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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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Chap. V. Upon some Verses of Virgil.

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

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

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

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



CHAP. V.

Upon some Verses of Virgil.

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

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

Mens intenta suis ne fiet usque malis. †

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

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

† *Ovid. Trist. l. 4. El. 1.*

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thanks

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† *Petron. Arbiter.*

* *Mart. l. 10. Ep. 23.*

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

Non ponebat enim Rumores ante Salutem. †

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

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

* Sen. Ep. 99.

† Ennius.

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

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem †.

Short follies mix with Counsels wise.

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

Mensque pati durum sustinet ægra nihil ‡.

And a sick Mind nothing that's hard endures.

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

Et minimæ vires frangere quassa valent. §

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

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

* Cicero de Senect.

† Hor. l. 4. Ode 12.

‡ Ovid. de Ponto.

§ Ovid. de Trist.

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

Ad nullum confurgit opus cum corpore languet *.

* *Corn. Gallus.*

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For

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

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

Dum licet obducta solvatur fronte Senectus *.

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

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

*Tristemque vultus tetrici arrogantiam
Et habet tristis quoque turba cynædos.*

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

* *Hor. ep. 13.*

† *Sir Thomas Hawkins.*

‡ *Sid. Apollin. 1.*

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

* Seneca, Epist. 53.

to disavow my Knowledge. I can conceal it, but deny it I cannot, without the greatest Trouble and Violence to my self imaginable. To be very secret, a Man must be so by Nature, not by Obligation. 'Tis little worth in the Service of a Prince to be secret, if a Man be not a Liar to boot. If he who ask'd *Thales* the *Milesian*, whether he ought solemnly to deny that he had committed Uncleanness, had apply'd himself to me, I should have told him, that he ought not to do it; for I look upon Lying to be a greater Crime than the other. *Thales*

Lying worse than the Sin of Uncleanness.

advis'd him quite contrary, bidding him swear, to secure himself the greater Fault by the less: Nevertheless this Counsel was not so much an Election as a Multiplication of Vice. Upon which, let us say this by the by, that we deal sincerely and well with a Man of Conscience, when we propose to him some Difficulty in Counterpoise of the Vice: but when we shut him up betwixt two Vices, he is put to a hard Choice; as *Origen* was, either to idolatrise, or to suffer himself to be carnally abus'd by a great *Æthiopian* Slave that was brought to him. He submitted to the first Condition, and viciously, as it is said. And yet those Women of our Times are not to be disliked, who, according to their Error, protest, they had rather burthen their Consciences with ten Men than one Mass. If it be Indiscretion so to publish their Errors, yet there is no great Danger of their passing into Example and Custom. For *Aristo* said, that the Winds which Men fear'd most, were those that laid them open; we must tack up this ridiculous Rag that hides our Manners; they send their Consciences to the Stews, and keep a starch'd Countenance: Even *Traitors* and *Affassins* espouse the Laws of Ceremony, and there fix their Duty; so that neither can Justice complain of Incivility, nor Malice of Indiscretion. 'Tis pity but an ill Man should be likewise a Fool, and that Decency should palliate his Vice. This rough-casting is only for sound and good Walls

Auricular Confession.

that deserv'd to be preserv'd and whitened. In favour of the *Huguenots*, who condemn our auricular and private Confession, I confess my self in publick,

lick,

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

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

*Ceux qui par trop fuyant Venus esquivent,
Failent autant que ceux qui trop la suivent *.*

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

Tu Dea, tu rerum naturam sola gubernas,

* *Plutarch.*

Nec

Upon some Verses of Virgil. 73

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

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

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

————— *agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ* *.

Of my old *Flame* some *Foot-steps* yet remain.

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

Nec mihi deficiat calor hic, hyemantibus annis.

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

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

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

† *Lucret.* || *Mr. Creech.*

* *Æneid. l. 4.*

Non

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

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

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

Et versus digitos habet.*

For there is charming Harmony in Verse.

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

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

& paulo post

————— *ea verba loquutus,*

*Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petiit
Conjugis infusus gremio per membro soporem.*

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

§ *Tasso Cant.* 12.

† *Mr. Fairfax.*

* *Juven. Sat.* 6.

† *Virgil. Æneid.* 1. 8.

Mr. Ogilby.

and a little after,

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

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

Quod rapiat sitiens Venerem interiusque recondat *.

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

* *Virg. Georg. l. 3.*

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

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

Optato quam junxit lumine tædæ,

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

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

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

Et mihi dulce magis resoluto vivere collo †.

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

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

* *Erasm. Adag.* . . . † *Gallius, Eleg. 1.*

pected,

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

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

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

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

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

* *Juven. Sat. 9.*

F

have

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

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

Venus huic erat utraque nota * :

Tiresias must decide

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

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

— *ad huc ardens rigidae tentiginæ vulvæ :*
Et lassata Viris, nondum satiata recessit ||.

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

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

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

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

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

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

3

but

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

*Chastity vowed
and kept on the
Wedding-day.*

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

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

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

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

Et mentem ipsa Venus dedit †.

Venus herself has made 'em what they are.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Hor. Ep. 8.*

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

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

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

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

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

* Virgil. Georg. l. 3.

† Mr. Ogilby.

Mischief

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *D. Hieron. in Epist.*

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

Quis

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ab! tum te miserum malique fati,
Quem attrahis pedibus, patente porta,
Percurrent mugilesque raphanique* ‡.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nay, she intreats Arms for a Bastard of hers,

Arma rogo genitrix nato **.

Another for her Son does Armour crave.

Which are freely granted; and *Vulcan* speaks honoura-
bly of *Aeneas*.

Arma acri faciendi viro ††.

Arms for a valiant Hero must be made §§,

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

Nec divis homines componere æquum est ||||.

Nor is it fit to equal Men with Gods.

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

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

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

*Sæpe etiam Juno maxima Cœlicolûm,
Conjugis in culpa flagavit quotidiana* *.

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

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

Nullæ sunt inimicitiaë nisi amoris acerbæ †.

Their Angers are but the Effects of Love.

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

* *Catullus*, Num. 69.

† *Propertius*.
Notumque

Notumque furens quid fœmina possit *.

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

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

* *Æneid.* 5. † *Mr. Ogilby.*

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

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

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

* *Catullus*, Num. 68.

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

Illud sæpe facit quod sine teste facit.*

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

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

Offendor mæcha simpliciore minus †.

A profess'd Strumpet less Offence does give.

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

* *Mar. l. 7. Epigr. 61.* † *Id. lib. 6. Ep. 7.*

‡ *D. Aug. de Civit. l. 1. cap. 18.*

*The extreme
Chastity of some
Women.*

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

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

confessed, for at the same time a Servant making bold to clatter the Plate that stood upon the Table, he plainly cry'd, *What a Noise do you make, you Rogue? Do you not see that I only sleep for Mæcenas?* Such a Man may be, whose Manners may be lewd enough, and yet whose

Will may be more reformed than another, who outwardly carries himself after a more regular Manner: As we see some who complain of having vowed Chastity before they

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Lucret. l. 3.*

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

Fors etiam nostris invidet questibus Aures.*

And spiteful Fortune too denies
An Ear to our Calamities.

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

* *Catullus.*

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

Materiam culpæ prosequiturque suæ *.

And seeks out Matter for his Crimes.

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

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

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

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

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

Irarumque omnes effundit habenas.*

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

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

* *Virgil. Æneid. l. 12.*

Pascit

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

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

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

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

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

* *Quint.* 10.

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

be

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

stick

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

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

Definition of Love.

quænam ista jocandi
Sævitia *?

* Claudian.

What

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

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

— *ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat ? * —

One may speak Truth in jest without Offence.

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

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

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

* *Terence*.

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

Exilioque domos, & dulcia limina mutant *.

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

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

O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent ‡.

O wretched Men whose Pleasures are a Crime!

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

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

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

Et nudam pressi corpus adusque meum.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Catullus*.

And

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tanquam thura merumque parent
Absentem marmoreamve putes*.*

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

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

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

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

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

* *Mar. l. 12. Ep. 61.*

† *Catullus.*

Te tenet, absentes alios suspirat amores *.

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

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

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

* *Tibullus.*

† *Ovid. Am. l. 3. Eleg. 4.*

H 4

I saw

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

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

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

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

Alexander and Tbalestris.

* *Seneca in Epist.*

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

Affections of Women subject to change.

It would peradventure be more strange to see the Passion fix'd. 'Tis not a simply corporeal Passion. If there be no End in Avarice and Ambition, there is doubtless no more in Desire. It still lives after Satiety, and 'tis impossible to prescribe either constant Satisfaction or End; it ever goes beyond it's Possession: and by that

Inconstancy pardonable in Women.

means Inconstancy perhaps is in some sort more pardonable in them than in us. They may plead as well as we the Inclination to Variety and Novelty, in common to us both.

Andreas hang'd by his Wife

Joan, Queen of Naples, for not being sufficiently furnished.

And secondly, without us, that they buy a Pig in a Poak. *Joan*, Queen of *Naples*, caused her first Husband *Andreas* to be hang'd at the Bars of her Window in a Halter of Gold and Silk, woven with her own Hand, because that in Matrimonial Performances, she neither found his Parts nor Abilities

answer the Expectation she had conceiv'd from his Stature, Beauty, Youth and Activity, by which she had been caught and deceiv'd. There is more Pains required in doing than in suffering; and so they are on their Part always at least provided for Necessity, whereas on our Part it may fall out otherwise. For this Reason it was

Men strip'd naked before Marriage.

that *Plato* wisely made a Law, that before Marriage, to determine of the Fitness of the Persons, the Judges should see

see

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

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

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

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

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

Si blando nequeat superesse labori ‡.

If Strength they want Love's Task to undergo.

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

*Old Men's Love
feeble and im-
perfect.*

*—————ad unum
Mollis opus—————**.*

One Bout a Night.

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

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

* Mart. l. 7. Epig. 57. † Catullus. ‡ Virg. Geor. l. 3.

** Horace, Epod. 17. †† Hor. lib. 2. Ode 4.

suspect

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

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

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

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

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

Et taciti fecere tamen convitia vultus ||,

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

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

* Sir Richard Fanshawe. † *Æneid. lib. 12.*

|| *Ovid. Am. l. 1. Eleg. 7.*

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

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

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

* *Martial.*

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

Rimula, dispeream, ni monogramma tua est.*

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

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

Si furtiva dedit nigra munuscula nocte ||.

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

* *Beza.*

† *St. Gelais.*

|| *Catullus.*

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

*The Author's
Fidelity in Love.*

I have

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

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

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

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

Hec si tu postules
Ratione certa facere, nibilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias ||.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Juven. Sat. 3.*

† *Sir Robert Stapleton.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Horat. Epod. 12.*

† *Horace, l. 4. Ode 13.*

‖ *Sir Thomas Hawkins.*

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

—————*nolo*
Barbam vellere mortuo Leoni *.

Rouze not a sleeping Lions.

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

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

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

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

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

Painted Beauties reckoned amongst Deformities.

And amongst the Deformities, I reckon forc'd and artificial Beauties. *Emonex*, a young Courtesan of Chios, thinking by fine Dressing to acquire the Beauty that Nature had deny'd her, came to the Philosopher *Arcefilaus*, and ask'd him, If it was possible for a wise Man to be in Love : *Yes*, replied he, *provided it be not with a faded and adulterated Beauty, like thine.*

The Deformity of a confes'd Antiquity, is not to me so despisable and nauseous, as another that is polish'd and plaister'd up, shall I speak it without the Danger of having my Throat cut ? *At what Age Love is in his Throne.* Love, in my Opinion, is not properly and naturally in it's Season, but in the Age next to Childhood.

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

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

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

* *Ovid. Trist.*

† *Horace, l. 2. Ode 5.*

serv'd

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

*Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus* *.

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

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

* *Horace l. 4. Ode 13.*

† *D. Hieron.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



C H A P. VI.

Of Coaches.

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

—*namque unam dicere causam,
Non satis est, verum plures unde una tamen fit* *.

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

* *Lucretius, lib. 6,*† *Mr. Creech.*