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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. IX. Of Vanity.

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C H A P. IX.

Of Vanity.

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

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

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

*Change pleasing
to Men.*

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

* *Petronius Arbiter. Epig.*

N 2

The

Spoken of a Wa-
ter Hour-Glass.

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

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

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

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

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

*Aut nimis torret fervoribus æthereus Sol,
Aut subiti perimunt imbres, gelidæque pruinae,
Flabraque ventorum violento turbine vexant* §.

* Horat. l. 3. Ode 1. † Sir Richard Fanshew.

§ Lucret. l. 5.

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

To which may be added, the new and neat made Shoe of the Man of Old, that hurts your Foot; and that a Stranger does not understand how much it costs you, and what you contribute to maintain that Shew of Order that is seen in your Family, and that perhaps you buy too dear. I came late to the Government of a Family: They whom Nature sent into the World before me long eas'd me of that Trouble; so that I had already taken another Bent more suitable to my Humour; yet for so much as I have seen,

*The Government
of a Family
more troublesom
than hard.*

'tis an Employment more troublesom than hard. Whoever is capable of any Thing else will easily do that. Had I a Mind to be rich, that Way would seem too long; I had serv'd my *Kings*, a more profitable Traffick than any other. Since I pretend to nothing but the Reputation of having got nothing, as I have embezzled nothing, conformable to the rest of my Life, improper either to do good or ill of any Moment; and that I only desire to pass, I can do it, Thanks be to God, without any great Endeavour. At the worst, evermore prevent Poverty by lessening your Expence: 'Tis that which I make my great Concern, and doubt not but to do it before I shall be compelled. As to the Rest, I have sufficiently settled my Thoughts to live upon less than I have, and live contentedly. *Non estimatione census, verum victu, atque cultu, terminatur pecunie modus* †. 'Tis not in the Value of Possessions, but in our Diet and Clothing that our Riches are truly limited. My real Need does not so wholly take up all I have, that Fortune has not whereunto to fasten her Teeth without biting to the Quick. My Presence, as contemptible as it is, does me great Service in my Domestick Affairs; I employ myself in them, but it goes

* Mr. Creech.

† Cicero.

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

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

o Pe *Stillicidii casus Lapidem carvat* †.

A falling Drop at last will cave a Stone.

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

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

Tum vero in curas animum diducimus omnes †.

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

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

† *Virg. Æn. lib. 5.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Virg. Eclog. 2.*

† *Hor. lib. 1. Ode 6.*

‡ *Sir Thomas Hawkins.*

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

* *Cicero de Amicitia.*

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

* *Senec. Epist. 3.*

upon another Man's Fortune than my own : And also I do not know, when I examine it nearer, whether according to my Humour, what I have to suffer for my Affairs and Servants, have not in it something more abject, troublesom and tormenting, than there would be in serving a Man better born than myself, that would govern me with a gentle Rein, and a little at my own Ease. *Servitus Obedientia est fracti Animi, & abjecti, arbitrio carentis suo**, *Servitude is the Obedience of a subdu'd and abject Mind, wanting it's own Free-will.* Poverty affected by Crates. Crates did worse, who threw himself into the Liberty of Poverty, only to rid himself of the Inconveniencies and Care of his House. This is what I would not do ; I hate Poverty equally with Grief ; but I could be content to change the Kind of Life I live for another that was meaner, and had fewer Affairs. When absent from home, I strip myself of all these Thoughts, and should be less concern'd for the Ruin of a Tower, than I am, when present, at the Fall of a Tile. My Mind is easily compos'd at a Distance, but suffers as much as that of the meanest Peasant when I am in Place. The Reins of my Bridle being wrong put on, or a Strap flapping against my Leg, will keep me out of Humour a Day together. I raise my Courage well enough against Inconveniencies, lift up my Eyes I cannot,

Sensus, ó superi, sensus.

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

* Cicero.

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

Et cantbarus, Et lanx
Offendunt mihi me.*

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

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

what

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

*pejor que sacula ferri
Temporibus, uorum sceleri non inuenit ipsa
Nomen, & nullo posuit natura metallo*.*

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

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

Quippe, ubi fas uersum atque nefas.

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

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

* *Juven. Sat. 13.*

† *Sir Robert Stapleton.*

‡ *Mr. Ogilby.*

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

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

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

* *Virg. Æn. l. 3.*

but

but there. Such an *Idea* of Government might be of some Value in a new World; but we take a World already made, and formed to certain Customs. We do not beget it as *Pyrrha*, or *Cadmus* did. By what means soever we may have the Privilege to rebuild and reform it a-new, we can hardly writhe it from it's wonted bent,

The Law of Solon. but we shall break all. *Solon* being ask'd whether he had establish'd the best Laws he could for the *Athenians*; *Yes*, said he, *of those they have receiv'd.* *Varro* excuses himself after the same manner, that if he were to begin to write of Religion, he would say what he believed; but being it was already received, he would write more according to

What is the best Government for every Nation. Custom than Nature. Not according to Opinion, but in Truth and Reality, the best and most excellent Government for every Nation is that under which it is maintain'd. Her Form and essential Con-

venience depends upon *Custom*. We are apt to be displeas'd at the present Condition; but I do nevertheless maintain, that to desire the Command of a few in a Republick, or another sort of Government in *Monarchy* than that already establish'd, is both Vice and Folly.

*Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre,
S'il est Royal, ayme la royauté,
S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'aussi, car Dieu l'y a facit naistre*.*

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

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

* *Pybrac aux Quadrins.*

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

* *Cic. Offic. lib. 2.*

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

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

Metra

*Metu Deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris*?*

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

I do not presently conclude,

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

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

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

* *Hor. l. 1. Ode 35.* † *Sir Thomas Hawkins.*

‡ *Ter. Adel. Act. 4. Scen. 7.*

us, and bandy us every way. *Enimvero Dii nos Homines quasi pilas habent* *. The Stars have fatally destin'd the State of *Rome* for an Example of what they could do in

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

this Kind: In it is compriz'd all the Forms and Adventures that concern a State: All that Order or Disorder, good or evil Fortune can make. Who

then can despair of his Condition, seeing the Shocks and Commotions wherewith she was tumbled and tost, and yet withstood them all? If the Extent of Dominion be the Health of a *State*, which I by no means think it is, (and *Isocrates* pleases me, when he instructs *Nicoles* not to envy Princes who have large Dominions, but those who know how to preserve them when they fall into their Hands) that of *Rome* was never so sound, as when it was most sick: The worst of her Forms was the most fortunate. A Man could hardly discern any

The horrible Confusion under the first Emperors.

Image of Government under the first *Emperors*, it was the most horrible and tumultuous Confusion that can be imagined. It endur'd it notwithstanding, and therein continued, not only con-

serving a *Monarchy* limited within his own Bounds, but so many *Nations*, so differing, so remote, so ill affected, so confusedly commanded, and so unjustly conquer'd.

nec gentibus ullis

*Commodat in populum, terræ pelagique potentem,
Invidiam fortuna suam †.*

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

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

* *Plaut.*

† *Lucret.*

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

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

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

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

*Et sua sunt illis incommoda, parque per omnes
Tempestas* ||.

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

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

† *Lucan. l. 1.*

* *Mr. May.*

|| *Æneid. 11.
Deus*

*Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice*.*

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

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

* *Hor. Epod. 13,*

† *Sir Thomas Hawkins.*

Pocula

*Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos
Arente fauce traxerim*.*

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

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

*Lyncestes kill'd
with thrusts of
Pikes by Alex-
ander's Soldiers,*

* *Hor. Epod. 14.*

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

* Cicero. Acad. l. 4.

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

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

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

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

scents, shared in the Reputation of *Lycurgus the Athenian*, who was the general *Feoffee* and *Guardian* of the Purfes of his Fellow-Citizens. Now I am clearly of Opinion, that a Man should live by Authority, and not either by Recommendation or Favour.

How many gallant Men have rather chosen to lose their Lives, than to abandon their Duty? I hate to subject my self to any Sort of Obligation, but above all, to that which binds me by the Duty of Honour. I think nothing so dear as what is given me, and that because my Will lies at Pawn under the Title of Ingratitude, and more willingly accept of Offices that are to be sold; being of Opinion, that for the last I give nothing but Money, but for the other I give my self. The Knot that binds me by the Laws of Courtesy, pinches me more than that of legal Constraint, and I am much more at ease when bound by a *Scrivener*, than by myself. It is not Reason that my Conscience should be much more engaged when Men simply rely upon it? In a Bond, my Faith owes nothing because it has nothing lent it. Let them trust to the Security they have taken without me; I had much rather break the Wall of a Prison, and the Laws themselves, than my own Promises to be strictly observed.

Word. I am nice even to Superstition, in keeping my Promises, and therefore upon all Occasions have a Care to make them certain and conditional. To those of no great Moment, I add the Jealousy of my own Rule to make it Weight; it racks and oppresses me with it's own Interest. Even in Actions that are wholly my own, and free; if I once say it, I conceive that I have bound my self, and that delivering it to the Knowledge of another, I have positively enjoined it my own Performance. Methinks I promise it, if I but say it, and therefore am not apt to say much of that Kind. The Sentence that I pass upon my self is more severe than that of a Judge, who only considers the common Obligation; but my Conscience looks upon it with a more severe and penetrating Eye. I lag in those Duties to which I should be compelled if I did

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

Quod me jus cogit, vix Voluntate impetrent §.

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

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

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

† Cicero de Amicitia.

whom

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

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

The Gifts of great Men are to me unknown.

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

* *Æneid.* l. 12.

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

That 'tis injurious to refuse a Present.

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

Affairs,

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

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

*Impius hæc tam culla novalia miles habebit *?*

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

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

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

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

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

* *Virg. Eclog. 1.* † *Ov. Trist. l. 4. Eleg. 1.*
VOL. III. P *Tum*

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

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

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

* *Lucan.*† *Mr. May.*

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

*Tam multæ scelerum facies **.

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

* *Virg. Geor. l. 1.*

the Glory of *France*, and one of the most noble Ornaments of the World. *God* of his Goodness compose our *Differences*, and deliver us from this *Civil War*; I find her sufficiently defended from all other Violences. I give her Caution, that of all sorts of People those will be the worst that shall set it in Division; I have no Fears of her, but of herself; and certainly I have as much Fear for her, as for any other *City* in the Kingdom. Whilst she shall continue, I shall never want a *Retreat* where I may live or die, sufficient to make me Amends for parting with any other *Home* or *Retreat* whatever. Not because *Socrates* has said so, but because it is in Truth my own Humour, and perhaps not without some Excess. I look upon all Men as my Compatriots, and embrace a *Polander* with as sincere an Affection as a *Frenchman*, preferring the universal and common Tie to all national Ties whatever. I am not much taken with the Sweetness of a natural Air: Acquaintance wholly new, and wholly my own, appear to me full as good as the other common and accidental ones with our Neighbours. Friendships that are purely of our own acquiring, ordinarily carry it above those to which the Communication of the *Clime* or of *Blood* oblige us. *Nature* has placed us in the World free and unbound, we imprison ourselves in certain Streights, like the Kings of *Persia*, who oblige themselves to drink no other Water but that of the

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

Death prefer'd to Banishment.

River *Choaspes*, and foolishly quit Claim to their right of Usage in all other Streams; and as to what concerned themselves, dried up all the other Rivers of the World. What *Socrates* did towards his End, to look upon a Sentence of Banishment, as worse than a Sentence of Death against him; I shall, I think, never be either so decrepit, or so strictly habituated to my own *Country*, to be of that Opinion. These celestial Lives have Images enough, which I embrace more by Esteem than Affection; and they have some also so elevated and extraordinary, that I cannot embrace them so much as by Esteem, forasmuch, as I cannot conceive them. This Humour was very tender in a Man that thought the whole World his *City*. It is true,

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

Vires ultra sortemque senectæ.*

Beyond the Strength and common Use of Age.

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

Aeneid. 6.

P 3

to

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

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

*That conjugal
Friendship
grows warm by
Absence.*

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

Ante oculos errat domus, errat forma locorum *.

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

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

————— *excludat jurgia finis* :

*Utor permissis, caudæque polos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello : Et demo unum, demo etiam unum
Dum cadat clusus ratione ruentis acervi* †.

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

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

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

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

The bewitch'd of Karenty.

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

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

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

*Of the Utility,
the Absence of
a Friend is.*

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

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

Death always twitching me by the Throat, or by the Back: But I am of another Temper, 'tis in all Places alike to me; yet might I have my Choice, I think I should rather choose to die on *Horseback* than in a *Bed*, out of my own House, and far enough from my own People. There is more Heart-breaking than Consolation in taking leave of one's *Friends*. I am willing to omit that Civility, for that of all the Offices of Friendship is the only one that is unpleasant, and could with all my Heart dispense with that great and eternal Farewel. If there be any Convenience in so many Standers by, it brings an hundred Inconveniencies along with it. I have seen many miserably Dying, surrounded with all their Train: 'Tis a Crowd that choaks them. 'Tis against Duty, and a Testimony of little Kindness and little Care, to permit you to die in Repose; one torments your Eyes, another afflicts your Ears, another tires your faltering Tongue; you have neither Sense nor Member that is not violated by them: Your Heart is wounded with Compassion to hear the Mourning of those that are your real Friends, and perhaps with spite, to hear the counterfeit Condolings of those who only pretend and make a shew of being so. Whoever has been delicate that way, when well, is much more so in his Weakness. In such a Necessity a tender Hand is required, and accommodated to his *Sentiments*, to scratch him just in the Place where he itches, or not to meddle with him at all. If we stand in need of a *knowing Woman* to bring us into the World, we have much more need of a wiser Man to help us out of it. Such a one, and

viz. a *Midwife*
so called in
French.

and a Friend to boot, a Man ought to purchase at any rate for such an Occasion. I am not yet arrived to such a pitch of Bravery, as to disdain all Assistance in that fatal Hour, nor pretend to be able so to fortify myself in my own Strength, that nothing can assist or offend me; I have not brought myself to that: I endeavour to hide myself, and to escape from this Passage, not by *Fear* but by *Art*. I do not intend in this Act of dying to muster up and make a shew of my Constancy. For whom should I do it? All the Right and

Title

Title I have to Reputation will then cease. I content my self with a Death involv'd within it self, quiet, solitary, and all my own, suitable to my retir'd and private Life. Quite contrary to the *Roman* Superstition, where a Man was looked upon as unhappy, who died without speaking, and that had not his nearest Relations to close his Eyes. I have enough

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

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

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

*Mourning very
improper about
sick Persons.*

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

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

Excutienda damus præcordia *.

My Entrails I lay open to Men's view.

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

How useful and necessary a Friend is.

* *Perf. Sat. 5.*

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

been

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

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

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

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

* *Lucret. l. 1.*

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

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

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

Vitam regit Fortuna, non Sapientia.*

Fortune, not Wisdom, human Life doth sway.

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

* *Cic. Tusc. lib. 1.*

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

* *Corn. Nepos in vita At.*

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

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

*Mea si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Auspiciis †.*

But if the Fates would so propitious be,
To let me live at my own Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 3.*

† *Sir Rich. Fanshaw.*

|| *Cic. de Senect. ex Enn.*

‡ *Curtius.*

† *Sen. Epist. 56.*

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

Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas *.

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

‡ *Prop. l. 3. Eleg. 2.*

One

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

Quisque suos patimur manes *.

We are all punish'd for our proper Crimes.

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

* *Aeneid*, 6.

† *Cicero de Off.* l. 1.

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

Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri *.

Great Doctors must do desp'rate Patients good †.

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

* *Juv. Sat. 13.*

† Sir Robert Stapleton.

simply

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

*Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere quantum
Permittas* *.

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

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

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

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

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

* *Juv. Sat.* 14. † *Sir Robert Stapleton.*

‡ *Mart. l. 7. Ep. 9.*

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

excit

*exeat Aula
Qui vult esse pius*.*

Let him who will be good from Court retire.

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

* *Lucret. l. 2.*

At tu, Catulle, obstinatus obdura *.

But oh *Catullus*, be thou obstinate.

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

* *Catul. Epig. 8.*

instead

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

*The Students of
Montague Col-
lege in Paris.*

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

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

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

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

Quo diversus abis?

Whither dost thou wandring run?

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

* *Juven. Sat. 13.*

† *Sir Robert Stapleton.*
sometimes

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

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

* *Senec. Epist. 2.*

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

*Gratitude to-
wards the
Dead.*

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

* Cicero de fin. lib. 5.

† Seneca. Epist. 64.

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

Laudandis preciosior ruinis *.

More glorious by her Ruins made.

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

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

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

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

— *nihil supra*
Deos laceſſo ||.

Nor for more
Do I the Gods implore.

* *Sidonius Apol.* † *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 16.*
† *Sir Rich. Fanshew.* || *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 16.*

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

Fortunæ cætera mando.

To Fortune I do leave the rest.

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

* *Tertull. de pudicit.*

granted,

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

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

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

R 4

rebus

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

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

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

was

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



C H A P. X.

Of managing the Will.

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