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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. X. Of managing the Will.

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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

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

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

Born and bred up in Negligence and Ease.

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

* *Ovid. de Trist. l. 3. Eleg. 2.*

they

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

* Seneca, Epist. 22.

—*incedis per ignes*
Suppositos cineri doloso *.

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

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

Uterque bonus pacis bellique minister †.

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

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

* *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 2.*

† *Æneid. lib. 10.*

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

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

*non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire †.*

* *Sen. Epist.* 48.

† *Hor. lib.* 4. *Ode* 9.

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

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

*Male cuncta ministrat
 Impetus.*

For Heat does still
 Carry on things very ill.

* Sir Richard Fanshaw.

He,

He, who therein employs only his Judgment and Address, proceeds more chearfully: He counterfeits, he gives way, he defers all Things at his ease, according to the Necessities of Occasions; he fails in his Attempts without Trouble and Afflictions, ready and entire for a new Enterprize: He always marches with the Bridle in his Hand. In him who is drunk with this violent and tyrannick Intention, we discover by Necessity much Imprudence and Injustice. The Impetuosity of his Desire carries him away. These are rash Motions, and, if Fortune does not very much assist, of very little Fruit.

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

Philosophy will, that in the Revenge of Injuries received, we should strip ourselves of Choler; not that the Chastisement should be less, but, on the contrary, that the Revenge may be the better, and more heavily laid on, which it conceives will be by this Impetuosity hindered. For Anger does not only trouble, but of itself does also weary the Arms of those who chastise. This Fire benumbs and wastes their Force. As in Precipitation, *festinatio tarda est**, *haste trips up it's own Heels, fetters and stops itself, ipsa se velocitas implicat*†. For Example: According to what I commonly see, *Avarice* has no greater Impediment than itself. The more bent and vigorous it is, the less it rakes together, and commonly sooner grows rich, when disguised in a Vizor of Liberality. A very honest Gentleman, and a particular Friend of mine, had like to have crack'd his Brains by a too passionate Attention and Affection to the Affairs of a certain Prince, his Master; which Master has thus set himself out to me; that he foresees the Weight of Accidents, as well as another; but that in those, for which there is no Remedy, he presently resolves upon Suffering: In others, having taken all the necessary Precaution, which by the Vivacity of his Understanding he can presently do, he quietly expects what may follow. And, in truth, I have accordingly seen him maintain a great Indifferency and Liberty of Actions, and Serenity of Countenance, in very great and nice Affairs. I find him much greater, and

* *Proverb.*

† *Sensca Epist. 44.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Quo mihi fortunæ, si non conceditur uti †?

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

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

* *Sen. Epist.* 90.

† *Hor. lib. 1. Epist.* 5.
have

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

*The Abridgment
of ten Days of-
fered by the Pope.*

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

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

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

King's Manners and Conduct, and therefore he is seditious in his Heart. And would not grant to a Magistrate himself, that he did well in condemning a *Book*, because it had placed a *Heretick* amongst the best *Poets* of the Time. Shall we not dare to say of a Thief, that he has a handsome Leg? If a Woman be a Strumpet, must it needs follow that she has a stinking Breath? Did they in the wisest Ages revoke the proud Title of *Capitolinus*, they had before confer'd upon *Marcus Manlius*, as being the Conservator of Religion and the publick Liberty; did they therefore damn the Memory of his Liberality, his Feats of Arms and military Recompence granted to his Virtue, because he afterwards aspired to the Sovereignty, to the prejudice of the *Laws* of his *Country*? If they take a Hatred against an *Advocate*, he will not be allowed the next Day to be eloquent. I have elsewhere spoke of the Zeal that push'd on worthy Men to the like faults. For my part, I can say such an one does this thing ill, and another thing virtuously and well. They will likewise, that in the *Prognosticks*, or sinister Events of Affairs, every one should in his Party be blind, or a Blockhead, and that our Persuasion and Judgment should be subservient, not to *Truth* but to the Project of our Desires. I should rather incline towards the other Extreme, so much I fear being suborn'd by my Desire: To which may be added,

Facility of People in suffering themselves to be imposed upon.

that I am a little tenderly distrustful of things that I wish. I have in my time seen Wonders in the indiscreet and prodigious Facility of People, in suffering their Hopes and Belief to be led and governed which way has best pleas'd and serv'd their *Leaders*; above an hundred Mistakes one upon another; and above Dreams and Phantasms. I no more wonder at those who have been blinded, and seduced by the Fooleries of *Apollonius* and *Mahomet*. Their Sense and Understanding is absolutely taken away by their Passion; their Discretion has no more any other Choice than that which smiles upon them, and relieves their *Cause*. I had principally observ'd this in the Beginning of our intestine Distempers; this other, which is sprung since, imitating, has surpass'd it; by which I am satisfied that it is a Quality inseparable from popular Errors. After the

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

Diogenes patient of Cold.

the Snow?

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

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

* *Senec. Ep. 92.*

*velut rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furii, expositaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cælique marisque,
Ipsa immota manens*.*

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

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

* *Virg. Æneid. l. 10.*

† *Mr. Ogilby.*

tried;

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

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

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

* *Buchanan.*

fore

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

— ceu flamina prima

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

— As when Winds rise,

And stop'd by Woods, a sudden Murmur send,
Which doth a Storm to Mariners portend †.

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

* Cicero. *Thusc.* l. 2.

† *Aeneid.* l. 10.

† M. Ogilby.

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

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

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

* *Juven.*

Felix

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

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

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

———*jure perhorruui,
Latè conspicuum tolere verticem* ||.

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

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

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

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

My

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

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

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

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

—————*mène huic considerare monstro,*
Mène salis placidi vultum, fluctusque quietos
*Ignorare * ?*

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



CHAP. XI.

Of Cripples.

*The Year cut ten
 Days shorter.*

'TIS now two or three Years ago that they made the Years ten Days shorter in *France*. How many Changes may we expect should follow this Reformation! This was properly removing *Heaven* and *Earth* at once;

* *Virgil Æneid. l. 5.*

† *Mr. Ogilby.*