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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

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ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seig^r. de Montaigne.

BOOK I. PART II.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Nine and twenty Sonnets of Estienne de la Boëtie, to Madam de Grammont, Countess of Guiffon.



ADAM, I offer your Ladyship nothing of mine, either because it is already yours, or because I find nothing in my Writings worthy of you: But I have a great Desire that these Verses, into what Part of the World soever they may travel, may carry your Name in the Front, for the

Honour will accrue to them, by having the great *Corsifanda de Andonis* for their safe Conduct: I conceive this Present, Madam, so much the more proper for you, both by Reason there are few Ladies in *France*, who are so good Judges of Poetry, and make so good Use of it as you

Vol. I.

Q

do;

do; as also that there is none who can give it that Spirit and Life your Ladyship does, by that incomparable Voice Nature has added to your other Perfections; you will find, Madam, that these Verses deserve your Esteem, and will, I dare say, concur with me in this, that *Gascony* never yielded more Invention, finer Expression, or any that more evidently shew themselves to have flowed from a masterly Hand: Be not jealous then that you have but the Remainder of what I published some Years since, under the Name of *Monsieur de Foix*, your brave Kinsman; for certainly these have something in them more spritely and luxuriant, as being writ in a greener Youth, and enflamed with that noble Ardour which I will tell your Ladyship in your Ear. The other were writ since, when he was a Suitor in the Honour of his Wife, already relishing I know not what matrimonial Coldness: And for my Part, I am of the same Opinion with those who hold, that Poesy appears no where so gay, as in a wanton and irregular Subject.

These nine and twenty Sonnets that were inserted here, are since printed with his other Works.



CHAP. XXIX.

Of Moderation.

AS if we had an infectious Touch, we, by our Manner of Handling, corrupt Things that in themselves are laudable and good: We may grasp Virtue so hard, 'till it becomes vicious, if we embrace it too streight, and with too violent a Desire. Those who say, there is never any Excess in Virtue, forasmuch as it is no Virtue, when it once becomes Excess, only play upon Words.

*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam*.*

* *Horace l. 1. Epist. 6.*

The Wise for Mad, the Just for Unjust pass,
When more than needs, ev'n Virtue they embrace.

This is a subtle Consideration in Philosophy. A Man may both be too much in Love with Virtue, and be excessive in a just Action. Holy Writ agrees with this, *Be not wiser than you should*; but be soberly wise. I * have known a great Man prejudice the Opinion Men had of his Devotion by pretending to be devout beyond all Examples of others of his Condition. I love temperate and moderate Nature. An immoderate Zeal, even to that which is good, though it does not offend, does astonish me, and puts me to study what Name to give it. Neither the Mother of *Pausanias*, who was the first Impeacher of her Son, and threw the first Stone towards his Death; nor *Posthumus* the Dictator, who put his Son to Death, whom the Ardour of Youth had fortunately pusht upon the Enemy a little more advanced than the rest of his Squadron, appear to me altogether as strange; and I should neither advise, nor like to follow, a Virtue so savage in itself, and that costs so dear. The Archer that shoots over misses as well as he that falls short, and 'tis equally troublesom to my Sight, to look up at a great Light, and to look down into a dark Abyss. *Callicles* in *Plato* says, That the Extremity of Philosophy is hurtful, and advises not to dive into it beyond the Limits of Profit; that taken moderately, it is pleasant and useful; but that in the End, it renders a Man brutish and vicious; a Contemner of Religion and the common Laws; an Enemy to civil Conversation, and all human Pleasures; incapable of all publick Administration; unfit either to assist others, or to relieve himself; and a fit Object for all Sorts of Injuries and Affronts, without Remedy or Satisfaction: He says true, for in it's Excess, it enslaves our natural Freedom, and by an impertinent Subtilty, leads us out of the fair and beaten Way that Nature has plained out for us. The Love we bear to our Wives is very lawful, and yet Theology thinks fit to curb and restrain it. As I remember, I have read in one Place of *St. Thomas of Aquinas* where he condemns Marriage within any of the forbidden

* 'Tis like he
means Henry
the third of
France.

Q 2

Degrees,

Degrees, for this Reason, amongst others, that there is some Danger, lest the Friendship a Man bears to such a Woman should be immoderate; for if the conjugal Affection be full and perfect betwixt them, as ought to be, and that it be over and above surcharged with that of Kindred too, there is no Doubt but such an Addition will carry the Husband beyond the Bounds of Reason. Those Sciences that regulate the Manners of Men, Divinity and Philosophy, will have a Saying to every Thing. There is no Action so private that can escape their Inspection and Jurisdiction, but they are best taught, who are best able to censure and curb their own Liberty. 'Tis the Women that expose their Nudities over freely, upon the Account of Pleasure, though in the Necessities of Physick and Chirurgery, they are most shy and more reserved. I will therefore, in their Behalf, teach the Husbands, that is, such as are too extravagant and sensual in the Exercise of the matrimonial Duty, this Lesson, that the very Pleasures they enjoy in the Society of their Wives, are reproachable, if immoderate, and that a licentious and riotous Abuse of them, are Faults, as reproveable here, as illegitimate and adulterous Practices. Those immodest and debauched Tricks and Postures, that the first Ardour suggests to us in this Affair, are not only indecently but inconveniently practised upon our Wives. Let them at least learn Impudency from another Hand; they are always ready enough for our Business, and I, for my Part, always went the plain Way to work. Marriage is a solemn and religious Tie, and therefore the Pleasure we extract from thence should be a sober and serious Delight, and mixed with a certain Kind of Gravity; it should be a Kind of discreet and conscientious Pleasure. And being that the chief End of it is Generation, some make a Question whether, when Men are out of Hopes of that Fruit, as when their Wives are superannuated or already with Child, it be lawful to lye with them. 'Tis Homicide, according to *Plato*, and certain Nations (the *Mahometan* amongst others) abominate all Conjunction with Women with Child, and others also, with those who are unclean. *Zenobia* would never admit her Husband for more than one Encounter, after which she left him to his own Swing for the whole Time of her Conception, and not 'till after that, would any more receive

recieve him : A brave Example of conjugal Continency. It was doubtless from some lascivious Poet, and one that himself was in great Distress for a little of this Sport, that *Plato* borrowed this Story ; that *Jupiter* was one Day so hot upon his Wife, that not having so much Patience, as 'till she could get to the Couch, he threw her upon the Floor, where the Vehemency of Pleasure made him forget the great and important Resolutions he had but newly taken with the rest of the Gods, in his cœlestial Council ; and to brag, that he had had as good a Bout as when he got her Maidenhead unknown to her Parents. The Kings of *Persia* were wont to invite their Wives to the Beginning of their Festivals ; but when the Wine began to work in good Earnest, and that they were to give the Reins to Pleasure, they sent them back to their private Apartment, that they might not participate of their immoderate Lust, sending for other Women in their Stead, with whom they were not obliged to so great a Decorum of Respect. All Pleasures, and all Sorts of Gratifications, are not properly and fitly conferred upon all Sorts of Persons. *Epaminondas* had committed a young Man for certain Debauches ; for whom *Pelopidas* mediated, that at his Request he might be set at Liberty, which, notwithstanding the great Understanding betwixt them, *Epaminondas* resolutely denied to him, but granted it at the first Word to a Wench of his, who made the same Intercession ; saying, that it was a Gratification fit for such a one as she, but not for a Captain. *Sophocles* being joint Prætor with *Pericles*, seeing accidentally a fine Boy pass by, O ! what a delicate Boy is that, said he : Ay, that were a Prize, answered *Pericles*, for any other than a Prætor, who ought not only to have his Hands, but his Eyes chaste. *Elius Verus* the Emperor, answered his Wife, who reproached him with his Love to other Women, That he did it upon a conscientious Account, inasmuch as Marriage was a Name of Honour and Dignity, not of wanton and lascivious Desire. And our Ecclesiastical History preserves the Memory of that Woman in great Veneration, who parted from her Husband, because she would not comply with his indecent and inordinate Desire. In fine, there is no so just and lawful Pleasure, wherein the Intemperance and Excess is not to be condemned. But to speak the Truth, is not Man a most miserable Creature the while ? It is scarce, by his natural Condition, in

Q 3

his

his Power to taste one Pleasure pure and entire ; and yet he must be contriving Doctrines and Precepts, to curtail that little he has ; he is not yet wretched enough unless by Art and Study he augments his own Misery.

Fortunæ miseras auximus arte vias *.

We with Misfortune 'gainst ourselves take Part,
And our own Miseries encrease by Art.

Human Wisdom makes as ill Use of her Talent, when she exercises it in rescinding from the Number and Sweetness of those Pleasures that are naturally our Due, as she employs it favourably and well, in artificially disguising and tricking out the Ills of Life, to alleviate the Sense of them. Had I ruled the Roast, I should have taken another, and more natural Course, which, to say the Truth, is both commodious and sacred, and should, peradventure, have been able to have limited it too. Notwithstanding that both our spiritual and corporal Physicians, as by Compact betwixt themselves, can find no other Way to cure, nor other Remedy for the Infirmities of the Body and the Soul, than what is oft-times worse than the Disease, by tormenting us more, and by adding to our Misery and Pain. To this End Watchings, Fastings, Hair-shirts, remote and solitary Banishments, perpetual Imprisonments, Whips, and other Afflictions, have been introduced amongst Men : But so, that they should carry a Sting with them, and be real Afflictions indeed ; and not fall out so as it once did to one *Gallio*, who having been sent an Exile into the Isle of *Lesbos*, News was not long after brought to *Rome*, that he there lived as merry as the Day was long ; and that what had been enjoined him for a Penance turned to his greatest Pleasure and Satisfaction : Whereupon the Senate thought fit to recal him home to his Wife and Family, and confine him to his own House, to accommodate their Punishment to his Feeling and Apprehension. For to him whom Fasting would make more healthful and more spritely, and to him whose Palate Fish was more acceptable than Flesh, it would

* *Propert. l. 3. Ele. 6.*

be no proper nor fanative Receipt ; no more than in the other Sort of Physick, where the Drugs have no Effect upon him who swallows them with Appetite and Pleasure. The Bitterness of the Potion, and the Abhorrence of the Patient, are necessary Circumstances to the Operation. The Nature that would eat Rhubarb like butter'd Turnips, would frustrate the Use and Virtue of it ; it must be something to trouble and disturb the Stomach, that must purge and cure it: And here the common Rule, that Things are cured by their Contraries, fails ; for in this, one ill is cured by another. This Belief a little resembles that other so ancient one, of thinking to gratify the Gods and Nature by Self-murder ; an Opinion universally once received in all Religions, and to this Day retained in some. For in these latter Times wherein our Fathers lived, *Amurath*, at the taking of an *Isthmus*, immolated six Hundred young *Greeks* to his Father's Soul, in the Nature of a propitiatory Sacrifice for the Sins of the Deceased. And in those new Countries discovered in this Age of ours, which are pure, and Virgins yet, in Comparison of ours, this Practice is in some Measure every where received. All their Idols reek with human Blood, not without various Examples of horrid Cruelty. Some they burn alive, and half broiled take them off the Coals to tear out their Hearts and Entrails ; others even Women they flea alive, and with their bloody Skins clothe and disguise others. Neither are we without great Examples of Constancy and Resolution in this Affair : The poor Souls that are to be sacrificed, old Men, Women, and Children, going some Days before to beg Alms for the Offering of their Sacrifice, and so singing and dancing, present themselves to the Slaughter. The Ambassadors of the King of *Mexico*, setting out to *Fernando Cortez* the Power and Greatness of their Master, after having told him that he had thirty Vassals, of which each was able to raise an hundred Thousand fighting Men, and that he kept his Court in the fairest and best fortified City under the Sun, added at last, that he was obliged yearly to offer the Gods fifty Thousand Men. And it is confidently affirmed, that he maintained a continual War with some potent neighbouring Nations, not only to keep the young Men in Exercise, but principally, to have wherewithal to furnish his Sacrifices with his Prisoners of War. At a certain Town in another

Q 4

Place,

Place, for the Welcome of the said *Cortez*, they sacrificed fifty Men at once. I will tell you this one Tale more, and I have done; some of these People being beaten by him, sent to compliment him, and to treat with him of a Peace, whose Messengers carried him three Sorts of Presents, which they presented in these Terms: Behold, Lord, here are five Slaves, if thou art a furious God that feedst upon Flesh and Blood, eat these, and we will bring thee more; if thou art an affable God, behold here Incense and Feathers; but if thou art a Man, take these Fowls and these Fruits that we have brought thee.



C H A P. XXX.

Of Cannibals.

WHEN *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus* invaded *Italy*, having viewed and considered the Order of the Army the *Romans* sent out to meet him; I know not, said he, what Kind of *Barbarians* (for so the *Greeks* called all other Nations) these may be; but the Discipline of this Army that I see has nothing of Barbarity in it. As much said the *Greeks* of that which *Flaminius* brought into their Country; and *Philip* beholding, from an Eminence, the Order and the Disposition of the *Roman* Camp, led into his Kingdom by *Publius Sulpitius Galba*, spake to the same Effect. By which it appears, how cautious Men ought to be, of taking Things upon Trust from vulgar Opinion, and that we are to judge by the Eye of Reason, and not from common Report. I have long had a Man in my House, that lived ten or twelve Years in the new World discovered in these latter Days, and in that Part of it where *Velegaignon* landed, which he called *Antarick France*. This Discovery of so vast a Country seems to be of very great Consideration; and we are not sure, that hereafter there may not be another, so many wiser Men than we having been deceived in this. I am afraid our Eyes are bigger than our Bellies, and that we have more Curiosity than Capacity;

Capacity ; for we grasp at all, but catch nothing but Air. *Plato* brings in *Solon*, telling a Story that he had heard from the Priests of *Sais* in *Aegypt*, that of old, and before the Deluge, there was a great Island call'd *Atlantis*, situate directly at the Mouth of the Streight of *Gibraltar*, which contain'd more Ground than both *Africk* and *Asia* put together ; and that the Kings of that Country, who not only possess that Isle, but extended their Dominion so far into the Continent, that they had a Country as large as *Africk* to *Aegypt*, and as long as *Europe* to *Tuscany*, attempted to encroach even upon *Asia*, and to subjugate all the Nations that border upon the Mediterranean Sea, as far as the Gulph of *Mare Maggiore* ; and to that Effect over-ran all *Spain*, the *Gauls*, and *Italy*, so far as to penetrate into *Greece*, where the *Athenians* stop't the Torrent of their Arms : But some Time after, both the *Athenians*, they, and their Island, were swallowed by the Flood.

It is very likely, that this violent Irruption and Inundation of Water made a wonderful Change, and strange Alteration in the Habitations of the Earth : As 'tis said that the Sea then divided *Sicily* from *Italy* ;

*Hæc locavi quondam, & vasta convulsa ruina,
Dissiluisse ferunt : cum protinus utraque tellus,
Una foret *.*

'Tis said those Places by the o'erbearing Flood,
Too great and violent to be withstood,
Split, and was thus from one another rent,
Which were before one solid Continent.

Cyprus from *Syria* ; the Isle of *Negropont* from the firm Land of *Bæotia* ; and elsewhere, united Lands that were separate before, by filling up the Channel betwixt them with Sand and Mud ;

—*Sterilesque diu palus, aptaque remis
Ficinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum †.*

* *Virg. Æn. l. 3.* † *Horat. in Art. Poet.*

Where

Where sterile remigable Marshes now
Feed neighb'ring Cities and admit the Plough.

But there is no great Appearance, that this Isle was this new World so lately discover'd: For that almost touch'd upon *Spain*, and it were an incredible Effect of an Inundation, to have tumbled so prodigious a Mass above twelve hundred Leagues: Besides that, our modern Navigators have already almost discover'd it to be no Island, but firm Land, and Continent, with the *East-Indies* on the one Side, and with the Land under the two Poles on two others; or if it be separated from them, 'tis by so narrow a Streight and so inconsiderable a Channel, that it never the more deserves the Name of an Island for that. It should seem, that in this great Body, there are two Sorts of Motions, the one natural, and the other febrifick, as there are in ours. When I consider the Impression that our River of *Dordogne* has made in my Time, on the right Bank of it's Descent, and that in twenty Years it has gain'd so much, and undermin'd the Foundation of so many Houses, I perceive it to be an extraordinary Agitation: For had it always follow'd this Course, or were hereafter to do it, the Prospect of the World would be totally chang'd. But Rivers alter their Course, sometimes beating against the one Side, and sometimes the other; and sometimes quietly keeping the Channel; I do not speak of sudden Inundations, the Causes of which every Body understands. In *Medoc*, by the Sea-shore, the *Sieur d'Arzac*, my Brother, sees an Estate, he had there buried under the Sands which the Sea vomits before it; where the Tops of some Houses are yet to be seen, and where his Rents and Revenues are converted into pitiful barren Pasturage: The Inhabitants of which Place affirm, That of late Years the Sea has driven so vehemently upon them, that they have lost above four Leagues of Land: These Sands are her Harbingers. And we now see great Heaps of moving Sand, that march half a League before her.

The other Testimony from Antiquity, to which some would apply this Discovery of the new World, is in *Aristotle*; at least, if that little Book of unheard Miracles be his. He there tells us, That certain *Carthaginians*, having cross'd the *Atlantick* Sea without the Streight of *Gibraltar*, and sailed a very long Time, discover'd at last a great and fruitful

fruitful Island, all cover'd over with Wood, and water'd with several broad and deep Rivers; far remote from all firm Land, and that they, and others after them, allur'd by the Pleasantness and Fertility of the Soil, went thither with their Wives and Children, and began to plant a Colony: But the Senate of *Carthage*, visibly perceiving their People by little and little to grow thin, issu'd out an exprefs Prohibition, That no one, upon Pain of Death, should transport themselves thither; and also drove out these new Inhabitants; fearing, 'tis said, lest in Process of Time, they should so multiply, as to supplant themselves, and ruin their State. But this Relation of *Aristotle's* does no more agree with our new found Lands, than the other. This Man that I have is a plain ignorant Fellow, and therefore the more likely to tell Truth: For your better bred Sort of Men are much more curious in their Observation. 'Tis true, they discover a great deal more, but then they gloss upon it, and to give the greater Weight to what they deliver, and allure your Belief, they cannot forbear a little to alter the Story: They never represent Things to you simply as they are, but rather as they appear'd to them, or as they would have them appear to you, and to gain the Reputation of Men of Judgment, and the better to induce your Faith, are willing to help out the Business with something more than is really true, of their own Invention. Now in this Case we should either have a Man of irreproachable Veracity, or so simple, that he has not wherewithal to contrive and to give a Colour of Truth to false Relations, and that can have no Ends in forging an Untruth. Such a one is mine; and besides, the little Suspicion the Man lyes under, he has divers Times shewed me several Seamen and Merchants, that at the same Time went the same Voyage. I shall therefore content myself with his Information, without enquiring what the Cosmographers say to the Business. We should have Maps to trace out to us the particular Places where they have been; but for having had this Advantage over us, to have seen the Holy Land, they would have the Privilege forsooth, to tell us Stories of all the other Parts of the World besides. I would have every one write what he knows, and as much as he knows, but no more; and that not in this only, but in all other Subjects: For such a Person may have
some

some particular Knowledge and Experience of the Nature of such a River; or such a Fountain, that as to other Things knows no more than what every Body does, and yet to keep a Clutter with this little Pittance of his, will undertake to write the whole Body of Physicks: A Vice from whence great Inconveniencies derive their Original.

Now, to return to my Subject, I find that there is nothing barbarous and savage in this Nation, by any Thing that I can gather, excepting, That every one gives the Title of Barbarity to every Thing that is not in Use in his own Country: As indeed we have no other Level of Truth and Reason, than the Example and Idea of the Opinions and Customs of the Place wherein we live. There is always the true Religion, there the perfect Government, and the most exact and accomplish'd Ufance of all Things. They are Savages at the same Rate, that we say Fruits are wild, which Nature produces of herself, and by her own ordinary Progress; whereas in Truth, we ought rather to call those wild, whose Natures we have chang'd by our Artifice, and diverted from the common Order. In those, the genuine, most useful and natural Virtues and Properties, are vigorous and spritely, which we have help'd to degenerate in these, by accommodating them to the Pleasure of our own corrupted Palate. And yet for all this, our Taste confesses a Flavour and Delicacy, excellent even to Emulation of the best of ours, in several Fruits those Countries abound with, without Art or Culture; neither is it reasonable, that Art should gain the Pre-eminence of our great and powerful Mother, Nature. We have so oppress'd her with the additional Ornaments and Graces which we have added to the Beauty and Riches of our own Works by our Inventions, that we have almost smother'd and choak'd her; and yet in other Places, where she shines in her own Purity, and proper Lustre, she strangely baffles and disgraces all our vain and frivolous Attempts.

*Et veniunt hederæ sponte sua melius,
Surgit & in solis formosior arbutus antris,
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt*.*

* *Propest. l. 1. Elec. 2.*

The Ivy best spontaneously does thrive,
Th' *Arbutus* best in shady Caves does live,
And Birds in their wild Notes their Throats do stretch
With greater Art, than Art itself can teach.

Our utmost Endeavours cannot arrive at so much as to imitate the Nest of the least of Birds, it's Contexture, Queintness and Convenience: Not so much as the Web of a contemptible Spider. All Things, says *Plato*, are produc'd either by Nature, by Fortune, or by Art; the greatest and most beautiful by the one, or the other of the former, the least and the most imperfect by the last. These Nations then seem to me to be so far barbarous, as having receiv'd but very little Form and Fashion from Art and human Invention, and consequently, not much remote from their original Simplicity. The Laws of Nature however govern them still, not as yet much vitiated with any Mixture of ours: But in such Purity, that I am sometimes troubled we were no sooner acquainted with these People, and that they were not discover'd in those better Times, when there were Men much more able to judge of them, than we are. I am sorry that *Lycurgus* and *Plato* had no Knowledge of them; for to my Apprehension, what we now see in those Natives, does not only surpass all the Images with which the Poets have adorn'd the Golden Age, and all their Inventions in feigning a happy State of Man; but moreover the Fancy, and even the Wish and Desire of Philosophy itself; so native, and so pure a Simplicity, as we by Experience see to be in them, could never enter into their Imagination, nor could they ever believe that human Society could have been maintain'd with so little Artifice; should I tell *Plato* that it is a Nation wherein there is no Manner of Traffick, no Knowledge of Letters, no Science of Numbers, no Name of Magistrate, nor politick Superiority; no use of Service, Riches or Poverty; no Contracts, no Successions, no Dividends, no Properties, no Employments, but those of Leisure; no Respect of Kindred, but common; no Clothing, no Agriculture, no Metal, no use of Corn or Wine; and where so much as the very Words that signify, Lying, Treachery, Disimulation, Avarice, Envy, Detraction, and Pardon, were never heard of: How much would he find

find his imaginary Republick short of his Perfection?

Hos natura modos primum dedit †.

These were the Manners first by Nature taught.

As to the rest, they live in a Country, beautiful and pleasant to a Miracle, and so temperate withal, as my Intelligence informs me, that 'tis very rare to hear of a sick Person; and they moreover assure me, that they never saw any of the Natives, either paralytick, blear-ey'd, toothless, or crooked with Age. The Situation of their Country is all along by the Sea-shore, and enclos'd on the other Side towards the Land, with great and high Mountains, having about an hundred Leagues in Breadth between. They have great Store of Fish and Flesh Meat that have no Resemblance to ours, which they eat without any other Cookery, than plain Boiling, Roasting, or Broiling. The first that carried a Horse thither, though in several other Voyages he had contracted an Acquaintance and Familiarity with them, put them into so terrible a Fright, that they kill'd him with their Arrows before they could come to discover who he was. Their Buildings are very long, and of Capacity to hold two or three hundred People, made of the Barks of tall Trees, rear'd with one End upon the Ground, and leaning to, and supporting one another, at the Top, like some of our Barns, of which the Covering hangs down to the very Ground, and serves for the side Walls. They have Wood so hard, that they cleave it into Swords, and make Grills of it to broil their Meat. Their Beds are of Cotton, hung swinging in the Roof, like our Seamen's Hammocks, for every one one, the Wives lying apart from their Husbands. They rise with the Sun, and so soon as they are up, eat for all Day; for they have no more Meals but that: They do not then drink, (as *Suidas* reports of some other People of the *East*, that never drink at their Meals) but drink very often all Day after, and sometimes to a rousing Pitch. Their Liquor is made of a certain Root, and is as red as our Claret; which they never drink but Luke-

* *Vig. Georg. 2.*

warm. It will keep above two or three Days, has a quick Taste, is nothing heady, but very comfortable to the Stomach, loosning to Strangers, and a very pleasant Beverage to such as are us'd to it. Instead of Bread, they make use of a certain white Matter, like *Coriander* Comfits; I have tasted of it, the Taste is sweet, and a little insipid. All the whole Day is spent in Dancing. Their young Men go a Hunting after wild Beasts with Bows and Arrows, and one part of their Women are employ'd in preparing their Drink the while, which is their chief Employment. There are some of their old Men, who in the Morning before they fall to Eating preach to the whole Family, as they walk to and fro from the one End of the House to the other, several Times repeating the same Sentence, 'till they have finish'd their Turn, (for their Houses are at least a hundred Yards long;) Valour towards their Enemies, and Love towards their Wives, are the two Heads of his Discourse, and he never fails in the Close, to put them in Mind that they have so much the greater Obligation to it, because they provide them their Drink warm, and well order'd. The Fashion of their Beds, Ropes, Swords, and Wooden Bracelets, which they tie about their Wrists, when they go to fight, and great Canes, boar'd hollow at one End, by the Sound of which they keep the Cadence of their Dances, are to be seen in several Places, and amongst others at my House. They shave all their hairy Parts, and much more neatly than we, without any other Razor than one of Wood, or of Stone. They believe the Immortality of the Soul, and that those who have merited well of the Gods, are lodg'd in that Part of Heaven where the Sun rises; and the Accursed in the West. They have I know not what kind of Priests and Prophets, that very rarely present themselves to the People, having their Abode in the Mountains. At their Arrival there is a great Feast, and solemn Assembly of many Villages made: That is, all the neighbouring Families, for every House, as I have describ'd it, makes a Village, and are about a *French* League distant from one another. This Prophet declaims to them in Publick, exhorting them to Virtue, and their Duty: But all their Ethicks terminate in these two Articles, of Resolution in War, and Affection to their Wives. This also prophesies to them Events to come, and the Issues they

they are to expect from their Enterprizes, prompts them to, or diverts them from War: But let him look to't; for if he fail in his Divination, and any Thing happen otherwise than he has foretold, he is cut into a thousand Pieces, if he be caught and condemn'd for a false Prophet; and for that Reason, if any of them finds himself mistaken, he is no more to be heard of. Divination is a Gift of God, and therefore to abuse it ought to be a punishable Imposture. Amongst the *Scythians*, where their Diviners fail'd in the promis'd Effect, they were laid, bound Hand and Foot, upon Carts loaden with Furz and Bavins, and drawn with Oxen, on which they were burnt to Death. Such as only meddle with Things subject to the Conduct of human Capacity, are excusable in doing the best they can: But those other Sort of People that come to delude us, with Assurances of an extraordinary Faculty, beyond our Understanding, ought they not to be punish'd for the Temerity of their Imposture when they do not make good the Effect of their Promise? They have continual War with the Nations that live farther within the main Land, beyond their Mountains, to which they go naked, and without other Arms than their Bows, and Wooden-Swords, fashioned at one End like the Head of a Javelin. The Obstinacy of their Battles is wonderful, and never end without great Effusion of Blood: For as to running away, they know not what it is. Every one for a Trophy brings home the Head of an Enemy he has kill'd, which he fixes over the Door of his House. After having a long Time treated their Prisoners very well, and given them all the Regalia's they can think of, he to whom the Prisoner belongs invites a great Assembly of his Kindred and Friends, who being come, he ties a Rope to one of the Arms of the Prisoner, of which at a Distance, out of his Reach, he holds the one End himself, and gives to the Friend he loves best, the other Arm, to hold after the same Manner; which being done, they two, in the Presence of all the Assembly, dispatch him with their Swords. After that they roast him, eat him amongst them, and send some Chops to their absent Friends, which nevertheless they do not do, as some think, for Nourishment, as the *Scythians* anciently did, but as a Representation of an extreme Revenge; as will immediately appear: Having observed the *Portuguese*,
who

who where in League with their Enemies to inflict another Sort of Death upon any of them they took Prisoners; which was, to set them up to the Girdle in the Earth, to shoot at the remaining Part 'till it was stuck full of Arrows, and then to hang them: They who thought those People of the other World, (as those who had sown the Knowledge of a great many Vices amongst their Neighbours and were much greater Masters in all kind of Mischief than they,) did not exercise this Sort of Revenge without Mystery, and that it must needs be more painful than theirs; and so began to leave their old Way, and to follow this. I am not sorry that we should here take Notice of the barbarous Horror of so cruel an Action, but grieved that seeing so clearly into their Faults, we should be so blind to our own: For I conceive, there is more Barbarity in eating a Man alive, than when he is dead; in tearing a Body Limb from Limb, by Racks and Torments, that is yet in perfect Sense, in roasting it by Degrees, causing it to be bit and worried by Dogs and Swine, (as we have not only read, but lately seen; not amongst inveterate and mortal Enemies, but Neighbours, and fellow Citizens, and which is worse, under Colour of Piety and Religion,) than to roast and eat him after he is dead. *Chrysippus*, and *Zeno*, the two Heads of the Stoical Sect, were of Opinion, that there was no Hurt in making Use of our dead Carcasses, in what Kind soever, for our Necessity, and in feeding upon them too; as our Ancestors, who being besieg'd by *Cæsar* in the City of *Alexia*, resolv'd to sustain the Famine of the Siege with the Bodies of their old Men, Women, and other Persons, who were incapable of bearing Arms.

*Vascones (fama est) alimentis talibus usi,
Produxere animas* *.

'Tis said the *Gascons* with such Meats as these,
In Time of Siege their Hunger did appease.

And the Physicians make no Difficulty of employing
it to all Sorts of Use, that is, either to apply it outwardly,

* *Juvenal Sat. 15.*

or to give it inwardly for the Health of the Patient: But there never was any Opinion so irregular, as to excuse Treachery, Disloyalty, Tyranny and Cruelty, which are our familiar Vices. We may then call these People barbarous, in respect to the Rules of Reason: But not in respect to ourselves, who in all Sorts of Barbarity exceed them. Their Wars are throughout noble and generous, and carry as much Excuse and fair Pretence, as their human Frailty is capable of; having with them no other Foundation, than the sole Jealousy of Virtue. Their Disputes are not for the Conquests of new Lands, those they already possess, being so fruitful by Nature, as to supply them without Labour or Concern, with all Things necessary, in such Abundance, that they have no Need to enlarge their Borders. And they are moreover happy in this, that they only covet so much as their natural Necessities require: All beyond that is superfluous to them: Men of the same Age generally call one another Brothers, those who are younger, Sons and Daughters, and the old Men are Fathers to all. These leave to their Heirs in common this full Possession of Goods, without any Manner of Division, or other Title, than what Nature bestows upon her Creatures, in bringing them into the World. If their Neighbours pass over the Mountains, and come to assault them, and obtain a Victory, all the Victors gain by it is Glory only, and the Advantage of having prov'd themselves the better in Valour and Virtue: For they never meddle with the Goods of the Conquer'd, but presently return into their own Country, where they have no Want of any Thing necessary; nor of this greatest of all Goods, to know how to enjoy their Condition happily, and to be content. And these in Turn do the same. They demand of their Prisoners no other Ransom, than Acknowledgment that they are overcome: But there is not one found in an Age that will rather not chuse to die, than make such a Confession: or either by Word or Look recede from the entire Grandeur of an invincible Courage. There is not a Man amongst them, who had not rather be kill'd and eaten, than so much as to open his Mouth to intreat he may not. They use them with all Liberality and Freedom, to the End their Lives may be so much the dearer to them: But frequently entertain them withal with Menaces of their approaching Death.

Death, of the Torments they are to suffer, of the Preparations that are making in order to it, of the mangling their Limbs, and of the Feast that is to be made, where their Carcasses is to be the only Dish. All which they do to no other End, but only to extort some gentle or submissive Word from them, or to fright them so as to make them run away; to obtain this Advantage, that they were terrified, and that their Constancy was shaken; and indeed, if rightly taken, it is in this Point only that a true Victory does consist.

— *Victoria nulla est,*

Quam quæ confessos animo quoque subjugat hostes †.

No Victory can be entire and true;
But what does Minds as well as Limbs subdue.

The Hungarians, a very warlike People, never pretended farther than to reduce the Enemy to their Discretion; for having forc'd this Confession from them, they let them go without Injury, or Ransom, excepting at the most, to make them engage their Word, never to bear Arms against them again. We have several Advantages over our Enemies that are borrowed, and not truly our own; 'tis the Quality of a Porter, and no Effect of Virtue to have stronger Arms and Legs, 'tis a corporeal Quality to be active, 'tis an Exploit of Fortune to make our Enemy stumble, or to dazzle him with the Light of the Sun; 'tis a Trick of Science and Art, which may happen in a mean base Fellow, to be a good Fencer. The Estimate and Valour of a Man consist in the Heart, and in the Will, there his true Honour lives: Valour is Stability, not of Legs and Arms, but of the Courage and the Soul; it does not lye in the Valour of our Horse, or our Arms, but in ourselves. He that falls obstinate in his Courage, *Si succiderit de genu pugnabit* *; If his Legs fail him, fights upon his Knees. He who for any Danger of apparent Death abates nothing of his Assurance, who dying, does yet dart at his Enemy a fierce and disdainful Look, is overcome not by us, but by

† *Claud. in Panegy.*

* *Seneca Epist.*

Fortune; he is kill'd, not conquer'd; the most valiant, are sometimes the most unfortunate. There are also Defeats triumphant to Emulation of Victories. Neither durst those four Sister-Victories, the fairest the Sun ever beheld, of *Salamis*, *Platea*, *Mical*, and *Sicily*, ever oppose all their united Glories, to the single Glory of the Discomfiture of King *Leonidas*, and his Army at the Pass of *Thermopylæ*. Who ever ran with a more glorious Desire, and greater Ambition, to the winning, than the Captain *Iſcholas* to the certain Loss of a Battle? Who could have found out a more subtle Invention to secure his Safety, than he did to assure his Ruin? He was set to defend a certain Pass of *Peloponnesus* against the *Arcadians*, which, considering the Nature of the Place, and the Inequality of Forces, finding it utterly impossible for him to do, and concluding that all who were presented to the Enemy, must certainly be left upon the Place; and on the other Side, reputing it unworthy of his own Virtue, and Magnanimity, and of the *Lacedæmonian* Name, to fail in any Part of his Duty, he chose a Mean betwixt these two Extremes, after this Manner; the youngest and most active of his Men, he would preserve for the Service and Defence of their Country, and therefore sent them back; and with the rest, whose Loss would be of less Consideration, he resolv'd to make good the Pass, and with the Death of them, to make the Enemy buy their Entry as dear as possibly he could: As it also fell out, for being presently encompassed on all Sides by the *Arcadians*, after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, he and his Men were all cut in Pieces. Is there any Trophy dedicated to the Conquerors, which is not much more due to those who were overcome? The Part that true conquering is to play, lyes in the Encounter, not in the coming off; and the Honour of Virtue consists in fighting, not in subduing.

But to return to my Story, these Prisoners are so far from discovering the least Weakness, for all the Terrors can be represented to them, that, on the contrary, during the two or three Months, that they are kept, they always appear with a chearful Countenance; importune their Masters to make Haste to bring them to the Test; defy, rail at them, and reproach them with Cowardice, and the Number of Battles they have lost against those of their Country.

Country. I have a Song made by one of these Prisoners, wherein he bids them *come all, and dine upon him, and welcome, for they shall withal eat their own Fathers, and Grand-fathers, whose Flesh has serv'd to feed and nourish him. Those Muscles, says he, this Flesh, and these Veins, are your own: Poor silly Souls as you are, you little think that the Substance of your Ancestors Limbs is here yet: But mind as you eat, and you will find in it the Taste of your own Flesh:* In which Song there is to be observed, an Invention that relishes nothing of the *Barbarian*. Those, that paint these People dying after this Manner, represent the Prisoner spitting in the Face of his Executioners, and making at them a wry Mouth. And 'tis most certain, that to the very last Gasp, they never cease to brave and defy them both in Word and Gesture. In plain Truth, these Men are very savage in Comparison of us, and of Necessity, they must either be absolutely so, or else we are savager: For there is a vast Difference betwixt their Manners and ours.

The Men there have several Wives, and so much the great Number, by how much they have the greater Reputation and Valour, and it is one very remarkable Virtue their Women have, that the same Endeavour our Wives have to hinder and divert us from the Friendship and Familiarity of other Women, those employ to promote their Husbands Desires, and to procure them many Spouses; for being above all Things solicitous of their Husbands Honour, 'tis their chiefest Care to seek out and to bring in the most Companions they can, forasmuch as it is a Testimony of their Husbands Virtue. I know most of ours will cry out, that 'tis monstrous; whereas in truth, it is not so; but a truly matrimonial Virtue; though of the highest Form. In the Bible, *Sarah, Leah and Rachel*, gave the most beautiful of their Maids to their Husbands; *Livia* preferred the Passion of *Augustus* to her own Interest; and the Wife of King *Dejotarus* of *Stratonica* did not only give up a fair young Maid, that serv'd her, to her Husband's Embraces, but moreover carefully brought up the Children he had by her, and assisted them in the Succession to their Father's Crown. And that it may not be suppos'd, that all this is done by a simple and servile Observation to their common Practice, or by any Authoritative Impression of their ancient Custom, without Judgment,

ment, or Examination; and for having a Soul so stupid, that it cannot contrive what else to do, I must here give you some Touches of their Sufficiency, in point of Understanding; besides what I repeated to you before, which was one of their Songs of War, I have another and a Love-Song, that begins thus; *Stay, Adder, stay, that by thy Pattern my Sister may draw the Fashion and Work of a noble Wreath, that I may present to my Beloved, by which Means thy Beauty, and the excellent Order of thy Scales, shall forever be preferr'd before all other Serpents.* Wherein the first Couplet, *Stay, Adder, &c.* makes the Burthen of the Song. Now I have convers'd enough with Poetry to judge thus much: That not only, there is no Thing of barbarous in this Invention; but moreover, that it is perfectly *Anacreontick*; to which their Language is soft, of a pleasing Accent, and something bordering upon the *Greek* Terminations. Three of these People not foreseeing how dear their Knowledge of the Corruptions of this Part of the World would one Day cost their Happiness and Repose, and that the Effect of this Commerce would be their Ruin, as I presuppose it is in a very fair Way, (Miserable Men to suffer themselves to be deluded with Desire of Novelty, and to have left the Serenity of their own Heaven, to come so far to gaze at ours,) came to *Roan*, at the Time that the late King *Charles* the Ninth was there: Where the King himself talk'd to them a good while, and they were made to see our Fashions, our Pomp, and the Form of a great City; after which, some one ask'd their Opinion, and would know of them, what of all the Things they had seen, they found most to be admir'd? To which they made Answer, Three Things, of which I have forgot the Third, and am troubled at it; but two I yet remember. They said, that in the first Place they thought it very strange, that so many tall Men wearing Beards, strong and well arm'd, who were about the King, ('tis like they meant the *Swiss* of the Guard) should submit to obey a Child, and that they did not chuse out one amongst themselves to command: Secondly; (they have a way of Speaking in their Language, to call Men the half of one another,) that they had observ'd that there were amongst us, Men full and cramm'd with all manner of Conveniencies, whilst in the mean Time, their

Halves

Halves were begging at their Doors, lean, and half-starv'd with Hunger and Poverty; and thought it strange, that these necessitous Halves were able to suffer so great an Inequality and Injustice, and that they did not take the others by the Throats, or set Fire to their Houses. I talk'd to one of them a great while together, but I had so ill an interpreter, and that was so perplex'd by his own Ignorance, to apprehend my Meaning, that I could get nothing out of him, of any Moment. Asking him, what Advantage he reapt from the Superiority he had amongst his own People? (for he was a Captain, and our Mariners call'd him King,) he told me, to march in the Head of them to War; and demanding of him farther, how many Men he had to follow him? he shewed me a Space of Ground, to signify, as many as could march in such a Compass: Which might be four or five thousand Men; and putting the Question to him, Whether or no his Authority expir'd with the War? he told me this remain'd; that when he went to visit the Village of his Dependance, they plain'd him Paths through the thick of their Woods, through which he might pass at his Ease. All this does not sound very ill, and the last was not much amiss; for they wear no Breeches.



C H A P. XXXI.

That a Man is soberly to judge of divine Ordinances.

THings unknown are the principal and true Subject of Imposture, forasmuch as, in the first Place, their very Strangeness lends them Credit, and moreover, by not being subjected to our ordinary Discourse, they deprive us of the Means to question, and dispute them. For which Reason, says *Plato*, it is much more easy to satisfy the Hearers, when speaking of the Nature of the Gods, than of the Nature of Men, because the Ignorance of the Auditor affords a fair and large Career, and all Manner of

R 4

Liberty

Liberty in the handling of profane and abstruse Things; and then it comes to pass, that nothing is so firmly believ'd as what we least know: Nor any People so confident, as those who entertain us with fabulous Stories, such as your Alchymists, judicial Astrologers, Fortune-tellers, and Physicians, *Id genus omne*; to which I could willingly, if I durst, join a Sort of People, that take upon them to interpret and controul the Designs of God himself, making no Question of finding out the Cause of every Accident, and to pry into the Secrets of the divine Will, there to discover the incomprehensible Motives of his Works. And although the Variety, and the continual Discordance of Events, throw them from Corner to Corner, and tofs them from *East* to *West*, yet do they still persist in their vain Inquisition, and with the same Pencil to paint Black and White. In a Nation of the *Indies*, there is this commendable Custom, that when any Thing befalls them amiss in any Rencounter or Battle, they publickly ask Pardon of the Sun, who is their God, as having committed an unjust Action, always imputing their good or evil Fortune to the divine Justice, and to that, submitting their own Judgment and Reason. 'Tis enough for a Christian to believe, that all Things come from God, to receive them with Acknowledgment of his divine and inscrutable Wisdom, and also thankfully to accept and receive them, with what Face soever they may present themselves: But I do not approve of what I see in use, that is, to seek to continue and support our Religion by the Prosperity of our Enterprises. Our Belief has other Foundation enough, without going about to authorise it by Events; For the People accustomed to such Arguments as these, and so proper to their own Taste, it is to be fear'd, lest when they fail of Success, they should also stagger in their Faith: As in the War wherein we are now engag'd, upon the Account of Religion, those who had the better in the Business of *Rochelabeille*, making great Brags of that Success, as an infallible Approbation of their Cause, when they came afterwards to excuse their Misfortunes of *Jarnac*, and *Moncontour*, 'twas by saying, they were fatherly Scourges and Corrections; if they have not a People wholly at their Mercy, they make it manifestly enough to appear, what it is to take two Sorts of Grievance out of

of the same Sack, and with the same Mouth to blow hot and cold. It were better to possess the Vulgar with the solid and real Foundations of Truth. 'Twas a brave naval Battle that was gained a few Months since against the *Turks*, under the Command of *Don John of Austria*; but it has also pleased God at other Times to let us see as great Victories at our own Expence. In fine, 'tis a hard Matter to reduce divine Things to our Balance, without Waste, and losing a great deal of Weight. And he that would take upon him to give a Reason, why *Arius*, and his Pope *Leo*, the principal Heads of the *Arian* Heresy, should die at several Times of so like and strange Deaths, (for being withdrawn from the Disputation, by the Griping in the Guts, they both of them suddenly gave up the Ghost upon the Stool,) and would aggravate this divine Vengeance by the Circumstances of the Place; might as well add the Death of *Heliogabalus*, who was also slain in a House of Office. But what? *Irenæus* was involved in the same Fortune; God being pleased to shew us, that the Good have something else to hope for; and the Wicked something else to fear, than the Fortunes or Misfortunes of this World: He manages and applies them according to his own secret Will and Pleasure, and deprives us of the Means, foolishly to make our own Profit. And those People both abuse themselves and us, who will pretend to dive into these Mysteries by the Strength of human Reason. They never give one hit, that they do not receive two for it; of which *St. Augustin* gives a very great Proof upon his Adversaries. 'Tis a Conflict, that is more decided by Strength of Memory, than the Force of Reason. We are to content ourselves with the Light it pleases the Sun to communicate to us, by Virtue of his Rays, and who will lift up his Eyes to take in a greater, let him not think it strange, if for the Reward of his Presumption, he there lose his Sight. *Quis hominum potest scire consilium Dei? Aut quis poterit cogitare, quid velit Dominus*?* Who amongst Men can know the Counsel of God? Or who can think what the Will of the Lord is?

* *Sapien. Cap. ix. v. 13.*



C H A P. XXXII.

That we are to avoid Pleasures even at the Expence of Life.

I Had long ago observed most of the Opinions of the Ancients to concur in this, That it is happy to die, when there is more Ill than Good in Living, and that to preserve Life to our own Torment and Inconvenience, is contrary to the very Rules of Nature, as these old Laws instruct us.

* Η ζῆν ἀλύτως ἢ θανεῖν εὐδαιμόνως,
Καλὸν διήσκειν οἷς ὕβριν τὸ ζῆν φέρει,
Κρεῖσσον τὸ μὴ ζῆν εἶναι, ἢ ζῆν ἀβλήως.

Happy is Death, whenever it shall come,
To him who lives in Pain Life's burthensom;
For infinitely better 'tis to die,
Than to prolong a Life of Misery.

But to push this Contempt of Death so far as to employ it to the removing ourselves from the Danger of coveting Honours, Riches, Dignities, and other Favours, and Goods of Fortune, as we call them, as if Reason were not sufficient to persuade us to avoid them, without adding this new Injunction, I had never seen it, either enjoined or practised, till this Passage of *Seneca* fell into my Hands; who advising *Lucilius*, a Man of great Power and Authority about the Emperor, to alter his voluptuous and magnificent Way of Living, and to retire himself from this worldly Vanity and Ambition, to some solitary, quiet, and philosophical Life, and the other alledging some Difficulties; I am of Opinion, says he, either that you leave that Life, or Life itself. I would indeed advise thee to the

the gentle Way, and to untie, rather than to break, the Knot thou hast indiscreetly knit, provided, that if it be not otherwise to be untied, then resolutely break it. There is no Man so great a Coward, that had not rather once fall, than be always falling. I should have found this Counsel conformable enough to the stoical Roughness; but it appears the more strange, for being borrowed from *Epicurus*, who writes the same thing upon the like Occasion to *Idomeneus*. And I think I have observed something like it, but with Christian Moderation, amongst our own People. *St. Hilary*, Bishop of *Poictiers*, that famous Enemy of the *Arian* Heresy, being in *Syria*, had Intelligence thither sent him, that *Abra*, his only Daughter, whom he left at Home under the Eye and Tuition of her Mother, was sought in Marriage by the greatest Nobleman of the Country, as being a Virgin virtuously brought up, fair, rich, and in the Flower of her Age: Whereupon he writ to her, (as it appears upon Record,) that she should remove her Affection from all those Pleasures and Advantages were proposed unto her; for he had in his Travels found out a much greater and more worthy Fortune for her, a Husband of much greater Power and Magnificence, that would present her with Robes and Jewels of inestimable Value; wherein his Design was, to dispossess her of the Appetite and Use of worldly Delights, to join her wholly to God: But the nearest and most certain Way to this, being, as he conceived, the Death of his Daughter; he never ceased, by Vows, Prayers and Oraisons, to beg of the Almighty, that he would please to call her out of this World, and to take her to himself; as accordingly it came to pass; for soon after his Return she died, at which he exprest a singular Joy. This seems to out-do the other, forasmuch as he applies himself to this Means at the first Sight, which they only take subsidiarily, and besides, it was towards his only Daughter. But I will not omit the latter End of this Story, though it be from my Purpose; *St. Hilary's* Wife having understood from him, how the Death of their Daughter was brought about, by his Desires and Design, and how much happier she was, to be removed out of this World, than to have stay'd in it, conceived so lively an Apprehension of the eternal and heavenly Beatitudes, that she begged of her Husband with the extreme

extremest Importunity, to do as much for her; and God, at their joint Request, shortly after calling her to him, it was a Death embraced on both Sides, with singular Content.



C H A P. XXXIII.

That Fortune is oftentimes observed to act by the Rule of Reason.

THE Inconstancy, and various Motions of Fortune, may reasonably make us expect, she should present us with all Sorts of Faces. Can there be a more express Act of Justice than this? The Duke of *Valentinois*, having resolved to poison Cardinal *Adrian Cornetto*, with whom his Father, Pope *Alexander* the Sixth, and himself, were to go to Supper in the Vatican; he sent before a Bottle of poisoned Wine, and withal, strict Order to the Butler to keep it very safe. The Pope being come before his Son, and calling for Drink, the Butler supposing this Wine had not been so strictly recommended to his Care, but only upon the Account of it's Excellency, presented it immediately to the Pope, and the Duke himself coming in presently after, and being confident they had not meddled with his Bottle, took also his Cup; so that the Father died immediately upon the Spot, and the Son, after having been long tormented with Sickness, was reserved to another, and a worse Fortune: Sometimes she seems to play upon us, just in the Nick of an Affair: Monsieur *d'Estret*, at that time Guidon to Monsieur *de Vendosme*; and Monsieur *de Liques*, Lieutenant to the Duke of *Arscot's* Troop, being both Pretenders to the *Sieur de Foungeffelle's* Sister, though of different Parties, (as it oft falls out amongst frontier Neighbours,) the *Sieur de Liques* carried her; but on the same Day he was married, and which was worse, before he went to Bed to his Wife, the Bridegroom having a Mind to break a Lance in Honour of his new Bride, went out to skirmish, near to *St. Omers*, where the *Sieur d'Estret*

tree proving the Stronger, took him Prisoner, and the more to illustrate his Victory, the Lady herself was fain

*Conjugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum,
Quam veniens una, atque altera rursus hyems,
Noctibus in longis avidum saturasset amorem*.*

Of her fair Arms, the am'rous Ring to break,
Which clung so fast to her new Spouse's Neck,
E're of two Winters many a friendly Night
Had fated her Love's greedy Appetite.

to request him of Courtesy, to deliver up his Prisoner to her, as he accordingly did; the Gentlemen of *France* never denying any thing to the Ladies. Does she not seem to be an Artist here? *Constantine*, the Son of *Hellen*, founded the Empire of *Constantinople*; and so many Ages after, *Constantine*, the Son of *Hellen*, put an End to it. Sometimes she is pleased to emulate our Miracles. We are told that King *Clouis* besieging *Angoulesme*, the Walls fell down of themselves by divine Favour. And *Bouchet* has it from some Author, that King *Robert* having sat down before a City, and being stole away from the Siege, to keep the Feast of St. *Aignan* at *Orleans*; as he was in Devotion at a certain Place of the *Mafs*, the Walls of the beleaguered City, without any Manner of Violence, fell down with a sudden Ruin. But she did quite contrary in our *Milan* War; for Captain *Rense* laying Siege to the City of *Verona*, and having carried a Mine under a great Parcel of the Wall, the Mine being sprung, the Wall was lifted from it's Base, but dropt down again nevertheless whole and entire, and so exactly upon it's Foundation, that the Besieged suffered no Inconvenience by that Attempt. Sometimes she plays the Physician: *Jason Phercus* being given over by the Physicians, by Reason of a desperate Imposthuration in his Breast, having a Mind to rid himself of his Pain, by Death at least, in a Battle, threw himself desperately into the thickest of the Enemy, where he was so fortunately wounded quite through the Body, that the

* *Catullus.*

Imposthume

Imposthume broke, and he was perfectly cured. Did she not also excel the Painter *Protogenes* in his Art? Who having finished the Picture of a Dog quite tired and out of Breath, in all the other Parts excellently well to his own liking, but not being able to express as he would, the Slaver and Foam that should come out of his Mouth, vexed and angry at his Work, he took his Sponge, which by cleaning his Pencils had imbibed several Sorts of Colours, and threw it in a Rage against the Picture, with an Intent utterly to deface it; when Fortune guiding the Sponge to hit just upon the Mouth of the Dog, it there performed what all his Art was not able to do. Does she not sometimes direct our Counsels, and correct them? *Isabella*, Queen of *England*, being to sail from *Zealand* into her own Kingdom, with an Army in Favour of her Son, against her Husband, had been lost, had she come into the Port she intended, being there laid wait for by the Enemy; but Fortune, against her Will, threw her into another Haven, where she landed in Safety. And he who throwing a Stone at a Dog, hit and killed his Mother-in-Law, had he not Reason to pronounce this Verse,

Ταυτόματον ἡμῶν καλλίω βελεύεται*.

— By this I see,
Fortune will always better Aim than we.

Fortune has more Judgment than we. *Icetes* had contracted with two Soldiers to kill *Timoleon* at *Adranon* in *Sicily*. These Villians took their Time to do it, when he was assisting at a Sacrifice, who thrusting into the Crowd, as they were making Signs to one another, that now was a fit Time to do their Business, in steps a Third, who with a Sword takes one of them full drive over the Pate, lays him Dead upon the Place, and away he runs. Which the other seeing, and concluding himself discovered and lost, he runs to the Altar and begs for Mercy, promising to discover the whole Truth, which as he was doing, and laying

* *Meander*.

open the whole Conspiracy, behold the third Man, who being apprehended, was, as a Murtherer, thrust and halled by the People through the Prefs towards *Timoleon*, and other the most eminent Persons of the Assembly, before whom being brought, he cried out for Pardon, pleaded that he had justly slain his Father's Murtherer; which he also proving upon the Place, by sufficient Witnesses, which his good Fortune very opportunely supplied him withal, that his Father was really killed in the City of the *Leontins*, by that very Man on whom he had taken his Revenge, he was presently awarded ten Attick * Mines, * *The old Attick Mine was seventy-five Drach:* for having had the good Fortune, by designing to revenge the Death of his Father, to preserve the Life of the common Father of *Sicily*. Thus Fortune, in her Conduct, surpasses all the Rules of human Prudence. But, to conclude, is there not a direct Application of her Favour, Bounty, and Piety, manifestly discovered in this Action? *Ignatius* the Father, and *Ignatius* the Son, being proscribed by the Triumviri of *Rome*, resolved upon this generous Act of mutual Kindness, to fall by the Hands of one another, and by that Means to frustrate and defeat the Cruelty of the Tyrants; and accordingly, with their Swords drawn, ran full drive one upon another, where Fortune so guided the Points, that they made two equally mortal Wounds, affording withal so much Honour to so brave a Friendship, as to leave them just Strength enough to draw out their bloody Swords, that they might have Liberty to embrace one another in this dying Condition, with so close and hearty an Embrace, that the Executioners cut off both their Heads at once, leaving the Bodies still fast linked together in this noble Knot, and their Wounds joined Mouth to Mouth, affectionately sucking in the lost Blood, and Remainder of the Lives of one another.



C H A P. XXXIV.

Of one Defect in our Government.

MY Father, who, for a Man that had no other Advantages, than Experience only, and his own natural Parts, was nevertheless of a very clear Judgment, has formerly told me, that he once had Thoughts of endeavouring to introduce this Practice; that there might be in every City a certain Place assign'd, to which, such as stood in Need of any thing might repair, and have their Business entered by an Officer appointed for that Purpose; as for Example, I enquire for a Chapman to buy my Pearls: I enquire for one that has Pearls to sell: Such a one wants Company to go to *Paris*: Such a one enquires for a Servant of such a Quality: Such a one for a Master; such a one enquires for such an Artificer, some for one Thing, some for another, every one according to what he wants. And doubtless these mutual Advertisements would be of no contemptible Advantage to the publick Correspondency and Intelligence: For there are evermore Conditions that hunt after one another, and for Want of knowing one another's Occasions, leave Men in very great Necessity. I have heard, to the great Shame of the Age we live in, that in our very Sight, two most excellent Men for Learning died so poor, that they had scarce Bread to put in their Mouths, *Lilius Gregorius Giraldus* in *Italy*, and *Sebastianus Castalio* in *Germany*; and do believe, there are a thousand Men would have invited them into their Families, with very advantageous Conditions, or have relieved them where they were, had they known their Wants. The World is not so generally corrupted but that I know a Man that would heartily wish the Estate his Ancestors have left him, might be employ'd, so long as it shall please Fortune to give him leave to enjoy it, to secure rare and remarkable Persons of any kind, whom Misfortune sometimes

times persecutes to the last Degree, from the Danger of Necessity; and at least place them in such a Condition, that they must be very hard to please, if they were not contented. My Father in his oeconomic Government had this Order, (which I know how to commend, but by no Means imitate,) which was, that besides the Day-book, or Memorial of the Household-Affairs, where the small Accounts, Payments and Disbursements, which do not require a Secretary's Hand, were entred, and which a Bailiff always had in Custody; he ordered him whom he kept to write for him, to keep a Paper Journal, and in it, to set down all the remarkable Occurrences, and Day by Day the Memoirs of the Histories of his House; very pleasant to look over, when Time begins to wear Things out of Memory, and very useful sometimes to put us out of Doubt, when such a Thing was begun, when ended, what Courses were debated on, what concluded; our Voyages, Absences, Marriages, and Deaths, the Reception of good or ill News; the Change of principal Servants, and the like. An ancient Custom, which I think it would not be amiss for every one to revive in his own House; and I find I did very foolishly in neglecting the same.



C H A P. XXXV.

Of the Custom of wearing Clothes.

Whatever I shall say upon this Subject, I am of Necessity to invade some of the Bounds of Custom, so careful has she been to shut up all the Avenues. I was disputing with myself in this shivering Season, whether the Fashion of going naked in those Nations lately discovered, is imposed upon them, by the hot Temperature of the Air, as we say of the *Moors* and *Indians*, or whether it be the original Fashion of Mankind; Men of Understanding, forasmuch as all Things under the Sun, as the Holy Writ declares, are subject to the same Laws, were wont in such Considerations as these, where we are to distinguish

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the natural Laws from those that have been imposed by Man's Invention, to have Recourse to the general Polity of the World, where there can be nothing counterfeited. Now all other Creatures being sufficiently furnished with all Things necessary for the Support of their Being, it is not to be imagined, that we only should be brought into the World in a defective and indigent Condition, and in such an Estate as cannot subsist without foreign Assistance; and therefore it is that I believe, that as Plants, Trees, and Animals, and all Things that have Life, are seen to be by Nature sufficiently clothed and covered, to defend them from the Injuries of Weather,

*Proptereaque ferè res omnes, aut corio sunt,
Aut seta, aut conchis, aut callo, aut cortice tectæ*.*

Moreover all Things, or with Skin or Hair,
Or Shell, or Bark, or Callous clothed are.

so were we: But as those who by artificial Light put out that of the Day, so we by borrowed Forms and Fashions have destroy'd our own. And 'tis plain enough to be seen, that 'tis Custom only which renders that impossible, that otherwise is nothing so; for of those Nations who have no Manner of Knowledge of Clothing, some are situated under the same Temperature that we are, and some in much colder Climates. And besides, our most tender Parts are always exposed to the Air, as the Eyes, Mouth, Nose and Ears; and our Country Labourers, like our Ancestors in former Times, go with their Breasts and Bellies open. Had we been born with a Necessity upon us of wearing Petticoats and Breeches, there is no Doubt, but Nature would have fortified those Parts she intended should be exposed to the Fury of the Seasons, with a thicker Skin, as she has done the Fingers Ends, and the Soles of the Feet. And why should this seem hard to believe? I observe much greater Distance betwixt my Habit, and that of one of our Country Peasants, than betwixt his and a Man that has no other Covering but his Skin. How many Men, especially

* *Lucret. l. 4.*

in *Turky*, go naked merely upon Account of Devotion? I know not who would ask a Beggar, whom he should see in his Shirt in the Depth of Winter, as brisk and frolick as he who goes muffled up to the Ears in Furs, how he is able to endure to go so? Why, Sir, he might answer you, you go with your Face bare, and I am all Face. The *Italians* have a Story of the Duke of *Florence's* Fool, whom his Master asking, *How being so thin clad, he was able to support the Cold, when he himself, warm wrapt up as he was, was hardly able to do it?* Why, reply'd the Fool, *use my Receipt, to put on all the Cloibes you have at once, and you'll feel no more Cold than I.* King *Massinissa* to an extreme old Age could never be prevailed upon to go with his Head covered, how cold, stormy, or rainy soever the Weather might be: Which also is reported of the Emperor *Severus*. *Herodotus* tells us, that in the Battles fought betwixt the *Aegyptians* and the *Persians*, it was observed, both by himself and others, that of those who were left dead upon the Place, the Heads of the *Aegyptians* were found to be, without Comparison, harder than those of the *Persians*, by Reason that the last had gone with their Heads always covered from their Infancy, first, with Biggins, and then with Turbans, and the others always shaved and open. And King *Agessilaus* observed to a decrepid Age, to wear always the same Clothes in Winter that he did in Summer. *Cæsar*, says *Suetonius*, marched always at the Head of his Army for the most Part on Foot, with his Head bare, whether it was Rain or Sun-shine, and as much is said of *Hannibal*,

*Tum vertice nudo,
Excipere insanos imbres, Cœlique ruinam* *.

Bare Head to march in Snow, and when it pours
Whole Cataracts of cold unwholesom Showers.

A *Venetian*, who has long lived in *Pegu*, and is lately returned from thence, writes, that the Men and Women of that Kingdom, though they cover all their other Parts, go always bare Foot, and ride so too. And *Plato* does very

* *Silius It. l. 6. 1.*

earnestly advise, for the Health of the whole Body, to give the Head and the Feet no other Clothing than what Nature has bestowed. He whom the *Poles* have elected for their King, since our's left them, who is indeed one of the greatest Princes of this Age, never wears any Gloves, and for Winter, or whatever Weather can come, never wears any other Cap Abroad, than the same he wears at Home. Whereas I cannot endure to go unbuttoned or untied; our neighbouring Labourers would think themselves in Chains if they were so braced. *Varro* is of Opinion, that when it was ordained, we should be bare in the Presence of the Gods, and before the Magistrate, it was rather so ordered upon the Score of Health, and to inure us to the Injuries of Weather, than upon the Account of Reverence. And since we are now talking of Cold, and *Frenchmen* used to wear Variety of Colours, (not I myself, for I seldom wear other than black or white, in Imitation of my Father) let us add another Story of Capt. *Martin du Bellay*, who affirms, that in the Journey of *Luxemburg*; he saw such a great Frost, that the Ammunition-Wine was cut with Hatchets and Wedges, was delivered out to the Soldiers by Weight, and that they carried it away in Baskets: And *Ovid*,

*Nudaque consistunt formam servantia testæ
Vina, nec hausta meri, sed data frustra bibunt*;*

The Wine
Stript of it's Cask, retains the Figure still,
Nor do they Draughts, but Crufts of *Bacchus* swill.

At the Mouth of the Lake *Mæotis*, the Frosts are so very sharp, that in the very same Place where *Mitbridates*'s Lieutenant had fought the Enemy dry-foot, and given them a notable Defeat, the Summer following he obtained over them a famous naval Victory. The *Romans* fought at a very great Disadvantage, in the Engagement they had with the *Carthaginians* near *Placentia*, by Reason, that they went on to charge with their Blood fixed, and their Limbs

* *Ovid. Trist. l. 3. El. 12.*

numbed with Cold. Whereas *Hannibal* had caused great Fires to be dispersed quite through his Camp to warm his Soldiers, and Oil to be distributed amongst them; to the End, that anointing themselves, they might render their Nerves more supple and active, and fortify the Pores against the Violence of the Air, and freezing Wind that raged in that Season. The Retreat the *Greeks* made from *Babylon* into their own Country, is famous for the Difficulties and Calamities they had to overcome. Of which this was one, that being encountered in the Mountains of *Armenia*, with a horrible Storm of Snow, they lost all Knowledge of the Country, and of the Ways, and being driven up, were a Day and a Night without eating or drinking, most of their Cattle died, many of themselves starved dead, several struck blind with the Driving, and the Glittering of the Snow, many of them maimed in their Fingers and Toes, and many stiff and motionless with the Extremity of the Cold, who yet had their Understanding entire. *Alexander* saw a Nation, where they bury the Fruit-Trees in Winter, to defend them from being destroy'd by the Frost, and we also may see the same. But concerning Clothes, the King of *Mexico* changed his Apparel four Times a Day, and never put them on more, employing those he left off, in his continual Liberalities and Rewards; nor was either Pot, Dish, or other Utensil of his Kitchen or Table, ever served in twice.





C H A P. XXXVI.

Of Cato the Younger.

I Am not guilty of the common Error of judging another by myself. I easily believe that in another's Humour which is contrary to my own: And though I find myself engaged to one certain Form, I do not oblige others to it, as many do; but believe and apprehend a thousand Ways of Living, and contrary to most Men, more easily admit of Differences and Uniformity amongst us. I as frankly, as any one would have me, discharge a Man from my Humours and Principles, and consider him according to his own particular Model. Though I am not continent myself, I nevertheless sincerely love, and approve the Continency of the *Capuchins*, and other religious Orders, and highly commend their Way of Living. I insinuate myself by Imagination into their Place and Love, and honour them the more, for being other than I am. I very much desire, that we may be censured every Man by himself, and would not be drawn into the Consequence of common Examples. My Weakness does nothing alter the Esteem I ought to have of the Force and Vigour of those who deserve it. *Sunt qui nihil suadent, quam quod, se imitari posse confidunt* *. There are those who persuade nothing but what they believe they can imitate themselves. Crawling upon the Slime of the Earth, I do not for all that cease to observe up in the Clouds the inimitable Height of some heroick Souls: 'Tis a great deal for me to have my Judgment regular and right, if the Effects cannot be so, and to maintain this sovereign Power at least free from Corruption: 'Tis something to have my Will right and good, where my Legs fail me. This Age wherein we live, in our Part of the

* *Cicero de Orat.*

World at least, is grown so stupid, that not only Exercise, but the very Imagination of Virtue is defective, and seems to be no other but College-Fashion.

*Virtutem verba putant, ut
Lucum ligna*.*

Words finely couch'd, these Men for Virtue take,
As if each Word a sacred Grove could make.

Quam vereri deberent, etiam si percipere non possent †. Which they ought to reverence, though they cannot comprehend. 'Tis a new Gew-gaw to hang in a Cabinet, or at the End of the Tongue, as on the Tip of the Ear, for Ornament only. There are no more virtuous Actions extant, and those Actions that carry a Shew of Virtue, have yet nothing of it's Essence; by Reason, that Profit, Glory, Fear and Custom, and other such like foreign Causes, put us in the Way to produce them. Our Justice also, Valour and good Offices, may then be called so too, in Respect to others, and according to the Face they appear with to the Publick; but in the Doer it can by no Means be Virtue, because there is another End propos'd, another moving Cause. Now Virtue owns nothing to be her's, but what is done by herself, and for herself alone. In that great Battle of *Potidæa*, which the *Greeks*, under the Command of *Pausanias*, obtained against *Mardonius*, and the *Persians*, the Conquerors, according to their Custom, coming to divide amongst them the Glory of the Exploit, they attributed to the *Spartan* Nation the Pre-eminence of Valour in this Engagement. The *Spartans*, great Judges of Virtue, when they came to determine to what particular Man of their Nation the Honour was due, of having best behaved himself upon this Occasion, found that *Aristodemus* had, of all others, hazarded his Person with the greatest Bravery; but did not however allow him any Prize or Reward, by Reason that his Virtue had been incited by a Desire to clear his Reputation from the Reproach of his Miscarriage at the

* *Horace Ep. 6. l. 1.* † *Cicero Tus. 1.*

Business of *Thermopylae*, and with a Desire to die bravely, to wipe off that former Blemish. Our Judgments are yet sick, and obey the Humour of our depraved Manners. I observe most of the Wits of these Times pretend to Ingenuity, by endeavouring to blemish and darken the Glory of the bravest and most generous Actions of former Ages, putting one vile Interpretation or another upon them, and forging and supposing vain Causes and Motives for those noble Things they performed. A mighty Subtily indeed! Give me the greatest and most unblemished Action that ever the Day beheld, and I will contrive a hundred plausible Drifts and Ends to obscure it: God knows, whoever will stretch them out to the full, what Diversity of Images our internal Wills do suffer under; they do not so maliciously play the Censurers, as they do it ignorantly and rudely in all their Detractions. The same Pains and Licence that others take to blemish and bespatter these illustrious Names, I would willingly undergo to lend them a Shoulder to raise them higher. These rare Images, that are cull'd out by the Consent of the wisest Men of all Ages, for the World's Example, I should endeavour to honour anew, as far as my Invention would permit, in all the Circumstances of favourable Interpretation. And we are to believe, that the Force of our Invention is infinitely short of their Merit. 'Tis the Duty of good Men to draw Virtues as beautiful as they can, and there would be no Indecency in the Case, should our Passion a little transport us in Favour of so sacred a Form. What these People do to the contrary, they either do out of Malice, or by the Vice of confining their Belief to their own Capacity; or, which I am more inclined to think, for not having their Sight strong, clear, and elevated enough, to conceive the Splendor of Virtue in her native Purity: As *Plutarch* complains, that in his Time some attributed the Cause of the younger *Cato's* Death to his Fear of *Caesar*, at which he seems very angry, and with good Reason: And by that a Man may guess how much more he would have been offended with those who have attributed it to Ambition; senseless People! He would rather have performed a handsom, just, and generous Action, and to have had Ignominy for his Reward, than for his Glory. That Man was in Truth a
 Pattern,

Pattern, that Nature chose out to shew to what Height human Virtue and Constancy could arrive : But I am not capable of handling so noble an Argument, and shall therefore only set five *Latin* Poets together by the Ears, who has done best in the Praise of *Cato* ; and inclusively for their own too. Now a Man well read in Poetry will think the two first, in Comparison of the others, a little flat and languishing ; the third more vigorous, but overthrown by the Extravagancy of his own Force. He will then think, that there will be yet Room for one or two Gradations of Invention to come to the fourth ; but coming to mount the Pitch of that, he will lift up his Hands for Admiration ; the last, the first by some Space, (but a Space that he will swear is not to be filled up by any human Wit) he will be astonished, he will not know where he is. These are Wonders. We have more Poets than Judges and Interpreters of Poetry. It is easier to write an indifferent Poem, than to understand a good one. There is indeed a certain low and moderate Sort of Poetry, that a Man may well enough judge by certain Rules of Art ; but the true, supreme and divine Poesy, is equally above all Rules and Reason. And whoever discerns the Beauty of it, with the most assured and most steady Sight, sees no more than the quick Reflection of a Flash of Lightning. This is a Sort of Poesy that does not exercise, but ravishes and overwhelms our Judgment. The Fury that possesses him who is able to penetrate into it, wounds yet a third Man by hearing him repeat it. Like a Loadstone, that not only attracts the Needle, but also infuses into it the Virtue to attract others. And it is more evidently eminent upon our Theatres, that the sacred Inspiration of the Muses, having first stirred up the Poet to Anger, Sorrow, Hatred, and out of himself, to whatever they will, does moreover by the Poet possess the Actor, and by the Actor, consecutively all the Spectators. So much our Passions hang and depend upon one another. Poetry has ever had that Power over me from a Child, to transpirence and transport me: But this quick Resentment that is natural to me, has been variously handled by Variety of Forms, not so much higher and lower, (for they were ever the highest of every Kind) as differing in Colour. First, a gay and spritely Fluency,

Fluency, afterwards a lofty and penetrating Subtilty; and lastly, a mature and constant Force. Their Names will better express them; *Ovid, Lucan, Virgil*. But our Poets are beginning their Career.

Sit Cato dum vivat fama vel Cæsar major *.

—————Let *Cato's* Fame,
Whilst he shall live, eclipse great *Cæsar's* Name,
says one.

—————*Et invictum devicta Morte Catonem* †.

—————And *Cato* fell,
Death being overcome, invincible,
says the Second. And the Third speaking of the Civil Wars betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*;

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni ||.

—————Heaven approves,
The conquering Cause, the conquer'd *Cato* loves.

And the Fourth upon the Praises of *Cæsar*,

*Et cuncta terrarum subiecta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis* §.

‡ And conquer'd all where-e'er his Eagle flew,
But *Cato's* Mind, that nothing could subdue.

And the Master of the Quire, after having set forth all the great Names of the greatest *Romans*, ends thus,

—————*His dantem jura Catonem* †.

Great *Cato* giving Laws to all the rest.

* *Mart. lib. 6. Epig. 32.* † *Manil.* || *Lucan. l. 1.*
§ *Hor. Car. lib. 2. Ode 1.* ‡ *Æneid. l. 8.*



C H A P. XXXVIII.

That we laugh and cry for the same Thing.

WHEN we read in History, that *Antigonus* was very much displeas'd with his Son, for presenting him the Head of King *Pyrrhus* his Enemy, newly slain, fighting against him, and that seeing it he wept; That *Rene*, Duke of *Lorraine*, also lamented the Death of *Charles*, Duke of *Burgundy*, whom he had himself defeated, and appear'd in Mourning at his Funeral: And that in the Battle of *Auroy* (which Count *Monfort* obtain'd over *Charles de Blou*, his Competitor, for the Dutchy of *Brittany*) the Conqueror meeting the dead Body of his Enemy, was very much afflicted at his Death: We must not presently cry out,

*Et così avven che l'animo ciascuna,
Sua Passion sotto el contrario manto,
Ricopre, con la vista hor' chiara, hor' bruma*.*

That every one, whether of Joy or Woe,
The Passion of their Mind can palliate so,
As when most griev'd, to shew a Count'nance clear,
And melancholick, when best pleas'd t'appear.

When *Pompey's* Head was presented to *Cæsar*, the Histories tell us, that he turned away his Face, as from a sad and unpleasing Object. There had been so long an Intelligence and Society betwixt them, in the Management of the publick Affairs, so great a Community of Fortunes, so many mutual Offices, and so near an Alliance, that this Countenance of his ought not to suffer under any Misin-

* *Petrarcha.*

terpretation;

terpretation; or to be suspected for either false or counterfeit, as this other seems to believe:

————— *Tutumque putavit*
Jam bonus esse socer, lachrymas non fonte cadentes
Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto,
Non aliter manifesta putans abscondere mentis
Gaudia, quam Lachrymas.*

————— And now he saw
 'Twas safe to be a pious Father-in-law,
 He shed forc'd Tears, and from a joyful Breast,
 Fetch'd Sighs and Groans; conceiving Tears would best
 Conceal his inward Joy.

For though it be true, that the greatest Part of our Actions are no other than Vizard and Disguise, and yet may sometimes be real and true: That,

Hæredis stetus sub persona risus est †.

The Heir's dissembled Tears behind the Skreen,
 Could one but peep, would joyful Smiles be seen.

So it is, that in judging of these Accidents we are to consider how much our Souls are oftentimes agitated with divers Passions. And as they say, that in our Bodies there is a Congregation of divers Humours, of which, that is the Sovereign, which according to the Complexion we are of, is commonly most predominant in us: So, though the Soul has in it divers Motions to give it Agitation; yet must there of Necessity be one to over-rule all the rest, though not with so necessary and absolute a Dominion, but that through the Flexibility and Inconstancy of the Soul, those of less Authority may, upon Occasion, reassume their Place, and make a little Sally in Turn. Thence it is that we see not only Children, who innocently obey, and follow Nature, often laugh and cry at the same Thing: But not one of us can

* *Lucret. lib. 9.*

† *Aulus Gelli. Noct. boast,*

We laugh and cry for the same Thing. 261

boast, what Journey soever he may have in Hand, that he has the most set his Heart upon, but when he comes to part with his Family and Friends, he will find something that troubles him within; and though he refrains his Tears, yet he puts Foot i'th' Stirrup, with a sad and cloudy Countenance, and what gentle Flame soever may have warm'd the Heart of modest, and well-born Virgins, yet are they fain to be forc'd from about their Mothers Necks, to be put to Bed to their Husbands, whatever this boon Companion is pleas'd to say;

*Estne novis nuptiis odio Venus, anne parentum
Frustrantur falsis gaudia lachrymalis,
Uberrim Thalami quas intra limina fundunt?
Non, ita me Divi, vera gemunt, juverint*.*

Does the fair Bride the Sport so mainly dread,
That she takes on so when she's put to Bed?
Her Parents Joys t'allay with a feign'd Tear,
She does not cry in Earnest, I dare swear.

Neither is it strange to lament a Person, whom a Man would by no Means wish to be alive: When I rattle my Man, I do it with all the Mettle I have, and load him with no feign'd, but downright real Curses; but the Heat being over, if he should stand in Need of me, I should be very ready to do him Good: For I instantly turn the Leaf. When I call him Calf and Coxcomb, I do not pretend to entail those Titles upon him for ever; neither do I think I give myself the Lie in calling him an honest Man presently after. Were it not the Sign of a Fool to talk to one's self, there would hardly be a Day or Hour wherein I might not be heard to grumble, and mutter to myself, and against myself, *Turd in the Fool's Teeth*, and yet I do not think that to be my Character. Who for seeing me one while cold, and presently very kind to my Wife, believes the one or the other to be counterfeit, is an Ass. *Nero* taking Leave of his Mother, whom he sent to be drown'd, was

* *Catul. Numb. 67.*

never-

nevertheless sensible of some Emotion at this Farewel, and was struck with Horror and Pity. 'Tis said, that the Light of the Sun is not one continuous Thing, but that he darts new Rays so thick one upon another, that we cannot perceive the Intermission.

*Largus enim liquidi fons luminis æthereus Sol
Irrigat assidue cælum candore recenti,
Suppetit atque novo confestim lumine lumen*.*

For the æthereal Sun that shines so bright,
Being a Fountain large of liquid Light,
With fresh Rays sprinkles still the chearful Sky,
And with new Light the Light does still supply.

Just so the Soul variously and imperceptibly darts out her Passions. *Artabarus* surprizing once his Nephew *Xerxes*, chid him for the sudden Alteration of his Countenance. As he was considering the immeasurable Greatness of his Forces passing over the *Hellepont*, for the *Grecian* Expedition, he was first seiz'd with a Palpitation of Joy, to see so many Millions of Men under his Command, which also appear'd in the Gaiety of his Looks: But his Thoughts at the same Instant suggesting to him, that of so many Lives, there would not be one left, in a Century at most, he presently knit his Brows, and grew sad, even to Tears. We have resolutely pursu'd the Revenge of an Injury receiv'd, and been sensible of a singular Satisfaction at the Victory: But we shall weep notwithstanding: 'Tis not for the Victory, that we shall weep; there is nothing alter'd by that: But the Soul looks upon Things with another Eye, and represents them to itself with another kind of Face; for every Thing has many Faces, and several Aspects, Relations, old Acquaintance, and Friendships, possess our Imaginations, and make them tender for the Time: But the Counterturn is so quick, that 'tis gone in a Moment.

*Nil à Deo fieri celeri ratione videtur,
Qua si mens fieri proponit, & inchoat ipsa.*

* *Lucret. l. 5.*

Ocius

*Ocius ergo animus quam res se perciet ulla,
Ante oculos quarum in promptu natura videtur* *.

No Motions seem so brisk, and quick as those
The working Mind does to be done propose.
Which once propos'd, her violent Motions are
Swifter than any Thing we know by far.

And therefore, while we would make one continued Thing
of all this Succession of Passion, we deceive ourselves.
When *Timoleon* laments the Murther he had committed
upon so mature and generous Deliberation, he does not
lament the Liberty restor'd to his Country, he does not
lament the Tyrant, but he laments his Brother: One Part
of his Duty is perform'd, let us give him Leave to per-
form the other.



C H A P. XXXVIII.

Of Solitude.

LET us pass over that old Comparison, betwixt the
active and the solitary Life, and as for the fine
Saying, with which Ambition and Avarice palliate their
Vices, *That we are not born for our Selves, but for the Pub-
lick*, let us boldly appeal to those who are most interested
in publick Affairs, let them lay their Hands upon their
Hearts, and then say, whether, on the contrary, they do
not rather aspire to Titles and Offices, and that Tumult
of the World, to make their private Advantage at the
publick Expence. But we need not ask them the Question;
for the corrupt Ways by which they arrive at the Height
to which their Ambitions aspire, do manifestly enough

* *Lucret. l. 3.*

declare

declare that their Ends cannot be very good. Let us then tell Ambition, that it is she herself that gives us a Taste of Solitude; for what does she so much avoid as Society? What does she so much seek as Elbow-room? A Man may do well, or ill every where: But if what *Bias* says be true, that the greatest Part is the worse, or what the Preacher says, that there is not one good of a Thousand;

*Rari quippe boni numero vix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ vel divitis ostia Nili †.*

Because the Number of the Good's as few
As *Thebes* fair Gates, or rich *Nile* Mouths do spew.

The Contagion is very dangerous in the Crowd: A Man must either imitate the Vicious, or hate them: Both are dangerous, either to resemble them, because they are many, or to hate many, because they are unressembling. And Merchants that go to Sea are in the Right, when they are cautious that those who embark with them in the same Bottom, be neither dissolute Blasphemers, nor vicious otherways; looking upon such Society as unfortunate. And therefore it was, that *Bias* pleasantly said to some, who being with him in a dangerous Storm, implor'd the Assistance of the Gods, *Peace, speak softly*, said he, *that they may not know you are here in my Company*: And of more pressing Example, *Albuquerque* Vice-Roy in the *Indies* for *Emanuel* King of *Portugal*, in an extreme Peril of Shipwreck, took a young Boy upon his Shoulders, for this only End, that in the Society of their common Danger, his Innocency might serve to protect him, and to recommend him to the divine Favour, that they might get safe to Shore: 'Tis not that a wise Man may not live every where content, either alone, or in the Crowd of a Palace: But if it be left to his own Choice, he will tell you, that he would fly the very Sight of the latter; he can endure it if need be; but if it be referred to him, he will chuse

† *Juven. Sat. 13.*

the first. He cannot think himself sufficiently rid of Vice, if he must yet contend with it in other Men: *Charondas* punish'd those for ill Men, who were convict of keeping ill Company. There is nothing so unfociable, and fociable as Man, the one by his Vice, the other by his Nature. And *Antisthenes*, in my Opinion, did not give him a satisfactory Answer, who reproach'd him with frequenting ill Company, by saying, *That the Physicians liv'd well enough amongst the Sick*: For if they contribute to the Health of the Sick, no doubt, but by the Contagion, continual Sight of, and Familiarity with Diseases, they must of Necessity impair their own. Now the End I suppose is all one, to live at more Leisure, and at greater Ease: But Men do not always take the right Way; for they often think they have totally taken Leave of all Business when they have only exchange'd one Employment for another. There is little less trouble in governing a private Family, than a whole Kingdom: Wherever the Mind is perplex'd, it is in an entire Disorder, and domestick Employments are not less troublesome, for being less important. Moreover, for having shak'd off the Court and publick Employments, we have not taken Leave of the principal Vexations of Life.

— *Ratio & prudentia curas,
Non locus effusi late maris arbiter aufert* §.

Reason and Prudence, our Affections ease,
Not remote Voyages on unknown Seas.

Our Ambition, our Avarice, Irresolution, Fears, and inordinate Desires, do not leave us when we forsake our native Country:

Et post equitem sedet atra cura *.

And who does mount his Horse to this, will find,
He carries Black-brow'd Madam Care behind.

§ *Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 11.*
VOL. I.

T

* *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 1.* She

She often follows us even to Cloisters, and philosophical Schools; nor Deserts, nor Caves, Hair-shirts, nor Fasts, can disengage us from her :

————— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo* *.

The fatal Shaft sticks to the wounded Side.

One telling *Socrates*, that such a one was nothing improv'd by his Travels. *I very well believe it*, said he, *for he took himself along with him.*

*Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patria quis exul
Se quoque fugit †.*

To change our native Soil, why should we run
To seek out one warm'd by another Sun?
For yet what banish'd Man could ever find,
When farthest sent, he left himself behind?

If a Man do not first discharge both himself and his Mind, of the Burden with which he finds himself oppress'd, Motion will but make it press the harder, and fit the heavier, as the Lading of a Ship is of less Incumbrance, when fast, and bestow'd in a settled Posture; you do a sick Man more Harm than Good, in removing him from Place to Place; you fix and establish the Disease by Motion, as Stoops dive deeper into the Earth by being mov'd up and down in the Place where they are design'd to stand. And therefore it is not enough to get remote from the Public; 'tis not enough to shift the Soil only, a Man must fly from the popular Dispositions that have taken Possession of his Soul, he must sequester and ravish himself from himself.

————— *Rupi jam vincula, dicas,
Nam luctata canis nodum arripit, attamen illa
Cum fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ §.*

* *Virg. Æn. l. 4.*
§ *Perseus Sat. 5.*

† *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 16.*

Thoult

Thou'lt say perhaps, that thou hast broke the Chain,
 Why, so the Dog has knaw'd the Knot in twain
 That ty'd him there, but as he flies, he feels
 The pond'rous Chain still rattling at his Heels.

We still carry our Fetters along with us; 'tis not an absolute Liberty; we yet cast back a kind Look upon what we have left behind us; the Fancy is still full of our old way of Living.

— *Nisi purgatum est pectus, quæ prælia nobis,
 Atque pericula tunc ingratis insinuandum?
 Quantæ conscindunt hominum cupidinis acres
 Sollicitum curæ, quantique perinde timores?
 Quidve superbia, spurcitia, at petulantia quantas
 Efficiunt clades, quid luxus, desidiæque*.*

Unless the Mind be purg'd, what Conflicts streight
 And Dangers will it not insinuate?
 The lustful Man how many bitter Cares,
 Do gall, and fret, and then how many Fears?
 What horrid Mischiefs, what dire Slaughters too
 Will not Pride, Lust, and Petulancy do?
 And what from Luxury can we expect,
 And Sloth; but all the Ill, Ill can effect?

The Mind itself is the Disease, and cannot escape from itself;

In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit nunquam.*

Still in the Mind the Fault does lye,
 That never from itself can fly.

and therefore is to be call'd home, and confin'd within it self; that is the true Solitude, and that may be enjoy'd

* *Lucret. l. 5.*

† *Hor. l. 1. Ep. 14.*

even in populous Cities, and the Courts of Kings, though more commodiously apart.

Now since we will attempt to live alone, and to wave all Manner of Conversation amongst Men, let us so order it, that our Contentation may depend wholly upon ourselves, and dissolve all Obligations that ally us to others: Let us obtain this from ourselves that we may live alone in good Earnest, and live at our Ease too. *Stilpo* having escap'd from the Fire that consum'd the City where he liv'd, and where he had his Wife, Children, Goods, and every Thing he was Master of, destroy'd by the Flame; *Demetrius Poliorcetes* seeing him, in so great a Ruin of his Country, appear with so serene and undisturb'd a Countenance, ask'd him, if he had receiv'd no Loss? To which he made Answer, No; and that, Thanks be to God, nothing was lost of his; which also was the Meaning of the Philosopher *Antisthenes*, when he pleasantly said, that Men should only furnish themselves with such Things as would swim, and might with the Owner escape the Storm; and certainly a wise Man never loses any Thing, if he has himself. When the City of *Nola* was ruin'd by the *Barbarians*, *Paulinus* who was Bishop of that Place, having there lost all he had and himself a Prisoner, pray'd after this Manner, O Lord, defend me from being sensible of this Loss; for thou knowest, they have yet touch'd nothing of that which is mine; The Riches that made him rich, and the Goods that made him good, were still kept entire. This it is to make Choice of Treasures, that can secure themselves from Plunder and Violence, and to hide them in such a Place, into which no one can enter, and that are not to be betrayed by any but ourselves. Wives, Children, and Goods must be had, and especially Health, by him that can get it; but we are not so to set our Hearts upon them, that our Happiness must have it's Dependance upon any of these; we must reserve a Back-shop, a With-drawing-Room, wholly our own, and entirely free wherein to settle our true Liberty, our principal Solitude and Retreat. And in this, we must for the most Part entertain ourselves with ourselves, and so privately, that no Knowledge or Communication, of any exotick Concern, be admitted there, there to laugh and to talk, as if without Wife, Children, Goods, Train,

or Attendance; to the End, that when it shall so fall out, that we must lose any, or all of these, it may be no new thing to be without them. We have a Mind pliable of itself, that will be Company; it has wherewithal to attack, and to defend, to receive and to give: Let us not then fear in this Solitude, to languish under an uncomfortable Vacancy.

In solis sis tibi turba locis.

In solitary Places be
Unto thyself good Company.

Virtue is satisfied with herself, without Discipline, without Words, without Effects. In our ordinary Actions, there is not one of a Thousand that concerns ourselves: He that thou seest scrambling up the Ruins of that Wall, furious and transported, against whom so many *Musket* Shot are levell'd; and that other all over Scars, pale, and fainting with Hunger, and yet resolv'd rather to die, than to open his Gate to him, dost thou think that these Men are there upon their own Account? No, peradventure in the Behalf of one whom they never saw, and that never concerns himself for their Pains, and Danger, but lyes wallowing the while in Sloth and Pleasure: This other blear-ey'd, slovenly Fellow, that thou seest come out of his Study after Midnight, dost thou think he has been tumbling over Books, to learn how to become a better Man, wiser and more content: No such Matter, he will there end his Days, but he will teach Posterity the Measure of *Plautus's* Verses, and the Orthography of a Latin Word: Who is it that does not voluntarily exchange his Health, his Repose, and his very Life for Reputation, and Glory? The most useles, frivolous, and false Coin that passes current amongst us: Our own Death does not sufficiently terrify, and trouble us, let us moreover charge ourselves with those of Wives, Children, and Family: Our own Affairs do not afford us Anxiety enough, let us undertake those of our Neighbours and Friends, still more to break our Brains, and to torment us.

*Vab quemquamne hominem in animum institueret aut
Parare, quod sit charius, quam ipse est sibi * ?*

Alas ? What Mortal will be so unwise
Any Thing dearer than himself to prize ?

Solitude seems to me to have the best Pretence in such as have already employed their most active and flourishing Age in the World's Service ; by the Example of *Thales*. We have lived enough for others, let us at least live out the small Remnant of Life for our Selves ; let us now call in our Thoughts and Intentions to our Selves, and to our own Ease, and Repose : 'tis no light Thing to make a sure Retreat, it will be enough to do without mixing other Enterprises and Designs, since God gives us Leisure to prepare for, and to order our Remove, let us make ready pack up our Baggage, take Leave betimes of the Company ; let us disentangle ourselves from those violent Importunities that engage us elsewhere, and separate us from ourselves : We must break the Knot of our Obligations, how strong soever, and hereafter love this, or that ; but espouse nothing, but ourselves : That is to say, let the Remainder be our own, but not so join'd and close, as not to be forc'd away without slaying us, or tearing Part of the whole Piece. The greatest Thing in the World is for a Man to know, that he is his own : 'Tis Time to wean ourselves from Society, when we can no more add any Thing to it ; and who is not in a Condition to lend, must forbid himself to borrow. Our Forces begin to fail us, and are of no more Use for foreign Offices ; let us call them in, and lock them up at Home ; He that can within himself cast off, and disband the Offices of so many Friendships, and that Tumult of Conversation he has contracted in the busy World, let him do it : In this Decay of Nature, which renders him useles, burthensom, and importunate to others, let him have a Care of being useles, burthensom, and importunate to himself : Let him sooth, and caress himself, and above all Things be sure to govern himself with Reverence to his Reason and

* *Ter. Adel. Act. 1. Sc.*

Conscience.

Conscience, to that Degree, as to be ashamed to make a false Step in their Presence. *Rarum est enim, ut satis se quisque vereatur* ||. For 'tis rarely seen that Men have Respect, and Reverence enough for themselves. Socrates says, that Boys are to cause themselves to be instructed, Men to exercise themselves in well doing, and old Men to retire from all Civil and military Employments, living at their own Discretion, without the Obligation to any certain Office. There are some Complexions more proper for these Precepts of Retirement, than others, such as are of a soft and faint Apprehension, and of a tender Will, and Affection, as I am, will sooner encline to this Advice, than active and busy Souls, who embrace all, engage in all, and are hot upon every Thing, who offer, present, and give themselves up to every Occasion. We are to serve ourselves with these accidental and extraneous Things, so far as they are pleasant to us, but by no Means to lay our principal Foundation there. This is no true one, neither Nature nor Reason can allow it so to be, and why therefore should we contrary to their Laws, enslave our own Contentment, by giving it into the Power of another? To anticipate also the Accidents of Fortune, and to deprive ourselves of those Things we have in our own Power, as several have done upon the Account of Devotion, and some Philosophers by Discourse; a Man to be his own Servant, to lye hard, to put out his own Eyes, throw Wealth into the River, and to seek out Grief, (the one by the Uneasiness and Misery of this Life, to pretend to Bliss in another; the other by laying himself low, to avoid the Danger of falling) are Acts of an excessive Nature. The stoutest and most obstinate Natures, render even their most abstruse Retirements glorious and exemplary.

—*Tuta, & parvula laudo,
Cum res deficiunt, satis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contigit, & unctius idem
Hos superare, & solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis* *.

|| Pythag.

* Hor. l. 1. Epist. 15.

T 4

Where

Where Plenty fails,
 A secure Competency I like well,
 And love the Man Disaster cannot quell :
 But when good Fortune with a liberal Hand
 Her Gifts bestows ; those Men I understand
 Alone happy to live, and to be wise,
 Whose Money does in neat built Villa's rise.

A great deal less would serve my Turn well enough. 'Tis enough for me under Fortune's Favour to prepare myself for her Disgrace, and being at my Ease to represent to myself, as far as my Imagination can stretch, the Ill to come ; as we do at Jufts, and Tiltings, where we counterfeit War in the greatest Calm of Peace. I do not think *Arcefilaus* the Philosopher, the less temperate and reform'd for knowing that he made Use of Gold, and Silver Vessels, when the Condition of his Fortune allow'd him so to do : But have a better Opinion of him, than if he had deny'd himself what he us'd with Liberality and Moderation. I see the utmost Limits of natural Necessity, and considering a poor Man begging at my Door oft-times more jocund and more healthy than I myself am, I put myself into his Place, and attempt to dress my Mind after his Mode ; and running in like Manner over other Examples, though I fancy Death, Poverty, Contempt, and Sickness treading on my Heels, I easily resolve not to be affrighted ; though a less than I am takes them with so much Patience, I am not willing to believe that a less Understanding can do more than a greater ; or that the Effects of Precept cannot arrive to as great a Height, as those of Custom : And knowing of how uncertain Duration these accidental Conveniencies are, I never forget, in the Height of all my Enjoyments, to make it my chiefest Prayer to Almighty God, that he will please to render me content with myself, and the Condition wherein he has placed me. I see several young Men very gay, and frolick ; who nevertheless keep a Provision of Pills in their Trunk at home, to take when the Rheum shall fall, which they fear so much the less, because they think they have Remedy at Hand : Every one should do the same, and moreover if they find themselves

themselves subject to some more violent Disease, should furnish themselves with such Medicines as may numb and stupify the Part: The Employment a Man should chuse for a sedentary Life, ought neither to be a laborious, nor an unpleasing one, otherwise 'tis to no Purpose at all to be retir'd: And this depends upon every one's Liking and Humour; mine has no Manner of Complacency for Husbandry, and such as love it, ought to apply themselves to it with Moderation.

Conantur sibi res, non se submittere rebus.*

A Man should to himself his Business fit,
But should not to Affairs himself submit.

Husbandry is otherwise a very servile Employment, as *Sallust* tells us; though some Parts of it are more excusable than the rest, as the Care of Gardens, which *Zenophon* attributes to *Cyrus*, and a Mean may be found out betwixt sordid and homely Affection, so full of perpetual Solitude, which is seen in Men who make it their entire Business and Study, and that stupid and extreme Negligence, letting all Things go at Random, we see in others.

————— *Democriti pecus edit agellos,
Cultaque, dum peregre est animus sine corpore velox †.*

*Democritus's Cattle spoils his Corn,
Whilst he from thence on Fancy's Wings is born.*

But let us hear what Advice the younger *Pliny* gives his Friend † *Cornelius Rufus*, upon the Subject of Solitude; I advise thee, in the plentiful Retirement wherein thou art, to leave to thy Hinds and inferior Servants the Care of thy Husbandry, and to addict thyself to the Study of Letters, to extract from thence something that may be entirely and absolutely thine own. By which, he means Reputation; like *Cicero*, who says, that he would employ his Solitude

* *Hor. Ep. 1.* † *Hor. Ep. 12.* ‡ *Caninius Rufus.*
and

and Retirement from publick Affairs, to acquire by his Writings an immortal Life.

*Usque adeo ne
Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*?*

Is all thy Learning nothing, unless thou,
That thou art knowing, make all others know?

It appears to be Reason, when a Man talks of retiring from the World, that he should look quite out of himself. These do it but by Halves. They design well enough for themselves, 'tis true, when they shall be no more in it; but still they pretend to extract the Fruits of that Design from the World, when absented from it, by a ridiculous Contradiction. The Imagination of those who seek Solitude, upon the Account of Devotion, filling their Hopes with Certainty of divine Promises in the other Life, is much more rationally founded. They propose to themselves God, an infinite Object in Goodness and Power. The Soul has there wherewithal, at full Liberty, to satiate her Desires. Afflictions and Sufferings turn to their Advantage, being undergone for the Acquisition of an eternal Health, and everlasting Joys. Death is to be wished and longed for, where it is the Passage to so perfect a Condition. And the Tartness of these severe Rules they impose upon themselves, is immediately taken away by Custom, and all their carnal Appetites baffled and subdued, by refusing to humour and feed them; they being only supported by Use and Exercise. This sole End therefore of another happy and immortal Life, is that which really merits, that we should abandon the Pleasures and Conveniencies of this. And who can really and constantly enflame his Soul with the Ardour of this lively Faith and Hope, does erect for himself in this Solitude a more voluptuous and delicious Life, than any other Sort of Living whatever. Neither the End then, nor the Means of this Advice of *Pliny* pleases me, for we often fall out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. This Book-Employ-

* *Per. Sat. 1.*

ment is as painful as any other, and as great an Enemy to Health, which ought to be the first Thing in every Man's Prospect; neither ought a Man to be allured with the Pleasure of it, which is the same that destroys the wary, avaricious, voluptuous and ambitious Men. The Wise give us Caution enough to beware of the Treachery of our Desires, and to distinguish true and entire Pleasures from such as are mixed and complicated with greater Pain. For the greatest Part of Pleasures (say they) wheedle and caress only to strangle us, like those Thieves whom the *Ægyptians* called *Philiste*; and if the Head-Ach should come after Drunkenness, we should have a Care of drinking too much: But Pleasure to deceive us, marches before, and conceals her Train. Books are pleasant, but if by being over studious we impair our Health, and spoil our good Humour, two of the best Pieces we have, let us give it over; for I for my Part am one of those who think, that no Fruit derived from them can recompense so great a Loss. As Men who feel themselves weakned by a long Series of Indisposition, give themselves up at last to the Mercy of Medicine, and submit to certain Rules of Living, which they are for the future never to transgress; so he who retires, weary of, and disgusted with, the common Way of Living, ought to model this new one he enters into, by the Rules of Reason, and to institute and establish it by Premeditation, and after the best Method he can contrive. He ought to have taken Leave of all Sorts of Labour, what Advantage soever he may propose to himself by it; and generally to have shaken off all those Passions which disturb the Tranquillity of Body and Soul, and then chuse the Way that best suits with his own Humour:

Unusquisque sua noverit ire via *.

Every one best doth know,
In his own Way to go.

In Menagery, Study, Hunting, and all other Exercises,
Men are to proceed to the utmost Limits of Pleasure; but

* *Propert. lib. Eleg. 25.*

must take Heed of engaging farther, where Solitude and Trouble begin to mix. We are to reserve so much Employment only, as is necessary to keep us in Breath, and to defend us from the Inconveniencies, that the other Extreme, of a dull and stupid Laziness, brings along with it. There are some steril, knotty Sciences, and chiefly hammered out for the Crowd; let such be left to them who are engaged in the publick Service: I for my Part care for no other Books, but either such, as are pleasant and easy, to delight me, or those, that comfort and instruct me, how to regulate my Life and Death.

*Tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum sapientem bonoque est*.*

Silently Meditating in the Groves
What best, a wise and honest Man behoves.

Wiser Men propose to themselves a Repose wholly spiritual, as having great Force and Vigour of Mind; but for me, who have a very ordinary Soul, I find it very necessary, to support myself with bodily Conveniences; and Age having of late deprived me of those Pleasures that were most acceptable to me, I instruct and whet my Appetite to those that remain, and are more suitable to this other Season. We ought to hold with all our Force, both of Hands and Teeth, the Use of the Pleasures of Life, that our Years, one after another, snatch away from us.

— *Carpamus dulcia, nostrum est,
Quod vivis, cinis, & manes, & fabula fiet †.*

Let us enjoy Life's Sweets, for shortly we,
Ashes, pale Ghosts, and Fables, all shall be.

Now as to the End that *Pliny* and *Cicero* propose to us of Glory; 'tis infinitely wide of my Account; for Ambi-

* *Hor. Ep. 44. lib. 1.*

† *Persius, Sat. 5.*
tion,

tion, is, of all other, the most contrary Humour to Solitude; and Glory and Repose are so inconsistent, that they cannot possibly inhabit in one and the same Place; and for so much as I understand, those have only their Arms and Legs disengaged from the Crowd, their Mind and Intention remain engaged behind more than ever.

Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas ?.*

Doſt thou, old Dotard, at theſe Years,
Gather fine Tales for others Ears ?

They are only retired to take a better Leap, and by a stronger Motion, to give a brisker Charge into the Crowd. Will you see how they shoot short? Let us put into the Counterpoise, the Advice of two Philosophers of two very different Sects, writing the one to *Idomeneus*, the other to *Lucilius*, their Friends, to retire into Solitude from worldly Honours, and the Administration of publick Affairs. You have, say they, hitherto lived Swimming and Floating, come now and die in the Harbour: You have given the first Part of your Life to the Light, give what remains to the Shade. It is impossible to give over Business, if you do not also quit the Fruit, and therefore disengage yourselves from all the Concerns of Name and Glory. 'Tis to be feared, the Lustre of your former Actions will give you but too much Light, and follow you into your most private and obscure Retreat: Quit with other Pleasures, that which proceeds from the Approbation of another: And as to your Knowledge and Parts, never concern yourselves, they will not lose their Effect, if yourselves be ever the better for them. Remember him, who being asked, Why he took so much Pains in an Art, that could come to the Knowledge of but few Persons? A few are enough for me, reply'd he, I have enough of one, I have enough of never a one. He said true, you and a Companion are Theatre enough to one another, or you to yourself. Let us be to you the whole People, and the whole People

* *Persius, Sat. 1.*

to you but one: 'Tis an unworthy Ambition, to think to derive Glory from a Man's Sloth and Privacy: You are to do like the Beasts of Chace, who put out the Track at the Entrance into their Den. You are to concern yourself no more how the World talks of you, but how you are to talk to yourself: Retire yourself into yourself, but first prepare yourself there to receive yourself: It were a Folly to trust yourself in your own Hands, if you cannot govern yourself; a Man may as well miscarry alone, as in Company, till you have rendred yourself as such, as before whom you dare not trip, and till you have a Bashfulness and Respect for yourself, *Observantur species honestæ animo**; *Let just and honest Things be still represented to the Mind.* Present continually to your Imagination, *Cato, Phocion, and Aristides*, in whose Presence the Fools themselves will hide their Faults: Make them Controulers of all your Intentions. Should your Intentions deviate from Virtue, your Respect to those Men will again set you right; they will keep you in the Way of being contented with yourself to borrow nothing of any other but yourself; to restrain and fix your Soul in certain and limited Thoughts, wherein she may please herself, and having understood the true and real Goods, which Men the more enjoy, the more they understand, to rest satisfied, without Desire of Prolongation of Life or Memory. This is the Precept of the true and natural Philosophy, not of a boasting and prating Philosophy, such as that of the two former.

* *Cicero Tusc. Quæst. 1. 2.*





C H A P. XXXIX.

A Consideration upon Cicero.

ONE Word more by Way of Comparison, betwixt these two. There are to be gathered out of the Writings of *Cicero*, and this younger *Pliny*, (who, in my Opinion, but little resembles his Uncle in his Humour,) infinite Testimonies of a Nature boundlessly ambitious; and amongst others, this for one, that they both, in the Sight of all the World, solicit the Historians of their Time, not to forget them in their Memoirs; and Fortune, as it were in spite, has made the Vanity of those Requests live upon Record down to this Age of ours, when she has long since damned the Histories themselves to Oblivion. But this exceeds all Meanness of Spirit in Persons of such Quality, as they were, to think to derive any great and living Renown from babling and prating; even to the publishing of their private Letters to their Friends, and so withal, that though some of them were never sent, the Opportunity being lost, they nevertheless expose them to the Light with this worthy Excuse, that they were hereafter unwilling to lose their Labours, and have their Lucubrations thrown away. Was it not very well becoming two Consuls of *Rome*, Sovereign Magistrates of the Republick that commanded the World, to spend their Time in contriving quaint and elegant Missives, thence to gain the Reputation of being Criticks in their own Mother-Tongue. What could a pitiful School-master have done worse, whose Trade it was to get his Living? If the Acts of *Xenophon*, and *Cæsar*, had not far enough transcended their Eloquence, I scarce believe they would ever have taken the Pains to have writ them. They made it their Business to recommend, not their Speaking, but their Doing. And could the Perfection of Eloquence have added any Lustre proportionable to the Merit of a great Person, certainly *Scipio* and *Lælius* had never resigned the Ho-

nour of their Comedies, with all the Luxuriances and Delicacies of the *Latin* Tongue, to an *African* Slave; for that that Work was theirs, the Beauty and Excellency of it do sufficiently declare; besides, *Terence* himself confesses as much, and I should take it ill from any one that would dispossess me of that Belief. 'Tis a kind of injurious Mockery and Offence to extol a Man for Qualities misbecoming his Merit and Condition, though otherwise commendable in themselves, but such as ought not however to be his chiefest Talent: As if a Man should commend a King for being a good Painter, a good Architect, a good Marksman, or a good Runner at the Ring; Commendations that add no Honour unless mentioned altogether, and in the Train of those that are more properly applicable to him, namely, his Justice, and the Science of Governing and Conducting his People both in Peace and War. At this Rate Agriculture was an Honour to *Cyrus*, and Eloquence and the Knowledge of good Letters to *Charlemagne*. I have, in my Time, known some, who, by that Knack of Writing, having got both their Titles and Fortune, disown their Apprenticeship, purposely corrupt their Stile, and affect Ignorance in so vulgar a Quality (which also our Nation observes, to be rarely seen in very intelligent Hands) to seek a Reputation by better Qualities. The Companions to *Demosthenes* in the Embassy to *Philip*, extolling that Prince for handsom, eloquent, and a stout Drinker; *Demosthenes* reply'd, That those were Commendations more proper for a Woman, an Advocate, or a Sponge, than for a King.

*Imperet bellante prior jacentem
Lenis in hostem*.*

First let his Empire from his Valour flow,
And then by Mercy on a prostrate Foe.

'Tis not his Profession to know either how to hunt, or to dance well.

* *Horat. Carm.*

Orabunt

*Orabunt Causas alii, cœlique meatus
Describent radio, & fulgentia sidera dicent,
Hic regere imperio populos sciat*.*

Let others plead at the litigious Bar,
Describe the Spheres, point out each twinkling Star, }
Let this Man rule a greater Art by far.

Plutarch says, moreover, that to appear so excellent in these less necessary Qualities, is to produce Witness against a Man's self, that he has spent his Time, and apply'd his Study ill, which ought to have been employ'd in the Acquisition of more necessary, and more useful Things; so that *Philip* King of *Macedon*, having heard the Great *Alexander* his Son, sing once at a Feast to the Wonder and Envy of the best Musicians there: Art not thou ashamed, said he to him, to sing so well? And to the same *Philip*, a Musician, with whom he was disputing about some Things concerning his Art: *Heaven forbid! Sir*, said he, *that so great a Misfortune should ever befall you, as to understand these Things better than I.* A King should be able to answer, as *Iphicrates* did the Orator, who pressed upon him in his *Invective* after this Manner: And what art thou, that thou bravest it at this Rate? Art thou a Man at Arms? Art thou an Archer? Art thou a Pike? I am none of all this; but I know how to command all these. And *Antisthenes* took it for an Argument of little Valour in *Ismenas*, that he was commended for playing excellently well upon a Flute. I know very well, that when I hear any one insist upon the Language of *Essays*, I had rather a great deal he would say nothing. 'Tis not so much to elevate the Stile, as to depress the Sense, and so much the more offensively, as they do it disgracefully, and out of the Way. I am much deceived, if many other Essayists deliver more worth nothing as to the Matter, and how well or ill soever, if any other Writer has strewed them either much more material, or thicker upon his Paper than myself. To bring the more in, I only muster up the Heads; should I

* *Virg. Æn. l. 6.*

annex the Sequel, I should strangely multiply these Volumes: And how many Stories have I scattered up and down in this Book, that I only touch upon, which should any one more curiously search into, they would find Matter enough to produce infinite *Essays*: Neither those Stories, nor my Allegations, do always serve simply for Example, Authority or Ornament; I do not only regard them for the Use I make of them; they carry sometimes, besides what I apply them to, the Seed of a richer and a bolder Matter, and sometimes collaterally a more delicate Sound both to me myself, who will express no more in this Place, and to others who shall happen to be of my Ear.

But returning to the speaking Virtue; I find no great Choice betwixt, not knowing to speak any thing but very ill, and not knowing to speak any thing but very well. *Non est Ornamentum virile Concinnitas* *: *Neatness of Style, is no many Ornament*. The Sages tell us, that as to what concerns Knowledge, there is nothing but Philosophy; and to what concerns Effects, nothing but Virtue, that is generally proper to all Degrees, and to all Orders. There is something like this in these two other Philosophers, for they also promise Eternity to the Letters they write to their Friends; but 'tis after another Manner, and by accommodating themselves for a good End, to the Vanity of another; for they write to them, that if the Concern of making themselves known to future Ages, and the Thrill of Glory, do yet detain them in the Management of publick Affairs, and make them fear the Solitude and Retirement to which they would persuade them; let them never trouble themselves more about it, forasmuch as they shall have Credit enough with Posterity to assure them, that were there nothing else but the very Letters thus writ to them, those Letters will render their Names as known and famous as their own publick Actions themselves could do. And besides this Difference, these are not idle and empty Letters, that contain nothing but a fine Gingle of well-chosen Words, and fine couch'd Phrases, but rather replete and abounding with grave and learned Discourses, by which a Man may

* *Sen. Ep. 6.*

render himself not more eloquent, but more wise; and that instruct us not to speak, but to do well: Away with that Eloquence that so enchants us with it's Harmony, that we should more study it than Things. Unless you will allow that of *Cicero*, to be of so supreme a Perfection, as to form a complete Body of itself: And of him I shall farther add one Story we read of him to this Purpose, wherein his Nature will much more manifestly be laid open to us: He was to make an Oration in Publick, and found himself a little straitned in Time, to fit his Words to his Mouth, as he had a mind to do; when *Eros*, one of his Slaves, brought him Word, that the Audience was deferr'd 'till the next Day, at which he was so ravish'd with Joy, that he enfranchis'd him for the good News.

Upon this Subject of Letters, I will add this more to what has been already said, that it is a kind of Writing; wherein my Friends think I can do something; and I am willing to confess, I should rather have chose to publish my Whimsies that Way, than any other, had I had to whom to write; but I wanted such a settled Correspondency as I once had to attract me to it, to raise my Fancy, and maintain the rest against me. For to traffick with the Wind, as some others have done, and to forge vain Names to direct my Letters to, in a serious Subject, I could never do it but in a Dream, being a sworn Enemy to all Manner of Falsification: I should have been more diligent, and more confidently secure, had I had a judicious and indulgent Friend, to whom to address, than thus to expose myself to various Judgments of a whole People; and I am deceived, if I had not succeeded better: I have naturally a comick and familiar Stile; but it is a peculiar one, and not proper for publick Business, but like the Language I speak, too compact, irregular, abrupt, and singular; and as to Letters of Ceremony, that have no other Substance, than a fine Contexture of courteous and obliging Words, I am wholly to seek, I have neither Faculty nor Relish for those tedious Offers of Service and Affection; I am not good-natur'd to that Degree, and should not forgive myself, should I offer more than I intend, which is very remote from the present Practice; for there never was so abject and servile a *Prostitution of Tenders of Life, Soul, Devotion, Adoration, Vassal, Slave,*

Slave, and I cannot tell what, as now; all which Expressions are so commonly, and so indifferently posted to and fro by every one, and to every one, that when they would profess a greater and more respective Inclination upon more just Occasions, they have not wherewithal to express it: I hate all Air of Flattery to Death, which is the Cause that I naturally fall into a shy, rough, and crude Way of Speaking, that to such as do not know me, may seem a little to relish of Disdain: I honour those most to whom I shew the least Honour and Respect; and where my Soul moves with the greatest Chearfulness, I easily forget the Ceremonies of Look and Gesture; I offer myself faintly and bluntly, to them whose I effectually am, and tender myself the least to him, to whom I am the most devoted: Methinks they should read it in my Heart, and that my Expression would but injure the Love I have conceived within. To welcome, take Leave, give Thanks, accost, offer my Service, and such verbal Formalities as the Laws of our modern Civility enjoin, I know no Man so stupidly unprovided of Language as myself: And have never been employ'd in writing Letters of Favour and Recommendation, that he, in whose Behalf it was, did not think my Mediation cold and imperfect. The *Italians* are great Printers of Letters. I do believe I have at least an hundred several Volumes of them; of all which those of *Hannibal Caro* seem to me to be the best: If all the Paper I have scribbled to the Ladies, all the Time when my Hand was really prompted by my Passion, were now in Being, there might peradventure be found a Page worthy to be communicated to our young Enamorato's, that are besotted with that Fury. I always write my Letters Post, and so precipitously, that though I write an intolerable ill Hand, I rather chuse to do it myself than to employ another; for I can find none able to follow me, and never transcribe any; but have accustomed the great Ones that know me to endure my Blots and Dashes, and upon Paper without Fold or Margent. Those that cost me the most Pains, are the worst of mine; when I once begin to draw it in by Head and Shoulders, 'tis a Sign I am not there. I fall to without Premeditation or Design, the first Word begets the second, and so to the End of the Chapter.

The Letters of this Age consist more in fine Foldings and Prefaces, than Matter; where I had rather write two Letters, than close and fold up one, and always assign that Employment to some other; as also when the Business of my Letter is dispatch'd, I would with all my Heart transfer it to another Hand, to add those long Harangues, Offers, and Prayers that we place at the Bottom, and should be glad that some new Custom would discharge us of that unnecessary Trouble; as also superscribing them with a long Ribble-row of Qualities and Titles, which, for Fear of Mistakes, I have several Times given over Writing, and especially to Men of the long Robe. There are so many Innovations of Offices, that 'tis hard to place so many Titles of Honour in their proper and due Order, which also being so dearly bought, they are neither to be mistaken nor omitted without Offence. I find the same Fault likewise with charging the Fronts and Title-Pages of the Books we commit to the Press, with such a Clutter of Titles.



C H A P. XL.

That the Relish of Goods and Evils, does, in a great Measure, depend upon the Opinion we have of them.

MEN (says an ancient *Greek* Sentence) are tormented with the Opinions they have of Things, and not by the Things themselves. It would be a great Victory obtained for the Relief of our miserable human Condition, could this Proposition be established for certain and true throughout. For if Evils have no Admission into us, but by the Judgment we ourselves make of them, it should seem that it is then in our own Power to despise them, or to turn them to good. If Things surrender themselves

to our Mercy, why do we not convert and accommodate them to our Advantage? If what we call Evil and Torment, is neither Evil nor Torment in itself, but only that our Fancy gives it that Quality, and makes it so, it lyes in us to change and alter it; and it being in our own Choice, if there be no Constraint upon us, we must certainly be very strange Fools, to take Arms for that Side, which is most offensive to us, and to give Sickness, Want, and Contempt, a nauseous Taste, if it be in our Power to give them a more grateful Relish; and if Fortune simply provides the Matter, 'tis our Business to give it the Form. Now that which we call Evil, is not so of itself, or at least to that Degree that we make it; and that it depends upon us, to give it another Taste or Complexion, (for all comes to one) let us examine how that can be maintain'd. If the original Being of those Things we fear had Power to lodge themselves in us, by their own Authority, it would then lodge itself alike, and in like Manner in all; for Men are all of the same Kind, and saving in greater and less Proportions, are all provided with the same Utensils and Instruments to conceive and to judge; but the Diversity of Opinions we have of those Things, does clearly evidence, that they only enter us by Composition: One particular Person, peradventure, admits them in their true Being; but a Thousand others give them a new and contrary Being in them. We hold Death, Poverty, and Grief, for our principal Enemies, but this Death which some repute the most dreadful of all dreadful Things, who does not know that others call it the only secure Harbour from the Storms and Tempests of Life? The sovereign Good of Nature? The sole Support of Liberty? And the common and sudden Remedy of all Evils? And as the one expect it with Fear and Trembling, the other support it with greater Ease than Life. That Blade complains of it's Facility,

*Mors utinam pavidos vitæ subducere nollis,
Sed Virtus te sola daret*!*

* Luc. 1. 3.

O Death

O Death ! I wish thou wouldst the Coward spare,
That but the Daring none might thee confer.

But let us leave these glorious Courages. *Theodorus* answered *Lyfmachus*, who threatned to kill him, Thou wilt do a brave Thing, said he, to arrive at the Force of a *Cantbarides*. The greatest Part of Philosophers are observed to have either purposely prevented, or hastened and assisted their own Death. How many ordinary People do we see led to Execution, and that not to a simple Death, but mixt with Shame, and sometimes with grievous Torments, appear with such Assurance, what through Obstinacy, or natural Simplicity, that a Man can discover no Change from their ordinary Condition; settling their domestick Affairs, recommending them to their Friends, singing, preaching, and diverting the People so much, as sometimes to fall out into Jest, and to drink to their Companions, as well as *Socrates*. One that they were leading to the Gallows, told them they must not carry him through such a Street, lest a Merchant that lived there should arrest him by the Way for an old Debt. Another told the Hangman, he must not touch his Neck, for fear of making him laugh, he was so ticklish. Another answered his Confessor, who promised him, that he should that Day sup with our Lord. Do you go then, said he, in my room; for I for my Part keep Fast to Day. Another having called for Drink, and the Hangman having drank first, said he would not drink after him, for Fear of catching the Pox. Every Body has heard the Tale of the *Piccard*, to whom, being upon the Ladder, they presented a Whore, telling him, (as our Law does sometimes permit) that if he would marry her, they would save his Life; he having a while considered her, and perceiving that she halted, Come, tie up, tie up, said he, she limps. And they tell another Story of the same Kind, of a Fellow in *Denmark*, who being condemned to lose his Head, and the like Condition being proposed to him upon the Scaffold, refused it, by Reason the Maid they offered him, had hollow Cheeks, and too sharp a Nose. A Servant at *Tboluse* being accused of Herefy, for the Sum of his Belief referred himself to that of his Master, a young Student Prisoner with him, chusing rather to die, than

than suffer himself to be persuaded, that his Master could err. We read, that of the Inhabitants of *Arras*, when *Lewis* the Eleventh took that City, a great many let themselves be hang'd, rather than they would say, *God save the King*. And amongst that mean-soul'd Race of Men, the Buffoons, there have been some, who would not leave their Fooling at the very Moment of Death. He that the Hangman turned off the Ladder, cried, *Launch the Galley*, an ordinary foolish Saying of his; and the other, whom at the Point of Death, his Friends having laid upon a Pallet before the Fire, the Physician asking him where his Pain lay, betwixt the Bench and the Fire, said he; and the Priest, to give him the extreme Unction, groping for his Feet, which his Pain had made him pull up to him, you will find them, said he, at the End of my Legs. To one that being present exhorted him to recommend himself to God, why, who goes thither, said he? And the other replying, it will presently be yourself, if it be his good Pleasure; would I were sure to be there by Tomorrow Night, said he; do but recommend yourself to him, said the other, and you will soon be there: I were best then, said he, to carry my Recommendations myself. In the Kingdom of *Narsingua* to this Day, the Wives of their Priests are buried alive with the Bodies of their Husbands, all other Wives are burnt at their Husbands Funerals, which also they not only constantly, but chearfully undergo. At the Death of their King, his Wives and Concubines, his Favourites, all his Officers and domestick Servants, which make up a great Number of People, present themselves so chearfully to the Fire where his Body is burnt, that they seem to take it for a singular Honour to accompany their Master in Death. During our late War of *Milan*, where there happened so many Takings and Retakings of Towns, the People impatient of so many various Changes of Fortune, took such a Resolution to die, that I have heard my Father say, he there saw a List taken of five and twenty Masters of Families, that made themselves away in one Week's Time: An Accident somewhat resembling that of the *Zanthians*, who being besieged by *Brutus*, precipitated themselves, Men, Women, and Children, into such a furious Appetite of dying, that
nothing

nothing can be done to evade Death, which they did not put in Practice to avoid Life; infomuch, that *Brutus* with all his Endeavours could save but a very small Number. Every Opinion is of Force enough, to make itself to be espoused at the Expence of Life. The first Article of that valiant Oath that *Greece* took and observ'd in the *Median War*, was, that every one should sooner exchange Life for Death, than their own Laws for those of *Persia*. What a World of People do we see in the Wars betwixt the *Turks* and the *Greeks*, rather embrace a cruel Death, than to uncircumcise themselves to admit of Baptism. An Example of which no Sort of Religion is incapable. The Kings of *Castile* having banish'd the *Jews* out of their Dominions, *John*, King of *Portugal*, in Consideration of eight Crowns a Head, sold them a Retirement into his, for a certain limited Time; upon Condition that the Time prefix'd coming to expire, they should be gone; and he to furnish them with Shipping, to transport them into *Africk*. The limited Day came, which once laps'd they were given to understand, that such as were afterwards found in the Kingdom should remain Slaves: Vessels were very slenderly provided, and those who embark'd in them, were rudely and villainously us'd by the Seamen, who besides other Indignities, kept them cruising upon the Sea, one while forwards, and another backwards 'till they had spent all their Provisions, and were constrain'd to buy of them at so dear Rates, and so long withal, that they set them not on Shore, 'till they were all stript to their very Shirts. The News of this inhuman Usage being brought to those who remain'd behind, the greater Part of them resolv'd upon Slavery, and some made a Shew of changing their Religion. *Emanuel*, the Successor of *John*, being come to the Crown, first set them at Liberty; and afterwards altering his Mind, order'd them to depart his Country, assigning three Ports for their Passage. Hoping (says the Bishop of *Osvorius*, no contemptible Latin Historian of these latter Times) that the Favour of the Liberty he had given them, having fail'd of converting them to Christianity; yet the Difficulty of committing themselves to the Mercy of the Mariners, and of abandoning a Country they were now habituated to, and were grown very rich in, to go and expose themselves in strange and unknown Regions,

would

would certainly do it: But finding himself deceiv'd in his Expectation, and that they were all resolv'd upon the Voyage, he cut off two of the Ports he had promised them, to the End, that the Length and Incommodity of the Passage might reduce some; or that he might have Opportunity, by crowding them all into one Place, the more conveniently to execute what he had designed; which was to force all the Children under fourteen Years of Age, from the Arms of their Fathers and Mothers, to transport them from their Sight and Conversation, into a Place where they might be instructed, and brought up in our Religion. He says that this produc'd a most horrid Spectacle; the natural Affection, betwixt the Parents and their Children, and moreover their Zeal to their ancient Belief, contending against this violent Decree. Fathers and Mothers were commonly seen making themselves away, and by a yet much more rigorous Example, precipitating out of Love and Compassion, their young Children into Wells and Pits, to avoid the Severity of this Law. As to the Remainder of them, the Time that had been prefix'd being expir'd, for want of Means to transport them, they again return'd into Slavery. Some also turned Christians, upon whose Faith, as also that of their Posterity even to this Day, which is a hundred Years since, few Portuguese can yet rely or believe them to be real Converts; though Custom, and Length of Time, are much more powerful Counsellors in such Changes, than all other Constraints whatever. In the Town of Castlenau-Darry, fifty Hereticks, *Albogensis*, at one Time suffer'd themselves to be burnt alive in one Fire, rather than they would renounce their Opinions. *Quoties non modo ductores nostri, dicit Cicero, sed universi etiam exercitus, ad non dubiam mortem concurrerunt? How oft, have not only our Leaders, but whole Armies, run to a certain and apparent Death?* I have seen an intimate Friend of mine, with a real Affection, that was rooted in his Heart by divers plausible Arguments, which he would never permit me to dispossess him of, run headlong upon Death upon the first honourable Occasion that offer'd itself to him, to precipitate himself into it; and that too, without any Manner of visible Reason, with an obstinate and ardent Desire of dying.

We

We have several Examples of our own Times of those, even among little Children, who for Fear of a Whipping, or some such little Thing, have dispatch'd themselves. And, what shall we not fear, (says one of the Ancients to that Purpose) if we dread that which Cowardice itself has chosen for it's Refuge? Should I here produce a tedious Catalogue of those of all Sexes and Conditions, and of all Sorts, even in the most happy Ages, who have either with great Constancy look'd Death in the Face, or voluntarily sought it; and sought it not only to avoid the Evils of this Life, but some purely to avoid the Satiety of living; and others, for the Hope of a better Condition elsewhere, I should never have done. Nay, the Number is so infinite, that in Truth, I should have a better Bargain on't, to reckon up those who have fear'd it. This one therefore shall serve for all; *Pyrrho*, the Philosopher, being one Day in a Boat, in a very great Tempest, shew'd to those he saw the most affrighted about him, and encourag'd them by the Example of a Hog, that was there, nothing at all concern'd at the Storm. Shall we then dare to say, that this Advantage of Reason, of which we so much boast, and upon the Account of which we think ourselves Masters and Emperors over the rest of the Creatures, was given us for a Torment? To what End serves the Knowledge of Things, if it renders us more unmanly? If we lose the Tranquillity and Repose we should enjoy without it? And if it puts us into a worse Condition than *Pyrrho's* Hog? Shall we employ the Understanding that was conferr'd upon us for our greatest Good, to our own Ruin? Setting ourselves against the Design of Nature, and the universal Order of Things, which intend that every one should make Use of the Faculties, Members and Means he has, to his own best Advantage? But it may peradventure be objected against me your Rule is true enough as to what concerns Death: But what will you say of Necessity? What will you moreover say of Pain, that *Aristippus*, *Hieronymus*, and almost all the wise Men have reputed the worst of Evils? And those who have deny'd it by Word of Mouth, did however confess it in Effects. *Possidonius* being extremely tormented with a sharp and painful Disease, *Pompeius* came to visit him, excusing himself, that he had taken so unseasonable a Time to

come

come to hear him discourse of Philosophy; God forbid, said *Possidonius* to him again, that Pain should ever have the Power to hinder me from talking, and thereupon fell immediately upon a Discourse of the Contempt of Pain: But in the mean Time, his own Infirmity was playing it's Part, and plagu'd him to the Purpose; to which he cry'd out, thou may'st work thy Will, Pain, and torment me with all the Power thou hast, but thou shalt never make me say, that thou art an Evil. This Story that they make such a Clutter withal, what is there in it, I fain would know, to the Contempt of Pain? It only fights it with Words, and in the mean Time, if the Shootings and Dolours he felt, did not move him, why did he interrupt his Discourse? Why did he fancy he did so great a Thing, in forbearing to confes it an Evil? All does not here consist in the Imagination, our Fancies may work upon other Things: But this here is a certain Science that is playing it's Part, of which our Senses themselves are Judge.

Qui nisi sunt veri, ratio quoque falsa sit omnis *.

Which if it be not here most true;
Reason itself must be false too.

Shall we persuade our Skins, that the Jerks of a Whip tickle us? Or our Taste, that a Potion of Aloes is *Graves Wine*. *Pyrrho's Hog* is here in the same Predicament with us; he is not afraid of Death, 'tis true, but if you beat him, he will cry out to some Purpose: Shall we force the general Law of Nature, which in every living Creature under Heaven is seen to tremble under Pain? The very Trees seem to groan under the Blows they receive. Death is only felt by Discourse, forasmuch as it is the Motion of an Instant.

*Aut fuit, aut veniet, nihil est presentis in illa,
Morsque minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis habet* ||.

* *Luc. 4.*

|| *Ovid. Epist. Ariad.*

Death's

Death's always past, or coming on, in this
There never any thing of Present is:
And the Delays of Death more painful are,
Than Death itself, and Dying is by far.

A Thousand Beasts, a Thousand Men, are sooner dead than threatned. That also which we principally pretend to fear in Death is Pain, the ordinary Forerunner of it: Yet, if we may believe a holy Father, *Malam mortem non facit, nisi quod sequitur mortem.* Nothing makes Death Evil, but what follows it. And I should yet say more probably, that neither that which goes before, nor that which follows after, are at all the Appendants of Death: We excuse ourselves safely. And I find by Experience, that it is rather our Impatience at the Imagination of Death, that makes us impatient of Pain; and that we find it doubly grievous, as it threatens us with Death. But Reason accusing our Cowardice, for fearing a Thing so sudden, so unavoidable, and so insensible, we take the other as the more excusable Presence. All Ills that carry no other Danger along with them, but simply the Evils themselves, we despise as Things of no Danger. The Tooth-Ach, or the Gout, as painful as they are, being yet not reputed mortal, who reckons them in the Catalogue of Diseases? But let us presuppose, that in Death we principally regard the Pain, as also, there is nothing to be fear'd in Poverty, but the Miseries it brings along with it, of Thirst, Hunger, Cold, Heat, Watching, and the other Inconveniences it makes us suffer, yet still we have nothing to do with any Thing but Pain. I will grant, and very willingly, that it is the worst Accident of our Being, (for I am the Man upon Earth that the most hates and avoids it, considering, that hitherto I thank God I have had so little Commerce with it) but still it lyes in us, if not to annihilate, at least to lessen it by Patience, and though the Body should mutiny, to maintain the Soul nevertheless in a good Temper. And were it not so, who would ever have given Reputation to Virtue, Valour, Force, Magnanimity, and Resolution? Where were their Parts to be plaid, if there were no Pain to be defied? *Avida est periculi virtus**. *Virtue is greedy of Danger.*

* *Seneca.*

Were

Were there no lying upon the hard Ground, no enduring, armed at all Points, the Southern and Mid-day Heats, no feeding upon the Flesh of Horses and Asses, no seeing ourselves hack'd and hew'd to Pieces, no suffering a Bullet to be pulled out from amongst the shattered Bones, the stitching up, cauterising, and searching of Wounds, by what Means were the Advantage we covet to have over the Vulgar to be acquired? 'Tis far from flying Evil and Pain, what the Sages say, that of Actions equally good, a Man should most covet to perform that wherein there is greatest Labour and Pain. *Non est enim hilaritate, nec lascivia, nec risu, aut joco comite levitatis, sed sæpe etiam tristis firmitate, & constantia sunt beati**: For Men are not only happy by Mirth and Wantonness, neither by Laughter and Jestings, the Companion of Levity, but very often the graver and more melancholick Sort of Men reap Felicity from their Steadiness and Constancy. And for this Reason it ever was impossible to persuade our Fore-fathers, but that the Victories obtained by Dint of Force, and the Hazard of War, were still more honourable than those gained with great Security, by Stratagem or Practice.

Lætius est, quoties magno sibi constat honestum †.

A handsom Act more handsom does appear,
By how much more it cost the Doer dear.

Besides, this ought to be our Comfort, that naturally, if the Pain be violent, 'tis but short; and if long, nothing violent: *Si gravis, brevis: Si longus, levis †.* Thou wilt not feel it long, if thou feelest it too much, it will either put an End to itself, or to thee; if thou can'st not support it, it will export thee. *Memineris maximos morte finire; parvos multa habere intervalia requietis; Mediocrium nos esse dominos: Ut si tolerabiles sint, feramus; sin minus, è vita, quam ea non placeat tanquam è theatro exeamus ||*: Remember, that great Ones are terminated by Death, that small

* Cicero de fin. l. 2.
|| Cicero de fin.

† Luc. lib. 9.

‡ Cicero.

have long Intermiſſions of Repoſe, and that we are Maſters of the moderate Sort: So that, if tolerable, we may bear them, if not, we can go out of Life as from a Theatre, where the Entertainment does not pleaſe us; that which makes us ſuffer Pain with ſo much Impatience, is the not being accuſtomed to repoſe our chiefſt Contentment in the Soul, that we do not enough rely upon her who is the ſole and ſovereign Miſtreſs of our Condition. The Body, ſaving in greater or leſs Proportion, has but one and the ſame Bent and Biās; whereas the Soul is variable into all Sorts of Forms, and ſubjects to herſelf, and to her own Empire, all Things whatſoever; both the Senſes of the Body, and all other Accidents: And therefore it is, that we ought to ſtudy her, to enquire into her, and to rouze up all her powerful Faculties. There is neither Reaſon, Form, nor Preſcription, that can any thing prevail againſt her Inclination and Choice; of ſo many Thouſands of Biāſes that ſhe has at her Diſpoſal, let us give her one proper to our Repoſe and Converſation, and then we ſhall not only be ſheltered and ſecured from all Manner of Injury and Offence, but moreover gratified and obliged, if we will, with Evils and Offences. She makes her Profit indifferently of all Things. Error and Dreams ſerve her to good Uſe, as a loyal Matter to lodge us in Safety and Contentment. 'Tis plain enough to be ſeen, that 'tis the Sharpneſs of our Conceit that gives the Edge to our Pains and Pleaſures. Beaſts that have no ſuch Thing, leave to their Bodies their own free and natural Sentiments, and conſequently, in every Kind, very near the ſame, as appears by the reſembling Application of their Motions. If we would not diſturb, in our Members, the Jurisdiction that appertains to them in this, 'tis to be believed, it would be the better for us, and that Nature has given them a juſt and moderate Temper, both to Pleaſure and Pain; neither can it fail of being juſt, being equal, and common. But ſeeing we have enfranchis'd ourſelves from theſe Rules, to give ourſelves up to the rambling Liberty of our own Fancies, let us at leaſt help to incline them to the moſt agreeable Side. *Plato* fears our too vehemently engaging ourſelves with Grief and Pleaſure, forasmuch as theſe two much knit and ally the Soul to the Body: Whereas I rather quite contrary, by Reaſon it too
much

much separates and disunites them. As an Enemy is made more fierce by our Flight, so Pain grows proud to see us truckle under it. She will surrender upon much better Terms to them who make Head against her: A Man must oppose, and stoutly set himself against it. In retiring and giving Ground, we invite and pull upon ourselves the Ruin that threatens us. As the Body is more firm in an Encounter, the more stiffly and obstinately it applies itself to it; so it is with the Soul. But let us come to Examples, which are the proper Commodity for Fellows of such feeble Reins as myself; where we shall find, that it is with Pain as with Stones that receive a more spritely, or a more languishing Lustre, according to the Foil they are set upon, that it has no more Room in us than we are pleased to allow it. *Tantum doluerunt, quantum doloribus se inseruerunt**: They grieved so much the more, by how much they set themselves to grieve. We are more sensible of one little Touch of a Chirurgion's Lancet, than of twenty Wounds with a Sword in the Heat of Fight. The Pains of Child-bearing, said by the Physician, and even by God himself, to be very great, and which our Women keep so great a Clutter about, there are whole Nations that make nothing of them. To say nothing of the *Lacedæmonian* Women, what Alteration can you see in our *Switzers* Wives of the Guard, saving, as they trot after their Husbands, you see them To-day with the Child hanging at their Backs, that they carried Yesterday in their Bellies? And the counterfeit Gypsies we have amongst us, go themselves to wash their's as soon as they come into the World, in the first River they meet. Besides so many Whores as daily steal their Children out of their Womb, as before they stole them in; that fair and noble Wife of *Sabinus*, a Patrician of *Rome*, for another's Interest alone, without Help, without crying out, or so much as a Groan, endured the Bearing of Twins. A poor simple Boy of *Lacedæmon*, having stole a Fox, (for they more fear the Shame of their Knavery in Stealing, than we do the Punishment of our Knavery) and having got him under his Coat, did rather endure the Tearing out of

* *Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

his Bowels than he would discover his Theft. And another cursing at a Sacrifice, suffered himself to be burnt to the Bone, by a Coal that fell into his Sleeve, rather than disturb the Ceremony. There have been a great Number, for a sole Trial of Virtue, who, following their Instructions, have at seven Years old endured to be whipt to Death, without changing their Countenance: And *Cicero* has seen them fight in Parties, with Fists, Feet and Teeth, 'till they have fainted and sunk down, rather than confess themselves overcome. Custom would never conquer Nature, for she is ever invincible, but we have infected the Mind with Shadows, Delights, Wantonness, Negligence and Sloth; and with vain Opinions, and corrupt Manners, render'd it effeminate and mean. Every one knows the Story of *Scævola*, who having slipt into the Enemies Camp to kill their General, and missing his Blow, to repair his Fault, by a more strange Invention, and to deliver his Country, he boldly confessed to *Porfenna*, (who was the King he had an Intent to kill) not only his Design, but moreover added, That theré were then in his Camp a great Number of *Romans*, his Accomplices in the Enterprize, as good Men as he, and to shew what a one he himself was, having caused a Pan of burning Coals to be brought, he saw and endured his Arm to broil and roast, 'till the King himself conceiving Horror at the Sight, commanded the Pan to be taken away. What would you say of him, that would not vouchsafe to respite his reading in a Book, whilst he was under Incision? And of the other that persisted to mock and laugh, in Contempt of the Pains inflicted upon him; so that the provok'd Cruelty of the Executioners that had him in handling, and all the Inventions of Tortures redoubled upon him one after another, spent in vain, gave him the Bucklers? But he was a Philosopher. A Fencer of *Cæsar's* endur'd, and laughing all the while, his Wounds to be searched, lanced and laid open. *Quis mediocris gladiator ingemuit? Quis vultum mutavit unquam? Quis non modo stetit, verum etiam decubuit turpiter? Quis cum decubisset, ferrum recipere jussus, collum contraxit*? What*

* *Cicero Tusc. l. 2.*

mean Fencer ever so much as gave a Groan? Which of them ever so much as changed his Countenance? Which of them standing or falling did either with Shame? Which of them, when he was down, and commanded to receive the Blow of the Sword, ever shrunk in his Neck? Let us bring in the Women too. Who has not heard at Paris of her who caused her Face to be flea'd, only for the fresher Complexion of a new Skin? There are some who have drawn good and sound Teeth, to make their Voices more soft and sweet, or to place them in better Order. How many Examples of the Contempt of Pain have we in that Sex? What can they not do? What do they fear to do, for never so little Hopes of an Addition to their Beauty?

*Vellere quis cura est albos à stirpe capillos,
Et faciem dempta pelle referre novam*.*

Who pluck'd their gray Hairs by the Roots, and try
An old Head, Face, with young Skin to supply.

I have seen some of them swallow Sand, Ashes, and do their utmost to destroy their Stomachs, to get pale Complexions. To make a fine *Spanish* Boy, what Racks will they not endure of Tweaking and Bracing, 'till they have Notches in their Sides, cut into the very quick Fleth, and sometimes to Death? It is an ordinary Thing with several Nations at this Day, to hurt themselves in good Earnest, to gain Credit to what they profess, of which our King relates notable Examples of what he has seen in *Poland*, and done towards himself. But besides this, which I know to have been imitated by some in *France*, when I came from that famous Assembly of the Estates at *Blois*, I had a little before seen a Maid in *Picardy*, who, to manifest the Ardour of her Promises, as also her Constancy, gave herself, with a Bodkin she wore in her Hair, four or five good lusty Stabs into the Arm, 'till the Blood gushed out to some Purpose. The *Turks* make themselves great Scars in Honour of their Mistresses, and to the End they may the longer remain,

* *Tib. lib. 1. Eleg. 9.*

they presently clap Fire to the Wound, where they hold it an incredible Time to stop the Blood, and form the Cicatrice; People that have been Eye-Witnesses of it, have both writ and sworn it to me. But for ten Aspers, there are there every Day Fellows to be found, that will give themselves a good deep Slash in the Arms or Thighs. I am willing, though, to have the Testimonies nearest to us, when we have most Need of them; for Christendom does furnish us with enough. And after the Example of our blessed Guide, there have been many who would bear the Cross. We learn by Testimony, very worthy of Belief, that the King St. *Lewis* wore a Hair-Shirt, 'till in his old Age his Confessor gave him a Dispensation to leave it off; and that every *Friday* he caused his Shoulders to be drubbed by his Priest with six small Chains of Iron, which were always carried about amongst his Night Accoutrements for that Purpose. *William*, our late Duke of *Guienne*, the Father of this *Eleanor*, who has transmitted this Dutchy into the Houses of *France* and *England*, continually for ten or twelve Years before he died, wore a Suit of Armour under a religious Habit, by Way of Penance. *Fulk*, Count of *Anjou*, went as far as *Jerusalem*, to cause himself to be whipt there by two of his Servants, with a Rope about his Neck, before the Sepulchre of our Lord: But do we not, moreover, every *Good-Friday*, in several Places, see great Numbers of Men and Women, beat and whip themselves 'till they lacerate and cut the Flesh to the very Bones? I have often seen this, and without Enchantment, when it was said, there were some amongst them, (for they go disguised) who for Money undertook by this Means to save harmless the Religion of others, by a Contempt of Pain, so much the greater, as the Incentives of Devotion are more effectual, than those of Avarice. 2. *Maximus* buried his Son when he was a Consul, and *M. Cato* his when Prætor elect; and *L. Paulus* both his, within a few Days one after another, with such a Countenance as expressed no Manner of Grief. I said once merrily of a certain Person, that he had disappointed the divine Justice: For the violent Death of three grown up Children of his, being one Day sent him, for a severe Scourge, as it is to be supposed, he was so far from being afflicted at the Accident, that he rather took it for a

particular Grace and Favour of Heaven. I do not follow these monstrous Humours, though I lost two or three at Nurse, if not without Grief, at least, without repining, and yet there is hardly any Accident that pierces nearer to the Quick. I see a great many other Occasions of Sorrow, that should they happen to me, I should hardly feel; and have despised some when they have befallen me, to which the World has given so terrible a Figure, that I should blush to boast of my Constancy. *Ex quo intelligitur, non in Natura, sed in Opinione esse Aegritudinem**: By which it is understood, that the Grief is not in Nature, but Opinion. Opinion is a powerful Party, bold, and without Measure; who ever so greedily hunted after Security and Repose, as *Alexander* and *Cæsar* did after Disturbances and Difficulties? *Terez*, the Father of *Sitalces*, was wont to say, that when he had no Wars, he fancied there was no Difference betwixt him and his Groom. *Cato* the Consul, to secure some Cities of *Spain* from Revolt, only interdicting the Inhabitants from wearing Arms, a great many killed themselves: *Ferox gens, nullam vita rati sine Armis esse*: A fierce People, who thought there was no Life without Arms. How many do we know, who have forsaken the Calms and Sweets of a quiet Life, at home amongst their Acquaintance, to seek out the Honour of uninhabitable Deserts; and having precipitated themselves into so abject a Condition, as to become the Scorn and Contempt of the World, have hugged themselves with the Conceit, even to Affectation. *Cardinal Barromeus*, who died lately at *Milan*, in the Midst of all the Jollity that the Air of *Italy*, his Youth, Birth and great Riches invited him too, kept himself in so austere a Way of Living, that the same Robe he wore in Summer, served him for Winter too; had only Straw for his Bed, and his Hours of Vacancy from the Affairs of his Employment, he continually spent in Study upon his Knees, having a little Bread and a Glass of Water set by his Book, which was all the Provision of his Repast, and all the Time he spent in Eating. I know some who consentingly have acquired both Profit and Advancement from Cuckoldry, of which the

* *Cicero*.

bare Name only affrights so many People. If the Sight be not the most necessary of all our Senses, 'tis at least the most pleasant: But the most pleasant and the most useful of all our Members, seem to be those of Generation, and yet a great many have conceived a mortal Hatred against them, only for this, that they were too amiable; and have deprived themselves of them, only for their Value. As much thought he of his Eyes, that put them out. The Generality and more solid Sort of Men look upon Abundance of Children as a great Blessing; I, and some others, think it as great a Benefit to be without them. And when you ask *Thales*, why he does not marry, he tells you, because he has no Mind to leave any Posterity behind him. That our Opinion gives the Value to Things, is very manifest in a great many of these which we do not so much regard to prize them, but ourselves; and never consider, either their Virtues, or their Use; but only how dear they cost us: As though that were a Part of their Substance: And we only repute for Value in them, not what they bring to us, but what we add to them. By which I understand, that we are great Managers of our Expence. As it weighs, it serves for so much as it weighs; our Opinion will never suffer it to want of its Value. The Price gives Value to the Diamond, Difficulty to Virtue, Suffering to Devotion, and Gripping to Physick. A certain Person to be poor, threw his Crowns into the same Sea to which so many came from all Parts of the World to fish and rifle for Riches. *Epicurus* says, That to be rich, is no Advantage, but only an Alteration of Affairs. In plain Truth, it is not Want, but rather Abundance that creates Avarice. Neither will I stick to deliver my own Experience concerning this Affair.

I have since my Childhood lived in three Sorts of Conditions; the first, which continued for twenty Years, I pass over without any other Means but what were accidental, and depending upon the Allowance and Assistance of others, without Stint or certain Revenue. I then spent my Money so much the more chearfully, and with so much the less Care how it went, as it wholly depended upon my over Confidence of Fortune; and never lived more at my Ease, I never had the Repulse of finding the Purse of any of my Friends shut against me, having enjoined myself this

Necessity above all other Necessities whatever, by no Means to fail of Payment at the appointed Time, which also they have a thousand Times respited, seeing how careful I was to satisfy them; so that I practised at once a thrifty, and withal, a Kind of alluring Honesty. I naturally feel a Kind of Pleasure in Paying, as if I eased my Shoulders of a troublesome Weight, and in freeing myself from that Image of Slavery; as also, that I had a ravishing Kind of Satisfaction, in pleasing another by doing a just Action. Those Kind of Payments excepted, where the Trouble of Reckoning and Dodging are required, and in such Cases, where I can meet with no Body to ease me of that hateful Torment, I avoid them, how scandalously and injuriously soever, all I possibly can, for fear of those little wrangling Disputes, for which, both by Humour, and Way of Speaking, are so totally improper and unfit. There is nothing I hate so much, as driving on a Bargain; 'tis a mere Traffick of Cozenage and Impudence; where, after an Hour's Cheapning and Dodging, both Parties abandon their Word and Oath for five Sols Profit or Abatement. And yet I always borrowed at great Disadvantage, for wanting the Confidence to speak to the Person myself, I committed my Request to the Persuasion of a Letter, which usually is no very successful Advocate, and is of very great Advantage to him who has a Mind to deny. I in those Days more jocosely and freely referred the Conduct of my Affairs to the Stars, than I have since done to my own Providence and Judgment. Most good Husbands look upon it as a horrible Thing to live always thus in Uncertainty, and are not angry in the first Place, that the greatest Part of the World live so. How many worthy Men have wholly slighted and abandoned the Certainty of their own Estates, and yet daily do it, to trust to the inconstant Favour of Princes and fickle Fortune? *Cæsar* ran above a Million of Gold, more than he was worth, in Debt, to become *Cæsar*. And how many Merchants have begun their Traffick by the Sale of their Farms, which they sent into the *Indies*?

*Tot per impotentia freta *?*

* *Cat. Epig. 4.*

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In so great a Dearth of Devotion, as we see in these Days, we have a thousand and a thousand Colleges that pass it over commodiously enough, expecting every Day their Dinner from the Liberality of Heaven. Secondly, They do not take Notice, that this Certitude, upon which they so much rely, is not much less uncertain and hazardous than Hazard itself. I see Misery as near beyond two thousand Crowns a Year, as if it stood close by me; for besides, that it is in the Power of Chance to make a hundred Breaches to Poverty, through the greatest Strength of our Riches (there being very often no Mean betwixt the highest and the lowest Fortune.)

Fortuna vitrea est: Tum, quum splendet, frangitur.*

Fortune is Glasse, the brighter it doth shine
More frail, and soonest broken when most fine.

And to turn all our Barricado's and Bulwarks Topsy-Turvy, I find that by divers Causes, Indigence is as frequently seen to inhabit with those who have Estates, as with those that have none; and, peradventure, it is then far less grievous when alone, than when accompany'd with Riches; which flow more from good Management than Income. *Faber est suæ quisque Fortunæ †: Every one is the Hammerer of his own Fortune*; and an uneasy, necessitous, busy Man, seems to me more miserable, than he that is simply poor. *In divitiis inopes, quod genus egestatis gravissimum est. Poor in the Midst of Riches, which is the most insupportable Kind of Poverty.* The greatest and most wealthy Princes are by Poverty and Want driven to the most extreme Necessity: For can there be any more Extreme, than to become Tyrants and unjust Usurpers of their Subjects Goods and Estates?

My second Condition of Life was, to have Money of my own; wherein I so ordered the Matter, that I had soon laid up a very notable Sum out of so mean a Fortune; considering with myself, that that only was to be reputed

* *Sen. Provid.*

† *Sen. Ep. 4.*

having, which a Man reserved from his ordinary Expence that a Man could not absolutely rely upon Revenue to receive, how clear soever his Estate might be. For what, said I, if I should be surprized by such or such an Accident; and after such like vain and vicious Imaginations, would very learnedly, by this Hoarding of Money, provide against all Inconveniencies; and could moreover answer, such as objected to me, that the Number of them was too infinite, that I could not lay up for all, I could however do it at least for some, and for many. Yet was not this done without a great deal of Solitude and Anxiety of Mind. I kept it very close, and though I dare talk so boldly of myself, never spoke of my Money, but falsely, as others do, who being rich, pretend to be poor, and being poor, pretend to be rich, dispensing with their Consciences from ever telling sincerely what they have. A ridiculous and shameful Prudence. Was I to go a Journey? methought I was never enough provided; and the more I loaded myself with Money, the more also was I loaded with Fear, one while the Danger of the Roads, another of the Fidelity of him who had the Charge of my Baggage, of whom, as some others that I know, I was never sufficiently secure, if I had him not always in my Eye. If I chanced to leave the Key of my Cabinet behind me, what strange Jealousies and Anxiety of Mind did I enter into? And which was worse, without daring to acquaint any Body with it. My Mind was eternally taken up with such Things as these, so that all Things considered, there is more Trouble in keeping Money, than in getting it. And if I did not altogether so much as I say, or was not effectually so scandalously solicitous of my Money, as I have made myself; yet it cost me something at least to govern myself from being so. I reaped little or no Advantage by what I had, and my Expences seemed nothing less to me, for having the more to spend: For, as *Bion* said, The hairy Men are as angry as the bald to be pulled; and after you are once accustomed to it, and have once set your Heart upon your Heap, it is no more at your Service, you cannot find in your Heart to break it: 'Tis a Building that you will fancy, must of Necessity all tumble down to Ruin, if you stir but the least Pebble. Necessity

erty must first take you by the Throat, before you can prevail upon yourself to touch it: And I would sooner have pawn'd any Thing I had, or sold a House, and with much less Constraint upon myself, than have made the least Breach in that beloved Purse I had so cunningly laid by. But the Danger was, that a Man cannot easily prescribe certain Limits to this Desire, (for they are hard to find in Things that a Man conceives to be good,) and to stint this good Husbandry so, that it may not degenerate into Avarice: Men still being intent upon adding to the Heap, and increasing the Stock from Sum to Sum, 'till at last they vilely deprive themselves of the Enjoyment of their own proper Goods, and throw all in Reserve, without making any Use of them at all. According to this Rule, they are the richest People in the World, who are set to guard the Goals, and to defend the Walls of a wealthy City. All money'd Men I conclude to be covetous. *Plato* places corporal or human Riches in this Order; Health, Beauty, Strength and Riches; and Riches, says he, is not blind, but very clear sighted, when illuminated by Prudence. *Dionysius* the Son, did a very handsom Act upon this Subject. He was informed, that one of the *Syracusans* had hid a Treasure in the Earth, and thereupon sent to the Man to bring it to him, which he accordingly did, privately reserving a small Part of it only to himself, with which he went to another City, where being cured of his Appetite of Hoarding, he began to live at a more liberal Rate; which *Dionysius* hearing, caused the rest of his Treasure to be restor'd to him, saying, that since he had learnt how to use it, he very willingly returned it back unto him.

I continued some Years in this hoarding Humour, when I know not what good Genius fortunately put me out of it, as he did the *Syracusan*, and made me throw abroad all my Reserve at Random; the Pleasure of a certain Voyage I took of very great Expence, having made me spurn this fond Love of Money under Foot, by which Means I am now fallen into a third Way of Living, (I speak what I think of it) doubtless much more pleasant and moderate, which is, that I live at the Height of my Revenue, sometimes the one, sometimes the other may perhaps exceed, but 'tis very little, and but rarely that they differ at all; I
live

live from Hand to Mouth, and content myself in having sufficient for my present and ordinary Expence; for as to extraordinary Occasions, all the laying up in the World would never suffice; and 'tis the greatest Folly imaginable to expect, that Fortune should ever sufficiently arm us against herself. 'Tis with our own Arms that we are to fight her, accidental Ones will betray us in the Pinch of the Business. If I lay up, 'tis for some near and designed Expence, and not to purchase Lands, of which I have no Need, but to purchase Pleasure. *Non esse cupidum, pecunia est; non esse emacem, vectigal est**: Not to be covetous, is Money; not to be a Purchaser, is a Tribute. I neither am in any great Apprehension of wanting, nor in any Desire of getting any more; *Divitiarum fructus est in copia; copiam declarat satietas †*: The Fruits of Riches lye in abundance, Satiety declares abundance. And I am very well pleased with myself, that this Reformation in me has fallen out in an Age naturally inclined to Avarice, and that I see myself clear'd of a Folly so common to old Men, and the most ridiculous of all human Follies. *Fexaulez*, a Man who had run through both Fortunes, and found that the Increase of Substance was no Increase of Appetite, either to Eating or Drinking, Sleeping, or the Enjoyment of his Wife; and who, on the other Side, felt the Care of his Economy lye heavy upon his Shoulders, as it does on mine; was resolved to please a poor young Man, his faithful Friend, who panted after Riches, by making him a Gift of all his, which was excessively great, and moreover of all he was in the daily Way of getting by the Liberality of *Cyrus*, his good Master, and by the War; conditionally that he should take Care handsomly to maintain, and plentifully to entertain him as his Host, and his Friends; which being accordingly embraced and performed, they afterwards lived very happily together, both of them equally content with the Change of their Condition. An Example that I could imitate with all my Heart. And very much approve the Fortune of an ancient *Prelate*, whom I see to have so absolutely stripped himself of his Purse, his Re-

* *Cicero Perad. Ul.*† *Ibid.*

venue, and Care of his Expence; committing them one while to one trusty Servant, and another while to another; that he has spun out a long Succession of Years, as ignorant by this Means of his domestick Affairs, as a mere Stranger. The Confidence of another Man's Virtue, is no light Evidence of a Man's own; besides, God is pleased to favour such a Confidence, as to what concerns him of whom I am speaking, I see no where a better govern'd Family, nor a House more nobly and constantly maintained than his; happy in this, to have stated his Affairs to so just a Proportion, that his Estate is sufficient to do it without his Care or Trouble, and without any Hindrance, either in the spending or laying it up, to his other more decent and quiet Employments, which are most suitable both to his Place and Liking. Plenty then and Indigence depend upon the Opinion every one has of them; and Riches, no more than Glory or Health, have no more either Beauty or Pleasure, than he is pleased to lend them, by whom they are possess'd. Every one is well or ill at Ease, according as he finds himself: Not he whom the World believes, but he who himself believes to be so, is content; and in him alone Belief gives itself Being and Reality. Fortune does us neither Good nor Hurt; she only presents us the Matter and the Seed, which our Soul, more powerfully than she, turns and applies as she best pleases; being the sole Cause and sovereign Mistress of her own happy or unhappy Condition. All external Accessions receive Taste and Colour from the internal Constitution, as Clothes warm us, not with their Heat, but our own, which they are fit to cover and keep in; and who would cover a cold Body, would do the same Service for the Cold, for so Snow and Ice are preserved. And after the same Manner that Study is a Torment to a Truant, Abstinence from Wine to a good Companion, Frugality to the Spend-thrift, and Exercise to a Lazy tender-bred Fellow; so it is of all the rest. The Things are not so painful and difficult of themselves, but our Weakness or Cowardice makes them so. To judge of great and high Matters, requires a suitable Soul, otherwise we attribute the Vice to them, which is really our own. A frait Oar seems crooked in the Water: It does not only import that we see the Thing, but how, and after

what Manner we see it. But after all this, why amongst so many Discourses, that by so many Arguments persuade Men to despise Death, and endure Pain, can we not find out one that makes for us? And of so many Sorts of Imaginations as have so prevailed upon others, as to persuade them to do so, why does not every one apply some one to himself, the most suitable to his own Humour? If he cannot away with a strong working Apozem to eradicate the Evil, let him at least take a Lenitive to ease it. *Opinio est quædam effeminata, at levis: Nec in dolore magis, quam eadem in voluptate: Qua quum liquescimus fluximusque mollitia, apud aculeum sine clamore ferre non possumus. Totum in eo est, ut tibi imperes**: There is a certain Light and effeminate Opinion, and that not more in Pain than it is even in Pleasure itself; by which, whilst we rest and wallow in Ease and Wantonness, we cannot endure so much as the Stinging of a Bee without roaring. All that lyes in it is only this, to command thyself. As to the rest, a Man does not transgress Philosophy, by permitting the Acrimony of Pains and human Frailty to prevail so much above Measure; for they will at last be reduced to these invincible Replies. If it be ill to live in Necessity, at least there is no Necessity upon a Man to live in Necessity. No Man continues ill long, but by his own Fault. And who has neither the Courage to die, nor the Heart to live: Who will neither resist nor fly, what should a Man do to him?

* *Cicero Tusc. lib. 2.*



CHAP.



C H A P. XLI.

Not to communicate a Man's Honour.

OF all the Follies of the World, that which is most universally received is the Solicitude of Reputation and Glory, which we are fond of to that Degree, as to abandon Riches, Peace, Life and Health, which are effectual and substantial Goods, to pursue this vain Phantom, and empty Word, that has neither Body nor Hold to be taken of it.

*La fama ch' invaghisce a un dolce suono
Gli superbi mortali, & par' si bella
Eun echo, un Sogno, anzi d' un Sogno un' ombra
Ch' ad ogni vento si dilegua, & sgombra*.*

Honour, that with such an alluring Sound,
Proud Mortals charms, and does appear so fair,
An Echo, Dream, Shade of a Dream is found,
Dispers'd abroad by ev'ry Breath of Air.

And of all the irrational Humours of Men, it should seem, that even the Philosophers themselves have the most ado, and do the latest disengage themselves from this, as the most resty and obstinate of human Follies. *Quia etiam bene proficientis animos tentare non cessat †: Because it ceases not to attack even the wisest and best lettered Minds.* There is not any one Vice, of which Reason does so clearly accuse the Vanity, as of that; but it is so deeply rooted in us, that I dare not determine, whether any one ever clearly sequestered himself from it or no. After you have said all, and believed all that has been said to it's Prejudice, it creates so intestine an Inclination in Opposition to your best Argu-

* *Tasso. Canto 10.*

† *Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

ments,

ments, that you have little Power and Constancy to resist it: For (as *Cicero* says) even those who most controvert it, would yet, that the Books they write should visit the Light under their own Names, and seek to derive Glory from seeming to despise it. All other Things are communicable, and fall into Commerce; we lend our Goods, and stake our Lives for the Necessity and Service of our Friends; but to communicate a Man's Honour, and to rob another with a Man's own Glory, is very rarely seen. And yet we have some Examples of that Kind. *Catulus Lucretius* in the *Cymbrian* War, having done all that in him lay to make his flying Soldiers face about upon the Enemy, ran himself at last away with the rest, and counterfeited the Coward, to the End his Men might rather seem to follow their Captain, than to fly from the Enemy; which was to abandon his own Reputation, to palliate the Shame of others. When *Charles* the Fifth came into *Provence* in the Year 1537, 'tis said, that *Antonio de Leva* seeing the Emperor positively resolved upon this Expedition, and believing it would redound very much to his Honour, did nevertheless very stiffly oppose it in the Council, to the End that the entire Glory of that Resolution should be attributed to his Master; and that it might be said, his own Wisdom and Foresight had been such, as that, contrary to the Opinion of all, he had brought about so great, and so generous an Enterprize, which was to do him Honour at his own Expence. The *Thracian* Embassadors, coming to comfort *Archileonida*, the Mother of *Brasidas*, upon the Death of her Son, and commending him to that Height, as to say, he had not left his Like behind him; she rejected this private and particular Commendation, to attribute it to the Publick: Tell me not that (said she) I know the City of *Sparta* has several Citizens both greater, and of greater Valour than he. In the Battle of *Cressy*, the Prince of *Wales*, being then very young, had the Vant-guard committed to him, and the main Strefs of the Battle happened to be in that Place, which made the Lords that were with him, finding themselves over-match'd, to send to King *Edward*, that he would please to advance to their Relief; who thereupon enquiring what Condition his Son was in, and being answered, that he was yet living, and on Horse-back: I should then do
him

him Wrong (said the King) now to go, and deprive him of the Honour of winning this Battle he has so long, and so bravely disputed, what Hazard soever he runs, it shall be entirely his own: And accordingly would neither go nor send, knowing that if he went, it would be said all had been lost without his Succour, and that the Honour of the Victory would be wholly attributed to him. *Semper enim quod postremum adjectum est, id rem totam videtur traxisse.* For the last Stroke to a Business seems to draw along with it the Performance of the whole Action. Many at Rome thought, and would usually say, that the greatest of *Scipio's* Acts were, in Part, due to *Lelius*, whose constant Practice it was still to advance, and shoulder *Scipio's* Grandeur and Renown, without any Care of his own. And *Theopompus*, King of *Sparta*, to him who told him the Republick could not miscarry, since he knew so well how to command. 'Tis rather (answered he) because the People know so well how to obey. As Women succeeding to Peerages, had, notwithstanding their Sex, the Privilege to assist, and give in their Votes in the Causes that appertained to the Jurisdiction of Peers: So the Ecclesiastical Peers, notwithstanding their Profession, were obliged to assist our Kings in their Wars, not only with their Friends and Servants, but in their own Persons. As the Bishop of *Beauvais* did, who being with *Philip Augustus* at the Battle of *Bouvines*, had a notable Share in that Action; but he did not think it fit for him to participate in the Fruit and Glory of that violent and bloody Trade. He with his own Hand reduced several of the Enemy that Day to his Mercy, whom he delivered to the first Gentleman he met, either to kill, or to receive them to Quarter, referring the Execution to another Hand. As also did *William*, Earl of *Salisbury*, to Messire *Jane de Nesle*, with a like Subtlety of Conscience to the other we named before, he would kill, but not wound him, and for that Reason ever fought with a Mace. And a certain Person of my Time, being reproached by the King, that he had laid Hands on a Priest, stiffly and positively deny'd he had done any such Thing: The Meaning of which was, he had cudgell'd and kick'd him.



C H A P. XLII.

Of the Inequality amongst us.

Plutarch says somewhere, that he does not find so great a Difference betwixt Beast and Beast, as he does betwixt Man and Man. Which is said in Reference to the internal Qualities and Perfections of the Soul. And in Truth, I find, (according to my poor Judgment,) so vast a Distance betwixt *Epaminondas*, and some that I know, (who are yet Men of common Sense,) that I would willingly enhance upon *Plutarch*, and say, that there is more Difference betwixt such and such a Man, than there is betwixt such a Man and such a Beast :

*Hem vir viro quid præstat *!*

— How much alas,
One Man another doth surpass !

And that there are as many and innumerable Degrees of Wits, as there are Cubits betwixt this and Heaven. But as touching the Estimate of Men, 'tis strange, that, ourselves excepted, no other Creature is esteemed beyond it's proper Qualities. We commend a Horse for his Strength and Sureness of Foot,

Volucrum

*Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo †.*

So we commend the Horse for being fleet,
Who many Palms by Breath and Speed does get,
And which the Trumpets in the Circle grace,
With their hoarse Clangors for his well-run Race.

* *Ter. For. Act. 5. Sc. 3.*

† *Juvenal, Sat. 8.*

and not for his rich Caparisons; a Greyhound for his Share of Heels, not for his fine Collar; a Hawk for her Wing, not for her Gesses and Bells. Why, in like Manner, do we not value a Man for what is properly his own? He has a great Train, a beautiful Palace, so much Credit, so many thousand Pounds a Year, and all these are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a Pig in a Poke: If you cheapen a Horse, you will see him stript of his Houfing-clothes, you will see him naked and open to your Eye; or if he be clothed, as they anciently were wont to present them to Princes to sell, 'tis only on the less important Parts, that you may not so much consider the Beauty of his Colour, or the Breadth of his Crupper, as principally to examine his Limbs, Eyes and Feet, which are the Members of greatest Use:

*Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Suspiciunt, ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede est, emptorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix*.*

When Kings Steeds cloth'd, as 'tis their Manner, buy,
They straight examine very curiously,
Lest a short Head, a thin and well rais'd Crest,
A broad spread Buttock, and an ample Chest,
Should all be propt with an old beaten Hoof,
To gull the Buyer when they come to Proof.

Why in giving your Estimate of a Man, do you prize him wrapt and muffled up in Clothes? He then discovers nothing to you, but such Parts as are not in the least his own; and conceals those, by which alone one may rightly judge of his Value. 'Tis the Price of the Blade that you enquire into, and not of the Scabbard: You would not, peradventure, bid a Farthing for him, if you saw him stripped. You are to judge him by himself, and not by what he wears. And as one of the Ancients very pleasantly said, Do you know why you repute him tall? You reckon withal the

Heighth of his Chepines, whereas the Pedestal is no Part of the Statue. Measure him without his Stilts, let him lay aside his Revenues and his Titles, let him present himself in his Shirt, then examine if his Body be found and spritely, active and disposed to perform it's Functions? What Soul has he? Is it beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her Faculties? Is she rich of what is her own, or of what she has borrowed? Has Fortune no Hand in the Affair? Can she, without winking, stand the Lightning of Swords? Is she indifferent, whether her Life expire by the Mouth, or through the Throat? Is she settled, even and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vast Differences betwixt Man and Man. Is he

Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent,
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, & in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari,
*In quem manca ruit semper fortuna *?*

Wise, and commanding o'er his Appetite.
 One whom, nor Want, nor Death, nor Bonds can fright,
 To check his Lusts, and Honours scorn, so stout,
 And in himself so round and clear throughout,
 That no external Thing can stop his Course,
 And on whom Fortune vainly tries her Force.

such a Man is raised five hundred Fathoms above Kingdoms and Dutchies, he is an absolute Monarch in and to himself.

Sapiens Pol ipse fingit fortunam sibi †.

The wise Man his own Fortune makes.

What remains for him to covet or desire?

* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 7.* † *Plaut. Tri. Act. 2. Sc. 2.*
 Nonne

Nonne videmus
 Nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi ut quoi
 Corpore sejunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur
 Jucundo sensu, cura semotus metuque * ?

We see that Nature to no more aspires ;
 Nor to herself a greater Good requires,
 Than that, whose Body is from Dolors free,
 He should his Mind with more Serenity,
 And a more pleasing Sense enjoy, quite clear,
 From those two grand Disturbers, Grief and Fear.

Compare with such a one the common Rabble of Mankind, stupid and mean-spirited, servile, instable, and continually floating with the Tempest of various Passions, that tosses and tumbles them to and fro, and all depending upon others, and you will find a greater Distance than betwixt Heaven and Earth; and yet the Blindness of common Usage is such, that we make little or no Account of it. Whereas, if we consider a Peasant and a King, a Nobleman and a Clown, a Magistrate and a private Man, a rich Man and a poor, there appears a vast Disparity, though they differ no more (as a Man may say) than in their Breeches. In *Thrace* the King was distinguished from his People after a very pleasant Manner; he had a Religion by himself, a God of his own, and which his Subjects were not to presume to adore, which was *Mercury*; whilst, on the other Side, he disdained to have any Thing to do with theirs, *Mars*, *Bacchus*, and *Diana*. And yet they are no other than Pictures, that make no essential Dissimilitude; for as you see Actors in a Play, representing the Person of a Duke or an Emperor, upon the Stage, and immediately after, in the Tiring-Room, return to their true and original Condition; so the Emperor, whose Pomp and Lustre does so dazzle you in Publick,

Silicet, & grandes viridi cum luce smaragdi
 Auro includuntur, teriturque Thalassina vestis
 Assidue, & veneris sudorem exercita petat †.

* Luc. l. 2.

† Luc. l. 4.

Great Emeralds richly are in Gold enchain'd,
To dart green Lustre, and the Sea-green Vest
Continually is worn and rubb'd to Frets,
Whilst it imbibes the Juice that *Venus* sweats.

do but peep behind the Curtain, and you'll see nothing more than an ordinary Man, and peradventure more contemptible than the meanest of his Subjects. *Ille beatus introrsum est, istius bracteata felicitas est* * : True Happiness lyes within, the other is but a counterfeit Felicity. Cowardice, Irresolution, Ambition, Spite and Envy, are as predominant in him as in another.

*Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet licitor, miseros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes †.*

For neither Wealth, Honours, nor Offices,
Can the wild Tumults of the Mind appease,
Nor chase those Cares, that with unwearied Wings
Hover about the Palaces of Kings.

Nay, Solitude and Fear attack him, even in the Center
of his Battalions.

*Revera que metus hominum, curæque sequaces,
Nec metuunt sonitus armorum, nec fera tela,
Audaçterque inter Reges, rerumque potentes
Versantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro †.*

For Fears and Cares warring with human Hearts,
Fear not the Clash of Arms, nor Points of Darts;
But with great Kings and Potentates make bold,
Maugre their Purple and their glitt'ring Gold.

Do Fevers, Gouts and Apoplexies spare them any more
than one of us? When old Age hangs heavy upon a Prince;

* *Seneca, Ep. 115.* † *Horace, lib. 2. Ode 16.* † *Luc. l. 2. Shoulders,*

Shoulders, can the Yeomen of his Guard ease him of the Burthen? When he is astonish'd with the Apprehension of Death, can the Gentlemen of his Bed-Chamber comfort and assure him? When Jealousy, or any other Capricio, swims in his Brain, can our Compliments and Ceremonies restore him to his good Humour? The Canopy embroidered with Pearl and Gold he lyes under, has no Virtue against a violent Fit of the Stone or Colick.

*Nec calidæ citius decedunt corpore febres
Textilibus si in picturis, ostroque rubenti
Facteris, quam si plebeia in veste cubandum est*.*

Nor sooner will a Calenture depart,
Altho' in figur'd Tissues lodg'd thou art,
Than if thy homely Couch were meanly spread
With poorest Blankets of the coarsest Thread.

The Flatterers of *Alexander the Great* possessed him, that he was the Son of *Jupiter*: But being one Day wounded, and observing the Blood stream from his Wound, What say you now, (my Friends) said he, is not this Blood of a crimson Colour, and purely Human? This is not of the Complexion with that which *Homer* makes to issue from the wounded Gods. The Poet *Hermedorus* had writ a Poem in Honour of *Antigonus*, wherein he called him the Son of the Sun: But he that has the emptying of my Close-stool (said *Antigonus*) will find to the contrary. He is but a Man at best, and if he be deformed, or ill qualified from his Birth, the Empire of the Universe can neither mend his Shape nor his Nature;

Puellæ
Hunc rapiant, quidquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat †.

Tho' Maids should ravish him, and where he goes,
In ev'ry Step he takes should spring a Rose;

* *Luc. l. 2.*

† *Persius, Sat. 2.*

what of all that, if he be a Fool and a Sot, even Pleasure and good Fortune are not relished without Vigour and Understanding.

*Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet,
Qui uti scit, ei bona, illi, qui non utitur recte, mala*.*

Things to the Souls of their Possessors square ;
Goods if well us'd, if ill, they Evils are.

Whatever the Benefits of Fortune are, they yet require a Palate fit to relish and taste them : 'Tis Fruition, and not Possession, that renders us happy.

*Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri,
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas, valeat possessor oportet,
Qui comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti,
Qui cupit, aut metuit, jurvat illum sic domus aut res,
Ut lippum pictæ Tabulæ, fomenta podagram †.*

Manners, or Heaps of Brasses and Gold, afford
No Ease at all to their Febrifick Lord ;
Nor can they cure his Cares ; 'tis requisite
The Good's Possessor know the Use of it.
Who fears or covets, these so help him out,
As Pictures blind Folks, Cataplasms the Gout.

He is a Sot, his Taste is palled and flat ; he no more enjoys what he has, than one that has a Cold relishes the Flavour of Canary ; or than a Horse is sensible of his rich Caparison. Plato is in the right, when he tells us, that Health, Beauty, Vigour and Riches, and all the other Things called Goods, are equally Evil to the Unjust, as Good to the Just, and the Evil on the contrary the same. And therefore, where either the Body or the Mind are in Disorder, to what Use serve these external Conveniencies ? Considering, that the least Prick with a Pin, or the least Passion of the Soul, is

* *Ter. Heaut. Act. 1.*

† *Horace, lib. 1. Epist. 2.*
sufficient

sufficient to deprive us of the Pleasure of being sole Monarch of the World. At the first Twitch of the Gout, it signifies much to be called Sire, and your Majesty;

Totus, & argento conflatus, totus & auro.*

Altho' his Chests are cramm'd, whilst they will hold,
With immense Sums of Silver Coin and Gold.

does he not forget his Palaces and Grandeurs? If he be angry, can his being a Prince keep him from looking red, and looking pale, and grinding his Teeth like a Mad-man? Now if he be a Man of Parts, and well descended, Royalty adds very little to his Happiness:

*Si ventri bene, si lateri est pedibusque tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterant regales addere majus †.*

If thou art right and sound from Head to Foot,
A King's Revenue can add nothing to't.

He discerns, 'tis nothing but Counterfeit and Gallery. Nay, perhaps, he would be of King *Seleucus's* Opinion, That he that knew the Weight of a Scepter, would not deign to stoop to take it up; which he said, in Reference to the great and painful Duty incumbent upon a good King. Doubtless it can be no easy Task to rule others, when we find it so hard a Matter to govern ourselves. And as to the Thing Dominion, that seems so sweet and charming, the Frailty of human Wisdom, and the Difficulty of Choice in Things that are new and doubtful, to us considered, I am very much of Opinion, that it is much more pleasant to follow than to lead; and that it is a great Settlement and Satisfaction of Mind, to have only one Path to walk in, and to have none to answer for, but for a Man's self;

*Ut satius multo jam sit, parere quietum,
Quam regere imperio res velle †.*

* *Hor. lib. 1. El. 2.* † *Hor. lib. 1. Ep. 12.* ‡ *Lucret. lib. 5.*
Y 4 So

So that 'tis better calmly to obey,
Than in the Storms of State to rule and fway.

To which we may add that Saying of *Cyrus*, That no Man was fit to rule, but he, who in his own Worth, was of greater Value than all those he was to govern: But King *Hiero* in *Xenophon*, says farther, That in the Fruition even of Pleasure itself, they are in a worse Condition than private Men; forasmuch as the Opportunities and Facility they have of commanding those Things at Will, takes off from the Delight:

*Pinguis amor, nimiumque potens, in tædia nobis
Vertitur, & Stomacho dulcis ut esca necet*.*

Too potent Love, in Loathing never ends,
As highest Sauce the Stomach most offends.

Can we think, that the Singing-Boys of the Quire take any great Delight in their own Musick? The Satiety does rather render it troublesom and tedious to them. Feasts, Balls, Masquerades and Tiltings, delight such as but rarely see, and desire to be at such Solemnities: But having been frequent at such Entertainments, the Relish of them grows flat and insipid: Nay, Women (the greatest Temptation) do not so much delight those who make a common Practice of the Sport. He who will not give himself Leisure to be thirsty, can never find the true Pleasure of Drinking. Farces and tumbling Tricks are pleasant to the Spectators, but a Pain to those by whom they are performed. And that this is effectually so, we see that Princes divert themselves sometimes in disguising their Qualities, a-while to depose themselves, and to stoop to the poor and ordinary Way of Living of the meanest of their People.

*Plerumque gratæ Principibus vires
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ sine aulæis, & ostro,
Sollicitum explicuere frontem †.*

* *Ovid. Amor. l. 2. Eleg. 19.* † *Hor. car. lib. 3. Ode 29.*
E'er

E'en Princes with Variety tempted are,
Which makes them oft feed on clean homely Fare,
In a poor Hut, laying aside the State,
Purple and Pomp, which should on Grandeur wait,
In such a Solitude to smooth the Frown,
Forc'd by the weighty Pressure of a Crown.

Nothing is so distastful and disappointing, as Abundance. What Appetite would not be baffled, to see three hundred Women at his Mercy, as the *Grand Seigneur* has in his *Seraglio*? And what Fruition of Pleasure, or Taste of Recreation of his Ancestors, did he reserve to himself, who never went a Hawking without seven thousand Falconers? And besides all this, I fancy that this Lustre of Grandeur brings with it no little Disturbance and Uneasiness upon the Enjoyment of the most tempting Pleasures: They are too conspicuous, and lye too open to every one's View. Neither do I know to what End they should any more require them to conceal their Errors, since what is only reputed Indiscretion in us, they know very well the People brand with the Names of Tyranny, and Contempt of the Laws in them; and besides their Proclivity to Vice, are apt to censure that as a heightning Pleasure to themselves to insult over the Laws, and to trample upon public Ordinances. *Plato*, indeed, in his *Gorgeas* defines a Tyrant to be one, who in a City has Licence to do whatever his own Will leads him to. And by reason of his Impunity, the over-acting and Publication of their Vices, does oft-times more Mischief than the Vice itself. Every one fears to be pry'd into, and discover'd in their evil Courses; but Princes are, even to their very Gestures, Looks, and Thoughts, the People conceiving they have Right and Title to censure, and be Judges of them: Besides, that the Blemishes of the Great, naturally appear greater, by reason of the Eminency and Lustre of the Place where they are seated; and that a Mole or a Wart appears greater in them, than the greatest Deformity in others. And this is the Reason why the *Poets* feign the Amours of *Jupiter* to be perform'd in the Disguises of so many borrow'd Shapes, that amongst the many amorous Practices they lay to his Charge, there is only
one,

one, as I remember, where he appears in his own Majesty and Grandeur. But let us return to *Hiero*, who complains of the Inconveniencies he found in his Royalty, in that he could not look abroad, and travel the World at Liberty, being as it were a Prisoner to the Bounds and Limits of his own Dominion: And that in all his Actions he was evermore surrounded with an importunate Crowd. And in Truth, to see our Kings sit all alone at Table, environed with so many People prating about them, and so many Strangers staring upon them, as they always are, I have often been mov'd, rather to pity than to envy their Condition. King *Alphonfus* was wont to say, that in this, Asses were in a better Condition than Kings, their Masters permitting them to feed at their own Ease and Pleasure; a Favour that Kings cannot obtain of their Servants. And it would never come into my Head, that it could be of any great Benefit to the Life of a Man of Sense, to have twenty People prating about him, when he is at Stool; or that the Services of a Man of ten thousand *Livres* a Year, or that has taken *Casal*, or defended *Siena*, should be either more commodious or more acceptable to him, than those of a good Groom of the Chamber, that understands his Place. The Advantages of Sovereignty are but imaginary upon the Matter: Every Degree of Fortune has in it some Image of Principality. *Cæsar* calls all the Lords of *France*, having Free-Franchise within their own Demains *Roylets*; and in Truth, the Name of *Sire* excepted, they go pretty far towards Kingship; for do but look into the Provinces remote from Court, as *Brittany* for Example, take Notice of the Attendance, the Vassals, the Officers, the Employments, Service, Ceremony and State of a Lord that lives retir'd from Court, is constant to his own House, and that has been bred up amongst his own Tenants and Servants; and observe withal, the Flight of his Imagination, there is nothing more royal; he hears talk of his Master once a Year, as of a King of *Persia*, or *Peru*, without taking any farther Notice of him, than some remote Kindred, his Secretary keeps in some musty Record. And, to speak the Truth, our Laws are easy enough, so easy, that a Gentleman of *France* scarce feels the Weight of Sovereignty pinch his Shoulders above twice in his Life. Real and effectual

Sub-

Subjection only concerns such amongst us as voluntarily thrust their Necks under the Yoke, and who design to get Wealth and Honours by such Services: For a Man that loves his own Fire-side, and can govern his House without falling by the Ears with his Neighbours, or engaging in Suits of Law, is as free as a Duke of *Venice*. *Paucos servitus, plures servitutem tenet. Servitute seizes on few, but many seize on her.* But that which *Hiero* is most concern'd at, is, that he finds himself stripp'd of all Friendship, and depriv'd of all natural Society, wherein the true and most perfect Fruition of human Life consists. For what Testimony of Affection and good Will can I extract from him, that owes me, whether he will or no, all that he is able to do? Can I form any Assurance of his real Respect to me, from his humble Way of speaking, and submissive Behaviour, which when they are Ceremonies, it is not in his Choice to deny? The Honour we receive from those that fear us, is not Honour, those Respects are paid to my Royalty, and not to me.

*Maximum hoc Regni bonum est,
Quod facta domini cogitur populus sui
Quam ferre, tam laudare*.*

'Tis the great Benefit of Kings, that they,
Who are by Law subjected to their Sway,
Are bound in all their Princes say or do,
Not only to submit, but praise it too.

Do I not see, that the wicked and the good King, he that is hated and he that is belov'd, has the one as much Reverence paid him as the other? My Predecessor was, and my Successor shall be serv'd with the same Ceremony and State. If my Subjects do me no Harm, 'tis no Evidence of any good Affection; why should I look upon it as such, seeing it is not in their Power if they would? No one follows me, or obeys my Commands upon the Account of any Friendship betwixt him and me; there can be no contract-

* *Seneca Theist. Act. 2. Scæ. 1.*

ing of Friendship, where there is so little Relation and Correspondence: My own Height has put me out of the Familiarity of, and Intelligence with Men: There is too great Disparity and Disproportion betwixt us; they follow me either upon the Account of Decency and Custom: or rather my Fortune than me, to encrease their own: All they say to me, or do for me, is forc'd and dissembled, their Liberty being on all Parts restrain'd by the great Power and Authority I have over them. I see nothing about me but what is dissembled and disguised. The Emperor *Julian* being one Day applauded for his exact Justice; I should be proud of these Praises, said he, did they come from Persons that durst condemn, or disapprove the contrary, in Case I should do it. All the real Advantages of Princes are common to them with Men of meaner Condition. 'Tis for the Gods to mount winged Horses, and feed upon *Ambrosia*: Earthly Kings have no other Sleep, nor other Appetite than we; the Steel they arm themselves withal, is of no better Temper than that we also use; their Crowns do neither defend them from the Rain, nor Sun. *Dioclesian*, who wore a Crown so fortunate and rever'd, resign'd it, to retire himself to the Felicity of a private Life: And some Time after, the Necessity of publick Affairs requiring that he should re-assume his Charge, he made Answer to those who came to court him to it, You would not offer, (said he) to persuade me to this, had you seen the fine Order of Trees I have planted in my Orchard, and the fair Melons I have sowed in my Garden. In the Opinion of *Anacharsis*, the happiest State of Government would be, where all other Things being equal, Precedency should be measur'd out by the Virtues, and Repulses by the Vices of Men. When King *Pyrrhus* prepar'd for his Expedition into *Italy*, his wise Counsellor *Cyneas*, to make him sensible of the Vanity of his Ambition: Well, Sir, (said he) to what End do you make all this mighty Preparation? To make myself Master of *Italy*, (reply'd the King). And what after that is done, (said *Cyneas*?) I will pass over into *Gaul* and *Spain*, said the other. And what then? I will then go to subdue *Africk*; and lastly, when I have brought the whole World to my Subjection, I will sit down, and rest content at my own Ease. For God Sake, Sir, (reply'd *Cyneas*) tell me what
what

what hinders you, if you please, from being now in the Condition you speak of? Why do you not now at this Instant, settle yourself in the State you seem to aim at, and spare the Labour and Hazard you interpose?

Nimirum quia non bene norat quæ esset habendi Finis, & omnino quoad crescat vera voluptas.*

The End of being rich he did not know;
Nor to what Pitch Felicity should grow.

I will conclude with an old Versicle, that I think very pat to the Purpose.

Mores cuique sui fingunt fortunam.*

Himself, not Fortune, ev'ry one must blame,
Since Men's own Manners do their Fortunes frame.



CHAP. XLIII.

Of Sumptuary Laws.

THE Way by which our Laws attempt to regulate idle and vain Expences in Meat and Clothes, seem to be quite contrary to the End design'd. The true Way would be to beget in Men a Contempt of Silks and Gold, as vain, frivolous, and useles; whereas we augment to them the Honours and enhance the Value of such Things, which sure is a very improper Way to create a Disgust. For to enact, that none but Princes shall eat Turbes, shall wear Velvet, or Gold Lace, and interdict these Things to the People, what is it but to bring them into a greater Esteem, and to set every one more agog to eat and wear them? Let Kings (in God's Name) leave off these Ensigns of Grandeur, they have others enough besides; those Excesses are more excusable in any other, than a Prince. We may learn by

* *Lucret. l. 5.* § *Corn Nep. in vit. A. Hici.*

the

the Example of several Nations, better Ways of exterior Distinction of Quality (which truly I conceive to be very requisite in a State) enough, without fostering up this Corruption, and manifest Inconvenience to this Effect. 'Tis strange, how suddenly, and with how much Ease, Custom, in these different Things, establishes itself, and becomes Authority. We had scarce worn Cloth a Year (in Compliance with the Court) for the Mourning of *Henry* the Second, but that Silks were already grown into such Contempt with every one, that a Man so clad, was presently concluded a Citizen. The Silks were divided betwixt the Physicians and Chirurgeons, and though all other People almost went in the same Habit, there was notwithstanding in one Thing or other, sufficient Distinction of the Calling, and Conditions of Men. How suddenly do greasy *Chamois* Doublets become the Fashion in our Armies, whilst all Neatness and Riches of Habit fall into Contempt? Let Kings but lead the Dance, and begin to leave off this Expence, and in a Month the Business will be done throughout the Kingdom without an Edict; we shall all follow. It should be rather proclaim'd on the contrary, that no one should wear Scarlet or Goldsmith's Work, but Whores and Tumblers. *Zeleucus*, with the like Invention, reclaim'd the corrupted Manners of the *Locrians*; whose Laws were, That no free Women should be allow'd any more than one Maid to follow her, unless she was drunk: Nor was to stir out of the City by Night, wear Jewels of Gold about her, or go in an embroidered Robe, unless she was a profest and publick Whore: The Bravo's, and Ruffians excepted, no Man was to wear a Gold Ring, nor be seen in one of those effeminate Vests woven in the City of *Miletum*. By which infamous Exceptions, he discreetly diverted his Citizens from Superfluities and pernicious Pleasures, and it was a Project of great Utility to attract Men by Honour and Ambition to their Duty and Obedience. Our Kings may do what they please in such external Reformatations, their own Inclinations stand in this Case for a Law. *Quicquid Principes faciunt, præcipere videntur* *. *What Princes themselves do, they seem*

* *Quint. Decla. 4.*

to enjoin others. Whatever is done at Court, passeth for a Rule through the rest of *France*. Let the Courtiers but fall out with these abominable Breeches, that discover so much of those Parts which should be conceal'd: These great-bellied Doublets, that make us look like I know not what; and are so unfit to admit of Arms; these long effeminate Locks of Hair; this foolish Custom of kissing what we present to our Equals, and our Hands in saluting them; a Ceremony in former Times only due to Princes: And that a Gentleman shall appear in Place of Respect without his Sword, unbuttoned and untruss'd, as though he came from the House-of-Office; and that, contrary to the Custom of our Fore-fathers, and the particular Privilege of the Nobles of this Kingdom, we shall stand a long Time bare to them in what Place soever, and the same to a hundred others, so many Tierces and Quarts of Kings we have got now-a-days, and also other the like Innovations and degenerate Customs; they will see them all presently vanish'd and cry'd down. These are, 'tis true, but superficial Errors; but however, of ill Consequence; and 'tis enough to inform us, that the whole Fabrick is crazy and tottering, when we see the rough-Cast of our Walls to cleave and split. *Plato* in his Laws, esteems nothing of more pestiferous Consequence to his City, than to give Young Men the Liberty of introducing any Change in their Habits, Gestures, Dances, Songs and Exercises, from one Form to another; shifting from this to that, hunting after Novelties, and applauding the Inventers; by which Means Manners are corrupted, and the old Institutions come to be nauseated and despised. In all Things, saving only in those that are evil, a Change is to be fear'd; even the Change of Seasons, Winds, Viands and Humours. And no Laws are in their true Credit, but such to which God has given so long a Continuance, that no one knows their Beginning, or that there ever was any other.



C H A P. XLIV.

Of Sleep.

Reason directs, that we should always go the same way; but not always the same Pace. And consequently though a wise Man ought not so much to give the Reins to human Passions, as to let them deviate him from the right Path; he may, notwithstanding, without Prejudice to his Duty, leave it to them to hasten, or to slacken his Speed, and not fix himself like a motionless, and insensible Colossus. Could Virtue itself put on Flesh and Blood, I believe the Pulse would beat faster going on to an Assault, than in going to Dinner: That is to say, there is a Necessity she should beat, and be mov'd upon this Account. I have taken Notice, as of an extraordinary Thing, of some great Men, who in the highest Enterprizes, and greatest Dangers, have detain'd themselves in so settled and serene a Calm, as not at all to hinder their usual Gaiety, or break their Sleep. *Alexander* the Great on the Day assigned for that furious Battle betwixt him and *Darius*, slept so profoundly, and so long in the Morning, that *Parmenio* was forc'd to enter his Chamber, and coming to his Bed-side to call him several Times by his Name, the Time to go to fight compelling him so to do. The Emperor *Otho*, having put on a Resolution to kill himself the same Night, after having settled his domestick Affairs, divided his Money amongst his Servants, and set a good Edge upon a Sword he had made Choice of for the Purpose, and now staying only to be satisfied whether all his Friends were retir'd in Safety, he fell into so sound a Sleep, that the Gentlemen of his Chamber heard him snore. The Death of this Emperor has in it Circumstances paralleling that of the great *Cato*, and particularly this before related: For *Cato* being ready to dispatch himself, whilst he only staid his Hand in Expectation of the Return of a Messenger he had sent, to bring him News whether the

Senators

enators he had sent away, were put out from the Port of *Utica*, he fell into so sound a Sleep, that they heard him into the next Room; and he whom he had sent to the Port, having awak'd him to let him know, that the tempestuous Weather had hindred the *Senators* from putting to Sea; he dispatch'd away another Messenger, and composing himself again in the Bed, settled again to Sleep, and did so, till by the Return of the last Messenger, he had certain Intelligence they were gone. We may here further compare him with *Alexander* too, in that great and dangerous Storm that threatned him by the Sedition of the Tribune *Metellus*, who attempting to publish a Decree for the calling in of *Pompey* with his Army into the City, at the Time of *Catiline's* Conspiracy, was only, and that stoutly oppos'd by *Cato*, so that very sharp Language and bitter Menaces pass'd betwixt them in the Senate about that Affair; but it was the next Day in the Fore-noon, that the Controversy was to be decided; where *Metellus*, besides the Favour of the People, and of *Cæsar*, (at that Time of *Pompey's* Faction) was to appear accompanied with a Rabble of Slaves and Fencers; and *Cato* only fortified with his own Courage and Constancy; so that his Relations, Domesticks, and several virtuous People of his Friends were in great Apprehensions for him. And to that Degree, that some there were, who pass'd over the whole Night without Sleep, Eating, or Drinking, for the manifest Danger they saw him running into; of which his Wife and Sisters did nothing but weep, and torment themselves in his House; whereas he, on the contrary, comforted every one, and after having sup'd after his usual Manner, went to Bed, and slept profoundly till Morning, that one of his Fellow-Tribunes rous'd him to go to the Encounter. The Knowledge we have of the Greatness of this Man's Courage, by the rest of his Life, may warrant us securely to judge, that his Indifference proceeded from a Soul so much elevated above such Accidents, that he disdain'd to let it take any more hold of his Fancy, than any other ordinary Adventure. In the Naval Engagement, which *Augustus* won against *Sextius Pompeius* in *Sicily*, just as they were to begin the Fight, he was so fast asleep, that his Friends were compell'd to wake him to give the Signal of Battle: And this

was it that gave *Mark Anthony* afterwards occasion to reproach him, that he had not the Courage so much as with open Eyes, to behold the Order of his own Squadrons, and not to have dar'd to present himself before the Soldiers, till first *Agrippa* had brought him News of the Victory obtain'd. But as to the Business of young *Marius*, who did much worse (for the Day of the last Battle, against *Sylla*, after he had order'd his Army, given the Word and Signal of Battel, he laid him down under the Shade of a Tree to repose himself, and fell so fast asleep, that the Rout, and Flight of his Men could hardly awake him, having seen nothing of the Fight) he is said to have been at that Time so extremely spent, and worn out with Labour and want of Sleep that Nature could hold out no longer. Now upon what has been said, the Physicians may determine, whether Sleep be so necessary that our Lives depend upon it: For we read that King *Perseus* of *Macedon* being Prisoner at *Rome*, was wak'd to Death: but *Pliny* instances such as have lived long without Sleep. *Herodotus* speaks of Nations, where the Men sleep and wake by half Years: And they who write the Life of the wife *Epimenides*, affirm, that he slept seven and fifty Years together.



C H A P. XLV.

Of the Battle of Dreux.

OUR Battle of *Dreux*, is remarkable for several extraordinary Accidents: But such Men as have no great Kindness for the Duke of *Guise*, nor much favour his Reputation, are willing to have him thought to blame, and that his making a Halt, and delaying Time with the Forces he commanded, whilst the Constable who was General of the Army was raked through and through with the Enemies Artillery, his Battalion routed, and himself taken Prisoner; is not to be excus'd: And that he had much better have ran the Hazard of charging the Enemy in the Flank, than staying for the Advantage of falling in upon the

the Rear, to suffer so great and so important a Loss. But, besides what the Event demonstrated, who will consider it without Passion or Prejudice, will easily be induced to confess, that the Aim and Design not of a Captain only, but of every private Soldier ought to look at the Victory in general; and that no particular Occurrences, how nearly soever they may concern his own Interest, should divert him from that Pursuit. *Philopæmen*, in an Encounter with *Machanidas*, having sent before a good strong Party of his Archers, to begin the Skirmish, which were by the Enemy routed and pursued; who pursuing them, and pushing on the Fortune of their Arms in the Heat of Victory; and in that Pursuit passing by the Battalion where *Philopæmen* was, though his Soldiers were impatient to fall on, yet he was better temper'd, and did not think fit to stir from his Post, nor to present himself to the Enemy to relieve his Men, but having suffer'd them to be chas'd about the Field, and cut in Pieces before his Face, then charged in upon their Body of Foot, when he saw them left naked by their Horse; and notwithstanding that they were *Lacedæmonians*, yet taking them in the Nick, when thinking themselves secure of the Victory, they began to disorder their Ranks, he did his Business with great Facility, and then put himself in Pursuit of *Machanidas*: Which Case is very like that of *Monsieur de Guise*. In that bloody Battle betwixt *Agefilaus*, and the *Bæotians*, which *Xenophon*, who was present at it, reports to be the rudest and most bloody that he had ever seen, *Agefilaus* wou'd the Advantage that Fortune presented him, to let the *Bæotians* Battalion pass by, and then to charge them in the Rear, how certain soever he made himself of the Victory, judging it would rather be an Effect of Conduct than Valour, to proceed that Way: And therefore to shew his Prowess, rather chose, with a wonderful Ardour of Courage to charge them in the Front; but he was well beaten, and wounded for his Pains, and constrain'd at last to disengage himself, and to take the Course he had at first neglected, opening his Battalion to give Way to this Torrent of the *Bæotians* Party, and being past by, taking Notice that they march'd in Disorder, like Men that thought themselves out of Danger, he then pursu'd, and charg'd them in Flank and Rear;

yet could not prevail so far as to bring it to so general a Rout, but that they leisurely retreated, still facing about upon him, till they were retired into Safety.



C H A P. XLVI.

Of Names.

WHAT Variety of Herbs soever are shuffled together in the Dish, yet the whole Mass is swallow'd up in one Name of a Sallet. In like Manner, under the Consideration of Names, I will make a Hodge-podge of differing Articles. Every Nation has certain Names, that, I know not why, are taken in no good Sense, as with us, *John, William, and Benedict*. In the Genealogy of Princes also there seems to be certain Names fatally affected, as the *Ptolemies of Egypt*, the *Henry's of England*, the *Charles's of France*, the *Baldwins of Flanders*, and the *Williams of our ancient Aquitaine*, from whence 'tis said, the Name of *Guyenne* has it's Derivation; which would seem far fetch'd, were there not as rude Derivations in *Plato* himself. 'Tis a very frivolous Thing in itself, but nevertheless worthy to be recorded for the Strangeness of it, which is writ by an Eye-witness; that *Henry Duke of Normandy*, Son of *Henry the Second, King of England*, making a great Feast in *France*, the Concourse of Nobility and Gentry was so great, that being, for Sports Sake, divided into Troops, according to their Names, in the first Troop, which consisted of *Williams*, there were found an hundred and ten Knights sitting at the Table of that Name, without reckoning the ordinary Gentlemen, and their Servants. It is as pleasant to distinguish the Tables by the Names of the Guests, as it was in the Emperor *Geta*, to distinguish the several Courses of his Meat, by the first Letters of the Meats themselves, where those that began with *B*, were serv'd up together, as *Brawn, Beef, Bream, Buttards and Beccaficos*, and so of others. Now there is a Saying, that it is a good thing to have a good Name, that is to say, Credit, and a good Repute: But besides this, it

is really convenient, to have such a Name as is easy of Pronunciation, and easy to be remembred; by Reason, that Kings, and other great Persons, do by that Means the more easily know, and the more hardly forget us; and indeed, of our own Servants, we more frequently call and employ those, whose Names are most ready upon the Tongue. I myself have seen *Henry* the Second, when he could not for his Heart hit of a Gentleman's Name of our Country of *Gascony*; and moreover was fain to call one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, by the general Name of her Family, her own being so difficult to pronounce or remember. And *Socrates* thinks it worthy a Father's Care, to give fine Names to his Children. 'Tis said, that the Foundation of *Nostre Dame la Grande*, at *Poitiers*, took it's Original from hence, that a debauch'd young Fellow formerly living in that Place, having pick'd up a Whore, and at her first coming in, asking her Name, and being answer'd, that it was *Mary*, he felt himself so suddenly darted through with the Awe of Religion, and the Reverence to that sacred Name of the blessed Virgin, that he not only immediately put his lewd Mistress away from him, but became a reformed Man, and so continued the Remainder of his Life: And that in Consideration of this Miracle, there was erected upon the Place, where this young Man's House stood, first a Chapel dedicated to our Lady, and afterwards the Church that we now see standing there. This auricular Reproof wrought upon the Conscience, and that right into the Soul. This that follows, insinuated itself merely by the Sense. *Pythagoras* being in Company with some wild young Fellows, and perceiving that, heated with the Feast, they plotted to go violate an honest House, commanded the Singing-Wench to alter her wanton Airs; and by a solemn, grave, and spondaick Musick, gently enchanted and laid asleep their Ardour. Will not Posterity * say, that our modern Reformation has been wonderfully exact, in having not only scuffled with, and overcome Errors and Vice, and fill'd the World with Devotion, Humility, Obedience, Peace,

* This Paragraph seems to be foisted in, and none of *Montaigne's*, who was himself a Papist.

and all Sorts of Virtue ; but to have proceeded so far, as to quarrel with the ancient Baptismal Names of *Charles*, *Lewis*, and *Francis*, to fill the World with *Methusalems*, *Ezekiels*, and *Malachies*, of a more spiritual Sound? A Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, a great Admirer of Antiquity, and who was always preferring the Excellency of preceding Times, in Comparison with this present Age of ours, did not (amongst the rest) forget to magnify the lofty and magnificent Sound of the Gentlemen's Names of those Days, *Don Grumedan*, *Quadregan*, *Angeslan*, &c. which but to hear nam'd, he perceiv'd to be other kind of Men, than *Pierre*, *Guillot* and *Michel*. I am mightily pleas'd with *Jaques Amiot*, for leaving throughout a whole *French* Oration, the *Latin* Names entire, without varying and dissecting them, to give them a *French* Termination. It seem'd a little harsh and rough at first ; but already Custom, by the Authority of *Plutarch*, (whom he took for his Example) has overcome that Novelty. I have often wish'd, that such as write Chronicle Histories in *Latin*, would leave our Names as they find them, and as they are, and ought to be, for in making *Vaudemont*, *Vallemontance*, and Metamorphosing Names, to make them suit better with the *Greek* or *Latin*, we know not where we are, and with the Persons of the Men, lose the Benefit of the Story. To conclude, 'tis a scurvy Custom, and of very ill Consequence, which we have in our Kingdom of *France*, to call every Man by the Name of his Mannor, or Seigneury, and the Thing in the World that does the most Prejudice, and most confound Families and Descents. A younger Brother of a good Family, having a Mannor left him by his Father, by the Name of which he has been known and honour'd, cannot handsomly leave it ; ten Years after his Decease, it falls into the Hand of a Stranger, who does the same : Do but judge whereabouts we shall be, concerning the Knowledge of these Men. We need look no farther for Examples, than our own royal Family, where every Partage creates a new Surname, whilst in the mean Time the Original of the Family is totally lost. There is so great Liberty taken in these Mutations, that I have not in my Time seen any one advanc'd by Fortune to any extraordinary Condition, who has not presently had genealogick Titles added to him, new, and

and unknown to his Father, and who has not been inoculated into some illustrious Stem; and by good Luck, the obscurest Families are the most proper for Falsification. How many Gentlemen have we in *France*, who, by their own Talk, are of royal Extraction? More I think than of those that will confess they are not. Was it not a pleasant Passage of a Friend of mine? There were a great many Gentlemen assembled together, about the Dispute of one Lord of a Mannor, with another; which other had in Truth, some Pre-eminence of Titles and Alliances, above the ordinary Scheme of Gentry. Upon the Debate of this Priority of Place, every one standing up for himself, to make himself equal to him, alledging One one Extraction, Another another; One the near Resemblance of Name; Another of Arms; Another an old worm-eaten Patent; and the last of them, Great-Grandchild to some foreign King. When they came to sit down to Dinner, my Friend, instead of taking his Place amongst them, retiring with most profound Congees, entreated the Company to excuse him, for having hitherto liv'd with them at the faicy Rate of a Companion: But being now better inform'd of their Quality, he would begin to pay them the Respect due to their Birth and Grandeur, alledging that it would ill become him to sit down among so many Princes; and ended the Farce with a thousand Reproaches. Let us in God's Name satisfy ourselves with what our Fathers were contented with, and with what we are: We are great enough, if we rightly understand how to maintain it: Let us not disown the Fortune and Condition of our Ancestors, but lay aside these ridiculous Pretences, that can never be wanting to any one that has the Impudence to alledge them. Arms have no more Security, than Surnames. I bear *Azure powdered with Trefoils, Or, with a Lion's Paw of the same armed Gules in Fesse.* What Privilege to continue particularly in my House and Name? A Son-in-Law will transport it into another Family; or some paultry Purchaser will make them his first Arms; there is nothing wherein there is more Change and Confusion. But this Consideration leads me per-force into another Subject. Let us pry a little narrowly into, and, in God's Name, examine upon what Foundation we erect this Glory and Reputation, for

which the World is turn'd topsy-turvy: Wherein do we place this Renown, that we hunt after with so great Fragrancy, and through so many Impediments, and so much Trouble? It is, in Conclusion, *Peter* or *William* that carries it, takes it into his Possession, and whom it only concerns. O what a valiant Faculty is Hope, that in a mortal Subject, and in a Moment, makes nothing of usurping Infinity and Immensity, and of supplying her Master's Indigence at her Pleasure, with all Things he can imagine or desire! Nature has given us this Passion for a pretty Toy to play withal. And this *Peter* or *William*, what is it but a Sound, when all is done? Or three or four Dashes with a Pen, so easy to be vary'd, that I would fain know to whom is to be attributed the Glory of so many Victories, to *Guesquin*, to *Glesquin*, or to *Guaquin*? And yet there would be something of greater Moment in the Case, than in *Lucian*, that *Sigma* should serve *Tau* with a Process for,

—Non levia, aut ludicra petuntur
Præmia*.

To do brave Acts, who has the noble Spirit,
Slights mean Rewards, as Things below his Merit.

The Chace is there in very good earnest: The Question is, which of these Letters is to be rewarded for so many Sieges, Battles, Wounds, Imprisonments, and Services done to the Crown of *France*, by this famous Constable. *Nicholas Denisot* never concern'd himself further than the Letters of his Name, of which he has altered the whole Contexture to build up by Anagram the Count of *Alsnois*, whom he has celebrated with the utmost Force and Glory of his Poetry and Painting. And the Historian *Suetonius* could be satisfied with nothing he writ, unless it might redound to his own particular Honour, which made him cashier his Father's Sirname *Lewis*, to leave *Tranquillus* Successor to the Reputation of his Writings. Who would believe, that Captain *Bayard* should have no Honour, but what he de-

* *Æncid. lib. 12,*

rives from *Peter Terrail*; and that *Antonio Escalin* should suffer himself to his Face, to be robb'd of the Honour of so many Navigations and Commands at Sea and Land by Capt. *Paulin*, and the Baron *De la Garde*? These are Injuries of the Pen, common to a thousand People. How many are there in every Family of the same Name and Sirname? And how many more in several Families, Ages and Countries? History tells us of three of the Name of *Socrates*, of five *Platos*, of eight *Aristotles*, of seven *Xenophons*, of twenty *Demetrius's*, and of twenty *Theodores*; and how many more she was not acquainted with, we may imagine. Who hinders my Groom from calling himself *Pompey the Great*? But after all, by what Virtue, what Authority, or what secret Conveyances are there, that fixed upon my deceased Groom, or the other *Pompey*, who had his Head cut off in *Ægypt*, this glorious Renown, and these so much honoured Flourishes of the Pen, so as to be of any Advantage to them?

Id cinerem, & manes credis curare sepultos?*

Can we believe the Dead regard such Things?

What Sense have the two Collegues of the greatest Esteem amongst Men? *Epaminondas* of this glorious Verse, that has been so many Ages current in his Praise;

Consiliis nostris laus est attrita Laconum:

One *Sparta* by my Counsels is o'erthrown.

Or *Africanus* of this other?

*A sole ex oriente, supra Mæotis Paludes
Nemo est, qui factis me æquiparare queat.*

From early Dawn, unto the setting Sun,
No none can match the Deeds that I have done.

* *Æneid. lib. 4.*

Survivors indeed tickle themselves with these Praises, and by them incited to Jealousy or Desire, inconsiderately, and according to their own Fancy, attribute to the Dead those Virtues themselves pretend to most: God knows how vainly flattering themselves, that they shall one Day in Turn be capable of the same Characters: However,

Ad hæc se
 Romanus, Grajusque & Barbarus, *Induperator*
Erexit; causas discriminis, atque laboris
Inde habuit, tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis †.

Greek, Roman, and Barbarian Chiefs to these,
 Devote their Valour and Contrivances,
 And to the Greediness of Glory woe
 The Dangers and Fatigues they undergo;
 So much more potent is the Thirst of Fame
 Than that of Virtue.



C H A P. XLVII.

Of the Uncertainty of our Judgment.

IT was well said of the Poet,

Ἐπέων δὲ πολλὸς νόμος ἔνθα κ' ἔνθα †.

There is every where Liberty of Arguing enough, and enough to be said on both Sides: For Example;

Vince Annibal', & non seppe usar' poi
Ben la vittoriosa sua ventura †.

* *Juvenal. Sat. 10.* † *Homer. Iliad. 20.* ‡ *Vetrar. Son. 83.*

Hannibal

Hannibal conquered ; but was not wise
To make the best Use of his Victories.

Such as would improve this Argument, and condemn the Oversight of our Leaders, in not pushing home the Victory at *Moncontour* ; or accuse the King of *Spain* of not knowing how to make his best Use of the Advantage he had against us at *St. Quintin*, may conclude these Oversights to proceed from a Soul already drunk with Success, or from a Courage, which being full, and over-gorged with this Beginning of good Fortune, had lost the Appetite of adding to it, having already enough to do to digest what it had taken in : He has his Arms full, and can embrace no more : Unworthy of the Benefit conferred upon him, and the Advantage she had put into his Hands : For what Utility does he reap from it, if, notwithstanding, he gives his Enemy Respite to rally, recover his Astonishment, and to make head against him ? What Hope is there, that he will dare at another Time to attack an Enemy re-united and re-composed, and armed a-new with Spite and Revenge, who did not dare to pursue him when routed, and unmanned by Fear ?

Dum fortuna calet, dum conficit omnia terror *.

Whilst Fortune's in the Heat, and Terror does,
More than their sharpest Swords, subdue their Foes.

But withal, what better Opportunity can he expect, than that he has lost : 'Tis not here, as in Fencing, where the most Hits gain the Prize : For so long as the Enemy is on Foot, the Game is new to begin, and that is not to be called a Victory, that puts an End to the War. In the Encounter where *Caesar* had the worse, near to the City of *Oricum*, he reproached *Pompey's* Soldiers, that he had been lost, had their General known how to overcome ; and afterwards beat him in his Turn. But why may not a Man also argue on the contrary, that it is the Effect of a precipitous and

* *Lucret. l. 7.*

infatiate

insatiate Spirit, not to know how to bind and restrain it's Ardour: That it is to abuse the Favours of God, to exceed the Measure he has prescribed them: And that again, to throw a Man's self into Danger, after a Victory obtained, is again to expose himself to the Mercy of Fortune: And that it is one of the greatest Discretions in the Rule of War, not to drive an Enemy to Despair. *Sylla* and *Marius*, in the Associate War, having defeated the *Marfians*; seeing yet a Body of Reserve, that, prompted by Despair, was coming on like enraged Brutes to charge in upon them, thought it not convenient to stand their Charge. Had not *Monfieur De Foix's* Ardour transported him so precipitously to pursue the Remains of the Victory of *Ravenna*, he had not obscur'd it by his own Death. And yet the recent Memory of his Example served to preserve *Monfieur d'Anguien* from the same Misfortune at the Battle of *Serifoles*. 'Tis dangerous to attack a Man you have deprived of all Means to escape, but by his Arms: For Necessity teaches violent Resolutions: *Gravissimi sunt morsus irritatæ Necessitatis**: Enrag'd Necessity bites deep.

Vincitur haud gratis jugulo qui provocat hostem †.

The Foe that meets the Sword ne'er gratis dies.

This was that made *Pharax* with-hold the King of *Lacedæmon*, who had won a Battle of the *Mantineans*, from going to charge a thousand *Argians*, who were escaped in an entire Body from the Defeat; but rather let them steal off at Liberty, that he might not encounter Valour whetted and enraged by Mischance; *Clodomire*, King of *Aquitaine*, after his Victory pursuing *Gondemar*, King of *Burgundy*, beaten, and making off as fast as he could for Safety, compelled him to face about, and make head, wherein his Obstinacy deprived him of the Fruit of his Conquest; for he there lost his Life.

In like Manner, if a Man were to chuse, whether he would have his Soldiers *Ainquant*, and richly accouter'd with *Damask* Arms, or armed only for necessary Defence;

* *Port. Lat. in Decla.* † *Luc. lib. 4. Majes Luc.*
this

this Argument would step in, in Favour of the first (of which Opinion was *Sertorius*, *Philopœmen*, *Brutus*, *Cæsar*, and others) that it is to a Soldier an Enflaming of Courage, and a Spur to Glory, to see himself brave, and withal an Imitation to be more obstinate in Fight, having his Arms, which are in a Manner his Estate, and whole Inheritance, to defend; which is the Reason, says *Xenophon*, why those of *Asia* carried their Wives, Concubines, with their choicest Jewels, and greatest Wealth, along with them to the Wars. But then these Arguments would be as ready to stand up for the other Side; that a General ought rather to render his Men careless and desperate, than to increase their Solitude of preserving themselves: That by this Means they will be in a double Fear of hazarding their Persons; as it will be a double Temptation to the Enemy to fight with greater Resolution, where so great Booty and so rich Spoils are to be obtained: And this very Thing has been observed in former Times, notably to encourage the *Romans* against the *Samnites*. *Antiochus* shewing *Hannibal* the Army he had raised, wonderfully splendid, and rich in all Sorts of Equipage, asked him, If the *Romans* would be satisfied with that Army? Satisfied! replied the other, yes, doubtless, were their Avarice never so great. *Lycurgus* not only forbid his Soldiers all Manner of Bravery in their Equipage, but moreover to strip their conquer'd Enemies, because he would (as he said) that Poverty and Frugality should shine with the rest of the Battle.

At Sieges and elsewhere, where Occasion draws us near to the Enemy, we willingly suffer our Men to brave, rate, and affront the Enemy with all Sorts of injurious Language; and not without some Colour of Reason: For it is of no little Consequence to take from them all Hopes of Mercy and Composition, in representing to them, that there is no fair Quarter to be expected from an Enemy they have incensed to that Degree, nor other Remedy remaining, but in the Victory. And yet *Vitellius* found himself deceived in his Way of Proceeding; for having to do with *Otho*, weaker in the Valour of his Soldiers, long unaccustom'd to War, and effeminated with the Delights of the City; he so nettled them at last with injurious Language, reproaching them with Cowardice, and the Regret of the
Mistresses,

Mistresses, and Entertainments they had left behind at *Rome*, that by this Means he inspired them with such Resolution, as no Exhortation would have had the Power to have done; and himself made them fall upon him, with whom their own Captains before could by no Means prevail. And, indeed, when they are Injuries that touch to the Quick, it may very well fall out, that he who went but ill-favouredly to work in the Behalf of his Prince, will fall to't with another Sort of Mettle when the Quarrel is his own;

To consider of how great Importance is the Preservation of the General of an Army, and that the universal Aim of an Enemy is levelled directly at the Head, upon which all the others depend; the Advice seems to admit of no Dispute, which we know has been taken by so many great Captains, of changing their Habit, and disguising their Persons, upon the Point of going to engage. Nevertheless the Inconvenience a Man, by so doing, runs into, is not less than that he thinks to avoid: For the Captain by this Means being concealed from the Knowledge of his own Men, the Courage they should derive from his Presence and Example, happens by degrees to cool and to decay;

and not seeing the wonted * Marks and
 * *As at the Battle of Ivry, in the Person of Henry the Great.* Ensigns of their Leader, they presently conclude him either dead, or that, despairing of the Business, he is gone to shift for himself; and Experience shews

us that both these Ways have been both successful, and otherwise. What befel *Pyrrhus* in the Battle he fought against the Consul *Levinus* in *Italy*, will serve us to both Purposes: For though by shrouding his Person under the Arms of *Demogacles*, and making him wear his own, he undoubtedly preserved his own Life, yet by that very Means he was withal very near running into the other Mischief of losing the Battle. *Alexander, Cæsar, and Lucullus*, loved to make themselves known in a Battle, by rich Furniture, and Arms of a particular Lustre and Colour: *Agis, Agesilaus*, and that great *Gilippus*, on the contrary, used to fight obscurely armed, and without any imperial Attendance or Distinction.

Amongst other Over-sights *Pompey* is charged withal at the Battle of *Pharsalia*, he is condemned for making his
 Army

Army stand still to receive the Enemies Charge; by Reason that (I shall here steal *Plutarch's* own Words, that are better than mine) he, by so doing, deprived himself of the violent Impression the Motion of running adds to the first Shock of Arms, and hindred the Justle of the Combatants (who were wont to give great Impetuosity and Fury to the first Encounter; especially when they came to rush in with their utmost Vigour, their Courages increasing by the Shouts and the Career) thereby rendering his Soldiers Animosity and Ardour, as a Man may say, more reserved and cold. This is what *Plutarch* says: But if *Cæsar* had come by the worse, why might it not as well have been urged by another, That, on the contrary, the strongest and most steady Posture of Fighting, is that wherein a Man stands planted firm without Motion; and that they, who make a Halt upon their March, closing up, and reserving their Force within themselves for the Push of the Business, have a great Advantage against those who are disordered, and who have already spent half their Breath in running on precipitously to the Charge: Besides, that an Army being a Body made up of so many individual Members, it is impossible for it to move in this Fury with so exact a Motion as no: to break the Order of Battle, and that the best of the Foot are engaged before their Fellows can come in to relieve them. In that unnatural Battle betwixt the two *Persian* Brothers, the *Lacedæmonian Clearchus*, who commanded the *Greeks* of *Cyrus's* Party, led them on softly, and without Precipitation, to the Charge; but coming within fifty Paces, hurry'd them on full Speed, hoping in so short a Career, both to look to their Order, to husband their Breath, and, at the same Time, to give an Advantage of Violence and Impression both to their Persons and their missive Arms: Others have regulated this Question in charging thus; if your Enemy come running upon you, stand firm to receive him; if he stand to receive you, run full drive upon him.

In the Expedition of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth into *Provence*, King *Francis* was put to chuse either to go meet him in *Italy*, or to expect him in his own Dominions; wherein, though he very well considered of how great Advantage it was to preserve his own Territories entire, and clear from the Troubles and Inconveniencies of the War, to
the

the End, that being unexhausted of her Stores, it might continually supply Men and Money at Need, that the Necessity of War requires at every Turn to spoil, and lay waste the Country before them, which cannot very well be done upon one's own; to which may be added, that the Country People do not so easily digest such a Havock by those of their own Party, as from an Enemy, so that Seditions and Commotions might by such Means be kindled amongst us; that the Licence of Pillage and Plunder (which are not to be tolerated at home) is a great Ease and Refreshment against the Fatigues and Sufferings of War; and that he who has no other Prospect of Gain than his bare Pay, will hardly be kept from running Home, being but two Steps from his Wife and his own House; that he who lays the Cloth, is ever at the Charge of the Feast: That there is more Alacrity in Assaulting than Defending; and that the Loss of a Battle in our own Bowels gives so violent a Shock, as to endanger the disjointing of the whole Body, there being no Passion so contagious as that of Fear, that is so easily believed, or that so suddenly diffuses it's Poison; and that the Cities that should hear the Rattle of this Tempest, that should take in their Captains and Soldiers, yet trembling and out of Breath, would be in Danger, in this Heat and Hurry, to precipitate themselves upon some untoward Resolution: Notwithstanding all this, so it was, that he chose to recal the Forces he had beyond the Mountains, and to suffer the Enemy to come to him. For he might, on the other Side, imagine, that being at Home, and amongst his Friends, he could not fail of Plenty of all Manner of Conveniencies; the Rivers and Passes he had at his Devotion, would bring him in both Provisions and Money in all Security, and without the Trouble of Convoy; that he should find his Subjects by so much the more affectionate to him, by how much their Danger was more near and pressing; that having so many Cities and Stops to secure him, it would be in his Power to give the Law of Battle at his own Opportunity and best Advantage; and if it pleased him to delay the Time, that, under Covert, and at his own Ease, he might see his Enemy founder, and defeat himself with the Difficulties he was certain to encounter, being engaged in an Enemy's Country, where before, behind,

behind, and on every Side, War would be upon him; no Means to refresh himself, or to enlarge his Quarters, should Diseases infest them, or to lodge his wounded Men in Safety: No Money, no Victuals, but all at the Point of the Lance; no Leisure to repose and take Breath; no Knowledge of the Ways or Country, to secure him from Ambushes and Surprizes: And in Case of losing a Battle, no possible Means of saving the Remains. Neither is there Want of Example in both these Cases. *Scipio* thought it much better to go and attack his Enemy's Territories in *Africk*, than to stay at home to defend his own, and fight him in *Italy*; and it succeeded well with him: But, on the contrary, *Hannibal*, in the same War, ruin'd himself, by abandoning the Conquest of a strange Country, to go defend his own. The *Athenians* having left the Enemy in their own Dominions, to go over into *Sicily*, were not favoured by Fortune in their Design; but *Agathocles*, King of *Syracuse*, found her favourable to him, when he went over into *Africk*, and left the War at home. By which Examples, and divers others, we are wont to conclude, and with some Reason, that Events, especially in War, do for the most Part depend upon Fortune, who will not be govern'd by, nor submit unto human Prudence, according to the Poet,

*Et male consultis pretium est, prudentia fallax,
Nec fortuna probat causas, sequiturque merentes:
Sed vaga per cunctos nullo discrimine fertur.
Scilicet est aliud quod nos cogatque, regatque
Majus, & in proprias ducat mortalia leges*.*

Prudence deceitful and uncertain is,
Ill Counsels sometimes hit, where good Ones miss;
Nor yet does Fortune the best Cause approve,
But wildly does, without Distinction, rove.
So that some greater and more constant Cause,
Rules and subjects us to more powerful Laws:

But if Things hit right, it should seem that our Counsels
and Deliberations depend as much upon Fortune, as any

* *Manil. Astron. lib. 4.*

Thing else we do, and that she engages our very Reason and Arguments in her Uncertainty and Confusion. We argue rashly and adventurously, says *Timæus* in *Plato*, by Reason that, as well as ourselves, our Discourses have great Participation with the Temerity of Chance.



C H A P. XLVIII.

Of Horses dressed to the Manage, called Destriers.

I AM now become a *Grammarian*; I, who never learned any Language but by rote, and who do not yet know *Adjective*, *Conjunctive*, or *Ablative*, think I have read, that the *Romans* had a Sort of Horses by them called *Funales*, or *Dextrarios*, which were either Led-Horses, or Horses laid in at several Stages to be taken fresh upon Occasion; and thence it is, that we call our Horses of Service, *Destriers*: And our Romances commonly use the Phrase of *Destrier* for *Accompagner*, to accompany. They also called these Horses *Defultorios Equos*, which were taught to run full Speed Side by Side, without Bridle or Saddle, so as that the *Roman* Gentlemen armed at all Pieces, would shift and throw themselves from the one to the other. The *Numidian* Men at Arms had always a Led-Horse in one Hand, besides that they rode upon, to change in the Heat of Battle: *Quibus, Defultorum in modum, binos trabentibus equos, inter acerrimam sæpe pugnam in recentam equum ex fesso armatis, transultare, mos erat. Tanta velocitas ipsis, tamque docile equorum genus**. Whose Custom it was, leading along two Horses, after the Manner of the *Defultorum*, armed as they were, in the Heat of Fight, to vault from a tired Horse to a fresh one; so active were the Men, and the Horses so docile. There are many Horses trained up to help their Riders, so as to run upon any one that appears with a drawn Sword, to fall

* *Liv. l. 23.*

both with Mouth and Heels upon any that front or oppose them : But it oft falls out, that they do more Harm to their Friends than their Enemies, considering that you cannot loose them from their Hold, to reduce them again into Order, when they are once engaged and grappled; by which Means you remain at the Mercy of their senseless Quarrel. It happened very ill to *Artibius*, General of the *Persian* Army, fighting Man to Man with *Oneslus*, King of *Salamis*, to be mounted upon a Horfe taught after this Manner, it being the Occasion of his Death; the 'Squire of *Oneslus* cleaving him down with a Scythe betwixt the Shoulders, as the Horfe was reared up upon his Master. And what the *Italians* report, That in the Battle of *Fornoua*, King *Charles's* Horfe, with Kicks and Plunges, disengag'd his Master from the Enemy that pressed upon him, without which he had been slain, sounds odly, and he ran a very great Hazard, and came strangely off, if it be true. The *Mamalukes* made their Boast, that they had the most ready Horfes of any Cavalry in the World; that by Nature and Custom they were taught to know and distinguish the Enemy they were to fall foul upon with Mouth and Heels, according to a Word or Sign given : As also to gather up with their Teeth, Darts and Lances scattered upon the Field, and present them to their Riders, as they should have Occasion to use them. 'Tis said both of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, that, amongst other excellent Qualities they were Masters of, they were both excellent Horfe-Men, and particularly of *Cæsar*, that in his Youth, being mounted on the bare Back, without Saddle or Bridle, he could make him run, stop, and turn, and perform all his Airs, with his Hands behind him. As Nature designed to make of his Person, and of *Alexander*, two Miracles of Military Art, so we may say, she had done her utmost to arm them after an extraordinary Manner : For every one knows, that *Alexander's* Horfe, *Bucephalus*, had a Head inclining to the Shape of a Bull, that he would suffer himself to be mounted and governed by none but his Master, and that he was so honoured after his Death, as to have a City erected to his Name. *Cæsar* had also another, that had Fore-feet like the Hands of a Man, his Hoof being divided in the Form of Fingers, and likewise was not to be ridden by any but

Cæsar himself; who, after his Death, dedicated his Statue to the Goddess *Venus*. I do not willingly alight when I am once on Horse-back; for it is the Place where, whether well or sick, I find myself most at Ease. *Plato* recommends it for Health; and also *Pliny* says, it is good for the Stomach and the Joints. We read in *Xenophon*, a Law, forbidding any one, who was Master of a Horse, to travel on Foot. *Trogus* and *Justinus* say, That the *Partians* were wont to perform all Offices and Ceremonies, not only in War, but also all Affairs, whether publick or private, make Bargains, confer, entertain, take the Air, and all on Horse-back; and that the greatest Distinction betwixt Freemen and Slaves amongst them, was, that the one rode on Horse-back, and the other went on Foot: An Institution of which King *Cyrus* was the Founder. There are several Examples in the *Roman History* (and *Suetonius* more particularly observes it in *Cæsar*) of Captains, who, in pressing Occasions, commanded their Cavalry to alight, both by that Means to take from them all Hopes of Flight, as also for the Advantage they hoped for in this Sort of Flight. *Quo haud dubie superat Romanus: Wherein the Romans did, questionless, excel*: So says *Livy**; however, the first Thing they did to prevent the Mutinies and Insurrections of Nations of late Conquest, was to take from them their Arms and Horses: And therefore it is that we so often meet in *Cæsar*; *Arma proferri, jumenta produci, obsides dari jubet*†: He commanded the Arms to be produced, the Horses brought out, and Hostages to be given. The *Grand Seignior*, to this Day, suffers not a *Christian* or a *Jew* to keep a Horse of his own throughout his Empire. Our Ancestors, at the Time they had War with the *English*, in all their greatest Engagements and pitch'd Battles, fought for the most Part on Foot, that they might have nothing but their own Force, Courage, and Constancy to trust to, in a Quarrel of so great Concern as Life and Honour. You stake (whatever *Chrysantes* in *Xenophon* says to the contrary) your Valour and your Fortune, upon that of your Horse; his Wound or Death brings your Person into the same Danger;

* *Liv. l. 3.*† *Cæsar's Com.*

his Fear or Fury shall make you be reputed rash or cowardly; if he have an ill Mouth, or will not answer to the Spur, your Honour must answer it: And therefore I do not think it strange, that those Battles I spoke of before were more firm and furious than those that are fought on Horse-back.

—*Cedebant pariter, pariterque ruebant
Victores victique, neque his fuga nota, neque illis*.*

They charg'd together, and did so retreat
The Victors, and the vanquished; nor yet
The Knack of running was unto the one,
Or to the other of the Parties known.

Their Battles were much better disputed: Now-a-days there are nothing but Routs; *Primus clamor, atque impetus rem decernit*: The first Shout, or the first Charge, puts an End to the Business: And the Arms we choose to make Use of in so great a Hazard, should be as much as possible at our own Command: Wherefore I should advise to choose them of the shortest Sort, and such of which we are able to give the best Account. A Man may repose more Confidence in a Sword he holds in his Hand, than in a Bullet he discharges out of a Pistol, wherein there must be a Concurrence of several Executions, to make it perform it's Office, the Powder, the Stone, and the Wheel, if any of which fail, it at least endangers your Fortune: A Man strikes much surer than the Air directs him.

*Et quo ferre velint permittere vulnera ventis,
Ensis habet vires, & gens quæcunque virorum est
Bella gerit gladiis †.*

— Par off with Bows

They shoot, and where it lists the Wind bestows
Their Wounds; but Fight of Sword does Strength require,
All manly Nations the Sword-Fight desire †.

* *Virg. Æneid. lib. 10.*

† *Lucan. l. 8.*

‡ Mr. May's Transf.

But of that Weapon I shall speak more fully, when I come to compare the Arms of the Ancients with those of modern Use, though by the Way, the Astonishment of the Ear abated, which every one grows familiar with in a little Time. I look upon it as a Weapon of very little Execution, and hope we shall one Day lay it aside. That missile Weapon which the *Italians* formerly made Use of both with Fire and without, was much more terrible: They called a certain Kind of *Javelin* armed at the Point with an Iron three Foot long, that it might pierce through and through an armed Man, *Phalarica*, which they sometimes in Field-service darted by Hand: Sometimes from several Sorts of Engines for the Defence of beleagured Places: The Shaft whereof being rolled round with Flax, Wax, Rosin, Oil, and other combustible Matter, took Fire in it's Flight, and lighting upon the Body of a Man, or his Target, took away all the Use of Arms and Limbs. And yet coming to close fight, I should think they should also endamage the Assailant, and that the Camp being as it were planted with these Flaming *Truncheons*, should produce a common Inconvenience to the whole Crowd.

— *Magnum stridens contorta Phalarica venit,
Fulminis acta modo* —*.

— The Comet like *Phalarica* does fly,
With a huge Noise like Lightning through the Sky.

They had moreover other Devices which Custom made them perfect in (which will seem incredible to us who have not seen them) by which they supply'd the Effects of our Powder and Shot. They darted their Piles with so great Violence, as oft-times transfix'd two Targets, and two armed Men at once, and pinned them together. Neither was the Effect of their Slings less certain of Execution, or of shorter Carriage: *Saxis globosis funda, mare apertum incessantes; coronas modici circuli magno ex intervallo loci asueti trajicere; non capita modo hostium vulnerabant, sed quem*

* *Virg. Æneid. 9.*

*locum destinassent**: Culling round Stones from the Shore for their Slings: And with them practising at a great Distance to throw through a Circle of very small Circumference, they would not only wound an Enemy in the Head, but hit any other Part at Pleasure. Their Pieces of Battery had not only the Execution, but the Thunder of our Cannon also: *Ad ictus mœnium cum terribili sonitu editos, pavor & trepidatio cœpit*†: At the Battery of the Walls, which is performed with a dreadful Noise, the Defendants began to fear and tremble within. The Gauls, our Kinsmen in Asia, abominated these treacherous missile Arms, it being their Use to fight with greater Bravery Hand to Hand. *Non tam patentibus plagis moventur, ubi latior, quam altior plaga est, etiam gloriosius se pugnare putant; iidem quum aculeus sagittæ aut glandis abditæ introrsus tenui vulnere in speciem urit; tum in rabiem & pudorem tam parva perire pestes versi, prosternunt corpora humi*‡: They are not so much concerned at large Wounds; when a Wound is wider than deep, they think they have fought with greater Glory: But when they find themselves tormented within, under the Aspect of a slight Wound, with the Point of a Dart, or some concealed glandulous Body, then transported with Fury and Shame, to perish by so small and contemptible an Officer of Death, they fall to the Ground; an Expression of something very like a Musket-Shot. The ten thousand Greeks in their long and famous Retreat, met with a Nation who very much galled them with great and strong Bows, carrying Arrows so long, that taking them up one might return them back like a Dart, and with them pierce a Buckler, and an armed Man through and through. The Engines of *Dyonisus's* Invention at *Syracuse*, to shoot vast massy Darts, and Stones of a prodigious Greatness with so great Impetuosity, and at so great a Distance, came very near to our modern Inventions. But in this Discourse of Horses and Horsemanship, we are not to forget the pleasant Posture of one *Maistre Pierre Pol*, a Doctor of Divinity, upon his Mule, whom *Mensstrelet* reports always to have rid aside through the Streets of *Paris* like a Woman. He

* *Liv. l. 38.*† *Id. Ibid.*‡ *Id. Ibid.*

says also elsewhere, that the *Gascons* had terrible *Horses*, that would wheel, and make the *Pirouette* in their full Speed, which the *French*, *Piccards*, *Dutch*, and *Brabanters* looked upon as a *Miracle*, having never seen the like before; which are his very Words. *Cæsar* speaking of the *Swedes*, in the Charges they make on Horse-back, says he, they often throw themselves off to fight on Foot, having taught their *Horses* not to stir in the mean Time from the Place, to which they presently run again upon Occasion; and according to their Custom nothing is so unmanly and so base as to use Saddles or Pads, and they despise such as make Use of those Conveniencies: Infomuch that being but a very few in Number, they fear not to attack a great many. That which I have formerly wondered at, to see a Horse made to perform all his *Airs* with a Switch only, and the Reins upon his Neck, was common with the *Massilians*, who rid their *Horses* without Saddle or Bridle.

*Et gens quæ nudo residens Massilia dorso,
Ora levi flectit, frænorum nescia virga,
Et Numidæ infræni cingunt* *.

Massilians who on the bare Backs do ride,
And with a Switch, not knowing Bridle's Guide
The manag'd Steed, and fierce *Numidians* too
That use no Rein, begirt us round.

*Equi sine frænis deformis ipse cursus, ridiga cervice, & exten-
to capite currentium †: The Career of a Horse without a
Bridle must needs be ungrateful, his Neck being extended
stiff, and his Nose thrust out.* King *Alphonso*, he who
first instituted the Order *des Chevaliers de la Bande*, or *de
l'Escherpe* in *Spain*, amongst other Rules of the Order gave
them this, That they should never ride Mule or Mulet, up-
on Penalty of a Mark of Silver; which I had lately out of
Guevara's Letters, which whoever gave them the Title of
golden Epistles, had another Kind of Opinion of them

* *Æneid.* l. 4.

† *Liv.* l. 35.

than

than I have, and perhaps saw more in them than I do. The Courtier says, that till his Time it was a Disgrace to a Gentleman to ride one of those Creatures: But the *Abyssines* on the contrary, as they are nearer advanc'd to the Person of *Preflor John*, do affect to be mounted upon large Mules, for the greater Dignity and Grandeur. *Xenophon* tells us, that the *Assyrians* were fain to keep their Horses fetter'd in the Stable, they were so fierce and vicious: And that it required so much Time to loose and harness them, that to avoid any Disorder this tedious Preparation might bring upon them, in case of Surprise, they never sat down in their Camp, till it was first well fortified with Ditches and Rampiers. His *Cyrus*, who was so great a Master in all manner of Horse Service, kept his Horses to their Ordinary, and never suffer'd them to have any Thing to eat till first they had earn'd it by the Sweat of some kind of Exercise. The *Scythians*, when in the Field, and in Scarcity of Provisions, us'd to let their Horses Blood, which they drank and sustain'd themselves by that Diet.

Venit & epoto Sarmata pastus equo.*

The *Scythian* also comes without Remorse,
Having before quast up his bleeding Horse.

Those of *Crotta* being besieg'd by *Metellus*, were in so great Necessity for Drink, that they were fain to quench their Thirst with their Horses Urine: And to shew how much better cheap, the *Turkish* Armies support themselves than our *European* Forces, 'tis said, that besides that the Soldiers drink nothing but Water and eat nothing but Rice and Salt Flesh pulveriz'd (of which every one may easily carry about with him a Month's Provision) they know how to feed upon the Blood of their Horses, as well as the *Muscovite* and *Tartar*, and salt it for their Use. These new discover'd People of the *Indies*, when the *Spaniards* first land- ed amongst them, had so great an Opinion both of the Men and Horses, that they look'd upon the first as Gods,

* *Mart. l. 2.*

and

and the other Animals ennobled above their Nature. Inſo-
 much that after they were ſubdu'd, coming to ſue for Peace,
 and to bring them Gold and Proviſions, they fail'd not to
 preſent the ſame to the Horſes, with the ſame kind of
 Harangue to them, which they had made to the other;
 interpreting their Neighing for a Language of Truce and
 Friendſhip. In theſe nearer *Indies*, to ride upon an Ele-
 phant was the firſt Place of Honour, the ſecond to ride in a
 Coach with four Horſes, the third to ride upon a Camel,
 and the laſt to be carried, or drawn by one Horſe only.
 Some one of our late Writers tells us, that he has been in a
 Country in thoſe Parts, where they ride upon Oxen with
 Pads, Stirrups, and Bridles, and very much at their Eaſe.
Quintus Fabius Maximus Rutilianus, in a Battle with the
Sannites, ſeeing his Cavalry, after three or four Charges,
 had fail'd of breaking into the Enemies main Body, took
 this Courſe to make them unbridle all their Horſes; ſo that
 having nothing to check their Career, they might through
 Weapons and Men, open the Way for his Foot, who by
 that Means gave them a bloody Deſeat. The ſame Com-
 mand was given by *Quintus Fulvius Flaccus* againſt the *Cel-
 tiberians*: *Id cum majore vi equorum facietis, ſi effrænatos
 in hoſtes equos immittatis; quod ſæpe Romanos equites cum laude
 feciſſe memoriæ proditum eſt. Detractiſque frænis bis ultro
 citroque cum magna ſrage hoſtium, infractis omnibus baſtis,
 tranſcurrerunt* *. You will do your Buſineſs with greater
 Advantage of your Horſes Strength, if you ſpur them un-
 bridled upon the Enemy, as it is recorded the Roman Horſe
 to their great Glory have often done. And their Bits
 being pull'd off without breaking a Launce, to have charg'd
 through and through, with great Slaughtering of the Enemy:
 The Duke of *Muſcovy* was anciently oblig'd to pay this
 Reverence to the *Tartars*, that when they ſent any Em-
 baſſy to him, he went out to meet the Embaſſadors on
 Foot, and preſented them with a Mazer, or Goblet of
 Mare's Milk (a Beverage of greateſt Eſteem among them)
 and ſo great, that if in drinking, a Drop fell by Chance
 upon the Horſe's Main, they thought themſelves indispen-

* *Liv. l. 40.*

fably bound to lick it off with their Tongue: The Army that *Bajazet* had sent into *Russia*, was overwhelm'd with so dreadful a Tempest of Snow, that to shelter, and preserve themselves from starving, many ript up, and embowell'd their Horses, to creep into their Bellies, and enjoy the Benefit of that vital Heat. *Bajazet*, after that furious Battle wherein he was overthrown by *Tamerlane*, was in a hopeful Way of securing his own Person by the Fleetness of an *Arabian* Mare he had under him, had he not been constrain'd to let her drink her Fill at the Ford of a River in his Way, which render'd her so heavy and indispos'd, that he was afterwards easily overtaken by those that pursu'd him: They say indeed that to let a Horse stale takes him off his Mettle, but I should rather have thought that drinking would have refresh'd her, and reviv'd her Spirits: *Craesus* marching his Army through certain Furzs, near *Sardis*, met with an infinite Number of Serpents, which the Horses devoured with great Appetite, and which *Herodotus* says was a Prodigy of ominous Portent to his Affairs. We call a Horse *Cheval entier*, that has his Main, Ears, and other Parts entire, and no other will pass Miter. The *Lacedæmonians* having defeated the *Athenians* in *Sicily*, returning triumphant from the Victory into the City of *Syracusa*, amongst other Insolencies, caus'd all the Horses they had taken to be shorn, and led in Triumph. *Alexander* fought with a Nation call'd *Dææ*; a People whose Discipline it was to march two and two together, arm'd on Horse-back to the War, and being in Fight one always alighted, and so they fought one while on Horse-back and another on Foot, one after another by Turns. I do not think that for graceful Riding, any Nation in the World excels the *French*; though a good Horseman, according to our Way of speaking, seems rather to respect the Courage of the Man than his Horsemanship and Address in riding, Of all that ever I saw the most knowing in that Art, that had the best Seat, and the best Method in breaking Horses, was *Monsieur de Carnevalet*, who served our King *Henry* the Second: I have seen a Man ride with both his Feet upon the Saddle, take off the Saddle, and at his Return take it up again, refit, and remount it, riding all the while full Speed: Having gallop'd over a Bonnet, make at it
very

very good Shots, backward with his Bow, take up any thing from the Ground, setting one Foot down, and the other in the Stirrup; with twenty other Apes-tricks, which he got his living by. There has been seen, in my Time, at *Constantinople*, two Men upon an Horse, who in the Height of his Speed would throw themselves off, and into the Saddle again by Turn, and one who bridled and saddled his Horse with nothing but his Teeth. Another who betwixt two Horses, one Foot upon one Saddle, and another upon the other, carrying another upon his Shoulders; would ride full Career, the other standing bolt upright upon him, making very good Shots with his Bow. Several who would ride full Speed with their Heels upwards, and their Hands upon the Saddle betwixt several *Scymiters*, with the Points upward fix'd in the Harness. When I was a Boy, the Prince of *Salmona*, riding a rough Horse at *Naples* to all his Airs, held Reals under his Knees and Toes; as if they had been nail'd there, to shew the Firmness of his Seat.



C H A P. XLIX.

Of Ancient Customs.

I Should willingly pardon our People for admitting no other Pattern, or Rule of Perfection, than their own peculiar Manners, and Customs. It being a common Vice, not of the Vulgar only, but almost of all Men, to walk in the beaten Road their Ancestors have trod before them: I am content when they see *Fabricius* or *Lælius*, that they look upon their Countenance and Behaviour as barbarous, seeing they are neither clothed nor fashion'd according to our Mode. But I find Fault with their Singularity, when it arrives to that Degree of Indiscretion, as to suffer themselves to be so impos'd upon by Authority of the present Custom, as every Month to alter their Opinion, if Custom so require, and that they should so vary their Judgment in their own particular Concern: When they wore the Belly-pieces of
their

their Doublets up as high as their Breasts, they stiffly maintain'd that they were in their proper Place: Some Years after they were slipt down between their Thighs, and then they could laugh at the former Fashion as uneasy and intolerable. The Fashion now in Use makes them absolutely condemn the other two, with so great Indignation, and so universal Contempt, that a Man would think, there was a certain kind of Madness crept in amongst them, that infatuates their Understandings, to this strange Degree. Now seeing that our Change of Fashions is so prompt and sudden, that the Inventions of all the Taylors in the World cannot furnish out new Whim-whams enough to feed our Vanity withal; there will often be a Necessity, that the despised ones must again come in Vogue, and even those immediately after fall into the same Contempt; and that the same Judgment must, in the Space of fifteen or twenty Years, take up not only different, but contrary Opinions, with an incredible Lightness and Inconstancy: There is not any of us so cautious and discreet, that suffers not himself to be gull'd with this Contradiction, and both in external and internal Sight to be insensibly blinded. I will here muster up some old Customs, that I have in Memory, some of them the same with ours, the other different, to the End, that bearing in Mind this continual Variation of human Things, we may have our Judgments clearer, and more firmly settled: The thing in use amongst us of fighting with Rapier and Cloak, was in Practice amongst the Romans also, *Sinistris sagos involvant, gladiosque distringunt* *. They wrapp'd their Cloaks upon the Left Arm, and handled the Sword with the Right, says Cæsar; And I observe an old vicious Custom of our Nation, which continues yet amongst us, which is to stop Passengers we meet upon the Road, to compel them to give an Account who they are; and to take it for an Injury, and just Cause of Quarrel, if they refuse to do it: At the Bath, which the Ancients made Use of every Day before they went to Dinner, and as frequently as we wash our Hands, they at first only bath'd their Arms and Legs, but afterwards,

* Cæsar de bello civili, lib. 1.

and

and by a Custom that has continued for many Ages in most Nations of the World, they bath'd stark naked in mix'd and perfum'd Water : The most delicate and affected, perfum'd themselves all over three or four Times a Day. They often caus'd their Hair to be pincht off ; as the Women of *France* have some Time since, taken up a Custom to do their Foreheads.

Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod brachia vellis.*

How dost thou twitch thy Breast, thy Arms and Thighs.

Though they had Ointments proper for that Purpose.

Psilatro nitet, aut arida latet abdita creta §.

This in Wild-vine shines, or else doth calk,
Her Rank pores up in a dry Cruft of Chalk.

They delighted to lye soft, and pretended it for a great Testimony of Hardiness, to lye upon a Matrass. They did eat lying upon Beds, much after the Manner of the *Turks* in this Age.

Inde thoro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alio †.

Then thus *Æneas* from his Bed of State,
Begun *Troy's* woful Story to relate.

And 'tis said of the younger *Cato*, that after the Battle of *Pharsalia*, being entered into a melancholick Disposition, at the ill Posture of the publick Affairs he took his Repose always fitting, assuming a strict and severe Course of Life. It was also their Custom to kiss the Hands of great Persons; the more and better to honour and caress them: And meeting with their Equals, they always kiss'd in Salutation, as do the *Venetians*.

* *Mart. lib. 2. Epig. 62.*

§ *Id. lib. 6. Epi. 93.*

† *Æneid. l. 2.*

*Gratatusque darem cum dulcibus oscula verbis **

And kindest Words I would with Kisses mix.

In petitioning, or saluting any great Man, they us'd to lay their Hands upon his Knees. *Fascicles*, the Philosopher and Brother of *Crates*, instead of laying his Hand upon the Knee, laid it upon his private Parts, and being rudely repuls'd by him to whom he made that indecent Compliment; What, said he, is not that Part your own as well as the other? They us'd to eat their Fruits as we do after Dinner. They wiped their Arses (let the Ladies, if they please, mince it smaller) with a Sponge; which is the Reason that *Spongia* is a smutty Word in *Latin*; which Sponge was also fastened to the End of a Stick, as appears by the Story of him, who, as he was led along to be thrown to the wild Beasts in the Sight of the People, asking Leave to do his Business, and having no other Ways to dispatch himself, forc'd the Sponge and Stick down his own Throat and choaked himself. They us'd to terge after Coition with perfum'd Wool.

At tibi nil faciam, sed lota mentula lana †.

They used in the Streets of *Rome* to place certain Vessels and little Tubs for Passengers to piss in.

*Pueri sæpe lacum propter, se ac dolia curta,
Somno de vinceti credunt, extollere vestem §.*

Boys dream of pissing in the Tub and Lake,
And find themselves bepiss when they awake.

They used to collation betwixt Meals, and had in Summer Cellars of Snow to cool their Wine; and some there were

* *Ovid de pont. lib. 4. Eleg. 9.* † *Mart. lib. 11. Epist. 50.*
§ *Lucret. l. 4.*

who

who made Use of Snow in Winter, not thinking their Wine cool enough at that cold Season of the Year. The Men of Quality had their Cup-bearers and Carvers, and their Buffoons to make them Sport: They had their Meat served up in Winter upon a Sort of Chafing-Dishes; which were set upon the Table, and had portable Kitchens (of which I myself have seen some) wherein all their Service was carried after them.

*Has vobis epulas habete lauti.
Nos offendimus ambulante Cæna **

Those Feasts, by you indeed, are highly priz'd,
At walking Suppers we are scandaliz'd.

In Summer they had a Contrivance to bring fresh and clear Rills through their lower Rooms, wherein were great Store of living Fish, which the Guests took out with their own Hands to bedress'd; every Man according to his own Liking. Fish has ever had this Pre-eminence, and keeps it still, that the great ones all pretend to be Cooks in their Favour; and indeed, the Taste is more delicate than that of Flesh, at least to me. But in all Sorts of Magnificence, Debauchery, and voluptuous Inventions of Effeminacy and Expence, we do, in Truth, all we can to parallel them; for our Wills are as corrupt as theirs: But we want Power to reach them; and our Force is more able to reach them in their vicious, than in their virtuous Qualities; for both the one and the other proceed from a Vigour of Soul, which was without Comparison greater in them than in us: And Souls by how much the weaker they are, by so much have they less Power to do, very well, or very ill: The highest Place of Honour amongst them was the Middle; the Name going before, and that following after, either in Writing or Speaking, had no Signification of Grandeur, as is evident by their Writings; they will sooner say *Oppius* and *Cæsar*, than *Cæsar* and *Oppius*, and me and thee, than thee and me, which is the Reason that made me formerly

* *Mart. l. 7. Epig. 47.*

take Notice in the Life of *Flaminius*, in our *French Plutarch*, of one Passage, where it seems as if the Author speaking of the Jealousy of Honour, betwixt the *Ætolians* and *Romans*, about the winning of a Battle they had with their joint Forces obtain'd, made it of some Importance, that in the *Greek Songs* they had put the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*: If there be no Amphibology, or double Dealing in the Words of the *French Translation*; an Instance of which I present you out of *Plutarch*, though *Monseur de Montaigne* did not think it worth repeating.

*Here, friendly Passenger, we buried lye,
Without Friends, Tears, or Fun'ral Obsequy,
Full thirty thousand Men in Battle slain
By the Ætolians, on Thessalian Plain;
And Latines, whom Flaminius led on,
And brought from Italy to Macedon.
With his fierce Valour, when faint Philip fled
With greater Speed to save his tim'rous Head,
Than Hart or Hind, when Dogs upon the Trace,
Through Woods pursue them with a full Cry Chace*.*

The Ladies in their Baths made no Scruple of admitting Men amongst them, and moreover made Use of their Serving Men to rub and anoint them:

*Inguina succinctus nigra tibi servus alluta
Stat, quoties calidis nuda foveris aquis §.*

They all powdered themselves with a certain Powder, to moderate their Sweats. The ancient *Gauls*, says *Sidonius Apollinaris*, wore their Hair long before, and the hinder Part of the Head cut short, a Fashion that begins to be reviv'd in this vicious and effeminate Age. The *Romans*

* *Plut. vit. Tit. Quint. Flaminius.* § *Mart. lib. Epig. 34.*
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used to pay the Watermen their Fare at their first stepping into the Boat, which we never do 'till after landing.

*Dum as exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora*.*

Whilst the Fare's paying, and the Mule is ty'd,
A whole Hour's Time, at least, away doth slide.

The Women used to lye on that Side the Bed next the Wall;
And for that Reason they call'd *Cæsar*, *Spondam Regis Nicomedis*, one of the greatest Blemishes in his Life, and that gave Occasion to his Soldiers to sing to his Face,

Gallias Cæsar subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem †.

*Cæsar the Gauls subdu'd, 'tis true,
But Nicomedes Cæsar did subdue.*

*Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias,
Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem ‡.*

See *Cæsar* triumphs now for conqu'ring *Gaul*,
For conqu'ring him, King *Nicomedes* at all
No Triumph has.

They took Breath in their Drinking, and dash'd their Wine,

*Quis puer ociosus
Restinguet ardentis falerni
Pocula prætereunte lymphæ ||?*

What pretty Boy's at Leisure to come in,
And cool the Heat of the *Falernian Wine*,
With the clear gliding Stream?

* *Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 5.* † *Suet. in vita Cæs.* ‡ *Id. eod.*
not quoted by *Montaigne.* || *Hor. lib. 7. Ode. 11.*
And

Of Democritus and Heraclitus. 363

And the roguish Looks and Gestures of our Lacqueys was also in Use amongst them.

O Jane, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinxit,
Nec manus auriculus imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ quantum sitiet canis Apula tantum*.

O Janus, who both Ways a Spy dost wear,
So that no Scoffer, though behind thee, dare
Make a Stork's-Bill, Ass-Ears, or far more long,
Than thirsty panting Curs shoot out their Tongue.

The *Argian* and *Roman* Ladies always mourn'd in White, as ours did formerly here; and should do still, were I to govern in this Point. But there are whole Books of this Argument.



CHAP. L.

Of Democritus and Heraclitus.

THE Judgment is an Utensil proper for all Subjects, and will have an Oar in every Thing; which is the Reason, that in these Essays I take Hold of all Occasions; where, though it happen to be a Subject I do not very well understand, I try however, sounding it at a Distance, and finding it too deep for my Stature, I keep me on the firm Shore: And this Knowledge that a Man can proceed no farther, is one Effect of it's Virtue, even in the most inconsidering sort of Men. One while in an idle and frivolous Subject, I try to find out Matter whereof to compose a Body, and then to prop and support it. Another while I employ it in a noble Subject, one that has been tost and tumbled by a thousand Hands, wherein a Man can

* *Persius, Sat. 1.*

hardly possibly introduce any Thing of his own, the Way being so beaten on every Side, that he must of Necessity walk in the Steps of another. In such a Case, 'tis the Work of the Judgment to take the Way that seems best, and of a thousand Paths, to determine that this or that was the best chosen. I leave the Choice of my Arguments to Fortune, and take what she first presents me with; they are all alike to me, I never design to go through any of them; for I never see all of any Thing: Neither do they who so largely promise to shew it to others. Of a hundred Members and Faces that every Thing has, I take one, one while to look it over only, another while to ripple up the Skin, and sometimes to pinch it to the Bones: I give a Stab, not so wide but as deep as I can; and am for the most Part tempted to take it in Hand by some absolute Gracefulness I discover in it. Did I know myself less, I might, perhaps, venture to handle something or other to the Bottom, and to be deceiv'd by my own Inability; but sprinkling here one Word, and there another, Patterns cut from several Pieces and scatter'd without Design, and without engaging myself too far, I am not responsible for them, or oblig'd to keep close to my Subject, without varying at my own Liberty and Pleasure, and giving up myself to Doubt and Incertainty, and to my own governing Method, Ignorance. All Motions discover us. The very same Soul of *Cæsar*, that made itself so conspicuous in marshalling and commanding the Battle of *Pharsalia*, was also seen as solicitous and busy in the softer Affairs of Love. A Man makes a Judgment of a Horse, not only by seeing his Menage in his Airs, but by his very Walk; nay, and by seeing him stand in the Stable. Amongst the Functions of the Soul, there are some of a lower and meaner Form, and he that does not see her in those inferior Offices, as well as those of nobler Note, never fully discover her; and peradventure, she is best discover'd where she moves her own natural Pace. The Winds of Passion take most Hold of her in her highest Flights; and the rather, by reason that she wholly applies herself to, and exercises her whole Virtue upon every particular Subject, and never handles more than one Thing at a Time, and that not according to it, but according to herself. Things in respect to themselves, have, peradventure, their Weight,
Measures

Measures and Conditions; but when we once take them into us, the Soul forms them as she pleases. Death is terrible to *Cicero*, coveted by *Cato*, and indifferent to *Socrates*. Health, Conscience, Authority, Knowledge, Riches, Beauty, and their Contraries, do all strip themselves at their entering into us, and receive a new Robe, and of another Fashion, from every distinct Soul, and of what Colour, Brown, Bright, Green, Dark; and Quality, Sharp, Sweet, Deep, or Superficial, as best pleases them; for they are not yet agreed upon any common Standard of Forms, Rules, or Proceedings; every one of them is a Queen in her own Dominions. Let us therefore no more excuse ourselves upon the external Qualities of Things; it belongs to us to give ourselves an Account of them. Our Good or Ill has no other Dependance but on ourselves. 'Tis there that our Offerings and our Vows are due, and not to Fortune: She has no Power over our Manners; on the contrary, they draw and make her follow in their Train, and cast her in their own Mould. Why should not I censure *Alexander*, roaring and drinking at the prodigious Rate he sometimes used to do? Or, if he plaid at Chess, what String of his Soul was not touched by this idle and childish Game? I hate and avoid it, because it is not Play enough, that it is too grave and serious a Diversion, and I am ashamed to lay out as much Thought and Study upon that, as would serve to much better Uses. He did not more pump his Brains about his glorious Expedition into the *Indies*; and another whom I will not name, took no more Pains to unravel a Passage, upon which depends the Safety of all Mankind. To what a Degree then does this ridiculous Diversion molest the Soul, when all her Faculties shall be summon'd together upon this trivial Account? And how fair an Opportunity she herein gives every one to know, and to make a right Judgment of himself? I do not more thoroughly sift myself in any other Posture than this. What Passion are we exempted from in this insignificant Game? Anger, Spite, Malice, Impatience, and a vehement Desire of getting the better in a Concern, wherein it were more excusable, to be ambitious of being overcome: For to be eminent, and to excel above the common Rate in frivolous Things, is nothing graceful in a Man of Quality and Honour. What I say in this Example,

may be said in all others. Every Particle, every Employment of Man, does exalt or accuse him, equally with any other. *Democritus* and *Heraclitus* were two Philosophers, the first of whom finding human Condition ridiculous and vain, never appear'd abroad but with a jeering and laughing Countenance: Whereas *Heraclitus* commiserating that Condition of ours, appear'd always with a sorrowful Look, and Tears in his Eyes.

Alter

*Ridebat quoties à limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius alter*.*

One always, when he o'er his Threshold stept,
Laugh'd at the World, the other always wept.

I am clearly for the first Humour; not because it is more pleasant to laugh than to weep, but because it is ruder, and expresses more Contempt than the other; because I think we can never be sufficiently despised to our Desert. Compassion and Bewailing seem to employ some Esteem of, and Value for the Thing bemoan'd: Whereas the Things we laugh at, are by that expressed to be of no Moment or Repute. I do not think that we are so unhappy as we are vain, or have in us so much Malice as Folly; we are not so full of Mischief as Inanity; nor so miserable as we are vile and mean. And therefore *Diogenes*, who past away his Time in rolling himself in his Tub, and made nothing of the great *Alexander*, esteeming us no better than Flies, or Bladders puffed up with Wind, was a sharper and more penetrating, and consequently, in my Opinion, a juster Judge, than *Timon*, surnam'd the *Man-hater*; for what a Man hates, he lays to Heart: This last was an Enemy to all Mankind, did positively desire our Ruin, and avoided our Conversation as dangerous, proceeding from wicked and deprav'd Natures; The other valu'd us so little, that we could neither trouble nor infect him by our Contagion; and left us to herd with one another, not out of Fear, but Contempt

* *Juven. Sat. 10.*

of our Society: Concluding us as incapable of doing Good as Ill. Of the same Strain was *Statilius's* Answer, when *Brutus* courted him into the Conspiracy against *Cæsar*: He was satisfy'd that the Enterprize was just; but he did not think Mankind so considerable, as to deserve a wise Man's Concern: According to the Doctrine of *Hegesias*; who said, That a wise Man ought to do nothing but for himself, forasmuch as he only was worthy of it: And to the Saying of *Theodorus*, That it was not reasonable a wise Man should hazard himself for his Country, and endanger Wisdom for a Company of Fools. Our Condition is as ridiculous as risible.



CHAP. LI.

Of the Vanity of Words.

A Rhetorician of Times past, said, That to make little Things appear great, was his Profession. This also a Shoemaker can do; he can make a great Shoe for a little Foot: They would in *Sparta* have sent such a Fellow to be whipp'd, for making Profession of a lying and deceitful Art: And I fancy, that *Archidamus*, who was King of that Country, was a little surpriz'd at the Answer of *Thucydides*, when enquiring of him, which was the better Wrestler, *Pericles* or he; he reply'd, That it was hard to affirm; for when I have thrown him, said he, he always persuades the Spectators that he had no Fall, and carries away the Prize. They who paint, pounce and plaister up the Ruins of Women, filling up their Wrinkles and Deformities, are less to blame; because it is no great Matter, whether we see them in their natural Complexions or not. Whereas these make it their Business to deceive, not our Sight only but our Judgments, and to adulterate and corrupt the very Essence of Things. The Republicks that have maintain'd themselves in a regular and well-modell'd Government such as those of *Lacedæmon* and *Crete*, had Orators in no very great Esteem. *Aristo* did wisely define *Rhetorick* to be a

Science to persuade the People; *Socrates* and *Plato*, an Art to flatter and deceive: And those who deny it in the general Description, verify it throughout in their Precepts. The *Mahometans* will not suffer their Children to be instructed in it, as being useless; and the *Athenians* perceiving of how pernicious Consequence the Practice of it was, it being in their City of universal Esteem, order'd the principal Part, which is to move Affections, with their Exordiums and Perorations, to be taken away. 'Tis an Engine invented to manage and govern a disorderly and tumultuous Rabble, and is never made Use of but, like Physick to the Sick, in the Paroxisms of a discomposed State. In those States, where the Vulgar or the Ignorant, or both together, have been all powerful, and able to give Law, as in *Athens*, *Rhodes* and *Rome*, and where the Publick Affairs have been in a continual Tempest of Commotion, to such Places have the Orators always repair'd. And, in Truth, we find few Persons in those Republicks, who have push'd their Fortunes to any great Degree of Eminence, without the Assistance of Elocution: *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Crassus*, *Lucullus*, *Lentulus* and *Metellus*, have thence taken their chiefest Spring to mount to that Degree of Authority, to which they did at last arrive; making it of greater Use to them than Arms, contrary to the Opinion of better Times. For *L. Volumnius* speaking publickly in Favour of the Election of *Q. Fabius* and *Pub. Decius*, to the Consular Dignity: These are Men, said he, born for War, and great in Execution, in the Combat of the Tongue altogether to seek; Spirits truly consular. The Subtle, Eloquent and Learned, are only good for the City, to make Prætors of, to administer Justice. Eloquence flourish'd most at *Rome*, when the publick Affairs were in the worst Condition, and the Republick most disquieted with intestine Commotions, as a frank and untill'd Soil bears the worst Weeds. By which it should seem, that a Monarchical Government has less Need of it than any other: For the Brutality and Facility, natural to the common People, which render them subject to be turn'd and twin'd, and led by the Ears by this charming Harmony of Words, without weighing or considering the Truth and Reality of Things by the Force of Reason: This Facility, I say, is not easily found in a single Person, and

and it is also more easy, by good Education and Advice, to secure him from the Impression of this Poison. There never was any famous Orator known to come out of *Persia* or *Macedon*.

I have entered into this Discourse upon the Occasion of an *Italian* I lately received into my Service, who was Clerk of the Kitchen to the late Cardinal *Caraffa* till his Death. I put this Fellow upon an Account of his Office: Where he fell to discourse of this Palate-Science, with such a settled Countenance, and magisterial Gravity, as if he had been handling some profound Point of Divinity. He made a learned Distinction of the several Sorts of Appetites, of that which a Man has before he begins to eat, and of those after the second and third Service: The Means simply to satisfy the first, and then to raise and quicken the other two: The ordering of the Sauces, first in general, and then proceeded to the Qualities of the Ingredients, and their Effects: The Differences of Sallets, according to their Seasons, which of them ought to be served up hot, and which cold: The Manner of their Garnishment and Decoration, to render them yet more acceptable to the Eye: After which he entered upon the Order of the whole Service, full of weighty and important Considerations.

— *Nec minimo sane discrimine refert
Quo gestu lepores, & quo gallina secetur* *.

Nor with less Criticism did observe
How we a Hare, and how a Hen should carve.

And all this set out with lofty and magnifick Words; the very same we make Use of, when we discourse of the Government of an Empire. Which learned Lecture of my Man, brought this of *Terence* into my Memory.

*Hoc falsum est, hoc adustum est, hoc lautum est parum,
Illud rectè iterum sic memento, sedulo
Moneo quæ possum pro mea sapientia.
Postremo tanquam in speculum, in patinas, Demea,
Inspicere jubeo, & moneo quid factò usus sit* †.

* *Juven. Sat. 5.*

† *Ter. Adelp. Act 3. Sc. 5.*
This

This is too salt, this burnt, this is too plain,
 That's well, remember to do so again.
 Thus do I still advise to have Things fit,
 According to the Talent of my Wit.
 And then (my *Demea*) I command my Cook,
 That into ev'ry Dish he pry and look,
 As if it were a Mirror, and go on
 To order all Things as they should be done.

And yet even the *Greeks* themselves did very much admire, and highly applaud the Order and Disposition that *Paulus Æmilius* observed in the Feast he made for them at his Return from *Macedon*: But I do not here speak of Effects, I speak of Words only. I do not know whether it may have the same Operation upon other Men that it has upon me: But when I hear our Architects thunder out their bombast Words of *Pilasters*, *Architraves*, and *Cornices*, of the *Corinthian* and *Dorick* Orders, and such like Stuff, my Imagination is presently possessed with the Palace of *Apollidonius* in *Amadis de Gaul*; when, after all, I find them but the poultry Pieces of my own Kitchen-Door. And to hear Men talk of *Metonymies*, *Metaphors*, and *Allegories*, and other Grammar Words, would not a Man think they signify'd some rare and exotick Form of Speaking? And this other is a Gullery of the same Stamp, to call the Offices of our Kingdom by the lofty Titles of the *Romans*, though they have no Similitude of Function, Authority, or Power. And this also, which I doubt will one Day turn to the Reproach of our present polite Age, unworthily and indifferently to confer upon any we think fit, the most glorious Surnames with which Antiquity honoured but one or two Persons in several Ages. *Plato* carried away the Surname of Divine by so universal a Consent, that never any one repined at it, or attempted to take it from him: And yet the *Italians*, who pretend, and with good Reason, to more sprightly Wits and sounder Discourses than the other Nations of their Time, have lately honoured *Aretine* with the same Title; in whose Writings, except it be a tumid Phrase, set out with some smart Periods, ingenious indeed, but far fetch'd and fantastick, and the Eloquence (be it what it will) I see nothing in him above
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the ordinary Writers of his Time, so far is he from approaching the ancient Divinity. And we make nothing of giving the Sirname of *Great* to Princes that have nothing in them above a popular Grandeur.



C H A P. LII.

Of the Parsimony of the Ancients.

A *Tullius Regulus*, General of the Roman Army in *Africk*, in the Height of all his Glory and Victories over the *Carthaginians*, writ to the Republick to acquaint them, that a certain Peasant whom he had left in Trust with his whole Estate, which was in all but seven Acres of Land, was run away with all his Instruments of Husbandry, entreating therefore, that they would please to call him Home, that he might take Order in his own Affairs, lest his Wife and Children should suffer by this Disaster: Whereupon the Senate appointed another to manage his Business, caused his Losses to be made good, and ordered his Family to be maintained at the publick Expence. The elder *Cato* returning Consul from *Spain*, sold his War-Horse, to save the Money it would have cost in bringing him back by Sea into *Italy*; and being Governor of *Sardinia*, made all his Visits on Foot, without other Attendants, than one Officer of the Republick, to hold up the Train of his Gown and carry a Censer for Sacrifices; and, for the most Part, carried his Mail himself. He bragged, that he had never worn a Gown that cost above ten Crowns, nor had ever sent above Ten-pence to the Market for one Day's Provision; and that as to his Country Houses, he had not one that was rough cast on the Out-side. *Scipio Emilianus*, after two Triumphs, and two Consulships, went an Embassy with no more than seven Servants in his Train. 'Tis said, that *Homer* had never more than one, *Plato* three, and *Zeno*, Founder of the Sect of *Stoicks*, none at all. *Tiberius Gracchus* was allowed but Five-pence Half-

Half-penny a Day, when employed as publick Minister about the publick Affairs, and being at that time the greatest Man of *Rome*.



C H A P. LIII.

Of a Saying of Cæsar.

IF we would sometimes bestow a little Consideration upon ourselves, and employ that Time in examining our own Abilities which we spend in prying into other Men's Actions, and discovering Things without us, we should soon perceive of how infirm and decaying Materials this Fabrick of ours is composed. Is it not a singular Testimony of Imperfection, that we cannot establish our Satisfaction in any one Thing, and that even our own Fancy and Desire should deprive us of the Power to choose what is most proper and useful for us? A very good Proof of this, is the great Dispute that has ever been amongst the Philosophers, of finding out a Man's principal and sovereign Good; that Dispute continues yet, and will eternally continue, without Solution or Agreement.

— *Dum abest quod avemus, id exuperare videtur,
Cætera, post aliud cum contigit illud avemus,
Et sitis æqua tenet* *.

The absent we covet, best doth seem,
The next that comes captivates our Esteem
At the same rate.

Whatever that is that falls into our Knowledge and Possession, we find it satisfies not, and still pant after Things to come, and unknown; and these because the present

* *Lucret. l. 3.*

do not satiate and glut us; not that, in my Judgment, they have not in them wherewith to do it, but because we seize them with an unruly and immoderate Haste.

*Nam cum vidit hic ad victum quæ flagitat usus,
Et per quæ possent vitam consistere tutam,
Omnia jam firme mortalibus esse parata:
Divitiis homines, & honore & laude potentis
Affluere, atque bona natorum excellere fama,
Nec minus esse domi cuiquam tamen anxia corda,
Atque animum infestis cogi servire querelis:
Intellexit ibi vitium vas facere ipsum,
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpitur intus
Quæ collata foris, & commoda quæque venirent*.*

For when he saw all Things that had regard
To Life's Subsistence for Mankind prepar'd,
That Men in Wealth and Honours did abound,
Had hopeful Issue set their Tables round;
And yet had Hearts as anxious as before,
Murmuring amidst their Happiness and Store:
He then perceiv'd the Vessel was to blame,
And gave a Smatch to all that in it came,
'That neither from without him was convey'd,
To have him happy and contented made.

Our Appetite is irresolute and fickle, it can neither keep nor enjoy any thing graceful, and as it should: And Man concluding it to be the Fault of the Things he is possessed of, fills himself with, and feeds himself upon the Idea of Things he neither knows nor understands, to which he devotes his Hopes and his Desires, paying them all Reverence and Honour, according to the Saying of Cæsar, *Communi fit vitio naturæ, ut invisis latitantibus atque incognitis rebus magis confidamus, vehementiusque exterreamur.* 'Tis the common Vice of Nature, that we repose most Confidence, and receive the greatest Apprehensions, from Things unseen, concealed, and unknown.

* *Lucret.*



C H A P. LIV.

Of vain Subtilties.

THere are a Sort of little Knacks, and frivolous Subtilties, from which Men sometimes expect to derive Reputation and Applause: As the Poets, who compose whole Poems, with every Line beginning with the same Letter: We see the Shapes of Eggs, Globes, Wings and Hatchets cut out by the ancient *Greeks*, by the Measure of their Verses, making them longer or shorter, to represent such or such a Figure. Much in this Manner did he spend his Time, who made it his Business to compute into how many several Orders the Letters of the Alphabet might be transposed, and found out that incredible Number mention'd in *Plutarch*. I am mightily pleas'd with the Humour of the Gentleman, who, having a Man brought before him, that had learn'd to throw a Grain of Millet with such Dexterity as never to miss the Eye of a Needle; and being afterwards desired to give something for the Reward of so rare a Performance, he pleasantly, and in my Opinion ingeniously, ordered a certain Number of Bushels of the same Grain to be delivered to him, that he might not want wherewithal to exercise so famous an Art. 'Tis a strong Evidence of a weak Judgment, when Men approve of Things for their being rare and new, or yet for the Difficulty; where Virtue and Usefulness are not conjoined to recommend them. I come just now from playing with my own Family, at who could find out the most Things, that had their principal Force in their two Extremities; as, *Sire*, which is a Title given to the greatest Person in the Nation, the King, and also to the Vulgar, as Pedlars and Mechanicks, but never to any Degree of Men between. The Women of great Quality are all called *Madam*, inferior Gentlewomen, *Mademoiselle*, and the meanest Sort of Women, *Madam*, as the first. The Canopy of State over

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Tables

Tables are not permitted, but in the Palaces of Princes and Taverns. *Democritus* said, that Gods and Beasts had a more exact and perfect Sense than Men, who are of a middle Form. The *Romans* wore the same Habit at Funerals and Feasts; and it is most certain, that an extreme Fear, and an extreme Ardour of Courage, do equally trouble and lax the Belly. The Nickname of Trembling with which they surnamed *Sancho XII*, King of *Navarre*, sufficiently informeth, that Valour will cause a Trembling in the Limbs, as well as Fear. The Friends of that King, or of some other Person, who upon the like Occasion was wont to be in the same Disorder, tried to compose him, by representing the Danger less, he was going to engage himself in: You understand me ill, said he, for could my Flesh know the Danger my Courage will presently carry it into, it would sink down to the Ground. The Faintness that surprizes us from Frigidity, or dislike in the Exercises of *Venus*, are also occasioned by a too violent Desire, and an immoderate Heat. Extreme Coldness, and extreme Heat, boil and roast. *Aristotle* says, that Sows of Lead will melt, and run with Cold, in the Extremity of Winter, as well as with a vehement Heat. Desire and Satiety fill all the Gradations above and below Pleasure with Grief. Brutality and Wisdom meet in the same Center of Sentiment and Resolution, in the suffering of human Accidents; the Wise controul and triumph over Ill; the others know it not: These last are, as a Man may say, on this Side of Accidents, the other are beyond them; who after having well weighed and considered their Qualities, measured and judged them what they are, by Virtue of a vigorous Soul leap out of their Reach. They disdain and trample them under Foot, having a solid and well fortified Soul, against which the Darts of Fortune coming to strike they must of Necessity rebound and blunt themselves, meeting with a Body upon which they can fix no Impression; the ordinary and middle Conditions of Men are lodged betwixt these two Extremes, consisting of such, who perceive Evils, feel them, and are not able to support them. Infancy and Decrepitude meet in the Imbecillity of the Brain: Avarice and Profusion in the same Thirst and Desire of getting. A Man may say, with some Colour of Truth, that there

is an *Abecedarian* Ignorance that precedes Knowledge; and a *Doctoral* Ignorance that comes after it; an Ignorance which Knowledge creates and begets, at the same time that she dispatches and destroys the first. Of mean Understandings, little inquisitive, and little instructed, are made good Christians, who by Reverence and Obedience implicitly believe, and are constant in their Belief. In the moderate Understandings, and the middle sort of Capacities, the Error of Opinions is begot, and they have some Colour of Reason on their Side, to impute our walking on in the old beaten Path to Simplicity, and Brutishness, I mean in us who have not informed ourselves by Study. The higher and nobler Souls, more solid and clear sighted, make up another sort of true Believers; who by a long and religious Investigation of Truth, have obtained a clearer and more penetrating Light into the Scriptures, and have discovered the Mysterious and Divine Secret of our Ecclesiastical Polity. And yet we see some, who, by this middle Step are arrived to that supreme Degree with marvellous Fruit and Confirmation; as to the utmost Limit of Christian Intelligence, and enjoying their Victory with great spiritual Consolation, humble Acknowledgment of the Divine Favour, exemplary Reformation of Manners, and singular Modesty. I do not intend with these to rank some others, who to clear themselves from all Suspicion of their former Errors, and to satisfy us, that they are sound and firm to us, render themselves extreme indiscreet and unjust, in the carrying on our Cause, and by that Means blemish it with infinite Reproaches of Violence and Oppression. The simple Peasants are good People, and so are the Philosophers: Men of strong and clear Reason, and whose Souls are enrich'd with an ample Instruction of profitable Sciences. The *Mongrels* who have disdain'd the first Form of the Ignorance of Letters, and have not been able to attain the other, (sitting betwixt two Stools, as I and a great many more of us do,) are dangerous, foolish, and importunate; these are they that trouble the World. And therefore it is, that I, for my own Part, retreat as much as I can towards my first and natural Station, from whence I so vainly attempted to advance. The vulgar and purely natural Poesy, has in it certain Proprieties and
Graces,

Graces, by which she may come into some Comparison with the greatest Beauty of a Poesy perfected by Art: As is evident in our *Gascon* Villanels and Songs, that are brought us from Nations that have no Knowledge of any Manner of Science, nor so much as the Use of Writing. The indifferent and middle Sort of Poesy betwixt these two, is despised, of no Value, Honour, or Esteem. But seeing that the Ice being once broke, and a Path laid open to the Fancy, I have found, as it commonly falls out, that what we make Choice of for a rare and difficult Subject, proves to be nothing so, and that after the Invention is once warm, it finds out an infinite Number of parallel Examples. I shall only add this one; that were these Essays of mine considerable enough to deserve a Censure, it might then I think fall out, that they would not much take with common and vulgar Capacities, nor be very acceptable to the singular and excellent Sort of Men; for the first would not understand them enough, and the last too much, and so they might hover in the middle Region.



C H A P. LV.

Of Smells.

IT has been reported of others, as well as of *Alexander the Great*, that their Sweat exhaled an odoriferous Smell, occasioned by some very uncommon and extraordinary Constitution, of which *Plutarch* and others have been inquisitive into the Cause. But the ordinary Constitution of human Bodies is quite otherwise, and their best and chiefest Excellency is to be exempt from Smells: Nay, the Sweetness even of the purest Breaths has nothing in it of greater Perfection, than to be without any offensive Smell, like those of healthful Children; which made *Plutarch* say,

Vol. I.

C c

Mulier

*Muliere tum bene olet, ubi nihil olet**.

That Woman we a sweet one call,
Whose Body breathes no Scent at all.

And such as make Use of these exotick Perfumes, are with good Reason to be suspected of some natural Imperfection, which they endeavour by these Odours to conceal, according to that of Mr. *Johnson*, which, without Offence to Monsieur de *Montaigne*, I will here presume to insert, it being at least as well said, as any of those he quotes out of the ancient Poets,

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a Feast,
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though Art's hid Causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not found †.

As may be judged by these following,

Rides nos, Coracine, nil olentes :
Malo quam bene olere, nil olere ‡.

Because thou, *Coracinus*, still dost go
With Musk and Ambergrease perfumed so,
We under thy Contempt, forsooth, must fall ;
I'd rather than smell sweet, not smell at all :

And elsewhere,

Posthume, non bene olet, qui bene semper olet ||.

He does not naturally smell well,
Who always of Perfumes does smell.

* *Plaut. Molest. Art. 1. Sc. 3.*

‡ *Mart. lib. 6. Epig. 55.*

† *Ben Johnson.*

|| *Id. lib. 2. Ep. 12.*

I am

I am, nevertheless, a strange Lover of good Smells, and as much abominate the ill Ones, which also I reach at a greater Distance, I think, than other Men :

*Namque sagacius unus odoror,
Polypus, an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis,
Quam canis acer ubi lateat sus †.*

For I can smell a putrid Polypus,
Or the rank Arm-pits of a Red-hair'd Fuff,
As soon as best nos'd Hound the stinking Sty,
Where the wild Boar does in the Forest lye.

Of Smells, the simple and natural seem to be most pleasing. Let the Ladies look to that, for 'tis chiefly their Concern. In the wildest Parts of *Barbary*, the *Scythian* Women, after Bathing, were wont to powder and crust their Faces, and whole Bodies, with a certain odoriferous Drug, growing in their own Territories; which being cleansed off, when they came to have Familiarity with Men, they were found perfumed and sleek: 'Tis not to be believed, how strangely all Sorts of Odours cleave to me, and how apt my Skin is to imbibe them. He that complains of Nature, that she has not furnished Mankind with a Vehicle to convey Smells to the Nose, had no Reason; for they will do it themselves; especially to me: My very Mustachio's perform that Office; for if I stroke them but with my Gloves or Handkerchief, the Smell will remain a whole Day: They will reproach me where I have been; the close, luscious, devouring and melting Kisses of youthful Ardour, would, in my wanton Age, have left a Sweetness upon my Lips for several Hours after. And yet I have ever found myself very little subject to Epidemick Diseases, that are caught either by conversing with the Sick, or bred by the Contagion of the Air; I have very well escaped from those of my Time, of which there has been several virulent Sorts in our Cities and Armies. We read of *Socrates*, that though he never departed from *Athens*,

† *Hor. Ep. 12.*

C c 2

during

during the frequent Plagues that infested that City, he was the only Man that was never infected. Physicians might (I believe) if they would, extract greater Utility from Odours than they do; for I have often observed, that they cause an Alteration in me, and work upon my Spirits according to their several Virtues; which makes me approve of what is said, namely, That the Use of Incense and Perfumes in Churches, so ancient, and so universally received in all Nations and Religions, was intended to cheer us, and to rouse and purify the Senses, the better to fit us for Contemplation. I could have been glad, the better to judge of it, to have tasted the Culinary Art of those Cooks, who had so rare a Way of seasoning exotick Odours with the Relish of Meats; as it was particularly observed in the Service of the King of *Tunis*, who, in our Days, landed at *Naples*, to have an Interview with *Charles* the Emperor, where his Dishes were farced with odoriferous Drugs, to that Degree of Expence, that the Cookery of one Peacock and two Pheasants amounted to an hundred Ducats, to dress them after their Fashion. And when the Carver came to break them up, not only the Dining-Room, but all the Apartments of his Palace, and the adjoining Streets were filled with an Aromatick Vapour, which did not presently vanish. My chiefest Care in chusing my Lodgings, is always to avoid a thick and stinking Air; and those beautiful Cities of *Venice* and *Paris* have very much lessened the Kindness I had for them, the one by the offensive Smell of her Marshes, and the other of her Dirt.



C H A P.



C H A P. LVI.

Of Prayers.

I Propose formless and undetermin'd Fancies, like those who publish subtle Questions, to be after disputed upon in the Schools, not to establish Truth, but to seek it: I submit them to the better Judgments of those, whose Office it is to regulate, not my Writings and Actions only, but moreover my very Thoughts and Opinions. Let what I here set down meet with Correction or Applause, it shall be of equal Welcome and Utility to me, myself before-hand condemning it for absurd and impious, if any thing shall be found through Ignorance or Inadvertency, couched in this Rhapsody contrary to the Resolutions and Prescriptions of the *Roman Catholick Church*, in which I was born, and in which I will die. And yet always submitting to the Authority of their Censure, who have an absolute Power over me, I thus temerariouly venture at every Thing, as upon this present Subject.

I don't know whether I am deceived or not; but since by a particular Favour of the Divine Bounty, a certain Form of Prayer has been prescribed and dictated to us, Word by Word, from the Mouth of God himself, I have ever been of Opinion, that we ought to have it in more frequent Use, than we yet have, and if I were worthy to advise, at sitting down to, and rising from our Tables, at our rising and going to Bed, and in every particular Action, wherein Prayer is required, I would have *Christians* always make Use of the Lord's Prayer; if not that Prayer alone, yet at least always. The Church may lengthen or alter Prayers according to the Necessity of our Instruction, for I know very well, that it is always the same in Substance, and the same Thing: But yet such a Preference ought to be given to that Prayer, that the People should have it continually in their Mouths; for it is most certain, that all necessary Petitions are com-

prehended in it, and that it is infinitely proper for all Occasions. 'Tis the only Prayer I use in all Places and Conditions, and what I still repeat instead of changing; whence it also happens, that I have no other by Heart but that only. It just now comes into my Mind, from whence we should derive that Error of having Recourse to God in all our Designs and Enterprizes, to call him to our Assistance in all Sorts of Affairs, and in all Places where our Weakness stands in Need of Support, without considering whether the Occasion be just, or otherwise, and to invoke his Name and Power, in what Condition soever we are, or Action we are engaged in, how vicious soever: He is indeed our sole and only Protector, and can do all Things for us: But though he is pleased to honour us with his paternal Care, he is, notwithstanding, as just as he is good and mighty, and does oftener exercise his Justice than his Power, and favours us according to that, and not according to our Petitions. *Plato* in his Laws, makes three Sorts of Belief injurious to the Gods; that there is none; that they concern not themselves about human Affairs; and, that they never reject or deny any thing to our Vows, Offerings, and Sacrifices. The first of these (Errors according to his Opinion) did never continue rooted in any Man, from his Infancy to his old Age; the other two, he confesses, Men might be obstinate in. God's Justice and his Power are inseparable, and therefore in vain we invoke his Power in an unjust Cause: We are to have our Souls pure and clean, at that Moment at least, wherein we pray to him, and purified from all vicious Passions, otherwise we ourselves present him the Rods wherewith to chastise us. Instead of repairing any thing we have done amiss, we double the Wickedness and the Offence, whilst we offer to him, to whom we are to sue for Pardon, an Affection full of Irreverence and Hatred. Which makes me not very apt to applaud those whom I observe to be so frequent on their Knees, if the Actions nearest of Kind to Prayer, do not give me some Evidence of Reformation.

*Si Nocturnus adulter
Tempora Sanctonico velas adoperta Cucullo*.*

* *Juven. Sat. 8.*

With

With Night-Adulteries, if being foul,
Thou shad'st thy guilty Forehead with a Cowl.

And the Practice of a Man that mixes Devotion with an execrable Life, seems, in some Sort, more to be condemned than that of a Man conformable to his own Propension, and dissolute throughout: And, for that Reason it is, that our Church denies Admittance to, and Communion with, Men obstinate and incorrigible in any Kind of Impiety. We pray only by Custom, and for fashion's Sake; or rather we read and pronounce our Prayers aloud, which is no better than an hypocritical Shew of Devotion: And I am scandalized to see a Man make the Sign of the Cross thrice at the *Benedicite*, and as often at another's saying Grace, (and the more, because it is a Sign I have in great Veneration and constant Use upon solemn Occasions) and to dedicate all the other Hours of the Day to Acts of Malice, Avarice, and Injustice; one Hour to God, the rest to the Devil, as if by Commutation and Consent. 'Tis a Wonder to me, Actions so various in themselves, succeed one another with such an Uniformity of Method, as not to interfere, nor suffer any Alteration, even upon the very Confines and Passes from the one to the other. What a prodigious Conscience must that be, that can be at Quiet within itself, whilst it harbours under the same Roof, with so agreeing and so calm a Society, both the Crime and the Judge? A Man whose whole Meditation is continually working upon nothing but Impurity, which he knows to be so odious to Almighty God, what can he say when he comes to speak to him? He reforms, but immediately falls into a Relapse. If the Object of the Divine Justice, and the Presence of his Maker, did, as he pretends, strike and chastise his Soul, how short soever the Repentance might be, the very Fear of offending that infinite Majesty, would so often present itself to his Imagination, that he would soon see himself Master of those Vices that are most natural and habitual in him. But what shall we say of those who settle their whole Course of Life upon the Profit and Emolument of Sins which they know to be mortal? How many Trades and Vocations have we admitted and countenanced amongst

us, whose very Essence is vicious? And he that opening himself to me voluntarily told me, That he had all his Life-time professed and practised a Religion, in his Opinion, damnable and contrary to that which he had in his Heart, only to preserve his Credit and the Honour of his Employments, how could his Courage suffer so infamous a Confession? What can Men say to the Divine Justice upon this Subject? Their Repentance consisting in a visible and manifest Reformation and Restitution, they lose the Colour of alledging it both to God and Man. Are they so impudent as to sue for Remission without Satisfaction, and without Penitency or Remorse? I look upon these as in the same Condition with the first: But the Obstinacy is not there so easy to be overcome. This Contrariety and Volubility of Opinion, so sudden and violent, as they pretend, is a Kind of Miracle to me. They present us with the State of an indigestible Anxiety and Doubtfulness of Mind. It seemed to me a fantastick and ridiculous Imagination in those, who, these late Years past, used to reproach every Man whom they knew to be of any extraordinary Parts, and, at the same Time, made Profession of the *Roman Catholick Religion*, that it was but outwardly; maintaining, moreover, to do him Honour forsooth, that whatever he might pretend to the contrary, he could not but in his Heart be of their reformed Opinion. An untoward Disease, that a Man should be so rivetted to his own Belief, as to fancy, that no Man can believe otherwise than as he does; and yet worse in this, that they should entertain so vicious an Opinion of such Parts as to think, that any Man so qualified, should prefer any present Advantage of Fortune, before the Promises of eternal Life, and the Means of eternal Salvation. They may believe me: Could any thing have tempted my Youth, the Ambition of the Danger and Difficulties in the late Commotions, had not been the least Motives.

It is not without very good Reason, in my Opinion, that the Church interdicts the promiscuous, indiscreet, and irreverent Use of the Holy and Divine *Psalms*, with which the Holy Ghost inspired King *David*. We ought not to mix God in our Actions, but with the highest Reverence and Caution. That Poesy is too sacred to be put to no other Use than to exercise the Lungs, and to delight our Ears.

Ears. It ought to come from the Soul, and not from the Tongue. It is not fit that a 'Prentice in his Shop, amongst his vain and frivolous Thoughts, should be permitted to pass away his Time, and divert himself with such sacred Things. Neither is it decent to see the Holy Bible, the Rule of our Worship and Belief, tumbled up and down a Hall, or a Kitchen. They were formerly Mysteries, but are now become Sports and Recreations. 'Tis a Book too serious and too venerable to be cursorily or slightly turned over. The Reading of the Scripture ought to be a temperate and premeditated Act, and to which Men should always add this devout Preface, *Sursum Corda*, preparing even the Body to so humble and composed a Gesture and Countenance as shall evidence their Veneration and Attention. Neither is it a Book for every one to sit, but the Study of select Men set apart for that Purpose, and whom Almighty God has been pleased to call to that Office and sacred Function: The Wicked and Ignorant blemish and deprave it. 'Tis not a Story to tell, but a History to fear and adore. Are not they then pleasant Men, who think they have render'd this fit for the People's handling, by translating it into the Vulgar Tongue? Does the understanding of all therein contain'd only stick at Words? Shall I venture to say farther, that by coming so near to understand a little, they are much wider of the whole Scope than before. A total Ignorance, and wholly depending upon the Exposition of other qualify'd Persons, was more knowing and salutary than this vain and verbal Knowledge, which has only prov'd the Nurse of Temerity and Presumption. And I do farther believe, that the Liberty every one has taken to disperse the sacred Writ into so many Idioms, carries with it a great deal more of Danger than Utility. The *Jews*, *Mahometans*, and almost all others, have espoused and revered the Language wherein their Laws and Mysteries were first conceiv'd, and have expressly, and not without Colour of Reason, forbid the Version or Alteration of them into any other. Are we assur'd, that in *Biscay* and in *Brittany*, there are competent Judges enough of this Affair, to establish this Translation into their own Language? Why the universal Church has not a more difficult and solemn Judgment to make. One of our *Greek* Historians does justly accuse the Age he liv'd in,

in, for that the Secrets of the *Christian Religion* were dispersed into the Hands of every Mechanick, to expound and argue upon according to his own Fancy; and that we ought to be much asham'd, we, who by God's especial Favour enjoy the purest Mysteries of Piety, to suffer them to be profan'd by the ignorant Rabble; considering, that the *Gentiles* expressly forbid *Socrates*, *Plato*, and the other Sages, to enquire into, or so much as to mention the Things committed only to the Priests of *Delphos*; saying moreover, that the Factions of Princes, upon theological Accounts, are not arm'd with Zeal, but Fury; that Zeal springs from the divine Wisdom and Justice, and governs itself with Prudence and Moderation; but degenerates into Hatred and Envy, producing Tares and Nettles, instead of Corn and Wine, when conducted by human Passions. And it was truly said of another, who advising the Emperor *Theodosius*, told him, That Disputes did not so much rock the Schisms of the Church asleep, as it rouz'd and animated Heresies. That therefore all Contentions and logical Disputations were to be avoided, and Men absolutely to acquiesce in the Prescriptions and Formula's of Faith, establish'd by the Ancients. And the Emperor *Andronicus*, having over-heard some great Men at high Words in his Palace with *Lopodius*, about a Point of ours of great Importance, gave them so severe a Check, as to threaten to cause them to be thrown into the River if they did not desist. The very Women and Children, now-a-days, take upon them to document the oldest and most experienc'd Men about the Ecclesiastical Laws: Whereas the first of those of *Plato* forbids them to enquire so much as into the Civil Laws; which were to stand instead of divine Ordinances: And allowing the old Men to confer amongst themselves, or with the Magistrate, about those Things, he adds, provided it be not in the Presence of young or profane Persons. A Bishop has left in Writing, that, at the other End of the World, there is an Isle by the Ancients call'd *Dioscorides*, abundantly fertile in all Sorts of Trees and Fruits, and of an exceeding healthful Air; the Inhabitants of which are *Christians*, having Churches and Altars only adorn'd with Crucifixes, without any other Images; great Observers of Fasts and Feasts; exact Payers of their Tythes to the Priest; and so chaste,
that

that none of them are permitted to have to do with more than one Woman in his Life: As to the rest, so content with their Condition, that, environ'd with the Sea, they know nothing of Navigation; and so simple, that they understand not one Syllable of the Religion they profess, and wherein they are so devout. A Thing incredible to such as do not know, that the *Pagans*, who are so zealous Idolaters, know nothing more of their Gods, than their bare Names and their Statues. The ancient Beginning of *Mena-lippus*, a Tragedy of *Euripides*, ran thus;

Jupiter, for that Name alone,
Of what thou art, to me is known.

I have known also, in my Time, some Men's Writings found Fault with, for being purely human and philosophical, without any Mixture of Divinity; and yet whoever should, on the contrary say, that divine Doctrine, as Queen and Regent of the rest, better, and with greater Decency, keeps her State apart: That she ought to be Sovereign throughout, not Subsidiary and Saffragan: And that, peradventure, Grammatical, Rhetorical, and Logical Examples, may elsewhere be more suitably chosen, and also the Arguments for the Stage and publick Entertainments, than from so sacred a Matter: That divine Reasons are consider'd with greater Veneration and Attention, when by themselves, and in their own proper Stile, than when mix'd with, and adapted to, human Discourses: That it is a Fault much more often observ'd, that the Divines write too humanly, than that the Humanists write not theologically enough: Philosophy, says St. *Chrysostom*, has long been banish'd the holy Schools, as an Hand-maid altogether useles and thought unworthy to peep, so much as in passing by the Door, into the Sacrifice of the divine Doctrine: And that the human Way of speaking is of a much lower Form, and ought not to serve herself with the Dignity and Majesty of divine Eloquence. I say, whoever, on the contrary, should object against all this, would not be without Reason on his Side. Let who will, *Verbis Indisciplinatis*, talk of Fortune, Destiny, Accident, good and evil Hap, and other such like Phrases, according to his own Humour;

I, for

I, for my Part, propose Fancies merely human, and merely my own, and that simply, as human Fancies, and separately consider'd, not as determin'd by an Arrest from Heaven, or incapable of Doubt or Dispute. Matter of Opinion, not Matter of Faith. Things which I discourse of according to my own Capacity, not what I believe according to God; which also I do after a Laical, not Clerical, and yet always after a very religious Manner. And it were as rational to affirm, That an Ediſt, enjoining all People, but ſuch as are public Profeſſors of Divinity, to be very reſerv'd in writing of Religion, would carry with it a very good Colour of Utility and Juſtice, and me, amongſt the reſt, to hold my prating. I have been told, that even thoſe who are not of our Church, do nevertheless, amongſt themſelves, expreſly forbid the Name of God to be us'd in common Diſcourſe; not ſo much as by way of Interjection, Exclamation, Aſſertion of a Truth, or Compariſon; and I think them in the right. And upon what Occaſion ſoever we call upon God to accompany and aſſiſt us, it ought always to be done with the greateſt Reverence and Devotion. There is, as I remember, a Paſſage in *Xenophon*, where he tells us, that we ought ſo much the more ſeldom to call upon God, by how much it is hard to compoſe our Souls to ſuch a Degree of Calmneſs, Penitency, and Devotion, as it ought to be in at ſuch Time, otherwiſe our Prayers are not only vain and fruitleſs, but vicious in themſelves, *Forgive us (we ſay) our Treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us.* What do we mean by this Petition, but that we preſent him a Soul free from all Rancour and Revenge? And yet we make nothing of invoking God's Aſſiſtance in our Vices, and inviting him into our unjuſt Deſigns.

Quæ niſi ſeductis nequeas committere diviſ.*

Which only to the Gods a-part,
Thou haſt the Impudence to impart.

The covetous Man prays for the Converſation of his ſuperfluous, and, peradventure, ill-got Riches; the Ambitious,

* *Perſ. Sat. 2.*

for Victory, and the Conduct of his Fortune: The Thief calls God to his Assistance, to deliver him from the Dangers and Difficulties that obstruct his wicked Designs; or returns him Thanks for the Facility he has met with in robbing a poor Peasant. At the Door of the House they are going to storm, or break into by Force of a *Pejarre*, they fall to Prayers for Success, having their Instruction and Hopes full of Cruelty, Avarice, and Lust.

*Hoc ipsum quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agendum Statio, pro Jupiter, ô bone clamet,
Jupiter, at sese non clamet Jupiter ipse*.*

The Pray'rs with which thou dost assault *Jove's* Ear,
Repeat to *Staius*, whom thou soon wilt hear.
But *Jupiter*, good *Jupiter*, exclaim:
But *Jupiter* exclaims not.

Marguarette, Queen of *Navarre*, tells of a young Prince (whom though she does not name, is easily enough, by his great Quality, to be known,) who going upon an amorous Assigment to lye with an Advocate's Wife of *Paris*, his Way thither being through a Church, he never pass'd that holy Place, going to or returning from this godly Exercise, but he always kneel'd down to pray; in what he would implore the divine Favour, his Soul being full of such virtuous Meditations, I leave others to judge; which nevertheless, she instances for a Testimony of singular Devotion. But it is by this Proof only, that a Man may conclude few Men very fit to treat of Theological Affairs. A true Prayer, and religious reconciling of our-selves to Almighty God, cannot enter into an impure Soul, and at the very Instant subjected to the very Dominion of Satan. He who calls God to his Assistance, whilst in a Habit of Vice, does, as if a Cut-purse should call a Magistrate to help him, or like those who introduce the Name of God to the Attestation of a Lie.

————— *Tacito mala vota susurro
Concipimus †.*

* *Pers. Sat. 2.*

†. *Lucan. l. 5.*

In Whispers we guilty Prayers do make.

There are few Men who durst publish to the World the Prayers they make to Almighty God.

*Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de Templis, & aperto vivere voto* *.

'Tis not convenient for every one
To bring the Pray'r he mutters over there,
Out of the Temple to the publick Ear.

And this is the Reason why the *Pythagoreans* would have them always public, to be heard by every one, to the End they might not prefer indecent or unjust Petitions, as he did, who hearing

————— *Clare cum dixit, Apollo,
Labra movet metuens audiri; pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da justum, sanctumque videri,
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem* †.

Apollo's Name pronounc'd aloud for fear
Any his Oraison's should over-hear,
Mutter'd betwixt his Teeth, *Laverna* great,
Grant me the Talent to deceive and cheat
All I shall have to do with ev'ry where,
Yet all the while holy and just appear,
And from the Sight of Men be pleas'd to shroud
My Sins with Night, Frauds with a fable Cloud.

The God did severely punish the wicked Prayers of *Oedipus*, in granting them: He had pray'd that his Children might amongst themselves determine the Succession to his Throne by Arms; and was so miserable, as to see himself taken at his Word. We are not to pray, that all Things may go as we would have them, but as most conducing to the Good of the World; and we are not in our Prayers

* *Perf. Sat. 2.*

† *Hor. l. 1. Epist. 10.*

to obey our Wills, but Prudence. We seem in truth, to make use of our Prayers, as a kind of Gibberish, and as those do who employ holy Words about Sorceries and magical Operations: And as if I made account, the Benefit we are to reap from them, depended upon the Contexture, Sound and Gingle of Words, or upon the composing of the Countenance. For having the Soul contaminated with Concupiscence, not touch'd with Repentance, or comforted by any late Reconciliation with Almighty God, we go to present him such Words as the Memory suggests to the Tongue, and hope from thence to retain the Remission of our Sins. There is nothing so easy, so sweet and so favourable, as the divine Law: She calls and invites us to her, guilty and abominable as we are; Extends her Arms, and receives us into her Bosom, as foul and polluted as we at present are, and are for the future to be. But then in Return, we are to look upon her with a respectful, and a graceful Eye, we are to receive this Pardon with all imaginable Gratitude and Submission, and, for that Instant at least, wherein we address ourselves to her, to have the Soul sensible of the Evils we have committed, and at Defiance with those Passions, that seduc'd her to offend, for neither the Gods, nor good Men (says Plato) will accept the Present of a wicked Man.

*Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivivit averfos Penates,
Farre pio, & saliente mica*.*

The pious Off'ring of a Piece of Bread,
If by a pure Hand on the Altar laid,
Than costly Hecatombs, will better please
Th' offended Gods, and their just Wrath appease.

* Hor. l. 3. Ode 23.



C H A P. LVII.

Of Age.

I Cannot approve of the Proportion we settle upon ourselves, and the Space we allot to the Duration of Life. I see that the wise contract it very much, in Comparison of the common Opinion. What (said the younger *Cato* to those who would stay his Hand from killing himself,) am I now of an Age to be reproach'd, that I go out of the World too soon? And yet he was but eight and forty Years old. He thought that to be a mature and competent Age, considering how few arrive to it, and such as soothing their Thoughts with I know not what Course of Nature, promise to themselves some Years beyond it, could they be privileg'd from the infinite Number of Accidents to which they are by natural Subjection expos'd, might have some Reason to do so. What an idle Conceit it is, to expect to die of a Decay of Strength, which is the last Effects of the extremest Age, and to propose to ourselves no shorter Lease of Life than that, considering it is a kind of Death of all others the most rare, and very hardly seen? We call that only a natural Death, as if it were contrary to Nature, to see a Man break his Neck with a Fall, be drown'd in Shipwreck, or snatch'd away with a Pleurisy, or the Plague, and, as if our ordinary Condition of Life did not expose us to these Inconveniencies. Let us no more flatter ourselves with these fine sounding Words: We ought rather at a Venture, to call that natural, which is common and universal. To die of old Age, is a Death rare, extraordinary and singular, and therefore so much less natural than the others: 'Tis the last and extremest sort of dying: And the more remote, the less to be hop'd for. It is indeed the Boundary of Life, beyond which we are not to pass: Which the Law of Nature has pitch'd for a Limit, not to be exceeded: But to last till then, is
withal

withal a Privilege she is rarely seen to give us. 'Tis a Lease she only signs by particular Favour, and it may be, to one only, in the Space of two or three Ages; and then with a Pass to boot, to carry him through all the Traverses and Difficulties, she has strewed in the Way of this long Career. And therefore my Opinion is, that when once forty Years old, we should consider it as an Age to which very few arrive: For seeing that Men do not usually proceed so far, it is a Sign that we are pretty well advanced, and since we have exceeded the ordinary Bounds, which make the just Measure of Life, we ought not to expect to go much farther; having escaped so many Precipices of Death, whereinto we have seen so many other Men fall, we should acknowledge, that so extraordinary a Fortune, as that which has hitherto rescued us from those imminent Perils, and kept us alive beyond the ordinary Term of Living, is not likely to continue long. 'Tis a Fault in our very Laws, to maintain this Error, That a Man is not capable of managing his own Estate 'till he be five and twenty Years old, whereas he will have much ado to manage his Life so long. *Augustus* cut off five Years from the ancient *Roman* Standard, and declared that thirty Years old was sufficient for a Judge. *Servius Tullius* superseded the Knights of above seven and forty Years of Age, from the Fatigues of War: *Augustus* dismissed them at forty-five: Though methinks it seems a little unlikely, that Men should be sent to the Fire-side till five and fifty, or sixty Years of Age. I should be of Opinion, that both our Vacancy and Employment should be as far as possible extended for the publick Good: But I find the Fault on the other Side, that they do not employ us early enough. This Emperor was Arbitrator of the whole World at nineteen, and yet would have a Man to be thirty, before he could be fit to bear Office in the Commonwealth: For my Part I believe our Souls are adult at twenty, such as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever. A Soul that has not by that time given evident Earnest of it's Force and Virtue, will never after come to Proof. Natural Parts and Excellencies produce, what they have of vigorous and fine, within that Term or never.

Of all the great human Actions I ever heard, or read of, of what Sort soever, I have observed, both in former

Ages, and our own, more performed before the Age of thirty, than after : And oft-times in the very Lives of the same Men. May I not confidently instance in those of *Hannibal*, and his great Competitor *Scipio*? The better Half of their Lives, they lived upon the Glory they had acquired in their Youth ; great Men after, 'tis true, in Comparison of others ; but by no Means in Comparison of themselves. As to my own Particular, I do certainly believe, that since that Age, both my Understanding, and my Constitution, have rather decay'd, than improv'd, and retir'd, rather than advanc'd. 'Tis possible, that with those who make the best Use of their Time, Knowledge and Experience may grow up and increase with their Years ; but the Vivacity, Quickness and Steadiness, and other Pieces of us, of much greater Importance, and much more essentially our own, languish and decay,

— *Ubi jam validis quassatum est viribus ævi
Corpus, & obtusis ceciderunt viribus artus,
Claudicat ingenium, delirat linguaque mensque* *.

When once the Body's shaken by Time's Rage,
The Blood and Vigour ebbing into Age,
The Judgment then halts upon either Hip,
The Mind does doat, Tongue into Nonsense trip.

Sometimes the Body first submits to Age, sometimes the Soul, and I have seen Men enough who had got a Weakness in their Brains, before either in their Hams or Stomach : And by how much the more, it is a Disease of no great Pain to the infected Party, and of obscure Symptoms, so much greater the Danger is. And for this Reason it is, that I complain of our Laws, not that they keep us too long to our Work, but that they set us to work too late. For the Frailty of Life and the many natural and accidental Rubs to which it is obnoxious and daily exposed : Birth, though noble, ought not to share so large a Vacancy, and so tedious a Course of Education.

* *Lucret. l. 3.*