.
† *Cicero de Amicitia.*

whom

whom I am concerned. I am sorry they are not so much as I could wish they were, but so it is, that I also do less in my Application and Engagement, towards them. I approve of a Man that is the less fond of his Child for having a Scald-head, or being crooked, and not only when he is ill-natured, but also when he is unhappy and imperfect in his Limbs, (for God himself has abated that from his Value and natural Estimation) provided he carry himself in this Coldness of Affection with Moderation and exact Justice. Proximity lessens not Defects with me, but rather makes them greater. After all, according to what I understand in the Science of Benefits and Acknowledgment (which is a subtle Science and of great Use) I know no Person whatever more free and less indebted than I am at this Hour. What I do owe, is simply to common and natural Obligations; as to any Thing else, no Man is more absolutely clear.

——— *nec sunt mihi nota potentum*
Munera. ———*

The Gifts of great Men are to me unknown.

Princes give me a great Deal, if they take nothing from me; and do me *good* enough, if they do me no *harm*? that's all I ask. Oh, how I am obliged to Almighty God, who has been pleased that I should immediately receive all I have from his Bounty, and particularly reserved all my Obligation to himself! How instantly do I beg of his holy Compassion, that I may never owe a real Thanks to any one! O happy Liberty wherein I have thus far lived! May it continue with me to the last. I endeavour to have no Need of any one. *In me omnis spes est mihi. All my Hope is in my self.* 'Tis what every one may do in himself, but more easily they whom God has placed in a Condition exempted from natural and urgent Necessities. It is a wretched and dangerous Thing to depend upon others. Ourselves, which is the most just and safest Refuge, are not suffici-

* *Æneid. l.* 12.

ently

ently assured. I have nothing mine but my self, and yet the Possession is in Part defective and borrowed. I fortify my self both in *Courage*, which is the strongest Assistant, and also in *Fortune*, therein having wherewith to satisfy my self, though every thing else should forsake me. *Eleus Hippias* did not only furnish himself with Knowledge, that he might at Need cheerfully retire from all other Company to enjoy the *Muses*, nor with the Knowledge of *Philosophy* only to teach his Soul to be contented with it, and bravely to subsist without outward Conveniencies, when Fate would have it so; he was moreover so curious, as to learn Cookery, to shave himself, to make his own Clothes, his own Shoes and Drawers, to provide for all his Necessities in himself, and to wean himself from the Assistance of others. A Man more freely and cheerfully enjoys borrowed Conveniencies, when it is not an Enjoyment forc'd and constrain'd by Need, and when a Man has in his own Will and Fortune wherewithal to live without them. I know myself very well. But 'tis hard to imagine any so pure Liberality of any one towards me, any so free and frank Hospitality, that would not appear to me unhandsom, tyrannical, and tainted with Reproach, if Necessity had reduced me to it. As giving is an ambitious and authorative Quality, so is accepting a Quality of Submission. Witness the injurious and quarrelsom Refusal that *Bajazet* made of the Presents that *Themir* sent him; and those that were offered in the Behalf of the Emperor *Solyman* to the Emperor of *Callicut*, were so much disdained by him, that he not only rudely rejected them; saying, that neither he nor any of his Predecessors had ever been wont to take, and that it was their Office to give; but moreover caused the Embassadors sent for that Purpose to be put into a Dungeon. When *Thetis*, says *Aristotle*, flatters *Jupiter*, when the *Lacedæmonians* flatter the *Athenians*, they never put them in Mind of the good they have received from them which is always odious, but of the Benefits they have received from them; such as I see so frequently employ every one in their Affairs,

That 'tis injurious to refuse a Present.

That 'tis odious to reproach any with a Benefit conferred.

Affairs, and thrust themselves into so much Obligation; would never do it, did they but relish the Sweetness of a pure Liberty as I do, and did they but weigh, as wise Men should, the Burthen of Obligation. 'Tis sometimes perhaps fully returned; but 'tis never dissolved. 'Tis a miserable Slavery to a Man that loves to be at full Liberty upon all Accounts. Such as know me, both better and meaner Men than myself, are able to say whether they have ever known a Man less importuning, soliciting, entreating, and pressing upon others than I; but if I am, and be a Degree beyond all modern Example, 'tis no great Wonder so many Parts of my Manners contributing to it. A little natural Pride, an Impatience of being refused, the Contradiction of my Desires and Designs, and my most beloved Qualities, Idleness and Freedom; by all these together I have conceived a mortal Hatred of being obliged to any other than myself. I prodigally lay out all I can rap and wring of my own, rather than employ the Bounty of another in any light or important Occasion or Necessity whatever. My Friends do strangely importune me, when they advise me to call in a third Person, and I think it costs me little less to disengage him who is indebted to me by making use of him, than to engage my self to him that owes me nothing: These Conditions being removed, provided they require of me nothing of any great Trouble or Care, (for I have renounced all Business that requires great Diligence) I am easily intreated, and ready to do every one the best Service I can: But yet I have, I confess, more avoided receiving that sought Occasions of giving, and also, according to *Aristotle*, it is more easy. My Fortune as it has allowed me but little to do others good withal, so the little it can afford is put into a pretty close Hand. Had I been born a great Person, I should have been ambitious to have made my self beloved, not to make my self feared or admired: Shall I more plainly express it, I should more have endeavoured to please than to do good. *Cyrus* very wisely, and, by the Mouth of a great *Captain*, and better *Philosopher*, prefers his Bounty and Benefits much before his Valour and warlike Conquests. And the

elder *Scipio*, where-ever he would raiſe his Eſteem, ſets a higher Value upon his Affability and Humanity, than his Proweſs and Victories, and has always this glorious Saying in his Mouth, *that he has given his Enemies as much Occaſion to love him, as his Friends.* I will then ſay, that if a Man muſt of Neceſſity owe ſomething, it ought to be by a more legitimate Title than that whereof I am ſpeaking, to which the Neceſſity of this miſerable War compels me; and not in ſo great a Debt as that of my total Preſervation both of Life and Fortune, that overwhelms me. I have a thouſand Times gone to bed at my own Houſe with an Apprehenſion that I ſhould be betrayed and murthered that very Night, compounding with Fortune, that it might be without Terror, and with quick Diſpatch; and after my *Pater noſter* have cried out,

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit *?

Shall impious Soldiers have theſe new-plow'd Grounds?

What Remedy? 'tis the Place of my Birth, and moſt of my Anceſtors have here fixed their Affection and Name; we inure ourſelves to whatever we are accuſtom'd. And in ſo miſerable a Condition as ours is, Cuſtom is a great Bounty of Nature, which benums our Senſes to the Sufferance of many Evils. A *Civil War* has this with it, worſe than other Wars have, to make us ſtand Centinels in our own Houſes.

Quam miſerum, porta vitam muroque tueri,
Vixque ſuæ tutum viribus eſſe domus †*!*

To one's own Walls and Gates, 'tis wretched ſure
To truſt one's Life, yet ſcarce to be ſecure.

'Tis a grievous Extremity for a Man to be juſtled in his own Houſe. The Country where I live is always the firſt in Arms, and the laſt that lays them down, and where there never is an abſolute Peace.

* *Virg. Eclog.* 1. † *Ov. Triſt. l.* 4. *Eleg.* 1.

Tum quoque cum pax est, trepidant formidine belli.
——— quoties pacem fortuna lacessit;
Hac iter est bellis, melius fortuna dedisset;
Orbe sub Eoo sedem, gelidaque sub Arcto,
Errantesque domos *.

Oh ill built City, too too near the *Gaul!*
Oh sadly situated Place! when all
The World have Peace, we are the Spoil of War,
And first that are invaded; happier far
Might we have liv'd in fartheſt North or Eaſt,
Or wandring Tents of *Scythia*, than poſſeſt
The Edge of *Italy* †.

I ſometimes extract the Means to fortify myſelf againſt theſe Conſiderations, from Careleſneſs and Sloth, which alſo in ſome ſort bring us on to Reſolution. I frequently happen to imagine and expect mortal Dangers with a kind of Delight. I ſtupidly plunge myſelf headlong into Death, without conſidering or taking a View of it, as into a deep and obſcure *Abyſs*, which ſwallows me up at one Leap, and involves me in an Inſtant in a profound Sleep, without any Senſe of Pain. And in theſe ſhort and violent Deaths, the Conſequence that I foreſee adminiſters more Conſolation to me than the Effects do Fear. They ſay, that as Life is not better for being long, ſo Death is better for being not long. I do not ſo much evade being dead, as I enter into Confidence with dying. I wrap and ſhrowd myſelf in the Storm that is to blind and carry me away with the Fury of a ſudden and unſenſible Attack. Moreover, what if it ſhould fall out, that as ſome *Gardiners* ſay, that *Roſes* and *Violets* ſpring more odoriferous near *Garlick* and *Onions*, by Reaſon that the laſt ſuck and imbibe all the ill Odour of the Earth; that theſe depraved Natures ſhould alſo attract all the Malignity of my *Air* and *Climate*, and ſo render it ſo much better and purer by their Vicinity, that I ſhould not loſe all? That cannot be, but there may be ſomething in this, that Bounty and Goodneſs is more beauti-

* *Lucan.* † *Mr.* May.

ful

ful and attractive when it is rare; and that Contrariety and Diverſity fortifies and ſhuts up well-doing within itſelf, and inflames it by the Jealouſy of Oppoſition and Glory. Thieves and Robbers (of their ſpecial Favour) have no particular Aim at me, no more have I to them. I ſhould have my Hands too full. Like Conſciences are lodg'd under ſeveral Sorts of Robes; like Cruelty, Diſloyalty and Rapine, and much the worſe as they are more miſchievous to others, and more ſecure and concealed in themſelves, under the Colour of the Laws. I leſs hate an open profeſſed Injury, than one that is clandeſtine and treacherous; an Enemy in Arms than an Enemy in a Gown. Our Fever has ſeized upon a Body that is not much the worſe for't. There was *Fire* before, and now 'tis broke out into a *Flame*. The *Noiſe* is greater, the Evil much the ſame. I caſually anſwer ſuch as aſk me the Reaſon of my Travels, *that I know very well what I fly from, but not what I ſeek*. If they tell me that I may be as unhealthy among Strangers, and that their Manners are no purer than ours; I firſt reply, that that is hard to be believed.

Tam multæ ſcelerum facies *.

Secondly, that it is always Gain to change an ill Condition for one that is uncertain, and that the *Ills* of others ought not to concern us ſo much as thoſe of our own. I will not here omit, that I never mutiny ſo much againſt *France*, that I am not perfectly Friends with *Paris*; that City has ever had my Heart from my Infancy; and it has fallen out, as of excellent Things, that the more beautiful Cities I have ſeen ſince, the more the Beauty of this does ſtill win upon my Affection. I love it by itſelf, and more in it's own native Being, than in all the Pomp of foreign and acquired Embelliſhments; I love it tenderly, even to it's Warts and Blemiſhes. I am not a *Frenchman* but by this great City, great in People, great in the Felicity of her Situation; but above all, great and incomparable in Variety and Diverſity of Commodities;

The Commendation of Paris.

* *Virg. Geor. l.* 1.

the Glory of *France*, and one of the most noble Ornaments of the World. *God* of his Goodness compose our *Differences*, and deliver us from this *Civil War*; I find her sufficiently defended from all other Violences. I give her Caution, that of all sorts of People those will be the worst that shall set it in Division; I have no Fears of her, but of herself; and certainly I have as much Fear for her, as for any other *City* in the Kingdom. Whilst she shall continue, I shall never want a *Retreat* where I may live or die, sufficient to make me Amends for parting with any other *Home* or *Retreat* whatever. Not because *Socrates* has said so, but because it is in Truth my own Humour, and perhaps not without some Excess. I look upon all Men as my Compatriots, and embrace a *Polander* with as sincere an Affection as a *Frenchman*, preferring the universal and common Tie to all national Ties whatever. I am not much taken with the Sweetness of a natural Air: Acquaintance wholly new, and wholly my own, appear to me full as good as the other common and accidental ones with our Neighbours. Friendships that are purely of our own acquiring, ordinarily carry it above those to which the Communication of the *Clime* or of *Blood* oblige us. *Nature* has placed us in the World free and unbound, we imprison ourselves in certain Streights, like the Kings of *Persia*, who oblige themselves to drink no other Water but that of the River *Choaspes*, and foolishly quit Claim to their right of Usage in all other Streams; and as to what concerned themselves, dried up all the other Rivers of the World. What *Socrates* did towards his End, to look upon a Sentence of Banishment, as worse than a Sentence of Death against him; I shall, I think, never be either so decrepit, or so strictly habituated to my own *Country*, to be of that Opinion. These celestial Lives have Images enough, which I embrace more by Esteem than Affection; and they have some also so elevated and extraordinary, that I cannot embrace them so much as by Esteem, forasmuch, as I cannot conceive them. This Humour was very tender in a Man that thought the whole World his *City*. It is true,

The Water of the River Choaspes, *the Beverage of the* Persian *Kings.*

Death prefer'd to Banishment.

true, that he disdained *Travel*, and had hardly ever set his Foot out of the *Attick* Territories. What though he complained of the Money, his Friends offered to save his Life, and that he refused to come out of Prison by the Mediation of others; not to disobey the *Laws* in a time when they were otherwise so corrupted? These Examples are of the first kind for me; of the second there are others that I could find out in the same Person. Many of these rare Examples surpass the Force of my Action; but some of them do moreover surpass the Force of my Judgment. These Reasons set aside, *Travel* is in my Opinion a very improving thing; the Soul is there continually employ'd in observing new and unknown Things: And I do not know, as I have often said, a better School wherein to model Life, than by incessantly exposing to it the Diversity of so many other Lives, Fancies, and Customs; and to make it relish so perpetual a Variety of the Form of human Nature. The Body is therein neither idle nor overwrought, and that moderate Agitation puts it in Breath. I can keep on Horseback, as much tormented with the Stone as I am, without alighting or being weary, eight or ten Hours together.

Vires ultra sortemque senectæ *.

Beyond the Strength and common Use of Age.

No Season is Enemy to me, but the parching Heat of a scorching Sun; for the *Umbrella's* made Use of in *Italy*, ever since the Time of the ancient *Romans*, more burthen a Man's Arm than they relieve his Head. I would fain know what Pain it was to the *Persians* so long ago, and in the Infancy of their Luxury, to make such *Ventiducts* and plant such *Shades* about their Abodes, as *Xenophon* report they did. I love Rain, and to dabble in the Dirt, as well as tame Ducks do; the change of Air and Climate never concern me: every Sky is alike. I am only troubled with inward Alterations, which I breed within myself, and those are not so frequent in *Travel*. I am hard

Umbrella's of Italy.

* *Æneid.* 6.

to be got out, but being once upon the Road, I hold out as well as the best. I take as much Pains in little as in great Attempts; and am as solicitous to equip myself for a short *Journey*, if but to visit a Neighbour, as for the longest *Voyage*. I have learned to travel after the *Spanish* Fashion, and to make but one Stage of a great many Miles; and in excessive Heats, I always travel by Night, from Sun-set to Sun-rising. The other Method of Baiting by the Way, in Haste and Hurry to gobble up a Dinner, is, especially in short Days, very inconvenient. My Horses perform the better, for never any Horse tired under me, that was able to hold out the first Day's Journey; I water them at every Brook I meet, and have only a Care they have so much Way to go before I come to my Inn, as will warm the Water in their Bellies. My Unwillingness to rise in a Morning gives my Servants Leisure to dine at their Ease before they go out. For my own Part, I never eat too late; my Appetite comes to me in Eating, and not else, and am never hungry but at *Table*. Some of my Friends blame me for continuing this travelling Humour, being married and old. But they are out in't; for it is the best Time to leave a Man's House, when a Man has put it into a Way of continuing without us; and settled such an *Oeconomy*, as corresponds to it. For mere Government, 'tis much greater Imprudence to abandon it to a less faithful House-keeper, and who will be less solicitous to provide for the Family, and look after your Affairs. The most useful and honourable Knowledge and Employment for the Mother of a Family, is, the *Science* of good Housewifry. I see some that are *covetous* indeed, but very few that are *saving*. 'Tis the supreme Quality of a Woman, and that a Man ought to seek after before any other, as the only *Dowry* that must ruin or preserve our Houses. Let Men say what they will, according to the Experience I have learned, I require in married Women the Œconomical Virtue above all other Virtues; I put my Wife to't, as a Concern of her own, leaving her by my Absence the whole Government of my Affairs. I see, and am ashamed to see, in several *Families* I know, *Monsieur*, about Dinner-time, come home all Dirt, and in great Disorder, from trotting about

The Spanish *Way of travelling.*

about amongſt his Huſbandmen and Labourers, when Madam is perhaps ſcarce out of her Bed, and afterwards is pouncing and tricking up herſelf forſooth in her Cloſet. This is for *Queens* to do, and that's a Queſtion too. 'Tis ridiculous, and unjuſt, that the Lazineſs of our Wives ſhould be maintained with our Sweat and Labour. No Man, foraſmuch as in me lies, ſhall have a more free and liberal, a more quiet and free Fruition of his Eſtate than I. If the *Huſband* bring Matter, *Nature* herſelf will that the *Wife* find the Form. As to the Duties of conjugal Friendſhip, that ſome think to be violated by the Abſence, I am quite of another Opinion; it is on the contrary an *Intelligence* that eaſily cools by a too frequent and aſſiduous Practice. Every ſtrange Woman appears graceful, and every one finds by Experience, that being continually together is not ſo pleaſing, as to part for a Time, and meet again. Theſe Interruptions inflame me a-new towards my Wife, and render my own Houſe more pleaſant to me. Abſence, and change of Place, renew my Appetite both to the one and the other. I know that the Arms of Friendſhip are long enough to reach from the one End of the World to the other, and eſpecially this, where there is a continual Communication of Offices that rouſe the Obligation and Remembrance. The *Stoicks* ſay, that there is ſo great Connexion and Relation amongſt wiſe Men, that he who dines in *France*, nouriſhes his Companion in *Ægypt*; and that whoever does but hold out his Finger, in what Part of the World ſoever, all the wiſe Men upon the habitable Earth feel themſelves aſſiſted by it. Fruition and Poſſeſſion principally appertain to the Imagination. It more fervently and conſtantly embraces what it is in Queſt of, than what we hold in our Arms. Let a Man but conſider and caſt up his daily Thoughts, and he will find, that he is moſt abſent from his Friend when in his Company. His Aſſiſtance relieves your Attention, and gives your Thoughts Liberty to abſent themſelves at every Turn, and upon every Occaſion. When I am at *Rome*, I keep and govern my Houſe, and the Conveniencies I there left, ſee my Walls riſe, my Trees

That conjugal Friendſhip grows warm by Abſence.

shoot, and my Revenue increase, or decrease, very near as well as when I am there.

Ante oculos errat domus, errat forma locorum *.

My House, and Forms of Places constantly
Present themselves unto my Fancy's Eye.

If we enjoy nothing but what we touch, we may say farewel to the Money in our Closets and to our Sons when they are gone a Hunting. We will have them nearer to us. Is the Garden, or half a Day's Journey from Home so far? What is ten Leagues, far or near? If near, what is eleven, twelve, or thirteen? and so by Degrees. In Earnest, if there be a Woman who can tell her Husband what Step ends the *near*, and what Step begins the *remote*, I would advise her to stop between.

——*excludat jurgia finis:*
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello: & demo unum, demo etiam unum
Dum cadat clusus ratione ruentis acervi †.

——— the whole Horse-tail we may,
Thus Hair by Hair, at length pluck quite away ‡.

And let them in God's Name call *Philosophy* to their Assistance; in whose Teeth it may be cast, that seeing it neither discerns the one nor the other End of the Joint, betwixt the too much and the little, the long and the short, and the light and the heavy, the near and remote, that seeing it discovers neither the Beginning nor the End, it must needs judge very uncertainly of the Middle. *Rerum natura nullam nobis dedit cognitionem finium* ‖. Are they not still Wives and Friends to the Dead, who are not only at the End of this, but in the other World? We embrace not only the absent, but who have been, and those who are not yet. We do not promise in Marriage to be continually twisted

* *Ov. Trist. l.* 3. *Eleg.* 4. † *Hor. lib.* 2. *Epist.* 1.
‡ *Sir* W. P. ‖ *Cic. Acad. lib.* 4.

and

and linkt together, like ſome little Animals that we ſee, or like thoſe of *Karenty* that are bewitch'd, tied together like Dogs. And a Wife ought not to be ſo greedily enamour'd of her Huſband's *Fore-parts*, that ſhe cannot endure to ſee him turn his *Back*, if occaſion be. But may not this Saying of that excellent Painter of Women's Humours be here introduc'd, to ſhew the Reaſon of their Complaints?

The bewitch'd of Karenty.

Uxor, ſi ceſſes, aut te amare cogitat,
Aut tete amari, aut potare, aut animo obſequi,
Et tibi bene eſſe ſoli, cum ſibi ſit male *.

Thy Wife, if thou ſtay'ſt long abroad, is mov'd,
Thinking thou either lov'ſt, or art belov'd;
Drinking, or ſomething elſe, thy ſelf to pleaſe,
And that thou'rt well, whilſt ſhe is ill at Eaſe.

Or may it not be, that of itſelf Oppoſition and Contradiction entertains and nouriſhes them, and that they ſufficiently accommodate themſelves, provided they incommode you? In your Friendſhip, wherein I pretend to be as perfect as another, I more give my ſelf to my Friend, then I endeavour to attract him to me. I am not only better pleas'd in doing him Service, than if he confer'd a Benefit upon me; but moreover, had rather he ſhould do himſelf good than me, and he moſt obliges me when he does ſo. And if Abſence be either more pleaſant or convenient for him, 'tis alſo more acceptable to me than his Preſence; neither is it properly Abſence, when we can write to one another. I have often made good Uſe of our Separation for a Time. We better fill'd, and further extended the Poſſeſſion of Life in being parted. He liv'd, rejoic'd, and ſaw for me, and I for him, as plainly as if he had himſelf been there; one part remain'd idle, and we confounded one another when we were together. The diſtance of *Place* render'd the Conjunction of our

Of the Utility, the Abſence of a Friend is.

* *Ter. Adel. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 1.

Wills

Wills more rich. This insatiable Desire of personal Presence a little implies Weakness in the Fruition of Souls. As to what concerns Age, which is alledged against me, 'tis quite contrary; 'tis for Youth to subject it self to common Opinions, and to curb it self to please others. It has wherewithal to please both the People and it's self; we have but too much ado to please ourselves alone. As natural Conveniencies fail, let us supply them with those that are artificial. 'Tis Injustice to excuse Youth for pursuing it's Pleasures, and to forbid old Men to seek them. When young, I conceal'd my wanton Passions with Prudence; now I am old, I chase away Melancholy by Debauch. And thus do the *Platonick Laws* forbid Travel till forty or fifty Years old, that Men's Travels might be more useful and instructive in so mature an Age. I should sooner subscribe to this second Article of the *Laws*, which forbids it after threescore; but at such an Age you will never return from so long a Journey. What care I for that? I neither undertake it to return nor to finish it. My Business is only to keep my self in Motion whilst Motion pleases me, and only walk for the Walk's Sake. They who hunt after a Benefice, or a Hare, run not; they only run, that run at Base, and to exercise their running. My Design is divisible throughout, it is not grounded upon any great Hopes, every Day concludes my Expectation. And the Journey of my Life is carried on after the same Manner; and yet I have seen Places enough a great way off, when I could have wished to have been stayed. And why not, if *Chrysippus*, *Cleanthes*, *Diogenes*, *Zeno*, *Antipater*, so many *Sages* of the soureſt *Sect* chearfully abandon'd their Country, without occasion of Complaint, and only for the Enjoyment of another Air? In earnest, that which most displeases me in all my Voyages, is, that I cannot resolve to settle my Abode where I should best like, but that I must always propose to my self to return, to accommodate my self to the common Humour. If I fear'd to die in any other Place than that of my Birth; if I thought I should die more uneasily remote from my own Family, I should hardly go out of *France*; I should not without Fear step out of my Parish. I feel

Death

Death always twitching me by the Throat, or by the Back: But I am of another Temper, 'tis in all Places alike to me; yet might I have my Choice, I think I ſhould rather chooſe to die on *Horſeback* than in a *Bed*, out of my own Houſe, and far enough from my own People. There is more Heart-breaking than Conſolation in taking leave of one's *Friends*. I am willing to omit that Civility, for that of all the Offices of Friendſhip is the only one that is unpleaſant, and could with all my Heart diſpenſe with that great and eternal Farewel. If there be any Convenience in ſo many Standers by, it brings an hundred Inconveniencies along with it. I have ſeen many miſerably Dying, ſurrounded with all their Train: 'Tis a Crowd that choaks them. 'Tis againſt Duty, and a Teſtimony of little Kindneſs and little Care, to permit you to die in Repoſe; one torments your Eyes, another afflicts your Ears, another tires your faultering Tongue; you have neither Senſe nor Member that is not violated by them: Your Heart is wounded with Compaſſion to hear the Mourning of thoſe that are your real Friends, and perhaps with ſpite, to hear the counterfeit Condolings of thoſe who only pretend and make a ſhew of being ſo. Whoever has been delicate that way, when well, is much more ſo in his Weakneſs. In ſuch a Neceſſity a tender Hand is required, and accommodated to his *Sentiments*, to ſcratch him juſt in the Place where he itches, or not to meddle with him at all. If we ſtand in need of a *knowing Woman* to bring us into the World, we have much more need of a wiſer Man to help us out of it. Such a one, and a Friend to boot, a Man ought to purchaſe at any rate for ſuch an Occaſion. I am not yet arrived to ſuch a pitch of Bravery, as to diſdain all Aſſiſtance in that fatal Hour, nor pretend to be able ſo to fortify my ſelf in my own Strength, that nothing can aſſiſt or offend me; I have not brought my ſelf to that: I endeavour to hide my ſelf, and to eſcape from this Paſſage, not by *Fear* but by *Art*. I do not intend in this Act of dying to muſter up and make a ſhew of my Conſtancy. For whom ſhould I do it? All the Right and Title

viz. *a Mid-wife ſo called in* French.

Title I have to Reputation will then ceaſe. I content my ſelf with a Death involv'd within it ſelf, quiet, ſolitary, and all my own, ſuitable to my retir'd and private Life. Quite contrary to the *Roman* Superſtition, where a Man was looked upon as unhappy, who died without ſpeaking, and that had not his neareſt Relations to cloſe his Eyes. I have enough to do to comfort my ſelf, without giving my ſelf the trouble of conſolating others; Thoughts enough in my Head, not to need that Circumſtances ſhould poſſeſs me with new; and Matter enough to entertain my ſelf withal without borrowing. This critical Minute is out of the part of Society, 'tis the Act of one ſingle Perſon. Let us live, and be merry amongſt our *Friends*, let us go die, and be ſullen amongſt *Strangers*. A Man may find thoſe for his Money will ſhift his Pillow, and rub his Feet, and that will trouble him no more than he would have them, who will preſent him with an indifferent Countenance, and ſuffer him to govern himſelf, and to complain according to his own Method. I wean my ſelf daily by my Reaſon from this childiſh and inhuman Humour, of deſiring by our Sufferings to move the Compaſſion and Mourning of our Friends. We ſtretch our Inconveniencies beyond their juſt extent when we extract Tears from them, and the Conſtancy which we commend in every one in ſupporting his own adverſe Fortune, we accuſe and reproach in our Friends when the Caſe is our own; we are not ſatisfied that they ſhould be ſenſible of our Condition only, unleſs they be moreover afflicted. A Man ſhould publiſh and communicate his *Joy*, but as much as he can, conceal and ſmother his *Grief*: He that makes himſelf lamented without Reaſon, is a Man not to be lamented when there ſhall be real Cauſe. To be always complaining, is the way never to be lamented; by making himſelf always in ſo pitiful a taking, he is never commiſerated by any. He that makes himſelf dead when he is alive, is ſubject to be thought likely to live when he is dying. I have ſeen ſome who have taken it ill when they have been told that they looked well, and that their

The Eyes of dying Perſons cloſ'd by their neareſt Relations.

their Pulſe was temperate, contain their Smiles, becauſe they betray'd a Recovery, and be angry at their Health becauſe it was not to be lamented: And, which is a great deal more, they were not Women neither. I deſcribe my Infirmities, but ſuch as they really are at moſt, and avoid all Expreſſion of ill Prognoſtick and compoſed Exclamations. If not Mirth, at leaſt, a temperate Countenance in the Standers by, is proper in the Preſence of a wiſe ſick Man. He does not quarrel with Health, for ſeeing himſelf in a contrary Condition. He is pleaſed to contemplate it ſound and intire in others, and at leaſt to enjoy it for Company. He does not, for feeling himſelf melt away, abandon all Thoughts of Life, nor avoid to diſcourſe of ordinary and indifferent Things. I will ſtudy Sickneſs whilſt I am well; when it has ſeized me it will make its Impreſſion real enough, without the Help of my Imagination. We prepare our ſelves before hand for the Journey we undertake and reſolve upon, we leave the appointment of the Hour when to take Horſe to the Company, and in their Favour defer it. I find this unexpected Advantage in the Publication of my Manners, that it in ſome ſort ſerves me for a Rule. I have ſometimes ſome Conſideration of not betraying or falſifying the Hiſtory of my Life. This publick *Declaration* obliges me to keep my Way, and not to give the Lye to the Picture I have drawn of my Qualities, commonly leſs deformed and interdicted than the Malignity and Infirmity of the Judgments of this Age would have them. The Uniformity and Simplicity of my Manners produce a Face of eaſy Interpretation, but becauſe the Faſhion is a little new, and out of Uſe, it gives great Opportunity to Slander. Yet ſo it is, that whoever will go about juſtly to condemn me, I do think I ſo ſufficiently aſſiſt his Malice in my known and avow'd Imperfections, that he may that way ſatisfy his Ill-nature, without fighting with the Wind. If I my ſelf to prevent this Accuſation and Diſcovery, confeſs enough to fruſtrate his Malice, as he conceives 'tis but Reaſon that he make Uſe of his Right of Amplification, and to wire-draw my Vices as far as he can; Offence has a Right beyond

Mourning very improper about ſick Perſons.

yond Justice; and let him make the Roots of those Errors I have laid open to him shoot up into Trees and Branches: Let him make his Use, not only of those I am really infected with, but also of those that only threaten me; injurious Vices both in quality and number. Let him cudgel me that way. I should willingly follow the Example of the Philosopher *Dion*. *Antigonus* being about to reproach him with the Meanness of his Birth, he presently cut him short, with this Declaration: *I am*, said he, *the Son of a Slave, a Butcher, and stigmatized, and of a Whore, my Father married in the lowest of his Fortune, who both of them were whipt for Offences they had committed. An* Orator *bought me, when a Child, and finding me a pretty and hopeful Boy, bred me up, and when he died left me all his Estate, which I have transported into this City of* Athens, *and here settled my self to the Study of Philosophy*. Let the Historians never trouble themselves with inquiry after me. I shall tell them what I am; and a free and generous Confession enervates Reproach, and disarms Slander. So it is, that, one thing with another, I fancy Men as often commend, as undervalue me beyond Reason. As methinks also from my Infancy, in Rank and Degree of Honour, they have given me a Place rather above than below my Right. I should find my self more at ease in a Country where these Degrees were either regulated or not regarded. Amongst Men, when the Difference about the Precedency either of walking or sitting exceeds three Replies, 'tis reputed uncivil. I never stick at giving, or taking Place out of Rule to avoid the trouble of Ceremony. And never any Man had a Mind to go before me, but I permitted him to do it. Besides the Profit I make of writing of my self. I have also hoped for this other Advantage, that if it should fall out that my Humour should please, or jump, with those of some honest Man, before I die, he would then desire, and seek to be acquainted with me, and to come up to me. I have given him a great deal of Space; for all that he could have in many Years acquir'd by a long Familiarity, he has seen in three Days in this Memorial, and more surely and exactly set down. A pleasant Fancy! Many Things that I would not confess to any one in particular, I deliver to

the Publick; and ſend my beſt Friends to a Bookſeller's Shop, there to inform themſelves concerning my moſt ſecret Thoughts.

Excutienda damus præcordia *.

My Entrails I lay open to Men's view.

Had I by good Direction known where to have ſought any one proper for my Converſation, I ſhould certainly have gone a great way, to have found him out: For the Sweetneſs of ſuitable and agreeable Company, cannot, in my Opinion, be bought too dear. Oh! What a Thing is a true Friend! How true is that old Saying, *That the Uſe of a Friend is more pleaſing and neceſſary than the Elements of Water and Fire!* To return to my Subject, there is then no great harm in dying privately, and far from home. And we alſo conceive ourſelves obliged to retire for natural Actions leſs unſeemly, and leſs terrible than this. But moreover, ſuch as are reduced to ſpin out a long languiſhing Life, ought not perhaps to wiſh to trouble a great Family with their continual Miſeries. Therefore the *Indians*, in a certain Province, thought it juſt to knock a Man on the Head, when reduced to ſuch a Neceſſity: And in another of their *Provinces* they all forſook him, to ſhift for himſelf as well as he could. To whom do they not at leaſt become tedious and inſupportable? You teach your beſt Friends to be cruel by Force; hardening Women and Children by long Cuſtom, neither to lament, nor to regard your Sufferings. The Groans forced from me by the Pain of the Stone, were grown ſo familiar to my People, that no body take any more notice of them. And though we ſhould extract ſome Pleaſure from their Converſation, (which does not always happen, by reaſon of the Diſparity of Conditions, which eaſily begets Contempt or Envy toward any one whatever) is it not too much to be troubleſom all the Days of a Man's Life? The more I ſhould ſee them force themſelves

How uſeful and neceſſary a Friend is.

* *Perſ. Sat.* 5.

selves out of real Affection to be serviceable to me, the more I should be sorry for their Pains. We have Liberty to lean, but not to lay our whole Weight upon others, so as to prop ourselves by their Ruin. Like him who caused little Childrens Throats to be cut, to make use of their Blood for the Cure of a certain Disease he had: Or that other, who was continually supply'd with tender young Girls, to keep his old Limbs warm in the Night, and to mix the Sweetness of theirs with his sour and stinking Breath. Decrepitness is a solitary Quality. I am sociable even to excess; and I think it reasonable that I should now withdraw my Miseries from the Sight of the World, and keep them to my self. Let me shrink and draw up my self like a *Tortoise*. I learn to see Men without hanging upon them, I should endanger them in so steep a Passage. 'Tis now time to turn my back to Company. But in these Travels you may be surprized with Sickness in some wretched Place, where nothing can be had to relieve you: I always carry most Things necessary about me; and besides, we cannot evade Fortune, if she once resolve to attack us. I need nothing extraordinary when I am Sick. I will not be beholden to my *Bolus* to do that for me which Nature cannot. At the very Beginning of my Fevers, and Sicknesses that cast me down, whilst intire, and but a little Disorder my Health, I reconcile my self to *Almighty God* by the last Christian Offices, and find my self by so doing less oppress'd, and more easy, and have got methinks so much the better of my Disease. And I have yet less need of a Scrivener or Counsellor, than of a Physician. What I have not settled of my Affairs when I was in *Health*, let no one expect I should do it when I am *sick*. What I will do for the Service of Death, is always done. I durst not so much as one Day defer it. And if nothing be done, 'tis as much as to say, either that Doubt hindered my Choice, (and sometimes 'tis well chosen not to choose) or that I was positively resolved not to do any thing at all. I write my Book to few Men, and to few Years. Had it been Matter of Duration, I should have put it into a better Language; for according to the continual variation that ours has been

been continually subject to, who can expect that the present force should be in use fifty Years hence? It slips every Day through our Fingers, and since I was born is alter'd above one half. We say that it is now perfect; and every Age says the same of the Language then spoken: But I shall hardly trust to that, so long as it varies and changes as it does. 'Tis for good and useful Writings to nail and rivet to them, and it's Reputation will go according to the Fortune of our State. For which Reason, I am not afraid to insert in it several private Articles, which will spend their use amongst the Men that are now living, and that concern the particular Knowledge of some who will see further into them than every common Reader. I will not after all, as I often hear dead Men spoken of, that Men should say of me, *He judged and lived so and so; he would have done this or that, could he have spoken when he was dying, he would have said so or so, and have given this Thing or the other; I knew him better than any.* Now, as much as Decency permits, I here discover my Inclinations and Affections; but I do it more willingly and freely by word of Mouth, to any one who desires to be inform'd. So it is, that in these *Memoirs* if any observe, he will find, that I have either told, or design'd to tell all. What I cannot express, I point out with my Finger.

Verum animo satis hæc vestigia parva sagaci
Sunt, per quæ possis cognoscere cætera tute *.

But by these Footsteps a sagacious Mind
May easily all other Matters find.

I leave nothing to be desired, or to be guessed at concerning me. If People must be talking of me, I would have it to be justly and truly. I would come again with all my Heart from the other World, to give any one the Lie that should report me other than I was, though he did it to honour me. I perceive that People represent, even living Men, quite another Thing than what they really are: And had I not stoutly defended

* *Lucret. l.* 1.

a Friend, whom I have loſt, they would have torn him into a thouſand ſeveral Pieces. To conclude the Account of my frail Humours, I do confeſs, that in my Travel, I ſeldom come to my Inn, but that it comes into my Mind to conſider whether I could there be ſick, and dying at my eaſe; I would be lodg'd in ſome convenient Part of the Houſe, remote from all Noiſe, ill Scents and Smoke. I endeavour to flatter Death by theſe frivolous Circumſtances, or to ſay better, to diſcharge my ſelf from all other Incumbrances, that I may have nothing to do, nor to be troubled with any Thing but it, which will lye heavy enough upon me without the Aſſiſtance of any other Thing to add to the Load. I would have my Death ſhare in the Eaſe and Conveniencies of my Life; 'tis a great Part of it, and of the greateſt Importance, and hope it will not for the future contradict what is paſt. Death hath ſome Forms that are more eaſy than others, and receives divers Qualities, according to every one's Fancy. Amongſt the natural ones, thoſe that proceed from Weakneſs and Stupidity I think the moſt favourable: Amongſt thoſe that are violent, I can worſe endure to think of a Precipice than the Fall of a Houſe, that will cruſh me flat in a Moment? and a Wound with a Sword, than a Harquebuſs Shot: And ſhould rather have choſen to poiſon my ſelf with *Socrates*, than ſtab my ſelf with *Cato*. And though it be the ſame thing, yet my Imagination makes as great a Difference as betwixt Death and Life, betwixt throwing my ſelf into a burning Furnace, and plunging into the Channel of a River: So idly does our Fear more concern it ſelf in the Means than the Effect. It is but an Inſtant, 'tis true, but withal, an Inſtant of ſuch Weight, that I would willingly give a great many Days of my Life to paſs it over after my own Faſhion. Since every one's Imagination renders it more or leſs terrible, and ſince every one has ſome Choice amongſt the ſeveral Forms of dying, let us try a little further, to find ſome one that is wholly clear from all Offence. Might not one render it moreover voluptuous, as they did who died with *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*? I ſet aſide the brave and exemplary Efforts produced by *Philoſophy* and *Religion*. But amongſt

amongst Men of little Note, such as *Petronius*, and a *Tigillinus* at *Rome*, there have been found Men condemned to dispatch themselves, who have, as it were, rock'd Death asleep with the Delicacy of their Preparations; they have made it slip and steal away, even in the Height of their accustomed Diversions. Amongst Whores and good Fellows, not a Word of Consolation, no mention of making a Will, no ambitious Affectation of Constancy, no talk of their future Condition: Amongst Sports, Feasts, Wit and Mirth, common and indifferent Discourses, Musick and amorous Verses. Were it not possible for us to imitate this Resolution after a more decent Manner? Since there are Deaths that are fit for Fools, and fit for the Wise, let us find out such as are fit for those who are betwixt both. My Imagination suggests to me one that is easy, and since we must die, to be desired. The *Roman Tyrants* thought they did in a manner give a Criminal Life, when they gave him the Choice of his Death. But was not *Theophrastus*, that so delicate, so modest, and so wise a *Philosopher*, compelled by Reason when he durst repeat this Verse translated by *Cicero*.

The Manner of dying left to the Choice of Criminals by the Tyrants.

Vitam regit Fortuna, non Sapientia *.

Fortune, not Wisdom, human Life doth sway.

Fortune is assisting to the Facility of the Bargain of my Life; having placed it in such a Condition, that for the future it can be no Advantage nor Hindrance to those that are concerned in me. 'Tis a Condition that I would have accepted at any Time of my Age: But in this Occasion of trussing up my Baggage, I am particularly pleas'd, that in dying I shall neither do them Good nor Harm; she has so ordered it by a cunning Compensation, that they who may pretend to any considerable Advantage by my Death, will at the same Time sustain a material Inconvenience. Death sometimes is more grievous to us, in that it is grievous to

* *Cic. Tusc. lib.* 1.

others, and interests us in their Interest as much as in our own, and sometimes more. In this Conveniency of Lodging that I desire, I mix nothing of Pomp and Splendour, I hate it rather; but a certain plain Neatness, which is often found in Places where there is less of Art, and that Nature has adorned with some Grace that is all her own. *Non ampliter sed munditer convivium. Plus salis, quam sumptus* *. And besides, 'tis for those whose Affairs compel them to travel in the Depth of Winter through the *Grisons* Country, to be surprized upon the Way with great Inconveniencies. I, who for the most part travel for my Pleasure, do not order my Affairs so ill. If the Way be foul on my Right Hand, I turn on my Left; if I find my self unfit to ride, I stay where I am: And in so doing, in earnest, I see nothing that is not as pleasant and commodious as my own House. 'Tis true, that I always find Superfluity superfluous, and observe a kind of Trouble even in Abundance it self. Have I left any Thing behind me unseen, I go back to see it, 'tis still my Way; I trace no certain Line, either straight or crooked. Do I not find in the Place to which I go what was reported to me? as it oft falls out, that the Judgments of others do not jump with mine, and that I have found those Reports for the most part false; I never complain of losing my Labour: I have at least inform'd my self that what was told me was not true. I have a Constitution of Body as free, and a Palate as indifferent as any Man living: The Diversity of Fashions of several Nations no further concern me than the meer Pleasure of Variety. Every Custom has it's Reason. Let the Plate and Dishes be Pewter, Wood, or Earth, my Meat be boiled or roasted, let them give me Butter or Oil, of Nuts or Olives, hot or cold, 'tis all one to me: And so indifferent, that growing old, I accuse this generous Faculty and have need that Delicacy and Choice should correct the Indiscretion of my Appetite, and sometimes relieve my Stomach. When I have been abroad out of *France*, and the People out of Civility have ask'd me, if I would be serv'd after the *French* Manner, I laugh'd

* *Corn. Nepos in vita At.*

at

at the Queſtion, and always frequented Tables the moſt fill'd with Strangers. I am aſhamed to ſee my Country Men beſotted with this fooliſh Humour of quarrelling with Forms contrary to their own. They ſeem to be out of their Element, when out of their own Village. Where-ever they go, they keep ſtrictly to their own Faſhions, and abominate thoſe of Strangers. Do we meet with a Compatriot in *Hungary?* Oh the happy Adventure! They are thenceforward inſeparable; they cling together, and their whole Diſcourſe is to condemn the barbarous Manners they ſee there. And why barbarous, but becauſe they are not *French?* And thoſe have made the beſt uſe of their Travels, who have obſerved moſt to ſpeak againſt; for moſt of them go for no other End, but to come again. They proceed in their Travel with great Gravity and Circumſpection, with a ſilent and incommunicable Prudence, preſerving themſelves from the Contagion of an unknown Air. What I am ſaying of them, puts me in mind of ſomething like it I have ſometimes obſerved in ſome of our young Courtiers, they will not mix with any but Men of their own Sort; and look upon us as Men of another World, with Diſdain and Pity. Put them upon any Diſcourſe but the Intrigues of the Court, and they are utterly at a loſe, as very Owls and Novices to us, as we are to them. And 'tis truly ſaid, that a well-bred Man is of a compound Education. I, on the contrary, travel very much fated with our own Faſhions; not to look for *Gaſcons* in *Sicily*, I have left them at Home: I rather ſeek for *Greeks* than *Perſians*; they are the Men I endeavour to be acquainted with, and the Men I ſtudy; 'tis there that I beſtow and employ my ſelf: And, which is more, I fancy that I have met but with few Cuſtoms that are not at leaſt as good as our own. I have not, I confeſs, travell'd very far; ſcarce out of the Sight of the Fanes of my own Houſe. As to the reſt, moſt of the accidental Company a Man falls into upon the Road, beget him more trouble than Pleaſure; I wave them as much as I civilly can, eſpecially now that Age ſeems in ſome ſort to privilege and ſequeſter me from the common Forms. You ſuffer for others, or others ſuffer for you; both of them Inconve-

niencies of Importance enough, but the latter appears to me the greater. 'Tis a rare Fortune, but of ineſtimable Pleaſure, to have a worthy Man, one of a ſound Judgment, and of Manners conformable to your own, who takes a Delight to bear you company. I have been at an infinite Loſs for that upon my Travels. But ſuch a Companion ſhould be choſe and acquired from your firſt ſetting out. There can be no Pleaſure to me without Communication: There is not ſo much as a ſpritely Thought comes into my Mind, that it does not grieve me to have produced alone, and that I have no one to communicate it unto. *Si cum hac exceptione detur Sapientia, ut illam incluſam teneam, nec enunciem, rejiciam* *; *If Wiſdom were conferr'd with this Caution, that I muſt keep it to my ſelf, and not communicate it to others, I would have none of it.* This other has ſtrain'd it one Note higher: *Si contigerit ea vita ſapienti, ut omnium rerum affluentibus copiis, quamvis omnia, quæ cognitione digna ſunt, ſummo otio ſecum ipſe conſideret, & contempletur, tamen ſi ſolitudo tanta ſit, ut hominem videre non poſſit, excedat è vita* †; *If ſuch a Condition of Life ſhould happen to a wiſe Man, that in the greateſt Plenty of all Conveniencies, he might at the moſt undiſturbed Leiſure, conſider, and contemplate all Things worth the knowing, yet if his Solitude muſt be ſuch that he muſt not ſee a Man, he had much better die.* *Architas* was of my Opinion, when he ſaid, That it would be unpleaſant, even in Heaven itſelf, to wander in thoſe great and divine cœleſtial Bodies without a Companion. But yet it is much better to be alone, than in fooliſh and troubleſom Company. *Ariſtippus* loved to live as a Stranger in all Places:

Worthy Men, of great Pleaſure in Travel.

> *Mea ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*
> *Auſpiciis* ‡.
>
> But if the Fates would ſo propitious be,
> To let me live at my own Liberty.

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* *Seneca Epiſt.* 6. † *Cic. de Offi. l.* 1. ‡ *Æneid. l.* 4.

I ſhould

I ſhould chuſe to paſs away the greateſt Part of my Life on Horſe-back

——viſere geſtiens,
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulæ pluviique rores *.

Viſit the Stores of Snow and Hail,
And where exceſſive Heats prevail †.

Have you not more eaſy Diverſions at Home? What do you there want? Is not your Houſe ſituated in a ſweet and healthful Air, ſufficiently furniſhed, and more than ſufficiently large? The Royal Majeſty has more than once been entertained there with all his Train. Has not your Family left more below it in good Government, than it has above it in Eminence? Is there any novel, extraordinary, and indigeſtible Thought that afflicts you?

Quæ te nunc coquat, & vexet ſub pectora fixa ‖.

That now lies broiling in thy troubled Breaſt,
And ne'er will ſuffer thee to be at reſt.

Where do you think to live without Diſturbance? *Nunquam ſimpliciter Fortuna indulget* ‡. You ſee then, it is only you that trouble your ſelf, and you ſhall every where follow your ſelf, and every where complain; for there is no Satisfaction here below, but either for brutiſh or divine Souls. He, who in ſo juſt an Occaſion has no Contentment, where will he think to find it? How many Millions of Men terminate their Wiſhes in ſuch a Condition as yours? Do but reform your ſelf; for that is wholly in your own Power; whereas you have no other Right, but Patience towards Fortune. *Nulla placida quies eſt, niſi quam ratio compoſuit* ⸸. I ſee the Reaſon of this Advertiſement, and I ſee it perfectly well; but he might ſooner have done, and have

* *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 3. † *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw.
‖ *Cic. de Senect. ex Enn.* ‡ *Curtius.* ⸸ *Sen. Epiſt.* 56.

spoken more pertinently, in bidding me in one Word, *Be wise.* This Resolution is beyond Wisdom, 'tis her Work and Product. Thus the *Physician* lies preaching to a poor languishing *Patient* to be *chearful*, but he would advise him a little more discreetly in bidding him *be well.* For my part, I am but a Man of the common Sort. 'Tis a wholesom *Precept*, certain, and easy to be understood, *be content with what you have*, that is to say, with *Reason:* And yet to follow this Advice, is no more in the Power of the wise Men of the World, than in me: 'Tis a common Saying, but of a terrible Extent: What does it not comprehend? All Things fall under Discretion and Qualification. I know very well, that to take it by the Letter, this Pleasure of Travelling is a Testimony of Uneasiness and Irresolution, and also those two are our governing and predominating Qualities. Yes, I do confess they are: I see nothing, not so much as in a Dream, and in a Wish, whereon I could set up my Rest: Variety only, and the Possession of Diversity, can satisfy me, if any thing can. In travelling, it pleases me that I may stay where I like without Inconvenience, and that I have wherewithal commodiously to divert my self. I love a private Life, because 'tis my own Choice that I love it, not by any dissenting from, or Dislike of the publick Way of Living, which perhaps is as much according to my Complexion. I serve my *Prince* more chearfully, because it is by the free Election of my own Judgment and Reason, without any particular Obligation; and that I am not compelled so to do, for being rejected or disliked by the other Party; and so of all the rest. I hate the Morsels that Necessity carves me. I should think that the greatest Convenience upon which I were only to depend, had me by the Throat.

Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas ‡.

Let me in Water plunge one Oar,
And with the other rake the Shore.

---

‡ *Prop. l. 3. Eleg. 2.*

One

One Cord will never hold me faſt enough. You will ſay there is Vanity in this Way of Living. But why not? Both theſe fine Precepts are Vanity, and all Wiſdom is Vanity. *Dominus novit cogitationes Sapientum, quoniam vanæ ſunt.* Theſe exquiſite Subtilties are only fit for Sermons. They are Diſcourſes that will ſend us all ſadled into the other World. Life, as a material and corporal Motion, and Action imperfect and irregular of it's own proper Eſſence, I make it my Buſineſs to ſerve it according to itſelf.

Quiſque ſuos patimur manes *.

We are all puniſh'd for our proper Crimes.

Sic eſt faciendum, ut contra naturam univerſam nihil contendamus: Ea tamen conſervata, propriam ſequantur †. *We muſt ſo order it, as by no means to contend againſt univerſal Nature; but yet, that Rule being obſerved, to follow our own.* To what End are theſe elevated Points of *Philoſophy*, upon which no human Being can rely? And thoſe Rules that exceed both our Uſe and Force? I ſee that we often have Images of Life ſet before us, which neither the Propoſer nor thoſe that hear him have any manner of Hope, nor which is more, of Inclination, to follow. Of the ſame Sheet of Paper whereon the Judge has but juſt writ a Sentence againſt an Adulterer, he ſteals a Piece whereon to write a *Love* Letter to his Companion's Wife. She whom you have but juſt now entertained in your Embraces, will preſently, even in your own Hearing, aloud, more inveigh againſt the ſame Fault in her Companion than a *Porcia*. And ſuch there are, who will condemn Men to Death for *Crimes* that they do not themſelves repute ſo much as Faults. I have in my Youth ſeen a Man in good Habit, in one Hand preſent the People with Verſes that excelled both in Wit and Debauchery, and with the other, at the ſame Time, the moſt ſeditious theological Reformation that the World has been treated with theſe many Years. Men proceed at this

* *Æneid.* 6. † *Cicero de Off. l.* 1.

rate;

rate; we let the Laws and Precepts follow their Way; our selves keep another Course; not only by Debauchery of Manners, but oft-times by Judgment and contrary Opinion. Do but hear a philosophical *Lecture*; the Invention, Eloquence, and Pertinency immediately work upon your Mind, and move you; there is nothing that either flatters or reprehends your Conscience; 'tis not to it that they address. Is not this true? This made *Ariosto* say, that neither a *Bath* nor a *Lecture* did signify any Thing, unless they scowred and made Men clean. One may stop at the outward Skin; but 'tis after the Marrow is pick'd out; as after having quaft off the Wine out of a fine Bowl, we consider the Graving and Workmanship. In all the Courts of ancient Philosophy this is to be found, that the same Philosophy Reader does there publish the Rule of *Temperance*, and at the same time Lectures of *Love* and *Wantonness*. And *Xenophon*, even in the Bosom of *Clinias*, writ against the *Aristippick* Virtue. 'Tis not that there is any miraculous Conversion in it that makes them thus wavering, but because *Solon* represents sometimes in his own Person, and sometimes in that of a *Legislator*. One while he speaks for the Crowd, and another for himself; taking the free and natural Rules for his own Share, assuring himself of a firm and established Health and Vigour.

Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri *.

Great Doctors must do desp'rate Patients good †.

A Sage *permitted to love.*

Antisthenes allowed a *Sage* to love, and to do whatever he saw opportune, without Regard to the Laws; forasmuch as he was better advised than they, and had a greater Knowledge of Virtue. His Disciple *Diogenes* said, that Men to *Perturbations* were to oppose *Reason*, to *Fortune* Confidence, and to the *Laws* Nature. For tender Stomachs, forced and artificial *Recipes* must be prescrib'd: Good and strong Stomachs serve themselves

* *Juv. Sat.* 13. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

simply

ſimply with the Preſcriptions of their own natural Appetite. After this manner do our *Phyſicians* proceed, who eat *Melons*, and drink *Iced Wines*, whilſt they confine their Patients to *Syrups* and *Panades*. I know not, ſaid the Courtezan *Lais*, what they talk of Books, Wiſdom, and Philoſophy, but thoſe Men knock as oft at my Door as any other. At the ſame Rate that our Licence carries us beyond what is lawful and allowed, Men have often, beyond the univerſal Reaſon, ſtretch'd and tender'd the Precepts and Rules of Life.

Nemo ſatis credit tantum delinquere quantum
Permittas *.———

None ſins juſt ſo far as he hath in Charge.
But at his Pleaſure will his Vice enlarge †.

It were to be wiſhed, that there were more Proportion betwixt the Command and the Obedience, and the Mark ſeems to be unjuſt to which one cannot attain. There is no Man ſo good, or ſo ſquares all his Thoughts and Actions to the Laws, that he is not faulty enough to deſerve hanging ten Times in his Life. Nay, and ſuch a one too, as it were great Pity to make away, and very unjuſt to puniſh.

——— *Olle, quid ad te*
De cute quid faciat ille vel illa ſua ‡?

Ollus, what is't to thee
What with themſelves does he or ſhe?

And ſuch a one there may be, as hath no Way offended the Laws, who nevertheleſs would not deſerve the Character of a virtuous Man, and that Philoſophy would not juſtly condemn to be whipt; ſo unequal and perplex'd is this Relation. We are ſo far from being good Men, according to the Laws of God, that we cannot be ſo according to our own. Human Wiſdom could never

* *Juv. Sat.* 14. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.
‡ *Mart. l.* 7. *Ep.* 9.

yet

yet arrive at the Duty that it had itſelf preſcribed; and could it arrive there, it would ſtill preſcribe it ſelf others beyond it, to which it would ever aſpire and pretend: ſo great an Enemy to Conſiſtency is our human Condition. Man enjoins himſelf to be neceſſarily in Fault. He is not very diſcreet to cut out his Duty by the Meaſure of any other *Being* than his own. To whom does he preſcribe that which he does not expect any one ſhould perform? Is he unjuſt in not doing what it is impoſſible for him to do? The Laws which condemn us not to be able, condemn us for not being able. At the worſt Hand this diſform Liberty of preſenting themſelves two ſeveral Ways, the Actions after one Manner, and the Diſcourſes after another Way, be allowed to thoſe who only ſpeak of Things; but it cannot be allowed to them who ſpeak themſelves, as I do. I muſt march my Pen as I do my Feet. The common Life ought to have Communication with the other Lives. The Virtue of *Cato* was vigorous beyond the Reaſon of the Age he lived in, and for a Man whoſe Province it was to make one in the governing others, doubtleſs dedicated to the publick Service; and yet it might be called a Juſtice, if not unjuſt, at leaſt vain, and out of Seaſon. Even my own Manners, which have not above an Inch of Singularity in them above thoſe that are current amongſt us, render me nevertheleſs a little odd and unſociable to the Age I live in. I know not whether it be without Reaſon that I am diſguſted with the World I frequent, but I know very well that it would be without Reaſon, ſhould I complain of it's being diſguſted with me, ſeeing I am ſo with it. The Virtue that is aſſigned to the Affairs of the World, is a Virtue of many Wavings, Corners, and Elbows to join, and adapt it ſelf to human Frailty, mixt, and artificial; not ſtrait, clean, conſtant, not purely innocent. Our *Annals* to this very Day reproach one of our Kings for ſuffering himſelf ſimply to be carried away by the conſcientious Perſuaſions of his *Confeſſor*. Affairs of State hold bolder Precepts.

exeat

exeat Aula
Qui vult esse pius *.

Let him who will be good from Court retire.

I have formerly tried to employ in the Management of publick Affairs, Opinions, and Rules of living, as rude, new, unpoliſhed, or unpolluted, as either born with me, or brought away from my Education, and wherewith I ſerve my own Turn, if not ſo commodiouſly, at leaſt as ſecurely, in my own particular Concerns: But I have found a ſcholaſtick and novice Virtue, fooliſh and dangerous. He that goes into a Croud, muſt now go one Way, and then another, keep his Elbows cloſe, retire, or advance, and quit the direct Way, according to what he encounters; and muſt live not ſo much according to his own Method, as that of others; not according to what he purpoſes to himſelf, but according to what is propoſed to him, according to the Time, according to Men, according to Occaſions. *Plato* ſays, that whoever eſcapes the World's handling with clean Breeches, eſcapes by Miracle: And ſays withal, that when he appoints his *Philoſopher* the Head of a Government, he does not mean a corrupt one like that of *Athens*, and much leſs ſuch a one as this of ours, wherein Wiſdom itſelf would be to ſeek. And a good Herb tranſplanted into a Soil very contrary to it's own Nature, much ſooner conforms itſelf to the Soil, than it reforms the Soil to it. I find, if I were wholly to apply myſelf to ſuch Employments, it would require a great deal of Change and new modelling in me, before I could be any Way fit for it. And though I could ſo far prevail with myſelf, (and why might I not with Time and Diligence, work ſuch a Feat) I would not do it. By the Trial I have had of publick Employment, it has been ſo much Diſguſt to me; I feel by Times ſome Temptations toward Ambition riſing in my Soul, but I obſtinately oppoſe them.

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* *Lucret. l.* 8.

At

At tu, Catulle, obstinatus obdura *.

But oh *Catullus*, be thou obstinate.

I am seldom called to it, and as seldom offer myself uncalled. Liberty and Lazineſs, the Qualities moſt predominant in me, are Qualities diametrically contrary to that Trade. We cannot diſtinguiſh the Faculties of Men. They have Diviſions and Limits hard and delicate to chuſe. To conclude from the diſcreet Conduct of a private Life, a Capacity for the Management of publick Affairs, is to conclude it ill. A Man may govern himſelf well, that cannot govern others ſo, and compoſe *Eſſays* that could not work *Effects*. Such a one may be, who can order a Siege well, that would ill marſhal a Battle, and that can ſpeak well in private, who would ill harangue a People, or a Prince. Nay, 'tis peradventure rather a Teſtimony in him who can do the one, that he cannot do the other, than otherwiſe. I find that elevated Souls are not much more proper for low Things, than mean Souls are to high ones. Could it be imagined that *Socrates* ſhould have adminiſtered Occaſion of Laughter, at the Expence of his own Reputation to the *Athenians*, for having never been able to ſum up the Votes of his Tribe, to deliver it to the Council? Doubtleſs, the Veneration I have for the Perfections of this great Man, deſerves that *Fortune* ſhould furniſh for the Excuſe of my principal Imperfections, ſo magnificent an Example. Our Sufficiency is cut out into ſmall Parcels, mine has no Latitude, and is alſo very contemptible in Number. *Saturninus*, to thoſe who had conferred upon him the Command in Chief, *Companions*, ſaid he, *you have loſt a good Captain, to make him an ill General.* Whoever boaſts, in ſo ſick a Time as this, to employ a true and ſincere Virtue in the World's Service, either knows it not, Opinion growing corrupt with Manners, (and in Truth to hear them deſcribe it, to glorify themſelves in their Deportments, and to lay down their Rules;

* *Catul. Epig.* 8.

inſtead

inſtead of painting Virtue, they paint pure Vice and Injuſtice, and ſo repreſent them falſe in the Education of *Princes*), or if he does know it, boaſts unjuſtly, and let him ſay what he will, does a thouſand Things of which his own Conſcience muſt neceſſarily accuſe him. I ſhould willingly take *Seneca*'s Word, of the Experience he made upon the like Occaſion, provided he would deal clearly and ſincerely with me. The moſt honourable Mark of Goodneſs in ſuch a Neceſſity, is freely to confeſs both his own Fault, and thoſe of others; with the Power of his Virtue to ſtop his Inclination toward Evil, unwillingly to follow this Propenſity, to hope better, and to deſire better. I perceive that in theſe unhappy Diviſions, wherein we are miſerably involved in *France*, every one does his beſt to defend, and by Argument to make good his Cauſe; but even the very beſt with Diſſimulation and Diſguiſe. He that would write roundly of the true State of the Quarrel, would write raſcally and viciouſly. What is the moſt juſt Party, other than a Member of a decayed and worm-eaten Body? But of ſuch a Body, the Member that is leaſt affected, is ſaid to be ſound, and with good Reaſon, foraſmuch as our Qualities have no Title but in Compariſon. Civil Innocency is meaſured according to *Times* and *Places*. I loved to read in *Xenophon* this Commendation of *Ageſilaus*; being intreated by a neighb'ring Prince with whom he had formerly had War, to permit him to paſs through his Country; he granted his Requeſt, giving him free Paſſage thorough *Peloponneſus*, and not only did not impriſon or poiſon him, being at his Mercy, but courteouſly received him according to the Obligation of his Promiſe, without doing him any the leaſt Injury or Offence. To ſuch Humours as theſe, this was an Act of no great Luſtre; elſewhere, and in another Age, the Frankneſs and Magnanimity of ſuch an Action will be in high Eſteem. Our Crack-rope *Capets* would have laughed at it, ſo little does the *Spartan* Innocence reſemble that of *France*. We are not without virtuous Men, but 'tis according to what we repute ſo. Whoever has his Manners eſtabliſhed in Regularity above

The Students of Montague *College in* Paris.

the Standard of the Age he lives, let him either wrest or blunt his Rules; or, which I would rather advise him to, let him retire, and not meddle with us at all. What will he get by't.

Egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimembri
Hoc monstrum, Puero, & miranti jam sub aratro
Piscibus inventis & fœtæ comparo Mulæ *.

To me an honest Man more Monster seems
Than Nature shakes all when a Woman teems
A Child with two Heads; than Mules foaling found,
Or wondrous Fishes plow'd out from the Ground †.

A Man may regret better Times, but cannot fly from the present; we may wish for other Magistrates, but we must, notwithstanding, obey those we have; and peradventure 'tis more laudable to obey the Bad than the Good. So long as the *Image* of the ancient and received Laws of this *Monarchy* shall shine in any Corner of the Kingdom, there will I be. If they unfortunately happen to thwart and contradict one another, so as to produce two *Factions* of doubtful and difficult Choice, I will willingly chuse to withdraw and escape the Tempest. In the mean Time Nature, or the Hazards of War may lend me a helping Hand. Betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, I should soon and frankly have declared myself; but amongst the three *Robbers* that came after, a Man must have been necessitated either to hide himself or have gone along with the Current of the Time; which I think a Man may lawfully do, when Reason no longer rules.

Quo diversus abis?

Whither dost thou wandring run?

This Medley is a little from my Subject. I go out of my Way, but 'tis rather upon the Account of Licence than Oversight. My Fancies follow one another, but

* *Juven. Sat.* 13. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

sometimes

ſometimes at a great Diſtance; and look towards one another, but 'tis with an oblique Glance. I have read a *Dialogue* of *Plato*, of ſuch a motly and fantaſtick Compoſition, as had the Beginning of *Love*, and all the Reſt to the End of *Rhetorick*. They ſtick not at theſe Variations, and have a marvellous Grace in letting themſelves be carried away at the Pleaſure of the Winds; or at leaſt to ſeem as if they were. The Titles of my Chapters do not always comprehend the whole Matter, they oft but denote it by ſome Mark only, as theſe others, *Andria*, *Eunuchus*, or theſe, *Sylia*, *Cicero*, *Torquatus*. I love a poetick March, by Leaps and Skips; 'tis an Art, as *Plato* ſays, light, nimble, and a little madiſh. There are Pieces in *Plutarch*, where he forgets his *Theme*, where the Propoſition of his Argument is only found by Incidence; and ſtuffed throughout with foreign Matter. Do but obſerve his Footing in the *Dæmon* of *Socrates*. Good God, how beautiful then are his Variations and Digreſſions, and then moſt of all, when they ſeem to be fortuitous, and introduced for want of Heed. 'Tis the indiligent Reader that loſes my Subject, and not I; there will always be found ſome Words or other in a Corner that are to the Purpoſe, though it lye very cloſe. I ramble indiſcreetly and tumultuouſly, my Stile and my Wit wander at the ſame Rate; a little Folly is tolerable in him that will not be guilty of too much, ſay the Precepts, but much more the Examples of our Maſters. A thouſand Poets flag and languiſh after a proſaick Manner, but the beſt old Proſe (and I ſtrow them here up and down indifferently for Verſes) ſhines throughout, and has the Luſtre, Vigour and Boldneſs of Poetry, not without ſome Air of it's Fury; and certainly Proſe ought to have the Preheminence in Speaking. The *Poet*, ſays *Plato*, when ſet upon the *Muſes Tripod*, pours out with Fury whatever comes into his Mouth, like the Pipe of a Fountain, without conſidering and pauſing upon what he ſays; and Things come from him of various Colours, of a contrary Subſtance, and with an uninterrupted Torrent: And all the old *Theology*, as the wiſe inform us, and the firſt *Philoſophy*, are Poeſy. 'Tis the original Language of the *Gods*; I mean, that

my Matter distinguishes itself; it sufficiently shews where it changes, where it concludes, when it begins, and where it rejoins, without interlacing it with Words of Connexion, introduced for the Relief of weak or negligent Ears, and without explaining myself. Who is he that had not rather not be read at all, than after a drowsy or cursory Manner? *Nihil est tamen utile, quod in transitu prosit* *. *Nothing can be so profitable, as to be so when negligently read.* If to take a Book in Hand, were to read it, to look upon it, were to consider it, and to run it slightly over, were to make it a Man's own; I were then to blame to make myself so ignorant as I say I am. Seeing I cannot fix the Attention of my Reader by the Weight of what I write, *Manco male, I am much mistaken*, if I should chance to do it by my Intricacies; nay, he will afterward repent that he ever perplexed himself about it: 'Tis very true, but he will yet be there perplexed. And besides, there are some Humours in which Intelligence produces Disdain; who will think better of me for not understanding what I say, and will conclude the Depth by the Obscurity of my Sense; which, to speak sincerely, I mortally hate, and would avoid it if I could. *Aristotle* boasts somewhere in his Writings, that he affected it; vicious Affectation! The frequent *Breaks*, and short *Paragraphs* in Chapters that I made my Method in the Beginning of my Book, I have since thought, broke and dissolved the Attention before it was raised, as making it disdain to settle itself to so little; and upon that Account have made the rest longer, such as require Propositions, and assigned Leisure. In such an Employment, to whom you will not give an Hour, you give nothing; and do nothing for him, for whom you only do whilst you are doing something else. To which may be added, that I have perhaps some particular Obligation to speak only by halves, to speak confusedly and discordantly. I am therefore angry at this Kind of perplexing Reason; these extravagant Projects that trouble a Man's Life, and those Opinions so fine and subtle, that though they be true, I think them too dear bought. On the contrary, I make it my Business to

* *Senec. Epist.* 2.

bring

bring Vanity itſelf in Repute, and Folly too, if it bring me any Pleaſure; and permit me to follow my own natural Inclinations, without carrying too ſtrict a Hand upon them. I have ſeen elſewhere Palaces in Rubbiſh, and Statues both of Gods and Men defaced. and yet there are Men ſtill; all this is true, and yet for all that, I cannot ſo often review the Ruins of that ſo great and ſo powerful *City*, that I do not admire and reverence it. The Care of the Dead is recommended to us; beſides, I have been bred up from my Infancy with theſe People; I had Knowledge of the Affairs of *Rome* long before I had any of thoſe of my own Houſe. I knew the *Capitol*, and it's Platform, before I knew the *Louvre*; and the River *Tiber*, before I knew the River *Seine*. The Qualities and Fortunes of *Lucullus*, *Metellus*, and *Scipio*, have ever run more in my Head than thoſe of any of my own Country. They are all dead, and ſo is my Father as abſolutely dead as they, and is removed as far from me and Life in eighteen Years, as they were in ſixteen hundred; whoſe Memory nevertheleſs, Friendſhip and Society, I do not ceaſe to hug and embrace with a very perfect and lively Union. Nay, of my own Inclination I render myſelf more officious to the Dead; they no longer help themſelves, and therefore methinks they more require my Aſſiſtance: 'Tis there that Gratitude appears in it's full Luſtre. Benefits are not ſo generouſly placed where there is Retrogradation and Reflection. *Archeſilaus* going to viſit *Cteſibius* who was ſick, and finding him in a very poor Condition, privately conveyed ſome Money under his Pillow; and, by concealing it from him, acquitted him moreover from the Acknowledgment due to ſuch a Benefit. Such as have merited from me my Friendſhip and Gratitude, have never loſt them by being no more; I have better and more carefully paid them, when gone, and ignorant of what I did. I ſpeak moſt kindly and affectionately of my Friends when they can no more know it. I have had a hundred Quarrels in defending *Pompey*, and upon the Account of *Brutus*. This Acquaintance does yet continue betwixt us. I have no

Meaning Rome.

Gratitude towards the Dead.

other Hold even of present Things but my Fancy. Finding myself of no Use to this Age, I throw my self back upon that other; and am so enamoured of the free, just, and flourishing State of that ancient *Rome* (for I neither love it in it's Birth, nor old Age) that I interest myself in it to a Degree of Passion; and therefore cannot so often review the Situation of their Streets and Houses, and Ruins as profound as the *Antipodes*, that it does not always put me into a Dump. Is it by Nature, or through Error of Fancy, that the Sight of Places which we know have been frequented and inhabited by Persons whose Memories are recommended in Story, does in some Sort work more upon us than to hear a Recital of their Acts, or to read their Writings? *Tanta vis admonitionis inest in locis. Et id quidem in hac urbe infinitum: quacumque enim ingredimur in aliquam Historiam vestigium ponimus* *. *So great a Power of Admonition is in Places; and truly in this City so infinite, that which Way soever we go we tread upon some History.* It pleases me to consider their Face, Port, and Vestments. I ruminate those great Names betwixt my Teeth, and make them ring in my own Ears. *Ego illos veneror, & tantis nominibus semper assurgo* †. *I reverence them, and rise up in Honour of so great Names.* Of Things that are in some Part great and admirable, I admire even the common Parts. I could wish to see them talk, walk, and sup together. It were Ingratitude to contemn the Relicks and Images of so many worthy and valiant Men as I have seen live and die, and who, by their Example, give us so many good Instructions, knew we how to follow them. And moreover, this very *Rome* that we now see deserves to be beloved; so long, and by so many Titles a *Confederate* to our Crown; the only common and universal City. The sovereign Magistrate that commands there is equally acknowledg'd and obey'd elsewhere: 'Tis the *metropolitan City* of all the Christian Nations. The *Spanish* and *French* are there at home. To be a Prince of this *State*, there needs no more but to be a

Rome *the common and universal City.*

* *Cicero de fin. lib.* 5. † *Seneca. Epist.* 64.

Prince

Prince of Christendom. There is no Place upon Earth that Heaven has embraced with such an Influence and Constancy of Favour, her very Ruins are glorious.

Laudandis precioſior ruinis *.

More glorious by her Ruins made.

She yet in her very Ruins retains the Marks and Image of Empire. *Ut palam ſit uno in loco gaudentis opus eſſe Naturæ. That it may be manifeſt that Nature is in one Place enamoured of her own Work.* Some one would blame, and be angry at himself, to perceive himself tickled with so vain a Pleasure. Our Humours are never too vain that are pleasant. Let them be what they would that did constantly content an honest Man of common Understanding, I could not have the Heart to accuse him. I am very much obliged to *Fortune* in that to this very Hour she has offered me no Out-rage beyond what I was well able to bear. Is it not happily her Custom to let those live in Quiet by whom she is not importuned ?

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret: nihil cupientium
Nudus caſtra peto: multa petentibus
Deſunt multa †.

The more a Man himself denies,
The more indulgent Heav'n bestows;
Let them that will side with the *I's*,
I'm with the Party of the *No's* ‡.

If she continues her Favour, she will dismiss me very well satisfied.

———*nihil ſupra*
Deos laceſſo ‖.

Nor for more
Do I the Gods implore.

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* *Sidonius Apol.* † *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 16.
‡ *Sir* Rich. Fanshaw. ‖ *Hor. lib.* 2. *Ode* 16.

But beware the Shock. There are a thousand that perish in the Port. I easily comfort myself for what shall here happen when I shall be gone. Present Things trouble me enough;

Fortunæ cætera mando.

To Fortune I do leave the rest.

Besides, I have not strong Obligation, that they say ties Men to the Future, by the Issue that succeeds to their Name and Honour; and perhaps ought less to covet them, if they are to be so much desired. I am but too much tied to the World, and to this Life of my self: I am content to be in *Fortune*'s Power by Circumstances properly necessary to my Being, without otherwise enlarging her Jurisdiction over me, and have never thought, that to be without Children was a Defect that ought to render Life less compleat, or less contented. A steril Vacation has it's Conveniencies too. Children are of the Number of Things that are not so much to be desired, especially now, that it would be so hard to make them good. *Bona jam nec nasci licet, ita corrupta sunt semina* *. And yet are justly to be lamented by such as lose them when they have them. He who left me my House in Charge, foretold that I was like to ruin it, considering my Humour so little inclined to look after houshold Affairs: But he was mistaken, for I am in the same Condition now as when I first entered into it, or rather better; and yet without Office, or any Place of Profit. As to the rest, if *Fortune* has never done me any violent or extraordinary Injury, neither has she done me any particular Favour. Whatever we derive from her Bounty, was there above an hundred Years before my Time. I have, as to my own particular, no essential and solid Good, that I stand indebted for to her Liberality; she has indeed done me some airy Honours, and titulary Favours without Substance, and those in Truth she has not

Children not much to be coveted, and why.

* *Tertull. de pudicit.*

granted,

granted, but offered me, who, God knows, am all material, and who take nothing but what is real and maſſy too for current Pay: And who, if I durſt confeſs ſo much, would not think Avarice much leſs excuſable than Ambition, nor Pain leſs to be avoided than Shame, nor Health leſs to be coveted than Learning, or Riches than Nobility. Amongſt thoſe empty Favours of hers, there is none that ſo much pleaſes the vain Humour natural to my Country, as an authentick *Bull* of a *Roman* Burgeſs that was granted me when I was laſt there, glorious in *Seals* and gilded *Letters*; and granted with all imaginable Ceremony and Bounty. And becauſe 'tis couched in a mixt Style, more or leſs favourable, and that I could have been glad to have ſeen a Copy of it before it had paſſed the Seal: I will to ſatisfy ſuch as are ſick of the ſame Curioſity I am, tranſcribe it here in it's true Form.

Quod Horatius Maximus, Martius Cecius, Alexander Mutus, almæ urbis conſervatores, de illuſtriſſimo viro Michaele Montano equite Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Chriſtianiſſimi, Romana Civitate donando, ad Senatum retulerunt, S. P. Q. R. *de ea re ita fieri cenſuit.*

CUM veteri more, & inſtituto cupide illi ſemper ſtudioſeque ſuſcepti ſint, qui virtute ac nobilitate præſtantes, magno Reip. noſtræ uſui atque ornamento fuiſſent, vel eſſe aliquando poſſent: Nos majorum noſtrorum exemplo, atque auctoritate permoti, præclaram hanc Conſuetudinem nobis imitandam, ac ſervandam fore cenſemus. Quamobrem cum illuſtriſſimus Michael Montanus Eques Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Chriſtianiſſimi, Romani nominis ſtudioſiſſimus, & familiæ laude, atque ſplendore, & propriis virtutum meritis digniſſimus ſit, qui ſummo Senatus Populique Romani judicio, ac ſtudio in Romanam Civitatem adſiſcatur, placere Senatui P. Q. R. *illuſtriſſimum Michaelem Montanum*

rebus omnibus ornatissimum, atque huic inclyto populo charissimum, ipsum posterosque in Romanam Civitatem adscribi, ornarique omnibus, & præmiis & honoribus, quibus illi fruuntur, qui Cives Patritiique Romani nati, aut jure optimo facti sunt. In quo censere Senatum P. Q. R. *se non tam illi jus Civitatis largiri, quam debitum tribuere, neque magis beneficium dare, quam ab ipso accipere, qui hoc Civitatis munere accipiendo, singulari Civitatem ipsam ornamento, atque honore affecerit. Quam* S. C. *auctoritatem iidem Conservatores per Senatus* P. Q. R. *scribas in acta referri atque in Capitolii curia servari, privilegiumque hujusmodi fieri, solitoque urbis sigillo communiri curarunt. Anno ab urbe condita* CXↃCCCXXXI. *Post Christum natum* M. D. LXXXI. III. *Idus Martii.*

Horatius Fuscus Sacri S. P. Q. R. *scriba.*
Vincent. Martholus Sacri S. P. Q. R.

Being before Burgeſs of no City at all, I am glad to be created one of the moſt noble that ever was, or ever ſhall be. If other Men would conſider themſelves at the Rate I do, they would, as I do, diſcover themſelves to be full of Inanity and Foppery; to rid myſelf of it I cannot without making myſelf away. We are all leavened with it, as well one as another; but they who are aware on't, have the better Bargain, and yet I know not whether they have or no: This Opinion and common Cuſtom to obſerve others more than ourſelves, has very much relieved us that Way. 'Tis a very diſpleaſing Object: We can there ſee nothing but Miſery and Vanity. Nature, that we may not be dejected with the Sight of our own Deformities, has wiſely thruſt the Action of Seeing outward. We go forward with the Current, but to turn back towards ourſelves is a painful Motion; ſo is the Sea moved and troubled when the Waves ruſh againſt one another. Obſerve, ſays every one, the Motion of the Heavens, the Revolution of publick Affairs; obſerve the Quarrel of ſuch a Perſon, take notice of ſuch a one's Pulſe, of ſuch another's laſt Will and Teſtament; in Sum, be always looking high or low, on one Side, before or behind you. It

was

was a Paradoxical Command anciently given us by the *God* of *Delphos*, *Look into your self, discover your self, keep close to your self; call back your Mind and Will, that elsewhere consume themselves, into your self; you run out, you spill your self, carry a more steady Hand: Men betray you, Men spill you, Men steal you from your self.* Dost not thou see that this World we live in keeps all it's Sights confined within, and it's Eyes open to contemplate it self? 'Tis always Vanity for thee, both within and without, but 'tis less Vanity when less extended. Excepting thee, (O Man) said that *God*, every Thing studies it self first, and has Bounds to it's Labours and Desires, according to it's need. There is nothing so empty and necessitous as thou who embracest the Universe, thou art the *Explorator* without Knowledge, the Magistrate without Jurisdiction; and after all, the Fool in the Play.

CHAP. X.

Of managing the Will.

FEW Things, in comparison of what commonly affect other Men, move, or to say better, possess me: For 'tis but Reason they should concern a Man, provided they have not taken Possession of him. I am very solicitous, both by Study and Argument, to enlarge this Privilege of Insensibility, which is naturally raised to a pretty high Degree in me; so that consequently I espouse, or am very much mov'd with very few Things. I am clear sighted enough; but I fix upon very few Objects; have a Sense delicate and tender enough, but an Apprehension and Application stubborn and negligent; I am very unwilling to engage my self. As much as in me lies, I employ my self wholly for my self; and in this very Subject, should rather chuse to curb and restrain my Affection from plunging it self over

over Head and Ears into it, it being a Subject that I poſſeſs at the Mercy of others, and over which Fortune has more Right than I. So that even ſo much as to Health, which I ſo much value, it were neceſſary for me, not ſo paſſionately to covet and deſire it, as to find Diſeaſes inſupportable. A Man ought to moderate himſelf betwixt the Hatred of Pain, and Love of Pleaſure. And *Plato* ſets down a middle Path of Life betwixt both. But againſt ſuch Affections as wholly carry me away from my ſelf, and fix me elſewhere, againſt thoſe, I ſay, I oppoſe my ſelf with my utmoſt Force and Power. 'Tis my Opinion, that a Man ſhould lend himſelf to others, and only give himſelf to himſelf. Were my Will eaſy to lend it ſelf out, and to be ſway'd, I ſhould not ſtick there: I am too tender, both by Nature and Cuſtom,

——*Fugax rerum, ſecuraque in otia natus* *.

Born and bred up in Negligence and Eaſe.

for hot and obſtinate Diſputes wherein my Adverſary would at leaſt have the better. The Iſſue that would render my Heat and Obſtinacy diſgraceful, would perhaps vex me to the laſt degree. Should I ſet my ſelf to it at the rate that others do, who purſue and graſp at ſo much, my Soul would never have the Force to bear the Emotions and Alarms; it would immediately be diſorder'd by this inward Agitation. If ſometimes I have been put upon the Management of other Mens Affairs, I have promiſed to take them in *Hand*, but not into my *Lungs* and *Liver*; to take them upon me, not to incorporate them: To take Pains for, but not to be paſſionate in them: I have a care of them, but I will not brood upon them; I have enough to do to order and govern the domeſtick Tumults that I have in my own Veins and Bowels, without introducing a Crowd of other Mens Affairs; and am ſufficiently concerned about my own proper and natural Buſineſs, without medling with the Concerns of others. Such as know how much

* *Ovid. de Triſt. l. 3. Eleg. 2.*

they

they owe to themſelves, and how many Offices they are bound to of their own, find, that Nature has cut them out Work enough of their own to keep them from being idle. Thou haſt Buſineſs enough at Home, look to that. Men let themſelves out to hire, their Faculties are not for themſelves, but to be employed for thoſe to whom they have inſlaved themſelves; this common Humour pleaſes not me. We muſt be thrifty of the Liberty of our Souls, and never let them out but upon juſt Occaſions, which are very few, if we judge aright. Do but obſerve ſuch as have accuſtomed themſelves to be at every one's Call, they do it indifferently upon all, as well little as great Occaſions; in that which nothing concerns them, as much as in what imports them moſt: They intrude themſelves indifferently wherever there is Buſineſs, and are without Life, when not in the Buſtle of Affairs. *In negotiis ſunt negotii cauſa* *; *They only ſeek Buſineſs for Buſineſs ſake.* It is not ſo much that they will go, as it is that they cannot ſtand ſtill: Like a rolling Stone that cannot ſtop till it can go no farther. Buſineſs, in a certain Sort of Men, is a Mark of Underſtanding, and they are honoured for it. Their Souls ſeek repoſe in Agitation, as Children do by being rocked in a Cradle. They may pronounce themſelves as ſerviceable to their Friends, as troubleſom to themſelves. No one diſtributes his Money to others, but every one therein diſtributes his Time and his Life. There is nothing of which we are ſo prodigal, as of theſe two Things, of which to be thrifty, would be both commendable and uſeful. I am of a quite contrary Humour, I look to myſelf, and commonly covet with no great Ardour what I do deſire, and deſire little, employ and buſy my ſelf but rarely and temperately, at the ſame rate. Whatever they take in Hand they do it with their utmoſt Power and Vehemency. There are therein ſo many dangerous Steps, that for the more Safety, we muſt a little lightly and ſuperficially ſlide through the World, and not ruſh thro' it. Pleaſure it ſelf is painful at the Bottom.

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* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 22.

——*incedis*

——*incedis per ignes*
Suppositos cineri doloso *.

Thou upon glowing Coals dost tread,
Under deceitful Ashes hid.

The *Parliament* of *Bourdeaux* chose me *Mayor* of their City, at a Time when I was at a great Distance from *France*, and much more remote from any such Thought; I intreated to be excused, and refused it. But I was told by my Friends, that I had committed an Error in so doing; and the greater, because the *King* had moreover interposed his Command in that Affair. 'Tis an Office that ought to be looked upon so much more honourable, as it has no other Salary nor Advantage than the bare Honour of it's Execution! It continues two Years, but may be extended by a second Election, which very rarely happens: It was to me, and had never been so but twice before; some Years ago to *Monsieur le Lansac*, and lately to *Monsieur de Biron*, *Mareschal* of *France*, in whose Place I succeeded, and left mine to *Monsieur de Matignon*, *Mareschal* of *France* also. Proud of so noble a Fraternity.

Uterque bonus pacis bellique minister †.

Both of them Men of worthy Character,
For able Ministers in Peace and War.

Fortune would have a Hand in my Promotion, by this particular Circumstance, which she put in of her own, not altogether vain; for *Alexander* disdain'd the Ambassadors of *Corinth*, who came to make him a Tender of a Burgess-ship of their City; but when they proceeded to lay before him, that *Bacchus* and *Hercules* were also in the Register, he thankfully accepted the Office. At my Arrival, I faithfully and conscientiously represented myself to them for such as I find myself to be; a Man without Memory, without Vigilancy, without Experience, and without Vigour; but withal, without Hatred, with-

* *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 2.* † *Æneid. lib. 10.*

out Ambition, without Avarice, and without Violence, that they might be informed of my Qualities, and know what they were to expect from my Service. And being that the Knowledge they had had of my Father, and the Honour they had for his Memory, had been the only Motives to confer this Favour upon me, I plainly told them, that I ſhould be very ſorry any thing ſhould make ſo great an Impreſſion upon me as their Affairs, and the Concerns of their City had done upon him, whilſt he had the ſame Government to which they had prefer'd me. I very well remember, from a Boy, to have ſeen him in his Old Age, tormented with, and ſolicitous about the Publick Affairs, neglecting the ſoft Repoſe of his own Houſe, to which the Declenſion of his Age had reduced him for ſeveral Years before; the Management of his own Affairs, and his Health, and certainly deſpiſing his own Life, which was in great Danger of being loſt, by being engag'd in long and painful Journies on their Behalf. Such was he, and this Humour of his proceeded from a marvellous good Nature. Never was there a more charitable and popular Man. Yet this Proceeding which I commend in others, I do not love to follow myſelf, and am not without Excuſe. He had learnt that a Man muſt forget himſelf for his Neighbour, and that Particulars were in no manner of Conſideration in compariſon with the general Concern. Moſt of the Rules and Precepts of this World run this way, to drive us out of ourſelves into the wide World for the Benefit of a publick Society. They thought to do a great feat, to divert us from ourſelves, preſuming we were but too much fixed at home, and by a too natural Inclination, and have ſaid all they could to that purpoſe: for 'tis no new thing for wiſe Men to preach things as they *ſerve*, not as they *are*. Truth has it's Obſtructions, Inconveniences, and Incompatibilities with us. We muſt be often deceived, that we may not deceive ourſelves; ſhut our Eyes, and ſtupify our Underſtandings to redreſs and amend them. *Imperiti enim judicant, & qui frequenter in hoc ipſum fallendi ſunt, ne errent; for the ignorant judge, and therefore are oft to be deceived leſt they ſhould err.* When they preſcribe us to love three, four, and fifty Degrees of things above ourſelves, they do like *Archers*, who

who to hit the *Mark*, take their Aim a great deal higher than the *Butt*. To set a crooked Stick strait, we bend it the contrary way. I believe that in the Temple of *Pallas*, as we see in all other *Religions*, there were apparent *Mysteries* to be exposed to the *People*, and others more secret and high, that were only to be shewn to such as were *professed*. 'Tis likely that in these, the true Point of Friendship that every one owes to himself is to be found; not a false Friendship, that makes us embrace *Glory*, *Knowledge*, *Riches*, and the like, with a principal and immoderate Affection, as Members of our Being, nor an indiscreet and effeminate Friendship, wherein it happens as with Ivy, that decays and ruins the Walls it embraces: but a sound and regular Friendship, equally useful and pleasant. Who knows the Duties of this Friendship, and practises them, is truly of the *Cabinet Council* of the *Muses*, and has attained to the Heighth of human Wisdom, and our Happiness. Such a one exactly knowing what he owes to himself, will in his part find that he ought to apply the Custom of the World, and of other Men to himself, and to do this, to contribute the Duties and Offices appertaining to him to the publick Society. Who does not in some sort live to others, does not live much to himself. *Qui sibi amicus est, scito hunc amicum omnibus esse* *; *He who is his own Friend, is a Friend to every Body else.* The principal Charge we have, is, to every one his own Conduct: And 'tis for this only that we here live. As he who should forget to live a virtuous and holy Life, and should think he acquitted himself of his Duty, in instructing and training others up to it, would be a Fool; even so, who abandons his own particular healthful and pleasant Living to serve others, takes, in my Opinion, a wrong and an unnatural Course. I would not that Men should refuse, in the Employments they take upon them, their Attention, Pains, their best Eloquence, and their Sweat and Blood, in time of need;

non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire †.

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* *Sen. Epist.* 48. † *Hor. lib.* 4. *Ode* 9.

He

He well knows how hard Want to bear,
And fears a Crime more than his End;
And for his Country or his Friend,
To ſtake his Life he does not fear *.

But 'tis only borrowed, and accidentally; his Mind being always in Repoſe and in Health; not without Action, but without Vexation, without Paſſion. To be ſimply doing, coſts him ſo little, that he acts even ſleeping. But it muſt be ſet on going with Diſcretion; for the Body receives the Offices impoſed upon it, juſt according to what they are; the Mind often extends, and makes them heavier at his own Expence, giving them what Meaſure it pleaſes. Men perform like things with ſeveral ſorts of Endeavour, and different Contention of Wit; the one does well enough without the other. For how many People hazard themſelves every Day in War, without any Concern which way it goes, and thruſts themſelves into the Dangers of Battles, the Loſs of which will not break their next Night's Sleep? And ſuch a Man may be at home, out of Danger, which he durſt not have looked upon, who is more paſſionately concern'd for the Iſſue of this War, and whoſe Soul is more anxious about Events, than the Soldier who ſtakes his Life and Blood in the Quarrel. I could have engaged myſelf in publick Employments, without quitting my own Intereſt a Nail's Breadth, and have given myſelf to others, without abandoning myſelf; this Sharpneſs and Violence of Deſires, more hinders than it advances the Execution of what we undertake: fills us with Impatience againſt ſlow or contrary Events, and with Heat and Suſpicion againſt thoſe with whom we have to do. We never carry on that thing well, by which we are prepoſſeſſed and led.

Malè cuncta miniſtrat
Impetus.

For Heat does ſtill
Carry on things very ill.

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* *Sir* Richard Fanſhaw.

He,

He, who therein employs only his Judgment and Addreſs, proceeds more chearfully: He counterfeits, he gives way, he defers all Things at his eaſe, according to the Neceſſities of Occaſions; he fails in his Attempts without Trouble and Afflictions, ready and entire for a new Enterprize: He always marches with the Bridle in his Hand. In him who is drunk with this violent and tyrannick Intention, we diſcover by Neceſſity much Imprudence and Injuſtice. The Impetuoſity of his Deſire carries him away. Theſe are raſh Motions, and, if Fortune does not very much aſſiſt, of very little Fruit. *Philoſophy* will, that in the Revenge of Injuries received, we ſhould ſtrip ourſelves of Choler; not that the Chaſtiſement ſhould be leſs, but, on the contrary, that the Revenge may be the better, and more heavily laid on, which it conceives will be by this Impetuoſity hindered. For Anger does not only trouble, but of itſelf does alſo weary the Arms of thoſe who chaſtiſe. This Fire benumbs and waſtes their Force. As in Precipitation, *feſtinatio tarda eſt* *, *haſte trips up it's own Heels, fetters and ſtops itſelf, ipſa ſe velocitas implicat* †. For Example: According to what I commonly ſee, *Avarice* has no greater Impediment than itſelf. The more bent and vigorous it is, the leſs it rakes together, and commonly ſooner grows rich, when diſguiſed in a Vizor of Liberality. A very honeſt Gentleman, and a particular Friend of mine, had like to have crack'd his Brains by a too paſſionate Attention and Affection to the Affairs of a certain Prince, his Maſter; which Maſter has thus ſet himſelf out to me; that he foreſees the Weight of Accidents, as well as another; but that in thoſe, for which there is no Remedy, he preſently reſolves upon Suffering: In others, having taken all the neceſſary Precaution, which by the Vivacity of his Underſtanding he can preſently do, he quietly expects what may follow. And, in truth, I have accordingly ſeen him maintain a great Indifferency and Liberty of Actions, and Serenity of Countenance, in very great and nice Affairs. I find him much greater, and

That the Chaſtiſement of Offences ought to be performed without Anger.

* *Proverb.* † *Seneca Epiſt.* 44.

of

of greater Capacity in adverſe than proſperous Fortune. His *Loſſes* are to him more glorious than his *Victories*, and his *Mourning* than his *Triumph*. Do but conſider, that even in vain and frivolous Actions, as at *Cheſs*, *Tennis*, and the like, this eager and ardent engaging with an impetuous Deſire, immediately throws the Mind and Members into Indiſcretion and Diſorder. A Man aſtoniſhes and hinders himſelf. He that carries himſelf the moſt moderately both towards Gain and Loſs, has always his Wits about him. The leſs peeviſh and paſſionate he is at Play, he plays much more advantageouſly and ſurely. As to the reſt, we hinder the Mind's Seizure and Hold, in giving it ſo many things to ſeize upon. Some things we are only to offer to it, to tie it to others, and with others to incorporate it. It can feel and diſcern all things, but ought to feed on nothing but ſelf; and ſhould be inſtructed in what properly concerns itſelf, that is properly of it's own *Nature* and *Subſtance*: The *Laws* of *Nature* teach us what we are juſtly to have. After the *Sages* have told us, that no one is indigent according to *Nature*; and that every one is ſo according to *Opinion*, they very ſubtilly diſtinguiſh betwixt the Deſires that proceed from her, and thoſe that proceed from the Diſorder of our own Fancy. Thoſe of which we can ſee the End, are hers; thoſe that fly before us, and of which we can ſee no End, are our own. The Want of Goods is eaſily repair'd; but the Poverty of the Soul is irreparable.

Nam ſi, quod ſatis eſt homini, id ſatis eſſe poteſſet,
Hoc ſat erat: nunc, quum hoc non eſt, qui credimus porro
Divitias ullas animum mî explere poteſſe *?*

If what's for Man enough, enough could be,
It were enough; but being that we ſee
Will not ſerve turn, how I can e'er believe
That any Wealth my Mind Content can give?

Socrates ſeeing great Quantity of Riches, Jewels, and Furniture of great Value, carried in Pomp through the City,

* *Lucilius, lib. 5. apud Nonnium.*

How many things, said he, *do I not desire! Metrodorus* liv'd on the Weight of twelve Ounces a Day, *Epicurus* upon less: *Metrocles* slept in Winter abroad amongst Sheep, in Summer in the Cloisters of Churches. *Sufficit ad id natura quod poscit* *. *Cleanthes* liv'd by Labour of his own Hands, and boasted, *That* Cleanthes, *if he would, could yet maintain another* Cleanthes. If that which Nature exactly and originally requires of us for the Conservation of our Being, be too little, (as in truth what it is, and how very cheap Life may be maintain'd, cannot be better made out, than by this Consideration, that it is so little, that by it's Littleness it escapes the Gripe and Shock of Fortune) let us dispense ourselves a little more, let us yet call every one of our Habits and Conditions *Nature*; let us tax and treat ourselves by this measure, let us stretch our Appurtenances and Accompts so far; for so far I fancy we have some Excuse. *Custom* is a second *Nature*, and no less powerful. What is wanting to my *Custom*, I reckon is wanting to me; and I should be almost as well content that they took away my Life, as cut me short in the way wherein I have so long liv'd. I am no more in a Condition of any great Change, nor to put myself into a new and unwonted Course, not tho' never so much to my Advantage; 'tis past time for me to become other than what I am. And as I should complain of any great good Adventure that should now befal me, that it came not in time to be enjoy'd;

Quo mihi fortunæ, si non conceditur uti †?

Might I have the World's Wealth, I should refuse it;
What Good will't do me, if I may not use it.

so should I complain of any inward Acquest. It were almost better never, than so late to become an honest Man; and well read in living, when a Man has no longer to live. I, who am ready to make my *Exit* out of the World, would easily resign any new Comer, who should desire it, all the Prudence I have acquir'd in the World's Commerce. *After Meat comes Mustard.* I

* *Sen. Epist.* 90. † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 5.

have

have no need of Goods, of which I can make no uſe. Of what uſe is Knowledge to him that has loſt his Head; 'Tis an Injury and Unkindneſs in Fortune. to render us Preſents, that will only inſpire us with a juſt Deſpite that we had them not in their due Seaſon. Guide me no more, I can no longer go. Of ſo many Parts as make up a perfect Man, Patience is the beſt. Aſſign the Part of an excellent Treble to a *Choriſter* that has rotten Lungs, and Eloquence to a Hermit exil'd into the Deſerts of *Arabia*. There needs no Art to further a Fall; the End finds itſelf of itſelf; at the Concluſion of every Affair my *World* is at an End, my Form expired; I am totally paſt, and am bound to authoriſe it, and to conform my Poſterity to it. I will here declare, by way of Example, that the late ten Days Diminution of the *Pope*, have taken me ſo low, that I cannot well recover myſelf. I follow the Years wherein we kept another kind of Account, ſo ancient, and ſo long a *Cuſtom*, challenges and calls me back to it; ſo that I am conſtrain'd to be a kind of Heretick in that point, impatient of any, though corrective Innovation. My Imagination, in ſpite of my Teeth, always puſhes me ten Days forward or backward, and is ever murmuring in my Ears. This *Rule* concerns thoſe who are to begin to be. If Health itſelf, as ſweet as it is, returns to me by Fits, 'tis rather to give me the Cauſe of Regret than Poſſeſſion of it; I have no Place left to keep it in. Time leaves me, without which nothing can be poſſeſſed. Oh, what little Account ſhould I make of thoſe great elective *Dignities* that I ſee in ſuch Eſteem in the World, that are never conſer'd but upon Men who are taking leave of it! Wherein they do not ſo much regard how well he will diſcharge his Truſt, as how ſhort his Adminiſtration will be; from the very *Entry* they look at the *Exit*. To conclude, I am ready to finiſh this Man, and not to rebuild another. By long Habitude, this *Form* is, in me, turn'd into *Subſtance*, and *Fortune* into *Nature*. I ſay therefore, that every one of us feeble Creatures is excuſable in thinking that to be his own, which is compriz'd under this Meaſure; but witha!, beyond theſe Limits, 'tis nothing but Confuſion, 'tis the largeſt Extent we can grant to our own Claim. The

The Abridgment of ten Days offered by the Pope.

more Business we create ourselves, and the more we amplify our Possession, so much more do we expose ourselves to the Blows and Adversities of *Fortune*. The Career of our Desires ought to be circumscribed, and restrain'd to a short Limit of near and contiguous Conveniencies; and ought moreover to perform their Course, not in a Right Line, that ends elsewhere, but in a Circle, of which the two Points by a short Wheel meet and terminate in ourselves. Actions that are carried on without this Reflection, a near and essential Reflection I mean; such as those of ambitious and avaricious Men, and many more who run *point blank*, and whose Career always carries them before themselves, such Actions, I say, are erroneous and sickly: Most of our Business is *Farce. Mundus universus exercet histrionem**. We must play our Part well, but withal as the Part of a borrow'd Person; we must not make real Essence of a *Mask* and outward Appearance, nor of a strange Person our own; we cannot distinguish the Skin from the Shirt; 'tis enough to meal the Face without mealing the Breast. I see some, who transform and transubstantiate themselves into as many new *Shapes* and new *Beings* as they undertake Employments, and who prelate themselves even to the Heart and Liver, and carry their Estate along with them, even to the Close-stool: I cannot make them distinguish the Salutations that are made to them, from those made to their *Commission*, their *Train*, or their *Mule*. *Tanquam se Fortunæ permittunt, etiam ut naturam dediscant* †; *They so much give themselves up to Fortune, as even to forget their Nature.* They swell and puff up their Souls, and their natural way of speaking according to the Heighth of their Place. The Mayors of *Bourdeaux* and *Montaigne* have ever been two, by very manifest Separation. To be an *Advocate* or a *Treasurer*, a Man must not be ignorant of the Knavery of such Callings; and yet ought not to refuse to take the Calling upon him: 'Tis the Custom of his Country, and there is Money to be got by it; a Man must live by the World, and make his best of it, such as it is. But the Judgment of an *Emperor* ought to be above his Empire, and the

* *Petronius Arbiter.* † *Quint. Cur. lib.* 3.

seeing

seeing and considering of it, as of a Foreign Accident; and he ought to know how to enjoy himself apart from it, and to communicate himself as *James* and *Peter* to himself at least. I cannot engage myself so deep and so entire; when my *Will* gives me to deny any one, 'tis not with so violent an Obligation that my Judgment is infected with it. In the present Broils of this Kingdom, my Interest has not made me forget myself, nor the laudable Qualities of some of our Adversaries, nor those that are reproachable in those of our Party. They adore all of their own side; for my part I do not so much as excuse most things in those of mine: A good Speech has never the worse Grace for being made against me. The Knot of the Controversy excepted, I have always kept myself in Equanimity and pure Indifference. *Neque extra necessitates belli, præcipuum odium gero; And have no expres's Hatred beyond the Necessity of War.* For which I am pleased with myself, and the more, because I see others commonly fail on the contrary side. Such as extend their Anger and Hatred beyond the Dispute in question, as most Men do, shew that they spring from some other Occasion and particular Cause; like one, who being cured of an *Ulcer*, has yet a remaining *Fever*, by which it appears that the *Ulcer* had another more conceal'd Beginning; which is, that they are not concern'd in the common Cause, because it is wounding to the State and common Interest; but are only nettled by Reason of their private and particular Concern. This is the true Reason why they are so particularly animated, and to a Degree so beyond Justice and publick Reason. *Non tam omnia universi, quam ea, quæ ad quemque pertinent, singuli carpebant; Every one was not so much angry against things in general, as against those that particularly concerned themselves.* I would have Matters go well on our side; but if they do not, I shall not run mad; I am heartily for the right Party; but I do not affect to be taken notice of for an especial Enemy to others, and beyond the general Quarrel. I am a mortal Enemy to this vicious Form of Censure: *He is of the League, because he admires the Duke of* Guise. *He is astonished at the King of* Navarre's *Valour and Diligence, and therefore he is a* Huguenot. *He finds such and such Faults in the*

King's Manners and Conduct, and therefore he is seditious in his Heart. And would not grant to a Magistrate himself, that he did well in condemning a *Book*, because it had placed a *Heretick* amongst the best *Poets* of the Time. Shall we not dare to say of a Thief, that he has a handsom Leg? If a Woman be a Strumpet, must it needs follow that she has a stinking Breath? Did they in the wisest Ages revoke the proud Title of *Capitolinus*, they had before confer'd upon *Marcus Manlius*, as being the Conservator of Religion and the publick Liberty; did they therefore damn the Memory of his Liberality, his Feats of Arms and military Recompence granted to his Virtue, because he afterwards aspired to the Sovereignty, to the prejudice of the *Laws* of his *Country?* If they take a Hatred against an *Advocate*, he will not be allowed the next Day to be eloquent. I have elsewhere spoke of the Zeal that push'd on worthy Men to the like Faults. For my part, I can say such an one does this thing ill, and another thing virtuously and well. They will likewise, that in the *Prognosticks*, or sinister Events of Affairs, every one should in his Party be blind, or a Blockhead, and that our Persuasion and Judgment should be subservient, not to *Truth* but to the Project of our Desires. I should rather incline towards the other Extreme, so much I fear being suborn'd by my Desire: To which may be added, that I am a little tenderly distrustful of things that I wish. I have in my time seen Wonders in the indiscreet and prodigious Facility of People, in suffering their Hopes and Belief to be led and governed which way has best pleas'd and serv'd their *Leaders*; above an hundred Mistakes one upon another; and above Dreams and Phantasms. I no more wonder at those who have been blinded, and seduced by the Fooleries of *Apollonius* and *Mahomet*. Their Sense and Understanding is absolutely taken away by their Passion; their Discretion has no more any other Choice than that which smiles upon them, and relieves their *Cause*. I had principally observ'd this in the Beginning of our intestine Distempers; this other, which is sprung since, in imitating, has surpassed it; by which I am satisfied that it is a Quality inseparable from popular Errors. After

Facility of People in suffering themselves to be imposed upon.

the first that rolls, Opinions drive on one another like Waves with the Wind. A Man is not a Member of the Body, if it be in his Power to forsake it, and if he do not roll the common way; but doubtless they wrong the just side, when they go about to assist it with Fraud. I have ever been against that Practice. They are only fit to work upon weak Heads; for the Sound, there are surer and more honest Ways to keep up their Courages, and to excuse adverse Accidents. Heaven never saw a greater Animosity than that betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, nor ever will; and yet I observe, methinks, in those gallant Men a great Moderation towards one another. It was a Jealousy of Honour and Command, which did not transport them to a furious and indiscreet Hatred, and that was, though Hatred, without Malignity and Detraction. In their briskest and hottest Encounters and Exploits upon one another, I discover some Remains of Respect and Good-will; and therefore am of Opinion, that, had it been possible, each of them would rather have done his Business without the Ruin of the other, than with it. Take notice how much otherwise Matters went with *Marius* and *Sylla*. We must not precipitate ourselves so headlong after our Affections and Interest. As when I was young, I oppos'd the Progress of *Love*, which I perceiv'd to advance too fast upon me, and had a care lest it should at last become so pleasing, as to force, captivate, and wholly reduce me to it's Mercy: So I do the same upon all other Occasions where my Will is running on with too warm an Appetite. I lean opposite to the Side it inclines to, as I find it going to plunge and make itself drunk with it's own Wine; I evade nourishing it's Pleasure so far, that I cannot recover it without infinite Loss. Souls that, through their own Stupidity, only discern things by halves, have this Happiness, that they smart least with hurtful things. 'Tis a spiritual *Leprosy* that has some shew of Health, and such a Health as Philosophy does not altogether contemn; but yet we have no reason to call it Wisdom, as we often do. And after this manner a Man mock'd *Diogenes*, who, in the Depth of Winter, and stark naked, went hugging an Image of Snow for a trial of his Patience; meeting him in this Equipage, *Art thou not very cold*, said he? *Not at all*,

Diogenes *patient of Cold.*

replied *Diogenes. Why then,* said the other, *What great and exemplary thing canst thou think thou dost in embracing the Snow?* A Man, to take a true measure of *Constancy*, must necessarily know what Suffering is; but Souls that are to meet with adverse Events, and the Injuries of Fortune in their Depth and Sharpness, that are to weigh and taste them according to their natural Weight and Sharpness, let such shew their Skill in avoiding the *Causes*, and diverting the Blow. What did King *Cotys* do? He paid liberally for the rich and beautiful Vessel that had been presented him; but being it was exceeding brittle, he immediately broke it betimes to prevent so easy a matter of Displeasure against his Servants. In like manner, I have willingly avoided all Confusion in my Affairs, and never coveted to have my Estate contiguous to those of my Relations, and such with whom I coveted a strict Friendship; whence Matters of Unkindness and Falling-out do oft proceed. I have formerly loved Cards and Dice, but have long since left them off, only for this Reason, that tho' I carry my Losses as handsomly as another, I was not well satisfied and quiet within. Let a Man of Honour, who ought to be sensible of the *Lie*, and who is not to take a scurvy Excuse for Satisfaction, avoid Occasions of Dispute. I shun melancholick and sour-natur'd Men, as I would do the Plague. And in Matters I cannot talk of without Emotion and Concern, I never meddle if not compell'd by my Duty. *Melius non incipient, quam desinent* *; *A Man had better never to have begun, than to desist.* The surest way therefore, is, to prepare a Man's self beforehand for Occasions. I know very well, that some wise Men have taken another way, and have not feared to grapple and engage to the utmost upon several Subjects. Such are confident of their own Strength, under which they protect themselves in all ill Successes, making their Patience wrestle and contend with Disaster:

A rich Vessel purposely broken by King Cotys, *and why.*

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* *Senec. Ep.* 92.

velut

velut rupes vaſtum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expoſtaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœlique mariſque,
Ipſa immota manens *.

He as a Rock amongſt vaſt Billows ſtood,
Scorning loud Winds and raging of the Flood,
And fix'd remaining all the Force defies,
Muſter'd from threatning Seas and thund'ring Skies †.

Let us never attempt theſe Examples, we ſhall never come up to them. They ſet themſelves reſolutely, and without Trouble, to behold the Ruin of their *Country*, to which all the Good they can contrive or perform is due. This is too much, and too rude for our common Souls to undergo. *Cato* indeed gave up the nobleſt Life that ever was upon this Account; but it is for us meaner ſpirited Men to fly from the Storm as far as we can; we ought to make Proviſion of Reſentment, not of Patience, and evade the Blows we cannot put by. *Zeno* ſeeing *Chremonides*, a young Man whom he loved, draw near to ſit down by him, ſuddenly ſtarted up, and *Cleanthes* demanding of him the Reaſon why he did ſo, *I hear*, ſaid he, *that Phyſicians eſpecially ordered Repoſe, and forbid Emotion in all Tumours.* *Socrates* does not ſay, do not ſurrender to the Charms of Beauty, ſtand your Ground, and do your utmoſt to oppoſe it. Fly it, ſays he, ſhun the Sight and Encounter of it, as of a powerful Poiſon that darts and wounds at a Diſtance. And his good Diſciple, either feigning or reciting, but in my Opinion rather reciting than feigning the rare Perfections of that great *Cyrus*, makes him diſtruſtful of his own Strength, to reſiſt the Charms of the divine Beauty of that illuſtrious *Panthea*, his Captive, in committing the viſiting and keeping of her to another, who could not have ſo much Liberty as himſelf. And the Holy Ghoſt in like manner, *Ne nos inducas in tentationem.* We do not pray that our Reaſon may not be combated and overcome by Concupiſcence, but that it ſhould not be ſo much as

* *Virg. Æneid. l.* 10. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

tried; that we should not be brought into a State wherein we were so much as to suffer the Approaches, Solicitations and Temptations of Sin; and we beg of *Almighty God* to keep our Consciences quiet, fully, and perfectly delivered from all Commerce of Evil. Such as say that they have Reason for their revenging Passion or any other Sort of troublesom Agitation of Mind, do oft say true, as Things now are, but not as they were. They speak to us when the Causes of their Error are by themselves nourished and advanced. But look backward, recal these Causes to their Beginning, and there you will put them to a *non plus*; will they have their Fault less for being of longer Continuance, and that of an unjust Beginning, the Sequel can be just? Whoever shall desire the Good of his Country, as I do, without fretting and pining himself, will be troubled, but will not swoon to see him threatning either it's own Ruin, or a less ruinous Continuance. Poor Vessel, that the Waves, the Winds, and the Pilot, toss and steer to so contrary Designs!

——*in tam diversa Magister,*
Ventus, & unda trahunt *.

He who does not gape after the Favour of *Princes*, as after a Thing he cannot live without, does not much concern himself at the Coldness of their Reception and Countenance, nor at the Inconstancy of their Wills. He who does not brood over his Children or his Honours with a slavish Propension, ceases not to live commodiously enough after their Loss. Who does Good principally for his own Satisfaction, will not be much troubled to see Men judge of his Actions contrary to his Merit. A quarter of an Ounce of Patience will provide sufficiently against such Inconveniencies. I find Ease in this *Receipt*, redeeming my self in the Beginning as cheap as I can; and find that by that Means I have escaped much Trouble and many Difficulties. With very little Struggle I stop the first Sally of my Emotions and quit the Subject that begins to be troublesom be-

* *Buchanan.*

fore it transports me. He who stops not the Start, will never be able to stop the Career. Who cannot keep them out, will never get them out when they are once got in; and who cannot crush them at the Beginning, will never do it after, nor ever keep himself from falling, if he cannot recover himself when first he begins to totter. *Etenim ipsi se impellunt ubi semel a ratione discessum est: ipsaque sibi imbecillitas indulget, in altumque provehitur imprudenter: necreperit locum consistendi* *. *For they throw themselves Headlong, when once they lose their Reason; and Frailty does so far indulge itself, that it is unawares carried out into the Deep, and can find no Port wherein to come to an Anchor.* I am betimes sensible of the little Breezes that begin to sing and whistle in the Shrowds, the Fore-runners of a Storm.

——— *ceu flamina prima*
Cum deprensa fremunt sylvis, & cæca volutant
Murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos †.

——— As when Winds rise,
And stop'd by Woods, a sudden Murmur send,
Which doth a Storm to Mariners portend ‡.

How often have I done myself a manifest Injustice, to avoid the Hazard of having yet a worse done me by the Judges, after an Age of Vexations, dirty and vile Practices, more Enemies to my Nature than Fire, or the Rack? *Convenio à litibus quantum licet; & nescio an paulò plus etiam quàm licet abhorrentem esse. Est enim non modo liberale, paululum nonnunquam de suo jure decedere, sed interdum etiam fructuosum. A Man should be an Enemy to all Contention as much as he lawfully may, and I know not whether or not something more: For 'tis not only liberal, but sometimes also advantageous too, a little to recede from one's Right.* Were we wise, we ought to rejoice and boast, as I one Day heard a young Gentleman of a good Family very innocently do, that his Mother had lost her Trial, as if it had been a Cough, a Fe-

* *Cicero. Thusc. l.* 2. † *Æneid. l.* 10.
‡ *M.* Ogilby.

ver,

ver, or something very troublesom to keep: Even the Favours that Fortune might have given me thro' Relation, or Acquaintance with those who have sovereign Authority in those Affairs, I have very conscientiously waved; and very carefully avoided employing them to the Prejudice of others, and of advancing my Pretensions above their true Right. In fine, I have so much prevailed by my Endeavours, in a happy Hour I may speak it, that I am to this Day a Virgin from all Suits in Law; tho' I have had very fair Offers made me, and with very just Title, would I have hearkened to them: And a Virgin from Quarrels too. I have almost past over a long Life without any Offence of Moment, either active or passive, or without ever hearing a worse Word than my own Name: A rare Favour of Heaven. Our greatest Agitations have ridiculous Motives and Causes. What Ruin did our last Duke of *Burgundy* run into about a Cart-load of Sheep-skins! And was not the Graving of a Seal the first and principal Cause of the greatest Commotion that this Machine of the World did ever undergo? For *Pompey* and *Cæsar* are but the Off-sets and Continuation of two others. And I have in my Time seen the wisest Heads in this Kingdom assembled with great Ceremony, and at the publick Expence, about Treaties and Agreements, of which the true Decision did in the mean time absolutely depend upon the Ladies Cabinet Council, and the Inclination of some foolish Women. The Poets very well understood this, when they put all *Greece* and *Asia* to Fire and Sword for an Apple. Enquire why that Man hazards his Life and Honour upon the Fortune of his Rapier and Dagger; let him acquaint you with the Occasion of the Quarrel, he cannot do it without Blushing, 'tis so idle and frivolous: A little thing will ingage you in't, but being once embarked, all Cords draw; greater Provisions are then required, more hard, and more important. How much easier is it not to enter in, than it is to get out? Now, we should proceed contrary to the Reed, which at it's first Spring, produces a long and strait shoot, but afterwards, as if tired and out of Breath, it runs into thick and frequent Joints and Knots, as so many Pauses; which demonstrates that it has no more

it's

it's first Vigour and Constancy. 'Twere better to begin fair and coldly, and to keep a Man's Breath and vigorous Attacks for the Height and Stress of the Business. We guide and govern Affairs in their Beginnings, and have them then in our own Power; but afterwards when they are once at work, 'tis they that guide and govern us, and we are to follow them. Yet do I not pretend by this to say, that this Counsel has discharged me of all Difficulty, and that I have not often had enough to do to curb and restrain my Passions. They are not always to be governed according to the Measure of Occasions, and often have their Entries very sharp and violent. So it is, that thence good Fruit and Profit may be reaped; except for those, who in well-doing are not satisfied with any Benefit, if Reputation be wanting: For in truth, such an Effect is not valued but by every one to himself. You are better contented, but not more esteemed; seeing you reformed yourself before you came into Play, and that any Vice was discovered in you: Yet not in this only, but in all other Duties of Life, also the Way of those who aim at Honour, is very different from that they proceed by; who propose to themselves Order and Reason. I find some who rashly and furiously rush into the *Lists*, and cool in the *Course*. As *Plutarch* says, That as those who through Bashfulness, being soft and facile, do grant whatever is desired of them, are afterwards as frail to break their Word, and to recant; so likewise he who enters lightly into a Quarrel, is subject to go as lightly out. The same Difficulty that keeps me from entering into it, would, when once hot and engaged in Quarrel, incite me to maintain it with great Obstinacy and Resolution. 'Tis the Tyranny of Custom, when a Man is once engaged, he must go through with it or die. *Undertake coldly*, said *Bias*, *but pursue with Ardour*. For want of Prudence, Men fall into want of Courage, which is more intolerable. Most Accomodations of the Quarrels of these Days of ours, are shameful and false, we only seek to save Appearances, and in the mean time betray and disavow our true Intentions. We salve the Fact. We know very well how we said the thing, and in what Sense we spoke it, and both all the Company

Company, and of them our Friends with whom we would appear to have the Advantage, understand it well enough too. 'Tis at the Expence of our Liberty, and the Honour of our Courage, that we disown our Thoughts, and seek Refuge in Falsities to Friends. We give ourselves the *Lie*, to excuse the *Lie* we have given to another. You are to consider, if your Word or Action may admit of another Interpretation; 'tis your own true and sincere Interpretation of, and your real Meaning in what you said or did, that you are thenceforward to maintain; whatever it cost you. Men speak to your Virtue, Honour and Conscience, which are none of them to be disguised. Let us leave these pitiful Ways and Expedients to the Juglers of the Law. The Excuses and Satisfactions that I see every Day made and given to repair Indiscretion, seem to me more scandalous than Indiscretion itself. It were better to affront your Adversary a second time, than to offend your self by giving him so unmanly a Satisfaction. You have braved him in your Heat and Anger, and you go to appease him in your cooler and better Sense; and by that Means lay your self lower, and at his Feet, whom before you pretended to overtop. I do not find any thing a *Gentleman* can say so rude and vicious in him, as unsaying what he has said is infamous; when to unsay it is authoritatively extracted from him, forasmuch as Obstinacy is more excusable in a Man of Honour than Pusillanimity can possibly be. Passions are as easy for me to evade, as they are hard for me to moderate. *Exinduntur facilius animo, quam temperantur* *. Who cannot attain unto that noble *Stoical* Impossibility, let him secure himself in the Bosom of this popular Stupidity of mine. What those great Souls performed by their Virtue, I inure my self to do by Complexion. The middle Region harbours Storms and Tempests, the two Extremes of *Philosophers* and ignorant Men concur in Tranquillity and Happiness.

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* *Juven.*

Fælix

Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas,
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari.
Fortunatus, & ille, Deos qui novit agreſtes,
Panaque, Sylvanumque ſenem, Nymphaſque ſorores †:

Happy is he that hidden Cauſes knows,
And bold, all Shapes of Danger dare oppoſe,
Trampled beneath his Feet the cruel *Fates*,
Whom Death nor ſwallowing *Acheron* amates;
And he is bleſt who knows our Country *Gods*,
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs Abodes ‡.

The Births of all Things are weak and tender, and therefore we are to have an Eye to their Beginnings; for as then in their Infancy the Danger is not perceived; ſo when it is grown up, the Remedy is no more to be found. I had every Day encountered a Million of Croſſes, harder to digeſt in the Progreſs of my Ambition, than it has been for me to curb the natural Propenſity that inclined me to it.

———*jure perhorrui,*
Latè conſpicuum tolere verticem ‖.

I did well
To ſhrink my Head into my Shell *.

All publick Actions are ſubject to various and uncertain Interpretations, for too many Heads judge of them. Some ſay of this City Employment of mine (and I am willing to ſay a Word or two of it, not that it is worth ſo much, but to give an Account of my Manners in ſuch Things) that I have behaved my ſelf in it like a Man not eaſy to be moved, and with a languiſhing Affection; and they have ſome Colour for what they ſay. I endeavour to keep my Mind and my Thoughts in Repoſe. *Cum ſemper natura, tum etiam ætate jam quietus* §. *As being always quiet by Na-*

† *Virgil. Georg. l.* 2. ‡ *M.* Ogilby.
‖ *Horace l.* 3. *Ode* 17. * *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw.
§ *Cicero.*

ture,

ture, so also now by Age. And if they sometimes lash out on some rude and sensible Impression, 'tis in truth, without my Advice. Yet from this natural Heaviness of mine, Men ought not to conclude a total Inability in me; for want of Care and want of Sense are two very different Things, and much less any Ingratitude towards that *Corporation*, who employed the utmost Means they had in their Power to oblige me, both before they knew me and after. And they did much more for me in chusing me anew, than in conferring that Honour upon me at first; I love them entirely, and wish them all the *Good* that can befal so worthy a *Society*. And doubtless had Occasion offered, there is nothing I would have spared for their Service; I did for them as I would have done for myself. 'Tis a good, warlike and generous People, but capable of Obedience and Discipline, and of whom the best Use may be made, if well guided. They say also, that my Administration was passed over without any great Remark, or any Record of Moment. 'Tis true, they moreover accuse my Cessation in a Time when every Body almost was convinced of doing too much. I am impatient to be doing where my Will spurs me on; but this Point is an Enemy to Perseverance. Let whoever will make Use of me according to my own Way, imploy me in Affairs where Vigour and Liberty are required; where a direct, short, and moreover a hazardous Conduct are necessary, I perhaps may do something; but if it must be long, subtle, laborious, artificial and intricate, they would do better to call in somebody else. All important Offices are not hard: I came prepared to carry myself a little more roughly, had there been great Occasion; for it is in my Power to do something more than I do, or than I love to do; I did not to my Knowledge omit any thing that my Duty really required; 'tis true, that I easily forget those Offices that Ambition mixes with Duty, and palliates with Title. Those are they, that for the most Part, fill the Eyes and Ears, and give Men the most Satisfaction. Not the Thing, but the Appearance contents them. They think Men sleep if they hear no Noise.

My

My Humour is no Friend to Tumult. I could appeaſe a *Riot* without Emotion, and chaſtiſe a Diſorder without Alteration. If I ſtand in need of Anger and Inflammation, I borrow it, and put it on; my Manners are heavy, rather faint than ſharp. I do not condemn a Magiſtrate that ſleeps, provided the People under his Charge ſleep as well as he: The *Laws* in that Caſe ſleep too. For my Part, I commend a gliding, ſolitary and ſilent Life. *Neque ſubmiſſam & abjectam, neque ſe efferentem. My Fortune will have it ſo.* I am deſcended from a Family that has lived without Luſtre or Tumult, and Time out of Mind particularly ambitious of Valour and Loyalty. Our People now a-days are ſo bred up to Buſtle and Oſtentation, that Good-nature, Moderation, Equity, Conſtancy, and ſuch quiet and obſcure Qualities, are no more thought on or regarded. Rough Bodies make themſelves felt, the ſmooth are imperceptibly handled. Sickneſs is felt, Health little, or not at all, no more than the Oils that foment us, in Compariſon of the Pain for which we are fomented. 'Tis acting for a Man's Reputation and particular Profit, not for the publick Good, to refer that to be done in the publick Place, which a Man may as well do in the Council-Chamber, and to Noon-day, what might have been done the Night before; and to be jealous to do that himſelf which his Collegue can do as well as he. So ſome *Chirurgeons* of *Greece* uſed to make their Operations upon *Scaffolds* in the Sight of the People to draw more Practice and Profit. They think that good Orders cannot be underſtood but by the Sound of Trumpet. Ambition is not a Vice of little People, and of ſo mean Abilities as ours. One ſaid to *Alexander*, your *Father* will leave you a great Dominion, eaſy and pacifick; this Youth was emulous of his *Father*'s Victories, and the Juſtice of his Government; and would not have enjoyed the Empire of the World in Eaſe and Peace. *Alcibiades*, in *Plato*, had rather die young, beautiful, rich, noble and learned, and all this with Excellence, than to continue in the State of ſuch a Condition. This Diſeaſe is perhaps excuſable in ſo ſtrong and ſo full a Soul. When theſe wretched and dwarfiſh Souls gull and deceive themſelves, and think to ſpread their

Fame, for having given right Judgment in an Affair, or continued the Discipline of keeping the Guard of a *Gate* of their City, the more they think to exalt their Heads, the more they shew their Tails. This little Well-doing has neither Body nor Life; it vanishes in the first Mouth, and goes no farther than from one Street to another. Talk of it in *God's Name* to your Son, or your Servant; like that old Fellow, who having no other Auditor of his Prayers, nor Approver of his Valour, boasted to his Chambermaid, crying out, O *Perret*, what a brave Man hast thou to thy Master! At the worst Hand, talk of it to yourself; like a Counsellor of my Acquaintance, who having disgorged a whole Cart-load of *Paragraphs*, with great Heat, and as great Folly, coming out of the *Council-Chamber* to piss, was heard very conscientiously to mutter betwixt his Teeth, *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Who can get it of nobody else, let him pay himself out of his own Purse. Fame is not prostituted at so cheap a Rate. Rare and exemplary Actions, to which it is due, would not endure the Company of this prodigious Crowd of little Performances. Marble may exalt your Titles as much as you please, for having repaired a *Rod* of a ruinous Wall, or cleansed a publick *Aqueduct*, but not Men of Sense. Renown does not follow all good Deeds, if Novelty and Difficulty be not conjoined. Nay, so much as meer Estimation, according to the *Stoicks*, is not due to every Action that proceeds from Virtue; neither will they allow him bare Thanks, who out of Temperance forbears to meddle with any old blear-ey'd *Hagg*. Such as have known the admirable Qualities of *Scipio Africanus*, deny him the Glory that *Penetius* attributes to him, of being abstinent from Gifts, as a Glory not so much his, as that of the Age he lived in. We have Pleasures suitable to our Fortunes, let us not usurp those of Grandeur. Our own are more natural, and by so much more solid and sure, as they are more low. If not for that of Conscience, yet at least for Ambition Sake, let us reject Ambition, let us disdain that Thirst of Honour and Renown, so low and mendicant, that it makes us beg it of all Sorts of People: *Quæ est ista laus quæ possit è macello peti? What*

Praiſe is that which is to be got in the Market? by abject Means, and at what cheap Rate ſoever. 'Tis Diſhonour to be ſo honoured. Let us learn to be no more greedy of Honour, than we are capable of it. To be puffed up with every Action that is innocent, or of Uſe, is only for ſuch with whom ſuch things are extraordinary and rare; they will value it as it coſts them. How much more a good Effect makes a Noiſe, ſo much I abate of the Goodneſs of it; and enter into Suſpicion that it was more performed for Noiſe, than upon the Account of Goodneſs: Being expoſed upon the Stall, 'tis half ſold. Thoſe Actions have much more Grace and Luſtre, that ſlip from the Hand of him that does them negligently, and without Noiſe: And that ſome honeſt Man after chuſes out, and raiſes from the Shade, to produce it to the Light, upon it's own Account. *Mihi quidem laudabiliora videntur omnia, quæ ſive venditatione & ſine populo teſte fiunt. All Things truly ſeem more laudable to me, that are performed without Oſtentation, and without the Teſtimony of the People.* Says the proudeſt Man in the World, I had no Care but to conſerve, and to continue, which are ſilent and inſenſible Effects. Innovation is of great Luſtre, but 'tis interdicted in this Time, when we are preſſed upon, and have nothing to defend ourſelves from but Novelties. To forbear doing, is oft as generous as to do, but 'tis leſs in the Light; and the little Good I have in me is of this Kind. In fine, Occaſions in this Employment of mine, have been confederate with my Humour, and I thank them for it. Is there any one who deſires to be ſick that he may ſee his *Phyſician*'s Practice? And would not that *Phyſician* deſerve to be whipped, who ſhould wiſh the Plague amongſt us, that he might put his Art in Practice? I have never been of that wicked Humour, tho' common enough, to deſire that the Trouble and Diſorders of this City ſhould elevate and honour my Government; I have ever willingly contributed all I could to their Tranquillity and Eaſe. He who will not thank me for the Order, ſweet and ſilent Calm that has accompanied my Adminiſtration; cannot however deprive me of the Share that belongs to me by the Title of my good Fortune. And I am of ſuch a

Compoſition, that I would as willingly be *happy* as *wiſe*; and had rather owe my Succeſſes purely to the Favour of *Almighty God*, than to any Induſtry or Operation of my own. I had ſufficiently publiſhed to the World my Unfitneſs for ſuch publick Offices; but I have ſomething in me yet worſe than Incapacity; which is, that I am not much diſpleaſed at it, and that I do not much go about to cure it, conſidering the Courſe of Life that I have propoſed to myſelf. Neither have I ſatisfied myſelf in this Employment, but I have very near arrived at what I expected from my own Performance, and have yet much ſurpaſſed what I promiſed them with whom I had to do: For I am apt to promiſe ſomething leſs than what I am able to do, and than what I am able to make good. I aſſure myſelf that I have left no Impreſſions of Offence or Hatred behind me, and to leave a Regret or Deſire of me amongſt them. I at leaſt know very well that I did never much affect it.

——*méne huic confidere monſtro,*
Méne ſalis placidi vultum, fluctuſque quietos
Ignorare * *?*

Wouldſt thou I ſhould a quiet Sea believe,
To this inconſtant Monſter Credit give † ?

CHAP. XI.

Of Cripples.

The Year cut ten Days ſhorter.

'TIS now two or three Years ago that they made the Years ten Days ſhorter in *France*. How many Changes may we expect ſhould follow this Reformation! This was properly removing *Heaven* and *Earth* at once;

* *Virgil Æneid. l.* 5. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

and

and yet nothing for all that ſtirs from it's Place: My Neighbours ſtill find their Seaſons of Sowing and Reaping, the Opportunities of doing their Buſineſs, with the hurtful and propitious Days, juſt at the ſame Time, where they had Time out of Mind aſſigned them. There was no more Error perceived in our old Cuſtom, than there is Amendment found in this new Alteration. So great an Uncertainty there is throughout; ſo groſs, obſcure and dull is our Underſtanding. 'Tis ſaid, that this Regulation might have been carried on with leſs Inconveniency, by ſubtracting, according to the Example of *Auguſtus*, the *Biſſextile*, which is in ſome ſort a Day of Trouble, 'till we had exactly ſatisfied that Debt; which is not performed neither by this Correction, and we yet remain ſome Days in Arrear: And yet by the ſame means ſuch Order might be taken for the future, ordering, That after the Revolution of ſuch a Year, or ſuch a Number of Years, the ſupernumerary Day might be always thrown out, ſo that we could not henceforward err above four and twenty Hours in our Computation. We have no other Account of Time but Years; the World has for many Ages made uſe of that only, and yet it is a Meaſure that to this Day we are not agreed upon; ſuch an one, that we ſtill doubt what Form other *Nations* have variouſly given to it, and what was the true Uſe of it. What does this Saying of ſome mean, *That the Heavens, in growing old, bow themſelves down nearer towards us, and put us to an Uncertainty even of Hours and Days?* And that which *Plutarch* ſays of the Months, *That Aſtrology had not, in his Time, determined the Motion of the Moon?* So, what a fine Condition are we in to keep *Records* of Things paſt! I was juſt now ruminating, as I often do, upon this, what a free and roving Thing human Judgment is. I ordinarily ſee, that Men, in Things propoſed to them, more willingly ſtudy to find out the Reaſon than to find out the Truth: They ſlip over *Preſuppoſitions*, but are curious in Examination of *Conſequences*. They leave the *Things*, and fly to the *Cauſes*. Pleaſant Praters! The Knowledge of *Cauſes* does only concern him who has the Conduct of Things, not us, who are only to undergo them, and who perfectly have full and accompliſhed Uſe of them

according to our Need, without penetrating into the Original and Essence. Neither is Wine more pleasant to him that knows it's first Faculties. On the contrary, both the Body and Soul alter and interrupt the Right they have of the Use of the World, and of themselves, by mixing with it the Opinion of Learning. Effects concern us, but the Means not at all. To determine and to distribute appertain to Superiority and Command, as it does to Subjection to accept it. Let me reprehend our Custom. They commonly begin thus: *How is such a Thing done?* Whereas they should say, *Is such a Thing done?* Our Prattle is able to create an hundred other Worlds, and to find out the Beginnings and Contexture; it needs neither Matter nor Foundation. Let it be run on, it builds as well in the *Air* as on the *Earth*; and with Inanity as well as Matter.

Dare pondus idonea fumo *.

I find, that almost throughout we should say, *There is no such Thing*; and should myself often make Use of this Answer, but I dare not; for they cry, *It is a Defect produced from Ignorance amd Weakness of Understanding.* And I am forced, for the most part, to juggle for Company, and prate of frivolous and idle Subjects, which I don't believe a single Word of. Besides that, in truth, 'tis a little rude and quarrelsom, flatly to deny a Proposition; and few People but will affirm, especially in Things hard to be believed, that they have seen them, or at least will name such Witnesses whose Authority will stop our Mouths from Contradictions. By this means we know the Foundations and Means of Things that never were; and the World scuffles about a thousand Questions, of which the *pro* and *con* are both false. *Ita finitima sunt falsa veris, ut in præcipitem locum non debeat se sapiens committere* †. *False Things are so like the true, that a wise Man should not trust himself upon the Precipice. Truth* and *Lies* are faced alike, their Port, Taste and Proceedings are the same, and we look upon them with the same Eye. I find

* *Persius Sat.* 5. † *Cicero Acad. l.* 4.

find that we are not only remiſs in defending ourſelves from Deceit, but we ſeek and offer ourſelves to be gulled; we love to entangle ourſelves in Vanity, as a Thing conformable to our Being. I have ſeen the Birth of many Miracles of my Time, which altho' they were abortive, yet have we not failed to foreſee what they would have come to, had they lived their full Age. 'Tis but finding the End of the *Clue*, and the Man may wind off as much as he will; and there is a greater Diſtance betwixt *Nothing*, and the leaſt Thing in the World, than there is betwixt that and the greateſt. Now, the firſt that are imbued with this Beginning of Novelty, when they ſet out their Hiſtory, find, by Oppoſitions they meet with, where the Difficulty of Perſuaſion lies, and ſo caulk that Place with ſome falſe Piece. Beſides that, *Inſita hominibus libidine alendi de induſtria rumores, Men having a natural Deſire to nouriſh Reports*, we naturally make a Conſcience of reſtoring what has been lent us, without ſome Uſury and Acceſs of our Subſtance. Particular Error firſt makes the publick Error; and afterwards, in turn, the publick Error makes the particular one; ſo all this vaſt *Fabrick* goes forming and confounding itſelf from Hand to Hand, ſo that the remoteſt Teſtimony is better inſtructed than thoſe that are neareſt, and the laſt informed better perſuaded than the firſt. 'Tis a natural Progreſs; For whoever believes any Thing, thinks it a Work of Charity to perſuade another into the ſame Opinion. Which the better to do, he will make no Difficulty of adding as much of his own Invention, as he conceives neceſſary to encounter the Reſiſtance or Want of Conception he meets with in others. I my ſelf, who make a great Conſcience of lying, and am not very ſolicitous of giving Credit and Authority to what I ſay, do yet find, that in the Arguments I have in Hand, being heated with Oppoſition of another, or by the proper Heat of my own Narration, I ſwell and puff up my Subject by Voice, Motion, Vigour and Force of Words; and moreover by Extention and Amplification, not without ſome Prejudice to the naked Truth: But I do it conditionally withal, that to the firſt who brings me to myſelf, and who aſks me the plain and naked Truth, I pre-

ſently ſurrender my Paſſion, and deliver it to him without Exaggeration, without *Emphaſis*, or any larding of my own. A quick and earneſt Way of ſpeaking, as mine is, is apt to run into *Hyperbole*. There is nothing to which Men commonly are more inclined, than to give way to their own Opinions. Where the ordinary Means fail us, we add Command and Force, Fire and Sword. 'Tis ill luck to be at that Paſs, that the beſt Trial of Truth, muſt be the multitude of Believers, in a Crowd, where the Number of Fools ſo much exceeds the wiſe. *Quaſi vero quidquam ſit tam valde, quam nil ſapere vulgare. Sanitatis patrocinium eſt, inſanientium turba* *. *As if any Thing were ſo common as Ignorance. The Multitude of Fools is a Protection to the Wiſe.* 'Tis hard to reſolve a Man's Judgment againſt the common Opinions. The firſt Perſuaſion, taken from the very Subject itſelf, poſſeſſes the ſimple, and from that diffuſes itſelf to the wiſe, under the Authority of Number and Antiquity of the Witneſſes. For my Part, what I ſhould not believe from one, I ſhould not believe from an hundred and one; and do not judge Opinions by the Years. 'Tis not long ſince one of our Princes, in whom the Gout had ſpoiled an excellent Nature and ſprightly Diſpoſition, ſuffered himſelf to be ſo far perſuaded with the Report that was made of the wonderful Operations of a certain *Prieſt*; who by Words and Geſtures cured all Sorts of Diſeaſes, as to go a long Journey to ſeek him out; and by the Force of his Apprehenſion for ſome time, ſo perſuaded and laid his Legs aſleep, as to obtain that Service from them they had a long Time forgot. Had *Fortune* heaped five or ſix ſuch like Accidents, it had been enough to have brought this Miracle into *Nature*. There was afterwards diſcovered ſo much *Simplicity*, and ſo little *Art* in the *Architecture* of ſuch Operations, that they were thought too contemptible to be puniſhed; as would be thought of moſt ſuch Things, were they well examined. *Miramur ex intervallo fallentia* †. *We ad-*

A Prieſt that cured all Sorts of Diſeaſes by Words and Geſtures.

* *Cicero de div. l.* 2. *Item Aug. de Civit. Dei, lib.* 6, *cap.* 10. † *Senec. Ep.* 118.

mire

mire at distance Things that deceive. So does our Sight represent to us strange Images at distance, that vanish in approaching near. *Nunquam ad liquidum fama perducitur**; *Fame is never brought to be clear.* 'Tis to be wondered at, from how many idle Beginnings and frivolous Causes such famous Impressions commonly proceed. This it is that obstructs the Information; for whilst we seek out the Causes, and the great and weighty Ends, worthy of so great a Name, we lose the true ones. They escape our Sight by their Littleness: And, in truth, a prudent, diligent, and subtle Inquisition is required in such Searches; indifferent and not prepossessed. To this very Hour all these Miracles and strange Events have concealed themselves from me; I have never seen a greater Monster or Miracle in the World than myself: A Man grows familiar with all strange Things by Time and Custom; but the more I frequent, and the better I know myself, the more does my own Deformity astonish me, and the less I understand myself. The principal Right of advancing and producing such Accidents, is reserved to *Fortune*. Riding the other Day through a Village, about two Leagues from my House, I found the Place yet hot with the Rumour of a Miracle lately happened there, wherewith the Neighbourhood had been several Months amused, and so, that neighbouring *Provinces* began to take the *Alarm*, and to run thither in great Companies of all Sorts of People. A young Fellow of the Town had one Night counterfeited the Voice of a Spirit in his own House, without any other Design at present, but only for Sport; but this having succeeded with him a little better than he expected, to illustrate his *Farce* with more *Actors*, he took a stupid silly Country Girl into the Scene, and at last they were three of the same Age and Understanding; and from domestick Lectures, proceeded to publick Preaching, hiding themselves under the *Altar* of the *Church*, never speaking but by Night, and forbidding any Light to be brought, Words which tended to the Conversion of the World, and Threats of the Day of Judgment (for these are Subjects under the Authority

* *Cret. lin.* 9.

and

and Reverence of which Imposture does most securely lurk and lye concealed) and thence proceeding to vicious and odd Gestures, so simple and ridiculous, that nothing could hardly be so gross and contemptible amongst little Children: Yet had Fortune never so little favoured the Design, who knows to what Height this Jugling might have at last arrived? These poor *Devils* are at present in Prison, and are like shortly to pay for their Folly, and I know not whether some Judge may not also make them smart for this. We see clearly in this which is discovered, but in many Things of the like Nature, that exceed our Knowledge, I am of Opinion, that we ought to suspend our Judgment, and to keep it in a Condition as fit to reject as to receive them. Great Abuse in the World is begot, or, to speak more boldly, all the Abuses of the World are begot by our being taught to be afraid of possessing our Ignorance, and that we are bound to accept all Things we are not able to refute. We speak of all Things by Precepts and Resolution. The Stile of *Rome* was, that even that which is a Witness deposed for having seen it with his own Eyes, and what a Judge determined with his most certain Knowledge, was couch'd in this Form of Speaking, *It seems.* They make me hate Things that are likely, when they impose them upon me for infallible. I love these Words which mollify and moderate the Temerity of our Propositions, *Perhaps, In some sort, 'Tis said, I think,* and the like: And had I been to train up my Children, I had so put this Way of Answering into their Mouths, inquiring, and not resolutive, *What does this mean? I understand it not; It may be; It is true;* that they should rather have retained the Form of *Pupils* at threescore Years old, than to go out *Doctors,* as they now do, at ten. Whoever will be cured of Ignorance, must confess it. *Iris* is the Daughter of *Thaumantis. Admiration* is the *Foundation* of *Philosophy, Inquisition* the *Progress,* and *Ignorance* the *End.* Ay, but there is a Sort of Ignorance strong and generous, that yields nothing in *Honour* and *Courage* to Knowledge; an Ignorance, which to conceive, requires no less Knowledge than Knowledge it self. I saw in my younger Years, a *Report* of a *Process* that *Corras* a Counsellor

of

of *Tholouſe* put out in Print, of a ſtrange Accident of two Men, who preſented themſelves the one for the other. I remember (and I hardly remember any Thing elſe) that he ſeemed to have rendered the Impoſture of him whom he judged to be guilty, ſo wonderful, and ſo far exceeding both our Knowledge and his own, who was the Judge, that I thought it a very bold Sentence that condemn'd him to be hang'd. Let us take up ſome Form of *Arreſt*, that ſays, *The Court underſtands nothing of the Matter*; more freely and ingenuouſly than the *Areopagites* did, who, finding themſelves perplexed with a *Cauſe* they could not unravel, ordered the Parties to appear again after an hundred Years. The *Witches* of my Neighbourhood run a hazard of their Lives, upon the Intelligence of every new *Author*, that will give real *Body* to his *Dreams*. To accommodate the Examples that *Holy Writ* gives us of ſuch Things, moſt certain and irrefragable Examples, and to tie them to our modern *Events*, being we neither ſee the *Cauſes* nor the *Means*, will require another Sort of Wit than ours. It perhaps only belongs to that ſole all-pollent Teſtimony, to tell us, *This is, and that is, and not that other*. God ought to be believed, and certainly with *very good Reaſon*; but not one amongſt us, for all that, who is aſtoniſhed at his own Narration, and he muſt of neceſſity be aſtoniſhed, if he be not out of his Wits) whether he employ it about other Mens Affairs, or againſt himſelf. I am plain and rude, and ſtick to the main Point, and that which is more likely, avoiding thoſe ancient Reproaches. *Majorem fidem homines adhibent eis quæ non intelligunt. Cupidine humani ingenii libentius obſcura creduntur* *; *Men are moſt apt to believe what they leaſt underſtand; and thro' the Luſt of Human Wit obſcure things are more eaſily credited.* I ſee very well that Men are angry, and that I am forbidden to doubt upon pain of execrable Injuries. A new way of perſuading Mercy for God's ſake. I am not to be cuff'd into Belief. Let them be angry with thoſe that accuſe their Opinion of Falſity I only accuſe it of Difficulty and Boldneſs; and condemn the oppoſite Affirmation equally, if not ſo

* *Pliny*,

imperiouſly

imperiouſly with them. Who will eſtabliſh his Diſcourſe by Authority and Huffing, diſcovers his Reaſon to be very weak. For a verbal and ſcholaſtick Alteration, let them have as much Appearance as their Contradictors. *Videantur ſanè, non affirmentur modò* *. But in the real Conſequence they draw from it, theſe have much the Advantage. To kill Men, a clear and ſhining Light is required; and our Life is too real and eſſential to warrant theſe ſupernatural and fantaſtick Accidents. As to *Drugs* and *Poiſons*, I throw them out of my Account, as being the worſt Sorts of Homicides: Yet even in this, 'tis ſaid, that Men are not always to inſiſt upon the proper Confeſſions of theſe People; for they have ſometimes been known to accuſe themſelves of the Murder of Perſons who have afterwards been found living and well. In theſe other extravagant Accuſations, I ſhall be apt to ſay, That it is ſufficient, a Man, what Recommendation ſoever he may have, be believed in human Things; but of what is beyond his Conception and of ſupernatural Effect, he ought then only to be believed, when authorized by a ſupernatural Approbation. The Privilege it has pleaſed *Almighty God* to give to ſome of our Witneſſes, ought not to be lightly communicated and made cheap. I have my Ears batter'd with a thouſand ſuch *Flim flams* as theſe. Three ſaw him ſuch a Day in the *Eaſt*, three the next Day in the *Weſt*; at ſuch an Hour, in ſuch a Place, and in ſuch a Habit; in earneſt, I ſhould not believe myſelf. How much more natural and likely do I find it that two Men ſhould lie, than that one Man, in twelve Hours time, ſhould fly with the Wind from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*? How much more natural that our Underſtanding ſhould be carried from it's Place, by the Volubility of our diſorder'd Minds, than this, That one of us ſhould be carried, by a ſtrong Spirit upon a Broom-ſtaff, Fleſh and Bones as we are, up the Shaft of a Chimney? Let us not ſeek Illuſions from without and unknown, who are perpetually agitated with Illuſions domeſtick and our own. Methinks a Man is pardonable in diſbelieving a Miracle, as much at leaſt as he can divert and elude the Verification

* *Sic. vel Sen.*

by

by no wonderful Ways. And I am of St. *Auguſtine*'s Opinion, That 'tis better to lean towards Doubt than Aſſurance, in things hard to prove and dangerous to believe. 'Tis now ſome Years ago, that I travell'd through the Territories of a ſovereign *Prince*, who, in my Favour, and to abate my Incredulity, did me the Honour to let me ſee in his own Preſence and in a particular Place, ten or twelve Priſoners of this Kind; and amongſt others, an old *Hag*, a real Witch in Foulneſs and Deformity, who long had been famous in that *Profeſſion*. I ſaw both *Proofs* and *free Conceſſions*, and I know not what *inſenſible Mark* upon the miſerable Creature: I examin'd and talk'd with her, and the reſt, as much and as long as I would, and made the beſt and ſoundeſt Obſervations I could, neither am I a Man to ſuffer my Judgment to be captivated by *Prepoſſeſſion*; and, in the End, ſhould in Conſcience ſooner have preſcribed them *Hellebore* than *Hemlock*. *Captiſque res magis mentibus, quam conſceleratis ſimilis viſa* *; *The thing was rather to be attributed to Madneſs than Malice*. Juſtice has Correction proper for ſuch Maladies. As to the Oppoſitions and Arguments that honeſt Men have made me, both there and oft in other Places, I have met with none that have convinced me, and that have not admitted a more likely *Solution* than their *Concluſions*. It is true indeed, that the *Proofs* and *Reaſons* that are founded upon Experience and Matter of Fact, I do not go about to untie, neither have they any End, I often cut them, as *Alexander* did the *Gordian Knot*. After all, 'tis the ſetting a Man's Conjectures at a very high Price upon them, to cauſe a Man to be roaſted alive. We are told by ſeveral Examples (and particularly *Preſtantius*, of his Father) that being more profoundly aſleep than Men uſually are, he fancied himſelf to be a *Mare*, and that he ſerved the Soldiers for a *Sumpter*; and what he fancied himſelf to be, he really prov'd. If Sorcerers dream ſo materially; if Dreams can ſometimes ſo incorporate themſelves with Effects, I cannot believe that therefore our Wills ſhould be accountable to Juſtice; which I ſay, as a Man, who

Witchmarks.

* *Livius.*

am

am neither *Judge* nor *Privy Counsellor*; and that think my self by many Degrees unworthy so to be, but a Man of the common sort born, and vow'd to the Obedience of the publick Reason both in Words and Acts. He that should record my idle Talk to the Prejudice of the most paltry *Law*, *Opinion*, or *Custom* of his Parish, would do himself a great deal of Wrong, and me much more. For in what I say, I warrant no other Certainty, but that 'tis what I had then in my Thought. Tumultuous and wavering Thought. All I say is by way of Discourse, and nothing by way of Advice. *Nec me pudet ut istos, fateri nescire, quod nesciam* * ; *Neither am I asham'd, as they are, to confess my Ignorance of what I do not know.* I should not speak so boldly, if it were my Due to be believed. And so I told a great Man, who complain'd of the Tartness and Contention of my Advices. Perceiving you to be ready and prepar'd on one Part, I propose to you the other, with all the Diligence and Care I can, to clear your Judgment, not to oblige it. *God* has your Hearts in his Hand. and will furnish you with Choice. I am not so presumptuous as to desire that my Opinions should so much as incline you to a thing of so great Importance. My Fortune has not train'd them up to so potent and elevated Conclusions. Truly I have not only a great many Humours, but also a great many Opinions, that I would endeavour to make my Son dislike, if I had one. What? If the truest are not always the most commodious to Man, being of too wild a Composition. Whether it be to the purpose, or not, 'tis no great matter. 'Tis a common Proverb in *Italy*, *That he knows not* Venus *in her perfect Sweetness, who has never lain with a lame Mistress.* Fortune, or some particular Accident, has long ago put this Saying into the Mouths of the People; and the same is said of the Men as well as of Women; for the Queen of the *Amazons* answered the *Scythians*, who courted her to love, ἄρειον χωλὸς οἰφεῖ, *Lame Men perform best.* In this *Feminine Republick*, to evade the Dominion of the Males, they lamed them in their

Lame People best at the Sport of Venus.

* *Cicero Acad.*

Infancy

Infancy, both Arms, Legs, and other Members that gave them Advantage over them, and only made uſe of Men in that wherein we in the other Parts of the World make uſe of Women. I ſhould have been apt to think that the ſhuffling Pace of the lame Miſtreſs added ſome new Pleaſure to the Work, and ſome extraordinary Titillation to thoſe who were at the Sport; but that I have lately learnt, that ancient *Philoſophy* has it ſelf determin'd it, which ſays, that the Legs and Thighs of lame Women, not receiving, by reaſon of their Imperfection, their due Aliment, it falls out, that the genital Parts above, are fuller, and better ſupplied, and much more vigorous. Or elſe, that this Defect hindring Exerciſe, they who are engaged in it, leſs diſperſe their Forces, and come more intire to the Sports of *Venus*. Which alſo is the Reaſon why the *Greeks* decry'd the Women Weavers, as being more hot than other Women, by reaſon of their ſedentary Trade; which they do without any great Motion or Exerciſe of the Body. What is it we may not reaſon of at this rate? I might alſo ſay of theſe, that this jogging their Breeches, whilſt ſo ſitting at work, rouzes and provokes their Deſire, as the ſwinging and jolting of Coaches does that of our *Ladies*. Do not theſe Examples ſerve to make good what I ſaid at firſt, That our Reaſons often anticipate the Effect, and have ſo infinite an Extent of Juriſdiction, that they judge and exerciſe themſelves, even in Inanity and where there is no Being? Beſides, the Flexibility of our Invention to forge Reaſons of all ſorts of Dreams, our Imagination is equally facile to receive Impreſſions of Falſity, by very frivolous Appearances. For by the ſole Authority of the ancient and common uſe of this *Proverb*, I have formerly made my ſelf believe, that I have had more Pleaſure in a Woman by reaſon ſhe was not ſtrait, and accordingly reckoned that Deformity amongſt her Graces. *Torquato Taſſo*, in the Compariſon he makes betwixt *France* and *Italy*, ſays, he has obſerved, that our Legs are generally ſmaller than thoſe of the *Italian Gentlemen*:

Women Weavers more luſtful than other Women.

The French *Gentlemens Legs ſmaller than others, and why.*

tlemen: And attributes the Cause of it to our being continually on Horse-back, which is the very same from which *Suetonius* draws a quite contrary Conclusion; for he says on the contrary, that *Germanicus* had made his Legs bigger by the Continuation of the same Exercise. Nothing is so supple and wandering as our Understanding. 'Tis like the Shoe of *Theramenes*, fit for all Feet. 'Tis double and various, and the Matters are double and diverse too. *Give me a Drachm of Silver*, said a *Cynick Philosopher* to *Antigonus*; *that is not a present befitting a King*, reply'd he; *Give me then a Talent*, said the other; *there is not a Present befitting a Cynick.*

Theramenes *Shoe.*

Seu plures calor ille vias, & cæca relaxat
Spiramenta novas veniat qua succus in herbas:
Seu durat magis, & venas astringit hiantes,
Ne tenues pluviæ rapidive potentia solis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat *.

Whether from this new Force and Nourishment
The Earth receives, or else all Venom spent,
By Fire and Froth superfluous Moisture sweat,
Or many dark hid breathing lax'd by Heat,
By which fresh Sap the springing Corn sustains,
Or more condens'd it binds the gaping Veins,
Lest soaking Show'rs or *Sol*'s more potent Beam,
Or *Boreas* piercing Cold should wither them †.

Ogni medaglie ha il suo reverso, Every Medal has its reverse. This is the Reason why *Clitomachus* said of old, that *Carneades* had out-done the Labours of *Hercules*, in having fixed the Consent of Man, that is to say, their Opinion, and the Liberty of judging. This so strong Fancy of *Carneades* sprung, in my Opinion, anciently from the Impudence of those who made Profession of Knowledge and their immeasurable Self-conceit. *Æsop* was to set sale with two other Slaves, the Buyer ask'd the first, *What he could do*; who, to enhance his own Value, promised Mountains and Mira-

* *Virg. Georg. lib.* 1. † *M. Ogilby.*

cles, saying, *He could do this, and that, and I know not what*; the second as much of himself and more: When it came to *Æsop*'s turn, and that he was also ask'd, *What he could do? Nothing*, said he, *for these two have taken up all before me; they can do every thing.* So has it happened in the *School of Philosophy*. The Pride of those who attributed the Capacity of all things to human Wit, created in others, out of Spite and Emulation, this Opinion, that it is capable of nothing. The one maintain the same Extreme in Ignorance that the others do in Knowledge. To make it undeniably manifest, that Man is immoderate throughout, can give no other positive Sentence but that of Necessity, and the Want of Ability to proceed farther.

CHAP. XII.

Of Physiognomy.

ALMOST all the Opinions we have are derived from Authority, and taken upon trust; and 'tis not amiss. We could not chuse worse than by ourselves in so weak an *Age*. That Image of the Discourses of *Socrates*, which his Friends have transmitted to us, we approve upon no other account, but merely the Reverence to publick Approbation. 'Tis not according to our own Knowledge, they are not after our way. If any thing of this Kind should spring up new, few Men would value them. We discern not the Graces, otherwise than by certain Features, touch'd up, and illustrated by Art. Such as glide on in their own Purity and Simplicity, easily escape so gross a Sight as ours; they have a delicate and conceal'd Beauty, such as required a clear and purified Sight to discover so secret a Light. Is not Simplicity, as we accept it, Cousin-german to Folly, and a Quality of Reproach? *So-*

crates makes his Soul move a natural and common Motion. *A Country Peaſant ſaid this, a Woman ſaid that,* he never has any thing in his Mouth but *Carters, Joiners, Coblers* and *Maſons.* Theſe are Inductions and Similitudes drawn from the moſt common and known Actions of Men, every one underſtands them. We ſhould never have entertained the Nobility and Splendor of his admirable Conceptions under ſo vile a Form; we, I ſay, who think all things low and flat, that are not elevated by Learning, and who diſcern no Riches but in Pomp and Show. This World of ours is only form'd for Oſtentation. Men are only puff'd up with Winds, and are bandied to and fro like Tennis-Balls. This Man propoſes to himſelf no vain and idle Fancies, his Deſign was to furniſh us with Precepts and Things that more fitly ſerve to the Uſe of Life:

——*ſervare modum, finemque tenere,*
Naturamque ſequi *.

To keep a Mean, his End ſtill to obſerve,
And from the Laws of Nature ne'er to ſwerve.

He was alſo always one and the ſame, and raiſed himſelf not by Starts, but by Complexion, to the higheſt Pitch of Vigour; or to ſay better, he exalted nothing, but rather brought down and reduced all Aſperities and Difficulties to their original and natural Condition, and ſubjected their Power: For in *Cato* 'tis moſt manifeſt, that there is a Proceeding extended far beyond the common ways of ordinary Men. In the brave Exploits of his Life, and in his Death, we find him always mounted upon his managed Horſes. Whereas this Man always creeps upon the Ground, and with a ſlow and ordinary Pace, treats of the moſt uſeful Diſcourſes, and bears himſelf through both at his Death, and the niceſt Traverſes that would preſent themſelves in the Courſe of Human Life. It has fallen out well, that the Man moſt worthy to be known, and to be preſented to the World for Example, ſhould be he of whom we have the moſt certain

* *Lucan.* 2.

Knowledge;

Knowledge; he has been pried into by the most clear-sighted Men that ever were. The Testimonies we have of him are admirable both in Fidelity and Knowledge. 'Tis a great thing that he was able so to order the pure Imaginations of a Child, that without altering or wresting them, he has thereby produced the most beautiful Effects of a human Soul. He presents it neither elevated nor rich, he only represents it sound, but certainly with a brisk and spritely Health. By these common and natural *Springs*, by these vulgar and ordinary *Fancies*, without being moved or making any Bustle in the Business, he set up, not only the most regular, but the most high and vigorous *Beliefs*, *Actions*, and *Manners* that ever were. 'Tis he who brought again from Heaven, where she lost her Time, Human Wisdom, to restore her to *Man*, with whom her most just and greatest Business lyes. See him plead before his Judges, do but observe by what Reasons he rouzes his Courage to the Hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience against Calumny, Tyranny, Death, and the Perverseness of his Wife: You will find nothing in all this borrow'd from *Arts* and *Sciences*. The simplest may there discover their own Means and Power; 'tis not possible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done human Nature a great Kindness in shewing it how much it can do of it self. We are all of us richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make use of what is another's than our own. Man can in nothing fix and conform himself in his mere necessity. Of Pleasure, Wealth and Power, he grasps at more than he can hold: his Greediness is incapable of Moderation. And I find, that in Curiosity of Knowing he is the same; he cuts himself out more Work than he can do, and more than he needs to do: extending the Utility of Knowledge as far as the Matter. *Ut omnium rerum, sic literarum quoque, intemperantia laboramus* *; *That, as of every thing else, we should also be sick of the Intemperance of Letters.* And *Tacitus* has reason to commend the Mother of *Agricola*, for having restrain'd her Son in his

* *Senec. Epist.* 106.

too violent Appetite of Learning. 'Tis a *Good*, if duly conſider'd, which has in it, as the other *Goods* of Men have, a great deal of Vanity, and of proper and natural Weakneſs, and that coſts very dear; the Acquiſition of it is more hazardous, than that of all other Meat or Drink. For in other Things, what we have bought, we carry home in ſome Veſſel, and there have Liberty to examine our Markets, how much it coſts, and what 'tis worth, according to the Seaſon; but *Sciences* we can, at the very firſt, beſtow into no other Veſſel than the Soul; we ſwallow them in buying and return from the Market, either already infected or amended. There are of ſuch ſorts as only burthen and over-charge the Stomach inſtead of nouriſhing; and moreover, ſome that, under colour of curing, poiſon us. I have been pleaſed, in Places where I have been, to ſee Men in Devotion vow *Ignorance* as well as *Chaſtity*, *Poverty* and *Penitence*. 'Tis alſo a gelding of our unruly Appetites to blunt this Cupidity that ſpurs us on to the Study of Books, and to deprive the Soul of this voluptuous Complacency, that tickles us with the Opinion of Knowledge. And 'tis plenarily to accompliſh the Vow of *Poverty* to add unto it that of the *Mind*. We need not be taught to live at our eaſe. And *Socrates* tells us, that it is in us, with the Way how to find it, and the Manner how to uſe it. All theſe Acquiſitions of ours, which exceed our natural ones, are, upon the Matter, ſuperfluous and vain. 'Tis much if they do not more burthen and cumber us than they do us good. *Paucis opus eſt literis ad mentem bonam* *; *A Man of good natural Parts, and a good Diſpoſition, has no great need of Learning*. 'Tis a feveriſh Exceſs of the Mind; a tempeſtuous and unquiet Inſtrument. Do but recollect your ſelf, and you will find in your ſelf ſuch natural Arguments againſt Death, which are true, and more proper, and fit to ſerve you in time of Neceſſity. 'Tis they that make a *Peaſant*, and an intire People die with as much Conſtancy as a *Philoſopher*. Should I have died leſs chearfully before I had read *Cicero*'s *Tuſculanes?* I believe not. And when I find my ſelf at the beſt, I per-

* *Ibid.*

ceive

ceive that my Tongue is inrich'd indeed, but my Courage little or nothing elevated by them. It is just as *Nature* forg'd it at first, and against any Conflict only defends it self after a natural and ordinary Way. *Books* have not so much serv'd me for Instruction as Exercise. What if Knowledge, trying to arm us with new Defences against natural Inconveniencies, has more imprinted in our Fancies their Weight and Grandeur, than her Reasons and Subtilties to secure us from them? They are Subtilties indeed, with which she often alarms us to little purpose. Do but observe, how many slight and frivolous, and if nearly examin'd, how many incorporeal Arguments the closest and wisest Authors scatter about one good one. They are no other but Quirks and Fallacies to amuse and gull us. But forasmuch as it may be with some Profit, I will shift it no farther. Many of that sort are here and there dispersed up and down this Treatise, either upon Borrowing, or by Imitation; therefore ought a Man to take a little heed, not to call that *Force* which is only a *Knack* of Writing, and that *Solid* which is only *Quick*, or that *Good* which is only *Fine*. *Quæ magis gustata quam potata delectant* *; *Which more delight in tasting, than in being drunk of.* Every thing that pleases does not nourish. *Ubi non ingenii, sed animi negotium agitur* †; *Where the Question is not about improving the Wit, but bettering the Understanding.* To see the Bustle that *Seneca* keeps to fortify himself against Death, to see him so sweat and pant to harden and encourage himself, and bait so long upon the *Perch*, would have lessen'd his Reputation with me, had he not very bravely maintain'd it to the last. His so ardent and frequent Agitations discover, that he was in himself impetuous and passionate. *Magnus animus remissius loquitur, & securius: Non est alius ingenio, alius animo color* ‡; *A great Courage speaks more negligently, and more securely. Wit and Courage wear one and the same Livery.* He must be convinced at his own Expence. And he does in some sort discover that he was hard laid to by his Enemy. *Plutarch*'s Way, by how

* *Thusc. l.* 5. † *Sen. Epist.*
‡ *Sen. Epist.* 115.

much it is more disdainful, and farther stretch'd, is, in my Opinion, so much more manly and persuasive; and I am apt to believe, that his Soul had more assur'd and more regular *Motions*. The one more sharp, pricks and makes us start, and more touches the Soul; the other more solid, informs, establishes, constantly supports us, and more touches the Understanding. That ravishes the Judgment, this wins it. I have likewise seen other Writings yet more reverenced than these, that in the Representation of the Conflict they maintain against the Temptations of the Flesh, depaint them so sharp, so powerful and invincible, that we our selves, who are of the meaner sort of People, are apt as much to wonder at the Strangeness and unknown Force of their Temptation, as at their Resistance. To what end do we so arm ourselves with this Hardness of *Philosophy?* Let us look down upon the poor People that we see scatter'd upon the Face of the Earth, prone and intent upon their Business, that neither know *Aristotle* nor *Cato*, *Example* nor *Precept*. Even from these does *Nature* every Day extract Effects of *Constancy* and *Patience*, more pure and manly than those we so inquisitively study in the *Schools*. How many do I ordinarily see, who slight Poverty? How many that desire to die, or that do it without Alarm or Regret? He that is now digging in my Garden, has this Morning buried his Father, or his Son. The very Names by which they call Diseases sweeten and mollify the Sharpness of them. The *Tisick* is with them no more but a *Cough*, the *Bloody-flux* but a *Looseness*, a *Pleurisy* but a *Stitch*, and as they gently name them, so they patiently endure them. They are very great and grievous indeed, when they hinder their ordinary Labour; and they never keep their Beds but to die. *Simplex illa, & aperta virtus in obscuram, & solertem scientiam versa est* *; *That plain and simple Virtue is converted into an obscure and cunning Knowledge.* I was writing this about a time when a great Load of our intestine Troubles for several Months lay with all it's Weight upon me. I had the *Enemy* at my Door on one Side, and the *Free-booters*, worse Enemies than they,

* *Sen. Ep.* 95.

on

on the other; *Non armis sed vitiis certatur* *; and underwent all Sorts of military Injuries at once.

Hostis adest dextra lævaque ex parte timendus,
Vicinoque malo terret utrumque latus †.

On either Hand an Enemy alarms,
And threatens both Sides with injurious Arms.

A monstrous War! Other Wars are bent against Strangers, this against itself; and destroys itself with it's own Poison. 'Tis of so malignant and ruinous a Nature, that it ruins it self, with the rest; and with it's own Rage mangles and tears itself to Pieces. We oftner see it dissolve of itself, than through Scarcity of any Necessaries, or by Force of the Enemy. All Discipline evades it. It comes to compose *Sedition*, and is itself full of it; will chastise *Disobedience*, and itself is the Example; and employed for the Defence of the *Laws*, rebels against those of our own. What a Condition are we in! Our *Physick* makes us sick.

Nostre Mal s' empoisonne
Du secours qu'on luy donne **.

Such is our Fate, that our Disease
Our Remedies do still increase.

——*Exuperat magis, ægrescitqae medendo* ††.

His *Physick* makes him worse, and sicker still.

Omnia fanda nefanda malo permista furore,
Justificam nobis mentem avertere Deorum §.

Right and wrong, shuffled in this Civil War,
Have rob'd us of the *Gods* protecting Care.

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* *Seneca.* † *Ovid.* ** *Plutarch.*
†† *Virgil Æneid. l.* 12. § *Catullus.*

In the beginning of popular Maladies, a Man may distinguish the Sound from the Sick; but when they come to continue, as ours have done, the whole Body is then infected from Head to Foot, and no Part is free from Corruption. For there is no Air that Men so greedily draw in, that diffuses itself so soon, and that penetrates so deep as that of *Licence.* Our *Armies* only subsist, and are kept together by the Cement of Strangers; for of *French* there is now no constant and regular Body of an Army to be made. What a Shame is it? there is no more Discipline but what we learn'd from borrow'd Soldiers. As to ourselves, our Conduct is at Discretion, and not of the Chief, but every one at his own; the General has a harder Game to play within than he has without; In the Word of Command to *march, draw up, wheel,* and the like, we obey him indeed; but all the rest is dissolute and free. It pleases me to observe how much Pusillanimity and Cowardice there is in Ambition; by how abject and servile ways it must arrive at it's end, but withal, it displeases me to see good and generous Natures, and that are capable of Justice, every Day corrupted in the Managery and Command of this Confusion. Long Toleration begets Habit, Habit Consent and Imitation. We had enough of ill contriv'd Souls, without spoiling those that were generous and good; so that if we hold on, there will not remain any with whom to intrust the Health of this State of ours, in case Fortune chances to restore it.

Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seclo,
Ne prohibite *.——

Ah! for young *Cæsar* now yourselves engage,
That he again repair this ruin'd Age †.

An Orchard of ripe Apples inclosed within

What is become of the old Precept, *That Soldiers ought more to fear their Chief than their Enemy?* And that wonderful Example, that an Orchard being enclosed within the Precincts of a *Camp* of the *Roman Army,* was seen

* *Virg. Geor. lib.* 1. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

at

at their Dislodgement the next Day in the same Condition, not an Apple, tho' ripe and delicate, being pull'd off, but all left to the *Possessor?* I could wish that our *Youth*, instead of the Time they spend in less fruitful Travels, and less honourable Employments, would bestow one half of that Time in being an Eye-witness of *naval Exploits* under some good Captain of *Malta*, and the other half in observing the Discipline of the *Turkish Armies*; for they have many Differences and Advantages over ours. One thing is, that our Soldiers here become more licentious in *Expeditions*, theirs more temperate and circumspect. For the Thefts and Insolencies committed upon the common People, which are only punished with a Cudgel in *Peace*, are Capital in *War*. For an *Egg* taken in *Turky* without paying for't, fifty Blows with a Cudgel is the prefixed Rate; for any Thing else, of what Sort, or how trivial soever, not necessary to Nourishment, they are presently impailed, or beheaded without Mercy. I am astonished in the History of *Selim*, the most cruel Conqueror that ever was, to see that when he subdued *Egypt*, the beautiful Gardens about *Damas*, being all open, and in a conquered *Land*, and his *Army* encamped upon the very Place, should be left untouched by the Hands of the Soldiers, by Reason they had not received the Signal of *Plunder*. But is there any Disease in a Government so important, as ought to be physick'd with such a mortal *Drug? No*, says *Favonius*, *not so much as the tyrannical Usurpation of a Commonwealth*. *Plato* likewise will not consent, that a Man should violate the Peace of his Country to cure it; and by no Means approves of a *Reformation* that disturbs and hazards all, and that is to be purchased at the Price of the Citizen's *Blood* and *Ruin*; determined it to be the Duty of a *good Patriot*, in such a Case, to let it alone, and only to pray to *God* for his extraordinary Assistance; and seems to be angry with his Friend *Dion*, for having proceeded something after another manner. I was a *Platonick* in this Point, before I knew there had ever been such a Man as *Plato* in the World. And if this Person ought absolutely to be rejected from our Society; (he, who by the Sincerity of his Conscience, merited

the Roman Camp *left untouched to the* Possessor.

rited from the divine Favour to penetrate so far into the Christian Light, through the universal Darkness wherein the World was involved in his Time,) I do not think it would well become us to suffer ourselves to be instructed by a *Heathen.* How great an Impiety it is, not to expect from *God* any Relief simply his own, and without our *Co-operation.* I often doubt, whether, among so many Men as tamper in such Affairs, there is not to be found some one of so weak Understanding as to have been really persuaded that he went towards *Reformation* by the worst of *Deformations,* and advanced towards his *Salvation* by the most express Causes that we have of most assured *Damnation*; that by overthrowing *Government, Magistracy* and *Laws,* in whose Protection *God* has placed him, by inspiring fraternal Minds with parricidial Animosities, and by calling *Devils* and *Furies* to his Aid, he can assist the most holy Sweetness and Justice of the *divine Law. Ambition, Avarice, Cruelty* and *Revenge,* have not sufficient, proper and natural Impetuosity of their own; let us bait them with the glorious Titles of *Justice* and *Devotion.* There cannot a worse State of Things be imagined, than where Wickedness comes to be legitimate, and assumes, with the Magistrate's Permission, the Cloak of *Virtue. Nihil in speciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi Deorum numen prætenditur sceleribus. Nothing has a more deceiving Face than false Religion, where Devotion is pretended by wicked Men.* The extremest Sort of Injustice, according to *Plato,* is, that that which is unjust should be reputed for just. The common People suffered therein very much then, not present Damages only;

——— *undique totis*
Usque adeo turbatur agris——*.

but future too. The living were to suffer, and so were they who were yet unborn. They rob'd and strip'd them, and consequently they did me, even to their Hope; taking from them all they had laid up in Store to live on for many Years.

* *Virg. Eleg.* 1.

Que

Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt,
Et cremat insontes turba scelesta casas.
Muris nulla fides, squallent populatibus agri *.

What they can't bear away, they spoil and spurn,
And the lewd Rabble harmless Houses burn;
Walls can't secure their Masters, and the Field
Thro' Waste and Spoil does an ill Prospect yield.

Besides this Shock I suffered others. I underwent the Inconveniencies that Moderation brings along with it in such a Disease. I was pilled on all Hands, to the *Gibelin* I was a *Guelph*, and to the *Guelph* a *Gibelin*; some one of the *Poets* in my Study expresses this very well, but I know not where it is. The Situation of my House, and my Friendliness to my Neighbours, presented me with one Face, my Life and my Actions with another. They did not lay formed Accusations to my Charge, for they had no Foundation of so doing. I never slink or hide my Head from the Laws, and who ever would have questioned me, would have done himself a greater Prejudice than me. They were only mute Suspicions that were whispered about, which never want Appearance in so confused a Mixture, no more than envious or idle Heads. I commonly myself lend a Hand to presumptuous Injuries, that Fortune scatters abroad against me, by a Way I have ever had of evading to justify, excuse, or explain myself, conceiving that it were to refer my Conscience to Arbitration, to plead in it's Behalf; *Perspicuitas enim Augmentatione elevatur. For the Perspicuity of a Clause is clouded and darkened by Augmentation.* And, as if every one saw as clearly into me as I do my self, instead of retiring from an Accusation, I step up to meet it, and rather give it some kind of Colour by an ironical and scoffing Confession, if I do not sit totally mute, as of a Thing not worth my Answer. But such as look upon this kind of Behaviour of mine as too haughty a Confidence, have as little Kindness for me as they who interpret the Weakness of an indefensible Cause; namely,

* *Ovid Trist. l. 1. El. 10.*

the great ones, towards whom want of Submission is a very great Fault. Rude to all Justice that knows and feels itself, and is not submiss, humble and suppliant. I have oft knock'd my Head against this Pillar. So it is, that at what then befel me an ambitious Man would have hanged himself, and a covetous one would have done the same. I have no manner of Care of getting.

Sit mihi quod nunc est etiam minus, ut mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dii *.

I only pray, that small Estate which I
Now have may tarry with me 'till I die,
And those few Days which I have yet to live
(If Heaven to me any more Days will give)
I may enjoy myself †.

But the Losses that befel me by the Injury of others, whether by Theft or Violence, go almost as near my Heart, as they would do to that of the most avaricious Man. The Offence troubles me, without Comparison, more than the loss. A thousand several Sorts of Mischiefs fell upon me in the Neck of one another; I could better have borne them all at once. I have already been considering to whom amongst my Friends I might commit a helpless and decrepit Age; and having turned my Eyes quite round, I found myself at a Loss. To let a Man's self fall plum down, and from so great an Heighth, it ought to be in the Arms of a solid, vigorous and fortunate Friendship. They are very rare, if there be any. At last I concluded that it was safest for me to trust to myself in my greatest Necessity; and if it should so fall out, that I should be but upon cold Terms in *Fortune*'s Favour, I should so much more pressingly recommend me to my own, and look so much the better to myself. Men on all Occasions throw themselves upon foreign Assistances to spare their own, which are the only certain and sufficient ones with which they can arm themselves. Every one runs elsewhere, and to the future, forasmuch as no one is arrived at himself. And I was satisfied,

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 18. † *Mr.* Alex. Brome.

that

that they were profitable Inconveniencies, foraſmuch as ill Scholars are to be admoniſhed with the *Rod*, when Reaſon will not do, as a crooked Piece of Wood is by Fire and Straining to be reduced to Straitneſs. I have a great while preached to myſelf to ſtick cloſe to my own Concerns, and ſeparate myſelf from the Affairs of others; yet I am ſtill turning my Eyes aſide. A *Bow*, a *kind Word* or *Look* from a great Perſon tempts me; of which *God* knows how little Scarcity there is in theſe Days, and how little they ſignify. I moreover, without wrinkling my Forehead, hearken to the Perſuaſions are offered me, to draw me into ſome Place of Traffick, and as gently refuſe it, as if I were half willing to be overcome. Now to ſo indocile a Spirit Blows are required; and this Veſſel which thus chops and cleaves, and is ready to fall in Pieces, is to have the Hoops forced down with good ſound Strokes of a Mallet. Secondly, that this Accident ſerved me for Exerciſe to prepare for worſe, if I, who both by the Benefit of Fortune, and by the Condition of my Manners, hoped to be the laſt, ſhould happen to be one of the firſt that ſhould be trapped in this Storm. Inſtructing myſelf betimes, to force my Life, and fit it for a new Condition. The true Liberty is to be able to do what a Man will with himſelf. *Potentiſſimus eſt qui ſe habet in poteſtate*. He is moſt potent, who has himſelf in his own Power.* In an ordinary and quiet Time, a Man prepares himſelf for moderate and common Accidents; but in the Confuſion wherein we have been for theſe thirty Years, every *Frenchman*, whether in particular or in general, ſees himſelf every Hour upon the Point of the total Ruin and Overthrow of his Fortune. By ſo much the more ought he to have his Courage munited with the ſtrongeſt and moſt vigorous Proviſion. Let us thank *Fortune*, that has not made us live in an effeminate, idle and languiſhing *Age*; ſome, who could never have been ſo by other Means, will be made famous by their Misfortunes. As I ſeldom read in Hiſtories the Confuſions of other States, without Regret that I was not preſent, better to conſider them, ſo does my Curioſity make me in ſome Sort pleaſe myſelf with ſeeing

* *Seneca.*

with

with my own Eyes this notable Spectacle of our publick Death, it's Form and Symptoms; and, seeing I could not hinder it, am content to be destined to assist in it, and thereby to instruct myself. Thus do we manifestly covet to see, though but in *Shadow*, and the *Fables* of *Theatres*, the Pomp of tragick Representations of human Fortune. 'Tis not however without Compassion of what we hear, but we please ourselves in rousing our Displeasure by the Rarity of these to be pitied *Events*. Nothing tickles that does not pinch; and good *Historians* skip over, as a stagnant Water and dead Sea, calm Narrations, to be again upon the Narrative of Wars and Seditions, which they know are most acceptable to the Readers. I question whether or no I can handsomly confess at how mean and vile a Rate of Repose and Tranquillity, I have passed over above the one half of my Life in the Ruin of my Country. I make myself a little too good a Bargain of Patience, in Accidents that do not so much regard what they take from me, as what remains safe, both within and without. There is Comfort in evading, one while one, another while another of those Evils that are level'd at me too at last, but at present hurt others only about us; as also, that in Matters of publick Interest, the more my Affection is universally dispersed, the weaker it is. To which may be added, that it is half true. *Tantum ex publicis malis sentimus, quantum ad privatas res pertinent. We are only so far sensible of publick Evils, as they respect our private Affairs.* And that the Health from which we fell was such, that itself consolates the Regret we ought to have. It was Health, but not otherwise than in Comparison of the Sickness that has succeeded it. We are not fallen from any great Heighth. The Corruption and Thievery that is in Dignity and Office seems the most insupportable to me. We are less injuriously rifled in a Wood than in a Place of Security. It was an universal Juncture of particular Members, rotten to Emulation of one another, and the most of them with inveterate Ulcers, that neither required nor admitted of any Cure. This Conclusion therefore did really more animate than press me, by the Assistance of my Conscience, which was not only at Peace within itself, but elevated, and I did not find any Reason to complain

of

of myself. Also, as *God* never sends *Evils* any more than *Goods*, absolutely pure to Men, my Health continued at that time more than usually good; and, as I can do nothing without it, there are few Things that I cannot do with it. It afforded me means to rouze up all my Provisions, and to lay my Hand before the Wound, that would else perhaps have gone farther, and experimented, in my Patience, that I had some Opposition against Fortune; and that it must be a great Shock could throw me out of the Saddle. I do not say this to provoke her to give me a more vigorous Charge; I am her humble Servant, and submit to *her* Pleasure. Let her be no other towards me than she has used to be in *God's Name*. Do you ask if I am sensible of her Assaults? Yes, certainly I am. But, as those who are possessed and oppressed with Sorrow, may sometimes suffer themselves nevertheless by Intervals to taste a little Pleasure, and are sometimes surprized with a Smile. So have I so much Power over myself, as to make my ordinary Condition quiet and free from disturbing Thoughts; but I suffer myself withal by Fits to be surprized with the Stings of those unpleasing Imaginations that assault me, whilst I am arming myself to drive them away, or at least to wrestle with them. But behold another Aggravation of the Evil which befel me in the Tail of the rest; I am both without Doors and within assaulted with a most violent Plague, in Comparison of all other: For, as sound Bodies are subject to more grievous Maladies, forasmuch as they are not to be forced but by such, so my very healthful Air, where no Contagion, though very near, in the Memory of Man, could ever take Footing, coming to be corrupted, produced most strange Effects.

Mista senum, & juvenum densantur funera, nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit *.

In Death both young and old by Heaps do join,
Nor any Head escapes sad *Proserpine* †.

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* *Horace l.* 1. *Ode* 28. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

I was

I was to suffer this pleasant Condition, that the Sight of my House was frightful to me. Whatever I had there was without *Guard*, and left to the Mercy of every one. I myself, who am of so hospitable a Nature, was myself in very great Distress for a *Retreat* for my Family; a wild and scattered Family, frightful both to it's Friends and self, and filling every Place with Horror where it attempted to settle; being to shift abode so soon as any one's Finger began but to ake. All Diseases are then concluded to be the Plague, and People do not stay to examine and be sure whether they have it or no. And the Mischief is, that, according to the Rules of *Art*, in every Danger that a Man comes near, he must undergo a *Quarantain* in the Suspence of his Infirmity; your Imagination all that while tormenting you at Pleasure, and turning even your *Health* itself into a *Fever*; yet would not all this have gone very near to my Heart, had I not withal been compelled to be sensible of others Sufferings, and miserable to serve six Months together for a Guide to this *Caravan:* For I carry my *Antidotes* within myself, which are Resolution and Patience. Apprehension, which is particularly feared in this Disease, does not so much trouble me. And, if, being alone, I should have taken it, it had been a more sprightly and a longer Flight. 'Tis a kind of Death, that I do not think of the worst Sort; 'tis usually short, stupid, without Pain, and consolated by the publick Condition; without Ceremony, without Mourning, and without a Crowd. But as to the People about us, the hundredth Part of them could not be saved.

——*videas desertaque regna*
Pastorum, & longè saltus lateque vacantes *.

Deserted Realms now may'st thou see of Swains,
And every where forsaken Groves and Plains †.

A cruel Plague in Gascony.

In this Place my best Revenue is manual. What an hundred Men ploughed for me lay a long time fallow. But then what Example of Resolution did we not see in

* *Virg. Geor. lib.* 3. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

the

the Simplicity of all this People? Every one generally renounced all Care of Life. The *Grapes*, the principal Revenue of the Country, hung in Clusters upon the Vines, every one indifferently preparing for, and expecting Death, either to-night or to-morrow, with a Countenance and Voice so far from Fear, as if they had contracted with Death in this Necessity, and that it had been an universal and inevitable *Sentence*. 'Tis always such. But how slender Hold has the Resolution of dying? The Distance and Difference of a few Hours, and the sole Consideration of Company, renders the Apprehension various to us. Do but observe these, by Reason that they die in the same Month, Children, young People and old, they are no longer astonished at it, they lament no more. I saw some who were afraid of staying behind, as in a dreadful Solitude, and did not commonly observe any other Solicitude amongst them, than that of Sepulture; they were troubled to see the dead Bodies scattered about the Fields at the Mercy of Beasts, which presently began to flock about them. How differing are the Fancies of Men! The *Neorites*, a Nation subjected by *Alexander*, threw the Bodies of their dead in the deepest, and least frequented Parts of their Woods, on Purpose to have them there eaten; the only Sepulture reputed happy amongst them. Some who were yet in Health, digged their own Graves, and others laid them down in them whilst alive; and a Labourer of mine, in dying, with his Hands and Feet pulled the Earth upon him. Was not this to nustle and settle himself to sleep at greater Ease? A Bravery, in some Sort, like that of the *Roman Soldiers*, who after the Battle of *Cannæ*, were found with their Heads thrust into Holes in the Earth, which they had made, and in suffocating themselves, with their own Hands pulled the Earth about their Ears. In short, a whole *Nation* by Custom was brought to a Discipline nothing inferior in Undauntedness to the most studied and premeditated Resolution. Most Instructions of *Sciences*, to encourage us, have in them more of Shew than of Force, and of

Sepulture of the Neorites.

Roman *Soldiers suffocated with their own Hands after the Battle of* Cannæ.

Ornament than Effect. We have abandoned *Nature* and will teach her what to do; her who did so happily and so securely conduct us. And in the mean time, from the Foot-steps of her Instructions, and that little, which by the Benefit of Ignorance, remains of her Image imprinted in the Life of this rustick *Rout* of unpolished Men, *Science* is constrained every Day to borrow thence to make a *Pattern* for her Disciples of *Constancy*, *Tranquillity* and *Innocence*. 'Tis pretty to see, that these complain of so much fine Knowledge, being to imitate this foolish Simplicity, and that in the most principal Acts of Virtue. And that our Wisdom must learn, even from Beasts, the most profitable Instructions in the greatest and most necessary Concerns of human Life: As, how we are to live and die, manage our Fortunes, love and bring up our Children, and to maintain Justice. A singular Testimony of human Infirmity, and that this *Reason* we so handled at our Pleasure, finding evermore some Diversity and Novelty, leaves with us no apparent Trace of *Nature*. And they make Men, as *Perfumers* mix their *Oils*, they have sophisticated it with so many Argumentations and far-fetch'd Discourses, that it is become variable, and particular to every one of them, and has lost it's proper, constant and universal Face. And we must seek Testimony from *Beasts*, not subject to Favour, Corruption, nor Diversity of Opinions. For it is indeed true, that even they themselves do not always go exactly in the Path of Nature, but wherein do they swerve, 'tis so little, that you may always see the Track. As Horses that are led make several Bounds and Curvets, but 'tis always at the Length of the Collar, and they still follow him that leads them; and as a Hawk takes his Flight, but still under the Restraint of his *Cranes*. *Exilia, Tormenta, Bella, Morbos, Naufragia meditare, ut nullo sis malo Tyro* *. *Meditate upon Banishments, Tortures, Wars, Diseases and Shipwrecks, that thou may'st not be to seek in any Disaster*. What good will this Curiosity do us, to preoccupy all the Inconveniencies of human Nature, and to prepare ourselves, with so much Trouble, against

* *Sen. Epist.*

Things which peradventure will never befal us? (*Parem passis tristitiam facit, pati posse* †. *It troubles Men as much that they might possibly suffer, as if they really did.* Not only the Blow, but the Wind of the Blow strikes us.) Or like *Phrenetick* People, for 'tis certainly a *Phrenzy*, to go immediately and whip yourself, because it may so fall out, that *Fortune* may one Day make you undergo it; and to put on your furr'd Gown at *Midsummer*, because you will stand in Need of it at *Christmas?* Throw yourselves, say they, into the Experience of all the Evils, the most extreme Evils that can possibly befal you, assure yourselves there. On the contrary, the most easy, and most natural Way would be to banish even the Thoughts of them. They will not come soon enough, their true Being will not continue with us long enough, we must lengthen and extend them; we must incorporate them in us before-hand, and there entertain them, as if they would not otherwise sufficiently press upon our Senses. We shall find them heavy enough when they come, (says one of our Masters of none of the tender, but the most severe *Sects*) in the mean time favour thyself, believe what pleases thee best. What good will it do thee to prevent thy ill Fortune, to lose the present for Fear of the Future; and to make thyself immediately miserable, because thou art to be so in Time? These are his Words. *Science* indeed does us one good Office, in instructing us exactly in the Dimension of Evils.

Curis acuens mortalia corda *.

'Twere Pity that any Part of their Grandeur should escape our Sense and Knowledge. 'Tis certain, that, for the most Part, the Preparation for Death has administred more Torment than the Thing it self. It was of old truly said, and by a very judicious *Author*, *Minus afficit sensus fatigatio, quam cogitatio* ‡. *Suffering itself does less afflict the Senses, than the Apprehension of suffering.* The Sentiment of present Death does sometimes of itself animate us with a prompt Resolution no more to

† *Sen. Epist.* 24. * *Virgil.* ‡ *Seneca.*

avoid a Thing that is utterly inevitable. Several *Gladiators* have been seen, who, after having fought timorously and ill, have courageously entertained Death, offering their Throats to the Enemy's Sword, and bidding them dispatch. The remote Sight of future Death requires a Constancy that is slow and lazy, and consequently hard to be got. If you know not how to die, never trouble yourself; Nature will fully and sufficiently instruct you upon the Place, she will exactly do that Business for you, take you no Care:

Incertam frustra mortales funeris horam
Quæritis, & qua sit mors aditura via:
Pœna minor certam subito perferre ruinam,
Quod timeas, gravius sustinuisse diu †.

Mortals, in Vain's your Curiosity
To know the Hour and Death that you must die;
Better your Fate strike with a sudden Blow,
Than that you long should what you fear foreknow.

That Death *ought not to be premeditated.*

We trouble *Life* by the Care of *Death*, and *Death* by the Care of *Life*. The one *torments*, the other *frights* us. 'Tis not against *Death* that we prepare, that is too momentary a Thing; a Quarter of an Hour's Suffering, without Consequence and Nuisance, does not deserve *particular Precepts*. To say truth, we prepare ourselves against the Preparations of Death. *Philosophy* ordains, that we should always have *Death* before our Eyes, to foresee and consider it before the Time; and after gives us Rules and Precautions to provide that this Foresight and Thought do us no Harm: Just so do *Physicians*, who throw us into *Diseases*, to the End they may have whereon to lay out their Drugs and their Art. If we have not known how to live, 'tis Mystery to teach us to die, and make the End disform from all the rest. If we have known how to live constantly and quietly, we shall know how to die so too. They may boast as much as they please. *Tota Philosophorum*

† *Propertius.*

vita,

vita, commentatio mortis est *. *That the whole Life of a Philosopher is the Meditation of his Death.* But I fancy, that though it be the *End*, 'tis not the *Aim* of his Life. 'Tis his *End*, his *Extremity*, but nevertheless not his *Object*. She ought herself to be to herself her own *Aim* and *Design*; her true Study is to order, govern and suffer herself. In the Number of several other Offices, that the general and principal *Chapter* of knowing how to live comprehends, is this Article of knowing how to die; and did not our Fears give it Weight, one of the lightest too. To judge of them by the Utility, and by the naked Truth, the Lessons of Simplicity are not much inferior to those which the contrary Doctrine preaches to us. Men are differing in Sentiment and Force, we must lead them to their own Good, according to their Capacities, by various Ways:

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas deferor hospes †.

——— sworn to no Man's Words,
To this and that Side I make tacks and boards,
Now plung'd in Billows of the active Life,
At Virtue's Anchor ride contemplative ‡.

I never saw any Countryman of my Neighbours concern himself with the Thought of, with what Countenance and Assurance he should pass over his last Hour; Nature teaches him not to dream of Death 'till he is dying; and then he does it with a better Grace than *Aristotle*, upon whom Death presses with a double Weight, both of itself, and of so long a Premeditation, and therefore it was the Opinion of *Cæsar*, that the least premeditated Death was the easiest and the most happy. *Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est* ‖. *He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary.* The Sharpness of this Imagination springs from our own Curiosity. Thus do we ever hinder ourselves, desiring to prevent and govern natural Prescriptions. 'Tis only for Doctors to dine worst, when

* *Cic. Tusc.* † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 1.
‡ *Sir* Rich. Fanshaw. ‖ *Senec. Ep.* 92.

in the best Health, and that they have the best Stomachs, and to frown and be out of Humour at the Image of Death. The common Sort stand in need of no Remedy or Consolation, but just in the Shock, and when the Blow comes; and consider no more than just what they endure. Is it not then, as we say, that the Stupidity and Name of Apprehension in the Vulgar gives them that Patience in present Evils, and that profound Carelessness of future sinister Accidents? That their Souls, by being more gross and dull, are less penetrable, and not so easily moved? If it be so, let us henceforth, in *God's Name*, teach nothing but *Ignorance*. 'Tis the utmost Fruit which the *Sciences* promise us, to which this Stupidity so gently leads it's Disciples. We have no Want of good Masters, who are Interpreters of natural Simplicity. *Socrates* shall be one: For, as I remember, he speaks something to this Purpose, to the Judges who sat upon his Life and Death. *I am afraid* (Gentlemen) *that if I intreat you to put me to Death, I shall confirm the Evidence of my Accusers, which is, that I pretend to be wiser than others, as having some more secret Knowledge of Things that are above and below us. I know very well, that I have neither frequented nor known Death, nor have ever seen any Person that has tried his Qualities, from whom to inform myself. Such as fear it presuppose they know it; as for my Part, I neither know not what it is, nor what they do in the other World. Death is, perhaps, an indifferent Thing; perhaps, a Thing to be desired. 'Tis nevertheless to be believed, if it be a Transmigration from one Place to another, that it is a Bettering of one's Condition, to go live with so many great Persons deceased, and to be exempt from having any more to do with* unjust *and* corrupted Judges: *If it be an Annihilation of our Being, 'tis yet a Bettering of one's Condition, to enter into a long and peaceable Night. We find nothing more sweet in Life than a quiet Repose, and a profound Sleep without Dreams. The Things that I know to be evil, as to offend a Man's Neighbour, and to disobey one's Superior, whether it be* God *or* Man, *I carefully avoid: Such as I do not know whether they be good or evil, I cannot fear them. If I go to die, and leave you alive, the*

Socrates's Pleadings.

the Gods only know whether it will go better either with you or me; wherefore as to what concerns me, you may do as you shall think fit; but, according to my Method of advising just and profitable Things, I do affirm, That you will do your Conscience more right to set me at Liberty, unless you see farther into the Cause than I. And judging according to my past Actions, both publick and private, according to my Intentions, and according to the Profit of so many of our Citizens, both old and young, daily extract from my Conversation, and the Fruit that you reap from me yourselves, you cannot more duly acquit yourselves towards my Merit, than by ordering, that, my Poverty considered, I should be maintained in the * Prytaneum, at the publick Expence; a Thing that I have often known you with less Reason grant to others. Do not impute it to Obstinacy or Disdain, that I do not, according to the Custom, supplicate, and go about to move you to Commiseration. I have both Friends and Kindred not being (as Homer says) begotten of a Block or of a Stone, no more than others, that are able to present themselves before you in Tears and Mourning, and I have three desolate Children with which to move you to Compassion: But I should do a Shame to your City, at the Age I am, and in the Reputation of Wisdom, wherein I now stand, to appear in such an abject Form. What would Men say of the other Athenians? I have always admonished those who have frequented my Lectures, not to redeem their Lives by an indecent Action; and in any of the Wars of my Country, at Amphipolis, Potidea, Delia, and other Expeditions where I have been, I have effectually manifested how far I was from securing my Safety by my Shame. I should moreover interest your Duty, and should tempt you to unhandsom Things: For 'tis not for my Prayers to persuade you, but for the pure and solid Reason of Justice. You have sworn to the Gods to keep yourselves upright, and it would seem as if I suspected, or would recriminate upon you; should I not believe that you are so: And I should give Evidence against myself, not to believe them as I ought, mistrusting their Conduct, and not purely committing my Affair into their Hands. I do wholly rely upon them, and hold myself assured, they will do in this

* The publick Exchequer.

this what ſhall be moſt fit both for you and me. Good Men, whether living or dead, have no Reaſon to fear the Gods.

Is not this innocent childiſh Pleading of an unimaginable Loftineſs, and in what a Neceſſity employed? In earneſt he had very good Reaſon to prefer it to that which the great Orator *Lyſias* had pen'd for him; admirably couched indeed in the judiciary Stile, but unworthy of ſo noble a Criminal. Had a ſuppliant Voice been heard out of the Mouth of *Socrates*, that lofty Virtue had ſtruck Sail in the Height of it's Glory. And ought his rich and powerful *Nature* to have committed her Defence to *Art*, and, in her higheſt Proof, have renounced Truth and Simplicity, the Ornaments of his Speaking, to adorn and deck itſelf with the Embelliſhments of Figures, and Equivocations of a premeditated Speech? He did very wiſely, and like himſelf, not to corrupt the Tenour of an incorrupt Life, and ſo ſacred an Image of human Form, to ſpin out his Decrepitude, the poor Etching of a Year, and to betray the immortal Memory of that glorious End. He owed his Life, not to himſelf, but to the Example of the World. Had it not been a publick Damage, that he ſhould have concluded it after a lazy and obſcure Manner? Doubtleſs, that careleſs and indifferent Conſideration of his Death, very well deſerves that Poſterity ſhould conſider him ſo much the more, as they alſo did. And there is nothing ſo juſt in *Juſtice*, as that which *Fortune* ordained for his Recommendation. For the *Athenians* abominated all thoſe who had been Cauſers of his Death to ſuch a Degree, that they avoided them as excommunicated Perſons, and looked upon every Thing as polluted, that had been but touched by them; no one would waſh with them in the publick Baths; none would ſalute, or own Acquaintance with them; ſo that at laſt, unable longer to ſupport this public Hatred, they hang'd themſelves. If any one ſhould think, that amongſt ſo many other Examples that I had to chuſe out of in the Sayings of *Socrates*, for my preſent Purpoſe, I have made an ill Choice of this, and ſhall judge that this Diſcourſe is elevated above common Conceit; I muſt tell them that I have purpoſely done it; for I am of another Opinion,

Opinion, and do hold it a Discourse in Rank and Simplicity much behind and inferior to common Contrivance. He represents in an inartificial Boldness, and infantive Security, the pure and first Impression and Ignorance of *Nature*. For it is to be believ'd, that we have naturally a Fear of Pain, but not of Death, by reason of itself. 'Tis a Part of our Being, and no less essential than Living. To what End should *Nature* have begot in us a Hatred to it, and a Horror of it, considering that it is of so great Utility to her in maintaining the Succession and Vicissitude of her Works? And that in this universal Republick, it concludes more to Truth and Augmentation, than to Loss or Ruin.

——sic rerum summa novatur,
Mille animas una necata dedit—— †.

The Failing of one Life, is the Passage to a thousand other Lives: *Nature* has imprinted in *Beasts* the Care of themselves, and of their Conservation. Nay, they proceed so far, as to be timorous of being worse, of hitting or hurting themselves, and of our haltering and beating them: Accidents that are subject to their Sense and Experience; but that we should still them they cannot fear, nor have not the Faculty to imagine and conclude such a thing as Death. Yet it is said, that we see them not only chearfully undergo it, *Horses* for the most part neighing, and *Swans* singing when they die; but moreover seek it at need, of which *Elephants* have given many Examples. But besides all this, is not the way of arguing, which *Socrates* here makes use of, equally admirable, both in Simplicity and Vehemence? Really, it is much more easy to speak like *Aristotle*, and to live like *Cæsar*, than to speak and live as *Socrates* did. There lyes the extreme degree of Perfection and Difficulty. Art cannot reach it. Now, our Faculties are not so train'd up. We do not try, we do not know them, we invest our selves with those of others, and let our own lye idle. As some one may

Beasts naturally solicitous of their Preservation.

† *Lucret. l.* 2.

say

say of me, That I have here only made a Nosegay of cull'd Flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the Thread that ties them. In earnest, I have so far yielded to the publick Opinion, that those borrow'd Ornaments do accompany me, but I do not think that they totally cover and hide me; that is quite contrary to my Design, who desire to make a shew of nothing but what is my own, and what is my own by *Nature:* And had I taken my own Advice, I had at all Adventures spoken purely alone. I daily more and more load my self every Day beyond my Purpose and first Method, upon the account of Idleness and the Humour of the Age. If it misbecomes me, as I believe it does, 'tis no matter, it may be of use to some other. Such there are, who quote *Plato* and *Homer*, who never saw either of them: And I also have taken out of Places far enough distant from their Source, without Pains and without Learning, having a thousand Volumes about me in the Place where I write, I can presently borrow, if I please, from a dozen such Scrap-gatherers as I am, Authors that I do not much trouble my self withal, wherewith to embellish this Treatise of Physiognomy. There needs no more, but a preliminary Epistle of the *German Cut*, to stuff me with Proofs, and we, by that Means, go a begging for a fading *Glory*, and a cheating the sottish World. These *Rhapsodies* of *Common Places*, wherewith so many furnish their *Studies*, are of little use but to common Subjects, and serve but to shew, and not to direct us; a ridiculous Fruit of Learning, that *Socrates* does so pleasantly canvass against *Euthydemus*. I have seen Books made of Things that were never either studied or understood; the Author committing to several of his learned Friends, the Examination of this and t'other Matter to compile it; contenting himself for his Share to have projected the Design, and by his Industry to have tied together this *Faggot* of unknown Provision; the Ink and Paper at least are his. This is to buy or borrow a Book, and not to make one; 'tis to shew Men, not that a Man can make a Book, but that, whereof they may be in doubt, that he cannot make one. A *President* in my hearing boasted, that he had clutter'd two hundred and odd common Places in

in one of his *Judgments*; in telling which he deprived himself of the Glory that had been attributed to him. In my Opinion, a pusillanimous and absurd Vanity for such a Subject, and such a Person. I do quite contrary; and amongst so many borrowed Things, am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new Service, at the hazard of having it said, that 'tis for want of understanding it's natural Use. I give it some particular Address of my own Hand, to the End it may not be so absolutely strange. These set their Thefts to shew and value themselves upon them. And also they have more Credit with the Laws than with me. We Naturalists think that there is a great and incomparable Preference in the Honour of Invention to that of Quotation. If I would have spoke by Learning, I had spoke sooner, I had writ in a Time nearer to my Studies, when I had more Wit and a better Memory; and would rather have trusted to the Vigour of that Age than this, would I have professed Writing. And what if this gracious Favour which *Fortune* has lately offer'd me upon the account of this Work, had befallen me in such a time of my Life, instead of this, wherein 'tis equally desirable to possess, and ready to lose? Two of my Acquaintances, great Men in this Faculty, have in my Opinion lost half, in refusing to publish at forty Years old, that they might stay till threescore. Maturity has it's Defects as well as Verdure, and worse; and Old Age is as unfit for this Kind of Business as any other; he that commits his Decrepitness to the Press, plays the Fool, if he thinks to squeeze any thing out from thence that does not relish of Dotage and Stupidity. Our Wits grow costive and thick in growing old. I deliver my Ignorance in Pomp and State, and my Learning meagerly and poorly; this accidentally and accessorily, that principally and expresly; and write purposely of nothing but nothing, nor of any Science but that of Inscience. I have chosen a Time, when my Life, which I am to give an Account of, lyes wholly before me; what remains holds more of Death. And of my Death only, should I find it a prating

Old Age unfit for writing of Books.

prating Death as others do, I would moreover give an Account at my Departure. *Socrates* was a perfect Exemplar in all great Qualities, and I am vexed that he had so deform'd a Body as he said, and so unsuitable to the Beauty of his Soul, himself being so amorous, and such an Admirer of *Beauty*. *Nature* surely did him Wrong. There is nothing more likely than a Conformity and Relation of the Body to the Soul. *Ipsi animi magni refert quali in corpore locati sint: Multi enim è corpore existunt, quæ acuunt mentem; multa quæ obtundunt*; It is of great Consequence in what Bodies Souls are placed, for many things spring from the Body that sharpen the Mind, and many that blunt and dull it.* This speaks of an unnatural Uglineſs and Deformity of Limbs: But we call that Ill-favouredness also, an Unseemliness at first sight, which is principally lodged in the Face, and distastes us by the Complexion, a Spot, a rude Countenance, sometimes from some inexplicable Cause, in Members nevertheless of good Symmetry and perfect in themselves. The Deformity that cloth'd a very beautiful Soul in *Bœotia*, was of this *Predicament*. That superficial Uglineſs, which nevertheless is always the most imperious, is of least Prejudice to the State of the Mind, and of little Certainty in the Opinion of Men. The other, which by a more proper Name, is call'd a more substantial Deformity, strikes deeper in. Not every Shoe of smooth shining Leather, but every Shoe neatly made, shews the interiour Shape of the Foot. As *Socrates* said of his, that it accused just so much in his Soul, had he not corrected it by Institution; but, in saying so, I believe he did but scoff, as his Custom was, and never so excellent a Soul made it self. I cannot often enough repeat how great an Esteem I have for Beauty, that potent and advantageous Quality. He call'd it a short Tyranny, and *Plato*, the Privilege of *Nature*. We have nothing that excels it in Reputation; it has the

Socrates *a deform'd Fellow.*

What Beauty is, and how much to be esteemed.

* *Cic. Tusc. lib.* 1.

first

first Place in the Commerce of Men; it presents it self to meet us, seduces and prepossesses our Judgments with great Authority and wonderful Impression. *Phryne* had lost her Cause, in the Hands of an excellent *Advocate*, if opening her Robe, she had not corrupted her Judges by the Lustre of her Beauty. And I find that *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, and *Cæsar*, the three Masters of the World, never neglected Beauty in their greatest Affairs; no more did the first *Scipio*. The same Word in *Greek* signifies both *fair* and *good*, and the *Holy Ghost* oft calls those *good*, whom he means *fair*. I should willingly maintain the Priority of Things call'd *Goods*, according to the Song, which *Plato* calls an idle thing, taken out of some of the ancient *Poets*, of *Health*, *Beauty* and *Riches*. *Aristotle* says, that the Right of Command belongs to the Beautiful; and when there is a Person whose Beauty comes near the Images of the *Gods*, that then Veneration is likewise due. To one that asked him why People oftener and longer frequented the Company of handsom Persons? *The Question*, said he, *is not to be asked by any but one that is blind.* The most and the greatest *Philosophers* paid for their *Schooling*, and acquired Wisdom by the Favour and Mediation of Beauty. Not only in the Men that serve me, but also in the Beasts, I consider them within two Fingers breadth of *Goodness:* And yet I fancy that those Features and Moulds of a Face, and those Lineaments by which Men guess at our internal Complexions, and our *Fortunes* to come, is a thing that does not very directly and simply lye under the Chapter of Beauty and Deformity, no more than every good Odour and Serenity of Air promises Health, nor all Fog and Stink, Infection and a time of Pestilence. Such as accuse Ladies of contradicting their Beauty by their Manners, do not always hit right; for, in a Face which is none of the best, there may lye some Air of Probity and Trust: As, on the contrary, I have seen betwixt two beautiful Eyes, Menaces of a dangerous and malignant *Nature*. There are some *Physiognomies* that are favourable, so that in a Crowd of victorious Enemies, you shall presently choose, amongst Men you never saw before,

Beautiful Persons fit to command.

one rather than another, to whom to surrender, and with whom to intrust your Life, and yet not properly upon the Consideration of *Beauty*. A Man's Looks is but a feeble *Guaranty*, and yet is something considerable too: And if I were to lash them, I would most severely scourge the wicked ones, who belie and betray the Promises that Nature has planted in their Foreheads. I should with great Severity punish Malice in a mild and gentle Aspect. It seems as if there were some happy and some unhappy Faces; and I believe there is some Art in distinguishing affable from simple Faces, severe from rude, malicious from pensive, scornful from melancholick, and such other bordering Qualities. There are Beauties which are not only fair, but sour; and others that are not only sweet, but more than that, faint. To prognosticate future Adventures, is a thing that I shall leave undecided. I have, as to my own Concern, as I have said elsewhere, simply and nakedly embraced this ancient Rule, *That we cannot fail in following Nature, and that the sovereign Precept is to conform our selves to her.* I have not, as *Socrates* did, corrected my natural Complexions by the Force of *Reason*, and have not in the least molested my Inclination by *Art*. I have let my self go as I came; I contend not. My two principal Parts live of their own accord in Peace and good Intelligence, but my *Nurse*'s Milk, thanks be to God, was tolerable wholesom and good. Let me say this by the Way, that I see a certain Image of scholastick Honesty, almost only in Use amongst us, in greater Esteem than 'tis really worth; a Slave to Precepts, and fetter'd with Hope and Fear. I would have it such, as that *Laws* and *Religions* should not make, but perfect and authorize it, that finds it has wherewithal to support it self without help, born and rooted in us from the Seed of universal *Reason*, and imprinted in every Man by *Nature*. That Reason which rectified *Socrates* from his vicious Bent, renders him obedient to *God*, and *Men* of *Authority* in his City; courageous in Death, not because his Soul is immortal, but because he is mortal. 'Tis a *Doctrine* ruinous to all *Government*, and much more hurtful than ingenious and subtle, which persuades the People, that

a re-

a religious Belief is alone sufficient, and without Morals, to satisfy the divine Justice. Custom demonstrates to us a vast Distinction betwixt *Devotion* and *Conscience*. I have a tolerable Aspect, both in Form and Interpretation:

Quid dixi, habere me? Imo habui, Chreme,
Heu! tantum attriti corporis ossa vides *.

Have, did I say? No, *Chremes*, I had once,
Of a worn Body thou but see'st the Bones.

and that makes a quite contrary Shew to that of *Socrates*. It has often happen'd to me, that upon the mere Credit of my Presence, and the Air of my Face, Persons who had no manner of Knowledge of me, have put a very great Confidence in me, whether in their own Affairs or mine: And I have in Foreign Parts obtain'd Favours both singular and rare; but amongst the rest, these two Examples are perhaps worth particular Relation: A certain Person deliberated to surprize my House and me in it; his Artifice was, to come to my Gates alone, and to be importunate to be let in: I knew him by Name, and had reason to repose a Confidence in him, as being my Neighbour, and something related to me. I caus'd the Gates to be open'd to him, as I do to every one, where I found his Horse panting, and all on a foam. He presently popp'd me in the Mouth with this *Flim-flam: That about half a League off, he had unluckily met with a certain Enemy of his, whom I also knew, and had heard of their Quarrel; that this Enemy had given him a very brisk Chace, and that having been surprized in Disorder, and his Party being too weak, he was fled to my Gates for Refuge; and that he was in great Trouble for his Followers, whom, he said, he concluded to be all either dead or taken.* I innocently did my best to comfort, assure, and refresh him. Presently after, comes four or five of his Soldiers, that presented themselves in the same Countenance and Affright to get in too, and after them more, and still more, very well mounted and armed, to the Number of five and twenty or thirty, pretending that they had

* *Terence Heaut. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 1.

the

the Enemy at their Heels. The Mystery began a little to awake my Suspicion. I was not ignorant what an Age I liv'd in, how much my House might be envy'd, and I had several Examples of others of my Acquaintances, who had miscarried after that manner. So it was, that knowing there was nothing to be got in having begun to do a Courtesy, unless I went through with it, and I could not disengage myself from them without spoiling all; I let myself go the most natural and simple way, as I always do, and invited them all to come in. And in truth, I am naturally very little inclin'd to Suspicion and Distrust. I willingly incline towards Excuse, and the gentlest Interpretation. I take Men according to the common Order, and no more believe those perverse and unnatural Inclinations, unless convinced by manifest Evidence, than I do Monsters and Miracles; and am moreover a Man, who willingly commit myself to *Fortune*, and throw myself headlong into her Arms; and have hitherto found more reason to applaud, than to condemn my Conduct in so doing; having ever found her more solicitous of, and more a Friend to my Affairs, than I am myself. There are some Actions in my Life, wherein the Conduct may justly be called difficult, or, if they please, prudent. Yet of those, supposing the third Part to have been my own, doubtless the other two *thirds* were absolutely and solely hers. We are, methinks, to blame, in not trusting *Heaven* enough with our Affairs, and pretend to more from our own Conduct than belongs to us. And therefore it is that our Designs so often miscarry. God is displeased at the Extent we attribute to the Right of Human Prudence above his, and cuts it shorter, by how much the more we amplify it. The last Comers kept themselves on Horseback in my Court, whilst their Leader was with me in the Parlour, who would have his Horse set up in the Stable, saying, he would immediately retire, so soon as he should have News of the rest of his Men. He saw himself Master of his Enterprize, and nothing now remain'd but the Execution. He has since several times said (for he was not asham'd to tell the Story himself) that my Countenance and Freedom had snatch'd the Treachery out of his Hands. He again mounted his Horse. his Followers having continually

ally their Eyes intent upon him, to see when he would give the Sign; very much astonished to see him march away, and leave his Prey behind him. Another time, relying upon I know not what *Truce*, newly published in the Army, I took a Journey through a very fickle Country. I had not rid far, but I was discovered, and two or three Parties of Horse, from several Places, were sent out to take me; one of them the third Day overtook me, where I was charged by fifteen or twenty Gentlemen in *Vizors*, follow'd at a Distance by a Band of *Argoulets*. Here I was surrounded and taken, withdrawn into the Thick of a neighbouring Forest, dismounted, robb'd, my Trunks rifled, my Cabinet taken, and my Horses and Equipages divided amongst new Masters. We had in this Copse a very long Contest about my *Ransom*, which they set so high, that it very well appear'd I was not known to them. They were moreover in a very great Debate about my Life; and in truth, there were several Circumstances that threatned me with the Danger I was in.

Tunc animis opus, Æneа, *tunc pectore firmo* *.

Then, then, *Æneas*, was there need
Of an undaunted Heart indeed.

I still insisted upon the *Truce*, being willing they should only have the Gain of what they had already taken from me, which also was not to be despised, without Promise of any other *Ransom*. After two or three Hours that we had been in this Place, and that they had mounted me on a pitiful Jade that was not likely to run from them, and committed me to the Guard of fifteen or twenty *Harquebussiers*, and dispersed my Servants to others, having given order that they should carry us away Prisoners several ways, and being already got some two or three Musquet-shot from the Place;

Jam prece Pollucis *jam* Castoris *implorata* †;

Whilst I implor'd *Castor* and *Pollux* Aid.

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* *Virgil. Æneid. l.* 6. † *Catullus.*

behold a sudden and unexpected Alteration, I saw the Chief amongst them return to me with gentler Language, making search amongst the Troopers for my squander'd Goods, and causing as many as could be recover'd to be restor'd to me, even to my Casket; but the best Present they made me, was my Liberty, for the rest did not much concern me in those Days. The true Cause of so sudden a Change, and of this more mature Deliberation, without any apparent Impulse, and of so miraculous a Repentance, in such a time, in a complotted and deliberated Enterprize, and become just by Custom; (for at the first dash I plainly confessed to them of what Party I was, and whither I was going) was what I really do not yet rightly apprehend. The most eminent amongst them, who pull'd off his Vizor, and told me his Name, then several times told me over and over again, that I was oblig'd for my Deliverance to my Countenance, and the Liberty and Boldness of my Speech, that render'd me unworthy of such a Mischance, and demanded Assurance from me of the like Courtesy. 'Tis probable that the Divine Bounty would make use of this vain Instrument of my Preservation, and moreover defended me the next Day from other and worse *Ambushes*, which even these had given me warning of. The last of these two Gentlemen is yet living, to give an Account of the Story; the first was killed not long ago. If my Face did not answer for me, if Men did not read in my Eyes and Voice, the Innocency of my Intention, I had not liv'd so long without Quarrels, and without giving Offence, with the indiscreet Liberty I take, right or wrong, to say whatever comes at my Tongue's End, and to judge so rashly of Things. This way may with Reason appear uncivil, and ill adapted to our way of Conversation; but I have never met with any who have judged it outragious or malicious, or that took Offence at my Liberty, if he had it from my own Mouth. Repeated Words have another kind of *Sound* and *Sense:* Neither do I hate any Person whatever, and am so slow to offend, that I cannot do it, even upon the account of Reason itself. And when Occasion has invited me to sentence Criminals, I have rather chose to fail in point of *Justice*, than to do it. *Ut magis peccari nolim, quam satis animi ad vindicanda peccata*

cata habeam; So that I had rather Men should not offend, than that I should have the Heart to condemn them. *Aristotle*, 'tis said, was reproach'd for having been too merciful to a wicked Man: *I was indeed*, said he, *merciful to the Man, but not to his Wickedness.* Ordinary Judgments exasperate themselves to Punishment by the Horror of the Fact. Even this cools mine. The Horror of the first Murther makes me fear the second, and the Deformity of the first Cruelty makes me abhor all Imitation of it. That may be apply'd to me, who am but a *Knave of Clubs*, which was said of *Charillus*, King of *Sparta*, *He cannot be good because he is not evil to the Wicked.* Or thus, for *Plutarch* delivers it both these ways, as he does a thousand other things, variously, and contrary to one another. *He must needs be good, because he is so even to the Wicked.* Even as in lawful Actions, I do not care to employ myself, when for such as are displeased at it; so to say the Truth, in unlawful things, I do not make Conscience enough of employing myself, when for such as are willing.

Aristotle *reproach'd for being merciful.*

CHAP. XIII.

Of Experience.

NO Desire in us is more natural than that of Knowledge: we try all Ways that can lead to it; where Reason is wanting, we therein employ Experience:

Per varios usus artem experientia fecit,
Exemplo monstrante viam *.

By several Proofs Experience Art has made,
Example being Guide.

which is a means much more weak and cheap. But *Truth* is so great a thing, that we ought not to disdain any Me-

* *Manilius.*

diation that will guide us to it. *Reaſon* has ſo many Forms that we know not which to take; *Experience* has no fewer. The Conſequence we will draw from the Conference of Events is unſure, by Reaſon they are always unlike. There is no Quality ſo univerſal in this Image of Things as Diverſity and Variety. Both the *Greeks*, the *Latins*, and we, for the moſt expreſs Example of Similitude, have pitch'd upon that of Eggs. And yet there have been Men, particularly one at *Delphos*, who could diſtinguiſh Marks of Difference amongſt Eggs ſo well, that he never miſtook one for another; and, having many *Hens*, could tell which had laid it. Diſſimilitude intrudes itſelf of itſelf in our Works; no Art can arrive at a perfect Similitude. Neither *Perozet*, nor any other *Card-maker*, can ſo carefully poliſh and blank the Back of his *Cards*, that ſome Gameſters will not diſtinguiſh them by only ſeeing them ſhuffled by another: Reſemblance does not ſo much make one, as Difference makes another. *Nature* has oblig'd herſelf to make nothing other that was not unlike. And yet I am not much pleaſed with his Opinion, who thought by the Multitude of Laws to curb the Authority of *Judges*, in cutting them out the Cantels. He was not aware that there is as much Liberty and Stretch in the Interpretation of *Laws*, as in their Faſhion; and they but Fools themſelves, who think to leſſen and ſtop our Debates by ſummoning us to the expreſs Words of the *Bible*: Foraſmuch as human Wit does not find the Field leſs ſpacious wherein to controvert the Senſe of another, than to deliver his own; and, as if there were leſs Animoſity and Tartneſs in the *Gloſſing* than *Invention*. We ſee how much he was deceived; for we have more *Laws* in *France* than in all the reſt of the World beſides; and more than would be neceſſary for the Government of all the Worlds of *Epicurus*. *Ut olim flagitiis, ſic nunc legibus laboramus* *: So *that as formerly we were ſick of Wickedneſs, we are now ſick of the Laws*: And yet we have left ſo much to the Debate and Deciſion

Were Montaigne *now alive and acquainted with all the Laws of* Great Britain, *he would change his Mind.*

* *Tacitus.*

of

of our *Judges*, that there never was ſo full and uncontrol'd a Liberty. What have our *Legiſlators* got by culling out an hundred thouſand particular Caſes, and for thoſe, by having added an hundred thouſand Laws? This Number holds no manner of Proportion with the infinite Diverſity of human Actions; the Multiplications of our *Inventions* will never arrive at the Variety of *Examples*. Add to them an hundred times as many more, it will not nevertheleſs ever happen, that of Events to come, there ſhall any one fall out, that, in this great Number of Millions of Events ſo choſen and recorded, ſhall jump with any one, to which it can be ſo exactly coupled and compared, that there will not remain ſome Circumſtances and Diverſity, which will require a Variety of Judgment. There is little Relation betwixt our *Actions* that are in perpetual Mutation, and fix'd and immobile Laws; the moſt to be deſir'd, are thoſe that are the moſt rare, the moſt ſimple and general: And I am farther of Opinion, that it would be better for us to have none at all, than to have them in ſo prodigious Numbers as we have. *Nature* always gives them better, and more pure than thoſe are which we make ourſelves; witneſs the Picture of the *Golden Age*, and the State wherein we ſee *Nations* live, who have no other. Some there are, who, for their only *Judge*, take the firſt Paſſer by that travels along their Mountains, to determine their Cauſe: And others, who on their Market-Day chuſe out ſome one amongſt them upon the Place, to decide all their Controverſies. What Danger would there be, that the wiſeſt ſhould ſo determine ours, according to Occurrences, and by Sight, without Obligation of Example and Conſequence? *Every Shoe to his own Foot.* King *Ferdinand* ſent *Colonies* to the *Indies*, and wiſely provided that they ſhould not carry along with them any Students of the *Long Robe*, for fear leſt Suits would get footing in that *New World*; as being a *Science*, in it's own Nature, the Mother of Alteration and Deciſion; judging with *Plato*, that *Lawyers* and *Phyſicians* are the *Peſts* of a Country. Whence does it come to paſs that our common Languages, ſo eaſy for all other Uſes, become obſcure, and are unintelligible in *Wills* and *Contracts?* And that he who

Paſſengers made uſe of for Judges.

so clearly expresses himself, whatever he speaks or writes, cannot find in this any way of declaring himself that he does not fall into Doubt and Contradiction? If it be not that these *Princes* of that *Art*, applying themselves with a peculiar Attention to invent and cull out hard Words, and contrive artificial Clauses, have so weigh'd every Syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of Quirk, that they are now confounded and intangled in the Infinity of Figures, and so many minute Divisions, that they can no more fall into any Rule or Prescription, nor any certain Intelligence. *Confusum est quicquid usque in pulverem sectum est*; *Whatever is beaten into Powder is confused.* As you have Children trying to bring a Mass of Quicksilver into a certain Number of Parts, the more they press and work it, and endeavour to reduce it to their own Will, the more they irritate the Liberty of this generous Metal; it mocks and evades their Endeavour, and sparkles itself into so many separate Bodies, as frustrates all Account: So it is here, for in subdividing these Subtilties, we teach Men to increase their Doubts, they pull us into a way of stretching and diversifying Difficulties, they lengthen and disperse them. In sowing and retailing of Questions, they make the World to fructify and increase in Uncertainties and Disputes. As the Earth is made fertile by being crumbled and husbanded deep. *Difficultatem facit Doctrina*; *Doctrine begets Difficulty.* We doubted of *Ulpian*, and are now more perplexed with *Bartolus* and *Baldus*. We should put out the Trace of this innumerable Diversity of Opinions, not adorn ourselves with it, and fill Posterity with *Crotchets*. I know not what to say to it, but Experience makes it manifest, that so many Interpretations dissipate Truth, and break it. *Aristotle* writ to be understood, which if he could not be, much less will another that is not so good at it; and a third than he who expressed his own Thoughts. We open the Matter, and spill it in pouring out. Of one Subject we make a thousand, and in multiplying and subdividing them, fall again into the Infinity of Atoms of *Epicurus*. Never did two Men make the same Judgment of the same thing; and 'tis impossible to find two Opinions exactly alike, not only in several Men, but in the same Men, at divers Hours. I often find Matter of Doubt,

Doubt, in things which the *Commentary* disdains to take notice of. I am most apt to stumble in an even Country, like some Horses that I have known, who make most Trips in the smoothest Way. Who will not say, that *Glosses* augment Doubts and Ignorance, since there's no one Book to be found, either human or divine, which the World busies itself about the Difficulties of, which are clear'd by Interpretation. The hundredth *Commentator* still refers you to the next, more knotty and perplexed than he. When were we ever agreed amongst ourselves, that a Book had enough, and that there was no more to be said? This is most apparent in the *Law*. We give the Authority of Law to infinite *Doctors*, infinite *Arrests*, and as many Interpretations; yet do we find any End of the need of interpreting? Is there for all that any Progress or Advancement towards Peace; or do we stand in need of any fewer *Advocates* and *Judges*, than when this great *Mass* of *Law* was yet in it's first Infancy! We, on the contrary, darken and bury all Intelligence. We can no more discover it, but at the Mercy of so many Fences and Barriers. Men do not know the natural Disease of the Mind, it does nothing but ferret and inquire, and is eternally wheeling, juggling, and perplexing itself; and like Silk-worms, suffocates itself with it's own Web. *Mus in pice*; *A Mouse in a Pitch-barrel.* It thinks it discovers at a great Distance I know not what Glimpse of Light and imaginary Truth, but whilst running to it so many Difficulties, Hindrances, and new Inquisitions cross it, that it loses it's way, and is made drunk with the Motion. Not much unlike *Æsop*'s Dogs, that seeing something like a dead Body floating in the Sea, and not being able to approach it, attempted to drink the Water, to lay the *Passage* dry, and so drown'd themselves. To which, what one *Crates* said of the Writings of *Heraclitus*, falls pat enough, *That they required a Reader who could swim well, that the Depth and Weight of his Doctrine might not overwhelm and choak him.* 'Tis nothing but *particular Weakness* that makes us content ourselves with what others, or ourselves have found out in this Choice of Knowledge; one of better Understanding would not rest so content, there is always room for one to succeed, nay even for ourselves, and every where else,

throughout; there is no End of our Inquisitions, our End si in the other World. 'Tis a Sign either that Wit is grown shorter-sighted when it is satisfied, or that it is grown weary. No generous Mind can stop in itself, it will still pretend farther, and beyond it's Power; it has *Sallies* beyond it's *Effects*. If it do not advance and press forward, and retire, rush, turn and wheel about, 'tis but sprightly by halves; it's Pursuits are without Bound or Method, it's Aliment is Admiration, Ambiguity the Chace; which *Apollo* sufficiently declar'd, in always speaking to us in a double, obscure and oblique Sense; not feeding, but amusing and puzzling us. 'Tis an irregular and perpetual Motion, without Example and without Aim. His Inventions heat, pursue, and introduce one another.

Ainsi voit on en un ruisseau coulant
Sans fin l'un eau, apres l'autre roulant,
Et tout de rang, d'un eternel conduit,
L'une fuit l'autre, & l'une autre fuit.
Par cette cy, celle là est pousśe,
Et cette cy par l'autre est devancée:
Tousiours l'eau va dans l'eau & tousiours est ce
Mesme ruisseau, & tousiours eau diverse.

So in a running Stream one Wave we see
After another roll incessantly,
And, as they glide, each does successively
Pursue the other, each the other fly:
By this that's evermore push'd on, and this
By that continually preceded is:
The Water still does into Water swill,
Still the same Brook, but diff'rent Water still.

There is more ado to interpret Interpretations than Things, and more Books upon Books than upon all other Subjects, we do nothing but comment upon one another. Every Place says, with *Commentaries* of Authors there is great Scarcity. Is it not the principal and most reputed Knowledge of our Ages to understand the Learned? Is it not the common and almost End of all Studies? Our Opinions are grafted upon one another; the first serves for a Stock to the second, the

ſecond to the third, and ſo on. Thus Step by Step we climb the Ladder. From whence it comes to paſs, that he who is mounted higheſt has oft more Honour than Merit, for he is got up but a Grain upon the Shoulders of the laſt but one. How often, and perhaps how fooliſhly, have I ſtretched my Book, to make it ſpeak of itſelf fooliſhly, if for no other Reaſon but this, that I ought to call to mind what I ſay of others who do the ſame. Theſe frequent amorous Glances they caſt upon their Works, witneſs that their Hearts pant with Self-love, and that even the diſdainful Severity wherewith they laſh and ſcourge them, are no other than the wanton Diſſimulations of a natural Kindneſs; according to *Ariſtotle*, whoſe valuing and undervaluing himſelf, often ſpring from the ſame Air of Arrogancy: I urge for my Excuſe, that I ought in this to have more Liberty than others, foraſmuch as I write of my ſelf and of my Writings, very near as I do of my other Actions; and let my Theme return unto myſelf, I know not whether or no every one elſe will take it. I have obſerved in *Germany*, that *Luther* has left as many Diviſions and Diſputes about the Doubt of his Opinions, and more than he himſelf has raiſed upon the holy Scriptures. Our Conteſt is verbal. I demand what *Nature* is, what *Pleaſure*, *Circle* and *Subſtitution* are? The Queſtion is about Words, and is anſwered accordingly. A Stone is a Body, but if a Man ſhould farther urge, *and what is a Body?* Subſtance; *and what is Subſtance?* and ſo on, he would drive the Reſpondent to the End of his *Calepin*. We exchange one Word for another, and very often for one leſs underſtood. I know better what Man is, than I know what Animal is, or mortal, or rational. To ſatisfy one Doubt, they pop me in the Mouth with three; 'tis the *Hydra*'s Head. *Socrates* aſked *Memnon* what Virtue was; *There is*, ſays *Memnon*, *the Virtue of a Man and of a Woman, of a Magiſtrate, and of a private Perſon, of an old Man and of a Child. Very well*, ſays *Socrates*, *We were in Queſt of one Virtue, and thou haſt brought us a whole Swarm; we put one Queſtion, and thou returneſt a whole Hive.* As no Event, nor no Face entirely reſembles another, ſo do they not entirely

entirely differ. An ingenious Mixture of Nature. If our Faces were not alike, we could not diſtinguiſh Man from Beaſt; if they were not unlike, we could not diſtinguiſh one Man from another. All Things hold by ſome Similitude, all Examples halt. And the Relation which is drawn from Experience is always faulty and imperfect; Compariſons are always coupled at one End or other; ſo do the *Laws* ſerve, and are fitted to every one of our Affairs, by ſome wreſted, biaſs'd and forc'd Interpretation. Since the *Ethick* Laws, that concern the particular Duty of every one in himſelf, are ſo hard to be taught and obſerved, as we ſee they are; 'tis no wonder, if thoſe which govern ſo many Particulars, are much more ſo. Do but conſider the *Form* of this *Juſtice* that governs us, 'tis a true Teſtimony of human Weakneſs, ſo full it is of Error and Contradiction. What we find to be Favour and Severity in *Juſtice*, and we find ſo much of them both, that I know not whether the Mean is ſo often met with, are ſick Parts, and unequal Members of the very Body and Office of *Juſtice*. The Country People run to bring me News, in great Haſte, that they juſt left, in a Foreſt of mine, a Man with an hundred Wounds upon him, who was yet breathing, and begged of them Water for Pity's Sake, and help to carry him to ſome Place of Relief; ſaying, they durſt not come near him, but ran away, leſt the Officers of Juſtice ſhould catch them there; and as it falls out with thoſe who are found near a murthered Perſon, they ſhould be called in Queſtion about this Accident to their utter Ruin, having neither Money nor Friends to defend their Innocence. What ſhould I have ſaid to theſe People? 'Tis certain that this Office of *Humanity* would have brought them into Trouble. How many innocent have we known that have been puniſhed without the *Judge*'s Fault, and how many that have not arrived at our Knowledge? This happened in my Time. Certain Men were condemned to die for a Murther committed, their Sentence, if not pronounced, at leaſt determined and concluded on. The *Judges*, juſt in the nick, are advertiſed by the Officers of an inferior *Court* hard by, that they have ſome Men in Cuſtody, who have directly confeſſed the ſaid Murther, and make an indubitable Diſcovery of all the Particulars

of

of the *Fact*. 'Twas then notwithſtanding put to the Queſtion, whether or no they ought to ſuſpend Execution of the *Sentence* already paſſed upon the firſt accuſed. They conſidered the Novelty of the Example, and the Conſequence of reverſing Judgments, that the Sentence of Death was duly paſſed, and the Judges acquit of Repentance: To conclude, theſe poor Devils were ſacrificed to the *Forms* of *Juſtice*. *Philip*, or ſome other, provided againſt a like Inconvenience, after this Manner; he had condemned a Man in a great Fine towards another, by a determinate *Judgment*. The Truth ſome time after being diſcovered, he found that he had paſſed an unjuſt Sentence; on one Side was the Reaſon of the *Cauſe*, on the other Side the Reaſon of the *Judiciary Forms*. He in ſome Sort ſatisfied both, leaving the Sentence in the State it was, and out of his own Purſe recompenſing the Intereſt of the condemned Party. But he had to do in a reparable Affair, mine were irreparably hanged. How many *Sentences* have I ſeen more criminal than the Crimes themſelves? All which makes me remember the ancient Opinions, *That there is a Neceſſity a Man muſt do Wrong by Retail, who will do Right in Groſs; and Injuſtice in little Things, that will come to do Juſtice in great: That human Juſtice is formed after the Model of Phyſick, according to which*, all that is utile, is alſo juſt and honeſt; and of what is held by the Stoicks, *That Nature herſelf proceeds contrary to Juſtice in moſt of her Works*; and of what is received by the *Cyrenaicks*, *that there is nothing juſt of itſelf, but that Cuſtoms and Laws make Juſtice:* And what the *Theodorians* hold, that maintain *Theft*, *Sacrilege*, and all Sorts of *Uncleanneſs* juſt in a wiſe Man, if he knows them to be profitable to him; there is no Remedy, I am in the ſame Caſe that *Alcibiades* was, that I will never, if I can help it, put myſelf into the Hands of a Man, who ſhall determine of my Head, where my Life and Honour ſhall more depend upon the Care and Diligence of my *Attorney*, than my own Innocence. I would venture myſelf with ſuch a Juſtice as would take Notice of my good Deeds as well as my ill, and where I had as much to hope as to fear. Indemnity is not ſufficient Pay to a Man, who does better than not to do amiſs; but our Juſtice preſents us but one Hand,

and that the left Hand too; let him be who he will, he shall be sure to go off with Loss. In *China*, of which Kingdom the Government and Arts, without Commerce with, or Knowledge of ours, surpasses our best Examples in several Parts of Excellence; and of which the History gives me to understand, how much greater and more various the World is, than either the *Ancients* or *We* have been able to penetrate: The Officers deputed by the Prince to visit the State of his Provinces, as they punish those who behave themselves ill in their Places, so do they liberally reward those who have carried themselves above the common Sort, and beyond the Necessity of their Duty; they there present themselves, not only to be approved, but to get, not simply to be paid, but to be presented. No *Judge*, thanks be to *God*, has ever yet spoke to me, in the Quality of a *Judge*, upon any Account whatever, whether my own, or that of another, whether *criminal* or *civil*; nor no *Prison* has ever received me, so much as upon the Account of entring in to see it. Imagination renders the very outside of a Gaol formidable to me: I am so enamoured to Liberty, that should I be interdicted the remotest Corners of the *Indies*, I should live a little more uneasy. And whilst I can find either *Earth* or *Air* open in any Part of the World, I shall never lurk any where, where I must hide myself. *Good God!* how ill should I endure the Condition wherein I see so many People, nailed to a Corner of the Kingdom, deprived of the Privilege of entring into the principal *Cities* and *Courts*, and the Liberty of the publick *Roads*, for having quarrel'd with our *Laws?* If those under which I live, should but wag a Finger at me, by way of Menace, I would immediately go seek out others, let them be where they would; all my little Prudence in the *Civil War* wherein we are now engaged, is employed, that they may not hinder my Liberty of riding from Place to Place. Now the *Laws* keep up their Credit, not for being *just*, but because they are *Laws:* It is the mystical Foundation of their Authority, and they have no other; and 'tis well it is so, for they are often made by Fools; for the most Part by Men that out of Hatred to Equality, go less in Equity; but always by Men who are vain and irresolute *Authors*. There is nothing so much, nor so grosly, nor

so

ſo ordinarily faulty as the *Laws*. Whoever obeys them becauſe they are juſt, does not juſtly obey them as he ought. Our *French Laws*, by their Irregularity and Deformity, do in ſome Sort lend a helping Hand to Diſorder and Corruption, as is manifeſt in their Diſpenſation and Execution. The Command is ſo perplexed and inconſtant, that it in ſome Sort excuſes both Diſobedience, and the Vice of the Interpretation, the Adminiſtration and the Obſervation of it. What Fruit then ſoever we may extract from Experience, yet that however will little advantage our Inſtitution, which we draw from foreign Examples; if we make ſo little Profit of that we have of our own, which is more familiar to us, and doubtleſs ſufficient to inſtruct us in that whereof we have need. I ſtudy myſelf more than any other Subject; 'tis my *Metaphyſick*, 'tis my *Phyſick*.

Qua Deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
Qua venit uxoriens, qua deficit, unde coactis
Cornibus in plenum menſtrua luna redit:
Unde ſalo ſuperant venti, quid flamine captet
Eurus, & in nubes unde perennis aqua *.
Sit ventura dies mundi quæ ſubruat arces;
Quærite, quos agitat mundi labor †.

By what means *God* the Univerſe does ſway,
Or how the pale-fac'd Siſter of the Day,
When, in increaſing, can her Horns unite,
'Till they contract into a full orb'd Light.
Why Winds do of the Sea the better get,
Why *Eurus* blows, and Clouds are always wet;
What Day the World's great Fabrick muſt o'erthrow,
Let them inquire, would the World's Secrets know.

In this *Univerſity*, I ſuffer myſelf to be ignorantly and negligently led by the general Law of the World. I ſhall know it well enough when I feel it; my Learning cannot make it alter it's Courſe; it will not change itſelf for me, 'tis Folly to hope it, and a greater Folly to concern a Man's ſelf about it, ſeeing it is neceſſarily alike,

* *Prop. l.* 3. *Eleg.* 3. † *Lucan. l.* 1.

publick

publick and common. The Bounty and Capacity of the *Governor* ought absolutely to discharge us of all Care of the *Government*. *Philosophical Inquisitions* and *Contemplations* serve for no other Use but to increase our Curiosity. *Philosophers*, with great Reason, send us back to the *Rules* of *Nature*: but they have nothing to do with so sublime a Knowledge; they falsify them, and present us her Face painted with too high and too adulterate a Complexion, from whence spring so many different Pictures of so uniform a Subject; as she has given us Feet to walk withal, so has she given us Prudence to guide us in Life; not such an ingenious, robust and majestick Prudence as that of their Invention, but yet one that is easy, quiet and salutiferous; and that very well performs what the other promises, in him who has the good Luck to know how to employ it sincerely and regularly, that is to say, according to *Nature*. The most simply to commit a Man's self to *Nature*, is to do it the most wisely. Oh what a soft, easy and wholesom Pillow is Ignorance and Incuriosity, whereon to repose a well contrived Head! I had rather understand myself well in myself, than in *Cicero*; of the Experience I have of myself, I find enough to make me wise, if I were but a good *Scholar*. Whoever will call to mind the Excess of his past Anger, and to what a Degree that Fever transports him, will see the Deformity of this Passion better than in *Aristotle*, and conceive a more just Hatred against it. Whoever will remember the Hazards he has run of those that threaten'd him, and the light Occasions that have removed him from one State to another, will by that prepare himself for future Changes, and the Acknowledgment of his Condition. The Life of *Cæsar* himself has no greater Example for us than our own, and though popular and commanding, is still a Life contingent to all human Accidents. Let us but listen to it, and we apply to ourselves all whereof we have principal Need. Whoever shall call to Memory how many, and how many Times he has been mistaken in his own Judgment, is he not a great Fool if he does not ever after suspect it? When I find myself convinced by the Reason of another of a false Opinion, I do not so much learn what he has said to me that is new, and my own particular Ignorance, that would

would be no great Purchaſe, as I do in general my own Debility, and the Treachery of my Underſtanding, from whence I extract the Reformation of the whole Maſs. In all my other Errors I do the ſame, and find from this Rule great Utility to Life. I regard not the *Species* and *Individual*, as a Stone that I have ſtumbled at; I learn to ſuſpect my Steps throughout, and am careful to place them right. To learn that a Man has ſaid or done a fooliſh Thing, is a Thing of nothing. A Man muſt learn that he is nothing but a Fool, a much more ample and important Inſtruction. The falſe Steps that my Memory has ſo often made, even then when it was moſt ſecure and confident of itſelf, are not idly thrown away, it may now ſwear to me, and aſſure me as much as it will, I ſhake my Ears, and dare not truſt it, the firſt Oppoſition that is made to my Teſtimony, puts me into Suſpence; and I durſt not rely upon it in any thing of Moment, nor warrant it in another Body's Concerns: And were it not that what I do for want of Memory, others do more often for want of Faith; I ſhould always, in Matter of Fact, rather chuſe to take Truth from another's Mouth than my own. If every one would pry into the Effects and Circumſtances of the Paſſions that ſway him, as I have done into that which I am moſt ſubject to, he would ſee them coming, and would a little break their Impetuoſity and Career; they do not always ſeize us on a ſudden, there is threatning and Degrees.

Fluctus uti primo cœpit cum albeſcere ponto,
Paulatim ſeſe tollit mare & altius undas
Erigit, inde imo conſurgit ad æthera fundo *.

As the Sea firſt begins to foam and fret,
Thence higher ſwells, higher, and higher yet,
Till at the laſt the Waves ſo high do riſe,
As ſeems to bid Defiance to the Skies.

Judgment holds in me a preſidial Seat, at leaſt, it carefully endeavours to make it ſo: It lets my Appetites

* *Lucan.*

take

take their own Course, as also Hatred and Friendship; nay, even that I bear to myself, without feeling Alteration or Corruption. If it cannot reform the other Parts according to it's own Model, at least it suffers not itself to be corrupted by them, but plays it's Game apart. That Advertisement to every one to know themselves, should be of important Effect, since the God of Wisdom and Light caused it to be writ on the Front of his Temple, as comprehending all he had to advise us. *Plato* says also, that Prudence is no other Thing but the Execution of this Ordinance; and *Socrates* does minutely verify the same in *Xenophon*, The Difficulties and Obscurity are not discerned in any *Science*, but by those that are got into it; for a certain Degree of Intelligence is required to be able to know what a Man knows not: And we must thrust against a Door to know whether it be bolted against us or no. From whence this *Platonick* Subtilty springs, that neither they who know are to enquire, because they know; nor they who do not know, because to enquire, they must know what they enquire of. So in this of knowing a Man's self, that every Man is seen so resolved and satisfied with himself, and that every Man thinks himself sufficiently intelligent, signifies, that every one understands nothing at all; as *Socrates* gives *Euthydemus* to understand. I who profess nothing else, do therein find so infinite a Depth and Variety, that all the Fruit I have reaped from my Learning, serves only to make me sensible how much I have to learn. To my Weakness, so often confessed, I owe the Propensity I have to Modesty, to the Obedience of Belief imposed upon me, to a constant Coldness and Moderation of Opinions, and a Hatred of that troublesom and wrangling Arrogancy, wholly believing, and trusting in itself, the capital Enemy of Discipline and Truth. Do but hear them prate and domineer, the first Fopperies they utter, 'tis in the Stile wherewith Men establish *Religion* and *Laws*. *Nihil est turpius quam cognitioni, & perceptioni, assertionem, approbationemque percurrere* *. *Nothing is more absurd than that Assertion and Allowance should precede Know-*

* *Cic. Acad. l.* 1.

ledge

ledge and Precept. *Ariſtarchus* ſaid, that anciently there were ſeven *Sages* to be found in the World, and in his Time ſcarce ſo many *Fools*. Have we not more Reaſon than he to ſay ſo in this Age of ours? Affirmation and Obſtinacy are expreſs Signs of want of Wit. A Fellow has ſtumbled and broke his Noſe an hundred Times in a Day, and yet he will be at his *Ergo's* as reſolute and brave as before; ſo that one would conclude he had had ſome new Soul and Vigour of Underſtanding infuſed into him ſince; and that it happened to him as to that ancient Son of the Earth, who took new Reſolutions, and was made more daring by his Fall.

——— *cui cum tetigere parentem*
Jam defecta vigent renovato robore membra *.

Whoſe broken Limbs upon his Mother laid,
Immediately new Force and Vigour had.

Did not this incorrigible Coxcomb think that he reaſſumed a new Underſtanding, by undertaking a new Diſpute? 'Tis by my own Experience that I accuſe human Ignorance, which is in my Opinion the ſureſt Part of the World's School. Such as will not conclude it ſo in themſelves, by ſo vain an Example as mine, or of their own, let them believe it from *Socrates*, the *Maſter* of *Maſters*. For the Philoſopher *Antiſthenes* to his *Diſciples*, *Let us go*, ſaid he, *and hear* Socrates, *I will be a Pupil with you.* And maintaining the Doctrine of the Stoical *Sect*, that Virtue was ſufficient to make a Life completely happy, having no need of any other Thing whatever, he added, if not of the Form of *Socrates*. The long Attention that I employ in conſidering myſelf, does alſo fit me to judge tolerably of others; and there are few Things whereof I ſpeak better, and with better Excuſe. I frequently happen to ſee more exactly, and diſtinguiſh the Conditions of my Friends better than they do themſelves, I have aſtoniſhed ſome with the Pertinence of my Deſcription, and have given them Warning of themſelves. By having

* *Ovid. Metam.*

from my Infancy been accustomed to contemplate my own Life in those of others, I have acquired a Complexion studious in that Particular. And when I am once intent upon it, I let few Things about me, whether Countenances, Humours, or Discourses, that serve to that Purpose, escape me. I study all, both what I am to avoid, and what I am to do. Also in my Friends, I discover by their Productions their inward Inclinations; not to order this infinite Variety of so divers and distracted Actions into certain Genders and Chapters, and distinctly to distribute my Parcels and Divisions under known Heads and Classes.

Sed neque quàm multæ species, & nomine quæ sint
Est numerus *.

But not the Number of their Kind and Names,
They are too many.

The Wise speak and deliver their Fancies more particularly, and handle them Piece by Piece. I, who see no farther into Things than as Custom informs me, generally present mine without Method; and also an Inquirer, as in this, I pronounce my Sentence by loose and unknit Articles; 'tis a Thing cannot be spoke at once, and in Gross. Relation and Conformity are not to be found in so low and common Souls as ours. Wisdom is a solid and intire Building, of which every Piece keeps it's Place, and carries it's Mark. *Sola Sapientia in se toto conversa est* †. *Wisdom only is wholly turned into itself.* I leave it to *Artists*, and I know not whether or no they will be able to bring it about in so perplexed a Thing, to marshal into distinct Bodies this infinite Diversity of Faces, to settle our Inconstancy, and set it in Order. I do not only find it hard to piece our Actions to one another, but I moreover find it very hard properly to design them every one by themselves by any principal Quality, so ambiguous and variform they are by several Lights. That which is remarked for rare in *Perseus* King of *Macedon*, that his Mind fixing it

* *Virg. Geor.* † *Cic. de fin. lib.* 3.

ſelf to no one Condition, wandering in all Sorts of living, and repreſented in Manner ſo wild and uncouth, that he was neither known by himſelf or any other, what kind of Man he was, ſeems almoſt to fill all the World. And eſpecially I have ſeen another of his Stature, to whom I think this Concluſion might more properly be applied: No moderate Settledneſs, ſtill running headlong from one Extreme to another, upon Occaſions not to be gueſſed at; no Manner of Courſe without Traverſe and wonderful Contrariety; nor no one Quality ſimple and unmix'd: So that the beſt Gueſs Man can one Day make will be, that he affected and ſtudied to make himſelf known, by being not to be known. A Man had need have long Ears to hear himſelf frankly cenſured. And being there are few that can endure to hear it without being nettled, thoſe who hazard the undertaking it to us, manifeſt a ſingular Effect of Friendſhip; for 'tis to love ſincerely indeed, to attempt to hurt and offend us for our own Good. I think it rude to cenſure a Man whoſe ill Qualities are more than his good ones. *Plato* requires three Things in him that will examine the Soul of another, to wit, *Knowledge*, *good Will*, and *Boldneſs*. I was once aſked what I ſhould have thought myſelf fit for, had any one deſigned to make Uſe of me in my younger Years.

Dum melior vires ſanguis dabat, æmula nedum
Temporibus geminis canebat ſparſa ſenectus *.

Whilſt better Blood my Limbs with Vigour fed,
And e'er old Age had ſnow'd upon my Head.

For nothing ſaid I. And I am willing enough to profeſs not knowing how to do any thing, that I may ſo be excuſed from enſlaving myſelf to another. But I had told theſe Truths to a Maſter of mine, and had controuled his Manners, if he had ſo pleaſed; not in Groſs by ſcholaſtick Leſſons, which I underſtand not, and from which I ſee no true Reformation ſpring in thoſe that do; but by obſerving them by Leiſure, at all Op-

* *Æneid. l.* 5.

portunities, and ſimply and naturally judging them an Eye-witneſs, diſtinctly one by one, giving him to underſtand upon what Terms he was in the common Opinion, in Oppoſition to his Flatterers. There is none of us that would not be worſe than *Kings*, if ſo continually corrupted as they are with that Sort of *Vermin*. But what if *Alexander*, that great *King* and *Philoſopher*, could not defend himſelf from them? I ſhould have Fidelity, Judgment, and Liberty enough for that Purpoſe. It would be a nameleſs Office otherwiſe, both in it's Grace and Effect; and 'tis a Part that is not indifferently fit for all Men. For *Truth* itſelf has not the Privilege to be ſpoke at all Times, and in all Sorts; the Uſe of it, noble as it is, has it's Circumſcriptions and Limits. It oft falls out, as the World now goes, that a Man lets it ſlip into the Ear of a *Prince*, not only to no Purpoſe, but moreover injuriouſly and unjuſtly. And no Man ſhall make me believe, that a virtuous Remonſtrance may not be viciouſly applied, and that the Intereſt of the Subſtance is not often to give Place to that of the Form. For ſuch a Purpoſe, I would have a Man that is content with his own Fortune;

Quod ſit eſſe velit, nihilque malit †.

Who likes that preſent State of his,
And would not be but what he is.

and meanly born; foraſmuch as on one Side, he would not be afraid to touch his Maſter's Heart to the Quick, through Fear by that Means of loſing his Preferment: And on the other Side, being of mean Quality, he would have more eaſy Communion with all Sorts of People: And I would have this Office limited to only one, for to allow the Privilege of this Liberty and Privacy to many, would beget an inconvenient Irreverence; and even of that one too, I would above all Things require the Fidelity of Silence. A *King* is not to be believed when he brags of his Conſtancy in ſtanding the Shock of the Enemy for his Glory, if for his Profit and Amend-

† *Mart. Ep. lib.* 10. *chap.* 47.

ment,

ment, he cannot ſtand the Liberty of a Friend's Advice, which has no other Power but to pinch his Ear, the Remainder of it's Effect being ſtill in his own Hands. Now, there is no Condition of Man whatever who ſtand in ſo great Need of true and free Advertiſement as they do. They ſupport the publick Life, and are to ſatisfy the Opinion of ſo many Spectators, that when Men have uſed to conceal from them whatever ſhould divert them from their own Way, they inſenſibly have found themſelves involved in the Hatred and Deteſtation of their People, ſometimes upon ſuch ſlight Occaſions as they might have avoided without any Prejudice even of their Pleaſures themſelves, had they been adviſed and ſet right in Time. Their *Favourites* commonly have more Regard to themſelves, than they have to their Maſters; and indeed it ſtands them upon, foraſmuch as in Truth moſt Offices of true Friendſhips, when applied to the *Sovereign*, are under a rude and dangerous Hazard; ſo that therein there is great Need, not only of very great Affection and Freedom, but of Courage too. To conclude all this *Hodg-podg* which I ſcribble, here is nothing but a Regiſter of *Eſſays* of my own Life, which for the internal Soundneſs is exemplary enough to take Inſtruction againſt the Grain; but as to bodily Health, no Man can furniſh out more profitable Experience than I, who preſent it pure, and no Way corrupted and chang'd by Art or Opinion. Experience is properly upon it's own Dunghill in the Subject of *Phyſick*, where *Reaſon* wholly gives it Place. *Tiberius* ſaid, that whoever had lived twenty Years ought to be reſponſible to himſelf for all Things that were hurtful or wholeſom to him, and know how to order himſelf without *Phyſick*. And he might have learnt it of *Socrates*, who adviſing his Diſciples to be ſolicitous of their Health, as the chiefeſt Study, added, that it was hard if a Man of Senſe, having a Care of his Exerciſes and Diet, did not better know than any Phyſician what was good or ill for him. And alſo *Phyſick* does profeſs always to have Experience for the Touch of it's Operations. And *Plato* had Reaſon to ſay, that to be a right *Phyſician*, it would be neceſſary that he who would take it upon him, ſhould

Free Advice neceſſary for Kings.

first himself have passed through all the Diseases he will pretend to cure, and through all the Accidents and Circumstances whereof he is to judge. 'Tis but Reason they should get the *Pox*, if they will know how to cure it; for my Part, I should put myself into such Hands: For the others but guide us, like him who paints the Sea-Rocks and Ports upon the Cloth, and there makes a Figure of a Ship to sail in all Security; and put him to't in Earnest, he knows not at which End to begin. They make such a Description of our Maladies, as a *Town Crier* does of a lost Horse or Dog, such a Colour, such a Height, such an Ear; but bring him to him, and he knows him not for all that. God grant that Physick may one Day give me some good and visible Relief, namely, when I shall cry out in good Earnest,

Tandem efficaci do manus Scientiæ *.

The Arts that promise to keep our Bodies and Souls in Health, promise a great Deal, but withal, there is none that less keep their Promise. And in our Times, those that make Profession of these Arts amongst us less manifest the Effects than any other Sort of Men. One may say of them at the most, that they sell medicinal Drugs, but that they are *Physicians* a Man cannot say. I have lived long enough to be able to give an Account of the Custom that has carried me so far. And, for whoever has a Mind to read it, as his Taster, I give him this *Essay*, wherein he will find some Articles, as my Memory shall supply me with them. I have no Custom that has not varied according to Accidents; but I only record those that I have been best acquainted with, and that hitherto have had the greatest Possession of me. My Form of Life is the same in Sickness that it is in Health, the same Bed, the same Houses, the same Meat, and the same Drink serve me in both Conditions alike; I add nothing to them but the Moderation of more or less, according to my Strength and Appetite. My Health is to maintain my wonted State without Disturbance. I see that Sickness puts me off it

* *Hor. Car.*

on

on one Side, and if I will be ruled by the *Physicians*, they will put me off on the other; so that by *Fortune* and by *Art* I am out of my Way. I believe nothing more certainly than this, that I cannot be offended by the Use of Things to which I have been so long accustomed. 'Tis for Custom to give a Form to a Man's Life, such as it best pleases; in that she is all in all: 'Tis the Beverage of *Circe* that varies our Nature as she pleases best. How many Nations, and but three Steps from us, think the Fear of the Serene that so manifestly is hurtful to us, a ridiculous Fancy, and our Watermen and Peasants despise it. You make a *German* sick if you lay him upon a *Quilt*, as you do an *Italian* if you lay him upon a *Feather-Bed*; and a *Frenchman* without *Curtains* or *Fire*. A *Spanish* Stomach cannot hold out to eat as we can, nor ours to drink like the *Swiss*. A *German* made me very merry at *Augusta* with disputing the Inconvenience of our *Hearths* by the same Arguments which we commonly make Use of in decrying their *Stoves*: For, to say the Truth, that smothered Heat, and then the Scent of that heated Matter of which the Fire is composed, very much offend such as are not used to them, not me; but as to the rest, the Heat being always equal, constant and universal, without Flame, without Smoke, and without the Wind that comes down our Chimnies, they may many Ways endure Comparison with ours. Why do we not imitate the *Roman Architecture*? For, they say, that anciently Fires were not made in their Houses, but on the outside, and at the Foot of them, from whence the Heat was conveyed to the whole Fabrick by Pipes contrived in the Wall, which were drawn twining about the Rooms that were to be warmed: Which I have seen plainly described somewhere in *Seneca*. This Gentleman hearing me commend the Conveniencies and Beauties of his *City*, which truly deserves it, began to lament me that I was to go away. And the first Inconvenience he alledged to me was, the Heaviness that the Chimneys elsewhere brought upon me. He had heard some one make this Complaint, and fix it upon us, being by Custom deprived of the Means of perceiving it at Home. All Heat that comes from the Fire makes me

weak and dull, and yet *Evenus* said, that Fire was the best Condiment of Life. I rather chuse any other Way of making myself warm. We are afraid to drink our Wines when towards the Bottom of a Vessel; in *Portugal* those Fumes are reputed delicate, and is the *Beverage* of Princes. In fine, every Nation has several Modes and Customs, that are not only unknown, but savage, and miraculous to some others. What should we do with those People who admit of no Testimonies, if not printed, who believe not Men if not in a Book, nor *Truth*, if not of competent Age? We dignify our Fopperies when we commit them to the *Press*. 'Tis of a great Deal more Weight to him you speak of to say, *I have seen such a Thing*, than if you only say, *I have heard such a Thing*. But I, who no more disbelieve a Man's Mouth than his Pen, and who know that Men write as indiscreetly as they speak, and that esteem this Age as much as one that's past, do as soon quote a Friend of my Acquaintance as *Aulus Gellius* or *Macrobius*, and what I have seen, as what they have writ. And as 'tis held of Virtue, that it is not *greater* for having continued *longer*, so do I hold of *Truth*, that for being *older* it is not *wiser*. I often say, that it is meer Folly that makes us run after strange and scholastick Examples: Their Fertility is the same now that it was in the Time of *Homer* and *Plato*. But is it not that we derive more Honour from the Quotation than from the Truth of the Discourse? As if it were to borrow our Proof from the Shops of *Vascosan* or of *Plantin*, than of what is to be seen in our own Village: Or else indeed, that we have not the Wit to cull out and make useful what we see before us, and judge of it lively enough to draw it into Example. For if we say that we want Authority to procure Faith to our Testimony, we speak from the Purpose, for as much as, in my Opinion, of the most ordinary, common, and known Things, could we but find out their Light, the greatest Miracles of Nature might be formed, and the most wonderful Examples, especially upon the Subject of human Actions. Now upon the Subject I am speaking of, setting aside the Examples I have gathered from *Books*,

Pal'd Wine in Esteem in Portugal.

Books, and what *Ariſtotle* ſays of *Andron* the *Argian*, that he travel'd over the dry ſcorching Sands of *Libya* without drinking; a Gentleman who has behaved himſelf very well in ſeveral Employments, ſaid, in a Place where I was, that he had rid from *Madrid* to *Liſbon* in the Heat of *Summer*, without any Drink at all; he is very healthful, and vigorous for his Age, and hath nothing extraordinary in the Courſe and method of Living, but this, to live ſometimes two or three Months, nay, a whole Year, without drinking. He is ſometimes dry, but he lets his Drought paſs over, and holds it is an Appetite which eaſily goes of itſelf; He drinks more out of Humour, than either for Need or Pleaſure. Here is another Example: 'Tis not long ago that I found one of the learned'ſt Men in *France*, among thoſe of the greateſt Fortunes, ſtudying in a Corner of a Hall that they had ſeparated for him with Tapeſtry, and about him a Rabble of his Servants, that you may be ſure were rude and loud enough. He told me, and *Seneca* almoſt ſays the ſame of himſelf, he made an Advantage of this Noiſe; as if beaten with this Rattle, he ſo much the better recollected and retired himſelf into himſelf for Contemplation, and that this Tempeſt of Voices drove back his Thoughts within himſelf. Being at *Padua*, he had his Study ſo long ſituated in the Rattle of Coaches, and the Tumult of the public Place, that he not only formed himſelf to the Contempt, but even to the Uſe of Noiſe, for the Service of his Studies. *Socrates* anſwer'd *Alcibiades*, who being aſtoniſhed at his Patience, aſk'd him how he could endure the perpetual Scolding of his Wife, *Why*, ſaid he, *as thoſe do who are accuſtomed to the ordinary Noiſe of Wheels to draw Water.* I am quite otherwiſe; I have a tender Head, and eaſily diſcompoſed; when 'tis bent upon any thing, the leaſt buzzing of a Fly tears it into Pieces. *Seneca*, in his Youth, having, by the Example of *Sextius*, put on a poſitive Reſolution of eating nothing but what died of itſelf, paſs'd over a whole Year in this Diet, and, as he ſaid, with Pleaſure, and only left it off, that he might not be ſuſpected of taking up this Rule from ſome new Religion, by which it was preſcribed. But he took up withal, from the Precepts of *Attalus*, a Cuſtom,

Custom, not to lye any more upon any sort of Bedding that yielded under a Man's Weight, but even to his old Age made use of such as would not yield to any Pressure. What the Custom of his Time made him account Authority, that of ours makes us look upon as Effeminacy and Ease. Do but observe the Difference betwixt the way of Living of my Labourers, and that of mine; the *Indies* have nothing more remote both from my Force and Method. I know very well, that I have pick'd up Boys from begging to serve me, who soon after have quitted both my *Kitchen* and *Livery*, only that they might return to their former Course of Life: and found one afterwards gathering *Muscles* out of the *Sink* for his Dinner, whom I could neither by Intreaties nor Threats reclaim from the Sweetness he found in Indigence. *Beggars* have their Magnificences and Delights, as well as the Rich; and 'tis said, their *Dignities* and *Politicks*. These are the Effects of Custom, she can mould us not only into what Form she pleases, (and yet the *Sages* say, we ought to apply our selves to the best, which she would soon make easy to us) but also to Change and Variation, which is the most noble and most useful of all she makes us perfect in. The best of my bodily Perfection, is, that I am flexible, and very little obstinate. I have Inclinations more proper and ordinary, and more agreeable than others; but I am diverted from them with very little Struggle and easily slip into a contrary Course. A young Man ought to cross his own *Rules* to awake his Vigour, and to keep it from growing faint and rusty. And there is no Course of Life so weak and sottish, as that which is carried on by Rule and Discipline.

Ad primum lapidem vectari complacet, hora
Sumitur ex libro, si prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inspecta genesi collyria quærit *.

If he but of a Mile a walk would take,
He for the Hour consults his Almanack;
If he but rub the Corner of his Eye,
He chuses Salve by his Nativity.

* *Juven. Sat.* 6.

He

He ſhall often throw himſelf even into Exceſſes, if he will take my Advice, otherwiſe the leaſt Debauch will ruin him. He will render himſelf uneaſy, and diſagreeable in Converſation. The worſt Quality in a well-bred Man is Delicacy, and an Obligation to a certain particular Way; and it is particular, if not pliable and ſupple. It is a Kind of Reproach, not to be able, or not to dare to do what we ſee others do before us. Let ſuch as thoſe ſit at Home. It is in every Man indecent, but in a Soldier vicious and intolerable; who, as *Philopœmen* ſaid, ought to accuſtom himſelf to all Variety and Inequality of Life. Though I have been brought up, as much as was poſſible, to Liberty and Indifference, yet ſo it is, that in growing old, and having more ſettled upon certain Forms (my Age is now paſt Inſtruction, and I have henceforward nothing to do but to keep it up as well as I can.) Cuſtom has already, e'er I was aware, ſo imprinted it's Character in me, in certain things, that I look upon it as a Kind of Exceſs to leave them off. And, without a Force upon my ſelf, cannot ſleep in the Day-time, nor eat between Meals, nor breakfaſt, nor go to Bed, without a great Interval betwixt eating and ſleeping, as of three Hours after Supper; nor get Children but before I ſleep, and never ſtanding upon my Feet, nor endure my own Sweat, nor quench my Thirſt either with pure Water or Wine, nor keep my Head long bare, nor cut my Hair after Dinner; and ſhould be as uneaſy without my Gloves, as without my Shirt, or without waſhing when I riſe from Table, or out of my Bed; and could not lye without a Canopy and Curtains, as if they were neceſſary Things: I could dine without a Table-cloth, but without a clean Napkin, after the *German* Faſhion very incommodiouſly. I foul them more than they, or the *Italians* do, and make but little uſe either of Spoon or Fork. I am ſorry that the ſame is not in uſe amongſt us, that I ſee the Example of in Kings; which is, to change our Napkins at every Service, as they do our Plates. We are told of that laborious Soldier *Marius*, that growing old, he became nice in his Drinking, and never drank but out of a peculiar Cup of his own. I, in like manner, have ſuffered my ſelf

to

to fancy a certain Form of Glasses, and do not willingly drink in common Glasses, no more than from a common Hand: All Metal offends me in comparison of a clear and transparent Matter: Let my Eyes taste too, according to their Capacity. I owe several other such Niceties to Custom. *Nature* has also on the other side helped me to some of hers, as no more to be able to endure two full Meals in one Day without overcharging my Stomach, nor a total Abstinence from one of those Meals, without filling my self with Wind, drying up my Mouth, and dulling my Appetite, and finding great Inconveniencies in the Evening Air. For of late Years, in Night-marches, which often happen to be all Night long, after five or six Hours, my Stomach begins to be queasy, with a violent Pain in my Head, so that I always vomit before the Day can break. When others go to breakfast I go to sleep, and when I rise am as brisk and gay as before. I had always been told, that the *Serene* never dispers'd it self but in the Beginning of the Night; but for certain Years past, long and familiar frequenting, a Lord possessed with this Opinion, that the *Serene* is more sharp and dangerous about the declining of the Sun, an Hour or two before his Set, which he carefully avoids, and despises that of the Night; he had almost imprinted in me, not only his Discourse, but his Opinion. What shall the very Doubt and Inquisition wound our Imagination so as to turn to our Inconvenience? Such as absolutely and on a sudden give way to their Propensities, put a total Ruin upon themselves. And I am sorry for several Gentlemen, who, through the Folly of their *Physicians*, have in their Youth and Health put themselves into Consumptions. It were yet better to endure a Cough, than by Disuse for ever to lose the Commerce of the common Life in an Action of so great Use. Ill-natur'd *Science*, to interdict us the sweetest and most pleasant Hours of the Day! Let us keep Possession of it to the last. For the most part a Man hardens himself by being obstinate, and corrects his Constitution; as *Cæsar* did the *Falling-Sickness*, by dint of Contempt. A Man should addict himself to the best *Rules*, but not inslave himself to them; if not to such, if there be any such to which the

Obligation and Servitude are of Profit. Both *Kings* and *Philoſophers* go to ſtool, and *Ladies* too; publick Lives are bound to *Ceremony*, mine that is obſcure and private, enjoys all natural Diſpenſation. *Soldier* and *Gaſcon* are alſo Qualities a little ſubject to Indiſcretion, wherefore I ſhall ſay of this Action of eaſing Nature, that it is neceſſary to refer it to certain preſcribed and nocturnal Hours, and force a Man's ſelf to it by Cuſtom, as I have done; but not to ſubject himſelf, as has been my Practice in my declining Years, to a particular Convenience of Place and Seat for that purpoſe, and making it troubleſom by long ſitting: and yet in the fouleſt Offices, is it not in ſome meaſure excuſable to require more Care and Cleanlineſs? *Natura homo mundum, & elegans animal eſt* *; *Man is by Nature a clean and elegant Creature*. Of all the Actions of *Nature*, I am the moſt impatient of being interrupted in that. I have ſeen many Soldiers troubled with the Unrulineſs of their Bellies, whilſt mine and I never fail of our punctual Aſſignation, which is at leaping out of Bed, if ſome indiſpenſable Buſineſs, or Sickneſs do not moleſt us. I do then think, as I ſaid before, that ſick Men cannot better place themſelves any where in Safety than in ſitting ſtill in that Courſe of Life wherewith they have been bred and train'd up. Alteration, be it what it will, does diſtemper and aſtoniſh. Can any believe that *Cheſtnuts* can hurt a *Perigourdin*, or one of *Luca*; or Milk and Cheeſe the Mountain People? Men enjoy then not only a new, but a contrary Method of Life, a Change that the more healthful could not endure. Preſcribe Water to a *Breton* of Threeſcore and ten, ſhut a *Seaman* up in a *Stove*, and forbid a *Baſque* Footman walking, they will deprive them of Motion, and in the End of Air and Light.

——an vivere tanti eſt?
Cogimur a ſuetis animum ſuſpendere rebus,
Atque ut vivamus vivere deſinimus.
Hoc ſupereſſe reor quibus & ſpirabilis aer
Et lux qua regimur, redditur ipſa gravis ‡.

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 92. ‡ *Æneid. lib.* 6. *Gallus, Eleg.* 1.

Is Life of such a mighty Consequence?
We must accustom'd things quite over-give,
And that we may live, we must cease to live;
I can't imagine they should longer live,
whom Light and Air, by which they live, do grieve.

If they do no other good, they do this at least, that they prepare Patience betimes for Death, by little and little undermining and cutting off the Use of Life. Both well and sick, I have ever willingly suffer'd my self to obey the Appetites that pressed upon me. I give great Authority to my Inclinations and Desires. I do not love to cure one Disease by another. I hate Remedies that are more troublesom than the Disease it self. To be subject to the Stone, and subject to abstain from eating Oisters, are two Evils instead of one. The Disease torments us on the one side, and the Remedy on the other. Since we are ever in danger of mistaking, let us rather hazard, rather defer the Discovery of the Mistake till after Pleasure. The World proceeds quite contrary, and thinks nothing profitable that is not painful; Facility stands suspected to it. My Appetite is in several things of it self happily enough accommodated to the Health of my Stomach. Acrimony and Quickness in Sauces were pleasant too when young, but my Stomach disliking them, my Taste incontinently did the same. Wine is hurtful to sick People; and 'tis the first thing that my Mouth disrelishes when I am sick, and with an invincible Distate. Whatever I take against my Liking does me Harm; and nothing hurts me that I eat with Appetite and Delight; I never received Harm by any Action that was very pleasant to me; and accordingly have made all medicinal Conclusions mightily give way to my Pleasure. And have, when I was young,

Quem circumcursans huc atque huc sæpe cupido
Fulgebat crocina splendidus in tunica *.

* *Catullus Num.* 64.

Whilst

Whilſt *Cupid* did round me fluttering fly,
In his rich Mantle of the *Tyrian* dye.

given my ſelf the Reins as licentiouſly and inconſiderately to the Deſire that was predominant in me, as any other whatever;

Et militavi non ſine gloria †,

yet more in Continuation and holding out than in Sally.

Sex me vix memini ſuſtinuiſſe vices *.

'Tis certainly a Misfortune, and a Miracle at once, to confeſs at what a tender Age I was firſt ſubjected to Love: It was indeed by Chance; for it was long before the Years of Choice or Diſcretion: I do not remember my ſelf ſo long ago. And my Fortune may very well be coupled to that of *Quartilla*, who could not remember the Time ſhe was a Maid.

Inde tragus celereſque pili, mirandaque matri
Barba mea ‡.

Phyſicians do commonly ſubmit their Rules to the violent Longings that happen to ſick Perſons, with very good Succeſs. This great Deſire, ſo ſtrange and vicious, cannot be imagin'd to be, but that *Nature* muſt have a hand in it. And then how eaſy a thing is it to ſatisfy the Fancy? In my Opinion, this Part wholly carries it, at leaſt, above all the reſt. The moſt grievous and ordinary Wills are thoſe that Fancy loads us with. This *Spaniſh* Saying mightily pleaſes in ſeveral Senſes; *Defienda me Dios de my*; *God defend me from my ſelf*. I am ſorry when I am ſick, that I have not ſome *Longing* that might give me the contentment of ſatisfying it; all the Rules of *Phyſick* would hardly be able to divert me; I do the ſame when I am well. I can think of very little more to be hoped or wiſh'd for. 'Tis pity a Man ſhould be ſo weak and

† *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 16. * *Ovid.* ‡ *Ovid.*

lan-

languishing, as to have nothing left him but wishing. The *Art* of *Physick* is not so resolute, that we should be without Authority for whatever we do; it changes according to the *Climates* and *Moons*, according to *Fernelius* and *Scala*. If your *Physician* does not think it too good for you to sleep, to drink Wine, or to eat such and such Meats, never trouble yourself, I will find you another that shall not be of his Opinion; the Diversity of *Physical* Arguments and Opinions embraces all Sorts of Methods. I saw a miserable sick Person panting and burning for Thirst, that he might be cured; and was afterwards laughed at by another *Physician* for his Pains, who condemned that Advice as prejudicial to him: had he not tormented himself to good purpose? A Man of that Profession is lately dead of the *Stone*, who had made use of extreme Abstinence to contend with his Disease. His Fellow *Physicians* said, that on the contrary, this Abstinence from Drink had dried his Body up, and bak'd the Gravel in his Kidneys. I have observ'd, that both in Wounds and Sicknesses, speaking discomposes and hurts me as much as any Disorder I can commit. My Voice spends and tires me, for 'tis loud and forced; so that when I have gone to whisper some great Persons about some Affairs of Consequence, they have often desired me to moderate my Voice. This Story deserves a Place here. Some one in a certain *Greek* School, speaking loud as I do, the Master of the *Ceremonies* sent to him to speak softly, *Tell him then he must send me*, replied the other, *the Tone he would have me speak in.* To which the other reply'd, *That he should take the Tone from the Ear of him to whom he spake.* It was well said, if to be understood, *Speak according to the Affair you are speaking about to your Auditor*; for if it mean, *'tis sufficient that he hears you, or govern yourself by him*, I do not find it to be Reason. The Tone and Motion of my Voice carries with it a great deal of the Expression and Signification of my Meaning, and 'tis I who am to govern it, to make myself understood. There is a Voice to instruct, a Voice to flatter, and a Voice to reprehend. I will not only that my Voice reach him, but perhaps that it strike and pierce him. When I rattle my Footman with sharp and bitter Language, it would be very pretty for him to say,

ſay, *Pray, Maſter, ſpeak lower, I hear you very well. Eſt quædam vox ad auditum accommodata, non magnitudine ſed proprietate. There is a certain Voice accommodated to the Hearing, not by the Loudneſs, but Propriety.* Speaking is half his that ſpeaks, and half his that hears; the laſt of which ought to prepare himſelf to receive it, according to it's Motion and Rebound. Like *Tennis* Players, he that receives the Ball, ſhifts and prepares, according as he ſees him move who ſtrikes the Stroke, and according to the Stroke itſelf. Experience has moreover taught me this, that we loſe ourſelves with Impatience: Evils have their Life and Limits, their Diſeaſes, and their Recovery; the Conſtitution of Maladies is form'd by the Pattern of the Conſtitution of Animals, they have their Fortunes and Days limited from their Birth. Whoever attempts imperiouſly to cut them ſhort by Force in the middle of their Courſe, does lengthen and multiply them, and incenſes inſtead of appeaſing them. I am of *Crantor*'s Opinion, that we are neither obſtinately and wilfully to oppoſe *Evils*, nor truckle under to them for want of Courage, but that we are naturally to give way to them, according to their Condition and our own, we ought to grant free Paſſage to Diſeaſes: And I find they ſtay leſs with me, who let them alone. And I have loſt thoſe which are reputed the moſt tenacious and obſtinate, without any Help or Art, and contrary to their *Rules*. Let us a little permit *Nature* to take her own way; ſhe better underſtands her own Affairs than we. But ſuch a one died, and ſo ſhall you, if not of that Diſeaſe, of another. And how many have not eſcaped dying, who have their *Phyſicians* always at their Tails? Example is a bright and univerſal Mirror, and in all Sciences. If it be a delicious Medicine, take it, 'tis always ſo much preſent Good. I will never ſtick at the Name nor the Colour, if it be pleaſant and grateful to the Palate: Pleaſure is one of the chiefeſt Kinds of Profit. I have ſuffer'd Rheums, Gouty Defluxions, Relaxations, Palpitations of the Heart, Megrims, and other Accidents, to grow old, and die in me a natural Death, which I have been rid of when I was half fit to nouriſh and keep them. They are ſooner prevailed upon by Courteſy than huffing; we muſt patiently ſuffer the Laws of our Condition, we

are born to grow old, to grow weak, and to be sick in spite of all Physick. 'Tis the first *Lesson* the *Mexicans* teach their Children; so soon as ever they come out of their Mothers Wombs, they thus salute them, *Thou art come into the World, Child, to endure, suffer, and say nothing.* 'Tis Injustice to lament that that is befallen any one, which may befal every one. *Indignare si quid in te iniqui, proprie constitutum est; Then be angry when there is any thing unjustly decreed against thee alone.* See an old Man who begs of God Almighty that he will maintain his Health vigorous and entire, that is to say, that he will restore him to Youth.

Stat quid hæc frustra votis puerilibus optes * ?

Why pray'st, thou Fool, such childish Prayers in vain?

Is it not Folly? His Condition is not capable of it. The Gout, the Stone, and Indigestion, are Symptoms of long Years, as Heat, Rains and Winds, are of long Voyages. *Plato* does not believe that *Æsculapius* troubled himself to provide by a good Diet to prolong his Life in a weak and wasted Body, useless to his Country, and to his Profession, and to beget healthful and robust Children; and does not think this Solicitude suitable to the Divine Justice and Prudence, which is to direct all things to Utility. My good Friend, your Business is done, no body can restore you, they can at the most but patch you up, and prop you a little, and by that means prolong your Misery an Hour or two.

Non secus instantem cupiens fulcire ruinam,
Diversis contra nititur obicibus,
Donec certa dies omni compage soluta,
Ipsum cum rebus subruat auxilium †.

Like one, who willing to defer a while
A sudden Ruin, props the tottering Pile,
'Till in short Space the House, the Props and all
Together with a dreadful Ruin fall.

* *Ovid.* † *Gallus, Eleg.* 1.

We

We muſt learn to ſuffer what we cannot evade. Our Life, like the Harmony of the World, is compoſed of contrary things of ſeveral Notes, ſweet and harſh, ſharp and flat, ſpritely and ſolemn; and the *Muſician*, who ſhould only affect one of theſe, what would he be able to do? He muſt know how to make uſe of them all, and to mix them; and we likewiſe, the *Goods* and *Evils*, which are conſubſtantial with Life: Our Being cannot ſubſiſt without this Mixture, and the one are no leſs neceſſary to it than the other. To attempt to kick againſt natural Neceſſity, is to repreſent the Folly of *Cteſiphon*, who undertook to kick with his *Mule*. I conſult little about the Alterations I feel; for thoſe People take Advantage when they have you at their Mercy. They ſtun your Ears with their *Prognoſticks*; and having formerly ſurprized me, weakened with Sickneſs, have injuriouſly handled me with their *Doctrines* and magiſterial Fopperies; one while menacing me with great Pains; and another with approaching Death; by which Threats I was indeed moved and ſhaken, but not ſubdued, nor juſtled from my Place; and though my Judgment was neither altered nor diſtracted, yet it was at leaſt diſturbed. 'Tis always Agitation and Combat. Now I uſe my Imagination as gently as I can, and would diſcharge it of all Trouble and Conteſt if I could. A Man muſt aſſiſt, flatter, and deceive it if he can. My Mind is fit for that Office. It wants no Appearances throughout. And could it perſuade, as it preaches, it would ſucceſsfully relieve me. Will you have an Example? It tells me that 'tis for my Good to have the Stone: That the Compoſitions of my Age are naturally to ſuffer ſome Decay: that it is now time they ſhould begin to disjoint, and to confeſs a Decay; 'tis a common Neceſſity, and there is nothing in it, either miraculous or new: I therein pay what is due to old Age, and I cannot expect a better Account: that Society ought to comfort me, being fallen into the moſt common Infirmity of my Time. I ſee every where Men tormented with the ſame Diſeaſe: and am honour'd by the Fellowſhip, foraſmuch as Men of the beſt Quality are moſt frequently afflicted with it; 'tis

The Folly of Cteſiphon.

The Stone ordinary in old Men, eſpecially Men of Quality.

a noble and dignified Diſeaſe. That of ſuch as are peſter'd with it, few have it to a leſs Degree of Pain, and yet they are put to the trouble of a ſtrict Diet, and the daily taking of nauſeous Drugs and Potions; whereas I owe my good Intervals purely to my good Fortune. For ſome ordinary Broths of *Eringo*'s, or *Burſt-wort*, that I have twice or thrice taken to oblige the Ladies, who, with greater Kindneſs than Pain is extreme, would needs preſent me half of theirs, ſeem'd to me equally eaſy to take, and fruitleſs in Operation. They are to pay a thouſand *Vows* to *Æſculapius*, and as many *Crowns* to their *Phyſician*, for the voiding a little *Gravel*, which I often do by the Benefit of *Nature*. Even the Decency of my Countenance is not diſturbed in Company, and I can hold my Water ten Hours, and as long as any Man that is in perfect Health. The Fear of this Diſeaſe, ſays one, did formerly affright thee, when it was unknown to thee; the crying and roaring of thoſe that make it worſe by their Impatience, begot a Horror in thee: 'Tis an Infirmity that puniſhes the Members by which thou haſt moſt offended: Thou art a conſcientious Fellow;

Quæ venit indigne pœna, dolenda venit.

Puniſhments then to be complain'd of are
When laid upon a guiltleſs Sufferer.

conſider this Chaſtiſement, 'tis very eaſy in compariſon of that of others, and inflicted with a paternal Tenderneſs: do but obſerve how late it comes; it only ſeizes on, and incommodates that part of thy Life, which is upon the matter ſteril and loſt; having, as it were by Compact, given way to the Licenſe and Pleaſures of thy Youth. The Fear and the Compaſſion that the People have of this Diſeaſe, ſerves thee for Matter of Glory. A Quality whereof, if thou haſt thy Judgment purified, and if thy Reaſon is right and ſound, thy Friends will yet notwithſtanding, diſcover ſome Tincture in thy Complexion. 'Tis Pleaſure to hear it ſaid of a Man's ſelf, *here is great Force, here is great Patience.* Thou art ſeen to ſweat with Pain, to look pale and red, to tremble, vomit Blood, to ſuffer ſtrange Contractions and Convulſions,

Convulsions, by starts to let Tears drop from thine Eyes, to urine thick, black and dreadful Water, or to have it suppressed by some sharp and craggy Stone, that cruelly pricks and tears the Neck of the Bladder, whilst all the while thou entertain'st the Company with an ordinary Countenance, drolling by fits with thy Servants, making one in a continued Discourse, now and then excusing thy Pain, and making thy Sufferance less than it is. Dost thou call to mind the Men of past times, who so greedily sought Diseases to keep their Virtue in Breath and Exercise? Put the Case that *Nature* forced and put thee on to this glorious School, into which thou wouldst never have entered of thy own Free-will. If thou tellest me that it is a dangerous and mortal Disease; what others are not? For 'tis a physical Cheat to except any, and to say, that they do not go directly to Death: What matter is it, if they tend that way by Accident, and if they slide and slip into the Path that leads to it? But thou dost not die because thou art sick, thou diest because thou art living. Death kills thee without the Help of Sickness: And in some, Sickness has deferred Death, who have lived longer by reason that they thought themselves always dying. To which may be added, that as in Wounds, so in Diseases, some are medicinal and wholesom. The Colick is oft no less long-liv'd than you. We see Men with whom it has continued from their Infancy, even to their extreme old Age, and if they had not broke Company, it would have afflicted them longer still; you oftener kill it than it kills you: And though it presents you the Image of approaching Death, were it not a good Office to a Man of such an Age, to put him in mind of his End? And, which is worse, thou hast no longer any thing that should make thee desire to be cured. Common Necessity will however presently call thee away. Do but consider how artificially and gently she puts thee out of taste with Life, and weans thee from the World; not forcing and compelling thee with a tyrannical Subjection, like so many other Infirmities which you see old Men afflicted withal, that hold them in continual Torment, and keep them in perpetual and intermitted Pains and Dolors; but by Advertisements and Instructions at several Intervals, intermixing long pauses of Repose, as

it were to give thee leave to meditate and ruminate upon thy Lesson at thy own Ease and Leisure; to give thee Means to judge aright, and to assume the Resolution of a Man of Courage, she presents to thee the entire State of thy Condition, both in Good and Evil, and one while a very chearful, and another an insupportable Life, in one and the same Day. If thou embracest not Death, at least thou shakest Hands with it once a Month; by which thou hast more cause to hope that it will one Day surprize thee without Warning. And that being so oft conducted to the Water-side, and thinking thy self to be still upon the accustomed Terms, thou and thy Confidence will at one time or another be unexpectedly wafted over. A Man cannot reasonably complain of Diseases that fairly divide the Time with Health. I am obliged to Fortune for having so often assaulted me with the same sort of Weapons; she forms and fashions me by Custom, hardens and habituates me so, that I can know within a little, for how much I shall be quit. For want of natural Memory, I make one of Paper; and as any new Symptom happens in my Disease, I set it down; from whence it falls out, that being now almost past all Sorts of Examples, if any Astonishment threaten me, tumbling over these little loose Notes, as the *Sybils* Leaves, I never fail of finding matter of Consolation from some favourable *Prognostick* in my past Experience. Custom also makes me hope better for the Time to come. For the Conduct of this Evacuation having so long continued, 'tis to be believed that *Nature* will not alter her Course, and that no other worse Accident will happen than what I already feel. And besides the Condition of this Disease is not unsuitable to my prompt and sudden Complexion. When it assaults me gently, I am afraid, for 'tis then for a great while; but it has naturally brisk and vigorous Excesses. It claws me to purpose for a Day or two. My Reins hold out an Age without Alteration, and I have almost now lived another since they changed their State. *Evils* have their Periods as well as *Goods*, perhaps the Infirmity draws towards an End. Age weakens the Heat of my Stomach, the Digestion of which being less perfect, it sends this crude Matter to my Reins; and why at a certain

certain Revolution may not the Heat of my Reins be alſo abated, ſo that they can no more petrify my Phlegm, and Nature find out ſome other way of Purgation: Years have evidently helped me to drain certain *Rheums*; and why not theſe Excrements which furniſh Matter for *Gravel?* But is there any thing ſweet in compariſon of this ſudden Change, when from an exceſſive Pain, I come, by the voiding of a Stone to recover, as from a flaſh of Lightning, the beautiful Light of Health, ſo free and full as it happens in our ſudden and moſt ſharp *Colicks?* Is there any thing in the Pain ſuffered, that a Man can counterpoiſe to the Pleaſure of ſo ſudden an Amendment? Oh! how much does Health ſeem ſo much the more pleaſant to me after ſo near and contiguous Sickneſs, as that I can diſtinguiſh them in the Preſence of one another in their greateſt Bravery, wherewith they dreſs themſelves in Emulation, as if to make head againſt, and to diſpute it with one another! What the *Stoicks* ſay, that Vices are profitably introduced, to give Value to, and to ſet off Virtue; we can with better Reaſon, and leſs Temerity of Cenſure, ſay of Nature, that ſhe has given us Pain for the Honour and Service of Pleaſure and Indolence. When *Socrates*, after his Fetters were knock'd off, felt the Pleaſure of that itching which the Weight of them had cauſed in his Legs, he rejoiced to conſider the ſtrict Alliance betwixt Pain and Pleaſure, how they are linked together by a neceſſary Connexion, ſo that by turns they follow and mutually beget one another; and cried out to *Æſop*, that he ought out of this Conſideration, to have taken a Body proper for a fine Fable. The worſt that I ſee in other Diſeaſes is, that they are not ſo grievous in their Effect, as they are in their Iſſue. A Man is a whole Year in recovering, and that all the while full of Weakneſs and Fear. There is ſo much Hazard, and ſo many Steps to arrive at Safety, and there is no End on't. Before they have unmuffled you of a Handkerchief, and then of a Callot, before they allow you to walk abroad and take the Air, to drink Wine, lye with your Wife, and eat Melons, 'tis odds but you relapſe into few new Diſtempers. The *Stone* has this Privilege, that it

Health more pleaſant after Sickneſs.

carries itself clean off. Whereas others always leave behind them some Impression and Alteration, that renders the Body subject to some new Disease, and lend a hand to one another. These are excuseable that content themselves with possessing us, without extending it farther, and introducing their Consequences: But courteous and kind are those whose Passage bring us any profitable Issue. Since I have been troubled with the Stone, I find myself free from all other Accidents, much more methinks than I was before, and have never had any *Fever* since. I argue, that the extreme and frequent Vomitings that I am subject to, purge me: And on the other side, my Nausities, and the strange Fasts I am forc'd to keep, digest my present Humours; and Nature in those Stones voids whatever there is in me of superfluous and hurtful. Let them never tell me that it is a Medicine too dear bought. For what avails so many stinking *Apozemes*, Caustick's, Incisions, Sweats, Seatons, Diets, and so many other methods of Cure; which oft, by reason we are not able to undergo their Violence and Importunity, bring us to our Graves: So that when I am ill, I look upon it as *Physick*, when well, for an absolute Deliverance. And here is another particular Benefit of my Disease; which is, that it most plays it's Game by it self, and lets me play mine, or else I only want Courage to do it: for in it's greatest Fury, I have endured it ten Hours together on Horse-back, do but endure only, you need no other Regimen: Play, run, do this and the other thing too if you can, your Debauch will do you more good than harm. Say as much to one that has the Pox, the Gout, or bursten Belly. The other Diseases have more universal Obligations, rack all our Actions after another kind of Manner, disturb our whole Order, and to their Consideration engage the whole State of Life. This only pinches the Skin, it leaves the Understanding and Will wholly at our Disposal, as also the Tongue, Hands and Feet. It rather awakes than stupifies you. The Soul is struck with the Ardour of a *Fever*, overwhelmed with the *Epilepsy*, and displaced by a sharp *Megrim*, and finally astonished by all the Diseases that hurt the whole Mass, and the most noble Parts: This

never meddles with the Soul. If any thing goes amiss with her, 'tis her own Fault, she betrays, dismounts, and abandons herself. There are none but Fools who suffer themselves to be persuaded, that this hard and massy Body which is baked in our Reins, is to be dissolved by Drinks: Wherefore when it is once stirred, there is nothing to be done but to give it Passage, and also it will take it of itself. I moreover observe this particular Convenience in it, that it is a Disease wherein we have little to guess at. We are dispensed from the Trouble into which other Diseases throw us, by the Incertainty of their *Causes*, *Conditions*, and Progress. A Trouble that is infinitely painful. We have no need of Consultation and doctoral Interpretations, the Sense well enough informs us what it is, and where it is. By such like Arguments weak and strong, as *Cicero* did the Disease of his old Age, I try to rock asleep, and amuse my Imagination, and to dress it's Wounds. If I find them worse To-morrow, I will provide new Remedies and Applications. That this is true, I am come to that Pass of late, that the least Motion forces pure Blood out of my Reins: And what of that? I stir nevertheless as before, and ride after my Hounds with a juvenile Ardour, and find that I have very good Satisfaction for an Accident of that Importance, when it costs me no more but a little Heaviness and Uneasiness in that Part. 'Tis some great Stone that wastes and consumes the Substance of our Kidneys, and of my Life, which I by little and little evacuate, not without some natural Pleasure, as an Excrement henceforward superfluous and troublesom. Now, if I feel any thing to roll and stir, do not expect that I should trouble myself to consult my Pulse or my Urine, thereby to put myself upon some tormenting Prevention. I shall soon enough feel the Pain, without making it more and longer, by the Disease of Fear. Who fears to suffer, does already suffer what he fears. To which may be added, that the Doubts and Ignorance of those who take upon them to expound the Designs of *Nature*, and her internal Progressions, and the many false *Prognosticks* of their *Art*, ought to give us to understand, that her Ways are inscrutinable

The guessing at Diseases by Urine very uncertain.

scrutinable and utterly unknown. There is great Uncertainty, Variety and Obscurity, in what she either promises or threatens; old Age excepted, which is an undoubted Sign of the Approach of Death. In all other Accidents I see few Signs of the future, whereon we may ground our Divination. I only judge by myself of my real Sense, and not by Discourse: To what End? since I am resolved to bring nothing to it but Expectation and Patience. Will you know how much I get by this? Observe those that do otherwise, and who rely upon so many diverse Persuasions and Counsels, how often, and how much they labour under Imagination, without any bodily Pain at all. I have many Times pleased myself, being well and in Safety, and delivered from these dangerous Accidents, to communicate them to the *Physicians*, as but then beginning to discover themselves in me; where I underwent the terrible Sentences of their dreadful Conclusions, being very well at Ease, and was so much the more obliged to the Favour of *Almighty God*, and better satisfied of the Vanity of this *Art*. There is nothing that ought so much to be recommended to Youth as Activity and Vigilance. Our Life is nothing but Motion: I move with great Difficulty, and am slow in every Thing, when in Rising, going to Bed, or Eating. Seven of the Clock in the Morning is early for me; and where I govern, I never dine before Eleven, nor sup till after Six. I have formerly attributed the Cause of the *Fevers*, and other Diseases I have fallen into, to the Heaviness that long sleeping had brought upon me, and have ever repented my sleeping again in the Morning. *Plato* is more angry at the Excess of sleeping than that of drinking: I love to lye hard, and alone, even without my Wife, as Kings and Princes do, but well covered with Clothes. They never warm my Bed, but since my being grown old, they give me for Need, warm Clothes to lay to my Feet and Stomach. They find fault with the great *Scipio*, that he was a great Sleeper; not, in my Opinion, for any other Reason, if not that Men were displeased, that he alone should have nothing in him to be found fault withal. If I have any Thing curious in my

my Way of living, 'tis rather in my lying, than any Thing elſe; but generally, I give Way, and accommodate myſelf as much as any one to Neceſſity. Sleeping has taken up a great Part of my Life, and I yet continue at the Age I now am, to ſleep eight or nine Hours together. I wean myſelf to my Advantage, from this Propenſity to Sloth, and am evidently better for ſo doing. I find the Change a little hard indeed, but in three Days 'tis over, and ſee but few that live with leſs Sleep, when Need requires; and that more conſtantly exerciſe themſelves, nor to whom long Journeys are leſs troubleſom. My Body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent or ſudden Agitation. I evade of late all violent Exerciſes, and ſuch as make me ſweat, wherein my Limbs grow weary before they are hot. I can ſtand a whole Day together, and am never weary of walking: But from my Youth, I never loved to ride upon Pavements. On Foot I go up to the Breech in Dirt, and little Fellows as I am, are ſubject in the Streets to be elbowed and juſtled, for want of Preſence and Stature, and I have ever loved to repoſe myſelf, whether ſitting or lying, with my Heels as high, or higher than my Seat. There is no Profeſſion more pleaſant than the military, a Profeſſion both noble in it's Execution, (for Valour is the ſtrongeſt, proudeſt, and moſt generous of all Virtues) and noble in it's Cauſe. There is no Utility either more univerſal, or more juſt, than the Protection of the Peace and Grandeur of a Man's *Country*. The Company of ſo many noble, young, and active Men delights you; the ordinary Sight of ſo many tragick Spectacles; the Liberty of this Converſation without Art, with a maſculine and unceremonious Way of living, pleaſes you; the Variety of a thouſand ſeveral Actions, the encouraging Harmony of martial Muſick, that raviſhes and inflames both your Ears and Soul, the Honour of this Exerciſe, nay even the Sufferings and Difficulties of War, which *Plato* ſo little eſteems, that he makes Women and Children ſhare in his *Republick*, are delighful to you. You put yourſelves voluntarily upon particular Exploits and Hazards, according as you judge of their Luſtre and Importance, and ſee when even Life itſelf is excuſably employed.

Pulchrum

Pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis *.

And we conceive it brave to die in Arms †.

To fear common Dangers that concern so great a Multitude of Men, not to dare to do what so many sorts of Souls, and a whole People do, is for a Heart that is low, and mean beyond all Measure. Company eucourages even Children themselves. If others excel you in Knowledge, in Gracefulness, in Strength, or Fortune, you have third Causes to blame for that, but to give Place to them in Stability of Mind, you can blame no one for that but yourself. Death is more abject, more languishing and painful in *Bed* than in Battle; and *Fevers* and *Catarrhs*, as painful and mortal as a Musquet-shot: And whoever has fortified himself valiantly to bear the Accidents of common Life, would not need to raise his Courage to be a Soldier. *Vivere, mi Lucili, militare est* ‡. *To live, my* Lucilius, *is to make War.* I do not remember that I ever had the *Itch*, and yet scratching is one of Nature's sweetest Gratifications, and nearest at Hand, but the Smart follows too near. I use it most in my Ears, which are often apt to itch. I came into the World with all my Senses intire, even to Perfection. My Stomach is commodiously good, as also is my Head and my Breath; and for the most Part, uphold themselves so in the Height of *Fevers*. I have past the Age to which some *Nations*, not without Reason, have prescribed so just a Term of Life, that they would not suffer Men to exceed it; and yet I have some Intermissions, though short and inconstant, so clean and sound, as are little inferior to the Health and Indolency of my Youth. I do not speak of Vigour and Sprightliness, 'tis not Reason that it should follow me beyond it's Limits.

Non hoc amplius est liminis, aut aquæ
Cœlestis patiens latus ‖.

My Sides no longer can sustain
The Hardships of the Wind and Rain.

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* *Æneid. l.* 2. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Seneca Epist.* 96.
‖ *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 10.

My

My Face and Eyes presently discover me. All my Alterations begin there, and appear worse than they really are. My Friends often pity me, before I feel the Cause in myself: My Looking-glass does not fright me, for even in my Youth it has befallen me more than once to have a scurvy Complexion, and of ill Prognostick, without any great Consequence; insomuch, that the *Physicians* not finding any Cause within, answerable to that outward Alteration, attributed it to the Mind, and some secret Passion that tormented me within; but they were deceived. If my Body would govern itself as well according to my Rule, as my Mind does, we should move a little more at our Ease. My Mind was then not only free from Trouble, but moreover full of Joy and Satisfaction as it commonly is, half by Complexion, and half by it's own Design.

Nec vitiant artus ægræ contagia mentis *.

——— I never yet could find,
That e'er my Body suffer'd by my Mind.

I am of the Opinion, that this Temperature of my Soul has often raised my Body from it's Lapses: It is often depressed; and if the other be not brisk and gay, 'tis at least quiet and at rest. I have had a *Quartan Ague* four or five Months, that had made me look miserably ill; my Mind was always, if not calm, yet pleasant; if the Pain be without me, the Weakness and Languor do not much afflict me: I feel several corporal Faintings, that beget a Horror in me but to name, which yet I should less fear than a thousand Passions and Agitations of Mind that I see in Use. I resolve no more to run, 'tis enough that I crawl along; and no more complain of the natural Decadence that I feel in myself,

Quis tumidum Gutter miratur in Alpibus †.

than I regret, that my Duration shall not be as long and entire as that of an Oak. I have no Reason to complain of my Imagination, for I have had few Thoughts

* *Ovid. Trist.* † *Juven.* in

in my Life which have so much as broke my Sleep, if not those of Desire, which have awaked without afflicting me: I dream but seldom, and then of *Chimera's* and fantastick Things, commonly produced from pleasant Thoughts, and rather ridiculous than sad; and believe it to be true, that Dreams are the true Interpreters of our Inclinations; but there is Art required to sort and understand them.

Res quæ in vita usurpant homines cogitant, curant, vident; Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea sicut in somno accidunt, minus nimirum est *.

'Tis no wonder if what Men practise, think, care for, and do when waking, should also run in their Heads, and disturb them when they are asleep.

Plato moreover says, that 'tis the Office of Prudence to draw Instructions of Divination of future Things from Dreams. I see nothing in it, if not the wonderful Experience of that *Socrates*, *Xenophon*, and *Aristotle*, all Men of irreproachable Authority, relate. Historians say, that the *Atlantes* never dream, who also never eat any Thing that died of itself: Which I add, forasmuch as it is, perhaps, the Reason why they never dream; for *Pythagoras* ordered a certain Preparation of Diet, to beget proper Dreams; mine are always very gentle, without any Agitation of Body, or Expression of Voice. I have seen several of my Time wonderfully disturbed; *Theon* the Philosopher walked in his Sleep; as also did *Pericles*'s Servant, and that upon the Tiles and Tops of the House. I hardly ever chuse my Dish at Table, but fall too of the next at Hand and unwillingly change my Dish. A Confusion of Meats and a Clutter of Dishes displease me as much as any Thing whatever. I am easily satisfied with few Dishes, and am an Enemy to the Opinion of *Favorinus*, that in a Feast they must snatch from you the Meat you like, and set another Plate of another Sort before you, and that it is a pitiful

The Atlantes *never dream.*

* *Cic. de Div.*

Supper,

Supper, if you do not ſate your Gueſts with the Rumps of ſeveral Fowls, and that the *Beccafico* only deſerves to be all eaten. I uſually eat ſalt Meats, and yet I love Bread that has no Salt in it; and my Baker never ſends up other to my Table, contrary to the Cuſtom of the Country. In my Infancy, what they had moſt to correct in me, was the Refuſal of Things that Children commonly beſt love, as Sugar, Sweet-meats, and March-panes. My Governor contended with this Averſion to delicate Meats as a kind of Nicety, and indeed 'tis nothing elſe but a Difficulty of Taſte in any Thing to which it applies itſelf. Whoever ſhall cure a Child of an obſtinate Averſion to brown Bread, Bacon, or Garlick, will cure him of all kind of Delicacy. There are ſome who pretend to Temperance and Patience, by wiſhing for powdered Beef and Hams amongſt Pheaſant and Partridge; they have a good Time on't; 'tis the Delicacy of Delicacies, 'tis the Taſte of an effeminate Fortune, that diſreliſhes ordinary and accuſtomed Things, *Per quæ luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit* †. To ceaſe to make good Chear with what another does, and to be curious with what a Man eats, is the Eſſence of this Vice.

Si medica cœnare times olus omne patella *.

If an Herb Soop in a ſmall Diſh thou fear.

There is indeed this Difference, that 'tis better to oblige a Man's Appetite to Things that are moſt eaſy to be had, but 'tis always Vice to oblige a Man's ſelf. I formerly ſaid a Kinſman of mine was nice, who, by being in our Gallies, had unlearned the Uſe of Beds, and to put off his Clothes. If I had any Sons, I ſhould willingly wiſh them my Fortune. The good Father that *God* gave me, (who has nothing of me but the Acknowledgment of his Bounty, but truly 'tis a very hearty one) ſent me from my Cradle to be brought up in a Village of his, and there continued me all the while I was at Nurſe, and yet longer, bringing me up to the meanneſt, and moſt common Way of living: *Magna*

† *Seneca Epiſt.* 18. * *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 5.

pars libertatis est bene moratus venter *. *A well governed Belly is a great Part of Liberty.*

That Mothers ought not to have the Education of their Children.

Never take upon you yourselves, and much less give up to your Wives, the Care of their Education; leave the forming them to Fortune, under popular and natural Laws; leave it to Custom to train them up to Frugality, that they may rather descend from Hardships, than mount up to them. This Humour of his yet aimed at another End, that is, to make me familiar with those People, and that Condition of Men which most need our Assistance; believing that I should be more obliged rather to regard them who extended their Arms to me, than those who turned their Backs upon me. And for this Reason also it was, that he provided me *Godfathers* of the meanest Fortune, to oblige and bind me to them. Neither has his Design succeeded altogether ill; for, whether it be upon the Account of Glory, because there is more Honour in such a Condescension, or out of natural Compassion, that has a very great Power over me, I have a very kind Inclination towards the meanest Sort of People. The *Faction* which I condemn in our *Civil Wars*, I shall more sharply condemn when I see them flourish. It will half reconcile me to them, when I shall see them miserable, and suppress.

The noble Humour of Chelonis.

How much do I admire the generous Humour of *Chelonis*, Daughter and Wife to the *King* of *Sparta!* whilst her Husband *Cleombrotus*, in the Commotion of her *City*, had the Advantage over *Leonidas*, her Father, she, like a good Daughter, stuck close to her Father in all his Misery and Exile, in Opposition to the *Conqueror*. But so soon as the Chance of War turned, she changed her *Will* with the Chance of *Fortune*, and generously turned to her Husband's Side, whom she accompanied throughout, where his Ruin carried him: Having, as it appears, no other Choice, than to cleave to that Side that stood most in Need of her, and where she could best manifest her Piety and Compassion. I am naturally

* *Senec. Epist.* 123.

more

more apt to follow the Example of *Flaminius*, who ſtill more readily gave his Aſſiſtance to thoſe that had moſt need of him, than to thoſe who had Power to do him Good; than I do to that of *Pyrrhus*, who was of an Humour to truckle under to the great, and to domineer over the meaneſt Sort of People. Long Sittings at Meat both trouble me, and do me Harm; for, be it for want of better Countenance, or that I have accuſtomed my ſelf to it from a Child, I eat all the while I ſit. Therefore it is, that at my own Houſe, though the Meals there are of the ſhorteſt, I uſually ſit down a little while after the reſt, after the Manner of *Auguſtus*; but I do not imitate him in riſing alſo before the reſt of the Company: On the contrary, I love to ſit ſtill a long time after, and to hear them talk, provided I am none of the Talkers; for I tire and hurt myſelf with ſpeaking upon a full Stomach, as much as I find it pleaſant and very wholeſom to argue, and to ſtrain my Voice before Dinner. The ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* had more Reaſon than we, in ſetting apart for eating, which is a principal Action of Life, if not diverted by other extraordinary Buſineſs, many Hours, and the greateſt Part of the Night eating and drinking more deliberately than we do, who perform all our Actions in *Poſt* haſte; and in extending this natural Pleaſure to more Leiſure and better Uſe, intermixing with their Meals ſeveral pleaſant and profitable Offices of Converſation. They whoſe Concern it is to have a Care of me, may very eaſily hinder me from eating any thing they think will do me Harm; for in ſuch Things I never covet nor miſs any Thing I do not ſee. But withal, if it once comes in my Sight, 'tis in vain to perſuade me to forbear, ſo that when I deſign to faſt, I muſt be parted from thoſe that eat Suppers, and muſt have only ſo much given me, as is required for a regular Collation; for if I ſit down to Table, I forget my Reſolution. When I order my *Cook* to alter the manner of dreſſing any Diſh of Meat, all my Family knows what it means, that my Stomach is out of Order, and that I ſhall ſcarce touch it: I love to have all Meats that will endure it very little boiled or roaſted, and love them mightily mortified, and even

Long Meals of the Ancients.

to ſtinking in many. Nothing but Toughneſs generally offends me, of any other Quality I am as patient and indifferent as any Man I have known; ſo that contrary to the common Humour, even in Fiſh, it oft happens, that I find them both too freſh and too firm: Not for want of Teeth, which I ever had good, even to Excellence, and which Age does but now begin to threaten at this time of my Life. I have ever been uſed every Morning to rub them with a Napkin, and before and after Dinner. *God* is favourable to thoſe whom he makes to die by Degrees; 'tis the only Benefit of old Age; the laſt Death will be ſo much the leſs painful; it will kill but a quarter of a Man, or but half a one at moſt. I have one Tooth lately fallen out without drawing, and without Pain: It was the natural Term of it's Duration. Both that Part of my Being, and ſeveral others, are already dead, and others half dead, of thoſe that were moſt active and in higheſt Eſteem during my vigorous Years; ſo that I melt and ſteal away from myſelf. What a Folly would it be in my Underſtanding to apprehend the Height of this Fall, already ſo much advanced, as if it were from the utmoſt Precipice? I hope I ſhall not. I in Truth receive a principal Conſolation in the Meditation of my Death, that it will be juſt and natural, and that henceforward I cannot herein either require or hope from Deſtiny any other but unlawful Favour. Men make themſelves believe that they formerly had, as greater Statures, ſo longer Lives. But they deceive themſelves; and *Solon*, who was of thoſe elder Times, does nevertheleſs limit the Duration of Life to threeſcore and ten Years. I, who have ſo much, and ſo univerſally ador'd this ἄριστον μέτρον, *a mean is the beſt*, of ancient Times; and ſhall I, who have concluded the moſt moderate Meaſure the moſt perfect, pretend to an immeaſurable and prodigious old Age? Whatever happens contrary to the Courſe of *Nature*, may be troubleſom, but what comes according to her, ſhould always be acceptable and pleaſant. *Omnia quæ ſecundum Naturam fiunt ſunt habenda in bonis* *. *All Things that are done according to Nature, are to be accounted good.* And ſo *Plato* likewiſe ſays, that the Death which is oc-

* *Cicero.*

caſioned

casioned by Wounds, and Diseases is violent; but that which surprises us, old Age conducting us to it, is of all others the most easy, and in some Sort delicious. *Vitam adolescentibus vis aufert, senibus maturitas* *. *Young Men are taken away by Force, old Men by Maturity.* Death mixes and confounds itself throughout with Life, Decay anticipates it's Hour and Shoulders, even into the Course of our growing up. I have Pictures of myself taken at five and twenty, and five and thirty Years of Age, I compare them with that lately drawn, how often is it no more me, how much more is my present Image unlike the former, than to that I shall go out of the World withal? It is too much to abuse Nature, to make her trot so far, that she must be forced to leave us, and abandon our Conduct, our Eyes, Teeth, Legs, and all the rest, to the Mercy of a foreign and begged Assistance; and to resign us into the Hands of *Art*, being weary of following us herself. I am not very fond either of Salads, or Fruits, except *Melons*. My Father hated all Sorts of *Sauces*, and I love them all. Eating too much hurts me, but for the Quality of what I eat, I do not yet certainly know that any Sort of Meat disagrees with my Stomach; neither have I observed that either *Full-Moon* or *Decrease*, *Spring* or *Autumn*, are hurtful to me. We have in us Motions that are inconstant, and for which no Reason can be given. For Example, I found Radishes first grateful to my Stomach, since that nauseous, and now at present grateful again. In several other things likewise I find my Stomach and Appetite to vary after the same Manner. I have chang'd and chang'd again from *white Wine* to *Claret*, from *Claret* to *white*. I am a great Lover of Fish, and consequently make my *Fasts Feasts*, and my *Feasts Fasts*; and believe what some People say, that it is more easy of Digestion than Flesh. As I make a Conscience of eating Flesh upon Fish-Days, so does my Taste make a Conscience of mixing Fish and Flesh, the Difference betwixt them seems to me to be too great so to do. From my Youth I have used sometimes to be out of the way at Supper, either to sharpen my Appetite against the next Morning, (for as *Epicurus* fasted

* *Cicero.*

and made lean Meals to accustom his Pleasure to make shift without Abundance, I on the contrary do it to prepare my Pleasure to make better and more chearful Use of Abundance,) or else I fasted to preserve my Vigour for the Service of some Action of Body or Mind; for both the one and the other of those are cruelly dulled in me by Repletion (and above all things, I hate that fooliſh coupling of so healthful and sprightly a *Goddess* with that little belching *God*, bloated with the Fume of this Liquor) or to cure my sick Stomach, and for want of fit Company. For I say as the same *Epicurus* did, that a Man is not so much to regard what he eats, as with whom; and commend *Chilo*, that he would not engage himself to be at *Periander*'s Feast, 'till he was informed who were to be the other Guests. No Dish was so acceptable to me, nor no Sauce so alluring, as that which is extracted from Society. I think it to be more wholesom to eat more leisurely and less, and to eat oftner: But I will have the Value of Appetite and Hunger enhanced. I should take no Pleasure to be fed with three or four pitiful and stinted Repasts a Day, after a *Physical* Manner. Who will assure me that if I have a good Appetite in the Morning, I shall have the same at Supper? But especially, let us old Fellows take the first opportune Time of eating, and leave to *Almanack-makers* the *Hopes* and *Prognosticks*. The utmost Fruit of my Health is Pleasure; let us take hold of the present and known. I avoid Constancy in these Laws of fasting. Who will have one Form serve him, let him evade the continuing of it; we harden ourselves in it, our Forces are there stupified and laid asleep; six Months after you shall find your Stomach so inured unto it, that all you have got is only the Loss of your Liberty of doing otherwise, but to your Prejudice. I never keep my Legs and Thighs warmer in Winter than in Summer, one single Pair of silk Stockings is all: I have suffered myself, for the Relief of my Rheums, to keep my Head warmer, and my Belly upon the Account of my Cholick: my Diseases in a few Days habituated themselves, and disdained my ordinary Provisions. I was presently got from a single Cap to a Napkin, and from a Napkin to a quilted Cap. The Belly-pieces of my Doublet serve only for Decency, they

ſignify nothing, if I do not add a Hare's Skin or a Stomacher, and wear a Callot upon my Head. Follow this Gradation, and you will go a very fine way to work. I am reſolved to proceed no farther, and would leave off thoſe two, if I durſt. You muſt fall into any new Inconvenience, all this is Labour loſt; you are accuſtomed to it; ſeek out ſome other Way: Thus do ſuch ruin and deſtroy themſelves, who ſubmit to be peſtered with theſe enforced and ſuperſtitious Rules; they muſt add ſomething more, and ſomething more after that, there is no End on't. For what concerns our Affairs and Pleaſures, it is much more commodious; as the Ancients did to loſe a Man's Dinner, and defer making good Cheer, 'till the Hour of Retirement and Repoſe, without breaking a Day; and ſo was I formerly uſed to do. For Health, I ſince by Experience find on the contrary, that it is better to dine, and that the Digeſtion is better made waking. I am not very apt to be thirſty, either well or ſick, my Mouth is indeed apt to be dry, but without Thirſt; and commonly I never drink but with Thirſt that is created by eating, and then I drink as hard as any. I drink pretty well for a Man of my Pitch: In Summer, and at a hungry Meal, I do not only exceed the Limits of *Auguſtus* that drank but thrice preciſely; but not to offend *Democrates* his Rule, who forbad that Man ſhould ſtop at four Times, as an unlucky Number; I proceed for need to the fifth Glaſs, about three half Pints. For the little Glaſſes are my Favourites; and I take a Delight to drink them off, which other People avoid as an indecent Thing. I mix my Wine ſometimes with half, ſometimes the third Part Water; and when I am at Home, by an ancient Cuſtom that my Father's Phyſician preſcribed both to him and himſelf, they mix that which is deſigned for me in the Buttery three or four Hours before 'tis brought in. 'Tis ſaid, that *Cranaus* King of *Athens* was the Inventor of this Cuſtom of daſhing Wine with Water; whether profitable or no, I have heard diſputed. I think it more decent and wholeſom for Children to drink no Wine 'till after ſixteen or eighteen Years of Age. The moſt uſual and common Method of living is the moſt becoming: All Particularity in my Opinion is to be avoided, and I ſhould as much hate a

German that mixed Water with his Wine, as I ſhould do a *Frenchman* that drank it pure. Publick Cuſtom gives the Law in thoſe Things. I fear a Fog, and fly from Smoke, as from the Plague, (the firſt Repairs I fell upon in my own Houſe were the Chimneys and Houſes of Office, the common and inſupportable Nuſances of all old Buildings) and amongſt the Difficulties of War, reckon the choaking Duſt they make us ride in a whole Day together. I have a free and eaſy Reſpiration, and my Colds for the moſt Part go off without Offence to the Lungs, and without a Cough. The Heat of Summer is more an Enemy to me than the Cold of Winter; for, beſides the Incommodity of Heat, leſs remediable than Cold, and beſides the Force of the Sun-beams that ſtrike upon the Head, all glittering Light offends my Eyes, ſo that I could not now ſit at Dinner over-againſt a flaming Fire. To dull the Whiteneſs of Paper, in thoſe Times when I was more wonted to read, I laid a Piece of Glaſs upon my Book, and found my Eyes much relieved by it. I am to this Hour ignorant of the Uſe of Spectacles, and can ſee as far as ever I did, or any other. 'Tis true, that in the Evening I begin to find a little Trouble and Weakneſs in my Sight, if I read; an Exerciſe that I have always found troubleſom, eſpecially by Night. Here is one Step back, and a very ſenſible one; I ſhall retire another, from the ſecond to the third, and ſo to the fourth, ſo gently, that I ſhall be ſtark blind before I ſhall be ſenſible of the Age and Decay of my Sight; ſo artificially do the *fatal Siſters* untwiſt our Lives. And yet I doubt that my Hearing begins to grow thick, and you ſhall ſee I ſhall have half loſt it, when I ſhall ſtill lay the Fault on the Voices of thoſe that ſpeak to me. Man muſt ſcrew up his Soul to a high Pitch, to make it ſenſible how it ebbs away. My Walking is quick and firm, and I know not which of the two, my Mind, or my Body, I have moſt to do to keep in the ſame State. That Preacher is very much my Friend, that can oblige my Attention a whole Sermon through. In Places of Ceremony, where every one's Countenance is ſo ſtarched, where I have ſeen the Ladies keep even their Eyes ſo fixed, I could never order it ſo, that ſome Part or other of me did not laſh out; ſo that though I was ſet, I was

never ſettled: As the Philoſopher *Chryſippus* his Chamber-maid ſaid of her Maſter, that he was only drunk in his Legs, for it was his Cuſtom to be always kicking his Legs about in what Place ſoever he ſat, and ſhe ſaid it at a Time, when the Wine having made all his Companions drunk, he found no Alteration in himſelf at all. The ſame may alſo be ſaid of me from my Infancy, that I have either Folly or Quickſilver in my Feet, ſo much Stirring and Unſettledneſs there is in them whereever they are placed. 'Tis indecent, beſides the Hurt it doth to one's Health, and even to the Pleaſure of eating, to eat ſo greedily as I do: I often bite my Tongue, and ſometimes my Fingers for Haſte. *Diogenes* meeting a Boy eating after that manner, gave his Tutor a Box o'th' Ear. There were Men at *Rome* that taught People to chew, as well as to walk, with a good Grace. I loſe the Leiſure of ſpeaking, which gives the beſt Reliſh to Tables, provided the Diſcourſe be ſuitable, that is, pleaſant and ſhort. There is Jealouſy and Envy amongſt our Pleaſures, they croſs and hinder one another. *Alcibiades*, a Man very well read in making good Cheer, baniſhed even Muſick from Tables, that they might not diſturb the Entertainment of Diſcourſe, by the Reaſon he had from *Plato*, that it is the Cuſtom of popular Men to call Fidlers and Singing-men to feaſt for want of good Diſcourſe and pleaſant Talk, with which Men of Underſtanding know how to entertain one another. *Varro* requires all this in great Entertainments, Perſons of graceful Preſence, and agreeable Converſation, that are neither ſilent nor Bablers; Neatneſs and Delicacy both of Meat and Place, and fair Weather. A good Treat is neither ſlightly artificial, nor a little voluptuous; neither the greateſt Captains, nor the greateſt Philoſophers, have diſdained either the Uſe or Science of eating well. My Imagination has delivered three of them to the Cuſtom of my Memory, which Fortune rendred ſovereignly ſweet to me upon ſeveral Occaſions in my moſt flouriſhing Age. My preſent State excludes me. For every one, according to the good Temper of Body and Mind wherein he then finds himſelf, does from thence make out to his own Uſe a particular Grace and liking; but I, who

Chryſippus *drunk in his Legs.*

but crawl upon the Earth, hate this inhuman Wisdom, that will have us despise and hate all Culture of Body. I look upon it as an equal Injustice to loath natural Pleasures, as to be too much in Love with them. *Xerxes* was a Fop, who, environed with all human Delights, proposed a Reward to him that could find him out others; but he is not much less so, who cuts off any of those Pleasures that Nature has provided for him. A Man should neither pursue nor fly, but receive them. I receive them I confess a little too affectionately and kindly, and easily suffer myself to follow my natural Inclination. We have nothing to do to exaggerate their Inanity, they themselves will make us sufficiently sensible of it. Thanks be to our sick Minds that abate our Joys, and put them out of Taste with them, as with themselves. They entertain both themselves and all they receive, one while better, and another worse, according to their insatiable, vagabond, and versatile Essence.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit *.

Unless the Vessel you would use be sweet,
'Twill sour whate'er you shall put into it.

I, who boast that I so curiously and particularly embrace the Conveniencies of Life, do find, when I most nearly consider, but very little more than Wind. But what? We are all Wind throughout, and moreover, the Wind itself loves to bluster and shift from Corner to Corner more discreetly than we, and contents itself with it's proper Offices, without desiring Stability and Solidity, Qualities that nothing belong to it. The pure Pleasures, as well as the pure Displeasures of the Imagination, say some are the greatest, as was expressed by the Balance of *Critolaus*. 'Tis no Wonder; it makes them to it's own liking, and cuts them out of the whole Cloth; of which I every Day see notable Examples, and peradventure to be desired. But I, who am of a mixed and heavy Condition, cannot snap so soon at this one simple Object, but that I negligently suffer myself to be carried away with

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Od.* 2.

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the preſent Pleaſures of the general human Law. Intellectually ſenſible, and ſenſibly intellectual. The *Cyrenaick* Philoſophers will have it, that as Corporal Pains, ſo Corporal Pleaſures are more powerful, both as double, and more juſt. There are ſome, as *Ariſtotle* ſays, who out of a ſavage kind of Stupidity pretend to diſguſt them: and I know others, who out of Ambition do the ſame. Why do they not moreover forſwear breathing? Why do they not live of their own, and refuſe Light becauſe it ſhines *gratis*, and coſts them neither Pains nor Invention? Let *Mars*, *Pallas* or *Mercury*, afford them their Light by which to ſee, inſtead of *Venus*, *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*. Will they not ſeek the Squaring of the Circle, even when mounted upon their Wives? I hate that we ſhould be enjoined to have our Minds in the Clouds when our Bodies are at Table; I will have the Mind there nailed, not that it ſhould wallow there, but I am willing it ſhould apply itſelf to that Place to ſit, but not to lye down there. *Ariſtippus* maintained nothing but the Body, as if we had no Soul; *Zeno* ſtickled only for the Soul, as if we had no Body. Both of them faultily. *Pythagoras*, ſay they, followed a Philoſophy that was all Contemplation, *Socrates* one that was all Manners and Action. *Plato* found out a mean betwixt both; but they only ſay ſo for Diſcourſe ſake; for the true Mean is found in *Socrates*; and *Plato* is more Socratick than Pythagorick, and it becomes him better. When I dance, I dance: when I ſleep, I ſleep. Nay, and when I walk alone in a beautiful Orchard, if my Thoughts are ſome part of the time taken up with ſtrange Occurrences, I ſome part of the time call them back again to my Walk, or to the Orchard, to the Sweetneſs of the Solitude, and to myſelf. Nature has with a motherly Tenderneſs obſerv'd this, that the Actions ſhe has enjoined us for our Neceſſity ſhould be alſo pleaſant to us, and invites us to them, not only by Reaſon, but alſo by Appetite: and 'tis Injuſtice to infringe her Laws. When I ſee both *Cæſar* and *Alexander* in the thickeſt of their greateſt Buſineſs, ſo fully enjoy Human and Corporal Pleaſures, I do not ſay that they ſlacken'd their Souls, but wound them up higher by Vigour of Courage, ſubjecting theſe violent Employments and laborious Thoughts to the ordinary uſe of Life.

Life. Wise, had they believed, that the last was their ordinary Employment, the first, their extraordinary Vocation. We are great Fools. He has past over his Life in ease, say we: I have done nothing yet that is new. What! have you not lived till now? 'Tis not only the fundamental, but the most illustrious of your Occupations. Had I been put to the Management of great Affairs, I should have made it seen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate, and manage your Life; you have performed the greatest Work of all. For a Man to shew, and set out himself, Nature has no need of Fortune, she equally shews herself in all degrees, and behind a Curtain, as well as without one. Have you known how to compose your Manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed Books. Have you known how to take Repose? You have done more than he who has taken Cities and Empires. The glorious Master-piece of Man is to know how to live to purpose; all other things, to reign, to lay up Treasure, and to build, are at the most but little Appendixes, and little Props. I take a Delight to see a General of an Army at the Foot of a Breach he intends presently to assault, give himself up intire and free at Dinner, to talk and be merry with his Friends. And *Brutus*, when Heaven and Earth were conspired against him and the *Roman* Liberty, to steal some Hour of the Night from his Rounds to read and abridge *Polybius* in all Security. 'Tis for little Souls, that truckle under the Weight of Affairs, not to know how clearly to disengage themselves, and not to know how to lay them aside, and take them up again.

O fortes, pejoraque passi,
Mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas.
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor *.

Brave Spirits, who with me have suffer'd Sorrow,
Drink Cares away, we'll set up Sails to Morrow †.

Whether it be in jest or earnest, that the *Theological* and *Sorbonical* Wine, and their Feasts are turn'd into a Pro-

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 7. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

verb

verb; I find it Reaſon, they ſhould dine ſo much more commodiouſly and pleaſantly as they have profitably and ſeriouſly employed the Morning in the Exerciſe of their *Schools*. The Conſcience of having well ſpent the other Hour is the juſt and ſavoury Sauce of Tables. The *Sages* lived after that manner, and that inimitable emulation to Virtue, which aſtoniſhes us both in the one and the other *Cato*; ſo did that Humour of theirs ſerve even to Importunity, gently ſubmit it ſelf, and yield to the *Laws* of the human Condition, both of *Venus* and *Bacchus*; according to the Precepts of their *Sect*, that require a perfect wiſe Man ſhould be as expert and intelligent in the uſe of Pleaſures, as in all other Duties of Life. *Cui cor ſapiat ei & ſapiat Palatus. He that has a learned Soul, has a learned Palate too.* Yielding and Facility do, methinks, wonderfully honour, and beſt become a ſtrong and generous Soul. *Epaminondas* did not think, that to dance, ſing, and play, and be intent upon them, with the young Men of his City, were things that did any way derogate from the Honour of his glorious Victories, and the perfect Reformation of Manners that was in him. And amongſt ſo many admirable Actions of *Scipio*, the Grandfather, a Perſon worthy the Opinion of a heavenly Extraction, there is nothing that gives him a greater Grace than to ſee him earneſtly and childiſhly trifling, in gathering and chooſing Shells, and playing at *Coits* upon the Sea-ſhore with his Friend *Lælius*: And, if it was foul Weather, amuſing and pleaſing himſelf in repreſenting in Comedies, by writing the meaneſt and moſt popular Actions of Men: And having his Head full of that wonderful Enterprize of *Hannibal* and *Affric*, viſiting the *Schools*, and being continually preſent at the Philoſophical Lectures, improving himſelf even to the Envy of his Enemies at *Rome*. Nor is there any thing more remarkable in *Socrates*, than that, old as he was, he found time to make himſelf be inſtructed in Dancing and playing upon Inſtruments, and thought it time well ſpent; who nevertheleſs has been ſeen in an *Extaſy* ſtanding upon his Feet a whole Day and a Night together in the Preſence of all the *Grecian* Army, ſurprized and raviſhed with ſome profound Thought. He was

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the first who among so many valiant Men of the Army ran to the Relief of *Alcibiades*, oppressed with the Enemy, that shielded him with his own Body, and disengaged him from the Crowd, by absolute Force of Arms. It was he who, in the *Delian* Battle, relieved and saved *Xenophon*, when dismounted from his Horse, and who, amongst all the People of *Athens*, inraged as he at so unworthy a Spectacle, first presented himself to rescue *Theramenes*, whom the thirsty *Tyrants* were haling to *Execution* by their Guards, and desisted not from his bold Enterprize, but at the Remonstrance of *Theramenes* himself, though he was only followed by two more in all. He has been seen, when courted by a Beauty, with which he was in Love, yet maintain a severe Abstinence in Time of need. He has been seen continually to go to the *War*, and with his bare Feet to trample upon the Ice; to wear the same Robe Winter and Summer, to surpass all his Companions in Patience of Suffering, and to eat no more at a Feast, than at his own private Dinner; he was seen seven and twenty Years together to endure Hunger, Poverty, the Indocility of his Children, and the Talons of his Wife, with the same Countenance; and in the End Calumny, Tyranny, Imprisonment, Fetters, and Poisons. But was that Man obliged to drink to him by any Rule of Civility? He was also the Man of the *Army* to whom the Advantage remain'd. And he never refused to play at *Cob-nut*, nor to ride the *Hobby-horse* with the Boys, and it became him well; for all Actions, says Philosophy, equally become, and equally honour a wise Man. We have enough wherewithal to do it, and we ought never to be weary of representing the *Image* of this great Man in all the Patterns and Forms of Perfection. There are very few Examples of Life full and pure, and we wrong our Instruction every Day, to propose to ourselves those that are weak and imperfect, scarce good for any one Service that pulls us back, and that are rather Corrupters than Correctors of Manners. The People deceive themselves; a Man goes much more easily indeed by the Ends, where the Extremity serves for a Bound, a Stop and Guide, than by the middle Way, which is large and open, and according to *Art*, than according to *Nature*;

but

but withal much leſs nobly and commendably. The Grandeur of Soul conſiſts not ſo much in mounting and in proceeding forward, as in knowing how to govern and circumſcribe itſelf. It takes every thing for great, that is enough; and demonſtrates itſelf better in moderate, than eminent Things. There is nothing ſo handſom and lawful, as well and duly to play the Man; nor *Science* ſo hard, as well to know how to live this Life; and of all the Infirmities we have, 'tis the moſt ſavage to deſpiſe our Being. Whoever has a Mind to ſend his Soul abroad, when the Body is ill at eaſe, to preſerve it from the Contagion, let him do it if he can: But in all other Things let him, on the contrary, favour and aſſiſt it, and not refuſe to participate of it's natural Pleaſure and Delights with a Conjugal Complacency; bringing to it withal, if it be a wiſer Soul, Moderation, leſt by Indiſcretion they ſhould confound them with Diſpleaſures. Intemperance is the beſt of Pleaſure, and Temperance is it's Scourge, but rather it's Seaſoning. *Eudoxus*, who therein eſtabliſh'd the ſovereign Good, and his Companions, who ſet ſo high a Value upon it, taſted with a more charming Sweetneſs by the Means of Temperance, which in them was moſt ſingular and exemplary. I enjoin my Soul to look upon *Pain* and *Pleaſure* with an Eye equally regular; *Eodem enim vitio eſt effuſio animi in lætitia, quo dolore contractio* *: *For 'tis by the ſame Vice that we dilate our ſelves in Mirth, and contract them in Sorrow:* and equally firm: but the one gaily, and the other ſeverely, and according to what it is able, to be as careful to extinguiſh the one as to extend the other. The judging rightly of *Goods*, brings along with it the judging ſoundly of *Evils*. Both Pain has ſomething not to be avoided in it's tender Beginnings, and Pleaſure has ſomething that may be avoided in it's exceſſive End. *Plato* couples them together, and will that it ſhould be equally the Office of Fortitude to fight againſt Pain, and againſt the immoderate and charming Blandiſhments of Pleaſure. They are two Fountains, from which whoever draws, when, and as much as he needs, whether *City*, *Man*,

* *Cicero, Thuſ. l.* 4.

or *Beasts*, is very happy. The first is to be taken physically, and upon necessity more scarcely; the other for Thirst, but not to Drunkenness. Pain, Pleasure, Love and Hatred, are the first things that a Child is sensible of; if when his Reason comes to him he applies himself to it, that is Virtue. I have a peculiar Method of my own, I squander away my Time when it is ill and uneasy; but when 'tis good, I will not squander it away. I run it over again and stick to it; a Man must run over the ill, and insist upon the good. This ordinary *Phrase* of Past-time, and passing away the Time, represents the Custom of those wise sort of People, who think they cannot have a better account of their Lives, than to let them run out and slide away, to pass them over, and to baulk them, and as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to shun them, as a thing of troublesom and contemptible Quality: But I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in it's latest Decay, wherein I now enjoy it: And Nature has deliver'd it into our Hands in such and so favourable Circumstances, that we commonly complain of our selves if it be troublesom to us, or slide unprofitable away. *Stulti vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur* †. *The Life of a Fool is uneasy, timorous, and wholly bent upon the future.* Nevertheless I compose my self to lose mine without Regret, but withal as a thing that is loseable by it's Condition, not that it troubles or importunes me. Neither does it properly well become any, not to be displeased when they die, excepting as are pleased to live. There is good Husbandry in enjoying it. I enjoy it double to what others do; for the Measure in Fruition depends more or less upon our Application to it. Now, especially, that I perceive mine to be so short in Time, I will extend it in Weight: I will stop the Suddenness of it's Flight, by the Suddenness of my seizing upon it: and by the Vigour of using it, recompense the Speed of it's running away. By how much the Possession of living is more short, I must make it so much deeper and more full. Others are sensible of Contentment, and of Prosperity, I feel it too, as well as they, but

† *Seneca, Epist.* 15.

not

not only as it ſlides and paſſes by; and alſo a Man ought to ſtudy, taſte, and ruminate upon it, to render condign Thanks to him that grants it to us. They enjoy the other Pleaſures as they do that of Sleep, without knowing it; to the End, that even Sleep itſelf ſhould not ſo ſtupidly eſcape from me, I have formerly cauſed my ſelf to be diſturbed in my Sleep, that I might the better and more ſenſibly reliſh and taſte it. I conſult my ſelf of a Contentment; I do not ſkin, but ſound it, and bend my Reaſon, now grown perverſe and ill-humour'd to etertain it. Do I find my ſelf in any calm Compoſedneſs? Is there any Pleaſure that tickles me? I do not ſuffer it to dally with my Senſes only, I aſſociate my Soul to it too: Not there to engage it ſelf, but therein to take Delight; not there to loſe itſelf, but to be preſent there; and employ it on it's part to view itſelf in this proſperous Eſtate, to weigh, eſteem, and amplify the good Hap. It reckons how much it ſtands indebted to *Almighty God* that it is in repoſe of Conſcience, and other inteſtine Paſſions, to have the Body in a natural Diſpoſedneſs, orderly and competently enjoining the ſoft and flattering Functions, by which he of his Bounty is pleaſed to recompenſe the Sufferings wherewith his Juſtice at his good Pleaſure does ſcourge and chaſtiſe us. How great a Benefit is it to Man to have his Soul ſo ſeated, that which way ſoever ſhe turns her Eye, the Heaven is calm and ſerene about her? No Deſire, no Fear or Doubt, that troubles the Air, nor any Difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that his Imagination may not paſs over without Offence. This Conſideration takes great Luſtre from the Compariſon of diſferent Conditions, and therefore it is, that I propoſe to my ſelf in a thouſand Faces, thoſe whom Fortune, or their own Error, torment and carry away, and moreover thoſe, who more like to me, ſo negligently and incurioufly receive their good Fortune. They are Men who paſs away their Time indeed, they run over the preſent, and that which they poſſeſs, to give themſelves up to Hope, and for vain Shadows and Images, which Fancy puts into their Heads.

Morte

Morte obita quales fama est volitare figuras,
Aut quæ sopitos deludunt somnia sensus *.

Such Shapes they say that dead's Men's Spirit have,
Or those in Dreams our drowsy Sense deceive †.

Which hasten and prolong their Flight according as they are pursued. The Fruit of their Pursuit is to pursue; as *Alexander* said, that the End of his Labour was to labour.

Nil actum credens cum quid supresset agendem ‡.

Thinking nought done, if aught was left to do.

For my Part then I love Life, and cultivate it, such as it has pleased God to bestow it upon us; I do not desire it should be without the Necessity of Eating and Drinking; and I should think to offend no less excusably to wish it had been double. *Sapiens divitiarum naturalium quæsitor acerrimus* ‖. *A wise Man is an avaricious Gaper after natural Riches.* Nor that we should support our selves by putting only a little of that *Drag* into our Mouths, by which *Epimenides* took away his Appetite, and kept himself alive. Nor that a Man should stupidly beget Children, with his Fingers or Heels, but rather with Reverence I speak it, that we might voluptuously beget them with our Fingers and Heels. Not that the Body should be without Desire, and void of Delight. These are ungrateful and wicked Complaints. I accept kindly and with acknowledgment, what Nature has done for me; am well pleased with it, and proud of it. A Man does wrong to the great and potent *Giver* of all Things, to refuse, disannul, or disfigure his Gift; he has made every thing well. *Omnia quæ secundum naturam sunt æstimatione digna sunt* **. *All Things that are according to Nature are worthy of Esteem,* Of Philosophical Opinions, I more willingly embrace those that are most solid, that

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* *Æneid. lib.* 10. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Lucan. l.* 2.
‖ *Seneca, Epist.* 119. ** *Cicero.*

is

is to say, the most humane, and most our own: My Discourse is suitable to my Manners, low and humble: I then bring forth a Child to my own liking, when it puts itself upon it's *Ergo's*, to prove that 'tis a barbarous Alliance to marry the *Divine* with the *Earthly*, the *Reasonable* with the *Unreasonable*, the *Severe* with the *Indulgent*, and the *Honest* with the *Dishonest*. That Pleasure is a brutish Quality, unworthy to be tasted by a wise Man. That the sole Pleasure that he extracts from the Enjoyment of a fair young Wife, is a Pleasure of his Conscience to perform an Action according to Order: as to put on his Boots for a profitable Journey. Oh, that his Followers had no more Right, nor Nerves, nor Juice, in getting their Wives Maidenheads, than in his Lessons. 'Tis not what *Socrates* says, who is both his *Master* and ours. He values, as he ought, bodily Pleasure, but he prefers that of the Soul, as having more Force, Constancy, Facility, Variety and Dignity. This according to him goes by no means *alone*, he is not so fantastick, but only it goes *first*. Temperance in him is the *Moderatrix*, not the *Adversary* of his Pleasures. Nature is a gentle Guide, but not more sweet and gentle, than prudent and just. *Intrandum est in rerum naturam & penitus quid ea postulet, pervidendum* *. *A Man must search into the Nature of Things, and examine what she requires.* I hunt after the Print of her Foot throughout, but we have confounded it with artificial Traces. And that *Academick* and *Peripatetick Good*, which is to live according to it, becomes by this Means hard to limit and explain. And that of the *Stoicks*, Cousin-German to it, which is to consent to Nature. Is it not an Error to esteem any Actions less worthy, because they are necessary, and yet they cannot beat it out of my Head, that it is not a convenient Marriage of *Pleasure* with *Necessity*, to which says an *Ancient*, the *Gods* do always consent. To what end do we dismember by Divorce, a Building united by so mutual and brotherly a Correspondence? Let us, on the contrary, repair and corroborate it by mutual Offices, let the Mind rouze and quicken the Heaviness of the *Body*, and the *Body*

* *Cic. de fin. lib.* 5.

ſtop and fix the Levity of the Soul. *Qui velut ſummum bonum laudat animæ naturam, & tanquam malum, naturam carnis accuſat, profecto & animam carnaliter appetit, & carnem carnaliter fugit, quoniam id vanitate ſentit humana, non veritate divina* *. *He that commends the Nature of the Soul as the ſupreme Good, and accuſes the Nature of the Fleſh as Evil, does certainly both carnally affect the Soul, and carnally flies the Fleſh, becauſe he is ſo poſſeſſed through Human Vanity, and not by Divine Truth.* In this *Preſent* which God has made us, there is nothing unworthy our Care; we ſtand accountable even to an Hair. And 'tis no ſlight Commiſſion to Man, to conduct Man according to his Condition. 'Tis expreſs, plain, and the principal Injunction of all, and the Creator has ſeriouſly and ſtrictly enjoin'd it. Authority has alone the Power to work upon common Underſtandings, and is of more Weight in a Foreign Language, and therefore let us again charge it in this Place. *Stultitiæ proprium quis non dixerit ignave, & contumaciter facere quæ facienda ſunt; & alio corpus impellere, alio animum, diſtrahique inter diverſiſſimos motus? Who will not ſay, that it is the Property of Folly, ſlothfully and contumaciouſly to perform what is to be done, and to bend the Body one way, and the Mind another, and to be diſtracted betwixt moſt different Motions?* Which to make apparent, makes any one another Day tell you what Whimſies and Imaginations he puts into his own Pate, and upon the Account of which he diverted his Thoughts from a good Meal, and complains of the Time he ſpends in eating: you will find there is nothing ſo inſipid in all the Diſhes at your Table, as this wiſe Meditation of his. For the moſt part we had better ſleep than wake to the Purpoſe we do: and that his Diſcourſes and Notions are not worth the worſt Meſs there: though they were the Raptures of *Archimedes* himſelf, what were they worth? I do not here ſpeak of, nor mix with the Rabble of us ordinary Men, and the Vanity of the Thoughts and Deſires that divert us, thoſe venerable Souls, elevated by the Ardor of Devotion and Religion, to a conſtant, and conſcientious Meditation of Divine Things, who by a lively Endea-

* *Aug. verb. Apoſtat, ſer.* 13. *lib.* 6.

vour, and vehement Hope, profeſſing the Uſe of the Eternal Nouriſhment, the final Aim, and laſt Step of Chriſtian Deſires, the ſole, conſtant, and incorruptible Pleaſure, diſdain to apply themſelves to our neceſſitous, fluid, and ambiguous Conveniencies, and eaſily reſign to the Body the Care and Uſe of ſenſual and temperate Feeding. 'Tis a privileged Study. I have ever amongſt us obſerved ſuperceleſtial Opinions, and ſubterranean Manners to be of ſingular Accord. *Æſop*, that great Man, ſaw his Maſter piſs as he walked: What, ſaid he, *muſt we then dung as we run?* Let us manage our Time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle and ill employed. As if the Mind had no other Hours enough wherein to do it's Buſineſs, without diſaſſociating itſelf from the Body, in that little Space it needs for it's Neceſſity. They will put themſelves out of themſelves, and eſcape from being Men. 'Tis Folly, inſtead of transforming themſelves into Angels, they transform themſelves into Beaſts, and inſtead of elevating lay themſelves lower. The tranſcendent Humours affright me, like high and inacceſſible Cliffs and Precipices: And nothing is hard for me to digeſt in the Life of *Socrates*, but his Extacies and Communication with Demons. Nothing ſo human in *Plato* as that for which they ſay he was called Divine. And of our Sciences, thoſe ſeem to be the moſt terreſtrial and low that are higheſt mounted. And I find nothing ſo humble and mortal in the Life of *Alexander* as his Fancies about Immortaliſation. *Philotas* pleaſantly quipt him in his Anſwer. He congratulated him by Letter concerning the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon*, who had placed him amongſt the Gods; *Upon thy Account, I am glad of it*, ſaid he, *but the Men are to be lamented*, who are to live with a Man, and to obey him, who exceeds, and is not contented with the Meaſure of a Man. *Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas. Becauſe thou carrieſt thy ſelf lower than the Gods, thou doſt rule and command.* The queint Inſcription wherewith the *Athenians* honour'd the Entry of *Pompey* into their City is conformable to myſelf:

D'autant es tu Dieu, comme
Tu te recognois homme.

By ſo much thou a God appear'ſt to be,
By how much thou a Man confeſſeſt thee.

'Tis an abſolute, and as it were, a Divine Perfection, for a Man to know how loyally to enjoy his Being: We ſeek other Conditions, by reaſon we do not underſtand the uſe of our own; and go out of ourſelves, becauſe we know not how to reſide there. 'Tis to much purpoſe to go upon Stilts, for when upon Stilts, we muſt yet walk upon our Legs: And when ſeated upon the moſt elevated Throne in the World, we are but ſeated upon our Breech. The faireſt Lives, in my Opinion, are thoſe which regularly accommodate themſelves to the common and human Model: but without Miracle, and without Extravagance. But old Age ſtands a little in need of a more gentle Treatment. Let us recommend it to God, the Protector of Health and Wiſom, but withal, let us be gay and ſociable:

Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latoe dones, & precor integra
Cum mente, nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec Cythara carentem.

Latona's Son,
In Mind, and Body's Health my own
T'enjoy; old Age from Dotage free,
And ſolac'd with the Lute give me *.

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* *Sir* Richard Fanſhaw.

The End of the Third and Laſt Book of MONTAIGNE's ESSAYS.

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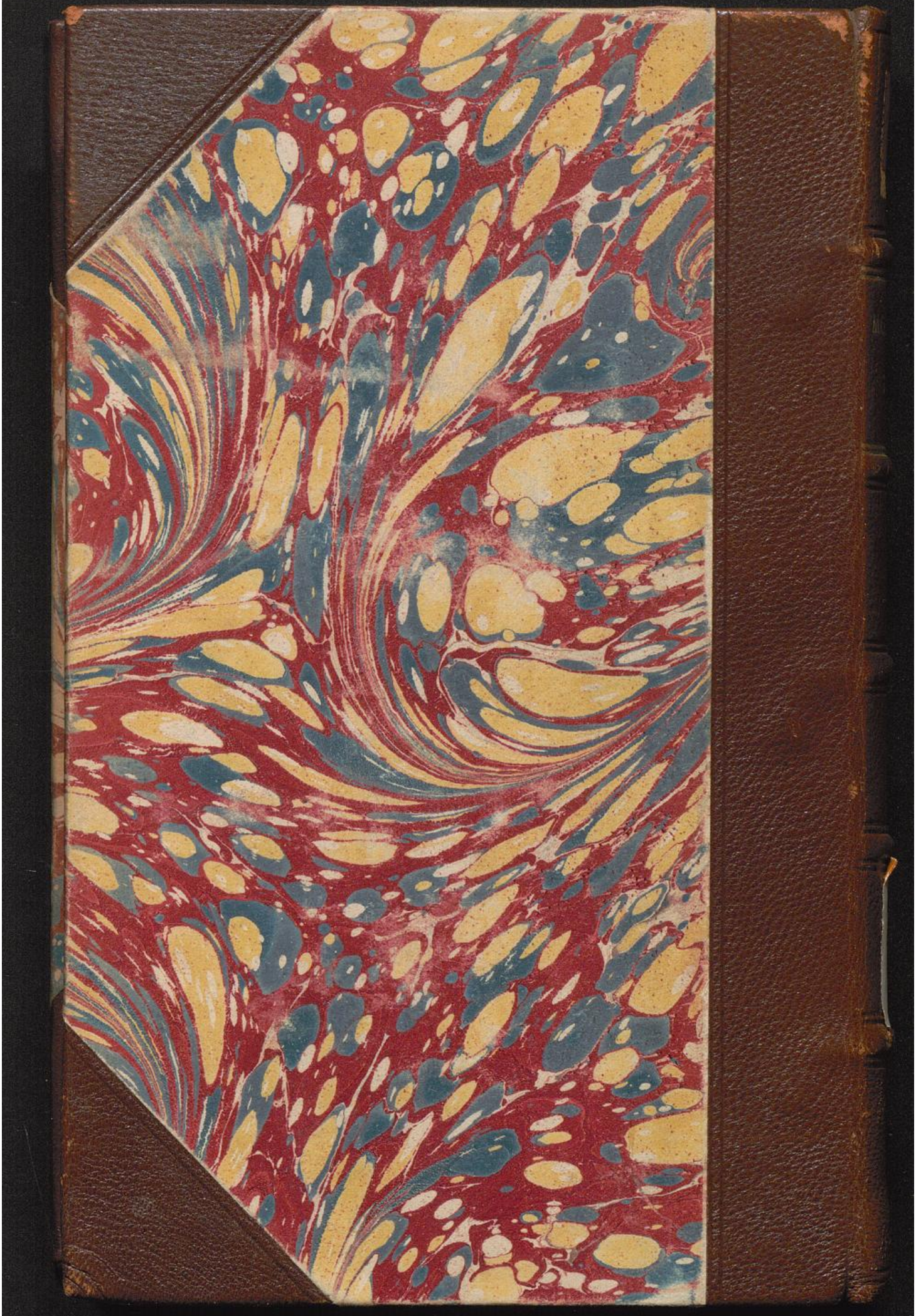

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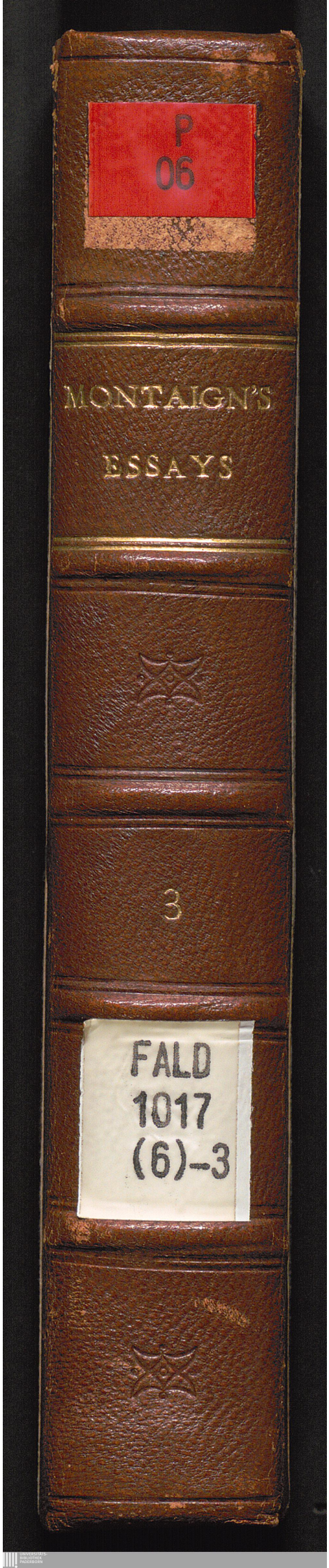
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