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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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# ESSAYS

OF

*Michael Seig<sup>r</sup>. de Montaigne.*

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The First BOOK.

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## CHAP. I.

*That Men by various Ways arrive at the same End.*

**T**HE most likely and most usual Way in Practice, of appeasing the Indignation of such as we have any Way offended, when we see them in Possession of the Power of Revenge, and find that we absolutely lye at their Mercy, is by Submission (than which, nothing more flatters the Glory of an Adversary) to move them to Commiseration and Pity: *Submission mollifies the Hearts of the offended.* And yet Bravery, Constancy, and Resolution, however quite contrary Means, have sometimes served to produce the same Effect. *Edward the Black Prince of Wales* (the same who so long governed our Province of *Guienne*, a Person whose high Condition, excellent Qualities, and remarkable Fortune,

tune, have in them a great deal of the most noble and most considerable Parts of Grandeur) having through some Misdemeanours of theirs, been highly incensed by the *Limosins*, and in the Heat of that Resentment taken their City by Assault, was not, in the Riot commonly attending such Executions, either by the Outcries of the People, or the Prayers and Tears of the Women and Children, abandoned to Slaughter and prostitute at his Feet for Mercy, to be stayed from prosecuting his Revenge; till penetrating farther into the Body of the Town,

*Remarkable Valour of 3 French Gentlemen.*

he at last took Notice of three *French Gentlemen*, who with incredible Bravery alone sustained the whole Power of his victorious Army: And then it was, that the Consideration of, and the Respect unto so remarkable a Virtue, first stopt the Torrent of his Fury, and that his Clemency, beginning in the Preservation of these three Cavaliers, was afterwards extended to all the remaining Inhabitants of the City. *Scanderbeg*, Prince of *Epirus*, in great Wrath pursuing one of his Soldiers, with a resolute Purpose to kill him, and the Soldier having in vain tried by all the Ways of Humility and Supplication to appease him, seeing him notwithstanding obstinately bent to his Ruin, resolved, as his last Refuge, to face about and expect him with his Sword in his Hand; which Behaviour of his gave a sudden Stop to his Captain's Fury, who, seeing him assume so noble a Resolution, received him to Grace: An Example, however, that might suffer another Interpretation with such as have not read of the prodigious Force and Valour of that invincible Prince. The Emperor *Conrade III.* having besieged *Guelpho* Duke of *Bavaria*, would not be prevailed upon, what mean and unmanly Satisfaction soever had been tendered to him, to condescend to milder Conditions, than that the *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* only who were in the Town might go out without Violation of their Honour on Foot, and with so much only as they could carry about them. Which was no sooner known, but that out of Magnanimity of Heart, and an Excess of good Nature, they presently contrived to carry out upon their Shoulders, their Husbands and Children, and even the Duke himself; a Sight at which the Emperor was so pleased, that ravished with

with the Generosity of the Action, he wept for Joy, and immediately extinguishing in his Heart the mortal and implacable Hatred he had conceiv'd against this Duke, he from that Time forward treated him and his with all Humanity and Affection. The one, or the other, of these two ways, would with great Facility work upon my Nature; for I have a marvellous Propensity to Mercy and Mildness, and to such a Degree of Tenderneſs, that I fancy, of the two I should sooner surrender my Anger to *Compaſſion* than *Eſteem*: And yet Pity is reputed a Vice amongst the *Stoicks*, who will that we succour the Afflicted, but not that we should be so affected with their Sufferings, as to suffer with them. I conceiv'd these Examples not ill suited to the Question in Hand, and the rather because therein we observe these great Souls, assaulted and try'd by these two several ways to resist the one without relenting, and to be shook and subjected by the other. It is true, that to suffer a Man's Heart to be totally subdu'd by *Compaſſion*, may be imputed to Facility, Effeminacy, and Over-tenderneſs; whence it comes to pass, that the weakest Natures, as of Women, Children, and the common Sort of People, are the most subject to it: But after having resisted, and disdain'd the Power of Sighs and Tears, to surrender a Man's Animosity to the sole Reverence of the sacred Image of Virtue; this can be no other than the Effect of a strong and inflexible Soul, enamour'd of, and ravish'd with a Masculine and obstinate Valour. Nevertheless, Astonishment and Admiration may in less generous Minds beget a like Effect. Witness the People of *Thebes*, who having put two of their Generals upon Trial for their Lives, for having continued in Arms beyond the precise Term of their Commission, very hardly pardon'd *Pelopidas*, who bowing under the Weight of so dangerous an Accuſation, had made no manner of Defence for himself, nor produc'd other Arguments than Prayers and Supplications to secure his Head; whereas, on the contrary, *Epa-minondas* being brought to the Bar, and falling to magnify the Exploits he had perform'd in their Service, and after a haughty and arrogant manner reproaching them with Ingratitude and Injustice, they had not the Heart to proceed any further in his Trial, but broke up the Court

*Pity reputed a  
Vice amongst  
the Stoicks.*

and departed, the whole Assembly highly commending the Courage and Confidence of this Man *Dionysius* the Elder, after having by a tedious Siege, and through exceeding great Difficulties, taken the City of *Rbegium*, and in it the Governor *Phyton*, a very gallant Man, who had made so obstinate a Defence, he was resolv'd to make him a tragical Example of his Revenge; in order whereunto, and the more sensibly to afflict him, he first told him, *That he had the Day before caus'd his Son and all his Kindred to be drown'd*: To which *Phyton* return'd no other Answer but this, *That they were then by one Day happier than he*. After which, causing him to be stripp'd, and delivering him into the Hands of the Tormentors, he was by them not only dragg'd through the Streets of the Town, and most ignominiously and cruelly whipp'd, but moreover, vilified with most bitter and contumelious Language: Yet still, in the Fury of all this Persecution, he maintain'd his Courage entire all the Way, with a strong Voice and undaunted Countenance proclaiming the glorious Cause of his Death; namely, for that he would not deliver up his Country into the Hands of a merciless Tyrant; at the same Time denouncing against him a sudden Chastisement from the offended Gods. At which the Tyrant rolling his Eyes about, and reading in his Soldiers Looks, that instead of being incens'd at the haughty Language of this conquer'd Enemy, to the Contempt of him their Captain and his Triumph, they not only seem'd struck with Admiration of so rare a Virtue, but moreover inclin'd to mutiny, and were even ready to rescue the Prisoner out of the Hangman's Hands, he caus'd the Execution to cease, and afterwards privately caus'd him to be thrown into the Sea. Man (in good Earnest) is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unstable Subject, and on whom it is very hard to form any certain or proportionate Judgment. For *Pompey* could pardon the whole City of the *Mammertines*, though furiously incens'd against it, upon the single Account of the Virtue and Magnanimity of one Citizen, *Zeno*, who took the Fault of the Publick wholly upon himself; neither intreated other Favour, but alone to undergo the Punishment for all: And yet *Sylla's* Host, having in the City of *Perusia* manifested the same Virtue, obtain'd nothing by it, either  
for

for himself or his Fellow Citizens. And directly contrary to my first Examples, the bravest of all Men, and who was reputed so gracious and civil to all those he overcame. *Alexander the Great*, having after many great Difficulties forc'd the City of *Gaza*, and entering found *Betis*, who commanded there, and of whose Valour in the Time of this Siege he had most noble and manifest Proofs, alone, forsaken by all his Soldiers, his Arms hack'd and hew'd to Pieces, covered all over with Blood and Wounds, and yet still fighting in the Croud of a great Number of *Macedonians*, who were laying on him on all Sides, he said to him, nettled at so dear bought Victory, and two fresh Wounds he had newly received in his own Person, *Thou shalt not die Betis so honourably as thou dost intend, but shall assuredly suffer all the Torments that can be inflicted on a miserable Captive.*

To which Menaces the other returning no other Answer, but only a fierce and disdainful Look; What, says the Conqueror (observing his obstinate Silence) *Is he too stiff to bend a Knee! Is he too proud to utter one suppliant Word! I shall certainly conquer this Silence; and if I cannot force a Word from his Mouth, I shall at least extract a Groan from his Heart.*

*Obstinate Silence of Betis.*

And thereupon converting his Anger into Fury, presently commanded his Heels to be bored through, causing him to be dragg'd, mangled, and dismembred at an infamous Cart's-Tail. Was it that the Height of Courage was so natural and familiar to this Conqueror, that because he could not admire, he should the less esteem this *Hero*? Or was it that he conceiv'd Valour to be a Virtue so peculiar to himself, that his Pride could not, without Envy, endure it in another? Or was it that the natural Impetuosity of his Fury was incapable of Opposition? Certainly had it been capable of any manner of Moderation or Satiety, it is to be believ'd, that in the Sack and Desolation of *Thebes*, to see so many valiant Men lost and totally Deftitute of any farther Defence, cruelly massacred before his Eyes, would have appeas'd it. Where there were above six thousand put to the Sword, of which not one was seen to fly, or heard to cry out for Quarter; but on the contrary every one running here and there to seek out and to provoke the victorious Enemy to help them to an honourable End: Not one who did not to his last Gasp, yet endeavour

to revenge himself, and with all the Arms of a brave Despair to sweeten his own Death in the Death of an Enemy. Yet did their Virtue create no Pity, and the Length of one Day was not enough to satiate the Thirst of the Conqueror's Revenge; but the Slaughter continued to the last Drop of Blood that was capable of being shed, and stopp'd not till it met with none but naked and impotent Persons, old Men, Women, and Children, of them to carry away to the Number of thirty thousand Slaves.



## C H A P. II.

*Of Sorrow.*

**N**O Man living is more free from this Passion than I, who neither like it in myself, nor admire it in others, and yet generally the World, (I know not why) is pleas'd to grace it with a particular Esteem, endeavouring to make us believe, that Wisdom, Virtue and Conscience shroud themselves under this grave and affected Appearance. Foolish and sordid Disguise! The *Italians* however, under the Denomination of *Un Tristo*, decypher a clandestine Nature, a dangerous and ill-natured Man: And with good Reason, it being a Quality always hurtful, always idle and vain, and as cowardly, mean, and base, by the *Stoicks* expressly, and particularly forbidden their Sages: But the Story nevertheless says, that *Psammenitus*, King of *Egypt*, being defeated and taken Prisoner by *Cambyfes* King of *Persia*, seeing his own Daughter pass by him in a wretched Habit, with a Bucket to draw Water, though his Friends about him were so concerned as to break out into Tears and Lamentations at the miserable Sight, yet he himself remain'd unmov'd, without uttering a Word of Discontent, with his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground: And seeing moreover his Son immediately after led to Execution, still maintain'd the same Gravity and Indifference; till spying at last one of his Domesticks dragg'd away amongst the Captives, he could then hold no longer, but fell to tearing his Hair, and beating his Breast, with all the other Extravagancies

vagancies of a wild and desperate Sorrow. A Story that may very fitly be coupled with another of the same kind, of a late Prince of our own Nation, who being at *Trent*, and having News there brought him of the Death of his elder Brother, but a Brother on whom depended the whole Support and Honour of his House, and soon after of that of a younger Brother, the second Hope of his Family, and having withstood these two Assaults with an exemplary Resolution, one of his Servants happening a few Days after to die, he suffered his Constancy to be overcome by this last Accident; and parting with his Courage, so abandon'd himself to Sorrow and Mourning, that some from thence were forward to conclude, that he was only touch'd to the Quick by this last Stroke of Fortune; but, in truth, it was that being before brim-full of Grief, the least Addition overflow'd the Bounds of all Patience. Which might also be said of the former Example, did not the Story proceed to tell us, that *Cambyfes* asking *Psammitus*, *Why, not being mov'd at the Calamity of his Son and Daughter, he should with so great Impatience bear the Misfortune of his Friend?* *It is* (answered he,) *because this last Affliction was only to be manifested by Tears, the two first exceeding all manner of Expression.* And peradventure something like this might be working in the Fancy of the ancient Painter, who being in the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, to represent the Sorrow of the Assistants proportionably to the several Degrees of Interest every one had in the Death of this fair innocent Virgin; and having in the other Figures laid out the utmost Power of his Art, when he came to that of her Father he drew him with a Veil over his Face, meaning thereby, that no kind of Countenance was capable of expressing such a Degree of Sorrow. Which is also the Reason why the Poets feign the miserable Mother *Niobe*, having first lost seven Sons, and successively as many Daughters, to be at last transform'd into a Rock;

*Diriguisse malis* \*.

— Whom Grief alone,  
Had Pow'r to stiffen into Stone.

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\* *Ovid. Met. lib. 6.*

Thereby



Thereby to exprefs, that melancholick, dumb, and deaf Stupidity, which benumbs all our Faculties when opprest with Accidents greater than we are able to bear; and indeed the Violence and Impreffion of an exceffive Grief, muft of Necessity aftonish the Soul, and wholly deprive her of her ordinary Functions: As it happens to every one of us, who upon any fudden Alarm of very ill News, find ourfelves surpriz'd, ftupified, and in a manner depriv'd of all Power of Motion, till the Soul, beginning to vent itfelf in Sighs and Tears, feems a little to free and difengage itfelf from the fudden Oppreffion, and to have obtain'd fome Room to work itfelf out at greater Liberty.

*Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est\*.*

Yet fcarce at laft by ftuggling Grief a Gate  
Unbolted is for Sighs to fall at.

In the War that *Ferdinand* made upon the Widow of King *John* of Hungary about *Buda*, a Man at Arms was particularly taken Notice of by every one for his fingular gallant Behaviour in a certain Encounter; unknown, highly commended, and as much lamented, being left dead upon the Place: But by none fo much as by *Raisciac* a German Lord, who was infinitely enamour'd of fo unparallel'd a Virtue. When the Body being brought off, and the Count with the common Curiofity coming to view it, the Arms were no fooner taken off, but he immediately knew him to be his own Son. A Thing that added a fecond Blow to the Compaffion of all the Beholders; only he, without uttering a Word, or turning away his Eyes from the woeful Object, flood fixtly contemplating the Body of his Son, till the Vehemency of Sorrow having overcome his vital Spirits, made him fink down ftone dead to the Ground.

*Chi puo dir com' egli arde é in picciol fuoco †!*

—What Tongue is able to proclaim  
How his Soul melted in the gentle Flame?  
fay the *Inamorato's* when they would represent an insupportable Paflion.

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‡ *Virg. Æneid, l. 11.* † *Petrarca, Sonetto 158.*

*Mifero quod omnes  
Eripit sensus mihi. Nam simul te,  
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super me  
Quod loquar amens,  
Lingua sed torpet tenuis, sub artus  
Flamma dimanat, sonitu suopte  
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur  
Lumina nocte\*.*

— all conquering *Lesbia*, thine Eyes  
Have ravish'd from me all my Faculties :  
At the first Glance of their victorious Ray,  
I was so struck I knew not what to say ;  
Nor had a Tongue to speak ; a subtle Flame  
Crept thro' my Veins ; my tingling Ears became  
Deaf without Noise, and my poor Eyes I found  
With a black Veil of double Darkness bound.

Neither is it in the Height and greatest Fury of the Fit, that we are in a Condition to pour out our Complaints, or to fall into Courtship, the Soul being at that Time overburthened, and labouring with profound Thoughts : And the Body dejected and languishing with Desire ; and thence it is, that sometimes proceed those accidental Impotences that so unseasonably surprize the willing Lover, and that Frigidity which by the Force of an immoderate Ardour, so unhappily seizes him even in the very Lap of Fruition : For all Passions that suffer themselves to be relished and digested are but moderate.

*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent †.*

His Grief's but easy, who his Grief can tell,  
But piercing Sorrow has no Article.

A Surprise of unexpected Joys does likewise often produce the same Effect.

*Ut me conspexit vententem, & Troia circum  
Arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monstis,  
Dirigit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,  
Labitur, & longo vix tandem tempore fatur ‡.*

\* *Cat. Epig. 52.*  
‡ *Ving. Aeneid.*

† *Seneca Hippol. Act. 2. Scen. 3.*

Soon as she saw me coming, and beheld  
 The *Trojan* Ensigns waving in the Field,  
 O'er-joy'd, and ravish'd at th' unlook'd for Sight,  
 She turn'd a Statue, lost all feeling quite;  
 Life's gentle Heat did her stiff Limbs forsake,  
 See swoon'd, and scarce after long swooning spake.

To these we have the Examples of the *Roman* Lady, who died for Joy to see her Son safe returned from the Defeat of *Cannæ*; and of *Sophocles*, and *Dionysius* the Tyrant, who died of Joy; and of *Talva*, who died in *Corfica*, reading News of the Honours the *Roman* Senate had decreed in his Favour. We have moreover one, in the Time of Pope *Leo* the Tenth, who upon News of the taking of *Milan*, a Thing he had so ardently and passionately desired, was rapt with so sudden an Excess of Joy, that he immediately fell into a Fever and died. And for a more authentick Testimony of the Imbecillity of human Nature, it is recorded by the Ancients, that *Diodorus* the Logician died upon the Place, out of an extreme Passion of Shame, for not having been able in his own School, and in the Presence of a great Auditory, to disengage himself from a nice Argument that was propounded to him. I for my Part am very little subject to these violent Passions; I am naturally of a stubborn Apprehension, which also by Discourse I every Day harden and fortify more and more.



### C H A P. III.

*That our Affections carry themselves beyond us.*

SUCH as accuse Mankind of the Folly of gaping and panting after future Things, and advise us to make our Benefits of those which are present, and to set up our Rest upon them, as having too short a Reach to lay hold upon that which is to come, and it being more impossible for us, than to retrieve what is past; have hit upon the most universal

versal of human Errors, if that may be called an Error to which Nature itself has disposed us, who in order to the Subsistence and Continuation of her own Work, has, amongst several others, prepossessed us with this deceiving Imagination, as being more jealous of our Action, than afraid of our Knowledge. For we are never present with, but always beyond ourselves. Fear, Desire, and Hope, are still pushing us on towards the Future, depriving us in the mean Time of the Sense and Consideration of that which is to amuse us, with the Thought of what shall be, even when we shall be no more.

*Calamitosus est Animus futuri anxius\*.*

A Mind that anxious is of Things to come,  
Is still abroad, finding no Rest at home.

We find this great Precept often repeated in *Plato, Do thine own Work, and know thyself.* Of which two Parts, both the one and the other generally comprehend our whole Duty, and consequently do each of them complicate and involve the other; for, who will do his own Work aright, will find, that his first Lesson is to know himself: And who rightly understands himself, will never mistake another Man's Work for his own, but will love and improve himself above all other Things, will refuse superfluous Employments, and reject all unprofitable Thoughts and Propositions. And, as Folly on the one Side, though it should enjoy all it can possibly desire, would notwithstanding never be content; so on the other, Wisdom does ever acquiesce with the present, and is never dissatisfied with it's immediate Condition: And that is the Reason why *Epicurus* dispenses his Sages from all Foresight and Care of the Future. Amongst those Laws that relate to the Dead, I look upon that to be the best, by which the Actions of Princes are to be examined and sifted after their Decease. They are equal, at least, while living, if not above the Laws, and therefore what Justice could not inflict upon their Persons, 'tis but Reason should be executed upon their Reputations, and the Estates of their Successors, Things that we often value above Life itself: A Custom of singular Advantage to those

\* *Seneca, Epist. 98.*

Countries

Countries where it is in use, and by all good Princes as much to be desired, who have Reason to take it ill, that the Memories of the Tyrannical and Wicked should be used with the same Reverence and Respect with theirs. We owe, 'tis true, Subjection and Obedience to all our Kings, whether good or bad, alike, for that has Respect unto their Office; but as to Affection and Esteem, those are only due to their Virtue. Let it be granted, that by the Rule of Government, we are with Patience to endure unworthy Princes, to conceal their Vices, and to assist them in their indifferent Actions, whilst their Authority stands in need of our Support: Yet, the Relation of Prince and Subject being once at an End, there is no Reason we should deny the Publication of our real Wrongs and Sufferings to our own Liberty and common Justice, and to interdict good Subjects the Glory of having submissively and faithfully served a Prince, whose Imperfections were to them so perfectly known, were to deprive Posterity of so good an Example; and such as out of Respect to some private Obligation, shall, against their own Knowledge and Conscience, espouse the Quarrel, and vindicate the Memory of a faulty Prince, do a particular Right at the Expence, and to the Prejudice of the publick Justice. *Livy* does very truly say, That the Language of Men bred up in Courts, is always sounding of vain Ostentation, and that their Testimony is rarely true, every one indifferently magnifying his own Master, and stretching his Commendation to the utmost Extent of Virtue and Sovereign Grandeur: And 'tis not impossible but some may condemn the Freedom of those two Soldiers, who so roundly answered *Nero* to his Face, the one being asked by him, *Why he bore him Ill-will?* *I loved thee,* answer'd he, *whilst thou wert worthy of it; but since thou art become a Parricide, an Incendiary, a Waterman, a Fidler, a Player, and a Coachman, I hate thee as thou dost deserve.* And the other, *Why he should attempt to kill him?* *Because,* said he, *I could think of no other Remedy against thy perpetual Mischiefs.* But the publick and univereal Testimonies that were given of him after his Death (and will be to all Posterity, both of him and all other wicked Princes like him) his Tyrannies and abominable Deportment considered, who, of a sound Judgment, can reprove them? I am scandalized, I confess, that in so sacred a Government

vernment as that of the *Lacedæmonians* there should be mixt so hypocritical a Ceremony at the Interment of their Kings; where all their Confederates and Neighbours, and all Sorts and Degrees of Men and Women, as well as their Slaves, cut and slash their Foreheads in Token of Sorrow, repeating in their Cries and Lamentations, That that King (let him have been as wicked as the Devil) was the best that ever they had; by this Means attributing to his Quality the Praises that only belong to Merit, and that of Right is properly due to the most supreme Desert, though lodged in the lowest and most inferior Subject. *Aristotle* (who will still have a Hand in every Thing) makes a *Quære* upon the Saying of *Solon*, *That none can be said to be happy until he be dead*. Whether then any one of those who have lived and died according to their Heart's Desire, if he have left an ill Repute behind him, and that his Posterity be miserable, can be said to be happy? Whilst we have Life and Motion, we convey ourselves by Fancy and Pre-occupation, whither and to what we please; but once out of Being, we have no more any Manner of Communication with what is yet in Being; and it had therefore been better said of *Solon*, *That Man is never happy, because never so till after he is no more*.

*Ceremony of the Lacedæmonians at the Interment of their Kings.*

Quisquam

*Vix radicitus è vita se tollit, & ejicit,  
Sed facit esse sui quiddam super inscius ipse,  
Nec removet satis à projecto corpore sese; &  
Vindicat\*.*

No dying Man can truss his Baggage so,  
But something of him he must leave below:  
Nor from his Carcass, that doth prostrate lie,  
Himself can clear, or far enough can fly.

*Bertrand de Glesquin*, dying before the Castle of *Raneon*, near unto *Puy* in *Auvergne*, the Besieg'd were afterwards, upon Surrender, enjoined to lay down the Keys of the Place upon the Corps of the dead General. *Bartholomeus*

\* *Lucret. lib. 3.*

*d'Alviano,*

*d'Alviano*, the *Venetian* General, happening to die in the Service of the Republic in *Brescia*; and his Corps being to be carried through the Territory of *Verona*, an Enemy's Country, most of the Army were of Opinion to demand safe Conduct from the *Veronese*, supposing, that upon such an Occasion it would not be denied: But *Theodoro Trivulfo* highly opposed the Motion, rather choosing to make his Way by Force of Arms, and to run the Hazard of a Battle, saying, it was by no means decent, and very unfit, that he, who in his Life was never afraid of his Enemies, should seem to apprehend them when he was dead. And in Truth, in Affairs almost of the same Nature, by the *Greek* Laws, he, who made Suit to an Enemy for a Body to give it Burial, did by that Act renounce his Victory, and had no more Right to erect a Trophy; and he to whom such Suit was made, was ever, whatever otherwise the Success had been, reputed Victor. By this Means it was, that *Nicias* lost the Advantage he had visibly obtained over the *Corinthians*, and that *Agesslaus*, on the contrary, assured what he had before very doubtfully gained of the *Boeotians*. These Proceedings might appear very odd, had it not been a general Practice in all Ages, not only to extend the Concern of our Persons beyond the Limits of Life, but moreover to fancy that the Favour of Heaven does not only very often accompany us to the Grave, but has also, even after Life, a Concern for our Ashes: Of which there are so many ancient Examples (waving those of our own Observation of later Date) that it is not very necessary I should longer insist upon it. *Edward* King of *England*, and the first of that Name, having in the long Wars betwixt him and *Robert* King of *Scotland*, had sufficient Experience of how great Importance his own immediate Presence was to the Success of his Affairs, having ever been victorious in whatever he undertook in his own Person; when he came to die, bound his Son in a solemn Oath, that so soon as he should be dead, he should boil his Body till the Flesh parted from the Bones, and reserve them to carry continually with him in his Army, so often as he should be obliged to go against the *Scots*; as if Destiny had inevitably grappled Victory even to those miserable Remains. *Jean Zisca*, the same, who so often in Vindication of *Wickliffe's* Heresies, infested the *Bohemian* State, left order that

That they should flea him after his Death, and of his Skin to make a Drum, to carry in the War against his Enemies, fancying it would much contribute to the Continuation of the Successes he had always obtained in the War against them. In like manner, certain of the *Indians*, in a Day of Battle with the *Spaniards*, carried with them the Bones of one of their Captains, in Consideration of the Victories they had formerly obtained under his Conduct. And other People of the same new World do yet carry about with them in their Wars the Relicks of valiant Men who have died in Battle, to incite their Courage and advance their Fortune: Of which Examples, the first reserve nothing for the Tomb, but the Reputation they have acquir'd by their former Atchievements; but these proceed yet farther and attribute a certain Power of Operation. The last Act of Captain *Bayard* is of a much better Composition; who finding himself wounded to death with a Harquebuss Shot, and being by his Friends importun'd to retire out of the Fight, made Answer, That he would not begin at the last Gasp to turn his Back to the Enemy; and accordingly still fought on, till feeling himself too faint, and no longer able to sit his Horse, he commanded his Steward to set him down against the Root of a Tree, but so that he might die with his Face towards the Enemy, which he also did. I must yet add another Example equally remarkable, for the present Consideration, with any of the former. The Emperor *Maximilian*, great Grandfather to *Philip* the Second, King of *Spain*, was a Prince endowed throughout with great and extraordinary Qualities, and amongst the rest, with a singular Beauty of Person; but had withal, a Humour very contrary to that of other Princes, who for the Dispatch of their most important Affairs convert their Close-stool into a Chair of State, which was, that he would never permit any of his Bed-Chamber, in what familiar Degree of Favour soever, to see him in that Posture; and would steal aside to make Water as religiously as a Virgin, and was as shy to discover either to his Physician, or any other whatever, those Parts that we are accustomed to conceal: And I myself, who have so impudent a Way of Talking, am nevertheless naturally so modest this Way, that unless at the Importunity

*Modesty of Maximilian the Emperor.*



of Necessity, or Pleasure, I very rarely and unwillingly communicate to the Sight of any, either those Parts or Actions that Custom orders us to conceal, wherein I also suffer more Constraint than I conceive is very well becoming a Man, especially of my Profession: But he nourish'd this modest Humor to such a Degree of Superstition, as to give express Orders in his last Will, that they should put him on Drawers so soon as he should be dead; to which methinks he would have done well to have added, that he should have been hoodwinked too that put them on. The Charge that *Cyrus* left with his Children, that neither

*Cyrus's Reverence to Religion.* Xenophon. they nor any other should either see or touch his Body after the Soul was departed from it, I attribute to some superstitious Devotion of his; both his Historian and Himself, amongst other great Qualities,

having strew'd the whole Course of their Lives with a singular Respect to Religion. I was by no Means pleas'd with a Story was told me by a Man of very great Quality, of a Relation of mine, and one who had given a very good Account of himself both in Peace and War; that coming to die in a very old Age, of an excessive Pain of the Stone, he spent the last Hours of his Life in an extraordinary Solitude about ordering the Ceremony of his Funeral, pressing all the Men of Condition who came to see him, to engage their Word to attend him to his Grave, importuning this very Prince, who came to visit him at his last Gasp, with a most earnest Supplication, that he would order his Family to be assisting there, and withal representing before him several Reasons and Examples to prove that it was a Respect due to a Man of his Condition; and seem'd to die content, having obtained this Promise, and appointed the Method and Order of his Funeral Parade. I have seldom heard of so long-lived a Vanity. Another, though contrary Solitude, (of which also I do not want domestick Example) seems to be somewhat a-kin to this; that a Man shall cudgel his Brains, at the last Moments of his Life, to contrive his Obsequies to so particular and unusual a Parsimony, as to conclude it in the fordid Expence of one single Servant with a Candle and Lanthorn; and yet I see this Humour commended, and the Appointment of *Marcus Emilius*

*Titus Lepidus*, who forbid his Heirs to bestow upon his Hearse even the common Ceremonies in use upon such Occasions. Is it not Temperance and Frugality to avoid the Expence and Pleasure of which the Use and Knowledge is imperceptible to us? See here an easy and cheap Reformation. If Instruction were at all necessary in this Case, I should be of Opinion, that in this, as in all other Actions of Life, the Ceremony and Expence should be regulated by the Ability of the Person deceased; and the Philosopher *Lycon* prudently order'd his Executors to dispose of his Body where they should think most fit, and as to his Funerals, to order them neither too superfluous, nor too mean. For my Part, I should wholly refer the ordering of this Ceremony to Custom, and shall, when the Time comes, accordingly leave it to their Discretion, to whose Lot it shall fall to do me that last Office. *Totus hic locus est contemnendus in nobis, non negligendus in nostris* \*: The Place of our Sepulture is wholly to be contemned by us, but not to be neglected by our Friends; but it was a holy Saying of a Saint, *Curatio funeris, conditio Sepulturæ, pompa Exequiarum, magis sunt vivorum solatia, quàm subsidia mortuorum* †; The Care of Funerals, the Place of Sepulture, and the Pomp of Exequies, are rather Consolations to the Living than any Benefit to the Dead. Which made *Socrates* answer *Criton*, who, at the Hour of his Death, asked him, how he would be buried? *How you will*, said he. If I could concern myself farther than the present about this Affair, I should be most tempted, as the greatest Satisfaction of this Kind, to imitate those who in their Life-time entertain themselves with the Ceremony of their own Obsequies before-hand, and are pleased with viewing their own Monument, and beholding their own dead Countenance in Marble. Happy are they who can gratify their Senses by Insensibility, and live by their Death! I am ready to conceive an implacable Hatred against all Democracy and Popular Government, (though I cannot but think it the most natural and equitable of all others) so oft as I call to mind the inhuman Injustice of the People of *Athens*, who, without Remission, or once

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\* *Cicero Tusc. l. 1.* † *August. de Civit. Dei.*

vouchsafing to hear what they had to say for themselves, put to death their brave Captains, newly returned triumphant from a naval Victory they had obtain'd over the *Lacedæmonians* near the *Arginusian Isles*; the most bloody and obdurate Engagement that ever the *Greeks* fought at Sea; for no other Reason, but that they rather followed their Blow and pursued the Advantages prescribed them by the Rule of War, than that they would stay to gather up and bury their Dead: An Execution that is yet rendered more odious by the Behaviour of *Diomedon*, who being one of the condemn'd, and a Man of most eminent both politick and military Virtue, after having heard their Sentence, advancing to speak, no Audience till then having been allowed, instead of laying before them his own Innocency or the Impiety of so cruel an Arrest, only express'd a Solicitude for his Judges Preservation, beseeching the Gods to convert this Sentence to their own Good, and praying that for neglecting to pay those Vows which he and his Companions had done (which he also acquainted them with) in Acknowledgment of so glorious a Success, they might not pull down the Indignation of the Gods upon them; and so without more Words went courageously to his Death. But Fortune a few Years after punishing them in their Kind, made them see the Error of their Cruelty: For *Chabrias*, Captain-General of their Naval Forces, having got the better of *Pollis* Admiral of *Sparta*, about the Isle *Naxos*, totally lost the Fruits of his Success, and content with his Victory, of very great Importance to their Affairs, not to incur the Danger of this Example, and lose a few Bodies of his dead Friends that were floating in the Sea, gave Opportunity to a world of living Enemies to sail away in Safety, who afterwards made them pay dear for this unseasonable Superstition.

*Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?  
Quo non nata jacent\*.*

Dost ask where thou shalt lye when dead?  
With those that never Being had.

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\* *Seneca Tr. Chor. 2.*

This other restores the Sense of Repose to a Body without a Soul.

*Neque sepulcrum, quo recipiat, habeat portum corporis :  
Ubi, remissa humana vita, Corpus requiescat à malis †.*

Nor with a Tomb as with a Haven blest,  
Where, after Life, the Corps in Peace may rest.

As Nature demonstrates to us, that several dead Things retain yet an occult Sympathy and Relation to Life ; Wine changes it's Flavour and Complexion in Cellars, according to the Changes and Seasons of the Vine from whence it came ; and the Flew of Venison alters it's Condition and Taste in the Powdering-tub, according to the Seasons of the living Flesh of it's Kind, as it is observed by the Curious.



C H A P. IV.

*That the Soul discharges her Passions upon false  
Objects, where the true are wanting.*

A Gentleman of my Country, who was very often tormented with the Gout, being importun'd by his Physicians totally to reclaim his Appetite from all manner of salt Meats, was wont presently to reply, that he must needs have something to quarrel with in the Extremity of his Fits, and that he fancied, that railing at, and cursing one while the *Bologna* Saufages, and another the dry'd Tongues and the Hams, was some Mitigation to his Pain. And in good Earnest, as the Arm when it is advanced to strike, if it fail of meeting with that upon which it was design'd to discharge the Blow, and spends itself in vain, does offend the Striker himself ; and as also, that to make a pleasant Prospect the Sight should not be lost and dilated in a vast Extent of empty Air, but have some Bounds to limit and circumscribe it at a reasonable Distance.

† *Cicero Tusc. l. 1.*

*Ventus, ut amittit vires, nisi robore densæ  
Occurrant Sylvæ, spatio diffusus inani.*

As Winds do lose their Strength, unless withstood  
By some dark Grove of strong opposing Wood.

So it appears, that the Soul being transported and discompos'd, turns it's Violence upon itself, if not supply'd with something to oppose it, and therefore always requires an Enemy as an Object on which to discharge it's Fury and Resentment. *Plutarch* says very well of those who are delighted with little Dogs and Monkeys, that the amorous Part which is in us, for want of a legitimate Object, rather than lye idle, does after that manner forge and create one frivolous and false; as we see that the Soul in the Exercise of it's Passions, inclines rather to deceive itself, by creating a false and fantastical Subject, even contrary to it's own Belief, than not to have something to work upon. And after this manner brute Beasts direct their Fury to fall upon the Stone or Weapon that has hurt them, and with their Teeth even execute their Revenge upon themselves, for the Injury they have received from another.

*Pannonis haud aliter post ictum sævior Ursa  
Cui jaculum parva Lybs amentavit habena.  
Se rotat in vulnus, telumque irata receptum  
Impetit, & secum fugientem circuit Hastam\*.*

So the fierce Bear, made fiercer by the Smart,  
Of the bold *Lybian's* mortal guided Dart,  
Turns round upon the Wound, and the tough Spear  
Contorted o'er her Breast does flying bear.

What Causes of the Misadventures that befall us do we not invent? What is it that we do not lay the Fault to right or wrong, that we may have something to quarrel with? Those beautiful Tresses, young Lady, you so liberally tear off, are no way guilty, nor is it the Whiteness of those delicate Breasts you so unmercifully beat, that with an unlucky Bullet has slain your beloved Brother; quarrel with something else. *Livy*, speaking of the *Roman* Army in *Spain*, says, that for the Loss of two Brothers,

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\* *Claudian*.

who were both great Captains, *Flere omnes repente, & offensare capita* \*, that they all wept and tore their Hair. 'Tis the common Practice of Affliction. And the Philosopher *Bion* said pleasantly of the King, who by Handfuls pull'd his Hair off his Head for Sorrow, *Does this Man think that Baldness is a Remedy for Grief?* Who has not seen peevish Gamesters worry the Cards with their Teeth, and swallow whole Bales of Dice in Revenge for the Loss of their Money? *Xerxes* whipp'd the Sea, and writ a Challenge to Mount *Atbos!* *Cyrus* employed a whole Army several Days at Work, to revenge himself of the River *Gnidus*, for the Fright it had put him into in passing over; and *Caligula* demolish'd a very beautiful Palace for the Pleasure his Mother had once enjoy'd there. I remember there was a Story current, when I was a Boy, that one of our Neighbouring Kings having receiv'd a Blow from the Hand of *G O D*, swore he would be reveng'd, and in order to it, made Proclamation, that for ten Years to come no one should pray to him, or so much as mention him throughout his Dominions; by which we are not so much to take Measure of the Folly, as the vain-Glory of the Nation of which this Tale was told. They are Vices that indeed always go together; but such Actions as these have in them more of Presumption than want of Wit. *Augustus Cæsar*, having been tost with a Tempest at Sea, fell to defying *Neptune*, and in the Pomp of the *Circenstan* Games, to be reveng'd, depos'd his Statue from the Place it had amongst the other Deities. Wherein he was less excusable than the former, and less than he was afterwards, when having lost a Battle under *Quintilius Varus* in *Germany*, in Rage and Despair he went running his Head against the Walls, and crying out, *O Varus!* give me my Men again! for this exceeds all Folly, forasmuch as Impiety is joined with it, invading God himself, or at least Fortune, as if she had Ears that were subject to our Batteries; like the *Thracians*, who when it thunders, or lightens, fall to shooting against Heaven with *Titanian* Madness as if by Flights of Arrows they intended to reduce God Almighty to Reason. Though the ancient Poet in *Plutarch* tells us,

\* *Livy* dec. 3. l. 5.

*Point ne se faut couroucer aux Affaires,  
Il ne leur chaut de toutes nos cholers †.*

We must not quarrel Heaven in our Affairs,  
That little for a Mortal's Anger cares.

But we can never enough decry, nor sufficiently condemn, the senseless and ridiculous Sallies of our unruly Passions.



C H A P. V.

*Whether the Governor of a Place besieg'd, ought  
himself to go out to parley.*

**L**ucius Marcius, the Roman Legate, in the War against Perseus King of Macedon, to gain Time wherein to re-inforce his Army, set on Foot some Overtures of Accommodation, with which the King being lull'd asleep, concluded a Cessation for certain Days; by this Means giving his Enemy Opportunity and Leisure to repair his Army, which was afterward the Occasion of his own Ruin. The elder Sort of Senators, notwithstanding, mindful of their Fore-fathers Virtue, were by no Means satisfied with this Proceeding; but on the contrary condemn'd it, as degenerating from their ancient Practice, which they said was by Valour, and not by Artifice, Surprizes, and Night Encounters; neither by pretended Flight, Ambuscades, and deceitful Treaties, to overcome their Enemies; never making War till having first denounc'd it, and very often assign'd both the Hour and Place of Battle. Out of this generous Principle it was that they deliver'd up to Pyrrhus his treacherous Physician, and to the *Hetrurians* their disloyal School-Master. And this was indeed a Procedure truly *Roman*, and nothing ally'd to the *Græcian* Subtilty, nor the *Punick* Cunning, where it was reputed a Victory

† *Plutarch.*

of less Glory to overcome by Force than Fraud. Deceit may serve for a Need, but he only confesses himself overcome who knows he is neither subdued by Policy, nor Misadventure, but by Dint of Valour, in a fair and manly War. And it very well appears by the Discourse of these good old Senators, that this fine Sentence was not yet receiv'd amongst them,

— *Dolus an virtus quis in Hoste requiret* \*?

No Matter if by Valour, or Deceit,  
We overcome, so we the better get.

The *Achaians* (says *Polybius*) abhorr'd all manner of Double-dealing in War, not reputed it a Victory unless where the Courages of the Enemy were fairly subdued. *Eam vir sanctus & sapiens sciet veram esse victoriam, quæ salva fide, & integra dignitate parabitur* †. An honest and a prudent Man will acknowledge that only to be a true Victory which he has obtain'd without Violation of his own Faith, or any Blemish upon his own Honour; says another,

*Vosne velit, an me regnare heri, quidve ferat fors,  
Virtute experiamur* †.

If you or I shall rule, lets fairly try,  
And Force or Fortune give the Victory.

In the Kingdom of *Ternates*, amongst those Nations which we so broadly call *Barbarians*, they have a Custom never to commence War till it be first denounc'd; adding withal, an ample Declaration of what they have to do it withal, with what, and how many Men, what Ammunitions, and what both offensive and defensive Arms; but that being done, they afterwards conceive it lawful to employ this Power without Reproach, any Way that may best conduce to their own Ends. The ancient *Florentines* were so far from obtaining any Advantage over their Enemies by Surprize, that they always gave them a Month's Warning before they drew their Army into the Field, by the continual Tolling of a Bell they call'd *Martinella*. For what concerns us who are not so scrupulous in this Affair, and who attribute the Honour of the War to him who has

\* *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.* † *Tacit. in Agric.* ‡ *Ennius.*  
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the better of it, after what Manner soever obtained, and who after *Lysander* say, *Where the Lion's Skin is too short, we must etch it out with the Fox's Case*. The most usual Occasions of Surprize are derived from this Practice, and we hold that there are no Moments, wherein a Chief ought to be more circumspect, and to have his Eye so much at Watch, as those of Parleys and Treaties of Accommodation; as it is therefore become a general Rule amongst the martial Men of these latter Times, that a Governor of a Place never ought in Time of a Siege to go out to parley. It was for this that in our Fathers Days the *Signeurs de Montmard* and *d'Assigni* defending *Mousson* against the Count *de Nassau*, were so highly censured; yet in this Case it would be excusable in that Governor, who going out should notwithstanding do it in such Manner, that the Safety and Advantage should be on his Side; as *Count Guido de Rangoni* did at *Reggio* (if we are to believe *Bellay*, for *Guicciardine* says it was he himself) when *Monsieur de l'Escut* approached to parley, who stept so little a Way from his Fort, that a Disorder happening in the interim of Parley, not only *Monsieur de l'Escut* and his Party, who were advanced with him, found themselves by much the weaker, (insomuch that *Alleffandro de Trivulcio* was there slain) but he himself was constrained, as the safest Way to follow the Count, and relying upon his Honour to secure himself from the Danger of the Shot within the very Walls of the Town. *Eumenes*, being shut up in the City of *Nora* by *Antigonus*, and by him importuned to come out to speak with him, as he sent him Word it was fit he should to a better Man than himself, and one who had now an Advantage over him, returned this notable Answer, *Tell him*, said he, *that I shall never think any Man better than myself, whilst I have my Sword in my Hand*; and would never consent to come out to him, till first, according to his own Demand, *Antigonus* had delivered him his own Nephew *Ptolomeus* in Hostage. And yet some have done rather better than worse, in going out in Person to parley with the Assailant; witness *Henry de Vaux*, a Cavalier of *Champagne*, who being besieged by the *English* in the Castle of *Commerce*, and *Bartholomew de Bone*, who commanded at the *Leagure*, having so sapped the greatest Part of the Castle without, that nothing remained but setting

ting Fire to the Props to bury the besieged under the Ruins, he required the said *Henry* to come out to speak with him for his own Good; which the other accordingly doing, with three more in Company with him, and his own evident Ruin being made apparent to him, he conceived himself singularly obliged to his Enemy, to whose Discretion, after he and his Garrison had surrendered themselves, Fire being presently applied to the Mine, the Props no sooner began to fail but the Castle was immediately turned topsyturvy, no one Stone being left upon another. I could, and do, with great Facility, rely upon the Faith of another; but I should very unwillingly do it in such a Case, as it should thereby be judged that it was rather an Effect of my Despair and Want of Courage, than voluntary and out of Confidence and Security in the Faith of him with whom I had to do.



CHAP. VI.

*That the Hour of Parley is dangerous.*

I Saw, notwithstanding, lately at *Mussidan*, a Place not far from my House, that those who were driven out thence by our Army, and others of their Party, highly complained of Treachery, for that, during a Treaty of Accommodation, and in the very *interim* that their Deputies were treating, they were surprized and cut to Pieces: A Thing that, peradventure in another Age, might have had some Colour of foul Play; but (as I said before) the Practice of Arms in these Days is quite another Thing, and there is now no Confidence in an Enemy excusable, till after the last Seal of Obligation; and even then the Conqueror has enough to do to keep his Word; so hazardous a Thing it is to intrust the Observation of the Faith a Man has engaged to a Town that surrenders upon easy and favourable Conditions, to the Necessity, Avarice, and Licence of a victorious Army, and to give the Soldiers free Entrance into  
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*The Faith of Military Men very uncertain.* it in the Heat of Blood. *Lucius Æmilius Regillus*, a Roman Prætor, having lost his Time in attempting to take the City of *Phocæa* by Force, by Reason of the singular Valour wherewith the Inhabitants defended themselves against him, conditioned at last to receive them as Friends to the People of *Rome*, and to enter the Town, as into a confederate City, without any Manner of Hostility; of which he also gave them all possible Assurance: But having for the greater Pomp brought his whole Army in with him, it was no more in his Power, with all the Endeavour he could use, to command his People: So that Avarice and Revenge despising and trampling under Foot both his Authority and all Military Discipline, he there at once saw his own Faith violated, and a considerable Part of the City sacked and ruined before his Face. *Cleomenes* was wont to say, *That what Mischief soever a Man could do his Enemy in Time of War was above Justice, and nothing accountable to it in the Sight of Gods and Men.* And according to this Principle, having concluded a Cessation with those of *Argos* for seven Days, the third Night after he fell upon them when they were all buried in Security and Sleep, and put them to the Sword; alledging for his Excuse, That there had no Nights been mentioned in the Truce: But the Gods punished his Perfidy. In a Time of Parley also, and that the Citizens were Intent upon their Capitulation, the City of *Cassilinum* was taken by Surprise, and that even in the Age of the justest Captains, and the best Discipline of the *Roman* Militia: For it is not said, that it is not lawful for us in Time and Place to make Advantage of our Enemies Want of Understanding, as well as their Want of Courage. And doubtless War has a great many Privileges that appear reasonable, even to the Prejudice of Reason. And therefore here the Rule fails, *Neminem id agere ut ex alterius prædetur inscitia\**, *That no one should prey upon another's Folly.* But I am astonished at the great Liberty allowed by *Xenophon* in such Cases, and that both by Precept and the Example of several Exploits of his complete Gene-

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\* *Cicero de Offic. l. 3.*

ral. An Author of very great Authority, I confess in those Affairs, as being in his own Person both a great Captain and a Philosopher of the first Form of *Socrates's* Disciples; and yet I cannot consent to such a Measure of License as he dispenses in all Things and Places. Monsieur *d'Aubigny* having besieged *Capua*, and played a furious Battery against it, Signior *Fabricio Colonne*, Governor of the Town, having from a Bastion begun to parley, and his Soldiers in the mean Time being a little more remiss in their Guard, our People took Advantage of their Security, entered the Place at unawares, and put them all to the Sword. And of later Memory, at *Troy*, Signior *Juliano Romero* having played that Part of a Novice to go out to capitulate with the Constable, at his Return found his Place taken. But that we might not escape Scot-free, the Marquis of *Pescara* having laid Siege to *Genoa*, where Duke *Ottavio Fregosa* commanded under our Protection, and the Articles betwixt them being so far advanced, that it was looked upon as a done Thing, and upon the Point to be concluded, several *Spaniards* in the mean Time being slipped in under the Privilege of the Treaty, seized on the Gates, and made use of this Treachery as an absolute and fair Victory: And since at *Ligny* in *Barrois*, where the Count *de Brienne* commanded, the Emperor having in his own Person beleagured that Place, and *Bartheville*, the said Count's Lieutenant, going out to parley, while he was capitulating the Town was taken.

*Fu il vincer sempre maji laudabil cosa  
Vinca. sio per fortuna, o per ingegno \**

Fame ever does the Victor's Praises ring,  
And Conquest ever was a glorious Thing,  
Which Way foe'er the Conqu'ror purchas'd it,  
Whether by Valour, Fortune, or by Wit;

say they: But the Philosopher *Chrysippus* was of another Opinion, wherein I also concur; for he was used to say, That those who run a Race, ought to employ all the Force they have in what they are about, and to run as fast as they can; but that it is by no Means fair in them to lay any

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\* *Ariosto, Cant. 15.*

Hand upon their Adversary to stop him, nor to set a Leg before him to throw him down. And yet more generous was the Answer of that Great *Alexander* to *Polypercon*, who persuaded him to take the Advantage of the Night's Obscurity to fall upon *Darius*; by no means (said he) it is not for such a Man as I am to steal a Victory, *Malo me fortunæ pœniteat, quam victoriæ pudeat\**, I had rather repent me of my Fortune, than be ashamed of my Victory.

*Atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Orodem  
Sternere, nec jacta cæcum dare Cuspide vulnus :  
Obvius, adversoque occurrit, seque viro vir  
Contulit, haud furto melior, sed fortibus armis †.*

His Heart disdain'd to strike *Orodes* dead,  
Or, unseen, basely wound him as he fled;  
But gaining first his Front, wheels round, and there  
Bravely oppos'd himself to his Career:  
And fighting Man to Man, would let him see  
His Valour scorn'd both Odds and Policy.



## CH A P. VII.

*That the Intention is Judge of our Actions.*

**T**IS a Saying, *That Death discharges us of all our Obligations*. However, I know some who have taken it in another Sense. *Henry* the Seventh, King of *England*, articed with *Don Philip*, Son to *Maximilian* the Emperor, and Father to the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, when he had him upon *English* Ground, that the said *Philip* should deliver up the Duke of *Suffolk* of the *White Rose*, his mortal Enemy, who was fled into the *Low Countries*, into his Hands; which *Philip* (not knowing how to evade it) accordingly promised to do, but upon Condition nevertheless, that *Henry* should attempt nothing against the Life of

\* *Quint. Curt.* 1. 4. † *Virg. Æneid.* 1. 10.

the said Duke, which during his own Life he perform'd; but coming to die, in his last Will, commanded his Son to put him to Death immediately after his Decease. And lately, in the Tragedy, that the Duke of *Alva* presented to us in the Persons of the two Counts, *Egmont*, and *Horne* at *Brussels*, there were very remarkable Passages, and one amongst the rest, that the said Count *Egmont* (upon the Security of whose Word and Faith Count *Horne* had come and surrendered himself to the Duke of *Alva*) earnestly entreated that he might first mount the Scaffold, to the End that Death might disengage him from the Obligation he had pass'd to the other. In which Case, methinks Death did not acquit the former of his Promise, and the Second was satisfi'd in the good Intention of the other, even though he had not died with him: For we cannot be oblig'd beyond what we are able to perform, by Reason that the Effects and Intentions of what we promise are not at all in our Power, and that indeed we are Masters of nothing but the Will, in which, by Necessity, all the Rules and whole Duty of Mankind is founded and establish'd. And therefore Count *Egmont*, conceiving his Soul and Will bound and indebted to his Promise, although he had not the Power to make it good, had doubtless been absolv'd of his Duty, even though he had out-liv'd the other; but the King of *England* wilfully and permeditately breaking his Faith, was no more to be excus'd for deferring the Execution of his Infidelity till after his Death, than *Herodotus's* Mason, who having inviolably, during the Time of his Life, kept the Secret of the Treasure of the King of *Ægypt* his Master, at his Death discover'd it to his Children. I have taken Notice of several in my Time, who, convinc'd by their Consciences of unjustly detaining the Goods of another, have endeavoured to make Amends by their Will, and after their Decease: But they had as good do nothing as delude themselves both in taking so much Time in so pressing an Affair, and also in going about to repair an Injury with so little Demonstration of Resentment and Concern. They owe over and above something of their own, and by how much their Payment is more strict and incommodious to themselves, by so much is their Restitution more perfect, just, and meritorious; for Penitency requires Penance: But they yet do worse than these, who reserve the Declaration

tion of a mortal Animosity against their Neighbour to the last Gasp, having concealed it all the Time of their Lives before, wherein they declare to have little Regard of their own Honour whilst they irritate the Party offended against their Memory ; and less to their Conscience, not having the Power, even out of Respect to Death itself, to make their Malice die with them ; but extended the Life of their Hatred even beyond their own. Unjust Judges, who defer Judgment to a Time wherein they can have no Knowledge of the Cause ! For my Part I shall take Care, if I can, that my Death discover nothing that my Life has not first openly manifested, and publickly declared.



## C H A P. VIII.

*Of Idleness.*

AS we see some Grounds that have long lain idle and untilled, when grown rank and fertile by rest, to abound with and spend their Virtue in the Product of innumerable Sorts of Weeds and wild Herbs that are unprofitable, and of no wholesom Use, and that to make them perform their true Office, we are to cultivate and prepare them for such Seeds as are proper for our Service. And as we see Women that without the Knowledge of Men do sometimes of themselves bring forth inanimate and formless Lumps of Flesh, but that to cause a natural and perfect Generation they are to be husbanded with another Kind of Seed ; even so it is with Wits, which if not applied to some certain Study that may fix and restrain them, run into a thousand Extravagancies, and are eternally roving here and there in the inextricable Labyrinth of restless Imagination.

*Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen abenis  
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,  
Omnia pervolat latè loca, jamque sub auras  
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti\*.*

\* *Virg. Æneid. l. 8.*

like

Like as the quivering Reflection  
Of Fountain Waters, when the Morning Sun  
Darts on the Bason, or the Moon's pale Beam  
Gives Light and Colour to the captive Stream,  
Whips with fantastick Motion round the Place,  
And Walls and Roof strikes with it's trembling Rays.

In which wild and irregular Agitation, there is no  
Folly, nor idle Fancy they do not light upon :

————— *velut ægri somnia, vanae  
Finguntur species* —————\*

Like sick Men's Dreams, that from a troubled Brain  
Phantasms create, ridiculous and vain.

The Soul that has no established Limit to circumscribe  
it, loses itself, as the Epigrammatist says,

*Quisquis ubique habitat, maxime nusquam habitat* †.

He that lives every where, does no where live.

When I lately retired myself to my own House, with a  
Resolution, as much as possibly I could, to avoid all man-  
ner of Concern in Affairs, and to spend in Privacy and  
Repose the little Remainder of Time I have to live: I  
fancied I could not more oblige my Mind than to suffer it  
at full Leisure to entertain and divert itself, which I also  
now hoped it might the better be entrusted to do, as being  
by Time and Observation become more settled and ma-  
ture; but I find,

————— *variam semper dant otia mentem* †.

————— Even in the most retir'd Estate

Leisure itself does various Thoughts create.

that, quite contrary, it is like a Horse that has broke from  
his Rider, who voluntarily runs into a much more violent  
Career than any Horseman would put him to, and creates  
me so many *Chimæras* and fantastick Monsters one upon  
another, without Order or Design, that, the better at  
Leisure to contemplate their Strangeness and Absurdity, I  
have begun to commit them to Writing, hoping in time  
to make them ashamed of themselves.

\* *Hor. de Arte Poetica.* † *Martial, lib. 7. Epig. 72.*

† *Lucan. l. 4.*





## C H A P. IX.

*Of Liars.*

THERE is not a Man living, whom it would so little become to speak of Memory as myself, for I have none at all; and do not think that the World has again another so treacherous as mine. My other Faculties are all very ordinary and mean; but in this I think myself very singular, and to such a Degree of Excellence, that (besides the Inconvenience I suffer by it, which merits something) I deserve, methinks, to be famous for it, and to have more than a common Reputation: Though, in Truth, the necessary Use of Memory considered, *Plato* had Reason when he called it a great and powerful Goddess. In my Country, when they would decypher a Man that has no Sense, they say, such a one has no Memory; and when I complain of mine, they seem not to believe I am in earnest, and presently reprove me, as though I accused myself for a Fool, not discerning the Difference betwixt Memory and Understanding; wherein they are very wide of my Intention, and do me Wrong, Experience rather daily shewing us on the contrary, that a strong Memory is commonly coupled with infirm Judgment: And they do me moreover (who am so perfect in nothing as the good Friend) at the same time a greater Wrong, in this, that they make the same Words, which accuse my Infirmitie, represent me for an ingrateful Person; wherein they bring my Integrity and good Nature into Question upon the Account of my Memory, and from a natural Imperfection, unjustly derive a Defect of Conscience. He has forgot, says one, this Request, or that Promise; he no more remembers his Friends, he has forgot, to say or do, or to conceal such and such a Thing for my Sake. And truly, I am apt enough to forget many Things, but to neglect any thing my Friend has given me in Charge, I never do it. And it should be enough, methinks, that I

'feel the Misery and Inconvenience of it without branding me with Malice, a Vice so much a Stranger, and so contrary to my Nature. However, I derive these Comforts from my Infirmary; first, that it is an Evil from which principally I have found Reason to correct a worse, that would easily enough have grown upon me, namely Ambition; this Defect being intolerable in those who take upon them the Negotiations of the World, an Employment of the greatest Honour and Trust among Men: Secondly, That (as several like Examples in the Progress of Nature demonstrate to us) she has fortified me in my other Faculties, proportionably as she has unfurnished me in this; I should otherwise have been apt implicitly to have reposed my Wit and Judgment upon the bare Report of other Men, without ever setting them to work upon any Inquisition whatever, had the strange Inventions and Opinions of the Authors I have read been ever present with me by the Benefit of Memory: Thirdly, That by this Means I am not so talkative, for the Magazine of the Memory is ever better furnished with Matter than that of the Invention; and had mine been faithful to me, I had e'er this deafned all my Friends with my eternal Babble, the Subjects themselves rousing and stirring up the little Faculty I have of handling and applying them, heating and extending my Discourse. 'Tis a great Imperfection, and what I have observed in several of my intimate Friends, who, as their Memories supply them with a present and entire Review of Things, derive their Narratives from so remote a Fountain, and crowd them with so many impertinent Circumstances, that though the Story be good in itself, they make a shift to spoil it; and if otherwise, you are either to curse the Strength of their Memory, or the Weakness of their Judgment: And it is a hard Thing to close up a Discourse, and to cut it short, when you are once in, and have a great deal more to say. Neither is there any Thing wherein the Force and Readiness of a Horse is so much seen, as in a round, graceful, and sudden Stop; and I see even those who are pertinent enough, who would but cannot stop short in their Career; for whilst they are seeking out a handsome Period to conclude the Sense, they talk at random, and are so perplexed and entangled in their own Eloquence, that they know not what they say. But above all, old Men, who

yet retain the Memory of Things past, and forget how often they have told them, are the most dangerous Company for this Fault; and I have known Stories from the Mouth of a Man of very great Quality, otherwise very pleasant in themselves, becoming very troublesom, by being a hundred Times repeated over and over again. The fourth Obligation I have to this infirm Memory of mine is, that by this Means I less remember the Injuries I have received; infomuch, that (as the Ancient said) I should have a *Protocol*, a Register of Injuries, or a Prompter, like *Darius*, who, that he might not forget the Offence he had received from those of *Athens*, so oft as he sat down to Dinner, ordered one of his Pages three Times to whoop in his Ear, *Sir, Remember the Athenians*: And also, the Places which I revisit, and the Books I read over again, still smile upon me with a fresh Novelty. It is not without good Reason said, That he who has not a good Memory should never take upon him the Trade of Lying. I know very well, that the *Grammarians* distinguish betwixt an *Untruth* and a *Lie*, and say, that to tell an *Untruth* is to tell a Thing that is false, but that we ourselves believe to be true; and that to *lie*, is to tell a Thing that we know in our Conscience to be utterly false and untrue; and it is of this last Sort of Liars only that I now speak. Now these do either wholly contrive and invent the Untruths they utter, or so alter and disguise a true Story, that it always ends in a Lie; and when they disguise and often alter the same Story according to their own Fancy, 'tis very hard for them at one Time or another to escape being trapp'd, by Reason that the real Truth of the Thing having first taken Possession of the Memory, and being there lodged, and imprinted by the Way of Knowledge and Science, it will be ever ready to present itself to the Imagination, and to shoulder out any Falshood of their own contriving, which cannot there have so sure and settled Footing as the other; and the Circumstances of the first true Knowledge evermore running in their Minds, will be apt to make them forget those that are illegitimate, and only forged by their own Fancy. In what they wholly invent forasmuch as there is no contrary Impression to juttle their Invention, there seems to be less Danger of Tripping; and yet even this also, by reason it is a vain Body, and without any other Foundation than Fancy only, is very apt to escape

escape the Memory, if they be not careful to make themselves very perfect in their Tale. Of which I have had very pleasant Experience, at the Expence of such as profess only to form, and accommodate their Speech to the Affair they have in Hand, or to the Humour of the Person with whom they have to do; for the Circumstances to which these Men stick not to enslave their Consciences, and their Faith being subject to several Changes, their Language must accordingly vary: From whence it happens, that of the same Thing they tell one Man, that it is this, and another, that it is that, giving it several Forms and Colours; which Men, if they once come to confer Notes, and find out the Cheat, what becomes of this fine Art? To which may be added, that they must of Necessity very often ridiculously trap themselves; for, what Memory can be sufficient to retain so many different Shapes as they have forged upon one and the same Subject? I have known many in my Time, very ambitious of the Repute of this fine Piece of Discretion; but they do not see, that if there be a Reputation of being wise, there is really no Prudence in it. In plain Truth, Lying is a hateful and an accursed Vice. We are not Men, nor have other Tie upon one another, but our Word. If we did but discover the Horror and ill Consequences of it, we should pursue it with Fire and Sword, and more justly than other Crimes. I see that Parents commonly, and in Discretion enough, correct their Children for little innocent Faults, and torment them for wanton childish Tricks, that have neither Impression, nor tend to any Consequence: Whereas, in my Opinion, Lying only, and (what is of something a lower Form) Stomach, are the Faults which are to be severely whipped out of them, both in the Infancy and Progress of the Vices, which will otherwise grow up and increase with them; and after a Tongue has once got the Knack of Lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass, that we see some, who are otherwise very honest Men, so subject to this Vice. I have an honest Lad to my Taylor, who I never knew guilty of one Truth, no not when it had been to his Advantage. If *Falshood* had, like *Truth*, but one Face only, we should be upon better Terms; for we should then take the contrary to what the *Liar* says

for certain Truth; but the Reverse of *Truth* has an hundred thousand Figures, and a Field indefinite without Bound or Limit. The *Pythagoreans* make *Good* to be certain and finite, and *Evil*, infinite and uncertain; there are a thousand Ways to miss the White, there is only one to hit it. For my own Part, I have this Vice in so great Horror, that I am ~~not~~ sure I could <sup>not</sup> prevail with my Conscience to secure myself from the most manifest and extreme Danger by an impudent and solemn Lie. An ancient Father says, *That a Dog we know is better Company than a Man whose Language we do not understand\**. *Ut externus non alieno sit hominis vice: As a Foreigner, to one that understands not what he says, cannot be said to supply the Place of a Man*, because he can be no Company. And how much less sociable is false Speaking than Silence? King *Francis* the first bragged, that he had, by this Means, nonplused *Francisco Taverna*, the Embassador of *Francisco Sforza*, Duke of *Milan*, a Man very famous for his Eloquence in those Days. This Gentleman had been sent to excuse his Master to his Majesty about a thing of very great Consequence; which was this: King *Francis*, to maintain evermore some Intelligence in *Italy*, out of which he had been lately driven, and particularly in the Dutchy of *Milan*, had thought it (to that End) convenient to have evermore a Gentleman on his Behalf to lye Leiger in the Court of that Duke; an Ambassador in Effect, but in outward Appearance no other than a private Person who pretended to reside there upon the single Account of his own particular Affairs; which was so carried, by reason that the Duke, much more depending upon the Emperor, especially at a time when he was in a Treaty of a Marriage with his Niece, Daughter to the King of *Denmark*, and since Dowager of *Lorraine*, could not own any Friendship or Intelligence with us, but very much to his own Prejudice. For this Commission then one *Merveille*, a *Milanois* Gentleman, and Equerry to the King, being thought very fit, he was accordingly dispatched thither with private Letters of Credence, his Instructions of Ambassador, and other Letters of Recommendation to the Duke about his own private Concerns, the better to colour

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\* *Plin Nat. Hist. lib. 7. cap. 1.*

the Business ; and so long continued in that Court, that the Emperor at last had some Notion of his real Employment there, and complained of it to the Duke, which was the Occasion of what followed after, as we suppose ; which was, that under Pretence of a Murther by him committed, his Trial was in two Days dispatched, and his Head in the Night struck off in Prison. Signior *Francisco* then being upon this Account come to the Court of *France*, and prepared with a long counterfeit Story to excuse a thing of so dangerous Example, (for the King had applied himself to all the Princes of *Christendom*, as well as to the Duke himself, to demand Satisfaction for this Outrage upon the Person of his Minister) had his Audience at the Morning Council ; where, after he had for the Support of his Cause, in a long premeditated Oration, laid open several plausible Justifications of the Fact, he concluded, that the Duke his Master had never looked upon this *Merveille* for other than a private Gentleman, and his own Subject, who was there only in order to his own Business, neither had he ever lived after any other Manner ; absolutely disowning that he had ever heard he was one of the King's Domestick Servants, or that his Majesty so much as knew him, so far was he from taking him for an Ambassador. When having made an End, and the King pressing him with several Objections and Demands, and sisting him on all Hands, gravelled him at last, by asking, why then the Execution was performed by Night, and as it were by Stealth ? At which the poor confounded Ambassador, the more handsomly to disingage himself, made Answer, That the Duke would have been very loth, out of Respect to his Majesty, that such an Execution should have been performed in the Face of the Sun. Any one may guess if he was not well schooled when he came home, for having so grossly tripped in the Presence of a Prince of so delicate a Nostril as King *Francis*. Pope *Julius* the Second, having sent an Ambassador to the King of *England*, to animate him against King *Francis*, the Ambassador having had his Audience, and the King, before he would give a positive Answer, insisting upon the Difficulties he found in letting on Foot so great a Preparation as would be necessary to attack so potent a King, and urging some Reasons to that Effect, the Ambassador very unseasonably replied,

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That

That he had also himself considered the same Difficulties, and had represented as much to the Pope. From which Saying of his, so directly opposite to the Thing propounded, and the Business he came about, which was immediately to incite him to War, the King first derived Argument (which he also afterwards found to be true) that this Ambassador, in his own private Bosom, was a Friend to the *French*; of which having advertised the Pope, his Estate at his Return home was confiscate, and himself very narrowly escaped the losing of his Head.



## CHAP. X.

### *Of quick or slow Speech.*

*Ont ne fut à tous toutes Graces donnees.*

All Graces by All-liberal Heaven  
Were never yet to all Men given.

AS we see in the Gift of Eloquence, wherein some have such a Facility and Promptness, and that which we call a *present* Wit, so easy, that they are ever ready upon all Occasions, and never to be surpriz'd: And others more heavy and slow, never venture to utter any Thing but what they have long premeditated, and taken great Care and Pains to fit and prepare. Now, as we teach young Ladies those Sports and Exercises which are most proper to set out the Grace and Beauty of those Parts wherein their chiefest Ornament and Perfection lye; so in these two Advantages of Eloquence, to which the Lawyers and Preachers of our Age seem principally to pretend. If I were worthy to advise, the slow Speaker, methinks, should be more proper for the Pulpit, and the other for the Bar; and that because the Employment of the first does naturally allow him all the Leisure he can desire to prepare himself, and besides, his Career is perform'd in an even and unintermitted Line, without Stop or Interruption; whereas, the Pleader's Business and Interest compels  
him

him to enter the Lists upon all Occasions, and the unexpected Objections and Replies of his adverse Party, juggle him out of his Course, and put him upon the Instant, to pump for new and *extempore* Answers and Defences. Yet, at the Interview betwixt Pope *Clement* and King *Francis*, at *Marseilles*, it happened quite contrary, that *Monsieur Poyet*, a Man bred up all his Life at the Bar, and in the highest Repute for Eloquence, having the Charge of making the Harangue to the Pope committed to him, and having so long meditated on it before hand, as (it was said) to have brought it ready along with him from *Paris*; the very Day it was to have been pronounc'd, the Pope fearing something might be said that might give Offence to the other Princes Ambassadors who were there attending on him, sent to acquaint the King with the Argument which he conceiv'd most suiting to the Time and Place, but by Chance quite another Thing to that *Monsieur de Poyet* had taken so much Pains about: So that the fine Speech he had prepared was of no Use, and he was upon the Instant to contrive another; which finding himself unable to do, Cardinal *Bellay* was constrained to perform that Office. The Pleader's Part is, doubtless, much harder than that of the Preacher; and yet, in my Opinion we see more passable Lawyers than Preachers. It should seem that the Nature of Wit is, to have it's Operation prompt and sudden, and that of Judgment, to have it more deliberate, and more slow: But he who remains totally silent for want of Leisure to prepare himself to speak well, and he also whom Leisure does no ways benefit to better speaking, are equally unhappy. 'Tis said of *Severus*, that he spoke best *extempore*, that he stood more oblig'd to Fortune, than his own Diligence, that it was an Advantage to him to be interrupted in speaking, and that his Adversaries were afraid to nettle him, lest his Anger should redouble his Eloquence. I know experimentally, a Disposition so impatient of a tedious and elaborate Premeditation, that if it do not go frankly and gaily to work, can perform nothing to Purpose. We say of some Compositions, that they stink of Oil, and smell of the Lamp, by reason of a certain rough Harshness that the laborious Handling imprints upon those where great Force has been employed: But besides this, the solicitude of doing well, and a certain striving



striving and contending of a Mind too far strained and over-bent upon it's Undertaking, breaks, and hinders itself, like Water, that by Force of it's own pressing Violence and Abundance, cannot find a ready issue through the Neck of a Bottle, or a narrow Sluice. In this Condition of Nature, of which I was now speaking, there is the also, that it would not be disordered and stimulated with such a Passion as the Fury of *Cassius*; for such a Motion would be too violent and rude: It would not be juttled but solicited, and would be rouzed and heated by unexpected, sudden, and accidental Occasions. If it be let to itself, it flags and languishes, Agitation only gives it Grace and Vigour. I am always worst in my own Possession and when wholly at my own dispose. Accident has more Title to any thing that comes from me, than I; Occasion more Company, and even the very Rising and Falling of my own Voice extract more from my Fancy, than I can find when I examine and employ it by myself; by which Means the Things I say are better than those I write, if, either were to be preferred where neither are worth any thing. This also befalls me, that I am at a Loss, when I seek, and light upon Things more by Chance, than by any Inquisition of my own Judgment. I perhaps sometimes hit upon something when I write that seems quaint and sprightly to me, but will appear dull and heavy to another. But let us leave this Subject. Every one talks of himself according to his Talent. For my Part, I am already so lost in it, that I know not what I was about to say, and in such Cases, a Stranger often finds it out before me. If I should always carry my Razor about me, to use so often as this Inconvenience befalls me, I should make clean Work: But some Occurrence or other may, at some other Time, lay it as visible to me as the Light, and make me wonder what I should stick at.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XI.

## Of Prognostications.

FOR what concerns Oracles, it is certain, that a good while before the Coming of our Saviour *Christ*, they began to lose their Credit; for we see that *Cicero* is troubled to find out the Cause of their Decay in these Words; *Cur isto modo jam Oracula Delphis eduntur, non modo nostra ætate, sed jam diu, ut nihil possit esse contemptius\**; What should be the Reason that the Oracles at Delphos are so uttered, not only in this Age of ours, but moreover a great while ago, that nothing can be more contemptible? But as to the other Prognosticks, calculated from the Anatomy of Beasts at Sacrifices, (which *Plato* does in part attribute to the natural Constitution of the Intestines of the Beasts themselves) the scraping of Poultry, the Flights of Birds: *Aves quasdam, rerum augurandarum causa natus esse putamus†*: We think some Sorts of Birds to be purposely created upon the Account of Augury, Claps of Thunder, the winding of Rivers. *Multa cernunt Aruspices, multa Augures provident, multa Oraculis declarantur, multa Vaticinationibus, multa Somniis, multa Portentis†*, Soothsayers and Augurs conjecture and foresee many Things, and many Things are foretold in Oracles, Prophecies, Dreams and Portents; and others of the like Nature, upon which Antiquity founded most of their publick and private Enterprizes, Christian Religion has totally abolished. And although there yet remain amongst us some Practices of Divination from the Stars, from Spirits, from the Shapes and Complexions of Men, from Dreams and the like, (a notable Example of the wild Curiosity of our Nature to grasp at and anticipate future Things, as if we had not enough to do to digest the present.)

\* *Cic. de Divin. l. 2.*† *Cic. de Natura Deor. l. 2.*† *Ibid.*

— cur hanc tibi, rector Olympi,  
 Sollicitis visum mortalibus addere curam,  
 Noscant venturas ut dira per omnia clades?  
 Sit subitum quodcunque paras, sit cæca futuræ  
 Mens hominum fati, liceat sperare timenti\*.

Why, thou great Ruler of *Olympus*, why  
 Hast thou to timorous Mortality  
 Added this Care, that Men should be so wise  
 To know, by Omens, future Miseries?  
 Free us from this unnecessary Care,  
 Unlook'd for send the Ills thou dost prepare;  
 Let human Minds from future Things be blind,  
 That Hope, amidst our Fears, some Place may find.

(*Ne utile quidem est scire quid futurum sit: Miserum enim, nihil proficientem, angere: It is not indeed convenient to know what should come to pass; for it is a miserable thing to be vex'd and tormented to no Purpose*). Yet are there of much less Authority now than heretofore. Which makes the Example of *Francis*, Marquis of *Saluzzo*, much more remarkable; who being Lieutenant to King *Francis* the First, in his Army beyond the Mountains infinitely favour'd and esteem'd in our Court, and oblig'd to the King's Bounty for the Marquisate itself, which had been forfeited by his Brother; and as to the rest, having no manner of Provocation given him to do it, and even his own Affection opposing any such Disloyalty; suffer'd himself to be so terrified (as it was confidently reported with the fine Prognosticks that were spread Abroad in favour of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, and to our Disadvantage, (especially in *Italy*, where these foolish Prophecies were so far believ'd, that great Sums of Money were laid out and other ventur'd upon return of greater when they came to pass, so certain they made themselves of our Ruin that having bewail'd to those of his Acquaintance who were most intimate with him, the Mischiefs that he saw would inevitably fall upon the Crown of *France*, and the Friends he had in that Court, he unhand somely revolted, and turn'd to the other Side; but to his own Misfortune never

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\* *Lucan. l. 2.*

theles, what Constellation soever govern'd at that Time. But he carried himself in this Affair like a Man agitated with divers Passions; for having both Towns and Forces in his Hands, the Enemy's Army under *Antonio de Leva* close by him, and we not at all suspecting his Design, it had been in his Power to have done more than he did; for we lost no Men by this Infidelity of his, nor any Town, but *Fossan* only, and that after a long Siege, and a brave Defence,

*Prudens futuri temporis exitum  
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus:  
Ridetque si mortalis ultra  
Fas trepidat †.*

Th' eternal Mover has in Shades of Night  
Future Events conceal'd from human Sight,  
And laughs when he does see the timorous As  
Tremble at what shall never come to pass.

——— *ille potens sui  
Lætusque deget, cui licet, in diem  
Dixisse, vixi: Cras vel atra  
Nube Polum pater occupato,  
Vel sole puro ‡.*

He free and merrily may live, can say,  
As the Day passes I have liv'd To-day;  
And for To-morrow little does take Care,  
Let the World's Ruler make it foul or fair.

*Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est  
Oderit curare §.*

A Mind that's chearful in it's present State,  
To think of any thing beyond will hate.

And those who take this Sentence in a contrary Sense, interpret it amiss. *Ista sic reciprocantur, ut si Divinatio sit, Dii sint, & si Dii sint, sit Divinatio\**. These Things have that mutual Relation to one another, that if there be such a Thing as Divination, there must be Deities; and if Deities, Divination. Much more wisely *Pacuvius*;

† *Hor. l. 3. Od. 29.* ‡ *Ibid. Ode 29.* § *Id. l. 2. Ode 16.* \* *Cic. de Divin. l. 2.*

*Nam istis qui linguam avium intelligunt,  
Plusque ex alieno jecore sapiunt, quam ex suo,  
Magis audiendum, quam auscultandum censeo* \*.

Who the Birds Language understand, and who  
More from Brutes Livers than their own do know,  
Are rather to be heard than hearken'd to.

The so celebrated Art of Divination amongst the *Tuscans* took it's Beginning thus: A Labourer striking deep with his Coulter into the Earth, saw the Demi-God § *Tages* to ascend with an infantile Aspect, but endued with a mature and senile Wisdom. Upon the Rumour of which, all the People ran to see the Sight, by whom his Words and Science containing the Principles and Means to attain to this Art were recorded and kept for many Ages. A Birth suitable to it's Progress! I, for my Part, should sooner regulate my Affairs by the Chance of a Die, than by such idle and vain Dreams. And indeed in all Republicks, a good Share of the Government has ever been referred to Chance. *Plato* in the civil Regiment that he models according to his own Fancy, leaves the Decision of several Things of very great Importance wholly to it, and will, amongst other Things, that such Marriages as he reputes legitimate and good, be appointed by Lot, and attributing so great Virtue, and adding so great a Privilege to this accidental Choice, as to ordain the Children begot in such Wedlock to be brought up in the Country, and those begot in any other to be thrust out as spurious and base; yet so, that if any of those Exiles, notwithstanding, should peradventure in growing up give any early Hopes of future Virtue, they were in a Capacity of being recall'd, as those also who had been retain'd were of being exil'd in Case they gave little Expectation of themselves in their greener Years. I see some who are mightily given to Study, pore and comment upon their Almanacks, and produce them for Authority when any Thing has fallen out pat: Tho' it is hardly possible, but that these Well-wishers to the Mathematicks, in saying so much, must sometimes stumble upon some Truth amongst an infinite

\* *Id ex Pacuvio.*

§ *Indigenæ dixere Tages, qui primus Etruscum  
Edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros.* Ovid. *Met.* l. 15.  
Number

Number of Lies. *Quis est enim qui totum diem jaculans non aliquando conlineet \*?* For who shoots all Day at Buts, that does not sometimes hit the White? I think never the better of them for some accidental Hits. There would be more Certainty in it, if there were a Rule and a Truth of always lying. Besides, No-body records their Flim-flams and false Prognosticks, forasmuch as they are infinite and common, but if they chop upon one Truth, that carries a mighty Report, as being rare, incredible, and prodigious. So *Diogenes*, surnamed the *Altheist*, answered him in *Samothrace*, who shewing him in the Temple the several Offerings and Stories in Painting, of those who had escaped Shipwreck, said to him, *Look you*, said he, *you who think the Gods have no Care of human Things, what do you say by so many Persons preserved from Death by their especial Favour? Why, I say*, answered he, *that their Pictures are not here who were cast away, which were by much the greater Number.* *Cicero* observes, that of all the Philosophers who have acknowledged a Deity, *Xenophanes* only has endeavoured to eradicate all Manner of Divination: Which makes it the less a Wonder, if we have sometimes seen some of our Princes, to their own Cost, rely too much upon these Fopperies. I wish I had given any Thing, that I had with my own Eyes seen those two great Rarities, the Book of *Joachim* the *Calabrian* Abbot, which foretold all the future Popes, their Names and Figures; and that of the Emperor *Leo*, which prophesied of all the Emperors and Patriarchs of *Greece*. This I have been an Eye-witness of, that in publick Confusions, Men astonished at their Fortune, have abandoned their own Reason superstitiously to seek out in the Stars the ancient Causes and Menaces of their present Mishaps, and in my Time have been so strangely successful in it, as to make Men believe, that this Study, being proper to fix and settle piercing and volatile Wits, those who have been any thing versed in this Knack of unfolding and untying Riddles, are capable in any Sort of Writing, to find out what they desire. But above all, that which gives them the greatest Room to play in, is the obscure, ambiguous, and fantastick Gibberish of their prophetick Canting, where their Authors deliver nothing of clear Sense, but

\* *Adagium Cic. de Divin.*

shroud all in Riddle, to the End that Posterity may interpret and apply it according to their own Fancy. *Socrates* *Dæmon*, or *Familiar*, might perhaps be no other but certain Impulsion of the Will, which obtruded itself upon him without the Advice or Consent of his Judgment; and in a Soul so enlightned as his was, and so prepared by a continual Exercise of Wisdom and Virtue, 'tis to be supposed those Inclinations of his, though sudden and undigested, were ever very important, and worthy to be followed. Every one finds in himself some Image of such Agitation of a prompt, vehement, and fortuitous Opinion. 'Tis that am to allow them some Authority, who attribute little to our own Prudence, and who also myself had had some, weak in Reason, but violent in Persuasion and Diffuasion, (which were most frequent with *Socrates*) which I have suffered myself to be carried away so fortunately, and so much to my own Advantage, that they might have been judged to have had something in the of a divine Inspiration.



## C H A P. XII.

*Of Constancy.*

**T**HE Law of Resolution and Constancy does not imply that we ought not, as much as in us lyes, to decline, and to secure ourselves from, the Mischiefs and Inconveniencies that threaten us; nor consequently, that we should not fear lest they should surprize us: On the contrary, all decent and honest Ways and Means of securing ourselves from Harms are not only permitted, but moreover commendable, and the Business of Constancy chiefly is, bravely to stand to, and stoutly to suffer those Inconveniencies which are not otherwise possibly to be avoided. There is no Motion of Body, nor any Guard in the handling of Arms, how irregular or ungraceful soever, that we dislike or condemn, if they serve to deceive or to defend the Blow that is made against us; insomuch, that several very warlike Nations

Nations have made use of a retiring and flying Way of Fight, as a Thing of singular Advantage, and by so doing have made their Backs more dangerous than their Faces to their Enemies. Of which Kind of Fighting the *Turks* yet retain something in their Practice of Arms to this Day; and *Socrates* in *Plato* laughs at *Laches*, who had defin'd Fortitude to be a standing firm in their Ranks against the Enemy: *What* (says he) *would it then be reputed Cowardice to overcome them by giving Ground?* Urging at the same Time the Authority of *Homer*, who commends *Aeneas* for his Skill in running away. And whereas *Laches*, considering better on't, justifies his first Argument upon the Practice of the *Scythians*, and in general all Cavalry whatever, he again attacks him with the Example of the *Lacedæmonian* Foot, (a Nation of all others the most obstinate in maintaining their Ground) who in all the Battle of *Platea*, not being able to break into the *Persian* Phalanx, unbethought themselves to disperse and retire, that by the Enemies supposing they fled, they might break, and disunite that vast Body of Men in the Pursuit, and by that Stratagem obtained the Victory. As for the *Scythians*, 'tis said of them, that when *Darius* went his Expedition to subdue them, he sent, by an Herald, highly to reproach their King, *That he always retired before him and declined a Battle*; to which *Indathyrxis* (for that was his Name) returned Answer, *That it was not for fear of him, or of any Man living, that he did so, but that it was the Way of marching in Practice with his Nation, who had neither till'd Fields, Cities, nor Houses to defend, or to fear the Enemy should make any Advantage of: But that if he had such a Stomach to fight, let him come but to view their ancient Place of Sepulture, and there he should have his Fill.*

Nevertheless as to what concerns Cannon Shot, when a Body of Men are drawn up in the Face of a Train of Artillery, as the Occasion of War does often require, 'tis unhandfom to quit their Post to avoid the Danger, and a foolish Thing to boot, forasmuch as by Reason of it's Violence and Swiftnes we account it inevitable, and many a one, by ducking, stepping aside, and such other Motions of Fear, has been sufficiently laugh'd at by his Companions. And yet in the Expedition that the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth made into *Provence*, the Marquis *de Guast* going to discover the City of *Arles*, and venturing to advance out of



the Blind of a Wind-mill, under Favour of which he had made his Approach, was perceived by the Seigneurs de *Bonneval* and the *Seneschal* of *Aginois*, who were walking

*A Theatre where publick Skows of Riding, Fencing, &c. were exhibited.* upon the *Theatre Aux arenes*; who having shewed him to the *Sieur de Villiers*, Commissary of the Artillery, he traversed a Culverine so admirably well, and levell'd it so exactly right against him, that had not the Marquiss, seeing

Fire to it, slipp'd aside, it was certainly concluded, the Shot had taken him full in the Body. And in like Manner some Years before, *Lorenzo de Medici*, Duke of *Urbis*, and Father to the Queen-Mother of *France*, laying Siege to *Mondolpo*, a Place in the Territories of the *Vicariat* in *Italy*, seeing the Cannoneer give Fire to a Piece that pointed directly against him, it was well for him that he duck'd, for otherwise the Shot, that only ras'd the Top of his Head, had doubtless hit him full in the Breast. To say Truth, I do not think that these Evasions are performed upon the Account of Judgment; for how is any Man living able to judge of high or low Aim on so sudden an Occasion? And it is much more easy to believe, that Fortune favoured their Apprehension, and that it might be a Means at another Time, as well to make them step into the Danger, as to teach them to avoid it. For my own Part, I confess, I cannot forbear starting when the Rattle of a Harquebuse thunders in my Ears on a sudden, and in a Place where I am not to expect it, which I have also observed in others braver Fellows than I; neither do the Stoicks pretend, that the Soul of their Philosopher should be Proof against the first Visions and Fantasies that surprize him; but as a natural Subject consent that he should tremble at the terrible Noise of Thunder, or the sudden Clatter of some falling Ruin, and be affrighted even to Paleness and Convulsion. And so in other Passions, provided a Man's Judgment remain sound and intire, and that the Sight of his Reason suffers no Concussion nor Alteration, and that he yields no Consent to his Fright and Discomposure. To him who is not a Philosopher, a Fright is the same in the first Part of it, but quite another Thing in the second; for the Impression of Passions does not remain only superficially in him, but penetrates farther, even to the very Seat of Reason, and

as to infect and to corrupt it. He judges according to his Fear, and conforms his Behaviour to it. But in this Verse you may see the true State of the wise Stoick learnedly and plainly express'd :

*Mens immota manet, lacrymæ voluntur inanes\**.

The Eye, perhaps, frail, fruitless Showers rains,  
Whilst yet the Mind firm and unshook remains.

The wise Peripatetick is not himself totally free from Perturbations of Mind, but he moderates them by his Wisdom.



C H A P. XIII.

*The Ceremony of the Interview of Princes.*

THERE is no Subject so frivolous, that does not merit a Place in this Rhapsody. According to the common Rule of Civility, it would be a kind of an Affront to an Equal, and much more to a Superior, to fail of being at home, when he has given you Notice he will come to visit you. Nay, *Queen Margaret of Navarre* farther adds, That it would be a Rudeness in a Gentleman to go out to meet any one that is coming to see him, let him be of what Condition soever; and that it is more respectful and more civil to stay at home to receive him, if only upon the Account of missing of him by the Way, and that it is enough to receive him at the Door, and to wait upon him to his Chamber. For my Part, who as much as I can endeavour to reduce the Ceremonies of my House, I very often forgot both the one and the other of these vain Offices, and peradventure some one may take Offence at it; if he do, I am sorry, but I cannot find in my Heart to help it; it is much better to offend him once, than myself every Day, for it would be a perpetual Slavery; and

\* *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*

to what End do we avoid the servile Attendance of Courts, if we bring the same, or a greater Trouble, home to our own private Houses? It is also a common Rule in all Assemblies, that those of less Quality are to be first upon the Place, by reason that it is a State more due to the better Sort to make others wait and expect them. Nevertheless, at the Interview betwixt Pope *Clement* and King *Francis* at *Marseilles*, the King, after he had in his own Person taken order in the necessary Preparations for his Reception and Entertainment, withdrew out of the Town, and gave the Pope two or three Days respite for his Entry, and wherein to repose and refresh himself before he came to him. And in like manner, at the Assignation of the Pope and the Emperor at *Bologna*, the Emperot gave the Pope Leave to come thither first, and came himself after; for which, the Reason then given was this; that at all the Interviews of such Princes, the Greater ought to be first at the appointed Place, especially before the other in whose Territories the Interview is appointed to be, intimating thereby a kind of Deference to the other, it appearing proper for the Less to seek out, and to apply themselves to the Greater, and not the Greater to them. Not every Country only, but every City, and so much as every Society, have their particular Forms of Civility. There was Care enough taken in my Education, and I have liv'd in good Company enough to know the Formalities of our own Nation, and am able to give Lessons in it; I love also to follow them, but not to be so servilely tied to their Observation, that my whole Life should be enslav'd to Ceremony; of which there are some, that provided a Man omits them out of Discretion, and not for want of Breeding, it will be every whit as handsom. I have seen some People rude, by being over-civil, and troublesom in their Courtesy; tho' these Excesses excepted, the Knowledge of Courtesy and good Manners is a very necessary Study. It is, like Grace and Beauty, that which begets Liking and an Inclination to love one another at the first Sight, and in the beginning of an Acquaintance and Familiarity; and consequently, that which first opens the Door, and introduces us to better ourselves by the Example of others, there be any thing in the Society worth taking Notice of.



## C H A P. XIV.

*That Men are justly punished for being obstinate in the Defence of a Fort that is not in reason to be defended.*

VAlour has it's Bounds, as well as other Virtues, which once transgressed, the next Step is into the Territories of Vice, so that by having too large a Proportion of this heroick Virtue, unless a Man be very perfect in it's Limits, which upon the Confines are very hard to discern, he may very easily unawares run into Temerity, Obstinacy, and Folly. From this Consideration it is, that we have derived the Custom in Times of War, to punish even with Death those who are obstinate to defend a Place that is not tenable by the Rules of War. In which Case, if there were not some Examples made, Men would be so confident upon the Hopes of Impunity, that not a Hen-roost but would resist, and stop a Royal Army. The Constable *Monsieur de Montmorency*, having at the Siege of *Pavie* been ordered to pass the *Tesine*, and to take up his Quarters in the *Fauxburg St. Antonie*, being hindered so to do by a Tower that was at the End of the Bridge, which was so impudent as to endure a Battery, hanged every Man he found within it for their Labour. And again, since accompanying the *Dauphin* in his Expedition beyond the *Alps*, and taking the Castle of *Villane* by Assault, and allwithin it being put to the Sword, the Governor and his Ensign only excepted, he caused them both to be trussed up for the same Reason; as also did Captain *Martin du Bellay*, then Governor of *Turin*, the Governor of *St. Bony*, in the same Country, all his People being cut in Pieces at the taking of the Place. But forasmuch as the Strength or Weakness of a Fortrefs is always measured by the Estimate and Counterpoise of the Forces that attack it, (for a Man might reasonably enough despise two Culverines, that would be a Mad-man to abide a Battery of thirty Pieces of Cannon) where also the Greatness

of the Prince who is Master of the Field, his Reputation, and the Respect that is due unto him, is always put into the Balance; 'tis dangerous to affront such an Enemy: And besides, by compelling him to force you, you possess him with so great an Opinion of himself and his Power, that thinking it unreasonable any Place should dare to shut their Gates against his victorious Army, he puts all to the Sword, where he meets with any Opposition, whilst his Fortune continues; as is very plain in the fierce and arrogant Forms of summoning Towns and denouncing War; favouring so much of *Barbarian* Pride and Insolence in Use amongst the oriental Princes, and which their Successors to this Day do yet retain and practise. And even in that remote Part of the World where the *Portuguese* subdued the *Indians*, they found some States where it was an universal and inviolable Law amongst them, that every Enemy, overcome by the King in Person, or by his Representative Lieutenant, was out of Composition both of Ransom and Mercy. So that above all Things a Man should take heed of falling into the Hands of a Judge who is an Enemy and victorious.



## C H A P. XV.

### *Of the Punishment of Cowardice.*

Once heard of a Prince, and a great Captain, having a Narration given him as he sat at Table of the Proceeding against Monsieur *de Vervins*, who was sentenced to Death for having surrendered *Bullen* to the *English*, openly maintained, that a Soldier could not justly be put to Death for his Want of Courage. And in Truth, a Man should make a great Difference betwixt Faults that merely proceed from Infirmity, and those that are visibly the Effects of Treachery and Malice; for in the last they wilfully act against the Rules of Reason that Nature has imprinted on us; whereas in the former it seems as if we might produce the same Nature, who left us in such a State of Imperfection, and

and Defect of Courage for our Justification. Infomuch, that many have thought we are not justly questionable for any thing, but what we commit against the Light of our own Conscience. And it is partly upon this Rule, that those ground their Opinion, who disapprove of capital and sanguinary Punishments inflicted upon Hereticks and Miscreants; and theirs also, who hold that an Advocate or a Judge are not accountable for having ignorantly failed in their Administration. But as to Cowardice, it is most certain, that the most usual Way of chastising that is by Ignominy and Disgrace; and it is supposed, that this Practice was first brought into Use by the Legislator *Cherondas*; and that before his Time the Laws of *Greece* punished those with Death who fled from a Battle; whereas he ordained only that they should be three Days exposed in the publick Place dressed in Women's Attire, hoping yet for some Service from them, having awaked their Courage by this open Shame; *Suffundere malis hominis sanguinem quam effundere, choosing rather to bring the Blood into their Cheeks, than to let it out of their Bodies.* It appears also, that the *Roman* Laws did anciently punish those with Death who had ran away: For *Ammianus Marcellinus* says, that the Emperor *Julian* commanded ten of his Soldiers who had turned their Backs in an Encounter against the *Parthians*, to be first degraded, and afterwards put to Death, according (says he) to the ancient Laws; and yet elsewhere for the like Offence, he only condemns others to remain amongst the Prisoners under the Baggage Ensign. The Punishment the People of *Rome* inflicted upon those who fled from the Battle of *Cannæ*, and those who run away with *Cneius Fulvius*, at his Defeat, did not extend to Death. And yet methinks Men should consider what they do in such Cases, lest Disgrace should make such Delinquents desperate, and not only faint Friends, but implacable and mortal Enemies. Of late Memory, the *Seigneur de Franget*, Lieutenant to the *Mareschal de Châtillon's* Company, having by the *Mareschal de Chabanes* been put in Governor of *Fontarabie*, in the Place of *Monsieur de Lude*, and having surrendered it to the *Spaniard*, he was for that condemned to be degraded from all Nobility, and both himself and his Posterity declared ignoble, taxable, and for ever incapable of bearing

Arms; which severe Sentence was afterwards accordingly executed at *Lions*, and since that all the Gentlemen who were in *Guise* when Count *Nassau* entered into it, underwent the same Punishment, as several others have done since for the like Offence. Notwithstanding, in case of such a manifest Ignorance or Cowardice as exceeds all other ordinary Example, 'tis but Reason to take it for a sufficient Proof of Treachery and Malice, and for such it ought to be censured and punished.



## C H A P. XVI.

*A Proceeding of some Ambassadors.*

I Observe in all my Travels this Custom, ever to learn something from the Information of those with whom I confer (which is the best School of all other) and to put my Company upon those Subjects they are the best able to speak of:

*Basti al nochiervo ragionar de venti,  
Al bisfolco de i Tori, & le sue Pyaghe  
Conti'l guerrier, conti'l Pastor gli armeni\*.*

*Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,  
Ememorat miles vulnera, pastor ovis †.*

The Seamen best can reason of the Winds,  
Of Oxen none so well as lab'ring Hinds;  
The huffing Soldier best of Wounds and Knocks,  
And gentler Shepherds of their harmless Flocks.

For it often falls out, that, on the contrary, every one will rather choose to be prating of another Man's Province than his own, thinking it so much new Reputation acquired; witness the Jeer *Archidamus* put upon *Periander*, That he had quitted the Glory of being an excellent Physician to gain the Repute of a very bad Poet. And do but observe how large and ample *Cæsar* is to make us understand his

\* *Aristo.*† *Propert.*

Invention of building of Bridges, and contriving Engines of War, and how succinct and reserv'd in Comparison, where he speaks of the Offices of his Profession, his own Valour, and military Conduct. His Exploits sufficiently prove him a great Captain, and that he knew well enough but he would be thought a good Engineer to boot; a Quality something rare, and not much to be expected in him. The elder *Dionysius* was a very great Captain, as it befitted his Fortune he should be; but he took very great Pains to get a particular Reputation by Poetry, and yet he never was cut out for a Poet. A Gentleman of the long Robe being not long since brought to see a Study furnish'd with all Sorts of Books, both of his own and all other Faculties, took no Occasion at all to entertain himself with any of them, but fell very rudely and impertinently to descant upon a Barricado plac'd before the Study-door, a thing that a hundred Captains and common Soldiers see every Day without taking any Notice or Offence.

*Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.*

The lazy Ox would Saddle have and Bit,

The Steed a Yoke, neither for either fit.

By this Course a Man shall never improve himself, nor arrive at any Perfection in any thing. He must therefore make it his Business, always to put the Architect, the Painter, the Statuary, as also every Mechanick Artizan, upon discourse of their own Capacities. And to this Purpose, in reading Histories, which is every Body's Subject, I use to consider what kind of Men are the Authors; which, if Persons that profess nothing but mere Learning, I in and from them principally observe and learn the Stile and Language; If Physicians, I upon that Account the rather incline to credit what they report of the Temperature of the Air, of the Health and Complexions of Princes, of Wounds, and Diseases; If Lawyers, we are from them to take Notice of the Controversies of Right and Title, the Establishment of Laws and Civil Government, and the like; If Divines, the Affairs of the Church, ecclesiastical Censures, Marriages and Dispensations; If Courtiers, Manners and Ceremonies; If Soldiers, the Things that properly belong to their Trade, and principally the Accounts of such Actions and Enterprizes wherein they were personally



personally engaged ; and if Ambassadors, we are to observe their Negotiations, Intelligences, and Practices, and the Manner how they are to be carried on. And this is the Reason why (which perhaps I should have lightly pass'd over in another) I dwelt upon and maturely consider'd one Passage in the History writ by Monsieur de Langey (a Man of very great Judgment in Things of that Nature) which was, after having given a Narrative of the fine Oration Charles the Fifth had made in the Consistory at Rome, and in the Presence of the Bishop of Mascon and Monsieur de Velle, our Ambassadors there, wherein he had mixed several tart and injurious Expressions to the Dishonour of our Nation ; and amongst the rest, *That if his Captains and Soldiers were not Men of another kind of Fidelity, Resolution, and Sufficiency in the Knowledge of Arms, than those of the King, he would immediately go with a Rope about his Neck and sue to him for Mercy* ; (and it should seem the Emperor had really this, or a very little better Opinion of our military Men, for he afterwards, twice or thrice in his Life, said the very same thing) as also, that he challeng'd the King to fight him in his Shirt with Rapier and Poniard, in a Boat : The said *Sieur de Langey* pursuing his History, adds, that the forenam'd Ambassadors, sending a Dispatch to the King of these Things, conceal'd the greatest Part, and particularly the two last Passages. At which I could not but wonder, that it should be in the Power of an Ambassador to dispense with any Thing which he ought to signify to his Master, especially of so great Importance as this, coming from the Mouth of such a Person, and spoke in so great an Assembly ; and should rather conceive it had been the Servant's Duty faithfully to have represent'd to him the whole and naked Truth as it pass'd, to the End that the Liberty of disposing, judging and concluding might absolutely have remain'd in him : For either to conceal, or to disguise the Truth for Fear he should take it otherwise than he ought to do, and lest it should prompt him to some extravagant Resolution, and in the mean Time to leave him ignorant of his Affairs, should seem, methinks, rather to belong to him who is to give the Law, than to him who is only to receive it ; to him who is in supreme Command, and best can judge of his own Interests, and not to him who ought to look upon him-

self as inferior in Authority, so also in Prudence and good Counsel: But let it be how it will, I for my Part would be loth to be so served in my little Concerns. We do so willingly slip the Collar of Command upon any Pretence whatever, and are so ready to usurp upon Dominion, and every one does so naturally aspire to Liberty and Power, that no Utility whatever deriv'd from the Wit or Valour of those he does employ, ought to be so dear to a Superior, as a downright and sincere Obedience. To obey more upon the Account of Understanding than Subjection, is to corrupt the Office, and to subvert the Power of Command; insomuch that *P. Crassus*, the same whom the *Romans* reputed five times happy, at the Time when he was Consul in *Asia*, having sent to a *Greek* Engineer to cause the greater of two Masts of Ships that he had taken Notice of at *Athens*, to be brought to him, to be employed about some Engine of Battery he had a design to make; the other presuming upon his own Science and Sufficiency in those Affairs, thought fit to do otherwise than directed, and to bring the less; which also, according to the Rules of Art, was really more proper for the Use to which it was designed: But *Crassus*, though he gave Ear to his Reason with great Patience, would not however take them, how sound or convincing soever, for current Pay, but yet remained so highly offended at his Disobedience, that he caused him to be sufficiently whipped for his Pains, valuing the Interest of Discipline much more than of the Thing. Notwithstanding, we may on the other Side consider, that so precise and implicit an Obedience as this, is only due to positive and limited Commands. The Employment of an Ambassador is never so confined; several Things in the Management of Affairs, and in the various and unforeseen Occurrences and Accidents that may fall out in the Management of a Negotiation of this Nature, being wholly referr'd to the absolute Sovereignty of their own Conduct: Neither do they simply execute only, but also to their own Discretion and Wisdom form and model their Master's Pleasure; and I have in my Time known Men of Command, who have been check'd for having rather obey'd the express Words of the King's Letters, than the Necessity of the Affairs they had in Hand. Men of Understanding do yet to this Day condemn the Custom of  
the

the Kings of *Persia*, to give their Lieutenants and Agents so little Rein, that upon the least arising Difficulties they must evermore have Recourse to their farther Commands; this Delay in so vast an Extent of Dominion, having often very much prejudiced their Affairs. And *Crassus* writing to a Man, whose Profession it was best to understand those Things, and pre-acquainting him to what Use this Mast was designed, did he not seem to consult his Advice, and in a Manner invite him to interpose his better Judgment?



## C H A P. XVII.

## Of Fear.

*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ & vox faucibus hæsit* \*.

I was amaz'd, struck speechless, and my Hair  
On end upon my Head did wildly stare.

I Am not so good a Naturalist as to discern by what secret Springs *Fear* has it's Motion in us; but I am wise enough to know, that it is a strong Passion, and such a one, that the Physicians say, there is no other whatever that sooner dethrones our Judgment from it's proper Seat; which is so true, that I myself have seen very many become frantick through Fear; and even in those of the best settled Temper, it is most certain, that it begets a terrible Astonishment and Confusion during the Fit. I omit the vulgar Sort, to whom it one while represents their Great-Grandfirs, risen out of their Graves in their Shrowds, another while *Hobgoblins*, *Spettres*, and *Chimæra's*, but even amongst Soldiers (a Sort of Men over whom, of all others, it ought to have the least Power) how often has it converted Flocks of Sheep into armed Squadrons, Reeds and Bull-rushes into Pikes and Launces, Friends into Enemies, and the *French White* into the Red Crosses of *Spain*! When Monsieur de *Bourbon* took

\* *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*

the City of *Rome*, an Ensign who was upon the Guard at the Bourg *St. Pierre*, was seized with such a Fright upon the first Alarm, that he threw himself out at a Breach with his Colours upon his Shoulder, ran directly upon the Enemy, thinking he had retreated toward the inward Defences of the City, and with much ado, seeing Monsieur de *Bourbon's* People, who thought it had been a Sally upon them, draw up to receive him, at last came to himself, and saw his Error; and then facing about, he retreated full Speed thro' the same Breach by which he had gone out; but not 'till he had first blindly advanced above three hundred Paces into the open Field. It did not however fall out so well with Captain *Julius's* Ensign at the Time when *St. Paul* was taken from us by the Count de *Bures* and Monsieur du *Reu*, for he, being so astonished with Fear, as to throw himself and his Fellows out at a Skyt-Gate, was immediately cut to Pieces by the Enemy; and in the same Siege it was a very memorable Fear, that so seized, contracted, and froze up the Heart of a young Gentleman, that he sunk down stone dead in the Breach, without any Manner of Wound or Hurt at all. The like Madnes does sometimes push on a whole Multitude; for in one of the Encounters that *Germanicus* had with the  *Germans*, two great Parties were so amazed with Fear, that they ran two opposite Ways, the one and the other to the same Place, from which either of them had fled before. Sometimes it adds Wings to the Heels, as in the two first, and sometimes nails them to the Ground, and fetters them from moving; as we read of the Emperor *Theophilus*, who in a Battle he lost against the *Agarens*, was so astonished and stupified, that he had no Power to fly; *adeo pavor etiam auxilia formidat* \*, so much does Fear dread even the Means of Safety; 'till such Time as *Manuel*, one of the principal Commanders of his Army, having jogged and shaken him so as to rouse him out of his Trance, said to him, *Sir, if you will not follow me, I will kill you: For it is better you should lose your Life, than, by being taken, to lose your Empire.* But Fear does then manifest it's utmost Power and Effect, when it throws us upon a valiant Despair, having before deprived us of all Sense both of

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\* *Quint. Curt. l. 3.*

Duty and Honour. In the first pitched Battle the *Romans* lost against *Hannibal*, under the Consul *Sempronius*, a Body of ten thousand Foot, that had taken a Fright, seeing no other Escape for their Cowardice, went, and threw themselves head-long upon the great Battalion of the Enemies, which also with wonderful Force and Fury they charged through and through, and routed with a very great Slaughter of the *Carthaginians*, by that Means purchasing an ignominious Flight at the same Price they might have done a glorious Victory. The Thing in the World I am most afraid of is *Fear*, and with good Reason, that Passion alone, in the Trouble of it, exceeding all other Accidents. What Affliction could be greater or more just than that of *Pompey's* Followers and Friends, who, in his Ship, were Spectators of that horrid and inhuman Murder? Yet so it was, that the Fear of the *Egyptian* Vessels they saw coming to board them, possessed them with so great a Fear, that it is observed they thought of Nothing, but calling upon the Mariners to make Haste, and by Force of Oars to escape away, 'till being arrived at *Tyre*, and delivered from the Apprehension of farther Danger, they then had Leisure to turn their Thoughts to the Loss of their Captain, and to give Vent to those Tears and Lamentations that the other more prevalent Passion had 'till then suspended.

*Tum pavor sapientiam omnem mihi ex animo expectorat.*

My Mind with great and sudden Fear oppress'd,  
Was for the Time of Judgment dispossest'd.

Such as have been well banged in some Skirmish, may yet, all wounded and bloody as they are, be brought on again the next Day to charge: But such as have once conceived a good sound Fear of the Enemy, will never be made so much as to look him in the Face. Such as are in immediate Fear of losing their Estates, of Banishment, or of Slavery, live in perpetual Anguish and lose all Appetite and Repose; whereas such as are actually poor, Slaves, and Exiles, oft-times live as merrily as Men in a better Condition: And so many People, who, impatient of the perpetual Alarms of Fear, have hanged and drowned themselves, give us sufficiently to understand, that it is more importunate and insupportable than Death itself. The *Greeks* acknowledge another Kind of Fear exceeding any we have spoken

spoken of yet, a Passion that surpriseth us without any visible Cause, by an Impulse from Heaven; so that whole Armies and Nations have been struck with it. Such a one was that, which brought so wonderful a Desolation upon *Carthage*, where nothing was to be heard but Voices and Outcries of Fear, where the Inhabitants were seen to fall out of their Houses as to an Alarm, and there to charge, wound, and kill one another, as if they had been Enemies come to surprize their City. All Things were in strange Disorder and Fury, 'till with Prayers and Sacrifices they had appeas'd their Gods: And this is that they call a Panick Terror.



C H A P. XVIII.

*That Men are not to judge of our Happiness  
'till after Death.*

— *scilicet ultima semper  
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus,  
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet* \*.

Men's last Days still to be expected are,  
E'er we of them our Judgments do declare;  
Nor can't of any one be rightly said,  
That he is happy, 'till he first be dead.

**E**Very one is acquainted with the Story of King *Cræsus* to this Purpose, who being taken Prisoner by *Cyrus*, and by him condemned to die, as he was going to Execution, cried out, O *Solon*, *Solon*! which being presently reported to *Cyrus*, and he sending to enquire of him what it meant, *Cræsus* gave him to understand, that he now found the Advertisement *Solon* had formerly given him true to his Cost, which was, That Men, however Fortune may smile upon them, could never be said to be happy, 'till they had

\* *Ovid. Met. l. 3.*

been

been seen to pass over the last Day of their Lives, by Reason of the Uncertainty and Mutability of human Things, which upon very light and trivial Occasions are subject to be totally changed into a quite contrary Condition. And therefore it was, that *Agefilaus* made answer to one that was saying, what a happy young Man the King of *Persia* was, to come so young to so mighty a Kingdom: 'Tis true, (said he) but neither was *Priam* unhappy at his Years. In a short Time, of Kings of *Macedon*, Successors to that mighty *Alexander*, were made Joiners and Scriveners at *Rome*, of a Tyrant of *Sicily* a Pedant at *Corinth*, of a Conqueror of one half of the World, and General of so many Armies, a miserable Suppliant to the rascally Officers of a King of *Egypt*. So much the Prolongation of five or six Months of Life cost the great and noble *Pompey*, and no longer since than our Fathers Days, *Ludovico Sforza*, the tenth Duke of *Milan*, to whom all *Italy* had so long truckled under, was seen to die a wretched Prisoner at *Loches*, but not till he had lived ten Years in Captivity, which was the worst Part of his Fortune. The fairest of all Queens, Widow to the greatest King in *Europe*, did she not come to die by the Hand of an Executioner? Unworthy and barbarous Cruelty! and a thousand more Examples there are of the same Kind; for, it seems, that as Storms and Tempests have a Malice to the proud and overtowering Heights of our lofty Buildings, there are also Spirits above that are envious of the Grandeurs here below.

Mary, Queen  
of Scots.

*Usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam  
Obterit, & pulchros Fasces, sævasque secures  
Proculcare, hac ludibro sibi habere videtur\*.*

By which it does appear, a Power unseen  
Rome's awful Fasces, and her Axes keen  
Spurns under Foot, and plainly does despise,  
Of human Power the vain Formalities.

And it should seem also that Fortune sometimes lyes in wait to surprize the last Hour of our Lives, to shew the Power she has in a Moment to overthrow what she was so

\* *Lucret. l. 5.*

many Years in building, making us cry out with *Laberius*,  
*Nimirum hac die una plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit \**,  
*I have liv'd longer by this one Day than I ought to have*  
*done.* And in this Sense, this good Advice of *Solon* may  
reasonably be taken; but he being a Philosopher, with  
which Sort of Men the Favours and Disgraces of Fortune  
stand for nothing, either to the making a Man happy or  
unhappy, and with whom Grandeurs and Powers, Acci-  
dents of Quality, are upon the Matter indifferent, I am  
apt to think he had some farther Aim, and that his Mean-  
ing was, that the very Felicity of Life itself, which  
depends upon the Tranquillity and Contentment of a well-  
descended Spirit, and the Resolution and Assurance of a  
well-ordered Soul, ought never to be attributed to any  
Man, 'till he has first been seen to play the last, and doubt-  
less the hardest Act of his Part, because there may be Dis-  
guise and Dissimulation in all the rest, where these fine  
Philosophical Discourses are only put on; and where Acci-  
dents do not touch us to the Quick, they give us Leisure to  
maintain the same sober Gravity; but in this last Scene of  
Death, there is no more counterfeiting, we must speak  
plain, and must discover what there is of pure and clean  
in the Bottom.

*Nam vera voces tum demum pectore ab imo  
Ejiciuntur, & eripitur persona, manet res †.*

Then that at last Truth issues from the Heart,  
The Vizard's gone, we act our own true Part.

Wherefore at this last all the other Actions of our Life ought  
to be try'd and sifted. 'Tis the Master-day, 'tis the Day  
that is Judge of all the rest, 'Tis the Day (says one of the An-  
cients) *that ought to judge of all my foregoing Years.* To  
Death do I refer the Essay of the Fruit of all my Studies.  
We shall then see whether my Discourses came only from  
my Mouth, or from my Heart. I have seen many by their  
Death give a good or an ill Repute to their whole Life.  
*Scipio*, the Father-in-law of *Pompey* the Great, in dying  
well wip'd away the ill Opinion, that 'till then every  
one had conceived of him. *Epaminondas* being asked

\* *Macrob. l. 2. c. 2.*

† *Lucret. l. 3.*



which of the three he had in greatest Esteem, *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or himself; *You must first see us die* (said he) *before that Question can be resolved*: And in Truth, he would infinitely wrong that great Man, who would weigh him without the Honour and Grandeur of his End. God Almighty has ordered all Things as it has best pleased him: But I have in my Time seen three of the most execrable Persons that ever I knew, in all Manner of abominable Living, and the most infamous to boot, who all died a very regular Death, and in all Circumstances composed even to Perfection. There are brave and fortunate Deaths. I have seen Death cut the Thread of the Progress of a prodigious Advancement, and in the Height and Flower of it's Encrease of a certain Person, with so glorious an End, that, in my Opinion, his ambitious and generous Designs had nothing in them so high and great as their Interruption; and he arrived, without completing his Course, at the Place to which his Ambition pretended with greater Glory, than he could himself either hope or desire, and anticipated by his Fall the Name and Power to which he aspired, by perfecting his Career. In the Judgment I make of another Man's Life, I always observe how he carried himself at his Death; and the principal Concern I have for my own, is, that I may die handsomly, that is, patiently, and without Noise.



## C H A P. XIX.

*That to study Philosophy is to learn to die.*

**C**icero says, *That to study Philosophy is nothing but to prepare a Man's self to die*. The Reason of which is, because Study and Contemplation do in some sort withdraw from us, and deprive us of our Souls, and employ it separately from the Body, which is a kind of learning to die, and a Resemblance of Death, or else because all the Wisdom and Reasoning in the World does in the End conclude in this Point, to teach us not to fear to die. And to say the Truth, either our Reason does grossly abuse us, or it ought to have no other Aim but our Contentment only, nor to endeavour

deavour any Thing, but in Sum to make us live well, and, as the holy Scripture says, at our Ease. All the Opinions of the World agree in this, That Pleasure is our End, though we make use of divers Means to attain unto it, they would otherwise be rejected at the first Motion; for who would give ear to him that should propose Affliction and Misery for his End? The Controversies and Disputes of the Philosophical Sects upon this Point are merely verbal, *Transcurramus solertissimas nugas* \*, Let us skip over these learned and subtle Fooleries and Trifles; there is more in them of Opposition and Obstinacy than is consistent with so sacred a Profession: But what Kind of Person soever Man takes upon him to personate, he over-mixes his own Part with it; and let the Philosophers all say what they will, the main Thing at which we all aim, even in Virtue itself, is Pleasure. It pleases me to rattle in their Ears this Word, which they so nauseate to hear; and if it signify some supreme Pleasure and excessive Delight, it is more due to the Assistance of Virtue than to any other Assistance whatever. This Delight, for being more gay, more sinewy, more robust, and more manly, is only to be more seriously voluptuous, and we ought to give it the Name of Pleasure; as that which is more benign, gentle, and natural; and not that of Vigour, from which we have derived it: The other more mean and sensual Part of Pleasure, if it could deserve this fair Name, it ought to be upon the Account of Concurrence, and not of Privilege; I find it less exempt from Traverses and Inconveniencies, than Virtue itself; and besides that, the Enjoyment is more momentary, fluid, and frail; it has it's Watchings, Fasts, and Labours, even to Sweat and Blood; and moreover, has particular to itself so many several Sorts of sharp and wounding Passions, and so stupid a Satiety attending it, as are equal to the severest Penance. And we mistake to think that Difficulties should serve it for a Spur and a Seasoning to it's Sweetness, as in Nature, one contrary is quickened by another; and to say when we come to Virtue, that like Consequences and Difficulties overwhelm and render it austere and inaccessible; whereas, much more aptly than in Voluptuousness, they

\* *Seneca Epist.*

enable, sharpen and heighten the perfect and divine Pleasure they procure us. He renders himself unworthy of it who will counterpoise his Expence with the Fruit, and does neither understand the Blessing, nor how to use it. Those who preach to us, that the Quest of it is craggy, difficult, and painful, but the Fruition pleasant and grateful, what do they mean by that, but to tell us, that it is always unpleasing? The most Perfect have been forc'd to content themselves to aspire unto it, and to approach it only without ever possessing it. But they are deceived, and do not take Notice, that of all the Pleasures we know, the very Pursuit is pleasant: The Attempt ever relishes of the Quality of the Thing to which it is directed; for it is a good Part of, and consubstantial with the Effect. The Felicity and Beatitude that glitters in Virtue, shines throughout all her Apartments and Avenues, even to the first Entry, and utmost Pale and Limits. Now of all the Benefits that Virtue confers upon us, the Contempt of Death is one of the greatest, as the Means that accommodates human Life with a soft and easy Tranquillity, and gives us a pure and pleasant Taste of living, without which, all other Pleasures would be extinct; which is the Reason why all the Rules by which we are to live centre and concur in this one Article. And although they all in like Manner with one Consent endeavour to teach us also to despise Grief, Poverty, and the other Accidents to which human Life, by it's own Nature and Constitution, is subjected, it is not nevertheless with the same Importunity, as well by Reason the fore-named Accidents are not of so great Necessity, the greater Part of Mankind passing over their whole Lives, without ever knowing what Poverty is; and some without Sorrow or Sicknes, as *Xenophilus* the Musician, who lived a hundred and six Years in a perfect and continual Health; as also because at the worst, Death can, whenever we please, cut short, and put an End to all these Inconveniencies. But as to Death, it is inevitable.

*Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium  
Versata Urna; serius, ocyus  
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum  
Exilium impostura Cymbæ\*.*

\* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 3.*

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We all are to one Voyage bound; by Turn,  
Sooner or later, all must to the Urn:  
When *Charon* calls abroad, we must not stay,  
But to eternal Exile fail away.

And consequently, if it frights us, 'tis a perpetual Torment, and for which there is no Consolation nor Redress. There is no Way by which we can possibly avoid it; it commands all Points of the Compass: We may continually turn our Heads this Way and that, and pry about as in a suspected Country, *quæ quasi saxum Tantalò, semper impendet* \*, but it, like Tantalus's Stone, hangs over us. Our Courts of Justice often send back condemn'd Criminals to be executed upon the Place where the Fact was committed, but carry them to all fine Houses by the Way, and prepare for them the best Entertainment they can.

————— *non Siculæ Dapes*  
*Dulcem elaborabunt saporem:*

*Non avium citharæque cantus*  
*Somnum reducent §.*

————— the Tastes of such as these

Choicest *Sicilian* Dainties cannot please,  
Nor yet of Birds or Harps, the Harmonies  
Once charm asleep, or close their watchful Eyes.

Do you think they could relish it? And that the fatal End of their Journey being continually before their Eyes, would not alter and deprave their Palate from tasting these Regalio's?

*Audit iter numeratque dies spatique viarum*  
*Metitur vitam, torquetur peste futura ||.*

He Time and Space computes, by Length of Ways,  
Sums up the Number of his few sad Days;  
And his sad Thoughts, full of his fatal Doom,  
Can dream of nothing but the Blow to come.

The End of our Race is Death, 'tis the necessary Object of our Aim, which if it frights us, how is it possible to advance a Step, without a Fit of an Ague? The Remedy the Vulgar use, is not to think on't: But from what brutish Stupidity can they derive so gross a Blindness? They must bridle the As's by the Tail.

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\* *Cicero de finib. l. 1.* § *Hor. l. 3. Ode 1.* || *Claud.*  
G 3 *Qui*

*Qui capite ipse suo instituit vestigia retro* \*.

He who the Order of his Steps has laid  
To Light, and natural Motion retrograde.

'Tis no Wonder, if he be often trapp'd in the Pitfall. They use to fright People with the very Mention of Death, and many cross themselves, as if it were the Name of the Devil; and because the making a Man's Will, is in Reference to dying, not a Man will be persuaded to take a Pen in Hand to that Purpose, 'till the Physician has pass'd Sentence upon him, and totally given him over; and then, betwixt Grief and Terror, God knows in how fit a Condition of Understanding he is to do it. The *Romans*, by Reason that this poor Syllable *Death* was observed to be so harsh to the Ears of the People and the Sound so ominous, had found out a Way to soften and spin it out by a *Periphrasis*, and instead of pronouncing bluntly, such a one is dead, to say, *such a one has lived, or, such a one has ceased to live*: For, provided there was any Mention of Life in the Case, tho' past, it carried yet some Sound of Consolation. And from them it is that we have borrowed our Expression of *the late Monsieur such and such a one*. Peradventure (as the Saying is) the Term we have lived is worth our Money. I was born betwixt eleven and twelve o'Clock in the Forenoon, the last of *February*, 1533, according to our Computation, beginning the Year the first of *January*, and it is now but just fifteen Days since I was compleat nine and thirty Yearsold; I make account to live at least as many more. In the mean Time, to trouble a Man's self with the Thought of a Thing so far off, is a senseless Foolery. But what, Young and Old die after the very same Manner, and no one departs out of Life otherwise, than if he had but just before entered into it; neither is any so old and decrepid, who has heard of *Metbusalem*, that does not think he has yet twenty Years of Constitution good at least. Fool that thou art, who has assured unto thee the Term of Life? Thou dependest upon Physicians Tales and Stories, but rather consult Experience, and the Fragility of human Nature: For, according to the common

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\* *Lucret. l. 4.*

Course of Things, 'tis long since that thou livedst by extraordinary Favour. Thou hast already out-lived the ordinary Term of Life, and that it is so, reckon up thy Acquaintance, how many more have died before they arrived at thy Age, than have attained unto it, and of those who have ennobled their Lives by their Renown; take but an Account, and I dare lay a Wager thou wilt find more who have died before, than after five and thirty Years of Age. It is full both of Reason and Piety too, to take Example by the Humanity of *Jesus Christ* himself, who ended his Life at three and thirty Years. The greatest Man that ever was, was no more than a Man, *Alexander*, died also at the same Age. How many several Ways has Death to surprize us?

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis.  
Cautum est in horas\*.*

Man fain would shun, but 'tis not in his Power  
T' evade the Dangers of each threat'ning Hour.

To omit Fevers and Pleurifies, who would ever have imagined, that a Duke of *Britany* should be pressed to Death in a Crowd, as that Duke was at the Entry of Pope *Clement* into *Lions*? Have we not seen one of our † Kings killed at a Tilting; and did not one of his † Ancestors die by the Juffle of a Hog? *Æscbylus* being threatned with the Fall of a House, was to much Purpose so circumspect to avoid that Danger, when he was knock'd o'th' Head by a Tortoise-shell falling out of an Eagle's Talons in the Fields. Another was choaked with a Grape-stone; an Emperor killed with the Scratch of a Comb, in combing his Head. *Æmilius Lepidus*, with a Stumble at his own Threshold; and *Aufidius* with a Juffle against the Door, as he entered the Council-Chamber. And betwixt the very Thighs of Women, *Cornelius Gallus*, the *Prætor*; *Tigillinus*, Captain of the Watch at *Rome*; *Ludovico*, Son of *Guido de Gonzaga*, Marquis of *Mantua*; and (of worse Example) *Speusippus*, a *Platonick* Philosopher, and one of our Popes. The poor Judge *Bibius*, whilst he

† Henry II.  
of France, running  
against  
Montgomery.

† Philip, the  
eldest Son of  
Lewis the  
Gross, the 40th  
King of France.

\* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 13.*

retrieved a Criminal for eight Days only, was himself condemned to Death, and his own Day of Life was expired. Whilst *Caius Julius* the Physician was anointing the Eyes of a Patient, Death closed his own; and if I may bring in an Example of my own Blood, a Brother of mine, Captain *St. Martin*, a young Man of three and twenty Years old, who had already given sufficient Testimony of his Valour, playing a Match at Tennis, received a Blow of a Ball a little above his right Ear, which, though it was without any Manner or Sign of Wound, or Depression of the Skull, and though he took no great Notice of it, nor so much as sat down to repose himself, he nevertheless died within five or six Hours after of an Apoplexy, occasioned by that Blow. Which so frequent and common Examples passing every Day before our Eyes, how is it possible a Man should disengage himself from the Thought of Death; or avoid fancying, that it has us every Moment by the Collar? What Matter is it, you will say, which Way it comes to pass, provided a Man does not terrify himself with the Expectation? For my Part, I am of this Mind, that if a Man could by any Means avoid it, though by creeping under a Calf's Skin, I am one that should not be ashamed of the Shift: All I aim at is, to pass my Time pleasantly, and without any great Reproach, and the Recreations that most contribute to it, I take hold of; as to the rest, as little glorious and exemplary as you would desire.

*prætulerim——delirus inersque videri,  
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel denique fallant,  
Quam sapere, & ringi\*.*

A Fool, or Coward, let me censur'd be,  
Whilst either Vice does please or cozen me,  
Rather than be thought wise, and feel the Smart  
Of a perpetual aching anxious Heart.

But 'tis Folly to think of doing any thing that Way. They go, they come, they gallop and dance, and not a Word of Death. All this is very fine, but withal, when it comes either to themselves, their Wives, their Children, or Friends, surprizing them at unawares, unprepared,

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\* *Hor. Epist. 2. l. 2.*

then what Torment, what Outcries, what Madnes and Despair! Did you ever see any thing so subdued, so changed and so confounded? A Man must therefore make more early Trial of it; and this brutish Negligence, could it possibly lodge in the Brain of any Man of Sense, (which I think utterly impossible) sells us his Merchandize too dear. Were it an Enemy that could be avoided, I would then advise to borrow Arms even of Cowardice itself to that Effect: But seeing it is not, and that it will catch you as well flying, and playing the Poltron, as standing to it, like a Man of Honour:

*Mors & fugacem persequitur Virum,  
Nec parcat imbellis juventa  
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo †.*

No Speed of Foot prevents Death of his Prize,  
He cuts the Hamstrings of the Man that flies;  
Nor spares the tender Stripling's Back does start  
T' out-run the Distance of his mortal Dart.

And seeing that no Temper of Arms is of Proof to secure us,

*Ille licet ferro, cautus se condat, & ære  
Mors tamen inclusum protrahet inde caput ‡.*

Shell thee with Steel, or Brass, advis'd by Dread,  
Death from the Cask will pull thy cautious Head.

let us learn bravely to stand our Ground and fight him. And to begin to deprive him of the greatest Advantage he has over us, let us take a Way quite contrary to the common Course. Let us disarm him of his Novelty and Strangeness; let us converse and be familiar with him, and have nothing so frequent in our Thoughts as Death: Let us, upon Occasions, represent him in all his most dreadful Shapes to our Imagination: At the Stumbling of a Horse, at the Falling of a Tile, at the least Prick of a Pin, let us presently consider, and say to ourselves, Well, and what if it had been Death itself? And thereupon let us encourage and fortify ourselves. Let us evermore, amidst our Jollity and Feasting, set the Remembrance of our frail Condition before our Eyes, never suffering ourselves

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† *Hor. l. 3. Ode 2.* ‡ *Propert. l. 3. Eleg. 17. alias 16.*  
to



to be so far transported with our Delight, but that we have some Intervals of reflecting upon, and considering how many several Ways this Jollity of ours tends to Death, and with how many Dangers it threatens us. The *Egyptians* were wont to do after this Manner, who, in the Height of their Feasting and Mirth, caused a dried Skeleton of a Man to be brought into the Room, to serve for a *Memento* to their Guests.

*Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum,  
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur hora* \*.

Think every Day, soon as the Day is past,  
Of thy Life's Date, that thou hast liv'd the last;  
The next Day's joyful Light thine Eyes shalt see,  
As unexpected, will more welcome be.

Where Death waits for us, is uncertain; let us everywhere look for him. The Premeditation of Death, is the Premeditation of Liberty; who has learnt to die, has forgot to serve. There is nothing of Evil in Life, for him who rightly comprehends, that Death is no Evil; to know how to die, delivers us from all Subjection and Constraint. *Paulus Æmilius* answered him whom the miserable King of *Macedon*, his Prisoner, sent to entreat him that he would not lead him in his Triumph, *Let him make that Request to himself*. In Truth, in all Things, if Nature do not help a little, it is very hard for Art and Industry to perform any thing to Purpose. I am, in my own Nature, not melancholy, but thoughtful; and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myself withal, than the Imaginations of Death, even in the gayest and most wanton Time of my Age;

*Jucundum cum ætas florida vir agere* †.

Of florid Age in the most pleasant Spring.

In the Company of Ladies, and in the Height of Mirth, some have perhaps thought me possessed with some Jealousy, or meditating upon the Uncertainty of some imagined Hope, whilst I was entertaining myself with the Remembrance of some one surprized a few Days before with a

\* *Horat. l. 1. Epist. 4.*

† *Catullus, Num. 69.*  
burning

burning Fever, of which he died, returning from an Entertainment like this, with his Head full of idle Fancies of Love and Jollity, as mine was then, and that, for ought I knew, the same Destiny was attending me.

*Jam fuerit, nec post unquam revocare licebit* \*.

But now he had a Being amongst Men,  
Now gone, and ne'er to be recall'd agen.

Yet did not this Thought wrinkle my Forehead any more than any other. It is impossible but we must feel a Sting in such Imaginations as these at first; but with often revolving them in a Man's Mind, and having them frequent in our Thoughts, they at last become so familiar as to be no Trouble at all: Otherwise I, for my Part, should be in a perpetual Fright and Frenzy; for never Man was so distrustful of his Life, never Man so indifferent of it's Duration. Neither Health, which I have hitherto ever enjoy'd very strong and vigorous, and very seldom interrupted, does prolong, nor Sicknes contract my Hopes. Methinks I escape every Minute, and it eternally runs in my Mind, that what may be done To-morrow, may be done To-day. Hazards and Dangers do, in Truth, little or nothing hasten our End, and if we consider how many more remain, and hang over our Heads, besides the Accident that immediately threatens us, we shall find that the Sound and the Sick, those that are abroad at Sea, and those that sit by the Fire, those that are engaged in Battle, and those that sit idle at Home, are the one as near it as the other: *Nemo altero fragilior est: Nemo in crastinum sui certior* †: *No Man is more frail than another: No more certain of the Morrow.* For any thing I have to do before I die, the longest Leisure would appear too short, were it but an Hour's Business I had to do. A Friend of mine the other Day, turning over my Table-Book, found in it a *Memorandum* of something I would have done after my Decease; whereupon I told him, as it was really true, that though I was no more than a League's Distance only from my own House, and merry and well, yet when that Thing came into my Head, I made haste to write it down there, because

\* *Lucret. l. 3.*

† *Senec. Ep. 19.*

I was

I was not certain to live 'till I came Home. As a Man that am eternally brooding over my own Thoughts, and who confine them to my own particular Concerns; I am upon the Matter at all Hours as well prepared as I am ever like to be, and Death, whenever he shall come, can bring nothing along with him I did not expect long before. We should always (as near as we can) be booted and spurred and ready to go, and above all Things, to take Care at the Time to have no Business with any one, but a Man's self.

*Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
Multa \*?*

Why cut'st thou out such mighty Work vain Man?

Whose Life's short Date's compriz'd in one poor Span  
For we shall there find Work enough to do, without any need of Addition; one complains more than of Death that he is thereby prevented of a glorious Victory; another that he must die before he has married his Daughter or settled and provided for his Children; a third seems only troubled that he must lose the Society of his beloved Wife; a fourth, the Conversation of his Son, as the principal Concerns of his Being. For my Part, I am, thank be to God, at this Instant, in such a Condition, that I am ready to dislodge, whenever it shall please him, without any Manner of Regret. I disengage myself throughout from all worldly Relations, my Leave is soon taken of all but myself. Never did any one prepare to bid Adieu to the World more absolutely and purely, and to shake Hands with all Manner of Interest in it, than I expect to do. The dearest Deaths are the best.

— *miser, O miser (aiunt) omnia ademit  
Una dies infesta mihi tot præmia vitæ †;*

Wretch that I am (they cry) one fatal Day  
So many Joys of Life has snatch'd away.

And the Builder,

— *manent (dit il) opera interrupta, minæque  
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina Cælo ‡.*

Stupendious Piles (says he) neglected lye,  
And Tow'rs, whose Pinnacles do pierce the Sky.

\* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 16.* † *Lucret. l. 3.* ‡ *Virg. Æneid. l. 4.*  
A Man

A Man must design nothing that will require so much Time to the finishing, or at least with no such passionate Desire to see it brought to Perfection. We are born to Action.

*Cum moriar, medium solvar & inter opus\*.*

When Death shall come, he me will doubtless find  
Doing of something that I had design'd.

I would always have a Man to be doing, and as much as in him lyes, to extend and spin out the Offices of Life; and then let Death take me planting Cabbages, but without any careful Thought of him, and much less of my Garden's not being finished. I saw one die, who at his last Gasp seem'd to be concerned at nothing so much, as that Destiny was about to cut the Thread of a Chronicle History he was then compiling, when he was gone no farther than the fifteenth or sixteenth of our Kings,

*Illud in his rebus non addunt, nec tibi earum  
Jam desiderium rerum, superinsidet una †.*

They tell us not, that dying we've no more  
The same Desires and Thoughts that heretofore.

We are to discharge ourselves from these vulgar and hurtful Humours and Concerns. To this Purpose it was, that Men first appointed the Places of Sepulture, and Dormitories of the Dead, near adjoining to the Churches, and in the most frequent Places of the City, to accustom (says *Lycurgus*) the common People, Women, and Children, that they should not be startled at the Sight of a dead Corps; and to the End, that the continual Objects of Bones, Graves, Monuments, and Funeral Obsequies, should put us in Mind of our frail Condition.

*Quinetiam exhilarare viris convivio cæde  
Mos olim, & miscere epulis spectacula dira  
Certatum ferro, sæpe & super ipsa cadentum  
Pocula, respersis non parco sanguine mensis †.*

'Twas therefore that the Ancients at their Feasts  
With tragick Objects us'd to treat their Guests,

---

\* *Ovid. Amor. lib. 2. Eleg. 10.* † *Lucret. l. 3.*  
† *Silius Italicus, l. 11.*

Making their Fencers with their utmost Spite,  
Skill, Force, and Fury, in their Presence fight,  
Till Streams of Blood of those at last must fall,  
Dash'd o'er their Tables, Dishes, Cups, and all.

And as the *Aegyptians* after their Feasts were wont to present the Company with a great Image of *Death*, by one that cried out to them, *Drink and be merry, for such shalt thou be when thou art dead*; so it is my Custom to have *Death* not only in my Imagination, but continually in my Mouth; neither is there any Thing of which I am so inquisitive, and delight to inform myself, as the Manner of Men's Deaths, their Words, Looks, and Gestures, nor any Places in History I am so intent upon; and it is manifest enough, by my crowding in Examples of this Kind, that I have a particular Fancy for that Subject. If I were a Writer of Books, I would compile a Register, with the Comment of the various Deaths of Men, and it could not but be useful, for who should teach Men to die, would at the same Time teach them to live. *Dicæarchus* made one, to which he gave that Title; but it was designed for another, and less profitable End. Peradventure some one may object, and say, that the Pain and Terror of Dying indeed does so infinitely exceed all Manner of Imagination, that the best Fencer will be quite out of his Play when it comes to the Push: But let them say what they will, to premeditate is doubtless a very great Advantage; and besides, is it nothing to come so far, at least, without any visible Disturbance or Alteration? But moreover, Nature herself does assist and encourage us. If the Death be sudden and violent, we have not Leisure to fear; if otherwise, I find, that as I engage farther in my Disease, I naturally enter into a certain Loathing and Disdain of Life. I find I have much more ado to digest this Resolution of Dying when I am well in Health, than when sick, languishing of a Fever; and by how much I have less to do with the Commodities of Life, by Reason I even begin to lose the Use and Pleasure of them, by so much I look upon Death with less Terror and Amazement; which makes me hope, that the farther I remove from the first, and the nearer I approach to the latter, I shall sooner strike a Bargain, and with less Unwillingness exchange the one for the other. And, as I have experimented in other Occurrences;

Occurrences, that, as *Cæsar* says, Things often appear greater to us at a Distance than near at Hand, I have found, that being well, I have had Diseases in much greater Horror than when really afflicted with them. The Vigour wherein I now am, and the Jollity and Delight wherein I now live, make the contrary Estate appear in so great a Disproportion to my present Condition, that by Imagination I magnify and make those Inconveniencies twice greater than they are, and apprehend them to be much more troublesom than I find them really to be, when they lye the most heavy upon me, and I hope to find Death the same. Let us but observe in the ordinary Changes and Declinations our Constitutions daily suffer; how Nature deprives us of all Sight and Sense of our bodily Decay. What remains to an old Man of the Vigour of his Youth and better Days?

*Heu senibus vitæ portæ quanta manet \* ?*

Alas! To Men of youthful Heat bereft,  
How small a Portion of Life is left?

*Cæsar*, to an old Weather-beaten Soldier of his Guards, who came to ask him Leave that he might kill himself, taking Notice of his wither'd Body and decrepid Motion, pleasantly answered, *Thou fanciest then that thou art yet alive*. Should a Man fall into the Aches and Impotencies of Age, from a sprightly and vigorous Youth on the Sudden, I do not think Humanity capable of enduring such a Change: But Nature leading us by the Hand, an easy, and as it were an insensible Pace, Step by Step, conducts us to that miserable Condition, and by that Means makes it familiar to us, so that we perceive not, nor are sensible of the Stroke then, when our Youth dies in us, though it be really a harder Death, than the final Dissolution of a languishing Body, which is only the Death of old Age, forasmuch as the Fall is not so great from an uneasy Being to none at all, as it is from a spritely and florid Being to one that is unweildy and painful. The Body, when bowed beyond it's natural Spring of Strength, has less Force either to rise with, or support a Burthen; and it is with the Soul the same, and therefore it is that we are to raise her up firm

\* *Corn. Gall. vel potius Maximian Eleg. 1.*

and

and erect against the Power of this Adversary: For, as it is impossible she should ever be at Rest, or at Peace within herself, whilst she stands in Fear of it; so if she once can assure herself, she may boast (which is a Thing as it were above human Condition) that it is impossible that Disquiet, Anxiety, or Fear, or any other Disturbance, should inhabit, or have any Place in her,

*Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solida: neque Auster  
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,  
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus\*.*

A Soul well settled is not to be shook  
With an incensed Tyrant's threatning Look;  
Nor can loud *Auster* once that Heart dismay,  
The ruffling Prince of stormy *Adria*;  
Nor yet th'uplifted Hand of mighty *Jove*,  
Though charg'd with Thunder, such a Temper move.  
She is then become Sovereign of all her Lusts and Passions,  
Mistress of Necessity, Shame, Poverty, and all the other  
Injuries of Fortune. Let us therefore, as many of us as  
can, get this Advantage, which is the true and sovereign  
Liberty here on Earth, and that fortifies us wherewithal  
to defy Violence and Injustice, and to contemn Prisons  
and Chains.

————— *in Manicis &*

*Compeditibus, sævo te sub custode tenebo.  
Ipse Deus, simul atque volam, me solvet, opinor;  
Hoc sentit, moriar: Mors ultima linea rerum est †.*

With rugged Chains I'll load thy Hands and Feet,  
And to a surly Keeper thee commit.  
Why let him show his worst of Cruelty,  
God will, I think, for asking, set me free;  
Ay, but he thinks I'll die; that Comfort brings,  
For Death's the utmost Line of human Things.

*The Contempt of  
Death, a cer-  
tain Foundation  
of Religion.*

Our very Religion itself has no surer  
human Foundation than the Contempt of  
Death. Not only the Argument of Reason  
invites us to it; for why should we fear  
to lose a Thing, which being lost, can

\* *Horat. l. 3. Ode 3.* † *Ibid. l. 1. Epist. 16.*

never be missed or lamented ; but also seeing that we are threatned by so many Sorts of Deaths, is it not infinitely worse eternally to fear them all, than once to undergo one of them? And what matter is it when it shall happen, since it is once inevitable? To him that told *Socrates*, *The Thirty Tyrants hath sentenced thee to Death; and Nature them*, said he, What a ridiculous Thing it is to trouble and afflict ourselves about taking the only Step that is to deliver us from all Misery and Trouble? As our Birth brought us the Birth of all Things, so, in our Death, is the Death of all Things included. And therefore to lament and take on that we shall not be alive a hundred Years hence, is the same Folly as to be sorry we were not alive a hundred Years ago. Death is the Beginning of another Life. So did we weep, and so much it cost us to enter into this, and so did we put off our former Veil in entering into it. Nothing can be grievous that is but once, and is it reasonable so long to fear a Thing, that will so soon be dispatch'd? Long Life and short are by Death made all one; for there is no long nor short to Things that are no more. *Aristotle* tells us, that there are certain little Beasts upon the Banks of the River *Hypanis*, that never live above a Day: They which die at eight of the Clock in the Morning, die in their Youth, and those that die at five in the Evening, in their extremest Age: Which of us would not laugh to see this Moment of Continuance put into the Consideration of Weal or Woe? The most, and the least of ours, in Comparison of Eternity, or yet to the Duration of Mountains, Rivers, Stars, Trees, and even of some Animals, is no less ridiculous. But Nature compels us to it, *Go out of this World, says she, as you entered into it; the same Pass you made from Death to Life, without Passion or Fear, the same, after the same Manner, repeat from Life to Death.* Your Death is a Part of the Order of the Universe, 'tis a Part of the Life of the World.

— *Inter se mortales mutua vivunt,  
Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt* \*.

\* *Lucret. l. 2.*



Mortals among themselves by Turns do live,  
And Life's bright Torch to the next Runner give\*.

'Tis the Condition of your Creation; Death is a Part  
of you, and whilst you endeavour to evade it, you avoid  
yourselves. This very Being of yours, that you now en-  
joy, is equally divided betwixt Life and Death. The  
Day of your Birth is one Day's Advance towards the  
Grave.

*Prima, quæ vitam dedit, hora carpsit †.*

The Hour that gave of Life the Benefit,  
Did also a whole Hour shorten it.

*Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet ‡.*

As we are born, we die, and our Life's End  
Upon our Life's Beginning does depend:

All the whole Time you live, you purloin from Life, and  
live at the Expence of Life itself; the perpetual Work of  
our whole Life is but to lay the Foundation of Death; you  
are in Death whilst you live, because you still are after  
Death, when you are no more alive. Or if you had ra-  
ther have it so, you are dead after Life, but dying all the  
while you live; and Death handles the Dying more rudely  
than the Dead. If you have made your Profit of Life,  
you have had enough of it, go your Way satisfied.

*Cur non ut plenus vitæ convivia recedis ||.*

Why should'st thou not go, like a full gorg'd Guest,  
Sated with Life, as he is with a Feast?

If you have not known how to make the best Use of it,  
and if it was unprofitable to you, what need you care to  
lose it; to what End would you desire longer to keep it?

— *cur amplius addere quæris (omne)*

*Rursum quod pereat male & ingratum occidat §?*

And why renew thy Time, to what Intent,  
Live o'er again a Life that was ill spent?

Life in itself is neither good nor evil, it is the Scene of  
good or evil, as you make it; and if you have lived

\* Alluding to the Athenian Games, wherein those that run  
a Race carried Torches in their Hands; and the Race being done,  
delivered them into the Hands of those that were to run next.

† Senec. *Her. fur. chor.* 3.

‡ Manil. *Ast.* 4.

|| *Licet.* l. 3.

§ *Ibid.*

To study Philosophy is to learn to die. 91

Day you have seen all; one Day is equal and like to all other Days; there is no other Light, no other Shade, this very Sun, this Moon, these very Stars, this very Order, and Revolution of Things is the same your Ancestors enjoyed, and that shall also entertain your Posterity.

*Non alium videre patres, aliumve nepotes  
Aspicient \**

Your Grandfires saw no other Things of old,  
Nor shall your Nephews other Things behold.

And come the worst that can come, the Distribution and Variety of all the Acts of my Comedy is performed in a Year. If you have observed the Revolution of the four Seasons, they comprehend the Infancy, Youth, Virility, and old Age of the World. The Year has play'd his Part, and knows no other Way, has no new Farce but must begin, and repeat the same again; it will always be the same Thing.

*Versamur ibidem, atque insumus usque †.*

Where still we plot, and still contrive in vain;  
For in the same State still we do remain.

*Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur Annus ‡.*

By it's own Foot-steps led, the Year doth bring  
Both Ends together in an annual Ring.

Time is not resolv'd to create you any new Recreations.

*Nam tibi præterea quod machiner, inveniamque*

*Quod placet nihil est; eadem sunt omnia semper ||.*

More Pleasures than are made Time will not frame,  
For to all Times all Things shall be the same.

Give Place to others, as others have given Place to you.  
Equality is the Soul of Equity. Who can complain of being comprehended in the same Destiny wherein all Things are involved? Besides, live as long as you can, you shall by that nothing shorten the Space you are to lye dead in the Grave; 'tis all to no Purpose; you shall be every whit as long in the Condition you so much fear, as if you had died at Nurse.

*— licet quot vis vivendo vincere secla,*

*Mors æterna tamen, nihilominus illa manebit §.*

\* Lucret. vel Manil. † Lucret. l. 3. ‡ Virg. Georg. l. 2.

§ Lucret. l. 3. § Ibid.

H 2

And

And live as many Ages as you will,  
Death ne'ertheless shall be eternal still.

And yet I will place you in such a Condition as you shall  
have no Reason to be displeas'd ;

*In vera nescis nullum fore morte alium te  
Qui possit vivus tibi te lugere peremptum.  
Stansque jacentem* \*.

When dead, a living Self thou canst not have,  
Or to lament, or trample on thy Grave.

Nor shall you so much as wish for the Life you are so con-  
cerned about.

*Nec sibi enim quisquam tum se vitamque requirit,  
Nec desiderium nostri nos afficit ullum* †.

Life, nor ourselves we wish in that Estate,  
Nor Thoughts of what we were at first create.

Death were less to be feared than Nothing, if there  
could be any Thing less than Nothing.

*— multo mortem minus ad nos esse putandum,  
Si minus esse potest quam quod nihil esse videmus* ‡.

If less-than Nothing any Thing can show,  
Death then would both appear, and would be so.

Neither can it any Way concern you, whether you are  
living or dead : Living, by Reason that you are still in Being,  
Dead because you are no more. Moreover, no one  
before his Hour ; and the Time you leave behind was  
more yours, than that was lapsed and gone before you came  
into the World ; nor does it any more concern you.

*Respice enim quam nil ad nos anteaeterna vetustas  
Temporis aeterni fuerit* ||.

Look back, and tho' Times past eternal were,  
In those before us, yet we had no Share.

Wherever your Life ends, it is all there ; neither do  
the Utility of Living consist in the Length of Days,  
in the well husbanding and improving of Time, and  
as one may have been, who has longer continued in  
World, than the ordinary Age of Man ; that has

\* *Lucret. l. 3.* † *Ibidem.* ‡ *Ibidem.* || *Ibidem.*

lived but a little while. Make Use of Time while it is present with you. It depends upon your Will, and not upon the Number of Days, to have a sufficient Length of Life. Is it possible you can ever imagine to arrive at the Place towards which you are continually going? and yet there is no Journey but hath it's End. But if Company will make it more pleasant, or more easy to you, does not all the World go the self same Way?

————— *omnia te vita perfuncta sequentur*.\*

When thou art dead, let this thy Comfort be,  
That all the World, by turn, must follow thee.

Does not all the World dance the same Brawl that you do? Is there any Thing that does not grow old as well as you? A thousand Men, a thousand Animals, and a thousand other Creatures die at the same Moment that you expire.

*Nam nox nulla diem, neque noctem aurora secuta est,  
Quæ non audierit mistos vagitibus ægris  
Ploratus, mortis comites, & funeris atri †.*

No Night succeeds the Day, nor Morning's Light  
Rises, to chase the sullen Shades of Night;  
Wherein there is not heard the dismal Groans  
Of dying Men mix'd with the woful Moans  
Of living Friends, as also with the Cries  
And Dirges fitting Fun'ral Obsequies.

To what End should you endeavour to avoid, unless there were a Possibility to evade it? You have seen Examples enough of those who have received so great a Benefit by Dying, as thereby to be manifestly delivered from infallible Miseries; but have you talked with any of those who feared a Disadvantage by it? It must therefore needs be very foolish to condemn a Thing you neither experimented in your own Person, nor by that of any other. Why (says *Nature*) dost thou complain of me and Destiny? Do we do thee any Wrong? Is it for thee to govern us, or for us to dispose of thee? Though peradventure thy Age may not be accomplished, yet thy Life is. A Man of low Stature is as much a Man as a Giant; neither Men nor their Lives are measured by the Ell. *Chiron* refused to be immortal, when he was acquainted with the Conditions

\* *Lucret. l. 3.*

† *Ibid. l. 2.*

under which he was to enjoy it, by the God of Time itself, and it's Duration, his Father *Saturn*. Do but seriously consider how much more insupportable an immortal and painful Life would be to Man than what I have already designed him. If you had not Death to ease you of your Pains and Cares, you would eternally curse me for having deprived you of the Benefit of Dying. I have, 'tis true, mixt a little Bitterness to it, to the End, that seeing of what Conveniency and Use it is, you might not too greedily and indiscreetly seek and embrace it: And that you might be so established in this Moderation, as neither to nauseate Life, nor have any Antipathy for dying, which I have decreed you shall once do, I have tempered the one and the other betwixt Pleasure and Pain; and 'twas I that first taught *Thales*, the most eminent of all your Sages, that to live and to die were indifferent; which made him very wisely answer him who asked him, Why then did he not die? Because (says he) *it is indifferent*. The Elements of Water, Earth, Fire, and Air, and the other Parts of this Creation of thine, are no more the Instruments of thy Life than they are of thy Death. Why dost thou fear thy last Day, it contributes no more to thy Dissolution than every one of the rest? The last Step is not the Cause of Lassitude, it does but confess it. Every Day travels towards Death, the last only arrives at it. These are the good Lessons our Mother Nature teaches. I have often considered with myself whence it should proceed, that in War, the Image of Death, whether we look upon it as to our own particular Danger, or that of another, should without Comparison appear less dreadful than at Home, in our own Houses, (for if it were not so, it would be as an Army of whining Milk-sops) and that being still in all Places the same, there should be notwithstanding much more Assurance in Peasants and the meaner Sort of People than others of better Quality and Education; and I can verily believe, that it is those terrible Ceremonies and Preparations wherewith we set it out, that more terrify us than the Thing itself; a new quite contrary Way of Living, the Cries of Mothers, Wives, and Children, the Visits of astonished and afflicted Friends, the Attendance of pale and blubbered Servants, a dark Room set round with burning Tapers, our Beds environed with Physicians and Divines;

Divines; in fine, nothing but Ghostliness and Horror round about us, render it so formidable, that a Man almost fancies himself dead and buried already. Children are afraid even of those they love best, and are best acquainted with, when disguised in a Vizor, and so are we; the Vizor must be removed as well from Things as Persons; which being taken away, we shall find nothing underneath but the very same Death that a mean Servant, or a poor Chamber-maid died a Day or two ago, without any manner of Apprehension or Concern. Happy therefore is the Death that deprives us of the Leisure to prepare Things requisite for this unnecessary Pomp, a Pomp that only renders that more terrible, which ought not to be feared, and that no Man upon Earth can possibly avoid.



CHAP. XX.

Of the Force of Imagination.

**F**ortis Imaginatio generat casum, *A strong Imagination begets Accident*, say the Schoolmen. I am one of those who are most sensible of the Power of Imagination: Every one is jostled, but some are overthrown by it. It has a very great Impression upon me; and I make it my Business to avoid wanting Force to resist it. I could live by the sole Help of healthful and jolly Company. The very Sight of another's Pain does materially work upon me, and I naturally usurp the Sense of a third Person to share with him in his Torment. A perpetual Cough in another tickles my Lungs and Throat. I more unwillingly visit the Sick I love, and am by Duty interested to look after, than those I care not for, and from whom I have no Expectation. I take Possession of the Disease I am concerned at, and lay it too much to Heart, and do not at all wonder that Fancy should distribute Fevers, and sometimes kill such as allow too much Scope, and are too willing to entertain it. *Simon Thomas* was a great Physician of his Time: I remember, that hap-

*Axiom.  
Scholast.*

H 4

pening

pening one Day at *Thoulouze*, to meet him at a rich old Fellow's House, who was troubled with bad Lungs, and discoursing with his Patient about the Method of his Cure, he told him, that one Thing which would be very conducing to it, was, to give me such Occasion, to be pleased with his Company, that I might come often to see him, by which Means, and by fixing his Eyes upon the Freshness of my Complexion, and his Imagination upon the Sprightliness and Vigour that glowed in my Youth, and possessing all his Senses with the flourishing Age wherein I then was, his Habit of Body might, peradventure, be amended, but he forgot to say, that mine at the same Time might be made worse. *Gallus Vibus* so long cudgelled his Brains to find out the Essence and Motions of Folly, 'till by Inquisition, in the End, he went directly out of his Wits, and to such a Degree, that he could never after recover his Judgment; and he might brag, that he was become a Fool by too much Wisdom. Some there are, who through Fear, prevent the Hangman; like him, whose Eyes being unbound, to have his Pardon read to him, was found stark dead upon the Scaffold, by the Stroke of Imagination.

*Imagination occasions Diseases and Death.* We start, tremble, turn pale, and blush, as we are variously moved by Imagination; and being a-bed, feel our Bodies agitated with it's Power, to that Degree, as even sometimes to expire. And boiling Youth when fast asleep, grows so warm with Fancy, as in a Dream to satisfy amorous Desires.

*Ut quasi transactis sepe omnibus rebus, profundant  
Fluminis ingentes fluctus vestemque cruentent\*.*

Who fancies gulling Lies, his inflam'd Mind  
Lays his Love's Tribute there, where not design'd.

Although it be no new Thing to see Horns grown in a Night on the Forehead of one that had none when he went to Bed; notwithstanding what befel *Cyprus*, a noble Roman, is very memorable; who having one Day been a very delighted Spectator of a Bull-baiting, and having all the Night dreamt that he had Horns on his Head, did, by the Force of

\* *Lucret. l. 4.*

Imagination, really cause them to grow there. Passion made the Son of *Cræsus* to speak who was born dumb, by that Means supplying him with so necessary a Faculty, which Nature had denied him. And *Antiochus* fell into a Fever, inflam'd with the Beauty of *Stratonissa*, too deeply imprinted in his Soul. *Pliny* pretends to have seen *Lucius Crostius*, who from a Woman was turned into a Man upon her very Wedding-Day. *Pontanus* and others report the like Metamorphoses that in these later Days have happened in *Italy*, and through the vehement Desire of him and his Mother.

*Vota puer solvit, quæ fœmina voverat Iphis\*.*

*Iphis*, a Boy, the Vow defray'd  
That he had promis'd when a Maid.

Myself passing by *Vitryle Francois*, a Town in *Champagne*, saw a Man, the Bishop of *Soissons* had in Confirmation, call'd *German*, whom all the Inhabitants of the Place had known to be a Girl 'till two and twenty Years of Age, call'd *Mary*. He was at the Time of my being there very full of Beard, old and not married, who told us, that by straining himself in a Leap, his Male Instruments came out; and the Maids of that Place have to this Day a Song, wherein they advise one another not to take too great Strides, for fear of being turned into Men, as *Mary German* was. It is no Wonder if this Sort of Accident frequently happen; for if Imagination have any Power in such Things, it is so continually and vigorously bent upon this Subject, that to the End it may not so often relapse into the same Thought and Violence of Desire, it were better once for all to give these young Wenches the Things they long for. Some sly not to attribute the Scars of King *Dagobert* and St. *Francis*, to the Force of Imagination; and it is said, that by it Bodies will sometimes be removed from their Places; and *Celsus* tells us of a Priest whose Soul would be ravished into such an Ecstasy, that the Body would, for a long Time, remain without Sense or Respiration. St. *Augustine* makes Mention of another, who, upon the hearing of any lamentable or doleful Cries, would presently fall into a Swoon, and

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\* *Ovid.*



be so far out of himself, that it was in vain to call, hollow in his Ears, pinch, or burn him, 'till he voluntarily came to himself; and then he would say, that he had heard Voices as it were afar off, and did feel when they pinch'd and burn'd him: And to prove that this was no obstinate Dissimulation in Defiance of his Sense of Feeling, it was manifest, that all the while he had neither Pulse nor Breathing. 'Tis very probable, that Visions, Enchantments, that all extraordinary Effects of that Nature, derive their Credit principally from the Power of Imagination, working and making it's chiefest Impression upon vulgar and more easy Souls, whose Belief is so strangely imposed upon, as to think they see what they do not. I am not satisfied, and make a very great Question, whether those pleasant Ligatures with which this Age of ours is so fetter'd, and there is almost no other Talk, are not mere voluntary Impressions of Apprehension and Fear; for I know by Experience, in the Case of a particular Friend of mine, one for whom I can be as responsible as for myself, and a Man that cannot possibly fall under any Manner of Suspicion of Insufficiency, and as little of being enchanted, who having heard a Companion of his make a Relation of unusual Frigidity that surpriz'd him at a very unseasonable Time, being afterwards himself engag'd upon the same Account, the Horror of the former Story on a sudden so strangely possess'd his Imagination that he ran the same Fortune the other had done; and from that Time forward (the scurvy Remembrance of his Disaster running in his Mind, and tyrannizing over him) was extremely subject to relapse into the same Misfortune. He found some Remedy, however, for this Inconvenience, by himself frankly confessing, and declaring before-hand to the Party with whom he was to have to do, the Subjection he lay under, and the Infirmity he was subject to, by which Means the Contention of his Soul was in some sort appeas'd; and knowing that now some such Misbehaviour was expected from him, the Restraint upon those Faculties grew less, and he less suffer'd by it, and afterwards, at such Times as he could be in no such Apprehension, as not being about any such Act (his Thoughts being then disengag'd and free, and his Body being in it's true and natural Estate) by causing those Parts to be handled and communicated to the Knowledge of others, he was at last totally freed from that vexatious

tious Infirmity. After a Man has once done a Woman right, he is never after in Danger of misbehaving himself with that Person, unless upon the Account of a manifest and inexcusable Weakness. Neither is this Disaster to be fear'd, but in Adventures, where the Soul is over-extended with Desire or Respect, and especially where we meet with an unexpected Opportunity that requires a sudden and quick Dispatch; and in those Cases, there is no possible Means for a Man always to defend himself from such a Surprize as shall put him damnably out of Countenance. And yet I have known some, who have secured themselves from this Mischance by coming half sated elsewhere, purposely to abate the Ardour of their Fury; and others, who by being grown old, find themselves less impotent by being less able; and particularly one, who found an Advantage by being assured by a Friend of his, that had a Countercharm against certain Enchantments that would defend him from this Disgrace. The Story itself is not much amiss, and therefore you shall have it. A Count of a very great Family, and with whom I had the Honour to be very familiarly intimate, being married to a very fair Lady, who had formerly been pretended to, and importunately courted by one who was invited to and present at the Wedding: All his Friends were in very great Fear, but especially an old Lady his Kinswoman, who had the ordering of the Solemnity, and in whose House it was kept, suspecting his Rival would, in Revenge, offer foul Play, and procure some of these kind of Sorceries to put a Trick upon him; which Fear she also communicated to me, who, to comfort her, bad her not trouble herself, but rely upon my Care to prevent or frustrate any such Designs. Now I had by Chance about me a certain flat Plate of Gold, whereon were graven some Cœlestial Figures, good to prevent Frenzy occasioned by the Heat of the Sun, or for any Pains of the Head, being applied to the Suture; where, that it might the better remain firm, it was sowed to a Ribbon, to be ty'd under the Chin. A Foppery Cousin-German to this of which I am speaking, was by *Jaques Pelletier*, who lived in my House, presented to me for a singular Rarity, and a Thing of sovereign Virtue. I had a Fancy to make some Use of this Knack, and therefore privately told the Count, that he might possibly run the same Fortune other Bridegrooms had sometimes done;

done; especially some Persons being in the House, who no doubt would be glad to do him such a Courtesy, but let him boldly go to Bed, for I would do him the Office of a Friend, and if Need were, would not spare a Miracle that it was in my Power to do, provided he would engage to me, upon his Honour, to keep it to himself, and only when they came to bring him his Caudle, if Matters had

*A Custom in France to bring the Bridegroom a Caudle in the Middle of the Night, on his Wedding-Night.*

not gone well with him, to give me such a Sign, and leave the rest to me. Now he had his Ears so batter'd, and his Mind so prepossess'd with the eternal Tattle of this Business, that when he came to't he did really find himself tired with the Trouble of his Imagination, and accordingly at the Time appointed gave me the Sign: Whereupon I whisper'd him in the Ear, That he should rise under Pretence of putting us out of the Room, and after a jesting Manner pull my Night-gown from my Shoulders, throw it over his own, and there keep it 'till he had performed what I had appointed him to do, which was, that when we were all gone out of the Chamber he should withdraw to make Water, should three Times repeat such and such Words, and as often do such and such Actions: That at every of the three Times he should tie the Ribband I put into his Hand about his Middle, and be sure to place the Medal that was fastned to it (the Figures in such a Posture) exactly upon his Reins, which being done, and having the last of the three Times so well girt and fast tied the Ribband that it could neither untie nor slip from it's Place, let him confidently return to his Business, and withal not to forget to spread my Gown upon the Bed, so that it might be sure to cover them both. These ridiculous Circumstances are the main of the Effect, our Fancy being so far seduced, as to believe, that so strange and uncouth Formalities must of Necessity proceed from some abstruse Science. There Inanity gives them Reverence and Weight. However, certain it is, that my Figures approved themselves more *Venerean* than *Solar*, and the fair Bride had no Reason to complain. Now I cannot forbear to tell you, it was a sudden Whimsy, mixed with a little Curiosity, that made me do a Thing so contrary to my Nature; for I am an Enemy to all subtle and counterfeit Actions, and abominate

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nate all Manner of Fraud, though it be but for Sport ; for though the Action may not be wicked in itself, yet 'tis done after a wicked Manner. *Amasis*, King of *Ægypt*, married *Laodicea*, a marvelous beautiful *Greek* Virgin, who, though famous for his Abilities elsewhere, found himself quite another Man with his Wife, and could by no Means enjoy her ; at which he was so enrag'd, that he threatened to kill her, suspecting her to be a Witch. As 'tis usually in Things that consist in Fancy, she put him upon Devotion, who having accordingly made his Vows to *Venus*, he found himself divinely restored the very first Night after his Oblations and Sacrifices. Now in plain Truth, Women are to blame, to entertain us with that disdainful, coy, and angry Countenance they commonly do, which extinguishes our Vigour, as it kindles our Desire ; which made the Daughter-in-law of *Pythagoras* to say, That *the Woman who goes to Bed to a Man, must put off her Modesty with her Petticoat, and put it on again with the same.* The Soul of the Assailant being disturb'd with many several Alarms, is easily astonish'd, and soon loses the Power of Performance ; and whoever the Imagination has once put this Trick upon, and confounded with the Shame of it, (and she never does it but at the first Acquaintance, by Reason Men are then more ardent and eager, and as so at this first Account a Man gives of himself he is much more timorous of miscarrying) having made an ill Beginning, he enters into such Indignations and Despair at the Accident, as will in following Opportunities be apt to remain, and continue him in the same Condition. As to what concerns married People, having the Year before them (as we say) they ought never to compel, or so much as to offer at the Feat, if they do not find themselves very ready : And it is better indecently to fail of hand-felling the Nuptial Sheets, and of paying the Ceremony due to the Wedding-Night, when a Man perceives himself full of Agitation and Trembling, expecting another Opportunity at a better and more private Leisure, when his Fancy shall be better compos'd, than to make himself perpetually miserable, for having misbehav'd himself, and being baffled at the first Assault. 'Till Possession be taken, a Man that knows himself subject to this Infirmity, should leisurely and by Degrees make several little Trials and light Offers, without obstinately attempting at once to force an absolute Conquest

quest over his own mutinous and indispos'd Faculties ; such as know their Members to be naturally obedient to their Desires, need to take no other Care but only to counterplot their Fancy. The indocile and rude Liberty of this scurvy Member is sufficiently remarkable, by it's importunate, unruly, and unseasonable Tumidity and Impatience, at such Times as we have nothing for it to do, and by it's more unseasonable Stupidity and Disobedience, when we stand most in Need of his Vigour, so imperiously contesting the Authority of the Will, and with so much Obstinacy denying all Solicitation both of Hand and Fancy. And yet though his Rebellion is so universally complained of, and that Proofs are not wanting to condemn him, if he had nevertheless see'd me to plead his Cause, I should peradventure bring the rest of his Fellow-Members into Suspicion of complotting this Mischief against him, out of pure Envy at the Importance, and ravishing Pleasure particular to his Employment, so as to have by Confederacy armed the whole World against him, by malevolently charging him alone with their common Offence. For let any one consider whether there is any one Part of our Bodies that does not often refuse to perform it's Office at the Precept of the Will, and that does not often exercise it's Function in Defiance of her Command. They have every one of them proper Passions of their own, that rouse and awake, stupify and benumb them, without our Leave or Consent. How often do the involuntary Motions of the Countenance discover our inward Thoughts, and betray our most private Secrets to the Knowledge of the Standers by ? The same Cause that animates this Member, does also, without our Knowledge, animate the Lungs, Pulse, and Heart, the Sight of a pleasing Object imperceptibly diffusing a Flame through all our Parts with a febrifick Motion. Is there nothing but these Veins and Muscles that swell, and flag without the Consent, not only of the Will, but even of our Knowledge also ; We do not command our Hairs to stand an End, nor our Skin to shiver either with Fear or Desire. The Hands often convey themselves to Parts to which we do not direct them. The Tongue will be interdicted, and the Voice sometimes suffocated when we know not how to help it. When we have nothing to eat, and would willingly forbid it, the Appetite of Eating and Drinking does  
not

not for all that forbear to stir up the Parts that are subjected to it, no more nor less than the other Appetite we were speaking of, and in like Manner does as unseasonably leave us. The Vessels that serve to discharge the Belly have their proper Dilatations and Compressions, without and beyond our Intelligence, as well as those which are destined to purge the Reins. And that which, to justify the Prerogative of the Will, St. *Augustine* urges, of having seen a Man who could command his Back-side to discharge as often together as he pleased, and that *Vives* does yet fortify with another Example in his Time of one that could fart in Tune, does nothing suppose any more pure Obedience of that Part; for is any thing commonly more tumultuary or indiscreet. To which let me add, that I myself knew one so rude and ungoverned, as for forty Years together made his Master-vent with one continued and unintermitted Hurricane, and 'tis like will do till he expire that Way, and vanish in his own Smoke. And I could heartily wish, that I only knew by Reading, how oft a Man's Belly, by the Denial of one single Puff, brings him to the very Door of an exceeding painful Death; and that the Emperor, who gave Liberty to let fly in all Places, had at the same Time given us Power to do it. But for our Will, in whose behalf we prefer this Accusation, with how much greater Similitude of Truth may we reproach even her herself with Mutiny and Sedition for her Irregularity and Disobedience? Does she always will what we would have her to do? Does she not often will what we forbid her to will, and that to our manifest Prejudice? Does she suffer herself any more than any of the other, to be governed and directed by the Results of our Reason. To conclude, I should move in the Behalf of the Gentleman, my Client, it might be considered, *Caruso.* that in this Fact, his Cause being inseparably conjoined with an Accessary, yet he is only called in Question, and that by Arguments and Accusations, that cannot be charged, nor reflect upon the other: Whose Business indeed is sometimes inopportunately to invite, but never to refuse, and to allure after a tacit and clandestine Manner: And therefore is the Malice and Injustice of his Accusers most manifestly apparent. But be it how it will, protesting against the Proceedings of the Advocates and Judges, Nature will, in the mean time, proceed after her own Way, who had  
done

done but well, if she had endowed this Member with some particular Privilege. The Author of the sole immortal Work of Mortals, a divine Work according to *Socrates*, and of Love, Desire of Immortality, and himself an immortal *Dæmon*. Some one perhaps by such an Effect of

\* Videlicet *the Pox.* Imagination may have had the good luck to leave \* that behind him here in *France*, which his Companion who has come after, and behaved himself better, has carried back with him into *Spain*. And that you may see why Men in such Cases require a Mind prepared for the thing they are to do, why do the Physicians tamper with, and prepossess beforehand their Patients Credulity with many false Promises of Cure, if not to the End, that the Effect of Imagination may supply the Imposture and Defect of their Apozem? They know very well, that a great Master of their Trade has given it under his Hand, that he has known some with whom the very Sight of a Potion would work: Which Examples of Fancy and Conceit come now into my Head, by the Remembrance of a Story was told me by a domestick Apothecary of my Father's, a blunt *Swisse* (a Nation not much addicted to Vanity and Lying) of a Merchant he had long known at *Tholouse*, who being a valetudinary, and much afflicted with Fits of the Stone, had often occasion to take Clysters, of which he caused several Sorts to be prescribed him by the Physicians, according to the Accidents of his Disease; one of which being one time brought in, and none of the usual Forms, as feeling if it were not too hot, and the like, being omitted, he was laid down on his Belly, the Syringe put up, and all Ceremonies performed, Injection excepted; after which, the Apothecary being gone, and the Patient accommodated as if he had really received a Clyster, he found the same Operation and Effect that those do who have taken one indeed; and if at any time the Physician did not find the Operation sufficient, he would usually give him two or three more after the same Manner. And the Fellow moreover swore to me, that to save Charges (for he pay'd as if he had really taken them) this sick Man's Wife having sometimes made Trial of warm Water only, the Effect discovered the Cheat, and finding these would do no good, was fain to return to the old Way. A Woman fancying she had

had swallowed a Pin in a Piece of Bread, cry'd out of an intolerable Pain in her Throat, where she thought she felt it stick: But an ingenious Fellow that was brought to her, seeing no outward Tumour nor Alteration, supposing it only to be Conceit taken at some Crust of Bread that had hurt her as it went down, caused her to vomit, and cunningly unseen, threw a crooked Pin into the Bason, which the Woman no sooner saw, but believing she had cast it up, she presently found herself eased of her Pain. I myself knew a Gentleman, who having treated a great deal of good Company at his House, three or four Days after bragged in jest (for there was no such thing) that he had made them eat of a baked Cat; at which, a young Gentlewoman, who had been at the Feast, took such a Horror, that falling into a violent Vomiting and a Fever, there was no possible Means to save her. Even brute Beasts are also subject to the Force of Imagination as well as we; as is seen by Dogs who die of Grief for the Loss of their Masters, and are seen to quest, tremble, and start, as Horses will kick and whinny in their Sleep. Now all this may be attributed to the Affinity and Relation betwixt the Souls and Bodies of Brutes, but 'tis quite another thing when the Imagination works upon the Souls of rational Men, and not only to the Prejudice of their own particular Bodies, but of others also. And as an infected Body communicates it's Malady to those that approach, or live near it, as we see in the Plague, the Small-pox, and sore Eyes, that run through whole Families and Cities:

*Dum spectant oculi læsos, leduntur & ipsi:*

*Multaque corporibus transiione nocent\*.*

Viewing sore Eyes, Eyes to be sore are brought,  
And many Ills are by Transition caught.

So the Imagination, being vehemently agitated, darts out Infection capable of offending the stranger Object. The Ancients had an Opinion of certain Women of *Scythia*, that being animated and enraged against any one, they killed them only with their Looks: Tortoises and Ostriches hatch their Eggs with only looking on them, which infers, that their Eyes have in them some ejaculative Virtue. And the Eyes of Witches are said to be dangerous and hurtful.

\* *Ovid. Amor. l. 2.*



*Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos* \*.

What Eye it is I do not know,  
My tender Lambs bewitches so.

Magicians are no very good Authority for me, but we experimentally see, that Women impart the Marks of their Fancy to the Children they carry in their Wombs: witness her that was brought to Bed of a Moor: And there was presented to *Charles* the Emperor, and King of *Bohemia*, a Girl from about *Pisa*, all over rough, and covered with Hair, whom her Mother said to be conceived by reason of a Picture of *St. John Baptist*, that hung within the Curtains of her Bed. It is the same with Beasts, witness *Jacob's* ring-streaked and spotted Goats, and Sheep, and the Hares, and Partridges, that the Snow turns white upon the Mountains. There was at my House a little while ago, a Cat seen watching a Bird upon the Top of a Tree, who, for some Time mutually fixing their Eyes upon one another, the Bird at last let herself fall dead into the Cat's Claws either dazzled and astonished by the Force of her own Imagination, or drawn by some attractive Power of the Cat. Such as are addicted to the Pleasures of the Field, have, I make no Question, heard the Story of the Falconer, who having earnestly fixed his Eyes upon a Kite in the Air, lay'd a Wager, that he would bring her down with the sole Power of his Sight, and did so, as it was said; for the Tales I borrow, I charge upon the Consciences of those from whom I have them. The Discourses are my own, and found themselves upon the Proof of Reason, not of Experience; to which, every one has Liberty to add his own Examples; and who has none, (the Numbers and Varieties of Accident considered) let him not forbear to believe that these I set down are enough; and if I do not apply them well, let some other do it for me. And also in the Subjects of which I treat, *viz.* of our Manners and Motions, the Testimonies and Instances I produce, how fabulous soever, provided they are possible, serve as well as the true; whether it has really happened or no, at *Rome*, or at *Paris*; to *Peter* or *John*; 'tis still within the Verge of Possibility, and human Capacity, which serves me

\* *Virg. Eclog. 3.*

good Use, and supplies me with Variety in the Things I write. I see, and make my Advantage of it as well in Shadow as in Substance; and amongst the various Examples I every where meet with in History, I cull out the most rare and memorable to fit my own Turn. There are some other Authors, whose only End and Design it is, to give an Account of Things that have happened; mine, if I could arrive unto it should be to deliver what may come to pass. There is a just Liberty allowed in the Schools of supposing and contriving *Similes*, when they are at a Loss for them in their own Reading: I do not, however, make any Use of that Privilege, and as to that Affair in superstitious Religion, surpass all historical Authority. In the Examples which I here bring in of what I have heard, read, done, or said, I have forbid myself to dare to alter even the most light and indifferent Circumstances; my Conscience does not falsify one Tittle, what my Ignorance may do I cannot say. And this it is that makes me sometimes enter into Dispute with my own Thoughts, whether or no, a Divine, or a Philosopher, Men of so exact and tender Wisdom and Conscience, are fit to write History; for how can they stake their Reputation upon the publick Faith? How be responsible for the Opinions of Men they do not know? And with what Assurance deliver their Conjectures for current Pay? Of Actions performed before their own Eyes, wherein several Persons were Actors, they would be unwilling to give Evidence upon Oath before a Judge; and cannot be so familiarly and thoroughly acquainted with any for whose Intentions they would become absolute Surety. For my Part, I think it less hazardous to write Things past than present, by how much the Writer is only to give an Account of Things every one knows he must of Necessity borrow upon Trust. I am solicited to write the Affairs of my own Time, by some, who fancy I look upon them with an Eye less blinded with Prejudice or Partiality than another, and have a clearer Insight into them by Reason of the free Access Fortune has given me to the Heads of both Factions; but they do not consider, that to purchase the Glory of *Sallust*, I would not give myself the Trouble, being a sworn Enemy, as I am to all Obligation, Assiduity, and Perseverance: Besides that, there is nothing so contrary to my Stile, as a continued and extended Narrative, I so often interrupt, and

cut myself short in my Writing only for want of Breath. I have neither Fancy nor Expression worth any thing, and am ignorant beyond a Child, of the Phrases, and even the very Words proper to express the most common Things, and for that Reason it is, that I have undertaken to say only what I can say, and have accommodated my Subjects to my Force. Should I take one to be my Guide, peradventure, I should not be able to keep Pace with him, and in the Precipitancy of my Career might deliver Things, which, upon better Thoughts, in my own Judgment, and according to Reason, would be criminal and punishable in the highest Degree. *Plutarch* would tell us of what he has delivered to the Light, that it is the Work of others, that his Examples are all, and every where exactly true, that they are useful to Posterity, and are presented with a Lustre that will light us the Way to Virtue, which was his Design; but it is not of so dangerous Consequence as in a medicinal Drug, whether an old Story be so, or so.



## C H A P. XXI.

*That the Profit of one Man is the Inconvenience of another.*

**D***Emades* the Athenian condemned one of his City whose Trade it was to sell the Necessaries for Funerall Ceremonies, upon Pretence that he demanded unreasonable Profit, and that that Profit could not accrue to him, but by the Death of a great Number of People. A Judgment that appears to be ill grounded, forasmuch as no Profit whatsoever could possibly be made but at the Expence of another, and that by the same Rule he should condemn all Manner of Gain of what Kind soever. The Merchant only thrives and grows rich by the Pride, Wantonness and Debauchery of Youth; the Husbandman by the Price and Scarcity of Grain; the Architect by the Ruin of Buildings; the Lawyers, and Officers of Justice, by Suits and Contentions of Men; nay, even the Honour and Office of Divines are derived

derived from our Death and Vices; a Physician takes no Pleasure in the Health even of his Friends, says the ancient comical *Greek*; nor a Soldier in the Peace of his Country; and so of the rest. And, which is yet worse, let every one but dive into his own Bosom, and he will find his private Wishes spring, and his secret Hopes grow up at another's Expence. Upon which Consideration it comes into my Head, that Nature does not in this swerve from her general Polity; for Physicians hold, that the Birth, Nourishment, and Encrease of every Thing is the Corruption and Dissolution of another.

*Nam quodcumque suis mutatum finibus exit,  
Continuo hoc mors est illius, quod fuit ante\*.*

For what from it's own Confines chang'd doth pass,  
Is fraight the Death of what before it was.



## C H A P. XXII.

*Of Custom, and that we should not easily change  
a Law received.*

**H**E seems to me to have had a right and true Apprehension of the Power of Custom, who first invented the Story of a Country-woman; who having accustomed herself to play with, and carry a young Calf in her Arms, and daily continuing to do so as it grew up, obtained this by Custom, that when grown to be a great Ox, she was still able to bear it. For, in Truth, Custom is a violent and treacherous School-Mistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the Foot of her Authority, but having by this gentle and humble Beginning, with the Benefit of Time, fixed and established it, she then unmarks a furious and tyrannick Countenance, against which we have no more the Courage, or the Power so much as to lift up

\* *Lucret. l. 2.*

our Eyes. We see it at every Turn forcing and violating the Rules of Nature: *Usus efficacissimus rerum omnium magister* \*; *Custom is the greatest Master of all Things*: I believe *Plato's* Care in his Republick, and the Physicians, who so often submit the Reasons of their Art to the Authority of Habit; as also the Story of that King, who by Custom brought his Stomach to that pass, as to live by Poison; and the Maid that *Albertus* reports to have lived upon Spiders; and in that new World of the *Indies*, there were found great Nations, and in very differing Climates, who were of the same Diet, made Provision of them, and fed them for their Tables; as also they did Grasshoppers, Mice, Bats, and Lizards; and in a Time of a Scarcity of such Rarities, a Toad was sold for six Crowns, all which they cook, and dish up with several Sauces. There were also others found, to whom our Diet and the Flesh we eat, were venomous and mortal. *Consuetudinis magna vis est: Pernoctant wintores in nive: In montibus uri se patiuntur: Pugiles Castibus contusi, ne ingemiscunt quidem* †. The Power of Custom is very great: Huntsmen will one while lie out all Night in the Snow, and another suffer themselves to be parched in the Mountains; and Fencers, inured to Beating, when banged almost to pulp with Clubs and Whirl bats, disdain so much as to groan. These are strange Examples, but yet they will not appear so strange, if we consider what we have ordinary Experience of, how much Custom stupifies our Senses; neither need we go to be satisfied of what is reported of the Cataracts of *Nile*; and of what Philosophers believe of the Musick of the Spheres, that the Bodies of those Circles being solid and smooth, and coming to touch, and rub upon one another, cannot fail of creating a wonderful Harmony, the Changes and Cadencies of which, cause the Revolutions and Dances of the Stars; but that the Hearing Sense of all Creatures here below, being universally, like that of the *Egyptians*, deaf'd, and stupified with the continual Noise, cannot, how great soever, perceive it. Smiths, Millers, Pewterers, Forge-men, and Armorers, could never be able to live in the perpetual Noise of their own Trade, did it strike their Ears with the same

\* *Plin. l. 6.*† *Cicero Tusc. l. 2.*

Violence that it does ours. My perfum'd Doublet gratifies my own Smelling at first, as well as that of others, but after I have worn it three or four Days together, I no more perceive it; but it is yet more strange, that Custom, notwithstanding the long Intermissions and Intervals, should yet have the Power to unite, and establish the Effect of it's Impressions upon our Senses, as is manifest in such as live near unto Steeples, and the frequent Noise of the Bells. I myself lie at home in a Tower, where every Morning and Evening a very great Bell rings out the *Ave Maria*, the Noise of which shakes my very Tower, and at first seem'd insupportable to me; but having now a good while kept that Lodging, I am so used to it, that I hear it without any Manner of Offence, and often without awaking at it. *Plato* reprehending a Boy for playing at some childish Game; Thou reprov'st me (says the Boy) for a very little Thing: *Custom* (reply'd *Plato*) is no little Thing. And he was in the Right; for I find that our greatest Vices derive their first Propensity from our most tender Infancy, and that our principal Education depends upon the Nurse; Mothers are mightily pleas'd to see a Child writhe off the Neck of a Chicken, or to please itself with the hurting a Dog, or a Cat; and such wise Fathers there are in the World, who look upon it as a notable Mark of a martial Spirit, when he hears his Son mis-call, or sees him domineer over a poor Peasant, or a Lacquey, that dares not reply nor turn again; and a great Sign of Wit when he sees him cheat and over-reach his Play-fellow by some malicious Trick of Treachery and Deceit; but for all that, these are the true Seeds and Roots of Cruelty, Tyranny and Treason. They bud and put out there, and afterwards shoot up vigorously, and grow to a prodigious Bulk and Stature, being cultivated and improved by Custom: And it is a very dangerous Mistake to excuse these vile Inclinations upon the Tenderness of their Age, and the Trivialty of the Subject; first, it is Nature that speaks, whose Declaration is then more sincere, and inward Thoughts more undisguis'd as it is more weak and young: Secondly, The Deformity of Cozenage does not consist, nor depend upon the Difference betwixt Crowns and Pins; but merely upon itself, for a Cheat is a Cheat be it more or less; which makes me think it

*Deceit ought to be corrected in the greenest Years.*

more just to conclude thus, Why should he not cozen in Crowns, since he does it in Pins, than as they do, who say, They only play for Pins, he would not do it if it were for Money. Children should carefully be instructed to abhor even Vices of their own contriving; and the natural Deformity of those Vices ought so to be represented to them, that they may not only avoid them in their Actions, but especially so abominate them in their Hearts, that the very Thought should be hateful to them, with what Malice soever they may be palliated or disguis'd. I know very well for what concerns myself, that for having been brought up in my Childhood to a plain and sincere Way of Dealing, and for having then had an Aversion to all Manner of Juggling and foul Play in my childish Sports and Recreations, (and indeed it is to be noted, that the Plays of Children are not performed in Play, but are to be judg'd in them as their most serious Actions) there is no Game so small wherein from my own Bosom naturally, and without Study or Endeavour, I have not an extreme Aversion for Deceit. I shuffle and cut, and make as much Clatter with the Cards, and keep as strict Account for Farthings, as it were for double Pistoles; when winning or losing against my Wife and Daughter is indifferent to me, as when I play in good Earnest with others for the roundest Sums. At all Times and in all Places, my own Eyes are sufficient to look to my Fingers; I am not so narrowly watch'd by any other, neither is there any I more fear to be discover'd by, or to offend.

I saw the other Day, at my own House, a little Fellow who came to shew himself for Money, a Native of *Nantz*, born without Arms, who has so well taught his Feet to perform the Services his Hands should have done him, that indeed they have half forgot their natural Office, and the Use for which they were design'd; the Fellow too calls them his Hands, and we may allow him so to do, for with them he cuts any Thing, charges and discharges a Pistol, threads a Needle, sows, writes, and puts off his Hat, combs his Head, plays at Cards and Dice, and all this with as much Dexterity as any other could do who had more, and more proper Limbs to assist him; and the Money I gave him he carried away in his Foot, as we do in our Hand. I have seen another, who being yet a Boy, flourished a two-handed  
Sword,

Sword, and (if I may so say) handled a Halbert with the mere Motions and Writhing of his Neck and Shoulders for want of Hands, tost them into the Air, and catch'd them again, darted a Dagger, and crack'd a Whip as well as any Coachman in *France*. But the Effects of Custom are much more manifest in the strange Impressions she imprints in our Minds, where she meets with less Resistance, and has nothing so hard a Game to play. What has she not the Power to impose upon our Judgments and Belief? Is there any so fantastick Opinion (omitting the gross Impostures of Religions, with which we see so many populous Nations, and so many understanding Men, so strangely besotted; for this being beyond the Reach of human Reason, any Error is more excusable in such, as thro' the divine Bounty, are not endued with an extraordinary Illumination from above) but of other Opinions, are there any so senseless and extravagant that she has not planted and establish'd for Laws in those Parts of the World upon which she has been pleas'd to exercise her Power? And therefore that ancient Exclamation was exceeding just, *Non pudet Physicum, id est, speculatorem, venatoremque Naturæ ab animis consuetudine imbutis quærere testimonium veritatis* \*? Is it not a Shame for a Philosopher, that is, for an Observer and Hunter of Nature, to derive Testimony from Minds pre-possess'd with Custom? I do believe, that no so absurd or ridiculous Fancy can enter into human Imagination, that does not meet with some Example of publick Practice, and that consequently our Reason does not ground, and support itself upon. There are People amongst whom it is the Fashion to turn their Backs upon him they salute, and never look upon the Man they intend to honour. There is a Place, where, whenever the King spits, the greatest Ladies of his Court put out their Hands to receive it; and another Nation, where the most eminent Persons about him, stoop to take up his Ordure in a Linnen Cloth. Let us here steal Room to insert a Story. A *French* Gentleman of my Acquaintance, was always wont to blow his Nose with his Fingers (a Thing very much against our Fashion) would justify himself for so doing, and was a Man very famous for pleasant Repartees, who, upon

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\* *Cicero de Nat. Deor.*

that



that Occasion asked me, What Privilege this filthy Excrement had, that we must carry about us a fine Handkerchief to receive it, and which was more, afterwards to lap it carefully up, and carry it all Day about in our Pockets, which, he said, could not but be much more nauseous and offensive, than to see it thrown away, as we did all other Evacuations. I found that what he said was not altogether without Reason, and by being frequently in his Company, that slovenly Action of his was at last grown familiar to me; which nevertheless we make a Face at, when we hear it reported of another Country. Miracles appear to be so, according to our Ignorance of Nature, and not according to the Essence of Nature. The continually being accustom'd to any Thing, blinds the Eye of our Judgment. *Barbarians* are no more a Wonder to us, than we are to them; nor with any more Reason, as every one would confess, if after having travell'd over those remote Examples, Men could settle themselves to reflect upon, and rightly to confer them. Human Reason is a Tincture equally infus'd almost into all our Opinions and Customs, of what Form soever they are, infinite in Matter, infinite in Diversity. But I return to my Subject.

There are People, where (his Wife and Children excepted) no one speaks to the King but through a Trunk. In one and the same Nation the Virgins discover those Parts that Modesty should persuade them to hide, and the married Women carefully cover and conceal. To which, this Custom in another Place has some Relation, where Chastity, but in Marriage, is of no Esteem, for unmarried Women may prostitute themselves to as many as they please, and being got with Child, may lawfully take Physick in the Sight of every one to destroy their Fruit. And in another Place, if a Tradesman marry, all of the same Condition, who are invited to the Wedding, lie with the Bride before him; and the greater Number of them there is, the greater is her Honour, and the Opinion of her Ability and Strength: If an Officer marry, 'tis the same, the same with a Nobleman, and so of the rest, except it be a Labourer, or one of mean Condition, for them it belongs to the Lord of the Place to perform that Office; and yet a severe Loyalty during Marriage is afterward strictly enjoin'd. There is a Place where Bawdy-houses  
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of Young men are kept for the Pleasure of Women, as we know there are of Women for the Necessities of Men; and also Marriages, where the Wives go to War as well as the Husbands, and not only share in the Dangers of Battle, but moreover in the Honours of Command. Others, where they wear Rings not only through their Noses, Lips, Cheeks, and on their Toes, but also weighty Gymmalls of Gold thrust through their Paps and Buttocks; Where in eating they wipe their Fingers upon their Thighs, Genitories, and the Soles of their Feet: Where Children are excluded and Brothers and Nephews only inherit; and elsewhere, Nephews only, saving in the Royal Family, and the Succession of the Crown: Where, for the Regulation of Community in Goods and Estates observ'd in the Country, certain Sovereign Magistrates have committed to them the universal Charge and overseeing of the Agriculture, and Distribution of the Fruits according to the Necessity of every one: Where they lament the Death of Children, and Feast at the Decease of old Men: Where they lie ten or twelve in a Bed, Men and their Wives together: Where Women whose Husbands come to violent Ends, may marry again, and others not: Where the servile Condition of Women is look'd upon with such Contempt, that they kill all the native Females, and buy Wives of their Neighbours to supply their Use: Where Husbands may repudiate their Wives, without shewing any Cause, but Wives cannot part from their Husbands, for what Cause soever: Where Husbands may sell their Wives in case of Sterility: Where they boil the Bodies of their Dead, and afterwards pound them to a Pulp, which they mix with their Wine, and drink it: Where the most coveted Sepulture is to be eaten with Dogs; and elsewhere by Birds: Where they believe the Souls of the happy live in all Manner of Liberty, in delightful Fields, furnish'd with all Sorts of Delicacies, and that it is those Souls repeating the Words we utter, which we call *Echo*: Where they fight in the Water, and shoot their Arrows with the most mortal Aim, swimming: Where, for a Sign of Subjection, they lift up their Shoulders, and hang down their Heads, and put off their Shoes when they enter the King's Palace: Where the Eunuchs who take Charge of the Religious Women, have moreover their Lips and Noses cut away,  
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and disguis'd, that they may not be lov'd; and the Priests put out their own Eyes, to be better acquainted with their *Dæmons*, and the better to receive and retain their Oracles: Where every one creates to himself a Deity of what he likes best, according to his own Fancy; the Hunter, a Lion or a Fox; the Fisher, some certain Fish, and Idols of every human Action or Passion; in which Place the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth, are the principal Deities, and the Form of taking an Oath is to touch the Earth, looking up to Heaven; and there both Flesh and Fish is eaten raw: Where the greatest Oath they take is, to swear by the Name of some dead Person of Reputation, laying their Hand upon his Tomb: Where the New-year's Gift the King sends every Year to the Princes, his Subjects, is Fire, which being brought, all the old Fire is put out, and the neighbouring People are bound to fetch of the new, every one for themselves upon Pain of Treason: Where, when the King, to betake himself wholly to Devotion, retires from his Administration, (which often falls out) his next Successor is oblig'd to do the same; by which Means the Right of the Kingdom devolves to the third in Succession: Where they vary the Form of Government, according to the seeming Necessity of Affairs; depose the King when they think good, substituting ancient Men to govern in his Stead, and sometimes transferring it into the Hands of the common People: Where Men and Women are both circumcis'd, and also baptiz'd: Where the Soldier, who in one, or several Engagements, has been so fortunate, as to present seven of the Enemies Heads to the King, is made noble: Where they live in that rare and singular Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul: Where the Women are deliver'd without Pain or Fear: Where the Women wear Copper Fetters upon both their Legs, and if a Louse bite them, are bound in Magnanimity to bite them again, and dare not marry 'till first they have made their King a Tender of their Virginity, if he pleases to accept of it: Where the ordinary Way of Salutation is, by putting a Finger down to the Earth, and then pointing up towards Heaven: Where Men carry Burthens upon their Heads, and Women on their Shoulders, the Women pissing standing, and the Men cowering down: Where they send their Blood in Token of Friendship, and cense the Men they would honour, like Gods:

Gods: Where not only to the Fourth, but in any other remote Degrees, Kindred are not permitted to marry: Where the Children are four Years at Nurfe, and sometimes twelve; in which Place also it is accounted mortal to give the Child suck the first Day after it is born: Where the Correction of the Male Children is peculiarly designed to the Fathers, and to the Mothers of the Females; the Punishment being to hang them by the Heels in the Smoke: Where they eat all Sorts of Herbs, without other Scruple, than of the Illness of the Smell: Where all Things are open, as the finest Houses, which are furnished with the richest Furniture, without Doors, Windows, Trunks, or Chests to lock, a Thief being there punished double to what they are in other Places: Where they crack Lice with their Teeth like Monkeys, and abhor to see them kill'd with one's Nails, Where in all their Lives they neither cut their Hair, nor pare their Nails; and in another Place, pare those of the Right-hand only, letting the left grow for Ornament and Bravery: Where they suffer the Hair on the Right-side to grow as long as it will, and shave the other; and in the neighbouring Provinces, some let their Hair grow long before, and some behind, shaving close the rest: Where Parents let out their Children, and Husbands their Wives, to their Guests to hire: Where a Man may get his own Mother with Child, and Fathers make use of their own Daughters, or their Sons, without Scandal or Offence: Where, at their solemn Feasts, they interchangeably lend their Children to one another, without any Consideration of Nearness of Blood. In one Place Men feed upon human Flesh, in another, 'tis reputed a charitable Office for a Man to kill his Father at a certain Age; and elsewhere, the Fathers dispose of their Children whilst yet in their Mothers Wombs, some to be preserved and carefully brought up, and others they proscribe either to be thrown off, or made away. Elsewhere the old Husbands lend their Wives to young Men; and in another Place they are in common, without Offence; in one Place particularly, the Women take it for a Mark of Honour to have as many gay fringed Tassels at the Bottom of their Garment, as they have lain with several Men. Moreover has not Custom made a Republick of Women separately by themselves? Has it not put Arms into their Hands, made them to raise Armies, and fight

fight Battles? And does she not by her own Precept instruct the most ignorant Vulgar, and make them perfect in Things which all the Philosophy in the World could never beat into the Heads of the wisest Men? For we know entire Nations, where Death was not only despised, but entertained with the greatest Triumph; where Children of seven Years old offered themselves to be whipped to Death, without changing their Countenance; where Riches were in such Contempt, that the poorest and most wretched Citizen would not have deigned to stoop to take up a Purse of Crowns, and we know Regions very fruitful in all Manner of Provisions, where, notwithstanding the most ordinary Diet, and that they are most pleased with, is only Bread, Cresses, and Water. Did not Custom moreover work that Miracle in *Chios*, that of seven hundred Years it was never known that ever Maid or Wife committed any Act to the Prejudice of her Honour? To conclude, there is nothing in my Opinion, that she does not, or may not do; and therefore with very good Reason it is, that *Pindar* calls her the Queen and Empress of the World. He that was seen to beat his Father, and reprov'd for so doing, made answer, that it was the Custom of their Family; that in like Manner his Father had beaten his Grand-father, his Grand-father his great Grand-father, and this, says he, pointing to his Son, when he comes to my Age, shall beat me. And the Father, whom the Son dragged and hauled along the Streets, commanded him to stop at a certain Door, for he himself, he said, had dragged his Father no farther, that being the utmost Limit of the hereditary Insolence the Sons used to practise upon the Fathers in their Family. It is as much by Custom as Infirmity, (says *Aristotle*) that Women tear their Hair, bite their Nails, and eat Coals, Chalk, and such Trash, and more by Custom than Nature, that Men abuse themselves with one another. The Laws of Conscience, which we pretend to be derived from Nature, proceed from Custom; every one having an inward Veneration for the Opinions and Manners, approved and received amongst his own People, cannot without very great Reluctancy depart from them, nor apply himself to them without Applause. In Times past, when those of *Crete* would curse any one, they pray'd the Gods to engage them in some ill Custom. But the principal Effect of the Power of Custom

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tom is, so to seize and ensnare us, that it is hardly in our Power to disengage ourselves from its Gripe; or so to come to ourselves, as to consider of, and to weigh the Things it enjoins. To say the Truth, by Reason that we suck it in with our Milk, and that the Face of the World presents itself in this Posture to our first Sight, it seems as if we were born upon Condition to pursue this Practice; and the common Fancies that we find in Repute every where about us, and infused into our Minds with the Seed of our Fathers, appear to be most universal and genuine. From whence it comes to pass, that whatever is off the Hinge of Custom, is believed to be also off the Hinges of Reason; and how unseasonably for the most Part, God knows. If, as we who study ourselves, have learned to do, every one who hears a good Sentence, would immediately consider how it does any Way touch his own private Concern, every one would find, that it was not so much a good Saying, as a severe Lash to the ordinary Bestiality of his own Judgment: But Men receive the Precepts and Admonitions of Truth, as generally directed to the Common Sort, and never particularly to themselves: And instead of applying them to their own Manners, do only very ignorantly and unprofitably commit them to Memory, without suffering themselves to be at all instructed, or converted by them: But let us return to the Empire of Custom. Such People as have been bred up to Liberty, and subject to no other Dominion but the Authority of their own Will, every one being a Sovereign to himself, or at least governed by no wiser Heads than their own, do look upon all other Forms of Government as monstrous, and contrary to Nature. Those who are inured to Monarchy do the same; and what Opportunity soever Fortune presents them with to change, even then, when with the greatest Difficulties they have disengaged themselves from one Master, that was troublesome and grievous to them, they presently run with the same Difficulties to create another; being not able, how roughly dealt with soever, to hate the Government they were born under, and the Obedience they have so long been accustomed to. 'Tis by the Mediation and Persuasion of Custom, that every one is content with the Place where he is planted by Nature; and the *Highlanders* of *Scotland* no more pant after the better Air of *Tourain*, than the starved *Scythian* after the

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the delightful Fields of *Thessaly*. *Darius* asking certain *Greeks* what they would take to assume the Custom of the *Indians*, of eating the dead Corps of their Fathers, (for that was their Use, believing they could not give them a better or more noble Sepulture, than to bury them in their own Bodies) they made answer, That nothing in the World should hire them to do it; but having also tried to persuade the *Indians* to leave their barbarous Custom, and after the *Greek* Manner, to burn the Bodies of their Fathers, they conceived a much greater Horror at the Motion. Every one does the same, forasmuch as Use veils from us the true Aspect of Things.

*Nil adeo magnum, nec tam mirabile quicquam  
Principio, quod non minuunt mirarier omnes  
Paulatim* \*.

Nothing at first so great, so strange appears,  
Which by Degrees, Use in succeeding Years  
Renders not more familiar.

Taking upon me once to justify something in use amongst us, and that was received with absolute Authority for a great many Leagues round about us, and not content to establish it, as Men commonly do, only by Force of Law, and Example, but enquiring still farther into it's Original, I found the Foundation so weak, that I who made it my Business to confirm others, was very near being dissatisfied myself. 'Tis by this Receipt that *Plato* undertakes to cure this unnatural and preposterous Love of his Time, which he esteems of sovereign Virtue; namely, That the publick Opinion condemns them; That the Poets, and all other Sorts of Writers, relate horrible Stories of them. A *Recipe*, by Virtue of which the most beautiful Daughters no more allure their Fathers Lust; nor Brothers of the finest Shape and Fashion their Sisters Desire. The very Fables of *Thyestes*, *OEdipus*, and *Macareus*, having with the Harmony of their Song infused this wholesom Opinion and Belief into the tender Brains of Infants. Chastity is in truth a great and shining Virtue, and of which the Utility is sufficiently known; but to govern, and prevail with it

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\* *Lucret. l. 2.*

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according to Nature, is as hard, as 'tis easy to do it according to Custom, and the Laws and Precepts of sober Practice. The original and fundamental Reasons are of very obscure and difficult Search, and our Masters either lightly pass them over, or not daring so much as to touch them, precipitate themselves into the Liberty and Protection of Custom; such as will not suffer themselves to be withdrawn from this Original Source, do yet commit a greater Error, and submit themselves to wild and beastly Opinions; witness *Chryssippus*, who in so many of his Writings has strew'd the little Account he made of incestuous Conjunctions committed with how near Relations soever. Whoever would disengage himself from this violent Prejudice of Custom, would find several Things receiv'd with absolute and undoubting Opinion, that have no other Support than the hoary Head and rivell'd Face of ancient Use; and Things being referr'd to the Decision of Truth and Reason, he will find his Judgment convinced and overthrown, and yet restor'd to a much more sure Estate. For Example, I shall ask him, what can be more strange than to see a People oblig'd to obey and pay a Reverence to Laws they never understood, and to be bound in all their Affairs, both of private and publick Concern, as Marriages, Donations, Wills, Sales, and Purchases, to Rules they cannot possibly know, being neither writ nor publish'd in their own Language, and of which they are of Necessity to purchase both the Interpretation and the Use? Not according to the ingenious Opinion of *Socrates*, who counsell'd his King to make the Trafficks and Negotiations of his Subjects, free, frank, and of Profit to them, and their Quarrels and Debates burdenson, and tart, and loaden with heavy Impositions and Penalties; but by a prodigious Opinion to make Sale of Reason itself, and to allow the Law a Course of Traffick. I think myself oblig'd to Fortune that (as our Historians report) it was a *Gascon* Gentleman, a Countryman of mine, who first oppos'd *Charlemain*, when he attempted to impose upon us Latin and imperial Laws. What can be more severe or unjust, than to see a Nation, where, by lawful Custom, the Office of a Judge is to be bought and sold, where Judgments are paid for with ready Money, and where Justice may legally be denied to him that has not wherewithal to pay; a Merchandise



chandise in so great Repute, as in a Government to serve a fourth Estate of wrangling Lawyers, to add to the three ancient ones of the Church, Nobility and People; which fourth Estate, having the Laws in their Hands, and sovereign Power over Men's Lives and Fortunes, make another separate Body of Nobility: From whence it comes to pass, that there are double Laws, those of Honour, and those of Justice, in many things positively opposite to one another; the Nobles as rigorously condemning a *Lie* taken, as the other do a *Lie* reveng'd: By the Law of Arms, he shall be degraded from all Nobility and Honour who puts up an Affront; and by the Civil Law, he who vindicates his Reputation by Revenge incurs a capital Punishment: Who applies himself to the Law for Reparation of an Offence done to his Honour, disgraces himself; and who does not is censur'd and punish'd by the Law. Yet of these two so different Things, both of them referring to one Head, the one has the Charge of Peace, the other of War; those have the Profit, these the Honour; those the Wisdom, these the Virtue; those the Word, these the Action; those Justice, these Valour; those Reason, these Force; those the *long Robe*, these the short divided betwixt them.

For what concerns indifferent Things, as Clothes, who would debauch them from their true and real Use, which is the Body's Service and Convenience, and upon which their original Grace and Decency depend, for the most fantastick, in my Opinion, that can be imagin'd: I will instance amongst others, our flat Caps, that long Tail of Velvet that hangs down from our Womens Heads, and that lascivious and abominable Model of a Member we cannot in Modesty so much as name, which nevertheless we shamefully strut withal in Publick. These Considerations notwithstanding will not prevail upon any understanding Man to decline the common Mode; but on the contrary, methinks all singular and particular Fashions are rather Marks of Folly and vain Affectation, than of sound Reason, and that a wise Man ought within to withdraw and retire his Soul from the Crowd, and there keep it at Liberty, and in Power to judge freely of Things; but as to this outward Garb and Appearance, absolutely to follow and conform himself to the Fashion of the Time. Publick Society has nothing to do with our Thoughts, but the rest, as our Actions, our Labours,

Labours, our Fortunes, and our Lives, we are to lend and abandon them to the common Opinion and publick Service, as did that good and great *Socrates*, who refus'd to preserve his Life by a Difobedience to the Magistrate, though a very wicked and unjust one: For it is the Rule of Rules, and the general Law of Laws, that every one observe those of the Place wherein he lives.

Νόμοις ἔπεισθαι τοῖσιν ἐγχωρίοις καλόν.

The Country's Custom to observe,  
Is decent, and does Praise deserve.

Besides it is a very great doubt, whether any so manifest Benefit and Advantage can accrue from the Alteration of a Law or Custom receiv'd, let it be what it will, as there is Danger and Inconvenience in doing it; forasmuch as Government is a Structure compos'd of several Parts and Members join'd and united together, with so strict Affinity and Union, that it is almost impossible to stir so much as one Brick or Stone, but the whole Body will settle and be sensible of it. The Legislator of the *Thurians* ordain'd, That whosoever would go about either to abolish old Laws, or to establish new, should present himself with a Halter about his Neck to the People; to the End, that if the Innovation he would introduce should not be approv'd by every one, he might immediately be hang'd; and that of the *Lacedæmonians* made it the Business of his whole Life, to obtain from his Citizens a faithful Promise, that none of his Laws should be violated. The *Ephorus*, who so rudely cut the two Strings that *Phrynis* had added to Musick, never stood to examine whether that Addition made better Harmony, or that by that Means the Instrument was more full and complete; it was enough for him to condemn the Invention, that it was a Novelty, and an Alteration of the old Fashion. Which also is the Meaning of the old rusty Sword, carried before the Magistracy of *Marseilles*. For my own Part, I have myself a very great Aversion for Novelty, what Face, or what Pretence soever it may carry along with it, and have Reason, having been an Eye-witness of the great Inconveniencies it has produc'd. A Man cannot, I confess, truly say, that the Miseries, which for so many Years have lain so heavy upon the Kingdom of *France*, are wholly occasion'd by it; but a Man may say, and

with Colour enough, that it was accidentally produc'd, and begot both the Mischiefs and Ruins that are since continued both without and against it, and it is principally That we are accuse for these Disorders.

*Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis\*.*

Alas! The Wounds I now endure  
Which my own Weapons did procure.

They who give the first Shock to a State are voluntarily the first over-whelm'd in it's Ruin; the Fruits of publick Commotion are seldom enjoy'd by him who was the first Motor; he only troubles the Water for another's Net, and beats the Bush whilst another gets the Hare. The Unity and Contexture of this Monarchy having been manifestly in her old Age ripp'd and torn by this Thing call'd Innovation, has since laid open a Rent, and given sufficient Admittance to the like Injuries in these latter Times. The Royal Majesty does with greater Difficulty stoop and debase itself from the Height to the Middle; than it falls and tumbles headlong from the Middle to the Foundation. But if the Inventors did the greater Mischief, the Imitators are more vicious, to follow Examples, of which they have felt and punish both the Horror and the Offence. And if there can be any Degree of Horror in ill doing, these last are indebted to the other for the Glory of contriving, and the Courage of making the first Attempt. All Sorts of new Disorders easily draw, from this primitive and overflowing Fountain, Examples and Precedents to trouble and discompose our Government. We read in our very Laws made for the Remedy of this first Evil, the Beginning and Pretences of all Sorts of naughty Enterprises; and in Favour of publick Vices, give them new and more plausible Names for their Excuse, sweetning and disguising their true Titles, which must be done to win forsooth, and reclaim us; *Hænesta oratio est*, but the best Pretence for Innovation is of very dangerous Consequence; and freely to speak my Thoughts, it argues, methinks, a strange Self-love, and a great Presumption of a Man's self, to be so fond of his own Opinions, that a publick Peace must be overthrown to este-

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\* *Ovid in Ep.*

blish them, and to introduce so many inevitable Mischiefs, and so dreadful a Corruption of Manners, as a Civil War, and the Mutations of State consequent to it, always brings in it's Train; and to introduce them in a Thing of so high Concern, into the Bowels of a Man's own Country. Can there be worse Husbandry than to set up so many certain and detested Vices, against Errors that are only contested, and disputable whether they be such or no? And are there any worse Sort of Vices than those committed against a Man's own Conscience, and the natural Light of his own Reason? The Senate, upon the Dispute betwixt it and the People about the Administration of their Religion, was bold enough to return this Evasion for current Pay: *Ad Deos id magis quam ad se pertinere; ipsos visuros, ne sacra sua polluantur: That those Things more belonged to the Gods to determine, than to them; let them therefore have a Care their sacred Mysteries were not profan'd*: According to that the Oracle answered to those of Delphos, who, fearing to be invaded by the Persians, in the Median War, enquir'd of Apollo, how they should dispose of the holy Treasure of his Temple, whether they should hide, or remove it to some other Place? He return'd them Answer, that they should stir nothing from thence, and only take Care of themselves, for he was sufficient to look to what belong'd to him. Christian Religion has all the Marks of the utmost Utility and Justice: But none more manifest than the severe Injunction it lays indifferently upon all to yield absolute Obedience to the Civil Magistrate, and to maintain and defend the Laws: Of which, what a wonderful Example has the divine Wisdom left us, who to work and establish the Salvation of Mankind, and to conduct this his glorious Victory over Death and Sin, would do it after no other Way, but at the Mercy of our ordinary Forms of Justice, submitting the Progress and Issue of so high, and so salutiferous an Effect, to the Blindness and Injustice of our Customs and Observations, suffering the innocent Blood of so many of his Elect, and so long a Loss of so many Years to the maturing of this inestimable Fruit? There is a vast Difference betwixt the Cases of one that follows the Forms and Laws of his Country, and another that will undertake to regulate and change them; of which the First pleads Simplicity, Obedience and Example for his Excuse, who, whatever

he shall do, it cannot be imputed to Malice, 'tis at the worst but Misfortune. *Quis est enim, quem non morseat clarissimis monumentis testata, consignataque antiquitas* \*? For who is it that Antiquity, sealed, and attested with so many glorious Monuments, cannot move? Besides what *Isocrates* says, that Defect is nearer ally'd to Moderation than Excess. The other is a much more ruffling Gamester: For who ever shall take upon him to chuse, to alter, and to usurp the Authority of Judging, ought to look well about him, and make it his Business to discover the Defect of what he would abolish, and the Virtue of what he is about to introduce. This so easy, and so vulgar Consideration, is that which settled me in my Station, and kept even my most extravagant and ungovern'd Youth under the Rein, so as not to burthen my Shoulders with so great a Weight, as to render myself responsible for a Science of that Importance; and in this to dare, what in my better and more mature Judgment, I durst not do in the most easy, and indifferent Things. I had been instructed, and wherein the Temerity of Judging is of no Consequence at all. It seeming to me very unjust to go about to subject publick and establish'd Customs and Institutions, to the Weakness and Instability of a private and particular Fancy, (for private Reason is but a private Jurisdiction) and to attempt that upon the Divine, which no Government will endure a Man should do upon the Civil Laws. With which, though human Reason has much more Commerce than with the other, yet are they sovereignly judg'd by their own proper Judges, and the utmost Sufficiency serves only to expound and set forth the Law and Custom receiv'd, and neither to wrest it, nor to introduce any Thing of Innovation. And if sometimes the Divine Providence hath gone beyond the Rules, to which it has necessarily bound and oblig'd us Men, it is not to give us any Dispensation to do the same; those are only Master-strokes of the Divine Hand, which we are not to imitate, but admire; and extraordinary Examples, Marks of purpos'd and particular Testimonies of Power, of the Nature of Miracles presented before us for Manifestations of it's Almighty Operation, equally above both our Rules and

\* *Cicero de Divin.*

Forces, which it would be Folly and Impiety to attempt to represent and imitate; and that we ought not to follow, but to contemplate with the greatest Reverence and Astonishment: Arts proper for his Person who has Power to do them, and not for us. *Cotta* very opportunely declares, that when Matter of Religion is in Question, he will be governed by *T. Coruncanus*, *P. Scipio*, *P. Scævola*, who were the High-Priests, and not by *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, or *Crypsippus*, who were Philosophers. God knows in the present Quarrel of our Civil War, where there are a hundred Articles to dash out and to put in, and those great and very considerable ones too, how many there are who can truly boast, they have exactly and perfectly weighed and understood the Grounds and Reasons of the one and the other Party. 'Tis a Number (if it make any Number) that would be able to procure us very little Disturbance: But what becomes of all the rest? Under what Ensigns do they march? In what Quarter do they lye? Theirs have the same Effect with other weak and ill applied Medicines, they have only set the Humours they would purge more violently in working, stirred and exasperated them by the Conflict, and left them still behind. The Apozem was too weak to purge, but strong enough to weaken us; so that it does not work, but we keep it still in our Bodies, and reap nothing from the Operation but intestine Gripes and Dolours; so it is nevertheless, that Fortune still reserving her Authority in Defiance of whatever we are able to do or say, does sometimes present us with a Necessity so urgent, that 'tis requisite the Laws should a little yield and give way; and when one opposes the Encrease of an Innovation that thus intrudes itself by Violence, to keep a Man's self in so doing in all Places, and in all Things, within the Bounds and Rules prescribed, against those who have the Power, and to whom all Things are lawful, that may any Way serve to advance their Design, who have no other Law nor Rule but what serves best to their own Purpose, is a dangerous Obligation, and an intolerable Inequality.

*Auditum nocendi perfido præstat fides* \*.

So simple Truth does her fair Breast disarm,  
And gives to Treachery a Power to harm.

\* *Seneca in Oedip. Act 3. Scene 1.*

Forasmuch as the ordinary Discipline of a healthful State does not provide against these extraordinary Accidents, she pre-supposes a Body that supports itself in it's principal Members and Offices, and a common Consent to it's Obedience and Observation. A legal Proceeding is cold, heavy, and constrained, and not fit to make Head against a headstrong and unbridled Proceeding. 'Tis known to be to this Day cast in the Dish of those two great Men, *Octavius* and *Cato*, in the two Civil Wars of *Scylla* and *Cæsar*, that they would rather suffer their Country to undergo the last Extremities, than to relieve their Fellow Citizens at the Expence of it's Laws, or to be guilty of any Innovations; for, in Truth, in these last Necessities, where there is no other Remedy, it would peradventure be more discreetly done, to stoop, and yield a little to receive the Blow, than by opposing without Possibility of doing any good, to give Occasion to Violence to trample all under Foot; and better to make the Laws do what they can, when they cannot do what they would. After this Manner did he who suspended them for four and twenty Hours, and he who for once shifted a Day in the Calendar, and that other who in the Month of *June* made a Second of *May*. The *Lacedæmonians* themselves, who were so religious Observers of the Laws of their Country, being straitned by one of their own Edicts, by which it was expressly forbidden to chuse the same Man to be Admiral; and on the other Side, their Affairs necessarily requiring, that *Lysander* should again take upon him that Command, they made one *Aratas* Admiral, 'tis true, but withal, *Lysander* went Superintendant of the Navy. And by the same Subtilty and Equivocation, one of their Embassadors being sent to the *Athenians* to obtain the Revocation of some Decree, and *Pericles* remonstrating to him, that it was forbid to take away the Tablet, wherein a Law had once been engrossed, he advised him to turn it only, that being not forbidden at all; and *Plutarch* commends *Philopæmen*, that being born to Command, he knew how to do it, not only according to the Laws, but also to over-rule even the Laws themselves, when the publick Necessity so required.



C H A P. XXIII.

Various Events from the same Counsel.

**J** *Aques Amiot*, great Almoner of *France*, one Day related to me this Story, much to the Honour of a Prince of ours (and ours he is upon several very good Accounts, though originally of foreign Extraction) that in the time of our first Commotions at the Siege of *Rouen*, this Prince, having been advertised by the Queen-Mother of a Conspiracy against his Life, and in her Letters particular Notice being given him of the Person who was to execute the Business (who was a Gentleman of *Anjou*, or else of *Mayne*, and who to this Effect did frequently haunt this Prince's House) discovered not the least Syllable of this Intelligence to any one whatever, but going the next Day to *St. Katharine's Mount*, from whence our Battery play'd against the Town (for it was during the Time of a Siege) and having in Company with him the said Lord Almoner, and another Bishop, he was presently aware of this Gentleman, who had been denoted to him, and presently caused him to be called into his Presence; to whom being come before him, seeing him pale, and trembling with the Conscience of his Guilt, he thus said, *Monseur* such a one, *You already guess what I have to say to you, your Countenance discovers it, and therefore 'tis in vain to disguise your Practice; for I am so well informed in your Business, that it will but make worse for you, to go about to conceal or to deny it; you know very well such and such Passages, (which was the most secret Circumstances of his Conspiracy) and therefore be sure, as you tender your own Life, to confess to me the whole Truth of your Design.* The poor Man seeing himself thus trapped, and convinced (for the whole Business had been discovered to the Queen by one of the Complices) was in so great a Confusion, he knew not what to do; but joining his Hands to sue and beg for Mercy, he meant to throw himself at this Prince's Feet, who taking him up proceeded to say, *Come on, Sir, and tell me, have*



*have I at any time heretofore done you any Injury? or have I through my particular Hatred or private Malice, offended your Kinsman or Friend of yours? It is not above three Weeks that I have known you; What Inducement then could move you, to attempt my Death? To which the Gentleman, with a trembling Voice, replied, That it was no particular Grudge he had to his Person, but the general Interest and Concern of the Party, and that he had been put upon it by some who had persuaded him it would be a meritorious Act, by any Means to extirpate so great and so powerful an Enemy of their Religion. Well, said the Prince, I will now let you see, how much more charitable the Religion is that I maintain, than that which you profess; Yours persuaded you to kill me, without hearing me to speak, and without ever having given you any Cause of Offence; and mine commands me to forgive you, convicted as you are, by your own Confession, of a Design to murder me without Reason. Get you gone, that I see you no more; and if you are wise, choose henceforward honest Men for your Counsellors in your Designs.*

*The Emperor Augustus, being in Gallia, had certain Information of a Conspiracy L. Cinna was contriving against him, who thereupon resolved to make him an Example; and to that End sent to summon his Friends to meet the next Morning in Council; but the Night between he passed over with Unquietness of Mind, considering that he was to put to Death a young Man, of an illustrious Family, and Nephew to the great Pompey, which made him break out into several Ejaculations of Passion: What then, said he, shall it be said that I live in perpetual Anxiety, and continual Alarm, and suffer my self to be Assassins in the mean Time to walk Abroad at Liberty? Shall he go unpunished after having conspired against my Life, a Life I have hitherto defended in so many civil Wars, and so many Battles both by Land and Sea? And after having settled an universal Peace of the whole World, shall this Man be pardoned, who has conspired not only to murder, but to sacrifice me? For the Conspiracy was to kill him at Sacrifice. After which, remaining for some Time silent, he began again louder, and straining his Voice more than before to exclaim against himself, and say, Why livest thou? If it be for the good of many that thou shouldst die? Must there be no End of thy Revenges and Cruelties? Is thy Life of so great Value, that*

that so many Mischiefs must be done to preserve it? His Wife *Livia*, seeing him in this Perplexity; Will you take a Woman's Counsel, said she? Do as the Physicians do, who, when the ordinary *Recipe's* will do no good, make Trial of the contrary. By Severity you have hitherto prevailed nothing; *Lepidus* has followed *Sarvidienus*, *Murena* *Lepidus*, *Cæpio* *Murena*, and *Ignatius Cæpio*. Begin now and try how Sweetness and Clemency will succeed. *Cinna* is convict, forgive him, he will never henceforth have the Heart to hurt thee, and it will be an Act of Glory. *Augustus* was glad that he had met with an Advocate of his own Humour; wherefore having thanked his Wife, and in the Morning countermanded his Friends he had before summoned to Council, he commanded *Cinna* all alone to be brought to him; who being come, and a Chair by his Appointment set him, having commanded every one out of the Room, he spake to him after this Manner: In the first Place, *Cinna*, I demand of thee patient Audience; do not interrupt me in what I am about to say, and I will afterwards give thee Time and Leisure to answer. Thou knowest, *Cinna*, that having taken thee Prisoner in the Enemies Camp, and that an Enemy not only made, but born so, I gave thee thy Life, restored thee all thy Goods, and finally put thee in so good a Posture, by my Bounty, of living well and at thy Ease, that the Victorious envy'd the Conquer'd. The Sacerdotal Office which thou madest Suit to me for, I conferred upon thee, after having deny'd it to others, whose Fathers have ever born Arms in my Service: And after so many Obligations thou hast undertaken to kill me. At which *Cinna* crying out, that he was very far from entertaining any so wicked a Thought: Thou dost not keep thy Promise, *Cinna*, (continued *Augustus*) that thou wouldst not interrupt me. Yes thou hast undertaken to murder me in such a Place, such a Day, in such and such Company, and in such a Manner. At which Words seeing *Cinna* astonished and silent, not upon the Account of his Promise so to be, but interdicted with the Conscience of his Crime; Why, proceeded *Augustus*, to what End wouldst thou do it? Is it to be Emperor? Believe me, the Republick is in a very bad Condition, if I am the only Man betwixt thee and the Empire. Thou art not able so much as to defend thy own House, and but  
t'other

'other Day wast baffled in a Suit, by the opposed Interest of  
 a mean manumitted Slave. What, hast thou neither Means  
 nor Power in any other Thing, but only to attempt against  
*Cæsar*? I quit Claim to the Empire, if there is no other  
 but I to obstruct thy Hopes: Canst thou believe, that *Paulus*,  
 that *Fabius*, that the *Cassians* and *Servilians*, and so  
 many noble *Romans*, not only so in Title, but who by  
 their Virtue honour their Nobility, would suffer or endure  
 thee? After this, and a great deal more that he said to him,  
 (for he was two long Hours in speaking) Well, *Cinna*, go  
 thy Way, said he, I again give thee that Life in the Qua-  
 lity of a Traitor and a Parricide, which I once before  
 gave thee in the Quality of an Enemy. Let Friendship  
 from this Time forward begin betwixt us, and let us try  
 to make it appear whether I have given, or thou hast re-  
 ceived thy Life with the better Faith; and so departed from  
 him. Some Time after, he preferred him to the consular  
 Dignity, complaining, that he had not the Confidence to  
 demand it; had him ever after for his very great Friend,  
 and was at last made by him sole Heir to all his Estate.  
 Now from the Time of this Accident, which befel *Augu-  
 stus* in the fortieth Year of his Age, he never had any Con-  
 spiracy or Attempt against him, and therein reaped the due  
 Reward of this his so generous and exemplary Clemency.  
 But it did not so well succeed with our Prince in the former  
 Story; his Moderation and Mercy not being sufficient so to  
 secure him, that he did not afterwards fall into the Toils  
 of the like Treason: So vain and frivolous a Thing is  
 human Prudence; and in Spite of all our Projects, Coun-  
 sels and Precautions, Fortune will still be Mistress of Events.  
 We repute Physicians fortunate when they hit upon a  
 lucky Cure, as if there was no other Art but theirs that  
 could not stand upon it's own Legs, and whose Foundations  
 are too weak to support itself upon it's Basis, and as if  
 no other Art stood in Need of Fortune's Hand to assist in it's  
 Operations. For my Part, I think of Physick as much  
 Good or Ill as any one would have me: For, Thanks be to  
 God, we have no great Traffick together. I am of a quite  
 contrary Humour to other Men, for I always despise it; but  
 when I am sick, instead of recanting, or entering into Com-  
 position with it, I begin yet more to hate, nauseate, and  
 fear it, telling them who importune me to enter into a  
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Course of Physick, that they must give me Time to recover my Strength and Health, that I may be the better able to support and encounter the Violence and Danger of the Potion: So that I still let Nature work, supposing her to be sufficiently armed with Teeth and Claws to defend herself from the Assaults of Infirmity, and to uphold that Contexture, the Dissolution of which she flies and abhors: For I am afraid, lest instead of assisting her when grappled, and struggling with the Disease, I should assist her Adversary, and procure new Work, and new Accidents to encounter. Now I say, that not in Physick only, but in other more certain Arts, Fortune has a very great Interest and Share. The poetick Raptures, and those prodigious Flights of Fancy, that ravish and transport the Author out of himself, why should we not attribute them to his good Fortune, since the Poet himself confesses they exceed his Sufficiency and Force, and acknowledges them to proceed from something else than himself, and has them no more in his Power than the Orators say they have those extraordinary Motions and Agitations that sometimes push them beyond their Design. It is the same in Painting, where Touches shall sometimes slip from the Hand of the Painter, so surpassing both his Fancy and his Art, as to beget his own Admiration. But Fortune does yet more accidentally manifest the Share she has in all Things of this Kind, by the Graces and Elegancies are found out in them, not only beyond the Intention, but even without the Knowledge of the Artist. A judicious Reader does often find out in other Men's Writings, other Kind of Perfections, and finds in them a better Sense and more quaint Expression than the Author himself either intended or perceived. And, as to military Enterprizes and Executions, every one sees how great a Hand Fortune has in all those Affairs; even in our very Counsels and Deliberations there must certainly be something of Chance and good Luck mixed with human Prudence, for all that our Wisdom can do alone is no great Matter; the more piercing, quick, and apprehensive it is, the weaker it finds itself, and is by so much more apt to mistrust it's own Virtue. I am of *Sylla's* Opinion, and when I most strictly and nearer Hand examine the most glorious Exploits of War, I perceive, methinks, that those who carry them on, make Use of Counsel and Debate only for Custom's Sake, and leave the best Part of  
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the Enterprize to Fortune, and relying upon her Favour and Assistance, transgress at every Turn the Bounds of Military Conduct, and the Rules of War. There happens sometimes accidental Alacrities and strange Furies in their Deliberations, that for the most Part prompt them to follow the worst, and worst grounded Counsels, and that swell their Courages beyond the Limits of Reason: From whence it falls out, that many great Captains, to justify those temerarious Deliberations, have been forced to tell their Soldiers, that they were by some Inspiration and good Omen encouraged and invited to such Attempts\*. Wherefore, in this Doubt and Uncertainty that the Short-sightedness of human Wisdom to see and chuse the best, (by Reason of the Difficulties that the various Accidents and Circumstances of Things bring along with them) does perplex us withal, the surest Way, in my Opinion, did no other Consideration invite us to it, were to pitch upon that wherein is the greatest Appearance of Honesty and Justice, and not being certain of the shortest, to go the straightest and most direct Way; as in these two Examples I have before laid down, there is no Question to be made but it was more noble and generous in him who had received the Offence, to pardon it, as they both did, than to do otherwise; and if the former miscarried in it, he is not nevertheless to be blamed for his good Intention: Neither does any one know if he had proceeded otherwise, whether by that Means he had avoided the End his Destiny had appointed for him; and he had however lost the Glory of so generous an Act. You will find in History many who have been in this Apprehension, that the most Part have taken the Course to meet, and prevent Conspiracies by Punishment and Revenge: But I find but very few who have reap'd any Advantage by this Proceeding, witness so many *Roman* Emperors: And whoever finds himself in this Danger ought not to expect much, either from his Vigilancy or Power; for how hard a Thing is it for a Man to secure himself from an Enemy, who lyes concealed under the Countenance of the most officious Friend we have, and to discover and know the Wills and inward Thoughts of those who are continually doing us Service?

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\* *Monluc* in his *Commentarisse*.

'Tis to much Purpose to have a Guard of Strangers about a Man's Person, and to be always fenced about with a Pale of armed Men; whosoever despises his own Life, is always Master of that of another Man's. And moreover, this continual Suspicion, that makes a Prince jealous of all the World, must of Necessity be a strange Torment to him, and therefore it was, that *Dion*, being advertis'd that *Callipus* watch'd all Opportunities to take away his Life, had never the Heart to enquire more particularly into it, saying, That he had rather die, than live in that Misery that he must continually stand upon his Guard, not only against his Enemies, but his Friends also; which *Alexander* much more lively manifested in Effect, when having Notice by a Letter from *Parmenio*, that *Philip*, his most belov'd Physician, was by *Darius's* Money corrupted to poison him, at the same Time that he gave the Letter to *Philip* to read, supp'd off the Potion he had brought him. Was not this by such a Resolution to express, that if his Friends had a Mind to dispatch him out of the World, he was willing to give them Opportunity to do it? This Prince is indeed the sovereign Precedent of all hazardous Actions; but I do not know whether there be another Passage in his Life wherein there is so much Steadiness and Constancy as in this, nor so illustrious an Image of the Greatness of his Mind. Those who preach to Princes so circumspect, and vigilant a Jealousy and Distrust under Colour of Security, preach to them Ruin and Dishonour. Nothing noble can ever be perform'd without Danger. I know a Person, naturally of a very great, daring and enterprizing Courage, whose good Fortune is continually prevented, and forestall'd by such Persuasions, that he must retire into the Grofs of his own Body, and keep those he knows are his Friends continually about him, that he must not hearken to any Reconciliation with his ancient Enemies, that he must stand off, and not trust his Person in Hands stronger than his own, what Promises or Offers soever they make him, or what Advantages soever he may see before him. And I know another, who has unexpectedly made his Fortune by following a contrary Advice. Courage, the Reputation and Glory of which Men seek with so greedy an Appetite, represents and sets itself out when Need requires, as magnificently in Querpo, as in the neatest Arms; in a Closet, as well as a

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Camp;

Camp; and this over-circumspect and wary Prudence is a mortal Enemy to all high and generous Exploits. *Scipio*, to find the Intentions of *Syphax*, leaving his Army, and abandoning *Spain*, not yet secure nor well settled in his new Conquest, could pass over into *Africk* with only two contemptible Vessels, to commit himself, in an Enemy's Country, to the Power of a *Barbarian King*, to a Faith untry'd and unknown, without Precaution, without Hottage, under the sole Security of the Greatness of his Courage, his good Fortune, and the Promise of his elevated Hopes. *Habita fides ipsam plerumque fidem obligat* \*. *Trust oftentimes obliges Fidelity*. On the contrary, Fear and Diffidence invite and draw on Injury and Offence. The most mistrustful of all our Kings settled his Affairs principally by voluntarily giving up his Life and Liberty into his Enemies Hands, by that Action manifesting that he had an absolute Confidence in them, to the End they might repose as great an Assurance in him. *Cæsar* did only oppose the Authority of his Countenance, and the Sharpness of his Rebukes to his mutinous Legions, and rebellious Army.

——— *stetit agere fultis,*

*Cæsares, intrepidus vultu, meruitque timeri  
Nil metuens †.*

Upon a Parapet of Turf he stood,  
His manly Face with Resolution shone,  
And froze the Mutineers rebellious Blood,  
Challenging Fear from all by fearing none.

But it is true withal, that this undaunted Assurance is not to be represented in it's true and lively Form, but by such whom the Apprehension of Death, and the worst that can happen, does no Way terrify and affright; for to represent a pretended Resolution with a pale and doubtful Countenance, and trembling Limbs for the forc'd Service of an important Reconciliation, will effect nothing to purpose. 'Tis an excellent Way to gain the Heart, and conquer the Will of another, to submit, and intrust a Man's Person to him, provided it appear to be frankly done, and without the Constraint of Necessity, and in such a Condition, that a Man manifestly does it out of a pure and intire Confidence

\* *Livius.*

† *Lucan. l. 5.*

in the Party, at least with a Countenance clear from any Cloud of Suspicion. When I was a Boy I saw a Gentleman, who was Governor of a great City, upon Occasion of a popular Commotion and Fury, not knowing what other Course to take, go out of a Place of very great Strength and Security, and commit himself to the Mercy of a seditious Rabble, in Hopes by that Means to appease the Tumult before it grew to a more formidable Head: But it was ill for him that he did so, for he was there miserably slain. But nevertheless I am not of Opinion that he committed so great an Error in going out, as Men commonly reproach his Memory with, as he did in choosing a gentle and submissive Way for the effecting his Purpose, and in endeavouring to quiet this Storm, rather by obeying than commanding, and by Entreaty rather than Remonstrance: I am rather inclined to believe, that a gracious Severity, with a Soldier-like way of commanding, full of Security, and Confidence suitable to the Quality of his Person, and the Dignity of his Command, would have succeeded better with him; at least, he had perish'd with greater Decency and Reputation. There is nothing so little to be expected, or hop'd for from that many-headed Monster the Mob, when incens'd, as Humanity and Good-nature; it is much more capable of Reverence and Fear. I should also reproach him, that, having taken a Resolution (which in my Judgment was rather brave than rash) to expose himself weak and naked in this tempestuous Sea of enraged Franticks, he ought boldly to have stemm'd the Torrent, and to have borne himself bravely aloft; whereas coming to discover his Danger nearer Hand, and his Nose thereupon happening to bleed, he again chang'd that submissive and fawning Countenance he had at first put on, into another of Fear and Amazement, filling both his Mouth and Eyes with Entreaties and Tears, and in that Posture endeavouring to withdraw and secure his Person; that Carriage more inflam'd their Fury, and soon brought the Effects of it upon him. Upon a certain Occasion and in a certain Place, some, who had no honest Meaning, order'd that there should be a general Muster of several Troops in Arms (for that is the most proper Scene of secret Revenges, and there is no Place where they can be executed with greater Safety) and there were publick and manifest



Appearances, that there was no safe coming for some whose principal and necessary Office it was to view them Whereupon a Consultation was call'd and several Counsels were propos'd, as in a Case that was not only very nice of great Difficulty, but of important Consequence. Mine amongst the rest, was, that they should by all Means avoid giving any Sign of Suspicion, but that the Officers who were most in Danger should boldly go, and with cheerful and erect Countenances ride boldly and confidently through the Files and Divisions, and that instead of sparing Fire (which the Advice of the major Part tended to) they should desire the Captains to command the Soldiers to give round and full Volleys in Honour of the Spectators, and not to save their Powder: Which was accordingly done, and had so good an Effect as not only to please and gratify the suspected Troops, but from thenceforth to beget mutual and salutary Confidence and Intelligence amongst them. I look upon *Julius Cæsar's* Way of gaining Men's Affections to him, as the best, and most plausible, that can possibly be put in Practice. First, he try'd by Civility and Commodity to make himself belov'd even by his very Enemies, contenting himself in detected Conspiracies, and publickly to declare, that he was pre-acquainted with them, which being done, he took a noble Resolution to expose himself without Solicitude or Fear, whatever might be the Event, wholly resigning himself up to the Protection of the Gods and Fortune: For questionless in this very Estate he was at the Time when he was kill'd. A Stranger having publickly said, that he could teach *Dionysius*, the Tyrant of *Syracuse*, an infallible way to find out and discover all Conspiracies his Subjects should contrive against him, he would give him a good Sum of Money for his Pain. *Dionysius*, hearing of it, caus'd the Man to be brought to him, that he might learn an Art so necessary to his Preservation; and having asked him by what Art he might make such Discoveries, the Fellow made Answer, That all the Art he knew, was, That he should give him a Talent, and afterwards boast, that he had obtain'd a singular Secret from him. *Dionysius* lik'd the Invention, and accordingly caus'd six hundred Crowns to be counted out to him. It was not likely he should give so great a Sum to a Person unknown, but upon the Account of some extraordinary

dinary Discovery, the Belief of which serv'd to keep his Enemies in Awe. Princes however do very wisely, to publish the Informations they receive of all the Practices against their Lives, to possess Men with an Opinion that they have such good Intelligence, and so many Spies abroad, that nothing can be plotted against them, but they have immediate Notice of it. The Duke of Athens did a great many ridiculous Things to establish his new Tyranny over Florence: But this especially was most remarkable; that having receiv'd the first Intimation of the Conspiracies the People were hatching against him, from *Mattheo di Morofo*, one of the Conspirators, he presently put him to Death, to stifle that Rumour, that it might not be thought any of the City dislik'd his Government. I remember to have formerly read a Story of some Roman of great Quality, who, flying the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate*, had a thousand Times, by the Subtilty of as many Inventions, escap'd from falling into the Hands of those that pursu'd him. It happened one Day, that a Troop of Horse which was sent out to take him pass'd close by a Brake where he was squat, and miss'd very narrowly of spying him: But he considering, upon the Instant, the Pains and Difficulties wherein he had so long continued, to evade the strict and continual Searches every Day made for him, the little Pleasure he could hope for in such a Kind of Life, and how much better it was for him to die once for all, than to be perpetually at this Pass, he started from his Seat himself, call'd them back, shew'd them his Hiding-Place, and voluntarily deliver'd himself up to their Cruelty, by that Means to free both himself and them from farther Trouble. To invite a Man's Enemies to come and cut his Throat was a Resolution that appears a little extravagant and odd; and yet I think he did better to take that Course, than to live in a *Quotidian* Ague, for which there was no Cure. But seeing all the Remedies a Man can apply to such a Disease are full of Unquietness and uncertain, 'tis better with a manly Courage to prepare one's self for the worst that can happen, and to extract some Consolation from this, that we are not certain the Thing we fear will ever come to pass.



## C H A P. XXIV.

*Of Pedantry.*

I Was often, when a Boy, wonderfully concern'd to see in the *Italian* Farces a *Pedant* always brought in for the Fool of the Play, and that the Title of *Magister* was in no greater Reverence amongst us; for being deliver'd up to their Tuition, what could I do less than to be jealous of their Honour and Reputation? I sought, I confess, to excuse them by the natural Incompatibility betwixt the vulgar Sort, and Men of a finer Thread, both in Judgment and Knowledge, forasmuch as they go a quite contrary Way to one another: But in this, the Thing I most stumbled at was, that the bravest Men were those who most despis'd them; witness our famous Poet *Du Bellay*,

*Mais je hay par sur tout un sçavoir pedantesque* \*.

But of all Sorts of Learning, that  
Of the Pedant I most do hate.

And they us'd to do so in former Times; for *Plutarch* says that *Græcian* and *Scholar* were Names of Reproach and Contempt amongst the *Romans*. But since, with the better Experience of Age, I find they had very great Reason to do so, and that *magis magnos Clericos non sunt magis magnos sapientes* †. *The greatest Clerks are not the wisest Men*. But whence it should come to pass, that a Mind enrich'd with the Knowledge of so many Things should not become more quick and spritely, and that a gross and vulgar Understanding should yet inhabit there, without correcting and improving itself, where all the Discourses and Judgments of the greatest Wits the World ever had are collected and stor'd up, I am yet to seek. To admit so many strange Conceptions, so great and so high Fancies, it is necessary,

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\* *Du Bellay*.

† *Rabelais*.

(as a young Lady, and one of the greatest Princesses of the Kingdom, said once to me) that a Man's own be crowded, and squeez'd together into a less Compass, to make Room for the other. I should be apt to conclude, that as Plants are suffocated and drown'd with too much Nourishment, and Lamps with too much Oil, so is the active Part of the Understanding with too much Study and Matter, which being embarras'd and confounded with the Diversity of Things, is depriv'd of the Force and Power to disengage itself; and that by the Pressure of this Weight, it is bow'd, subjected, and rendred of no Use. But it is quite otherwise, for a Soul stretches and dilates itself proportionably as it fills. And in the Examples of elder Times we see, quite contrary, Men very proper for publick Business, great Captains, and great Statesmen, very learned withal; whereas the Philosophers, a Sort of Men retir'd from all publick Affairs, have been sometimes also despis'd, and render'd contemptible by the comical Liberty of their own Times; their Opinions and Singularity of Manners making them appear, to Men of another Method of Living, ridiculous and absurd. Would you make them Judges of a Controversy of common Right, or of the Actions of Men? They are ready to take it upon them, and straight begin to examine, if he has Life, if he has Motion, if Man be any other than an Ox? What it is to do, and to suffer? And what Animals, Law, and Justice are? Do they speak of the Magistrates? 'Tis with a rude, irreverent, and indecent Liberty. Do they hear a Prince, or a King commended for his Virtue? They make no more of him than of a Shepherd, Goatherd, or Neatherd; a lazy *Corydon*, that busies himself only about milking and shearing his Herds and Flocks, and that after the rudest Manner. Do you repute any Man the greater for being Lord of two thousand Acres of Land? They laugh at such a pitiful Pittance, as laying Claim themselves to the whole World for their Possession. Do you boast of your Nobility and Blood, being descended from seven rich successive Ancestors? They will look upon you with an Eye of Contempt, as Men who have not a right Idea of the universal Image of Nature, and that do not consider how many Predecessors every one of us has had, Rich, Poor, Kings, Slaves, *Greeks* and *Barbarians*. And though you were the fiftieth Descent from *Hercules*, they

look upon it as a great Vanity, so highly to value this, which is only a Gift of Fortune. And even thus did the vulgar Sort of Men nauseate them, as Men ignorant of the Beginning of Things, where all Things were common, accusing them of Presumption and Insolence. But this *Platonick* Picture is far different from that these Pedants are presented by: For those were envied for raising themselves above the common Sort of Men, for despising the ordinary Actions and Offices of Life, for having assumed a particular and inimitable Way of living, and for using a certain Method of Bombast and obsolete Language, quite different from the ordinary Way of Speaking: But these are contemn'd for being as much below the usual Form, as incapable of publick Employment, for leading a Life, and conforming themselves to the mean and vile Manners of the Vulgar. *Odi homines, ignava opera, Philosophica Sententia* \*. *I hate Men who talk like Philosophers, but do worse than the most slothful of Men.* For what concerns those true Philosophers, I must needs say, that if they were great in Science, they were yet much greater in Action. And, as it is said of the Geometrician of *Syracuse* †, who having been disturb'd from his Contemplation, to put some of his Skill in Practice for the Defence of his Country, that he suddenly set on Foot dreadful and prodigious Engines, and that wrought Effects beyond all human Expectation; himself notwithstanding disdain'd his own handy-work, thinking in this he had play'd the Mechanick, and violated the Dignity of his Art, of which these Performances of his, (though so highly cry'd up by the publick Voice) he accounted but trivial Experiments, and inferior Models: So they, whenever they have been put upon the Proof of Action, have been seen to fly to so high a Pitch, as made it very well appear, their Souls were strangely elevated, and enrich'd with the Knowledge of Things. But some of them seeing the Reins of Government in the Hands of ignorant and unskilful Men, have avoided all Places and Interest in the Management of Affairs; and he who demanded of *Crates*, How long it was necessary to philosophize, receiv'd this Answer, 'Till our Armies (said he) are no more commanded by Fools and

\* *Pa. uvius.*† *Archimedes.*

Coxcombs. *Heracitus* resign'd the Royalty to his Brother ; and to the *Ephesians*, who reproach'd him that he spent his Time in playing with Boys before the Temple ; *Is it not better*, said he, *to do so than to sit at the Helm of Affairs in your Company ?* Others having their Imagination advanc'd above the Thoughts of the World and Fortune, have look'd upon the Tribunals of Justice, and even the Thrones of Kings, with an Eye of Contempt and Scorn ; insomuch that *Empedocles* refus'd the Royalty that the *Agrigentines* offer'd to him. *Thales*, once inveighing in Discourse against the Pains and Care Men put themselves to to become rich, was answer'd by one in the Company, that he did like the Fox, who found Fault with what he could not obtain. Whereupon he had a Mind, for the Jest's Sake, to shew them the contrary ; and having upon this Occasion for once made a Muster of all his Wits, wholly to employ them in the Service of Profit, he set a Traffick on Foot, which in one Year brought him in greater Riches than the most experienced in that Trade could, with all their Industry, have raked together in the whole Course of their Lives. That which *Aristotle* reports of some who said of him, *Anaxagoras*, and others of their Profession, that they were wise but not prudent, in not applying their Study to more profitable Things (though I do not well digest this nice Distinction) will not however serve to excuse my pedantick Sort of Men ; for to see the low and necessitous Fortune wherewith they are content, we have rather Reason to pronounce that they are neither wise nor prudent. But letting this first Reason alone, I think it better to say, that this Inconvenience proceeds from their applying themselves the wrong Way to the Study of Sciences ; and that after the Manner we are instructed, it is no Wonder if neither the Scholars nor the Masters become, though more learned, ever the wiser, or more fit for Business. In plain Truth, the Cares and Expence our Parents are at in our Education point at nothing, but to furnish our Heads with Knowledge ; but not a Word of Judgment and Virtue. Cry out of one that passes by, to the People, O ! what a learned ; and of another, O ! what a good Man goes there ! They will not fail to turn their Eyes, and address their Respect to the former. There should then be a third Crier, O the Puppies and Coxcombs ! Men are apt presently to enquire,

Does such a one understand *Greek*? Is he a Critick in *Latin*? Is he a Poet? Or does he only pretend to Professe? But whether he be grown better or more discreet, which are Qualities of greater Value and Concern, those are never enquir'd into; whereas, we should rather examine who is *better learned, than who is more learned*. We only toil and labour to stuff the Memory, and in the mean time leave the Conscience and the Understanding unfurnish'd and void. And, like Birds who fly Abroad, to forage for Grain, bring it home in their Beak, without tasting it themselves, to feed their Young; so our Pedants go picking Knowledge here and there, out of several Authors, and hold it at the Tongue's End, only to spit out, and distribute it amongst their Pupils. And here I cannot but smile to think how I have paid myself in shewing the Foppery of this kind of Learning, who myself am so manifest an Example; for, do I not the same Thing throughout almost this whole Treatise? I go here and there, culling out of several Books the Sentences that best please me, not to keep them (for I have no Memory to retain them in) but to transplant them into this; where, to say the Truth, they are no more mine, than in their first Places. We are, I conceive, knowing only in present Knowledge, and not at all in what is past, no more than in that which is to come. But the worst of it is, their Scholars and Pupils are no better nourish'd by this kind of Inspiration; it makes no deeper Impression upon them, than the other, but passes from Hand to Hand, only to make a Shew, to be tolerable Company, and to tell pretty Stories, like a Counterfeit Coin in Counters, of no other Use nor Value, but to reckon with, or to set up at Cards. *Apud alios loqui didicerunt, non ipse secum. Non est loquendum, sed gubernandum\**; they have learn'd to speak from others, not from themselves. Speaking is not so necessary as Governing. Nature, to shew that there is nothing barbarous where she has the sole Command, does oftentimes, in Nations where Art has the least to do, cause Productions of Wit, such as may rival the greatest Effects of Art whatever. As in Relation to what I am now speaking of, the *Ga-*

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\* *Senec. Epist. 105.*

con Proverb, derived from a Corn-pipe, is very quaint and subtle, *Bouba prou bouba, mas a remuda lous dits qu'em.* You may blow till your Eyes start out; but if once you offer to stir your Fingers, you will be at the End of your Lesson. We can say, Cicero says thus: that these were the Manners of *Plato*; and that these are the very Words of *Aristotle*: But what do we say ourselves that is our own? What do we do? What do we judge? A Parrot would say as much as that. And this kind of Talking puts me in Mind of that rich Gentleman of *Rome*, who had been solicitous, with very great Expence, to procure Men that were excellent in all Sorts of Science, whom he had always attending his Person, to the End, that when amongst his Friends, any Occasion fell out of speaking of any Subject whatsoever, they might supply his Place, and be ready to prompt him, one with a Sentence of *Seneca*, another with a Verse of *Homer*, and so forth, every one according to his Talent; and he fancied this Knowledge to be his own, because in the Heads of those who lived upon his Bounty: As they also do, whose Learning consists in having noble Libraries. I know one, who, when I question him about his Reading, he presently calls for a Book to shew me, and dare not venture to tell me so much, as that he has Piles in his Posteriors, till first he has consulted his Dictionary, what Piles and Posteriors are. We take other Men's Knowledge and Opinions upon Truth, which is an idle and superficial Learning: We must make it our own. We are in this very like him, who having Need of Fire, went to a Neighbour's House to fetch it; and finding a very good one there, sat down to warm himself, without remembering to carry any with him Home. What Good does it do us to have the Stomach full of Meat, if it does not digest and be incorporated with us, if it does not nourish and support us? Can we imagine that *Lucullus*, whom Letters, without any Manner of Experience, made so great and so exact a Leader, learn'd to be so after this perfunctory Manner? We suffer ourselves to lean and rely so very strongly upon the Arm of another, that by so doing we prejudice our own Strength and Vigour. Would I fortify myself against the Fear of Death? It must be at the Expence of *Seneca*: Would I extract Consolation for myself, or my Friend?



Friend? I borrow it from him, or *Cicero*; whereas I might have found it in myself, had I been trained up to make Use of my own Reason. I have no Taste for this relative, mendicant, and precarious Understanding; for though we could become learned by other Men's Reading, I am sure a Man can never be wise, but by his own Wisdom.

Μισῶ σοφιστὴν ὅστις ἐχ' αὐτῷ σοφίαν\*.

Who in his own Concern's not wise,  
I that Man's Wisdom do despise:

From whence *Ennius*, *Nequidquam sapere sapientem, qui sibi sibi prodesse non quiret* †; That wise Man knows nothing, who cannot profit himself by his Wisdom. *Non enim paranda nobis solum, sed fruenda sapientia est* ‡; For Wisdom is not only to be acquired, but enjoyed. *Dionysius* laughed at the *Grammarians*, who cudgelled their Brains to enquire into the Miseries of *Ulysses*, and were ignorant of their own; at *Musicians*, who were so exact in tuning their Instruments, and never tuned their Manners; and at *Orators*, who studied to declare what was Justice, but never took Care to do it. If the Mind be not better disposed, if the Judgment be no better settled, I had much rather my Scholar had spent his Time at Tennis, for at least his Body would by that Means be in better Exercise and Breath. Do but observe him when he comes back from School, after fifteen or sixteen Years that he has been there, there is nothing so awkward and maladroit, so unfit for Company or Employment; and all that you shall find he has got, is, that his *Latin* and *Greek* have only made him a greater and more conceited Coxcomb than when he went from home. He should bring his Soul replete with good Literature, and he brings it only swelled and puffed up with vain and empty Shreds and Snatches of Learning: He has really nothing more in him than he had before. These Pedants of ours, as *Plato* says of the *Sophists*, their Cousin-Germans are, of all Men living, they who most pretend to be useful to Mankind, and who, alone, of all Men, not only do not better, and improve what is committed to them, as a Car-

\* *Proverb. Lamb.*

† *Cicero Epist. 6. l. 7. ex Ennio.*

‡ *Cicero de Finib. l. 1.*

penter or a Mason would do, but make them much worse, and make them pay for being made so to boot. If the Rule which *Protagoras* proposed to his Pupils were followed, either that they should give him his own Demand, or declare upon Oath in the Temple how much they valued the Profit they had received under his Tuition, and accordingly satisfy him; our Pedagogues would find themselves basely gravelled, especially if they were to be judged by the Testimony of my Experience. Our vulgar *Perigordin Patois* does pleasantly call them, Pretenders to Learning, *Lettreferits*, as a Man should say, Letter-marked; a Man on whom Letters have been stamped by the Blow of a Mallet; and, in Truth, for the most Part, they appear to have a soft Place in their Skulls, and to be deprived even of common Sense. For you see the Husband-man and the Cobler go simply and honestly about their Business, speaking only of what they know and understand; whereas these Fellows, to make Parade and to get Opinion, mustering this ridiculous Knowledge of theirs, that swims and floats in the Superficies of the Brain, are perpetually perplexing and entangling themselves in their own Nonsense. They speak fine Words sometimes, 'tis true, but let some body that is wiser apply them. They are wonderfully well acquainted with *Galen*, but not at all with the Disease of the Patient; they have already stunned you with a long riddle-row of Laws, but understand nothing of the Case in Hand; they have the Theories of all Things, let who will put them in Practice. I have sat by, when a Friend of mine, in my own House, for Sport Sake, has with one of these Fellows counterfeited a canting Galimatias, patched up of several Expressions without Head or Tail, saving, that he now and then interlarded here and there some Terms that had Relation to their Dispute, and held the Coxcomb in Play a whole Afternoon together, who, all the while, thought he had answered pertinently and learnedly to all his Objections. And yet this was a Man of Letters and Reputation, and no worse than one of the long Robe.

*Vos O patricius sanguis quos vivere par est  
Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrite sanæ\*.*

\* *Persius, Sat. 1.*

O you

O you Patrician Bloods, whose Laws commend  
To have your Heads from Retrospection blind,  
Take this poor Counsel of a faithful Friend,  
Beware of having a *Caldeſe* behind.

Whoſeever ſhall narrowly pry into, and thoroughly ſift this Sort of People, wherewith the World is ſo peſtered, will, as I have done, find that, for the moſt Part, they neither underſtand others, nor themſelves; and that their Memories are full enough, 'tis true, but the Judgment totally void and empty; ſome excepted, whoſe own Nature has of itſelf formed them into better Faſhion. As I have obſerved for Example in *Adrianus Turnebus*, who having never made other Profeſſion, than that of mere Learning only, and in that, in my Opinion, the greateſt Man that has been theſe thouſand Years, had nothing at all in him of the Pedant, but the Wearing of his Gown, and a little exterior Behaviour, that could not be civilized to the Garb, which are nothing: I hate our People, who can worſe endure a pedantick Model than an ill-contrived Mind, and by the Leg a Man makes, by his Behaviour, and even by the very Shape of his Boots, will pretend to tell what Sort of Man he is. For within all this, there was not a more illuſtrious and polite Soul living upon Earth. I have often purpoſely put him upon Arguments quite wide of his Profeſſion, wherein I found he had ſo clear an Inſight, ſo quick an Apprehenſion, and ſo ſolid a Judgment, that a Man would have thought he had never practiſed any other Thing but Arms, and been all his Life employ'd in Affairs of State. And theſe are great and vigorous Natures;

————— *Queis arte benigna,  
Et melior luto finxit præcordia Titan* \*.

————— With greater Art whoſe Mind  
The Sun has made of Clay much more refin'd;

that can keep themſelves upright in Deſiance of a pedantick Education. But it is not enough that our Education does not ſpoil us; it muſt moreover alter us for the better. Some

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\* *Juven. Sat. 14.*

of our Parliaments when they are to admit Officers, examine only their Talent of Learning; to which some of the others also add, the Trial of Understanding, by asking their Judgment of some Case in Law, of which the latter, methinks, proceeds with the better Method: For, although both are necessary, and that it is very requisite they should be defective in neither; yet, in Truth, Knowledge is not so absolutely necessary as Judgment, and the last may make Shift without the other, but the other never without this. For as the *Greek Verse* says,

Ἔδδεν ἢ μάθνομος ἢ μὴ νῆς ἀδελφῆ\*.

Learning is nothing worth, if Wit  
And Understanding be not join'd with it.

To what Use serves Learning, if the Understanding be away? Would to God, that, for the Good of our Judicature, those Societies were as well furnished with Understanding and Conscience, as they are with Knowledge. *Non Vitæ, sed Scholæ dicimus †; we do not study for the Service of our future Life, but only for the present Use of the School.* Whereas we are not to tie Learning to the Soul, but to work and incorporate them together; not to tincture it only, but to give it a thorough and perfect Dye; but, if it will not take Colour, and meliorate it's imperfect State, we should, without Doubt, do much better in letting it alone. Learning is a dangerous Weapon, and very likely to wound it's Master, if put into an aukward and unskilful Hand: *Ut fuerit melius non didicisse, so that it were better never to have learned at all.* And this, perhaps, is the Reason why neither we, nor indeed Christian Religion, require much Learning in Women; and that *Francis, Duke of Britany,* Son of *John the Fifth* (one being talking with him about his Marriage with *Isabella, the Daughter of Scotland,* and adding that she was homely bred, and without any Manner of Learning) made Answer, That he liked her the better, and that a Woman was wise enough, if she could distinguish her Husband's Shirt and his Doublet. So that it is not so great a Wonder as some People make of it, that our Ancestors had Letters in no greater Esteem, and that

\* *Menander in Gnom.*

† *Sen. Epist. 106.*

even to this Day, they are but rarely met with in the Privy-Councils of Princes: If this End and Design of acquiring Riches (which is the only Thing we propose to ourselves, by the Means of Law, Physick, Pedantry, and even Divinity itself) did not uphold and keep them in Credit, you would, without Doubt, see them as poor and unregarded as ever. And what Loss would it be if they neither instruct us to think well, nor to do well. *Postquam docti prodierunt, boni desunt;* after once they become learned, they cease to be good. All other Knowledge is hurtful to him, who has not the Science of Honesty and Good-nature. But the Reason I glanced upon but now, may it not also proceed from hence, that our Study, having almost no other Aim but Profit, fewer of those, who by Nature are born to Offices and Employments, rather of Glory than Gain, addict themselves to Letters; or for so little a while (being taken from their Studies before they can come to have any Taste of them, to a Profession that has nothing to do with Books) that there commonly remain no other to apply themselves wholly to learning, but People of mean Condition, who in that only study to live, and have Preferment only in their Prospect; and by such People, whose Souls are both by Nature and Education, and domestick Example, of the basest Metal and Allay, the Fruits of Knowledge are not only immaturely gathered, but ill digested, and delivered to their Pupils quite another Thing from what they should be. For it is not the proper Business of Knowledge to enlighten a Soul that is dark of itself; nor to make a blind Man to see. Her Business is not to find a Man Eyes, but to guide, govern, and direct his Steps, provided he has found Feet and straight Legs to go upon. Knowledge is an excellent Drug, but no Drug has Virtue enough to preserve itself from Corruption and Decay, if the Vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep. Such a one may have a Sight clear and good enough, who looks askint, and consequently sees what is good, but does not follow it, and sees Knowledge, but makes no Use of it. *Plato's* principal Institution in his Republick, is to fit his Citizens with Employments suitable to their Nature. Nature can do all, and does all. Cripples are very unfit for Exercises of the Body, and lame Souls for Exercises of the Mind. Degenerate and vulgar Souls are unworthy

worthy of Philosophy. If we see a Shoe-maker with his Shoes out at the Toes, we say, 'tis no Wonder; for, commonly, none go worse shod than their Wives and they. In like Manner, Experience does often present us a Physician worse physicked, a Divine worse reformed, and frequently a Scholar of less Sufficiency than another. *Aristotle* of *Chios* had anciently Reason to say, that Philosophers did their Auditories harm, forasmuch as most of the Souls of those that heard them were not capable of making any Benefit of their Instructions, and if they did not apply them to good, would certainly apply them to ill: *ἀσώτως, ex Aristippi, acerbos ex Zenonis Schola exire\**. They grew effeminate Prodigals from the School of *Aristippus*, and Churls and Cynicks from that of *Zeno*. In that excellent Institution that *Xenophon* attributes to the *Persians*, we find, that they taught their Children Virtue, as other Nations do Letters. *Plato* tells us, that the eldest Son in their Royal Succession was thus brought up; as soon as he was born he was delivered, not to Women, but to Eunuchs of the greatest Authority about their Kings for their Virtue, whose Charge it was to keep his Body healthful and in good Plight; and after he came to seven Years of Age, to teach him to ride, and to go a hunting; when he arrived at fourteen, he was transferred into the Hands of four Men, the most noted of the Kingdom for Wisdom, Justice, Temperance and Valour; of which Number the first was to instruct him in Religion, the second to be always upright and sincere, the third to subdue his Appetites and Desires, and the fourth to despise all Danger. 'Tis a Thing worthy of very great Consideration, that in that excellent, and, in Truth, for it's Perfection, prodigious Form of civil Government set down by *Lycurgus*, though solicitous of the Education of Children, as a thing of the greatest Concern, and even in the very Seat of the Muses, he should make so little Mention of Learning; as if their generous Youths disdain all other Subjection, but that of Virtue only, ought to be supplied, instead of Tutors to read to them Arts and Sciences, with such Masters, as should only instruct them in Valour, Prudence and Justice. An

\* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 2.*

Example

Example that *Plato* has followed in his Laws; the Manner of whose Discipline was to propound to them Questions upon the Judgment of Men, and of their Actions; and if they commended or condemned this or that Person, or Fact, they were to give a Reason for so doing: By which Means, they at once sharpened their Understanding, and became skillful in the Laws. *Mandane*, in *Xenophon*, asking her Son *Cyrus* how he would do to learn Justice, and the other Virtues amongst the *Medes*, having left all his Masters behind him in *Persia*? He made Answer, that he had learned those Things long since; that his Master had often made him a Judge of the Differences among his School-Fellows, and had one Day whip'd him for giving a wrong Sentence; and thus it was: A great Boy in the School, having a little short Cassock, by Force took a longer from another that was not so tall as he, and gave him his own in Exchange; whereupon I being appointed Judge of the Controverly, gave Judgment, that I thought it best either of them should keep the Coat he had, for that they were both better fitted with that of one another, than with their own: Upon which, my Master told me I had done ill, in that I had only considered the Fitness and Decency of the Garments, whereas I ought to have considered the Justice of the Thing, which requires, that no one should have any Thing forcibly taken from him that is his own. But it seems, poor *Cyrus* was whip'd for his Pains, as we are in our Villages for forgetting the first Aorist of *τοῦτι*. My Pedant must make me a very learned Oration, *in genere demonstrativo*, before he can persuade me, that his School is like unto that. They knew how to go the readiest Way to Work: And seeing that Science, when most rightly applied and best understood, can do no more but teach us Prudence, moral Honesty, and Resolution; they thought fit to initiate their Children with the Knowledge of Effects, and to instruct them, not by Hear-say and by Rote, but by the Experiment of Action, in lively forming and moulding them; not only by Words and Precepts, but chiefly Works and Examples; to the End, it might not be a Knowledge of the Mind only, but a Complexion and a Habit; and not an Acquisition, but a natural Possession. One asking, to this Purpose, *Agefilaus*, what he thought most proper for Boys to learn? What they ought to do  
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when they come to be Men, said he. It is therefore no Wonder, if such an Institution has produc'd such admirable Effects. They us'd to go, 'tis said, in the other Cities of Greece, to enquire out Rhetoricians, Painters, and Musick-masters; but in *Lacedæmon*, Legislators, Magistrates, and Generals of Armies, at *Athens* they learn'd to speak well, and here to do well; there to disingage themselves from a sophistical Argument, and to unravel Syllogisms; here to evade the Baits and Allurements of Pleasure, and with a noble Courage and Resolution to confute and conquer the Menaces of Fortune and Death; those cudgell'd their Brains about Words, these made it their Business to enquire into Things; there was an eternal Babble of the Tongue, here a continual Exercise of the Soul. And therefore it is nothing strange, if, when *Antipater* demanded of them fifty Children for Hostages, they made Answer, quite contrary to what we should do, That they would rather give him twice as many full grown Men, so much did they value the Loss of their Country's Education. When *Agefilaus* courted *Xenophon* to send his Children to *Sparta* to be bred, It is not, said he, there to learn Logick or Rhetorick, but to be instructed in the noblest of all Sciences, namely, the Science to obey and to command. It is very pleasant to see *Socrates*, after his Manner, rallying *Hippias*, who recounts to him what a World of Money he has got, especially in certain little Villages of *Sicily*, by teaching School, and that he got never a Penny at *Sparta*. What a sottish and stupid People (says *Socrates*) are they, without Sense or Understanding, that make no Account either of Grammar, or Poetry, and only busy themselves in studying the Genealogies and Successions of their Kings, the Foundations, Rises, and Declensions of States, and such Tales of a Tub! After which, having made *Hippias* particularly to acknowledge the Excellency of their Form of publick Administration, and the Felicity and Virtue of their private Life, he leaves him to guess at the Conclusion he makes of the Inutilities of his pedantick Arts. Examples have demonstrated unto us, that in military Affairs, and all others of the like active Nature, the Study of Sciences does more soften and enervate the Courages of Men, than any way fortify and incite them. The most potent Empire that at this Day appears to be in the whole World, is that of



the *Turks*, a People equally inclin'd to the Estimation of Arms, and the Contempt of Letters. I find *Rome* was more valiant before she grew so learned; and the most warlike Nations at this Time in Being, are the most ignorant; of which the *Scythians*, *Parthians*, and the great *Tamerlane*, may serve for sufficient Proof. When the *Goths* over-ran *Greece*, the only Thing that preserv'd all the Libraries from the Fire, was, that some one possess'd them with an Opinion, that they were to leave this kind of Furniture entire to the Enemy, as being most proper to divert them from the Exercise of Arms, and to fix them to a lazy and sedentary Life. When our King *Charles* the Eighth, almost without striking a Blow, saw himself possess'd of the Kingdom of *Naples*, and a considerable Part of *Tuscany*, the Nobility about him attributed this unexpected Facility of Conquest to this, that the Princes and Nobles of *Italy* more studied to render themselves ingenious and learned, than vigorous and warlike.



## C H A P. XXV.

*Of the Education of Children. To Madam Diana of Foix, Countess of Gurfon.*

I Never yet saw that Father, but, let his Son be never so decrepid or deform'd, would notwithstanding own him: Nevertheless, if he were not totally besotted, and blinded with his paternal Affection, that he did not well enough discern his Defects: Notwithstanding all Defaults, he is still his. Just so do I, I see better than any other, that all I write are but the idle Whimsies of a Man that has only nibbled upon the outward Crust of Science in his Nonage, and only retain'd a general and formless Image of them, who has got a little Snatch of every Thing, and nothing of the whole *a la mode de France*; For I know in general, that there is such a Thing as Physick, a Knowledge in the Laws, four Parts in Mathematicks, and, in Part, what all these  
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aim and point at; and peradventure I yet know farther, what Sciences in general pretend unto, in order to the Services of human Life; but to dive farther than that, and to have cudgell'd my Brains in the Study of *Aristotle*, the Monarch of all modern Learning; or particularly addicted myself to any one Science, I have never done it; neither is there any one Art of which I am able to draw the first Lineaments and dead Colour; insomuch that there is not a Boy of the lowest Form in a School, that may not pretend to be wiser than I, who am not able to pose him in his first Lesson, which, if I am at any Time forc'd upon, I am necessitated in my own Defence to ask him some universal Questions, such as may serve to try his natural Understanding; a Lesson as strange and unknown to him, as his is to me. I never seriously settled myself to the Reading of any Book of solid Learning, but *Plutarch* and *Seneca*; and there, like the *Danaides*, I eternally fill, and it as constantly runs out; something of which drops upon this Paper, but very little or nothing stays behind. History is my Delight, as to Matter of Reading, or else Poetry, for which I have, I confess, a particular Kindness and Esteem: For, as *Cleanthes* said, as the Voice, forc'd through the narrow Passage of a Trumpet, comes out more forceable and shrill; so, methinks, a Sentence, couch'd in the Harmony of Verse, darts more briskly upon the Understanding, and strikes both my Ear and Apprehension with a smarter and more pleasing Power. As to the natural Parts I have, of which this is the Essay, I find them to bow under the Burthen; my Fancy and Judgment do but grope in the Dark, trip and stumble in their Way, and when I have gone as far as I can, I discover still a new and greater Extent of Land before me, but with troubled and imperfect Sight, and wrapt up in Clouds, that I am not able to penetrate. And taking upon me to write indifferently of whatever comes into my Head, and therein making Use of nothing but my own proper and natural Force and Ammunition, if I happen'd, as I often do, accidentally to meet in any good Author, the same Heads and common-Places upon which I have attempted to write, (as I did but a little before in *Plutarch's* Discourse of the Force of Imagination) to see myself so weak and so forlorn, so heavy and so flat, in Comparison of those better Writers, I at once pity and despise myself. Yet do I flatter and please

myself with this, that my Opinions have often the Honour and good Fortune to jump with theirs, and that I follow in the same Paths, though at a very great Distance; I am farther satisfied to find, that I have a Quality, which every one is not blest withal, which is, to discern the vast Difference betwixt them and me; and notwithstanding all that, suffer my own Inventions, low and contemptible as they are, to run on in their Career, without mending or plaistering up the Defects that this Comparison has laid open to my own View; and in plain Truth, a Man had need of a good strong Back to keep Pace with these People. The indiscreet Scribblers of our Times, who amongst their laborious Nothings, insert whole Sections, Paragraphs, and Pages, out of ancient Authors, with a Design by that Means to illustrate their own Writings, do quite contrary; for this infinite Dissimilitude of Ornaments renders the Complexions of their own Compositions so pale, fallow, and deform'd, that they lose much more than they get. The Philosophers, *Chrysippus* and *Epicurus*, were, in this, of two quite contrary Humours; for the first did not only in his Books mix the Passages and Sayings of other Authors, but entire Pieces, and in one the whole *Medea* of *Euripides*; which gave *Apolodorus* Occasion to say, That should a Man pick out of his Writings all that was none of his, he would leave him nothing but blank Paper: Whereas the latter, quite contrary, in three hundred Volumes that he left behind him, has not so much as one Quotation. I happened the other Day upon this Piece of Fortune; I was reading a *French Book*, where after I had a long Time run dreaming over a great many Words, so dull, so insipid, so void of all Wit, or common Sense, that indeed they were only Words; after a long and tedious Travel, I came at last to meet with a Piece that was lofty, rich, and elevated to the very Clouds; of which, had I found either the Declivity easy, or the Ascent accessible, there had been some Excuse; but it was so perpendicular a Precipice, and so wholly cut off from the rest of the Work, that by the first Words I found myself flying into the other World, and from thence discover'd the Vale from whence I came so deep and low, that I had never since the Heart to descend into it any more. If I should set out my Discourses with such rich Spoils as these, the Plagiary would be too manifest in his own Defects, and I should

I should too much discover the Imperfection of my own Writing. To reprehend the Fault in others, that I am guilty of myself, appears to me no more unreasonable, than to condemn, as I often do, those of others in myself. They are to be every where reprov'd, and ought to have no Sanctuary allow'd them. I know very well how imprudently I myself at every Turn attempt to equal myself to my Thefts, and to make my Stile go Hand in Hand with them, not without a temerarious Hope of deceiving the Eyes of my Reader from discerning the Difference; but withal, it is as much by the Benefit of my Application, that I hope to do it, as by that of my Invention, or any Force of my own. Besides, I do not offer to contend with the whole Body of these Champions, nor Hand to Hand with any one of them, 'tis only by Sights and little light Skirmishes that I engage them; I do not grapple with them, but try their Strength only, and never engage so far as I make a Shew to do; and if I could hold them in Play, I were a brave Fellow; for I never attack them, but where they are most finewy and strong. To cover a Man's self (as I have seen some do) with another Man's Arms, so as not to discover so much as their Fingers Ends; to carry on a Design (as it is not hard for a Man that has any Thing of a Scholar in him, in an ordinary Subject to do) under old Inventions, patcht up here and there with his own Trumpery: And then to endeavour to conceal the Theft, and to make it pass for his own, is first Injustice, and Meanness of Spirit in whoever does it, who having nothing in them of their own fit to procure them a Reputation, endeavour to do it by attempting to impose Things upon the World in their own Name, which they have really no Manner of Title to; and then a ridiculous Folly to content themselves with acquiring the ignorant Approbation of the Vulgar by such a pitiful Cheat, at the Price, at the same Time, of discovering their Insufficiency to Men of Understanding, who will soon smell out, and trace them in those borrow'd Allégories, and from whom alone they are to expect a legitimate Applause. For my own Part, there is nothing I would not sooner do than that, neither have I said so much of others, but to get a better Opportunity to excuse myself: Neither in this do I in the least Glance at the Composers of Canto's, who declare themselves for such; of which Sort of Writers,

I have in my Time known many very ingenious, and have their Rhapsodies in very great Esteem, and particularly one, under the Name of *Capitulus*, besides the Ancients. These are really Men of Wit, and that make it appear they are so, both by that and other Ways of Writing; as for Example, *Lipsius*, in that learned and laborious Contexture of his Politicks. But, be it how it will, and how inconsiderable soever these Essays of mine may be, I will ingenuously confess, I never intended to conceal them, no more than my old bald grissled Picture before them, where the Graver has not presented you with a perfect Face, but the Resemblance of mine. And these also are but my own particular Opinions and Fancies, and I deliver them for no other, but only what I myself believe, and not for what is really to be believ'd. Neither have I any other End in this Writing, but only to discover myself, who also shall peradventure be another Thing To-morrow, if I chance to meet any Book or Friend, to convince me in the mean Time. I have no Authority to be believ'd, neither do I desire it, being too conscious of my own Inerudition to be able to instruct others.

A Friend of mine then, having read the precedent Chapter the other Day, told me, that I should have insisted a little longer upon the Education of Children; and have extended my Discourse upon so necessary a Point: Which, how fit I am to do, let my Friends flatter me if they please, I have in the mean Time no such Opinion of my own Talent, as to promise myself any very good Success from my Endeavour; but (Madam) were my Abilities equal to the Subject, I could not possibly employ them better than in presenting my best Instructions to the little Gentleman, whose happy Birth you shortly expect, and your Friends are in daily Hopes of; for, Madam, you are too generous to begin otherwise than with a Male: Having had so great a Hand in your Marriage, I have a Sort of particular Right and Interest in the Greatness and Prosperity of the Issue that shall proceed from it; besides, as you have been so long in Possession of the best of my Wishes and Services, I am oblig'd to desire and contribute to the Honour and Advantage of every Thing that concerns you. But, in Truth, all I understand as to that Particular, is only this, that the greatest and most important Difficulty of human Science is the Education of Children. For as in Agriculture, the  
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Husbandry that is to precede Planting, as also planting itself, is certain, plain, easy, and very well known; but after that which is planted comes to take Root, to spread, and shoot up, there is a great deal more to be done, more Art to be us'd, more Care to be taken, and much more Difficulty to cultivate and bring it to Perfection: So it is with Men; it is no hard Matter to get Children; but after they are born, then begins the Trouble, Solitude and Care, virtuously to train, principle, and bring them up. The Symptoms of their Inclinations in that young and tender Age are so obscure, and the Promises so uncertain and fallacious, that it is very hard to establish any solid Judgment or Conjecture upon them. As *Simon*, for Example, and *Themistocles*, and a thousand others, who have very much deceiv'd the little Expectation the World had of them; Bears Cubs, and Bitches Puppies, do truly, and indeed discover their natural Inclination; but Men, so soon as ever grown up, immediately applying themselves to certain Habits, engaging themselves in certain Opinions, and conforming themselves to particular Laws and Customs, do easily change, or at least disguise their true and real Disposition. And yet it is hard to force the Propensity of Nature; whence it comes to pass, that for not having chosen the right Course, a Man often takes very great Pains, and consumes great Part of his Age in training up Children to Things, for which, by their natural Aversion, they are totally unfit. In this Difficulty, nevertheless, I am clearly of Opinion, that they ought to be elemented in the best and most advantageous Studies, without taking too much Notice of, or being too superstitious in those light Prognosticks they give of themselves in their tender Years; to which *Plato*, in his Republick, gives, methinks, too much Authority. But, *Madam*, Science is doubtless a very great Ornament, and a Thing of marvellous Use, especially in Persons rais'd to that Degree of Fortune in what you are placed; and in Truth, in Persons of mean and low Condition, cannot perform it's true and genuine Office, being naturally more prompt to assist in the Conduct of War, in the Government of Armies and Provinces, and in negotiating the Leagues and Friendships of Princes and foreign Nations, than in forming a Syllogism in Logick, in pleading a Proceſs in Law or in prescribing a Dose of Pills in Physick. Wherefore,

*Madam*, believing you will not omit this so necessary Embellishment in the Education of your Posterity, yourself having tasted the Fruits of it, and being of a learned Extraction (for we yet have the Writings of the ancient Counts of *Foix*, from whom my Lord your Husband, and yourself are both of you descended, and *Monsieur de Candale*, your Uncle, does every Day oblige the World with others, which will extend the Knowledge of this Quality in your Family to many succeeding Ages) I will, upon this Occasion, presume to acquaint your Ladyship with one particular Fancy of my own, contrary to the common Method, which likewise is all I am able to contribute to your Service in this Affair. The Charge of the Tutor or Governor you shall provide for your Son, upon the Choice of whom depends the whole Success of his Education, has several other great and considerable Parts and Duties requir'd in so important a Trust, besides that of which I am about to speak, which however I shall not mention, as being unable to add any Thing of Moment to the common Rules, that every one who is qualified for a Governor is perfect in: And also in this, wherein I take upon me to advise, he may follow it so far only as it shall appear rational and conducing to the End, at which he aims and intends.

For a Boy of Quality then, who pretends to Letters not upon the Account of Profit, (for so mean an Object as that is unworthy of the Grace and Favour of the Muses; and moreover, in that a Man directs his Service to, and professes to depend upon others) nor so much for outward Ornament, as for his own proper and peculiar Use, and to furnish and enrich himself within, having rather a Desire to go out an accomplished Cavalier, and a fine Gentleman, than a mere Scholar and a learned Man; for such a one, I say, I would also have his Friends solicitous to find him out a Tutor, who has rather an elegant than a learned Head, and both, if such a Person can be found; but however, to prefer his Manners and his Judgment before his Reading, and that this Man should pursue the Exercise of his Charge after a new Method. 'Tis the Custom of School-Masters, to be eternally thundring in their Pupils Ears, as they were pouring into a Funnel, whilst their Business is only to repeat what the other have said before: Now, I would have a Tutor to correct this Error, and that at the very first;

first, he should according to the Capacity he has to deal with, put it to the Test, permitting his Pupil himself to taste and relish Things, and of himself to choose and discern them, sometimes opening the Way to him, and sometimes making him to break the Ice himself; that is, I would not have him alone to invent and speak, but that he should also hear his Pupil speak in Turn. *Socrates*, and since him *Arcefilaus*, made first their Scholars speak, and then spoke to them. *Obest plerumque iis qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum qui docent* \*; *The Authority of those who teach, is very oft an Impediment to those who desire to learn.* It is good to make him like a young Horse trot before him, that he may judge of his going, and how much he is to abate of his own Speed, to accommodate himself to the Vigour and Capacity of the other. For Want of which due Proportion, we spoil all; which also to know how to adjust, and to keep within an exact and due Measure, is one of the hardest Things I know in the educating Youth, and an Effect of a judicious and well tempered Soul, to know how to condescend to his Puerile Motions, and to govern and direct them. I walk firmer and more secure up Hill than down, and such as according to our common Way of Teaching undertake, with one and the same Lesson, and the same Measure of Direction, to instruct several Boys of so differing and unequal Capacities, are infinitely mistaken in their Method; and at this Rate, 'tis no Wonder, if in a Multitude of Scholars, there are not found above two or three who bring away any good Account of their Time and Discipline. Let the Master not only examine him about the grammatical Construction of the bare Words of his Lesson, but of the Sense and Meaning of them, and let him judge of the Profit he has made, not by the Testimony of his Memory, but by that of his Understanding. Let him make him put what he hath learned into an hundred several Forms, and accommodate it to so many several Subjects, to see if he yet rightly comprehend it, and had made it his own; taking Instruction by his Progress from the Institutions of *Plato*. 'Tis a Sign of Crudity and Indigestion to vomit up what we eat in the

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\* *Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 1.*



same Condition it was swallowed down, and the Stomach has not performed it's Office, unless it hath altered the Form and Condition of what was committed to it to concoct: So our Minds work only upon Trust, being bound and compelled to follow the Appetite of another's Fancy, enflav'd and captivated under the Authority of another's Instruction we have been so subjected to the Trammel, that we have no free nor natural Pace of our own, our own Vigour and Liberty is extinct and gone. *Nunquam tutelæ suæ sumus*\*, *They are never in Wardship, and never left to their own Tuition.* I was privately at *Pisa* carried to see a very honest Man, but so great an *Aristotelian*, that his most usual Thesis was, *That the Touch-stone and Square of all solid Imagination, and of the Truth, was an absolute Conformity to Aristotle's Doctrine; and that all besides was nothing but Inanity and Chimæra; for that he had seen all, and said all.* A Position, that for having been a little too injuriously and maliciously interpreted, brought him first into, and afterwards long kept him in great Trouble in the Inquisition at *Rome*. Let him, make him examine, and thoroughly fit every thing reads, and lodge nothing in his Fancy upon simple Authority, and upon Trust. *Aristotle's Principles* will then be no more Principles to him, than those of *Epicurus* and the *Stoicks*: Only let this Diversity of Opinions be propounded to, and laid before him, he will himself choose, if he be able; if not, he will remain in doubt.

*Che non menche saper dubiar m' aggrada†.*

I love sometimes to doubt, as well as know.

For if he embrace the Opinions of *Xenophon* and *Plato*, by maintaining them, they will no more be theirs, but become his own. Who follows another, follows nothing, finds nothing, nay is inquisitive after nothing. *Non sumus sub Rege, sibi quisque se vindicet*; Let him at least know, that he knows. It will be necessary that he imbibe their Knowledge, not that he be corrupted with their Precepts; and no matter if he forgets where he had his Learning provided he knows how to apply it to his own Use; Truth and Reason are common to every one, and are no

\* *Sen. Ep. 33.*

† *Dante inferno, Canto 12.*  
more

more his who spoke them first, than his who spake them after. 'Tis no more according to *Plato*, than according to me, since both he and I equally see and understand them. Bees cull their several Sweets from this Flower, and that Blossom, here and there where they find them, but themselves after make the Honey, which is all, and purely their own, and no more Thyme and Marjoram: So the several Fragments he borrows from others, he will transform and shuffle together to compile a Work that shall be absolutely his own; that is to say, his Judgment, his Instruction, Labour, and Study, tend to nothing else but to incline, and make him capable so to do. He is not obliged to discover whence he had his Ammunition, but only to produce what he has himself composed. Men that live upon Rapine, and borrowing, expose their Purchases and Buildings to every one's Knowledge and View; but do not proclaim how they came by the Money. We do not see the Fees and Perquisites belonging to the Function and Offices of a Gentleman of the long Robe; but we see the noble Alliances wherewith he fortifies himself and his Family, and the Titles and Honours he has obtained for him and his. No Man divulges his Revenue; or at least which Way it comes in; but every one publishes his Purchases, and is content the World should know his good Condition. The Advantages of our Study are to become better and wiser. 'Tis (says *Epicharmus*) the Understanding that sees and hears, 'tis the Understanding that improves every thing, that orders every thing, and that acts, rules, and reins: All other Faculties are blind and deaf, and without Soul; and certainly, we render it timorous and servile, in not allowing it the Liberty and Privilege to do any thing of itself. Who ever asked his Pupil what he thought of Grammar and Rhetorick, or of such and such a Sentence of *Cicero*? Our Masters dart and stick them full feathered in our Memories, and there establish them like Oracles, of which the very Letters and Syllables are of the Substance of the Thing. To know by rote, is no Knowledge, and signifies no more but only to retain what one has intrusted to his Memory. That which a Man rightly knows and understands, he is the free Disposer of at his own full Liberty, without any Regard to the Author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the Leaves of his Book.

A mere

A mere bookish Learning is both troublesom and ungrateful; and though it may serve for some Kind of Ornament, there is yet no Foundation for any Superstructure to be built upon it, according to the Opinion of *Plato*, who says, that *Contitancy*, Faith, and Sincerity, are the true Philosophy, and the other Sciences, that are directed to other Ends, to be adulterate and false. I could wish, that *Paluel* or *Pompey*, the two famous Dancing-Masters of my Time, could have taught us to cut Capers, by only seeing them do it, without stirring from our Places, as these Men pretend to inform the Understandings, without ever setting them to work; or that we could learn to ride, handle a Pike, touch a Lute, or sing, without the Trouble of Practice, as these attempt to make us judge, and speak well, without exercising us in Judging and Speaking. Now in this Initiation of our Studies, and in the Progress of them, whatsoever presents itself before us, is Book sufficient: An arch or waggish Trick of a Page, a sottish Mistake of a Servant, or a Jest at the Table, are so many new Subjects. And for this very Reason, Conversation with Men is of very great Use, and Travel into foreign Countries of singular Advantage; not to bring back (as most of our young Monfieurs do) an Account only of how many Paces *Santa Rotonda* is in Circuit; or of the Richness of *Signora Livia's* Attire; or, as some others, how much *Nero's* Face, in a Statue in such an old Ruin, is longer and broader than that made for him at such another Place: But to be able chiefly to give an Account of the Humours, Manners, Customs and Laws of those Nations where he has been. And, that we may whet and sharpen our Wits, by rubbing them upon those of others, I would that a Boy should be sent abroad very young (and principally to kill two Birds with one Stone) into those neighbouring Nations whose Language is most differing from our own, and to which, if it be not formed betimes, the Tongue will be grown too stiff to bend. And also 'tis the general Opinion of all, that a Child should not be brought up in his Mother's Lap. Mothers are too tender, and their natural Affection is apt to make the most discreet of them all so over-fond, that they can neither find in their Hearts to give them due Correction for the Faults they commit, nor suffer them to be brought up

up in those Hardships and Hazards they ought to be. They would not endure to see them return all Dust and Sweat from their Exercise, to drink cold Drink when they are hot, nor see them mount an unruly Horse, nor take a File in Hand against a rude Fencer, or so much as to discharge a Carbine: And yet there is no Remedy; whoever will breed a Boy to be good for any Thing when he comes to be a Man, must by no Means spare him, even when so young, and must very often transgress the Rules of Physick:

*Fondness of Mothers pernicious to Education.*

*Vitamque sub dio, & trepides agat  
In rebus\*.*

He must sharp Cold and scorching Heat despise,  
And most tempt Danger, where most Danger lyes.

It is not enough to fortify his Soul, you are also to make his Sinews strong; for the Soul will be oppress'd, if not assist'd by the Members, and would have too hard a Task to discharge two Offices alone. I know very well, to my Cost, how much mine groans under the Burthen, for being accommodated with a Body so tender and indispos'd, as eternally leans and presses upon her; and often in my Reading perceive, that our Masters, in their Writings, make Examples pass for Magnanimity and Fortitude of Mind, which really is rather Toughness of Skin and Hardness of Bones; for I have seen Men, Women, and Children, naturally born of so hard and insensible a Constitution of Body, that a sound Cudgelling has been less to them, than a Flirt with a Finger would have been to me, and that would neither cry out, wince, nor quitch for a good swinging Beating; and when Wrestlers counterfeit the Philosophers in Patience, 'tis rather Strength of Nerves than Stoutness of Heart. Now to be inured to undergo Labour, is to be accustomed to endure Grief. *Labor callum obducit dolori* †: *Labour supplies Grief with a certain Callus, that defends it from the Blow.* A Boy is to be inured to the Toil and Vehemency of Exercise, to train him up to the Pain and Suffering of Dislocations, Colicks, Cauteries, and even Imprisonment, and the Rack

\* *Horat. l. 1. Ode 2.* † *Cicero Insc. l. 2.*

itself,

itself, for he may come, by Misfortune, to be reduced to the worst of these, which (as this World goes) is sometimes inflicted on the Good, as well as the Bad. As for Proof, in our present Civil War, whoever draws his Sword against the Laws, threatens all honest Men with the Whip and the Halter. And moreover, by living at home, the Authority of this Governor, which ought to be sovereign over the Boy he has received into his Charge, is often check'd, interrupted, and hindred by the Presence of Parents; to which may also be added, that the Respect the whole Family pay him, as their Master's Son, and the Knowledge he has of the Estate and Greatness he is heir to, are, in my Opinion, no small Inconveniencies in these tender Years. And yet even in this conversing with Men I spoke of but now, I have observed this Vice, That instead of gathering Observations from others, we make it our whole Business to lay ourselves open to them, and are more concerned how to expose and set out our own Commodities, than how to encrease our Stock by acquiring new. Silence therefore and Modesty are very advantageous Qualities in Conversation: And one should therefore train up this Boy to be sparing, and a good Husband of his Talent of Understanding, when once acquired; and to forbear taking Exceptions at, or reproving every idle Saying, or ridiculous Story, spoke or told in his Presence; for it is a Rudeness to controvert every Thing that is not agreeable to our own Palate. Let him be satisfied with correcting himself, and not seem to condemn every Thing in another he would not do himself, nor dispute against common Customs. Let him be wise without Arrogancy, without Envy. Let him avoid these vain and uncivil Images of Authority, this childish Ambition of Coveting to appear better bred and more accomplished than he really will by such Carriage discover himself to be, and as if Opportunities of interrupting and reprehending were not to be omitted, to desire from thence to derive the Reputation of something more than ordinary; for, as it becomes none but great Poets to make Use of the poetical Licence, allowed only to those of celebrated Art; it is also intolerable, that any but Men of great and illustrious Souls should be privileged above the Authority of Custom; *Siquid Socrates, & Aristippus contra morem, & consuetudinem fecerunt, idem sibi ne arbitratur licere; magis enim illi, & divinit*

*divinis bonis hanc licentiam assequebantur* \*, If Socrates and Aristippus have transgressed the Rules of Custom, let him not imagine that he is licensed to do the same; for it was by great and sovereign Virtues that they obtained this Privilege. Let him be instructed not to engage in Discourse, or dispute but with a Champion worthy of him, and even there, not to make Use of all the little Fallacies and Subtleties that are pat for his Purpose; but only such as may best serve him upon that Occasion. Let him be taught to be curious in the Election and Choice of his Reasons, to abominate Impertinence, and consequently, to affect Brevity; but above all, let him be lessoned to acquiesce and submit to Truth as soon as ever he shall discover it, whether in his Opponent's Argument, or upon better Consideration of his own; for he shall never be preferred to the Chair for a mere Clatter of Words and Syllogisms, and is no farther engaged to any Argument whatever, than as he shall in his own Judgment approve it: Nor yet is Arguing a Trade, where the Liberty of Recantation, and getting off upon better Thoughts are to be sold for ready Money. *Neque ut omnia, quæ præscripta & imperata sint, defendat, necessitate ulla cogitur* †: Neither is there any Necessity or Obligation upon him at all, that he should defend all Things that are recommended to and enjoined him. If his Governor be of my Humour, he will form his Will to be a very good and loyal Subject to his Prince, very affectionate to his Person, and very stout in his Quarrel; but withal, he will cool in him the Desire of having any other Tie to his Service, than merely a publick Duty; because, besides several other Inconveniencies, that are very inconsistent with the honest Liberty every honest Man ought to have, a Man's Judgment being bribed and pre-possessed by these particular Obligations and Favours, is either blinded and less free to exercise it's Function, or shall be blemished either with Ingratitude or Indiscretion. A Man that is purely a

*Dependance upon Princes.*

Courtier, can neither have Power nor Wit to speak or think otherwise than favourably and well of a Master, who, amongst so many Millions of other Subjects has pick'd out him with his own Hand to

\* *Cic. de Offic. l. 1.*

† *Cic. Acad. l. 4.*

nourish

nourish and advance him. This Favour, and the Profit flowing from it, must needs, and not without some Shew of Reason, corrupt his Understanding, and deprive him of the Freedom of Speaking: And also we commonly see that People speak in another Kind of Phrase than is ordinarily spoken by others of the same Nation, though what they say in that courtly Language, is not much to be believed in such Cases. Let his Conscience and Virtue be eminently manifest in his Speaking, and have only Reason for their Guide. Make him understand, that to acknowledge the Error he should discover in his own Argument, though only found out by himself, is an Effect of Judgment and Sincerity, which are the principal Things he is to seek after. That Obstinacy and Contention are common Qualities, more appearing in and best becoming a mean and illiterate Soul. That to recollect, and to correct himself, and to forsake an unjust Argument in the Height and Heat of Dispute, are great and philosophical Qualities. Let him be advised, being in Company, to have his Eye and Ear in every Corner of the Room; for I find that the Places of greatest Honour are commonly possess'd by Men that have look'd in them, and that the greatest Fortunes are not always accompanied with the ablest Parts. I have been present when, whilst they at the upper End of the Chamber have been only commending the Beauty of the *Arras*, or the Flavour of the Wine, many Things that have been very finely said, have been lost and thrown away at the lower End of the Table. Let him examine every Man's Talent, a Peasant, a Bricklayer, or a Passenger; a Man may learn something from every one of these in their several Capacities, and something will be picked out of their Discourses, whereof some Use may be made at one time or another; nay, even the Folly and Impertinence of others will contribute to his Instruction. By observing the Graces and Fashions of all he sees, he will create to himself an Emulation of the Good, and a Contempt of the Bad. Let an honest Curiosity be suggested to his Fancy of being inquisitive after every thing, and whatever there is of singular and rare near the Place where he shall reside, let him go and see it; a fine House, a delicate Fountain, an eminent Man, the Place where a Battle has been anciently fought, and the Passages of *Cæsar* and *Charlemain*.

*Quæ Tellus sit lenta gelu, quæ putris ab æstu,  
Ventus in Italiam quis bene vela ferat* \*.

What Countries to the Bear objected lye,  
What with the Dog-star Heats are parch'd and dry,  
And what Wind fairest serves for *Italy*.

Let him enquire into the Manners, Revenues, and Alliances of Princes, Things in themselves very pleasant to learn, and very useful to know. In thus conversing with Men, I mean, and principally, those who only live in the Records of History; he shall, by Reading those Books, converse with those great and heroick Souls of former and better Ages. 'Tis an idle and vain Study, I confess, to those who make it so, by doing it after a negligent Manner, but to those who do it with Care and Observation, 'tis a Study of inestimable Fruit and Value; and the only one, as *Plato* reports, the *Lacedæmonians* reserved to themselves. What Profit shall he not reap as to the Business of Men, by Reading the Lives of *Plutarch*? But withal, let my Governor remember to what End his Instructions are principally directed, and that he do not so much imprint in his Pupil's Memory the Date of the Ruin of *Carthage*, as the Manners of *Hannibal* and *Scipio*; nor so much where *Marcellus* died, as why it was unworthy of his Duty that he died there. That he do not teach him so much the narrative Part, as the Business of History. The Reading of which, in my Opinion, is a Thing which of all others we apply ourselves unto with the most differing and uncertain Measures. I have read an hundred Things in *Livy*, that another has not, or not taken Notice of at least; and *Plutarch* has read an hundred more than ever I could find, or than peradventure that Author ever writ. To some it is merely a Grammar-Study; to others, the very Anatomy of Philosophy; by which the most secret and abstruse Parts of our human Nature are penetrated into. There are in *Plutarch* many long Discourses † very worthy to be carefully read and observed, for he is, in my Opinion, of all other, the greatest Master in that Kind of Writing; but withal, there are a thousand others which he has only

\* *Propert. l. 4. Eleg. 39.*  
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† *Elegy of Plutarch.*  
touched



touched and glanced upon, where he only points with his Finger to direct us which Way we may go if we will, and contents himself sometimes with only giving one brisk Hit in the nicest Article of the Question, from whence we are to grope out the rest; as for Example, where he says, *That the Inhabitants of Asia came to be Vassals to one only, for not having been able to pronounce one Syllable, which is No.* Which Saying of his gave perhaps Matter and Occasion to *Boëtius* to write his *Voluntary Servitude*. Even this, but to see him pick out a light Action in a Man's Life, or a Word, that does not seem to be of any such Importance, is itself a whole Discourse. 'Tis to our Prejudice that Men of Understanding should so immoderately affect Brevity; no Doubt but their Reputation is the better by it: But in the mean Time we are the worse. *Plutarch* had rather we should applaud his Judgment, than commend his Knowledge, and had rather leave us with an Appetite to read more, than glutted with that we have already read. He knew very well, that a Man may say too much even upon the best Subjects, and that *Alexandrides* did justly reproach him who made very elegant, but too long Speeches to the *Ephori*, when he said, *O Stranger! thou speakest the Things thou oughtest to speak, but not after the Manner thou shouldest speak them.* Such as have lean and spare Bodies, stuff themselves out with Clothes; so they who are defective in Matter, endeavour to make amends with Words. Human Understanding is marvellously enlightened by daily Conversation with Men, for we are otherwise of ourselves so stupid as to have our Sight limited to the Length of our own Noses. One asking *Socrates* of what Country he was, he did not make Answer, *Of Athens*, but, *Of the World*; thus he whose Imagination was better levelled could carry farther; he embraced the whole World for his Country, and extended his Society and Friendship to all Mankind; not as we do, who look no farther than our Feet. When the Vines of our Village are nipped with the Frost, the Parish-Priest presently concludes, that the Indignation of God is gone out against all the human Race, and that the *Cannibals* have already got the Pip. Who is it, that seeing the bloody Havock of these Civil Wars of ours, does not cry out, That the Machine of the World is near Dissolution, and that the Day of Judgment

Judgment is at Hand; without considering, that many worse Revolutions have been seen, and that, in the mean Time, People are very merry in a thousand other Parts of the Earth for all this? For my Part, considering the License and Impunity that always attend such Commotions, I admire they are so moderate, and that there is no more Mischief done. To him that feels the Hail-stones patter about his Ears, the whose Hemisphere appears to be in Storm and Tempest; like the ridiculous *Savoyard*, who said very gravely, That if that simple King of *France* could have managed his Fortune as he should have done, he might in Time have come to have been Steward of the Household to the Duke his Master. The Fellow could not, in his shallow Imagination, conceive that there could be any Thing greater than a Duke of *Savoy*. And, in Truth, we are all of us insensibly in this Error, an Error of a very great Train and very pernicious Consequence. But whoever shall represent to his Fancy, as in a Picture, that great Image of our Mother Nature, portrayed in her full Majesty and Lustre, whoever in her Face shall read so general and so constraint a Variety, whoever shall observe himself in that Figure, and not himself but a whole Kingdom, no bigger than the least Touch or Prick of a Pencil, in Comparison of the Whole, that Man alone is able to value Things according to their true Estimate and Grandeur. This great World, which some do yet multiply as several *Species* under one *Genus*, is the Mirror wherein we are to behold ourselves, to be able to know ourselves as we ought to do. In short, I would have this to be the Book my young Gentleman should study with the most Attention; for so many Humours, so many Sects, so many Judgments, Opinions, Laws, and Customs, teach us to judge aright of our own, and inform our Understandings to discover their Imperfection and natural Infirmity, which is no trivial Speculation. So many Mutations of States and Kingdoms, and so many Turns and Revolutions of publick Fortune, will make us wise enough to make no great Wonder of our own. So many great Names, so many famous Victories and Conquests drowned and swallowed in Oblivion, render our Hopes ridiculous, of eternizing our Names by the taking of half a Score light Horse, or a poultry Turret, which only derives it's Memory from it's Ruin. The Pride and

Arrogancy of so many foreign Poms and Ceremonies, the tumorous Majesty of so many Courts and Grandeurs, accustom and fortify our Sight without Astonishment, to behold and endure the Lustre of our own. So many Millions of Men buried before us encourage us not to fear to go seek so good Company in the other World, and so of all the rest. *Pythagoras* was wont to say, That our Life retires to the great and populous Assembly of the *Olympic Games*, wherein some exercise the Body, that they may carry away the Glory of the Prize in those Contentions, and others carry Merchandise to sell for Profit. There are also some (and those none of the worst Sort) who pursue no other Advantage than only to look on, and consider how, and why every Thing is done, and to be unactive Spectators of the Lives of other Men, thereby the better to judge of, and regulate their own; and indeed, from Examples, all the Instruction couched in philosophical Discourses, may naturally flow, to which all human Actions, as to their best Rule, ought to be especially directed: Where a Man shall be taught to know,

— *Quid fas optare, quid asper  
Utile nummus habet, patriæ charisque propinquis  
Quantum elargiri deceat, quem te Deus esse  
Fussit, & humana qua parte locatus es in re,  
Quid sumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur* \*.

What he may wish, what's Money's natural Use,  
What to be liberal is, and what profuse,  
What God commands, an honest Man should be,  
And here on Earth, to know in what Degree  
That God has plac'd thee, what we are, and why,  
He gave us Being and Humanity.

what it is to know, and what to be ignorant, what ought to be the End and Design of Study, what Valour, Temperance, and Justice are, the Difference betwixt Ambition and Avarice, Servitude and Subjection, License and Liberty, by what Token a Man may know the true and solid Contentation, how far Death, Affliction, and Disgrace are to be apprehended.

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\* *Persius, Sat. 3.*

*Et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem* \*.

And what Way every one may know  
Labour t'avoid or undergo.

By what secret Springs we move, and the Reason of our various Agitations and Irresolutions: For, methinks, the first Doctrine with which one should season his Understanding, ought to be that which regulates his Manners and his Sense; that teaches him to know himself, and how both well to die, and well to live. Amongst the liberal Sciences, let us begin with that which makes us free; not that they do not all serve in some Measure to the Instruction and Use of Life, as all other Things in some sort also do; but let us make Choice of that which directly and professedly serves to that End. If we are once able to restrain the Offices of human Life within their just and natural Limits, we shall find that most of the Sciences in Use are of no great Use to us, and even in those that are, that there are many very unnecessary Cavities and Dilatations which we had better let alone, and following *Socrates's* Direction, limit the Course of our Studies to those Things only where a true and real Utility and Advantage are to be expected and found.

— *Sapere aude.*

*Incipe vivendi, qui recte prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille  
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum* †.

Dare to be wise; begin, who to their wrong,  
The Hour of living well defer too long,  
Like rustick Fools, sit with a patient Eye  
Expecting when the murm'ring Brook runs dry,  
Whose Springs can never fail, 'till the last Fire  
Lick up the Ocean, and the World expire,

'Tis a great Foolery to teach our Children

*Quid moveant Pisces, animosaque signa Leonis,  
Lotus, & Hesperia quid Capricornus aqua* ‡.

\* *Virg. Æn. l. 6.*  
*pert. l. 4. Eleg. 1.*

† *Horat. Epist. 2.*

‡ *Pro-*

What Influence *Pisces* have, o'er what the Ray  
Of angry *Leo* bears the greatest Sway,  
Or *Capricornus* Province, who still laves  
His threat'ning Forehead in the *Hesperian* Waves.

The Knowledge of the Stars, and the Motion of the eighth  
Sphere, before their own.

Τί πλεῖα δέσσιμα μοί  
Τί δ' ἀστράσι βωόττω\*.

How swift the seven Sisters Motions are,  
Or the dull Churls how slow, what need I care.

*Anaximenes* writing to *Pythagoras*, To what Purpose, said  
he, should I trouble myself in searching out the Secrets of the  
Stars, having Death or Slavery continually before my Eyes?  
For the Kings of *Persia* were at that Time preparing to in-  
vade his Country. Every one ought to say the same, Be-  
ing assaulted, as I am, by Ambition, Avarice, Temerity, and  
Superstition, and having within so many other Enemies of Life,  
shall I go cudgel my Brains about the World's Revolutions?  
After having taught him what will make him more wise  
and good, you may then entertain him with the Elements  
of Logick, Physick, Geometry, and Rhetorick, and the  
Science which he shall then himself most incline to, his  
Judgment being beforehand formed and fit to chuse, he will  
quickly make his own. The Way of instructing him ought  
to be sometimes by Discourse, and sometimes by Reading,  
sometimes his Governor shall put the Author himself, which  
he shall think most proper for him, into his Hands, and  
sometimes only the Marrow and Substance of it; and if  
the Governor himself be not conversant enough in Books,  
to turn to all the fine Discourses the Book contains, there  
may some Men of Learning be joined to him, that upon  
every Occasion shall supply him with what he desires, and  
stand in Need of, to recommend to his Pupil. And who  
can doubt, but that this Way of Teaching is much more  
easy and natural than that of *Gaza*? In which the Pre-  
cepts are so intricate, and so harsh, and the Words so vain,  
lean, and insignificant, that there is no Hold to be taken of

\* *Anacreon*, Ode 17.

them; nothing that quickens and elevates the Wit and Fancy; whereas, here the Mind has what to feed upon, and to digest: This Fruit therefore is not without Comparison, much more fair and beautiful; but will also be much more early and ripe. 'Tis a thousand Pities that Matters should be at such a Pass in this Age of ours, that Philosophy, even with Men of Understanding, should be looked upon as a vain and fantastick Name, a Thing of no Use, no Value, either in Opinion or Effect, of which I think those lousy Ergotisms, and little Sophistry, by prepossessing the Avenues unto it, are the Cause. And People are much to blame to represent it to Children for a Thing of so difficult Access, and with such a frowning, grim, and formidable Aspect: Who has disguised it thus with this false, pale, and ghostly Countenance? There is nothing more airy, more gay, more frolick, and I had like to have said, more wanton. She preaches nothing but Feasting and Jollity; a melancholick thoughtful Look shews that she does not inhabit there. *Demetrius*, the Grammarian, finding in the Temple of *Delphos* a Knot of Philosophers set chattering together, said to them, *Either I am much deceived, or by your chearful and pleasant Countenance, you are engaged in no very deep Discourse.* To which one of them, *Heracleon*, the Magician, replied, 'Tis for such as are puzzled about enquiring whether the future Tense of the Verb *βάλλω*, be spelt with a double *λ*, or that hunt after the Derivation of the Comparatives *χεέριον*, *βέλιον*, and the Superlatives *χεέριστον*, *βέλισσιον*, to knit their Brows whilst discoursing of their Science; but as to philosophical Discourses, they always divert and cheer up those they entertain, and never deject them, or make them sad.

*Deprendas animi tormenta latentis in ægro*

*Corpore, deprendas, & gaudia, sumit utrumque*

*Inde habitum facies\*.*

Th' internal Anguish of a sick Man's Mind

Your Eye may soon discern, and also find

The Joys of those in better Health that are,

For still the Face does the Mind's Livery wear.

\* *Juven. Sat. 9.*

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The Soul that entertains Philosophy ought to be of such a Constitution of Health, as to render the Body in like Manner healthful too; she ought to make her Tranquillity and Satisfaction shine, so as to appear without, and her Contentment ought to fashion the outward Behaviour to her own Mould, and consequently to fortify it with a graceful Confidence, active Carriage, and with a serene and contented Countenance. The most manifest Sign of Wisdom is a continual Chearfulness; her Estate is like that of Things in the Regions above the Moon, always clear and serene. 'Tis *Baraco* and *Barabiston* that render their Disciples so dirty and ill-favoured, and not she; they do not so much as know her, but by Hear-say. 'Tis she that calms and appeases the Storms and Tempests of the Soul, and who teaches Famine and Fevers to laugh and sign; and that, not by certain imaginary Epicycles, but by natural and manifest Reasons. She has Virtue for her End; which is not, as the School-men say, situate upon the Summit of a perpendicular Rock, and an inaccessible Precipice. Such as have approached her, find it quite contrary, to be seated in a fair, fruitful, and flourishing Plain, from whence she easily discovers all Things subjected to her; to which Place any one may however arrive, if he know but the easiest and the nearest Way, through shady, green, and sweetly flourishing Walks and Avenues, by a pleasant, easy, and smooth Descent, like that of the celestial Arches. 'Tis for not having frequented this supreme, this beautiful, triumphant, and amiable, this equally delicious and courageous Virtue, this so professed and implacable Enemy to Anxiety, Sorrow, Fear, and Constraint, who, having Nature for her Guide, has Fortune and Pleasure for her Companions, that they have gone according to their own weak Imagination, and created this ridiculous, this sorrowful, querulous, spiteful, threatening, terrible Image of it to themselves and others, and placed it upon a solitary Rock amongst Thorns and Brambles, and made of it a Hobgoblin to fright People from daring to approach it. But the Governor that I would have, that is, such a one as knows it to be his Duty to possess his Pupil with as much or more Affection than Reverence to Virtue, will be able to inform him, that the Poets have evermore accommodated themselves to the publick Humour, and

and make him sensible, that the Gods have planted more Toil and Sweat in the Avenues of the Cabinets of *Venus*, than those of *Minerwa*, which, when he shall once find him begin to apprehend, and shall represent to him a *Bradamanta*, or an *Angelica* for a Mistress, a natural, active, generous manly Beauty, in Comparison of a soft, delicate, artificial, simpering, and affected Form; the one disguis'd in the Habit of an heroick Youth, with her beautiful Face set out in a glittering Helmet, the other trick'd up in Curls and Ribbons like a wanton Minx; he will then look upon his own Affection as brave and masculine, when he shall chuse quite contrary to that effeminate Shepherd of *Phrygia*. Such a Tutor will make a Pupil to digest this new Doctrine, that the Height and Value of true Virtue consists in the Facility, Utility, and Pleasure of it's Exercise; so from Difficulty, that Boys, as well as Men, and the Innocent, as well as the Subtile, may make it their own; and it is by Order and good Conduct, and not by Force, that it is to be acquir'd. *Socrates*, her first Minion, is so averse to all Manner of Violence, as totally to throw it aside, to slip into the more natural Facility of her own Progress: 'Tis the Nursing-Mother of all human Pleasures, who, in rendring them just, renders them also pure and permanent; in moderating them, keeps them in Breath and Appetite; in interdicting those which she herself refuses, whets our Desire to those which she allows; and, like a kind and liberal Mother, abundantly allows all that Nature requires, even to Satiety, if not to Lassitude; unless we will declaim, That the Regimen of Health that stops the Topper's Hand before he has drank himself drunk, the Glutton's before he hath eaten to a Surfeit, and the Whoremaster's Career before he hath got the Pox, is an Enemy to Pleasure. If the ordinary Fortune fail, and that she meets with an indocile Disposition, she passes that Disciple by, and takes another, not so fickle and unsteady, whom she forms wholly her own. She can be rich, potent and wise, and knows how to lye upon soft Down, and perfum'd Quilts too: She loves Life, Beauty, Glory, and Health; but her proper and peculiar Office is to know regularly how to make use of all these good Things, and how to part with them without Concern; an Office much more noble than troublesome, and without which the whole Course of Life is unnatural,



unnatural, turbulent and deform'd; and there it is indeed, that Men may justly represent those Monsters upon Rocks and Precipices. If this Pupil shall happen to be of so cross and contrary a Disposition, that he had rather hear a Tale of a Tub, than the true Narrative of some noble Expedition, or some wise and learned Discourse; who at the Beat of a Drum, that excites the youthful Ardour of his Companions, leaves that to follow another that calls to a Morrice, or the Bears, and who would not wish, and find it more delightful, and more pleasing, to return all Dust and Sweat victorious from a Battle, than from Tennis, or from a Ball, with the Prize of those Exercises; I see no other Remedy, but that he be bound Apprentice in some good Town to learn to make Minc'd-Pies, though he were the Son of a Duke, according to *Plato's* Precept, That Children are to be plac'd out, and dispos'd of, not according to the Wealth, Qualities, or Condition of the Father, but according to the Faculties and the Capacities of their own Soul. But since Philosophy is that which instructs us to live, and that Infancy has there it's Lessons as well as other Ages, why is it not communicated to Children betimes? And why are they not more early initiated in it?

*Udum, & molle lutum est, nunc, nunc properandus, & arri  
Fingendus sine fine rota\*.*

The Clay is moist and soft, now, now make Haste,  
And form the Pitcher, for the Wheel turns fast.

They begin to teach us to live when we have almost done living. A hundred Students have got the Pox before they have come to read *Aristotle's* Lecture of Temperance. *Cicero* said, that though he should live two Men's Ages, he should never find Leisure to study the *Lyrick* Poets; and I find these Sophisters yet more deplorably unprofitable. The Boy we would breed, has a great deal less Time to spare; he owes but the first fifteen or sixteen Years of his Life to Discipline, the Remainder is due to Action: Therefore let us employ that short Time in necessary Instruction. Away with the Logical Subtilties, they are Abuses, Things by which our Lives can never be amended: Take me the

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*Perf. Stat. 3.*

plain

plain Philosophical Discourses, learn first how rightly to choose, and then rightly to apply them, they are more easy to be understood than one of *Boccace's* Novels; a Child from Nurse is much more capable of them, than of learning to read or to write. Philosophy has Discourses equally proper for Childhood, as for the decrepid Age of Men; and I am of *Plutarch's* Mind, that *Aristotle* did not so much trouble his great Disciple with the Knack of forming Syllogisms, or with the Elements of Geometry, as with infusing into him good Precepts concerning Valour, Prowess, Magnanimity, Temperance, and the Contempt of Fear; and with this Ammunition sent him whilst yet a Boy, with no more than 3000 Foot, 4000 Horse, and but 42000 Crowns to subjugate the Empire of the whole Earth. For the other Arts and Sciences, *Alexander* says, he highly indeed commended their Excellency and Quaintness, and had them in very great Honour and Esteem, but not ravish'd with them to that Degree, as to be tempted to affect the Practice of them in his own Person.

*Aristotle's Method of Instructing Alexander the Great.*

—*Petite hanc juvenesque, senesque  
Finem animo certum, miserique viatica canis* \*.

Young Men and old, from hence yourselves befriend,  
Form both your Minds, with some sure Aim and End;  
And both therein against the Time to come  
Wretched old Age, get a *Viaticum*.

*Epicurus*, in the Beginning of his Letter to *Meniceus*, says, that neither the Youngest should refuse to philosophise, nor the Eldest grow weary of it: And who does otherwise, seems tacitly to imply, that either the Time of living happily is not yet come, or that it is already past: And yet for all that, I would not have this Pupil of ours imprison'd, and made a Slave to his Book; nor would I have him given up to the Morosity, and melancholick Humour of a sour, Ill-natur'd Pedant. I would not have his Spirit cow'd and subdu'd, by applying him to the Rack, and tormenting him as some do, 14 or 15 Hours a Day, and so make a Pack-Horse of him. Neither should I think it good,

\* *Perf. Stat. 5.*

when

when by reason of a solitary and melancholic Complexion, he is discover'd to be much addicted to his Book, to nourish that Humour in him, for that renders them unfit for civil Conversation, and diverts them from better Employments. And how many have I seen in my Time totally brutified by an immoderate Thirst after Knowledge? *Carneades* was so besotted with it, that he would not find Time so much as to comb his Head, or pare his Nails; neither would I have his generous Manners spoil'd and corrupted by the Incivility and Barbarity of those of another. The *French* Wisdom has anciently been turn'd into Proverb, *Early but of no Continuance*; and in truth we yet see, that nothing can be more ingenious and pretty than the Children of *France*; but they ordinarily deceive the Hope and Expectation hath been conceiv'd of them, and grown up to be Men, have nothing extraordinary, or worth taking Notice of. I have heard Men of good Understanding say, these Colleges of ours to which we send our young People (and of which we have but too many) make them such Animals as they are. But to our little *Monfieur*, a Closet, a Garden, the Table, his Bed, Solitude and Company, Morning and Evening, all Hours shall be the same, and all Places to him a Study; for Philosophy, who, as the Formatrix of Judgment and Manners, shall be his principal Lesson, has that Privilege to have a Hand in every Thing. The Orator *Isocrates*, being at a Feast intreated to speak of his Art, all the Company were satisfied with, and commended his Answer; *It is not now a Time*, said he, *to do what I can do; and that which it is now Time to do, I cannot do.* For to make Orations and rhetorical Disputes in a Company met together to laugh and make good Cheer, had been very unseasonable and improper, and as much might have been said of all the other Sciences: But as to what concerns Philosophy, that Part of it at least that treats of Man, and of his Offices and Duties; it has been the joint Opinion of all wise Men, that, out of Respect to the Sweetness of her Conversation, she is ever to be admitted in all Sports and Entertainments. And *Plato* having invited her to his Feast, we shall see after how gentle and obliging a Manner, accommodated both to Time and Place, she entertain'd the Company, though in a Discourse of the highest and most important Nature.

*Aquē*

*Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,  
Et neglecta æquè pueris, sensibusque nocebit\*.*

It profits Poor and Rich alike, but when  
Neglected, t'Old and Young are hurtful then.

By which Method of Instruction, my young Pupil will be much more, and better employ'd than those of the College are: But as the Steps we take in walking to and fro in a Gallery, though three Times as many, do not tire a Man so much as those we employ in a formal Journey; so our Lesson, as it were accidentally occurring, without any set Obligation of Time or Place, and falling naturally into every Action, will insensibly insinuate itself. By which Means, our very Exercises, and Recreations, Running, Wrestling, Musick, Dancing, Hunting, Riding, and Fencing, will prove to be a good Part of our Study. I would have his outward Behaviour, and Mein, and the Disposition of his Limbs form'd at the same Time with his Mind. 'Tis not a Soul, 'tis not a Body that we are training up, but a Man, and we ought not to divide him: And, as *Plato* says, we are not to fashion one without the other, but make them draw together like two Horses harness'd to a Coach. By which Saying of his, does he not seem to allow more Time for, and to take more Care of Exercises for the Body, and to believe that the Mind in a good Proportion does her Business at the same Time too? As to the rest, this Method of Education ought to be carried on with a severe Sweetness quite contrary to the Practice of our Pedants, who, instead of tempting and alluring Children to Letters by apt and gentle Ways, do in truth present nothing before them but Rods and Ferula's, Horror and Cruelty. Away with this Violence! away with this Compulsion! than which, I certainly believe nothing more dulls and degenerates a well-descended Nature. If you would have him apprehend Shame and Chastisement, do not harden him to them. Inure him to Heat and Cold, to Wind and Sun, and to Dangers that he ought to despise. Wean him from all Effeminacy, and Delicacy in Clothes and Lodging, Eating and Drinking; accustom him to every Thing, that he may

*Severity an  
Enemy to E-  
ducation.*

\* *Horat. l. 1. Epist. 1.*

not

not be a Sir *Paris*, a Carpet-Knight, but a finewy, hardy, and vigorous young Man. I have ever from a Child, to the Age wherein I now am, been of this Opinion, and am still constant to it. But amongst other Things, the strict Government of most of our Colleges has evermore displeas'd me, and peradventure they might have err'd less perniciously on the indulgent Side. 'Tis the true House of Correction of imprison'd Youth. They are taught to be debauch'd, by being punish'd before they are so. Do but come in when they are about their Lesson, and you shall hear nothing but the Out-cries of Boys under Execution, with the thundring Noise of their *Pedagogues*, drunk with Fury, to make up the Concert. A very pretty Way this! to tempt these tender and timorous Souls to love their Book, with a furious Countenance, and a Rod in Hand! A curfed and pernicious way of Proceeding! Besides what *Quintilian* has very well observed, that this insolent Authority is often attended by very dangerous Consequences, and particularly our Way of chastising. How much more decent would it be to see their Classes strew'd with green Leaves and fine Flowers, than with the bloody Stumps of Birch and Willows? Were it left to my ordering, I should paint the School with the Pictures of Joy and Gladness; *Flora*, and the *Graces*, as the Philosopher *Speusippus* did his; that where their Profit is, they might there have their Pleasure too. Such Viands as are proper and wholesom for Children should be seasoned with Sugar, and such as are dangerous to them, with Gall. A Man should admire to see how solicitous *Plato* is in his Laws concerning the Gaiety and Diversion of the Youth of his City, and how much he enlarges himself upon their Races, Sports, Songs, Leaps and Dances: Of which, he says, that Antiquity has given the ordering and Patronage particularly to *Apollo*, *Minerva*, and the *Muses*. He insists long upon, and is very particular in giving innumerable Precepts for Exercises; but as to the lettered Sciences says very little, and only seems particularly to recommend Poesy upon the Account of Musick. All Singularity in our Manners and Condition is by all Means to be avoided, as inconsistent with civil Society. Who would not be astonish'd at so strange a Constitution as that of *Demophoon*, Steward to *Alexander* the Great, who sweated in the Shade, and shiver'd in the Sun?

Sun? I have seen those who have run from the Smell of a mellow Apple with greater Precipitation, than from a Harquebuse Shot; others run away from a Mouse; others vomit at the Sight of Cream; others ready to swoon at the Sight of a Cat, as *Germanicus*, who could neither endure the Sight nor the Crowing of a Cock. I will not deny, but that there may, peradventure, be some occult Cause and natural Aversion in these Cases; but certainly a Man might conquer it, if he took it in Time. Precept has in this wrought so effectually upon me, though not without some Endeavour on my Part, I confess, that Beer excepted, my Appetite accommodates itself indifferently to all Sorts of Diet. Young Bodies are supple, one should therefore in that Age bend and ply them to all Fashions and Customs: And provided a Man can contain the Appetite and the Will within their due Limits, let a young Man, a God's Name, be render'd fit for all Nations and all Companies, even to Debauchery and Excess, if Occasion be; that is, where he shall do it out of Complacency to the Customs of the Place. Let him be able to do every Thing, but love to do nothing but what is good. The Philosophers themselves do not justify *Calisthenes* for forfeiting the Favour of his Master *Alexander* the Great, by refusing to pledge him a Cup of Wine. Let him laugh, play, and drink with his Prince: Nay, I would have him, even in his Debauches, too hard for the rest of the Company, and to excel his Companions in Ability and Vigour, and that he may not give over doing it, either thorough defect of Power or Knowledge how to do it, but for Want of Will. *Multum interest, utrum peccare quis nolit, aut nesciat* \*; There is a vast Difference betwixt forbearing to sin, and not knowing how to sin. I thought I past a Compliment upon a Lord, as free from those Excesses as any Man whatever in *France*, by asking him before a great deal of good Company, how many Times in his Life he had been drunk in *Germany*, in the Time of his being there about his Majesty's Affairs; which he also took as it was intended, and made Answer, Three Times; and withal, told us the whole Story of his Debauches. I know some, who for Want of this Faculty,

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\* *Seneca, Epist. 60.*

have

have found a great Inconvenience by it in negotiating with that Nation. I have often with great Admiration reflected upon the wonderful Constitution of *Alcibiades*, who so easily could transform himself to so various Fashions without any Prejudice to his Health; one while out-doing the *Persian* Pomp and Luxury, and another, the *Lacedæmonian* Austerity and Frugality, as reform'd in *Sparta*, as voluptuous in *Ionia*.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res §.*

All Shapes and Colours you can name

*Aristippus* well became.

I would have my Pupil to be such a one,

— *Quem duplici panno patientia velat,*

*Mirabor vitæ via si conversa decebit,*

*Personamque feret non inconcinuus utramque†.*

Whom Patience in patch'd Clothes does meanly shade,

Where a new Fortune a new Suit has made,

I shall admire if gracefully he can

Th' old Beggar hide in the new Gentleman.

These are my Lessons, and he who puts them in Practice shall reap more Advantage, than he who has had them read to him only, and only knows them. If you see him, you hear him; If you hear him, you see him. God forbid, says one in *Plato*, that to philosophize were only to read a great many Books, and to learn the Arts. *Hanc amplissimam omnium artium bene vivendi disciplinam, vita magis quam literis persequuti sunt\**. They have more illustrated and improv'd this Discipline of living well, which of all Arts is the greatest, by their Lives, than by their Reading. *Leo*, Prince of the *Phliasiensians*, asking *Heraclides Ponticus* of what Art or Science he made Profession; I know, said he, neither Art nor Science, but I am a Philosopher. One reproaching *Diogenes*, that being ignorant, he should pretend to Philosophy; I therefore, answer'd he, pretend to it with so much the more Reason. *Hegefius* intreated that he would read a certain Book to him; You are pleasant, said he, who chuse those Figs that are true and natural, and not

§ *Horat. l. 1. Epist. 17.* † *Id. Ibid.* \* *Cic. Tusc. 4.*  
those

those that are painted; why do you not also chuse Exercises which are naturally true, rather than those written and prescrib'd? A Man cannot so soon get his Lesson by Heart, as he may practise it: He will repeat it in his Actions. We shall discover if there be Prudence in his Exercises, if there be Sincerity and Justice in his Departments, if there be Grace and Judgment in his Speaking, if there be Constancy in his Sicknes, if there be Modesty in his Mirth, Temperance in his Pleasures, Order in his Oeconomy, and Indifference in his Palate, whether what he eats or drinks be Flesh or Fish, Wine or Water. *Qui disciplinam suam non ostentationem scientiæ, sed legem vitæ putet, quique obtemperet ipse sibi, & decretis pareat* \*; Who considers his own Discipline, not as a vain Ostentation of Science, but as a Law and Rule of Life; and who obeys his own Decrees, and observes that Regimen he has prescrib'd to himself. The Conduct of our Lives is the true Mirror of our Doctrine. Zeupidamus, to one who asked him, Why the Lacedæmonians did not commit their Constitutions of Chivalry to Writing, and deliver them to their young Men to read, made Answer, That it was because they would inure them to Action, and not amuse them with Words: With such a one, after fifteen or sixteen Years Study, compare one of our College Latinists, who has thrown away so much Time in nothing but learning to speak. The World is nothing but Babble; and I hardly ever yet saw that Man who did not rather prate too much, than speak too little; and yet half of our Age is embezzled this Way. We are kept four or five Years to learn Words only, and to tack them together into Clauses; as many more to make Exercises; and to divide a continued Discourse into so many Parts; and other five Years at least to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle and intricate Manner. Let us leave it to the learned Professors. Going one Day to Orleans, I met in the Plain on this Side Clery, two Pedants travelling towards Bourdeaux, about fifty Paces distant from one another, and a good Way farther behind them, I discover'd a Troop of Horse, with a Gentleman at the Head of them, which was the late Monsieur le Comte de la Rouchefoucaut; one of my



People enquir'd of the foremost of these *Domines*, who that Gentleman was that came after him, who having not seen the Train that follow'd after, and thinking he meant his

*A pleasant Answer of a Pedant.*

Companion, pleasantly answer'd, *He is not a Gentleman, Sir, he is a Grammarian, and I am a Logician.* Now we, who quite

contrary, do not here pretend to breed a Grammarian, or a Logician, but a complete Gentleman, let us leave them to throw away their Time at their own Fancy: Our Business lies elsewhere. Let but our Pupils be well furnish'd with Things, Words will follow but too fast; he will pull them after him, if they do not voluntarily follow. I have observ'd some to make Excuses, that they cannot express themselves, and pretend to have their Fancies full of a great many very fine Things, which yet for want of Elocution, they cannot utter; a mere Shift and nothing else. Will you know what I think of it? I think they are nothing but Shadows of some imperfect Images and Conceptions that they know not what to make of within, nor consequently bring them out: They do not yet themselves understand what they would be at, and if you but observe how they haggle and stammer upon the Point of Parturition, you will soon conclude, that their Labour is not to Delivery, but about Conception, and that they are but licking their formless Embryo. For my Part, I hold, and *Socrates* is positive in it, That whoever has in his Mind a sprightly and clear Imagination, he will express it well enough in one Kind or another, and though he were dumb, by Signs.

*Verbaque præviam rem non invita sequuntur\*.*

When once a Thing conceiv'd is in the Wit,  
Words soon present themselves to utter it.

And as another as poetically says in Prose, *cum Res Antimum occupaverit, Verba ambiunt †.* When Things are first form'd in the Fancy, Words offer themselves in Multitude: And this other, *ipsæ res Verba rapiunt ||.* The Things themselves force Words to express them. He knows no thing of Ablative, Conjunctive, Substantive, or Gram-

\* *Hor. de Arte Poetic.* † *Seneca.* || *Cicero de fin. l. 3.*

mar, no more than his Lacquey, or a Fish-wife of the *Petit-Pont*; and these yet will give you a Belly full of Talk, if you will hear them, and peradventure shall trip as little in their Language, as the best Masters of Art in *France*. He knows no Rhetorick, nor how in a Preface to bribe the Benevolence of the courteous Reader; neither does he care, nor is it very necessary he should know it. Indeed all this Decoration of Painting is easily obscur'd and put down by the Lustre of a simple and blunt Truth; these fine Flourishes serve only to amuse the Vulgar, of themselves incapable of more solid and nutritive Diet, as *Afer* does very evidently demonstrate in *Tacitus*. The Ambassadors of *Samos*, prepar'd with a long elegant Oration, came to *Cleomenes* King of *Sparta*, to incite him to a War against the Tyrant *Polycrates*, who after he had heard their Harangue with great Gravity and Patience, gave them this short Answer; As to the *Exordium*, I remember it not, nor consequently the Middle of your Speech, but for what concerns your Conclusion, I will not do what you desire: A very pretty Answer this, methinks, and a Pack of learned Orators no doubt most sweetly confounded. And what did this other say? The *Athenians* were to chuse one of two Architects for a Surveyor to a very great Building they had design'd, of which, the first, a pert affected Fellow, offer'd his Service in a long premeditated Discourse upon the Subject, and by his Oratory inclin'd the Voices of the People in his Favour; but the other in three Words, Lords of *Athens*, *All that this Man hath said, I will do*. When *Cicero* was in the Height and Heat of his Eloquence, many were struck with Admiration; but *Cato* did only laugh at it, saying, *We have a pleasant Consul*. Let it go before, or come after, a good Sentence, or a Thing well said, is always in Season, if it neither suit well with what went before, nor has any very good Coherence with what follows after, it is however good in itself. I am none of those who think that good Rhyme makes a good Poem. Let him make short long, and long short if it will, 'tis no great Matter; if there be Invention, and that the Wit and Judgment have well perform'd their Offices, I will say here's a good Poet, but an ill Rhymer.

*Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus* \*.

\* *Hor. ser. lib. Stat. 4.*

O 2

His

His Fancy's rich, his Sense is clear  
In Verse, though he has no good Ear.

Let a Man, says *Horace*, divest his Work of all Ornaments  
and Measure.

*Tempora certa, modosque, Et quod prius ordine verbum est,  
Posterius faciat, præponens ultima primis,  
Invenias etiam disjecti membra Poetæ :*

Let Tense and Mood, and Words be all misplac'd,  
Those last that should be first, those first the last,  
Though all Things be thus shuffled out of Frame,  
You'll yet a Poem find in † Anagram.

He will never the more forfeit his Praise, for that the very  
Pieces will be fine by themselves. *Menander's* Answer had  
this Meaning, who being reprov'd by a Friend, the Time  
drawing on at which he had precisely promis'd a Comedy  
that he had not yet fall'n in Hand with it, It is made and rea-  
dy, said he, all to the Verses. Having contriv'd the Subject,  
and dispos'd the Scenes in his Fancy, he took little Care for  
the rest. Since *Ronsard* and *Du Bellay* have given Reputa-  
tion to our *French* Poesy, every little Dabbler, for ought I  
see, swells his Words as high, and makes his Cadences very  
near as harmonious as they. *Plus sonat, quam valet*\* ;  
*There were never so many Poetasters as now* ; but though they  
find it no hard Matter to rhyme as musically as they, they  
yet fall infinitely short of imitating the brave Descriptions  
of the one, and the curious Invention of the other. But  
what will become of our young Gentleman, if he be at-  
tack'd with the Sophistick Subtilty of some Syllogism ? A  
*Westphalia* Ham makes a Man drink, Drink quenches  
Thirst ; therefore a *Westphalia* Ham quenches Thirst. Why  
let him laugh at it, and it will be more Discretion to do so,  
than to go about to answer it ; or let him borrow this plea-  
sant Evasion from *Aristippus*, Why should I trouble myself  
to unty that, which, bound as it is, gives me so much  
Trouble ? One offering at this dialectick Juggling against  
*Cleanthes*, *Chrystippus* took him short, saying, Reserve these

† According to that of *Dr. Donne*, *D. of St. Paul's*.

\* *Seneca*, *Epist.* 40.

Baubles to play with Children, and do not by such Fooleries divert the serious Thoughts of a Man of Years. If these ridiculous Subtilties, *contorta, & aculeata Sophismata* \*, as Cicero calls them, are design'd to possess him with an Untruth, they are then dangerous; but if they signify no more than only to make him laugh, I do not see why they should be so considerable, that a Man need to be fortified against them. There are some so ridiculous, as to go a Mile out of their Way to hook in a fine Word: *Aut qui non verba rebus aptant, sed res arcessunt, quibus verba convenient* †; Who do not fit Words to the Subject, but seek out Things quite from the Purpose, to fit those Words they are so enamour'd of. And, as another says, *Qui alicujus verbi decore placentis vocentur ad id, quod non proposuerant scribere* ||; Who by their Fondness of some fine sounding Word, are tempted to something they had no Intention to treat of. I, for my Part, rather bring in a fine Sentence by Head and Shoulders to fit my Purpose, than divert my Designs to hunt after a Sentence. On the contrary, Words are to serve, and to follow a Man's Purpose; and let Gascon come in Play where French will not do. I would have Things so exceed, and wholly possess the Imagination of him that hears, that he should have something else to do, than to think of Words. The Way of Speaking that I love is natural and plain, as well in Writing as Speaking, and a sinewy and significant Way of expressing a Man's self, short and pithy, and not so elegant and artificial as prompt and vehement.

*Hæc demum sapiet dictio, quæ feriet* ‡.

Most Weight and Wisdom does that Language bear,  
Does pierce and captivate the Hearer's Ear.

Rather hard than harsh, free from Affectation; irregular, incontiguous, and bold, where every Piece makes up an entire Body; not like a Pedant, a Preacher, or a Pleader, but rather a Soldier-like Stile, as Suetonius calls that of Julius Cæsar; and yet I see no Reason why he should call it so. I have never yet been apt to imitate the negligent Garb, which is yet observable among the Young-Men of

\* Cicero Acad. l. 4. † Quin. l. 8. || Seneca, Epist. 59.  
‡ Epist. Lucan.

our Time, to wear my Cloak on one Shoulder, my Bonnet on one Side, and one Stocking in something more Disorder than the other, which seems to express a kind of manly Disdain of those exotick Ornaments, and a Contempt of Art; but I find that Negligence of much better Use in

*Affectation unbecoming a Courtier.* the Form of Speaking. All Affectation, particularly in the French Gaiety and Freedom, is ungraceful in a Courtier, and in a Monarchy every Gentleman ought to be fashion'd according to the Court Model; for which Reason, an easy and natural Negligence does well. I no more like a Web where the Knots and Seams are to be seen, than a fine Proportion, so delicate, that a Man may tell all the Bones and Veins. *Quæ veritati operam dat oratio, incomposita sit, & simplex. Quis accuratè loquitur, nisi qui vult putidè loqui?\**

*Let the Language that is dedicated to Truth be plain and unaffected. For who studies to speak quaintly and accurately, that does not at the same Time design to perplex his Auditory.* That Eloquence prejudices the Subject it would advance, that wholly attracts us to itself. And as in our outward Habit, 'tis a ridiculous Effeminacy to distinguish ourselves by a particular and unpractis'd Garb or Fashion, so in Language, to study new Phrases, and to affect Words that are not of current Use, proceeds from a Childish and Scholastick Ambition. Shall I be bound to speak no other Language than what is spoken in the Courts of Paris? *Aristophanes* the Grammarian was a little out, when he reprehended *Epicurus* for this plain Way of delivering himself, the End and Design of his Oratory being only Perspicuity of Speech, and to be understood. The Imitation of Words by it's own Facility, immediately disperses itself thorough a whole People: But the Imitation of inventing, and fitly applying those Words, is of a slower Progress. The Generality of Readers, for having found a like Robe, very mistakingly imagine they have the same Body and Inside too, whereas Force and Sinews are never to be borrowed, the Gloss and outward Ornament, that is, Words and Elocution, may in most of those I converse with, speak the same Language I here write; but whether they think the

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\* *Seneca, Epist. 40.*

same Thoughts I cannot say. The *Athenians* (says *Plato*) are observed to study Length and Elegancy of Speaking; the *Lacedæmonians* to affect Brevity; and those of *Crete* to aim more at the Fecundity of Conception than the Fertility of Speech, and these are the best. *Zenon* us'd to say that he had two Sorts of Disciples, one that he call'd *Φιλόλογος*, curious to learn Things, and these were his Favourites; the other, *λογοφίλος*, that cared for nothing but Words. Not that fine Speaking is not a very good and commendable Quality; but not so excellent and so necessary as some would make it; and I am scandaliz'd that our whole Life should be spent in nothing else. I would first understand my own Language, and that of my Neighbours with whom most of my Business and Conversation lyes. No doubt but *Greek* and *Latin* are very great Ornaments, and of very great Use, but we buy them too dear: I will hear discover one Way, which also has been experimented in my own Person, by which they are to be had better cheap, and such may make Use of it as will. My Father having made the most precise Enquiry that any Man could possibly make amongst Men of the greatest Learning and Judgment, of an exact Method of Education, was by them caution'd of the Inconvenience then in Use, and made to believe, that the tedious Time we apply'd to the learning of the Languages of those People who had them for nothing, was the sole Cause we could not arrive to that Grandeur of Soul, and Perfection of Knowledge with the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*: I do not however believe that to be the only Cause: But the Expedient my Father found out for this, was, that in my Infancy, and before I began to speak, he committed me to the Care of a *German*, who since died a famous Physician in *France*, totally ignorant of our Language, but very fluent and a great Critick in *Latin*. This Man, whom he had fetch'd out of his own Country, and whom he entertain'd with a very great Salary for this only End, had me continually in his Arms: To whom there were also join'd two others of the same Nation, but of inferior Learning to attend me, and sometimes to relieve him; who all of them entertain'd me with no other Language but *Latin*. As to the rest of his Family, it was an inviolable Rule, that neither himself, nor my Mother, Man, nor Maid, should speak any thing

in my Company, but such *Latin* Words as every one had learnt only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagin'd how great an Advantage this prov'd to the whole Family; my Father and my Mother, by this Means learning *Latin* enough to understand it perfectly well, and to speak it to such a Degree, as was sufficient for any necessary Use; as also those of the Servants did, who were most frequent with me. To be short, we did *Latin* it at such a Rate, that it overflowed to all the neighbouring Villages, where there yet remain, that have establish'd themselves by Custom, several *Latin* Appellations of Artizans, and their Tools. As for what concerns myself, I was above fix Years of Age before I understood either *French* or *Perigordin*, any more than *Arabick*, and without Art, Book, Grammar, or Precept, Whipping, or the Expence of a Tear, had by that Time learn'd to speak as pure *Latin* as my Master himself. If (for Example) they were to give me a Theme after the College Fashion, they gave it to others in *French*, but to me, they were of Necessity to give it in the worst *Latin*, to turn it into that which was pure and good; and *Nicholas Grouchi*, who writ a Book *de Comitibus Romanorum*; *William Guirentes*, who has writ a Comment upon *Aristotle*; *George Buchanan*, that great *Scotch* Poet, and *Marcus Antonius Muretus*, (whom both *France* and *Italy* have acknowledg'd for the best Orator of his Time) my domestick Tutors, have all of them often told me, that I had in my Infancy that Language so very fluent and ready, that they were afraid to enter into Discourse with me; and particularly *Buchanan*, whom I since saw attending the late *Mareschal de Brissac*, then told me, that he was about to write a Treatise of Education, the Example of which he intended to take from mine, for he was then Tutor to that Count *de Brissac*, who afterwards prov'd so valiant and so brave a Gentleman. As to *Greek*, of which I have but little Smattering, my Father also design'd to have taught it me by a Trick; but a new one, and by way of Sport; tossing out Declensions to and fro, after the Manner of those, who by certain Games, at Tables, and Chess, learn Geometry and Arithmetick: For he, amongst other Rules, had been advis'd to make me relish Science and Duty by an unforc'd Will, and of my own voluntary Motion, and to educate my  
Soul

Soul in all Liberty and Delight, without any Severity or Constraint. Which also he was an Observer of to such a Degree even of Superstition, if I may say so, that some being of Opinion, it did trouble and disturb the Brains of Children suddenly to wake them in the Morning, and to snatch them violently and over-hastily from Sleep (wherein they are much more profoundly envolved than we) he only caused me to be waked by the Sound of some musical Instrument, and was never unprovided of a Musician for that Purpose; by which Example you may judge of the rest, this alone being sufficient to recommend both the Prudence and Affection of so good a Father; who therefore is not to be blamed if he did not reap the Fruits answerable to so exquisite a Culture; of which, two Things were the Cause: *First*, a Steril and improper Soil: For though I was of a strong and healthful Constitution, and of a Disposition tolerably sweet and tractable; yet I was withal so heavy, idle, and indisposed, that they could not rouze me from this Stupidity to any Exercise of Recreation, nor get me out to play. What I saw, I saw clear enough, and under this lazy Complexion, nourished a bold Imagination, and Opinions above my Age. I had a slothful Wit, that would go no faster than it was led, a slow Understanding, a languishing Invention, and after all, an incredible Defect of Memory; so that it is no Wonder, if from all these nothing considerable can be extracted. *Secondly*, (like those, who, impatient of a long and steady Cure, submit to all Sorts of Prescriptions and Receipts) the good Man being extremely timorous of any Way failing in a Thing he had so wholly set his Heart upon, suffered himself at last to be over-ruled by the common Opinion, and complying with the Method of the Time, having no longer those Persons he had brought out of *Italy*, and who had given him the first Model of Education, about him, he sent me at six Years of Age to the College of *Guienne*, at that time the most flourishing in *France*. And there it was not possible to add any Thing to the Care he had to provide me the most able Tutors, with all other Circumstances of Education, reserving also several particular Rules contrary to the College Practice; but so it was, that with all these Precautions, it was a College still. My *Latin* immediately grew corrupt, of which also by Discontinuance I have since lost all Manner of Use: So that this new

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Way



Way of Institution served me to no other End, than only at my first coming to prefer me to the first Forms: For at thirteen Years old, that I came out of the College, I had run through my whole Course, (as they call it) and, in Truth, without any Manner of Improvement, that I can honestly brag of, in all this Time. The first Thing that gave me any Taste of Books, was the Pleasure I took in Reading the Fables of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, and with them I was so taken, that being but seven or eight Years old, I would steal from all other Divertisements to read them, both by Reason that this was my own natural Language, the easiest Book that I was acquainted with, and for the Subject, the most accommodated to the Capacity of my Age: For as for *Lancelot du Lake*, *Amadis de Gaul*, *Huon of Bourdeaux*, and such Trumpery, which Children are most delighted with, I had never so much as heard their Names, no more than I yet know what they contain: so exact was the Discipline wherein I was brought up. But this was enough to make me neglect the other Lessons prescribed me; and here it was infinitely to my Advantage, to have to do with an understanding Tutor, who very well knew discreetly to connive at this and other Truantries of the same Nature; for by this Means, I ran through *Virgil's Æneids*, *Terence*, *Plautus*, and some *Italian Comedies*, allured by the Softness and Pleasure of the Subject; whereas, had he been so foolish as to have taken me off this Diversion, I do really believe I had brought nothing away from the College but a Hatred of Books, as almost all our young Gentlemen do; but he carried himself very discreetly in that Business, seeming to take no Notice, and allowing me only such Time as I could steal from my other regular and yet moderate Studies, which whetted my Appetite to devour those Books I was naturally so much in Love with before. For the chief Things my Father expected from their Endeavour to whom he had delivered me for Education, was Affability of Manners and good Humour; and, to say the Truth, mine had no other Vice but Sloth and Want of Mettle. There was no Fear that I would do ill, but that I would do nothing; No-body suspected that I would be wicked, but useles; they foresaw an Idleness, but no Malice in my Nature; and I find it falls out accordingly. The Complaints I hear of my-  
self

self are these, he is idle, cold in the Offices of Friendship and Relation, and remiss in those of the Publick; he is too particular, he is too proud: But the most injurious do not say, Why has he taken such a Thing? Why has he not paid such a one? But why does he part with nothing? Why does he not give? And I should take it for a Favour that Men would expect from me no greater Effects of Supererogation than these. But they are unjust to exact from me what I do not owe; and in condemning me to it, they efface the Gratification of the Act, and deprive me of the Gratitude that would be due to me upon such a Bounty; whereas the active Benefit ought to be of so much the greater Value from my Hands; by how much I am not passive that Way at all. I can the more freely dispose of my Fortune, the more it is mine, and of myself the more I am my own. Nevertheless, if I were good at setting out my own Actions, I could peradventure very well repel these Reproaches, and could give some to understand, that they are not so much offended, that I do not enough, as that I am able to do a great deal more than I do. Yet for all this heavy Disposition of mine, my Mind, when retired into itself, was not altogether idle, nor wholly deprived of solid Inquisition, nor of certain and infallible Results about those Objects it could comprehend, and could also without any Helps digest them; but amongst other Things, I do really believe, it had been totally impossible to have made it to submit by Violence and Force. Shall I here acquaint you with one Faculty of my Youth? I had great Boldness and Assurance of Countenance, and to that a Flexibility of Voice and Gesture to any Part I undertook to act.

*Alter ab undecimo tum me vix ceperat annus\*.*

For the next Year to my eleventh had  
Me but a very few Days older made.

When I played the chiefest Parts in the *Latin* Tragedies of *Buchanan*, *Guerent*, and *Muretus*, that were presented in our College of *Guienne*, with very great Applause; wherein *Andreas Goveanus*, our Principal, as in all other Parts of his

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\* *Virg. Bucol. 8.*

Undertaking,

Undertaking, was, without Comparifon, the beft of that Employment in *France*; and I was looked upon as one of the chief Actors. 'Tis an Exercife that I do not difapprove in young People of Condition, and have fince feen our Princes, by the Example of the Ancients, in Perfon handfomly and commendably perform thefe Exercifes; and it was moreover allowed to Perfons of the greateft Quality to profefs, and make a Trade of it in *Greece*. *Aristoni Tragico aëtori rem aperet: Huic & genus, & fortuna honefta erant: Nec Ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori eft ea deformabat\**. He imparted this Affair to Arifto the Tragedian, a Man of a good Family and Fortune, which, nevertheless, did neither of them receive any Blemifh by that Profefion; nothing of that Kind being reputed a Difparagement in *Greece*. Nay, I have always taxed thofe with Impertinence, who condemn thefe Entertainments, and with Injuftice thofe who refufe to admit fuch Comedians as are worth feeing into the good Towns, and grudge the People that publick Diverfion. Well-govern'd Corporations take Care to afsemble their Citizens, not only to the folemn Duties of Devotion, but alfo to Sports and Spectacles. They find Society and Friendfhip augmented by it; and befides, can there poffibly be allowed a more orderly and regular Diverfion, than what is performed in the Sight of every one, and very often in the Prefence of the fupreme Magiftrate himfelf? And I, for my Part, fhould think it reasonable, that the Prince fhould fometimes gratify his People at his own Expence; and that in great and popular Cities there might be Theatres erected for fuch Entertainments, if but to divert them from worfe and more private Actions. But to return to my Subject, there is nothing like alluring the Appetite and Affection, otherwife you make nothing but fo many Affes loaden with Books, and by Virtue of the Lafh, give them their Pocket full of Learning to keep; whereas, to do well, you fhould not only lodge it with them, but make them espoufe it.

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\* *Lib. l. 6. 26.*



C H A P. XXVI.

*That it is Folly to measure Truth and Error by  
our own Capacity.*

**T**IS not perhaps without Reason, that we attribute Facility of Belief and Easiness of Persuasion to Simplicity and Ignorance, and I have heard Belief compared to the Impression of a Seal stamp'd upon the Soul, which, by how much softer and of less Resistance it is, is the more easy to be imposed upon. *Ut necesse est lancem in libra ponderibus impositis, de primis sic animum perspicuis cedere; As the Scale of the Balance must give Way to the Weight that presses it down, so the Mind must of Necessity yield to Demonstration:* And by how much the Soul is more empty, and without Counterpoise, with so much greater Facility it dips under the Weight of the first Persuasion. And this is the Reason that Children, the common People, Women, and sick Folks, are most apt to be led by the Ears. But then, on the other Side, 'tis a very great Presumption, to slight and condemn all Things for false that do not appear to us likely to be true; which is the ordinary Vice of such as fancy themselves wiser than their Neighbours. I was myself once one of those; and if I heard Talk of dead Folks walking, of Prophecies, Enchantments, Witchcraft, or any other Story, I had no Mind to believe,

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala.*

Dreams, magick Terrors, Wonders, Sorceries,  
Hobgoblins, or *Thessalian* Prodigies.

I presently pitied the poor People that were abused by these Follies; whereas I now find, that I myself was to be pitied as much at least as they; not that Experience has taught me any Thing to convince my former Opinion, though my Curiosity has endeavoured that Way; but Reason has instructed me, that thus resolutely to condemn any Thing for false and impossible,

impossible, is arrogantly and impiously to circumscribe and limit the Will of God, and the Power of Nature, within the Bounds of my own Capacity, than which no Folly can be greater. If we give the Names of Monster and Miracle to every Thing our Reason cannot comprehend, how many are continually presented before our Eyes? Let us but consider through what Clouds, and as it were groping in the Dark, our Teachers lead us to the Knowledge of most of the Things we apply our Studies to, and we shall find that it is rather Custom than Knowledge that takes away the Wonder, and renders them easy and familiar to us.

— *Jam nemo cessus saturusque videndi,  
Susplicere in Cæli dignatur lucida Tempa* \*.

Already glutted with the Sight, now none  
Heaven's lucid Temples deigns to look upon.

And that if those Things were now newly presented to us, we should think them as strange and incredible, if not more than any others.

— *Si nunc primum mortalibus adsint  
Ex improviso, seu sint objecta repente,  
Nil magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,  
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes* †.

Where Things are suddenly, and by Surprise  
Just now objected new to mortal Eyes,  
At nothing could they be astonish'd more,  
Nor less than what they so admir'd before.

He that had never seen a River, imagined the first he met with to be the Sea, and the greatest Things that have fallen within our Knowledge, we conclude the Extremes that Nature makes of the Kind.

*Scilicet & fluvius qui non est maximus, ei est  
Qui non ante aliquem majorem vidit & ingens;  
Arbor homoque videtur, & omnia de genere omni  
Maxime quæ vidit quisque, hæc ingentia fingit* ‡.

A little River unto him does seem,  
That bigger never saw, a mighty Stream :

\* *Lucret. l. 2.* † *Id. Ibid.* ‡ *Id. Ibid.*

A Tree,

A Tree, a Man ; any Thing seems to his View  
O'th' Kind the greatest, that ne'er greater knew.

*Consuetudine Oculorum, affuescunt animi, neque admirantur, neque requirunt rationes earum rerum, quas semper vident* \*. Things grow familiar to Men's Minds by being often seen ; so that they neither admire, nor are inquisitive into Things they daily see. The Novelty, rather than the Greatness of Things, tempts us to enquire into their Causes. But we are to judge with more Reverence, and with greater Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance and Infirmary of this infinite Power of Nature. How many unlikely Things are there testified by People of very good Repute, which if we cannot persuade ourselves absolutely to believe, we ought at least to leave them in Suspence? For, to conclude them impossible, is by a temerarious Presumption to pretend to know the utmost Bounds of Possibility. Did we rightly understand the Difference betwixt impossible, betwixt extraordinary, and what is contrary to the common Opinion of Men, in believing rashly, and on the other Side, in being not too incredulous, we should then observe the Rule of *Ne quid nimis*, enjoined by *Chilo*. When we find in *Froissard*, that the *Count de Foix* knew in *Bearn* the Defeat of *John King of Castile*, at *Juberoth*, the next Day after, and the Means by which he tells us he came to do so, we may be allowed to be a little merry at it, as also at what our Annals report, that Pope *Honorius*, the same Day that King *Philip Augustus* died at *Mant* — performed his publick Obsequies at *Rome*, and commanded the like throughout all *Italy* ; the Testimony of these Authors not being perhaps of Authority enough to restrain us. But what if *Plutarch*, besides several Examples that he produces out of Antiquity, tells us, he is assured by certain Knowledge, that in the Time of *Domitian*, the News of the Battle lost by *Antonius* in *Germany*, was published at *Rome*, many Days Journey from thence, and dispersed throughout the whole World, the same Day it was fought : And if *Cæsar* was of Opinion, that it has often happened, that the Report has preceded the Accident ; shall we not say, that these simple

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\* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 2.*

People have suffered themselves to be deceived with the Vulgar, for not having been so clear-sighted as we? Is there any Thing more delicate, more clear, more sprightly than *Pliny's* Judgment, when he is pleased to set it to work? Any Thing more remote from Vanity? Setting aside his Learning, of which I make less Account, in which of these do any of us excel him? And yet there is scarce a puiſne Sophiſter that does not convince him of Untruth, and that pretends not to inſtruct him in the Progreſs of the Works of Nature: When we read in *Bouchet* the Miracles of *St. Hilary's* Relicks; away with it, his Authority is not ſufficient to bear us the Liberty of contradicting him: But generally to condemn all ſuch like Stories, ſeems to me an Impudence of the worſt Character. The great *St. Auguſtine* profeſſes himſelf to have ſeen a blind Child recover Sight upon the Relick of *St. Gervafe*; and *St. Protafus* at *Milan*, a Woman at *Carthage* cured of a Cancer, by the Sign of a Croſs made upon her by a Woman newly baptized; *Heſperius*, a familiar Friend of his, to have driven away the Spirits that haunted his Houſe, with a little Earth of the Sepulchre of our Lord; which Earth being alſo tranſported thence into the Church, a Paralytick to have there been ſuddenly cured by it; a Woman in Proceſſion, having touched *St. Stephen's* Shrine with a Noſegay, and after rubbing her Eyes with it, to have recovered her Sight loſt many Years before; with ſeveral other Miracles, of which he profeſſes himſelf to have been an Eye-Witneſs. Of what ſhall we accuſe him and the two holy Biſhops, *Aurelius* and *Maximinus*, both which he atteſts to the Truth of theſe Things? Shall it be of Ignorance, Simplicity, and Facility; or of Malice or Impoſture? Is any Man now living ſo impudent, as to think himſelf comparable to them, either in *Virtue*, *Piety*, *Learning*, *Judgment*, or any Kind of Perfection? *Qui ut Rationem nullam afferent, ipſa Autoritate me frangerent* \*. Who, though they ſhould give me no Reason for what they affirm, would yet convince me with their Authority. 'Tis a Preſumption of great Danger and Conſequence, beſides the abſurd Temerity it draws after it, to contemn what we do not comprehend. For after that, according to your ſine

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\* *Cicero 2, de Div. l. 2.*

Understanding, you have establish'd the Limits of Truth and Error, and that afterwards there appears a Necessity upon you of believing stranger Things than those you have contradicted, you are already oblig'd to quit your Hold, and to acquiesce. That which seems to me so much to disorder our Consciences in the Commotions we are now in concerning Religion, is the Catholicks dispensing so much with their Belief; they fancy they appear moderate and wise, when they grant to the *Huguenots* some of the Articles in Question; but besides that, they do not discern what Advantage it is to those with whom we contend, to begin to give Ground, and to retire, and how much this animates our Enemy to follow his Blow: These Articles which they insist upon as Things indifferent, are sometimes of very great Importance, and dangerous Consequence. We are either wholly and absolutely to submit ourselves to the Authority of our ecclesiastical Polity, or totally throw off all Obedience to it. 'Tis not for us to determine what and how much Obedience we owe to it, and this I can say, as having myself made Trial of it, that having formerly taken the Liberty of my own Swing and Fancy, and omitted or neglected certain Rules of the Discipline of our Church, which seem'd to me vain, and of no Foundation; coming afterwards to discourse it with learned Men, I have found those very Things to be built upon very good and solid Ground, and strong Foundation; and that nothing but Brutality and Ignorance make us receive them with less Reverence than the rest: Why do we not consider what Contradictions we find in our own Judgments, how many Things were Yesterday Articles of our Faith, that To-day appear no other than Fables? Glory and Curiosity are the Scourges of the Soul; of which, the last prompts us to thrust our Noses into every Thing, and the other forbids us to leave any Thing doubtful and undecided.





## C H A P. XXVII.

*Of Friendship:*

HAVING considered the Fancy of a Painter I have that serves me, I had a Mind to imitate his Way; for he chooses the fairest Place, and Middle of any Wall, or Panel of Wainscot, wherein to draw a Picture which he finishes with his utmost Care and Art, and the Vacuity about it he fills with *Grotesque*; which are odd fantastick Figures, without any Grace, but what they derive from their Variety, and the Extravagancy of their Shapes. And in Truth, what are these Things I scribble, other than *Grotesques*, and monstrous Bodies, made of dissenting Parts, without any certain Figure, or any other than accidental Order, Coherence, or Proportion?

*Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne\*.*

That a fair Woman's Face above doth show;  
But in a Fish's Tail doth end below.

In the second Part I go Hand in Hand with my Painter, but fall very short of him in the first, and the better, my Power of handling not being such, that I dare to offer a brave Piece, finely painted, and set off according to Art. I have therefore thought fit to borrow one of *Esseus de Boitic*, and such a one as shall honour and adorn all the rest of my Work, namely, a Discourse that he called *The voluntary Servitude*, a Piece writ in his younger Years, by way of Essay, in Honour of Liberty against Tyranny, and which has since run through the Hands of several Men of great Learning and Judgment, not without singular and merited Commendation, for it is finely writ, and as full as any Thing can possibly be: Though a Man may confidently say, it is far short of what he is able to do; and if in that more mature Age, wherein I had the Happiness

\* *Hor. de Arte Poetica.*

to know him, he had taken a Design like this of mine, to commit his Thoughts to Writing, we should have seen a great many rare Things, and such as would have gone very near to have rivall'd the best Writings of Antiquity: For in natural Parts especially, I know no Man comparable to him. But he has left nothing behind him, save this Treatise only, (and that two by Chance, for I believe he never saw it after it first went out of his Hands) and some Observations upon that Edict of *January*, made famous by our Civil Wars, which also shall elsewhere peradventure find a Place. These were all I could recover of his Remains; I, to whom, with so affectionate a Remembrance, upon his Death-bed, he by his last Will bequeath'd his Library and Papers, the little Book of his Works only excepted, which I committed to the Press. And this particular Obligation I have to this Treatise of his, that it was the Occasion of my first coming acquainted with him; for it was shew'd to me long before I had the good Fortune to know him, and gave me the first Knowledge of his Name; proving so the first Cause and Foundation of a Friendship, which he afterward improv'd, and maintain'd so long as God was pleas'd to continue us together, so perfect, inviolate, and entire, that certainly the like is hardly to be found in Story, and amongst the Men of this Age, there is no Sign nor Trace of any such Thing in Use; so much Concurrence is requir'd to the Building of such a one, that 'tis much if Fortune bring it but once to pass in three Ages. There is nothing to which Nature seems so much to have inclin'd as to Society; and *Aristotle* says, that the good *Legislators* had more Respect to Friendship, than to Justice. Now the most supreme Point of it's Perfection is this: For *Perfect Friendship, what.* generally all those that Pleasure, Profit, publick, or private Interest, create and nourish, are so much the less generous, and so much the less Friendships, by how much they mix another Cause and Design, than simple, and pure Friendship itself. Neither do the four ancient Kinds, Natural, Sociable, Hospitable and Venerean, either separately or jointly make up a true and perfect Friendship. That of Children to Parents is rather Respect: Friendship being nourish'd by Communication, which cannot, by Reason of the great Disparity betwixt them; but

would rather perhaps violate the Duties of Nature; for neither are all the secret Thoughts of Fathers fit to be communicated to Children, lest it beget an indecent Familiarity betwixt them; neither can the Advices and Reproofs which is one of the principal Offices of Friendship, be properly perform'd by the Son to the Father. There are some Countries, where 'tis the Custom for Children to kill their Fathers; and others where the Fathers kill their Children, to avoid being sometimes an Impediment to one another in their Designs; and moreover, the Expectation of the one does naturally depend upon the Ruin of the other. There have been great Philosophers who have made nothing of this Tie of Nature; as *Aristippus* for one, who being prest home about the Affection he ow'd to his Children, as being come out of him, presently fell to spitting, saying, that that also came out of him, and that he did also breed Worms and Lice; and that other, that *Plutarch* endeavour'd to reconcile to his Brother, I make never the more Account of him, said he, for coming out of the same Place. This Name of Brother does indeed carry with it an amicable and affectionate Sound, and for that Reason, he and I call my Brothers: But the Complication of Interest, the Division of Estates, and that the raising of the one should be the undoing of the other, does strangely unnerve and slacken this fraternal Tie: And Brothers pursuing their Fortune and Advancement by the same Path, 'tis hardly possible, but they must of Necessity often juggle and hinder one another. Besides, why is it necessary that the Correspondence of Manners, Parts and Inclinations, which beget these true and perfect Friendships, should always meet and concur in these Relations. The Father and the Son may be of quite contrary Humours, and Brothers without any Manner of Sympathy in their Natures. He is my Son, he is my Brother, or he and I are Cousin-Germans; but he is passionate, Ill-natur'd, or a Fool. And moreover, by how much these are Friendships, that the Law, and natural Obligation, impose upon us; so much less is there of our own Choice, and voluntary Freedom. Whereas that voluntary Liberty of ours, has nothing but that of Affection in Friendship, properly it's own. Not that I have not in my own Person experimented all can possibly be expected in that Kind, having had the best and most indulgent Father

even to an extreme old Age, that ever was, and who was himself descended from a Family, for many Generations famous and exemplary for brotherly Concord :

————— *Et ipse*

*Notus in fratres animi Paterni \**.

And he himself noted the rest above,  
Towards his Brothers for paternal Love.

We are not here to bring the Love we bear to Women, though it be an Act of our own Choice, into Comparison ; nor rank it with the others ; the Fire of which, I confess,

*(Neque enim est Dea nescia nostri  
Quæ dulcem curis, miscet amaritiam †.)*

(Nor is my Goddess ign'rant what I am,  
Who pleasing Sorrows mixes with my Flame.)

is more active, more eager, and more sharp ; but withal, 'tis more precipitous, fickle, moving, and inconstant : A Fever subject to Intermision, and Paroxysms, that has seiz'd but on one Part, one Corner of the Building ; whereas in Friendship, 'tis a general and universal Fire, but temperate and equal, a constant establish'd Heat, all easy and smooth, without Poinancy or Roughness. Moreover, in Love 'tis no other than frantick Desire, to that which flies from us,

*Com segue la lepre ill cacciatore  
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al litto :  
Ne piu l'estima poi, che presa vede,  
Et sol dietro à chi fugge affretta il piede †.*

Like Hunters that the flying Hare pursue  
O'er Hill and Dale, through Heat, and Morning Dew,  
Which being ta'en, the Quarry they despise,  
Being only pleas'd in following that which flies.

So soon as ever they enter into Terms of Friendship, that is to say, into a Concurrence of Desires, it vanishes, and is gone, Fruition destroys it, as having only a fleshly End, and such a one as is subject to Satiety. Friendship on the contrary, is enjoy'd proportionably, as it is desir'd, and only grows up, is nourish'd and improves by Enjoyment,

\* *Horat. l. 2. Ode 2.* † *Catullus.* ‡ *Ariosto. Canto. 10.*

as being of itself spiritual, and the Soul growing still more perfect by Practice. Under, and subservient to this perfect Friendship, I cannot deny, but that the other vain Affections have in my younger Years found some Place in my Thoughts, that I may say nothing of him, who himself confesses but too much in his Verses: So that I had both these Passions, but always so, that I could myself well enough distinguish them, and never in any Degree of Comparison with one another. The first maintaining it's Flight so lofty and so brave a Place, as with Disdain to look down, and see the other flying at a far humbler Pitch below. As concerning Marriage, besides, that it is a Covenant, the Entrance into which is only free, but the Continuance of it forc'd and compell'd, having another Dependence than that of our own Free-will, and a Bargain commonly contracted to other Ends, there almost always happens a thousand Intricacies in it to unravel, enough to break the Thread, and to divert the Current of a lively Affection. Whereas Friendship has no Manner of Business or Traffick with any but itself. Moreover, to say Truth, the ordinary Talent of Women, is not such, as is sufficient to maintain the Conference and Communication requir'd, to the Support of this Conjugal Tie; nor do they appear to be endu'd with Constancy of Mind, to endure the Pinch of so hard and durable a Knot. And doubtless if without this there could be such a free and voluntary Familiarity contracted, where not only the Souls might have this entire Fruition, but the Bodies also might share in the Alliance, and a Man be engag'd throughout, the Friendship would certainly be more full and perfect; but it is without Example, that this Sex could ever arrive at such Perfection, and by the ancient Schools is wholly rejected; as also the other *Græcian* Licence is justly abhorr'd by our Manners, which also for having, according to their Practice, a necessary Disparity of Age, and Difference of Offices betwixt the Lovers, hold no more Proportion with the perfect Union and Harmony that we here require, than the other. *Quis est enim iste amor amicitie? Cur neque adolescentem quisquam amat, neque formosum senem?* For what is the Love of Friendship? Why does no one love a deform'd Youth, or a comely old Man? Neither will that

\* Cicero lib. 4.

very Picture that the Academy presents of it, as I conceive, contradict me, when I say, that the first Fury inspir'd by the Son of *Venus* into the Heart of the Lover, upon the Sight of the Flower, and Prime of a springing and blossoming Youth, to whom they allow all the Insolencies and passionate Attempts that an immoderate Ardour can produce, was simply founded upon an external Beauty, the false Image of corporal Generation; for upon the Soul it could not ground this Love, the Sight of which, as yet lay conceal'd, was but now springing, and not of Maturity to blossom. Which Fury, if it seiz'd upon a mean Courage, the Means by which he preferr'd his Suit, were rich Presents, Favour in Advancement to Dignities, and such Trumpery, which they by no Means approve: If on a more generous Soul, the Pursuit was suitably generous, by philosophical Instructions, Precepts to revere Religion, to obey the Laws, to die for the Good of his Country; by Examples of Valour, Prudence and Justice, the Lover studying to render himself acceptable by the Grace and Beauty of his Soul, that of his Body being long since faded and decay'd, hoping by this mutual Society to establish a more firm and lasting Contract. When this Courtship came to affect in due Season, (for that which they do not require in the Lover, namely, Leisure and Discretion in his Pursuit, they strictly require in the Person lov'd; forasmuch as he is to judge of an internal Beauty, of difficult Knowledge, and obscure Discovery) then there sprung in the Person lov'd the Desire of a spiritual Conception, by the Mediation of a spiritual Beauty. This was the Principial; the corporeal, accidental, and second Causes, are all the wrong Side of the Lover. For this Reason they prefer the Person below'd, maintaining, that the Gods in like Manner prefer him too, and very much blame the Poet *Æschylus*, for having, in the Loves of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, given the Lover's Part to *Achilles*, who was in the first Flower and Pubescency of his Youth, and the handsomest of all the *Greeks*. After this general Familiarity, and mutual Community of Thoughts, is once settled, supposing the Sovereign and most worthy Part to preside and govern, and to perform it's proper Offices, they say, that from thence great Utility is deriv'd, both to private and publick Concerns; that the Force and Power of Countries receiv'd their Beginning from thence, and that it was the chiefest Security of Liberty

berty and Justice. Of which, the salutiferous Loves of *Harmodus* and *Arislogiton* is a good Instance; and therefore it is, that they call'd it sacred and divine, and do conceive, that nothing but the Violence of Tyrants, and the Baseness of the common People, is mimical to it: Finally, all that can be said in Favour of the Academy, is, that it was a Love which ended in Friendship; which also well enough agrees with the Stoical Definition of Love. *Amorem conatum esse amicitiae faciendae ex pulchritudinis specie* †. That Love is a Desire of contracting Friendship by the Beauty of the Object. I return to my own more just and true Description. *Omni no amicitiae, corroboratis jam confirmatis ingeniis, & aetatibus, judicandae sunt* \*. Those are only to be reputed Friendships, that are fortified and confirmed by Judgment, and Length of Time. For the rest, which we commonly call Friendships, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some Design, by Means of which, there happens some little Intercourse betwixt our Souls: But in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one Piece, with so universal a Mixture, that there is no more Sign of the Seam by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a Reason why I lov'd him; I find it could no otherwise be express'd, than by making Answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is beyond what I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal Power that brought on this Union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in Reason, mere Reports should do, I think by some secret Appoinment of Heaven, we embrac'd in our Names; and at our first Meeting, which was accidentally at a great City Entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt ourselves, that from thence-forward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent *Latin Satyr*, which I since printed, wherein he excuses the Precipitation of our Intelligence, so suddenly come to Perfection, saying, that being to have so short Continuance, as being begun so late, (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the

† *Cicero lib. 4.*\* *Cicero Amic.*

older) there was no Time to lose; nor was tied to conform itself to the Example of those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many Precautions of a long preliminary Conversation. This has no other *Idea*, than that of itself: This is no one particular Consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a Thousand: 'Tis I know not what Quintessence of all this Mixture, which, seizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and lose itself in his; and that having seized his whole Will, brought it back with equal Concurrency and Appetite, to plunge and lose itself in mine. I may truly say lose, reserving nothing to ourselves, that was either his or mine. When *Laelius*, in the Presence of the Roman Consuls (who, after they had sentenced *Tiberius Gracchus*, prosecuted all those who had any Familiarity with him also) came to ask *Cajus Blossus* (who was his chiefest Friend and Confident) how much he would have done for him? And that he made Answer, All Things. How! All Things! said *Laelius*: And what if he had commanded you to fire our Temples? He would never have commanded me that, replied *Blossus*: But what if he had? said *Laelius*. Why, if he had, I would have obey'd, said the other. If he was so perfect a Friend to *Gracchus*, as the Histories report him to have been, there was yet no Necessity of offending the Consuls by such a bold Confession, though he might still have retained the Assurance he had of *Gracchus's* Disposition. However, those who accuse this Answer as seditious, do not well understand the Mystery; nor presuppose, as it was true, that he had *Gracchus's* Will in his Sleeve, both by the Power of a Friend, and the perfect Knowledge he had of the Man. They were more Friends than Citizens, and more Friends to one another than either Friends or Enemies to their Country, or than Friends to Ambition and Innovation. Having absolutely given up themselves to one another, either held absolutely the Reins of the other's Inclination, which also they govern'd by Virtue, and guided by the Conduct of Reason, (which also without these, it had not been possible to do) and therefore *Blossus's* Answer was such as it ought to be. If either of their Actions flew out of the Handle, they were neither (according to my Measure of Friendship) Friends to one another, nor to themselves. As to the rest, this Answer carries no worse Sound than mine would do to one that should ask me, If your Will should command you to kill your  
Daughter,



Daughter, would you do it? And that I should make Answer, that I would, for this expresses no Consent to such an Act, forasmuch as I do not in the least suspect my own Will, and as little that of such a Friend. 'Tis not in the Power of all the Eloquence in the World, to dispossess me of the Certainty I have of the Intentions and Resolutions of mine; nay, no one Action of his, what Face soever it might bear, could be presented to me, of which I could not presently, and at first Sight, find out the moving Cause: Our Souls have drawn so unanimously together, and we have with so mutual a Confidence laid open the very Bottom of our Hearts to one another's View, that I not only know his as well as my own, but should certainly, in any Concern of mine, have trusted my Interest much more willingly with him than with myself. Let no one therefore rank other common Friendship with such a one as this. I have had as much Experience of these, as another, and of the most perfect of their Kind: But I do not advise, that any should confound the Rules of the one and the other; for they would then find themselves much deceived. In those other ordinary Friendships, you are to walk with a Bridle in your Hand, with Prudence and Circumspection, for in them the Knot is not so sure, that a Man may not half suspect it will slip: Love him (said *Chilo*) so, as if you were one Day to hate him; and hate him so, as you were one Day to love him. A Precept, that though abominable in the sovereign and perfect Friendship which I intend, is nevertheless very sound, as to the Practice of the ordinary ones, now in Fashion, and to which the Saying that *Aristotle* had so frequent in his Mouth, *O my Friends, there is no Friend*, may very fitly be applied. And this glorious Commerce of good Offices, Presents and Benefits, by which other Friendships are supported and maintained, do not deserve so much as to be mentioned here; and is by this Concurrence and Consent of Wills, totally taken away, and rendered of no Use; as the Kindness I have for myself receives no Increase, for any thing I relieve myself withal in Time of Need, (whatever the *Stoicks* say) and as I do not find myself obliged to myself, for any Service I do myself: So the Union of such Friends, being really perfect, deprives them of all Acknowledgment of such Duties, and makes them loath and banish from their Conversation these Words of Diversion, Distinction, Benefit,

Benefit, Obligation, Entreaty, Thanks, and the like : All Things, Wills, Thoughts, Opinions, Goods, Wives, Children, Honours, and Lives, being in Effect common betwixt them, and that absolute Concurrence of Affections being no other than one Soul in two Bodies, (according to that very proper Definition of *Aristotle*) they can neither lend nor give any thing to one another. This is the Reason why the Law-givers, to honour Marriage with some imaginary Resemblance of this divine Alliance, interdict all Gifts betwixt Man and Wife ; inferring by that, that all should belong to each of them, and that they have nothing to divide, or to give. If, in the Friendship of which I speak, one could give to the other, the Receiver of the Benefit would be the Man that obliged his Friend ; for each of them contending, and above all Things, studying how to be useful to one another, he that administers the Occasion, is the liberal Man, in giving his Friend the Satisfaction of doing that towards him, which above all Things he does most desire. When the Philosopher *Diogenes* wanted Money, he used to say, that he redemanded it of his Friends, not that he demanded it ; and to let you see the effectual Practice of this, I will here produce an ancient and a rare Example ; *Eudamidas*, a *Corinthian*, had two Friends, *Charixenus* a *Syconian*, and *Aretheus* a *Corinthian* ; this Man coming to die, being poor, and his two Friends rich, he made his Will after this Manner, I bequeath to *Aretheus* the Maintainance of my Mother, to support and provide for her in her old Age, and to *Charixenus* I bequeath the Care of marrying my Daughter, and to give her as good a Portion as he is able ; and in Case one of these chance to die, I hereby substitute the Survivor in his Place. They who first saw this Will, made themselves very merry at the Contents ; but the Executors being made acquainted with it, accepted the Legacies with very great Content ; and one of them, *Charixenus*, dying within five Days after, and *Aretheus* by that Means having the Charge of both devolved solely to him, he nourished that old Woman with very great Care and Tenderness, and of five Talents he had in Estate, he gave two and an half in Marriage with an only Daughter he had of his own, and two and an half in Marriage with the Daughter of *Eudamidas*, and in one and the same Day solemnized both their Nuptials. This Example is very full, if one thing were

were not to be objected, namely, the Multitude of Friends: For the perfect Friendship I speak of, is indivisible, every one gives himself so entirely to his Friend, that he has nothing left to distribute to others: But, on the contrary, is sorry, that he is not double, treble, or quadruple, and that he has not many Souls, and many Wills, to confer them all upon this one Subject. Common Friendships will admit of Division, one may love the Beauty of this, the good Humour of that Person, the Liberty of a third, the paternal Affection of a fourth, the fraternal Love of a fifth, and so of the rest. But this Friendship that possesses the whole Soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute Sovereignty, can possibly admit of no Rival. If two at the same time should call to you for Succour, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary Offices, how could you serve them both? Should one commit a Thing to your Secrecy, that it were of Importance to the other to know, how would you disingage yourself? A singular and particular Friendship disunites and dissolves all other Obligations whatsoever. The Secret I have sworn not to reveal to any other, I may without Perjury communicate to him who is not another, but myself. 'Tis Miracle enough certainly, for a Man to double himself, and those that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extreme, that has it's like; and who shall presuppose, that of two, I love one as much as the other, that they love one another too, and love me as much as I love them; does multiply in Friendship, the most single and united of all Things, and wherein moveover, one alone, is the hardest Thing in the World to find. The remaining Part of this Story suits very well with what I said before; for *Eudamidas*, as a Bounty and Favour, bequeaths to his Friends a Legacy of employing themselves in his Necessity; he leaves them Heirs to this Liberality of his, which consists in giving them the Opportunity of conferring a Benefit upon him, and doubtless the Force of Friendship is more eminently apparent in this Act of his, than in that of *Aretheus*. In short, these are Effects not to be imagined nor comprehended by such as have no Experience of them, and which make me infinitely honour and admire the Answer of that young Soldier to *Cyrus*, by whom being asked how much he would take for a Horse, with which he had won the Prize of a Course, and whether he would exchange him

him for a Kingdom? No, truly, Sir, said he, but I would give him with all my Heart, to find a true Friend, could I find out any Man worthy of that Relation. He did not say ill in saying, could I find, for though a Man may almost every where meet with Men sufficiently qualified for a superficial Acquaintance; yet in this, where a Man is to deal from the very Bottom of his Heart, without any Manner of Reservation, it will be requisite, that all the Wards and Springs be neatly and truly wrought, and perfectly sure. In Leagues that hold but by one End, we are only to provide against the Imperfections that particularly concern that End. It can be of no Importance to me, of what Religion my Physician or my Lawyer is, provided the one be a good Lawyer, and the other a good Physician; this Consideration hath nothing in common with the Offices of Friendship, and I am of the same Indifferency in the domestick Acquaintance my Servants must necessarily contract with me; I never enquire when I am to take a Footman, if he be chaste, but if he be diligent; and am not solicitous, if my Chairman be given to Gaming, as if he be strong and able, or if my Cook be a Swearer, or a good Cook. I do not however take upon me to direct what other Men should do in the Government of their Families, there are enow that meddle enough with that; but only give an Account of my Method in my own.

*Mibi sic usus est: Tibi, ut opus est facto, face\*.*

This has my Practice been; but thou may'st do,  
What thy Affairs or Fancy prompt thee to.

In Table-talk, I prefer the Pleasant and Witty before the Learned and the Grave: In Bed, Beauty before Modesty; and in common Discourse, Eloquence, whether or no there be Sincerity in that Case. And, as he that was found astride upon a Hobby-Horse, playing with his Children, entreated the Person who had surprized him in that Posture, to say nothing of it, till himself came to be a Father, supposing that the Fondness that would then possess his own Soul, would render him a more equal Judge of such an Action: So I also could wish to speak to such as have had Experience of what I say; though, knowing

\* Terence Heaut. Act. 1. Scen. 1.

how

how remote a Thing such a Friendship is from the common Practice, and how rarely such are to be found, I despair of meeting with any one qualified to such a Degree of Competency. For even these Discourses left us by Antiquity upon this Subject, seem to me flat and low, in Comparison of the Sense I have of it, and in this Particular, the Effects surpass the very Precepts of Philosophy.

*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico* \*.

I nothing to myself can recommend,  
Like the Delight of a facetious Friend.

The ancient *Menander* declared him to be happy that had the good Fortune to meet with but the Shadow of a Friend; and doubtless he had good Reason to say so, especially if he spoke by Experience: For, in good Earnest, if I compare all the rest of my Life; though, Thanks be to God, I have always passed my Time pleasantly enough, and at my Ease; and the Loss of such a Friend excepted, free from any grievous Affliction, and in great Tranquillity of Mind, having been contented with my natural and original Conveniencies, without being solicitous after others; if I should compare it all, I say, with the four Years I had the Happiness to enjoy the sweet Society of this excellent Man, 'tis nothing but Smoke, but an obscure and tedious Night, from the Day that I lost him.

*Quem semper acerbum,  
Semper honoratum (sic Dii voluistis) habebo* †.

Which ever till I step into my Grave,  
I shall in sad, but kind Remembrance have,

I have only led a sorrowful and languishing Life; and the very Pleasures that present themselves to me, instead of administering any thing of Consolation, double my Affliction for his Loss. We were Halves throughout, and to that Degree, that, methinks, by out-living him, I defraud him of his Part.

*Nec jus esse ulla me voluptate hic frui  
Decrevi, tantisper dum ille abest meus particeps* †.

\* *Horat. l. 1. Sat. 5.*

† *Terence Heaut. Act. 1. Sc. 1.*

† *Virg. Æn. 1. 5.*

And this against myself I have decreed,  
Nothing of Pleasure shall my Fancy feel,  
Since he is gone, for ever gone alas!  
Who in all Joys my dear Co-partner was.

I was so accustomed to be always his Second in all  
Places, and in all Interests too, that, methinks, I am no  
more than half a Man, and have but half a Being.

*Illum meæ si partem animæ tulit  
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,  
Nec charius æque nec superstes  
Integer? Ille dies utramque  
Duxit ruinam\*.*

Since that half of my Soul was snatch'd away  
By riper Age, why does the other stay?  
Which now's not dear, nor truly does survive  
That Day our double Ruin did contrive.

There is no Action or Imagination of mine, wherein I do  
not want them: I know that his Advice and Assistance  
would be useful to me: For as he surpassed me by infinite  
Degrees in Virtue and all other Accomplishments, so he  
also did in all Offices of Friendship.

*Quis desiderio si pudor, aut modus  
Tam chari capitis †.*

A moderate Mourning were a Scandal here,  
Where I lament a Friend so truly dear.

*O misero, frater adempte, mihi!  
Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,  
Quæ tuus in vita, dulcis alebat amor,  
Tu mea, tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater,  
Tecum una tota est nostra sepulta anima.  
Cujus ego interitu tota de mente fugavi  
Hæc studia, atque omnes delicias animi.  
Alloquor? audiero nunquam tua verba loquentem?  
Nunquam ego te vita, frater amabilior,  
Aspiciam posthac? at certe semper amabo †.*

Ah! Brother, what a Life did I commence,  
From that sad Day that thou were ravish'd hence!

\* Horat. l. 12. Ode 4. † Ibid. l. 1. Ode 1. ‡ Catullus.  
Those

Those Joys are gone, which whilst thou tarriedst here  
 By thy sweet Conversation nourish'd were.  
 With thee, when dying, my good Fortune fled,  
 And in thy Grave my Soul was buried.  
 The Muses at thy Funerals I forsook,  
 And of thy Joy my Leave for ever took.  
 Dearer than Life, am I so wretched then,  
 Never to see, nor speak to thee agen,  
 Nor hear thy Voice, now frozen up by Death?  
 Yet will I love thee to my latest Breath.

But let us hear a little Boy of sixteen speak.

*In this Place I did once intend to have inserted those Memoirs upon that famous Edict of January; but being I find that they are already printed, and with a malicious Design, by some who make it their Business to molest, and endeavour to subvert the State of our Government, not caring whether they mend and reform it or no; and that they have con-*  
 Apology of *founded this Writing of his with others of their*  
 Estienne de *own Leaven, I desist from that Purpose: But*  
 Boëtie. *that the Memory of the Father may not be inter-*  
*ested, nor suffer with such as could not come*  
*near Hand to be acquainted with his Principles; I here give*  
*them truly to understand, that it was writ by him in his very*  
*green Years, and that by Way of Exercise only, as a common*  
*Theme that has been tumbled and tossed by a thousand Writers.*  
*I make no Question, but that he himself believed what he writ,*  
*being so conscientious that Way, that he would not so much as lie*  
*in jest: And do moreover know, that could it have been in his*  
*own Choice, he would rather have been born at Venice, than*  
*at Soarlac, and he had Reason: But he had another Maxim*  
*sovereignly imprinted in his Soul, very religiously to obey, and*  
*submit to the Laws under which he was born. There never*  
*was a better Citizen, nor a Man more affectionate to his Coun-*  
*try; neither was there ever a greater Enemy to all the Com-*  
*motions and Innovations of his Time: So that he would, without*  
*Doubt, much rather have employed his Talent to the extinguish-*  
*ing of those civil Flames, than have added any Fuel to them:*  
*For he had a Mind framed to the Model of better Ages. But*  
*in Exchange of this serious Piece, I will present you with*  
*another of a more gay and frolick Air, from the same Hand,*  
*and writ at the same Age.*

The END of the FIRST PART.