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### Montaigne's Essays

In Three Books. With Notes and Quotations. And an Account of The Author's Life ; With a short Character of the Author and Translator, by the late Marquis of Halifax; With the Addition of A Complete Table to each Volume

**Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de**

**London, 1743**

Chap. XII. Of Physiognomy.

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cles, saying, *He could do this, and that, and I know not what*; the second as much of himself and more: When it came to *Æsop's* turn, and that he was also ask'd, *What he could do?* *Nothing*, said he, *for these two have taken up all before me; they can do every thing.* So has it happened in the *School of Philosophy.* The Pride of those who attributed the Capacity of all things to human Wit, created in others, out of Spite and Emulation, this Opinion, that it is capable of nothing. The one maintain the same Extreme in Ignorance that the others do in Knowledge. To make it undeniably manifest, that Man is immoderate throughout, can give no other positive Sentence but that of Necessity, and the Want of Ability to proceed farther.



## C H A P. XII.

## Of Physiognomy.

**A**LMOST all the Opinions we have are derived from Authority, and taken upon trust; and 'tis not amiss. We could not chuse worse than by ourselves in so weak an *Age.* That Image of the Discourses of *Socrates*, which his Friends have transmitted to us, we approve upon no other account, but merely the Reverence to publick Approbation. 'Tis not according to our own Knowledge, they are not after our way. If any thing of this Kind should spring up new, few Men would value them. We discern not the Graces, otherwise than by certain Features, touch'd up, and illustrated by Art. Such as glide on in their own Purity and Simplicity, easily escape so gross a Sight as ours; they have a delicate and conceal'd Beauty, such as required a clear and purified Sight to discover so secret a Light. Is not Simplicity, as we accept it, Cousin-german to Folly, and a Quality of Reproach? *Socrates*

*crates* makes his Soul move a natural and common Motion. A Country Peasant said this, a Woman said that, he never has any thing in his Mouth but Carters, Joiners, Coblers and Masons. These are Inductions and Similitudes drawn from the most common and known Actions of Men, every one understands them. We should never have entertained the Nobility and Splendor of his admirable Conceptions under so vile a Form; we, I say, who think all things low and flat, that are not elevated by Learning, and who discern no Riches but in Pomp and Show. This World of ours is only form'd for Ostentation. Men are only puff'd up with Winds, and are bandied to and fro like Tennis-Balls. This Man proposes to himself no vain and idle Fancies, his Design was to furnish us with Precepts and Things that more fitly serve to the Use of Life:

—*servare modum, finemque tenere,  
Naturamque sequi* \*.

To keep a Mean, his End still to observe,  
And from the Laws of Nature ne'er to swerve.

He was also always one and the same, and raised himself not by Starts, but by Complexion, to the highest Pitch of Vigour; or to say better, he exalted nothing, but rather brought down and reduced all Asperities and Difficulties to their original and natural Condition, and subjected their Power: For in *Cato* 'tis most manifest, that there is a Proceeding extended far beyond the common ways of ordinary Men. In the brave Exploits of his Life, and in his Death, we find him always mounted upon his managed Horses. Whereas this Man always creeps upon the Ground, and with a slow and ordinary Pace, treats of the most useful Discourses, and bears himself through both at his Death, and the nicest Traverses that would present themselves in the Course of Human Life. It has fallen out well, that the Man most worthy to be known, and to be presented to the World for Example, should be he of whom we have the most certain

\* *Lucan. 2.*

Knowledge;

Knowledge; he has been pried into by the most clear-sighted Men that ever were. The Testimonies we have of him are admirable both in Fidelity and Knowledge. 'Tis a great thing that he was able so to order the pure Imaginations of a Child, that without altering or wresting them, he has thereby produced the most beautiful Effects of a human Soul. He presents it neither elevated nor rich, he only represents it sound, but certainly with a brisk and spritely Health. By these common and natural Springs, by these vulgar and ordinary Fancies, without being moved or making any Bustle in the Business, he set up, not only the most regular, but the most high and vigorous Beliefs, Actions, and Manners that ever were. 'Tis he who brought again from Heaven, where she lost her Time, Human Wisdom, to restore her to Man, with whom her most just and greatest Business lyes. See him plead before his Judges, do but observe by what Reasons he rrouzes his Courage to the Hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience against Calumny, Tyranny, Death, and the Perverseness of his Wife: You will find nothing in all this borrow'd from Arts and Sciences. The simplest may there discover their own Means and Power; 'tis not possible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done human Nature a great Kindness in shewing it how much it can do of it self. We are all of us richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make use of what is another's than our own. Man can in nothing fix and conform himself in his mere necessity. Of Pleasure, Wealth and Power, he grasps at more than he can hold: his Greediness is incapable of Moderation. And I find, that in Curiosity of Knowing he is the same; he cuts himself out more Work than he can do, and more than he needs to do: extending the Utility of Knowledge as far as the Matter. *Ut omnium rerum, sic literarum quoque, intemperantia laboramus* \*; That, as of every thing else, we should also be sick of the Intemperance of Letters. And Tacitus has reason to commend the Mother of Agricola, for having restrain'd her Son in his

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\* Senec. Epist. 106.

too violent Appetite of Learning. 'Tis a *Good*, if duly consider'd, which has in it, as the other *Goods* of Men have, a great deal of Vanity, and of proper and natural Weakness, and that costs very dear; the Acquisition of it is more hazardous, than that of all other Meat or Drink. For in other Things, what we have bought, we carry home in some Vessel, and there have Liberty to examine our Markets, how much it costs, and what 'tis worth, according to the Season; but *Sciences* we can, at the very first, bestow into no other Vessel than the Soul; we swallow them in buying and return from the Market, either already infected or amended. There are of such sorts as only burthen and over-charge the Stomach instead of nourishing; and moreover, some that, under colour of curing, poison us. I have been pleased, in Places where I have been, to see Men in Devotion vow *Ignorance* as well as *Chastity*, *Poverty* and *Penitence*. 'Tis also a gelding of our unruly Appetites to blunt this Cupidity that spurs us on to the Study of Books, and to deprive the Soul of this voluptuous Complacency, that tickles us with the Opinion of Knowledge. And 'tis plenarily to accomplish the Vow of *Poverty* to add unto it that of the *Mind*. We need not be taught to live at our ease. And *Socrates* tells us, that it is in us, with the Way how to find it, and the Manner how to use it. All these Acquisitions of ours, which exceed our natural ones, are, upon the Matter, superfluous and vain. 'Tis much if they do not more burthen and cumber us than they do us good. *Paucis opus est literis ad mentem bonam* \*; *A Man of good natural Parts, and a good Disposition, has no great need of Learning*. 'Tis a feverish Excess of the Mind; a tempestuous and unquiet Instrument. Do but recollect your self, and you will find in your self such natural Arguments against Death, which are true, and more proper, and fit to serve you in time of Necessity. 'Tis they that make a *Peasant*, and an intire People die with as much Constancy as a *Philosopher*. Should I have died less chearfully before I had read *Cicero's Tusculanes*? I believe not. And when I find my self at the best, I per-

\* *Ibid.*

ceive that my Tongue is enrich'd indeed, but my Courage little or nothing elevated by them. It is just as Nature forg'd it at first, and against any Conflict only defends it self after a natural and ordinary Way. Books have not so much serv'd me for Instruction as Exercise. What if Knowledge, trying to arm us with new Defences against natural Inconveniencies, has more imprint-ed in our Fancies their Weight and Grandeur, than her Reasons and Subtilties to secure us from them? They are Subtilties indeed, with which she often alarms us to little purpose. Do but observe, how many slight and frivolous, and if nearly examin'd, how many incorpo-real Arguments the closest and wisest Authors scatter about one good one. They are no other but Quirks and Fallacies to amuse and gull us. But forasmuch as it may be with some Profit, I will shift it no farther. Many of that sort are here and there dispersed up and down this Treatise, either upon Borrowing, or by Imitation; therefore ought a Man to take a little heed, not to call that Force which is only a Knack of Writing, and that Solid which is only Quick, or that Good which is only Fine. *Quæ magis gustata quam potata delectant* \*; Which more delight in tasting, than in being drunk of. Every thing that pleases does not nourish. *Ubi non ingenii, sed animi negotium agitur* †; Where the Question is not about improving the Wit, but bettering the Understanding. To see the Bustle that Seneca keeps to fortify himself against Death, to see him so sweat and pant to harden and encourage himself, and bait so long upon the Perch, would have lessen'd his Reputation with me, had he not very bravely maintain'd it to the last. His so ardent and frequent Agitations discover, that he was in himself impetuous and passionate. *Magnus animus remissus loquitur, & securius: Non est alius ingenio, alius animo color* ‡; A great Courage speaks more negligently, and more securely. Wit and Courage wear one and the same Livery. He must be convinced at his own Ex-perience. And he does in some sort discover that he was hard laid to by his Enemy. Plutarch's Way, by how

\* *Thusc. l. 5.*† *Sen. Epist.*‡ *Sen. Epist. 115.*

much it is more disdainful, and farther stretch'd, is, in my Opinion, so much more manly and persuasive; and I am apt to believe, that his Soul had more assur'd and more regular *Motions*. The one more sharp, pricks and makes us start, and more touches the Soul; the other more solid, informs, establishe, constantly supports us, and more touches the Understanding. That ravishes the Judgment, this wins it. I have likewise seen other Writings yet more revered than these, that in the Representation of the Conflict they maintain against the Temptations of the Flesh, depaint them so sharp, so powerful and invincible, that we our selves, who are of the meaner sort of People, are apt as much to wonder at the Strangeness and unknown Force of their Temptation, as at their Resistance. To what end do we so arm ourselves with this Hardness of *Philosophy*? Let us look down upon the poor People that we see scatter'd upon the Face of the Earth, prone and intent upon their Business, that neither know *Aristotle* nor *Cato*, *Example* nor *Precept*. Even from these does *Nature* every Day extract Effects of *Constancy* and *Patience*, more pure and manly than those we so inquisitively study in the *Schools*. How many do I ordinarily see, who slight Poverty? How many that desire to die, or that do it without Alarm or Regret? He that is now digging in my Garden, has this Morning buried his Father, or his Son. The very Names by which they call Diseases sweeten and mollify the Sharpness of them. The *Tiffick* is with them no more but a *Cough*, the *Bloody-flux* but a *Looseness*, a *Pleurisy* but a *Stitch*, and as they gently name them, so they patiently endure them. They are very great and grievous indeed, when they hinder their ordinary Labour; and they never keep their Beds but to die. *Simplex illa, & aperta virtus in obscuram, & solertem scientiam versa est* \*; That plain and simple *Virtue* is converted into an obscure and cunning *Knowledge*. I was writing this about a time when a great Load of our intestine Troubles for several Months lay with all it's Weight upon me. I had the *Enemy* at my Door on one Side, and the *Free booters*, worse Enemies than they,

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\* *Sen. Ep. 95.*

on the other; *Non armis sed vitiis certatur* \*; and underwent all Sorts of military Injuries at once.

*Hofis adest dextra lævaque ex parte timendus,  
Vicinoque malo terret utrumque latus †.*

On either Hand an Enemy alarms,  
And threatens both Sides with injurious Arms.

A monstrous War! Other Wars are bent against Strangers, this against itself; and destroys itself with it's own Poison. 'Tis of so malignant and ruinous a Nature, that it ruins it self, with the rest; and with it's own Rage mangles and tears itself to Pieces. We oftner see it dissolve of itself, than through Scarcity of any Necessaries, or by Force of the Enemy. All Discipline evades it. It comes to compose *Sedition*, and is itself full of it; will chastise *Disobedience*, and itself is the Example; and employed for the Defence of the *Laws*, rebels against those of our own. What a Condition are we in! Our *Physick* makes us sick.

*Nofre Mal s'empoisonne  
Du secours qu'on luy donne \*\*.*

Such is our Fate, that our Disease  
Our Remedies do still increase.

————— *Exuperat magis, ægrefcitque medendo ††.*

His *Physick* makes him worse, and sicker still.

*Omnia fanda nefanda malo permista furore,  
Justificam nobis mentem avertere Deorum §.*

Right and wrong, shuffled in this Civil War,  
Have rob'd us of the Gods protecting Care.

\* Seneca.

† Ovid.

\*\* Plutarch.

†† Virgil *Æneid*. l. 12.

§ Catullus.



In the beginning of popular Maladies, a Man may distinguish the Sound from the Sick; but when they come to continue, as ours have done, the whole Body is then infected from Head to Foot, and no Part is free from Corruption. For there is no Air that Men so greedily draw in, that diffuses itself so soon, and that penetrates so deep as that of *Licence*. Our *Armies* only subsist, and are kept together by the Cement of Strangers; for of *French* there is now no constant and regular Body of an Army to be made. What a Shame is it? there is no more Discipline but what we learn'd from borrow'd Soldiers. As to ourselves, our Conduct is at Discretion, and not of the Chief, but every one at his own; the General has a harder Game to play within than he has without; In the Word of Command to *march, draw up, wheel,* and the like, we obey him indeed; but all the rest is dissolute and free. It pleases me to observe how much Pusillanimity and Cowardice there is in Ambition; by how abject and servile ways it must arrive at it's end, but withal, it displeases me to see good and generous Natures, and that are capable of Justice, every Day corrupted in the Managery and Command of this Confusion. Long Toleration begets Habit, Habit Consent and Imitation. We had enough of ill contriv'd Souls, without spoiling those that were generous and good; so that if we hold on, there will not remain any with whom to intrust the Health of this State of ours, in case Fortune chances to restore it.

*Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seculo,  
Ne prohibite\*.* —

Ah! for young *Cæsar* now yourselves engage,  
That he again repair this ruin'd Age †.

What is become of the old Precept, *That Soldiers ought more to fear their Chief than their Enemy?*  
*An Orchard of ripe Apples inclosed within* And that wonderful Example, that an Orchard being enclosed within the Precincts of a Camp of the Roman Army, was seen

\* *Virg. Geor. lib. 1.*

† *Mr. Ogilby.*

at their Dislodgement the next Day in the same Condition, not an Apple, tho' ripe and delicate, being pull'd off, but all left to the Possessor? I could wish that our Youth, instead of the Time they spend in less fruitful Travels, and less honourable Employments, would bestow one half of that Time in being an Eye-witness of *naval Exploits* under some good Captain of *Malta*, and the other half in observing the Discipline of the *Turkish Armies*; for they have many Differences and Advantages over ours. One thing is, that our Soldiers here become more licentious in *Expeditions*, theirs more temperate and circumspect. For the Thefts and Insolencies committed upon the common People, which are only punished with a Cudgel in *Peace*, are Capital in *War*. For an *Egg* taken in *Turky* without paying for't, fifty Blows with a Cudgel is the prefixed Rate; for any Thing else, of what Sort, or how trivial soever, not necessary to Nourishment, they are presently impaled, or beheaded without Mercy. I am astonished in the History of *Selim*, the most cruel Conqueror that ever was, to see that when he subdued *Egypt*, the beautiful Gardens about *Damas*, being all open, and in a conquered Land, and his Army encamped upon the very Place, should be left untouched by the Hands of the Soldiers, by Reason they had not received the Signal of *Plunder*. But is there any Disease in a Government so important, as ought to be physick'd with such a mortal Drug? No, says *Favonius*, not so much as the tyrannical Usurpation of a *Commonwealth*. *Plato* likewise will not consent, that a Man should violate the Peace of his Country to cure it; and by no Means approves of a *Reformation* that disturbs and hazards all, and that is to be purchased at the Price of the Citizen's *Blood* and *Ruin*; determined it to be the Duty of a good Patriot, in such a Case, to let it alone, and only to pray to *God* for his extraordinary Assistance; and seems to be angry with his Friend *Dion*, for having proceeded something after another manner. I was a *Platonick* in this Point, before I knew there had ever been such a Man as *Plato* in the World. And if this Person ought absolutely to be rejected from our Society; (he, who by the Sincerity of his Conscience, merited

the Roman  
Camp left un-  
touched to the  
Possessor.

rited from the divine Favour to penetrate so far into the Christian Light, through the universal Darknes wherein the World was involved in his Time,) I do not think it would well become us to suffer ourselves to be instructed by a *Heathen*. How great an Impiety it is, not to expect from *God* any Relief simply his own, and without our *Co-operation*. I often doubt, whether, among so many Men as tamper in such Affairs, there is not to be found some one of so weak Understanding as to have been really persuaded that he went towards *Reformation* by the worst of *Deformations*, and advanced towards his *Salvation* by the most express Causes that we have of most assured *Damnation*; that by overthrowing *Government*, *Magistracy* and *Laws*, in whose Protection *God* has placed him, by inspiring fraternal Minds with parricidal Animosities, and by calling *Devils* and *Furies* to his Aid, he can assist the most holy Sweetness and Justice of the *divine Law*. *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Cruelty* and *Revenge*, have not sufficient, proper and natural Impetuosity of their own; let us bait them with the glorious Titles of *Justice* and *Devotion*. There cannot a worse State of Things be imagined, than where Wickedness comes to be legitimate, and assumes, with the Magistrate's Permission, the Cloak of *Virtue*. *Nil in speciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi Deorum numen prætenditur sceleribus*. Nothing has a more deceiving Face than false Religion, where Devotion is pretended by wicked Men. The extremest Sort of Injustice, according to *Plato*, is, that that which is unjust should be reputed for just. The common People suffered therein very much then, not present Damages only;

— undique totis  
Usque adeo turbatur agris—\*.

but future too. The living were to suffer, and so were they who were yet unborn. They rob'd and strip'd them, and consequently they did me, even to their Hope; taking from them all they had laid up in Store to live on for many Years.

\* *Virg. Eleg. 1.*

Quæ

*Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt,  
Et cremat insontes turba scelestæ casus.  
Muris nulla fides, squalent populatibus agri\*.*

What they can't bear away, they spoil and spurn;  
And the lewd Rabble harmless Houses burn;  
Walls can't secure their Masters, and the Field  
Thro' Waste and Spoil does an ill Prospect yield.

Besides this Shock I suffered others. I underwent the Inconveniencies that Moderation brings along with it in such a Disease. I was pilled on all Hands, to the *Gibelin* I was a *Guelph*, and to the *Guelph* a *Gibelin*; some one of the *Poets* in my Study expresses this very well, but I know not where it is. The Situation of my House, and my Friendliness to my Neighbours, presented me with one Face, my Life and my Actions with another. They did not lay formed Accusations to my Charge, for they had no Foundation of so doing. I never flink or hide my Head from the Laws, and who ever would have questioned me, would have done himself a greater Prejudice than me. They were only mute Suspicions that were whispered about, which never want Appearance in so confused a Mixture, no more than envious or idle Heads. I commonly myself lend a Hand to presumptuous Injuries, that Fortune scatters abroad against me, by a Way I have ever had of evading to justify, excuse, or explain myself, conceiving that it were to refer my Conscience to Arbitration, to plead in it's Behalf; *Perspicuitas enim Augmentatione elevatur. For the Perspicuity of a Clause is clouded and darkened by Augmentation.* And, as if every one saw as clearly into me as I do myself, instead of retiring from an Accusation, I step up to meet it, and rather give it some kind of Colour by an ironical and scoffing Confession, if I do not fit totally mute, as of a Thing not worth my Answer. But such as look upon this kind of Behaviour of mine as too haughty a Confidence, have as little Kindness for me as they who interpret the Weakness of an indefensible Cause; namely,

\* *Ovid Trist. l. 1. El. 10.*

the great ones, towards whom want of Submission is a very great Fault. Rude to all Justice that knows and feels itself, and is not submissive, humble and suppliant. I have oft knock'd my Head against this Pillar. So it is, that at what then befel me an ambitious Man would have hang'd himself, and a covetous one would have done the same. I have no manner of Care of getting.

*Sit mihi quod nunc est etiam minus, ut mihi vivam  
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dii \*.*

I only pray, that small Estate which I  
Now have may tarry with me 'till I die,  
And those few Days which I have yet to live  
(If Heaven to me any more Days will give)  
I may enjoy myself †.

But the Losses that befel me by the Injury of others, whether by Theft or Violence, go almost as near my Heart, as they would do to that of the most avaricious Man. The Offence troubles me, without Comparison, more than the loss. A thousand several Sorts of Mischiefs fell upon me in the Neck of one another; I could better have borne them all at once. I have already been considering to whom amongst my Friends I might commit a helpless and decrepit Age; and having turned my Eyes quite round, I found myself at a Loss. To let a Man's self fall plum down, and from so great an Height, it ought to be in the Arms of a solid, vigorous and fortunate Friendship. They are very rare, if there be any. At last I concluded that it was safest for me to trust to myself in my greatest Necessity; and if it should so fall out, that I should be but upon cold Terms in Fortune's Favour, I should so much more pressingly recommend me to my own, and look so much the better to myself. Men on all Occasions throw themselves upon foreign Assistances to spare their own, which are the only certain and sufficient ones with which they can arm themselves. Every one runs elsewhere, and to the future, forasmuch as no one is arrived at himself. And I was satisfied,

\* *Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 18.*

† *Mr. Alex. Brome.*  
that

that they were profitable Inconveniencies, forasmuch as ill Scholars are to be admonished with the *Rod*, when Reason will not do, as a crooked Piece of Wood is by Fire and Straining to be reduced to Straitness. I have a great while preached to myself to stick close to my own Concerns, and separate myself from the Affairs of others; yet I am still turning my Eyes aside. A *Bow*, a kind *Word* or *Look* from a great Person tempts me; of which God knows how little Scarcity there is in these Days, and how little they signify. I moreover, without wrinkling my Forehead, hearken to the Persuasions are offered me, to draw me into some Place of Traffick, and as gently refuse it, as if I were half willing to be overcome. Now to so indocile a Spirit Blows are required; and this Vessel which thus chops and cleaves, and is ready to fall in Pieces, is to have the Hoops forced down with good sound Strokes of a Mallet. Secondly, that this Accident served me for Exercise to prepare for worse, if I, who both by the Benefit of Fortune, and by the Condition of my Manners, hoped to be the last, should happen to be one of the first that should be trapped in this Storm. Instructing myself betimes, to force my Life, and fit it for a new Condition. The true Liberty is to be able to do what a Man will with himself. *Potentissimus est qui se habet in potestate\**. He is most potent, who has himself in his own Power. In an ordinary and quiet Time, a Man prepares himself for moderate and common Accidents; but in the Confusion wherein we have been for these thirty Years, every *Frenchman*, whether in particular or in general, sees himself every Hour upon the Point of the total Ruin and Overthrow of his Fortune. By so much the more ought he to have his Courage munited with the strongest and most vigorous Provision. Let us thank *Fortune*, that has not made us live in an effeminate, idle and languishing *Age*; some, who could never have been so by other Means, will be made famous by their Misfortunes. As I seldom read in Histories the Confusions of other States, without Regret that I was not present, better to consider them, so does my Curiosity make me in some Sort please myself with seeing

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\* Seneca.

with

with my own Eyes this notable Spectacle of our publick Death, it's Form and Symptoms; and, seeing I could not hinder it, am content to be destined to assist in it, and thereby to instruct myself. Thus do we manifestly covet to see, though but in *Shadow*, and the *Fables of Theatres*, the Pomp of tragick Representations of human Fortune. 'Tis not however without Compassion of what we hear, but we please ourselves in rousing our Displeasure by the Rarity of these to be pitied *Events*. Nothing tickles that does not pinch; and good *Historians* skip over, as a stagnant Water and dead Sea, calm Narrations, to be again upon the Narrative of Wars and Seditions, which they know are most acceptable to the Readers. I question whether or no I can handsomely confess at how mean and vile a Rate of Repose and Tranquillity, I have passed over above the one half of my Life in the Ruin of my Country. I make myself a little too good a Bargain of Patience, in Accidents that do not so much regard what they take from me, as what remains safe, both within and without. There is Comfort in evading, one while one, another while another of those Evils that are level'd at me too at last, but at present hurt others only about us; as also, that in Matters of publick Interest, the more my Affection is universally dispersed, the weaker it is. To which may be added, that it is half true. *Tantum ex publicis malis sentimus, quantum ad privatas res pertinent. We are only so far sensible of publick Evils, as they respect our private Affairs.* And that the Health from which we fell was such, that itself consoles the Regret we ought to have. It was Health, but not otherwise than in Comparison of the Sicknes that has succeeded it. We are not fallen from any great Height. The Corruption and Thievery that is in Dignity and Office seems the most insupportable to me. We are less injuriously rifled in a Wood than in a Place of Security. It was an universal Juncture of particular Members, rotten to Emulation of one another, and the most of them with inveterate Ulcers, that neither required nor admitted of any Cure. This Conclusion therefore did really more animate than press me, by the Assistance of my Conscience, which was not only at Peace within itself, but elevated, and I did not find any Reason to complain of

of myself. Also, as *God* never sends *Evils* any more than *Goods*, absolutely pure to Men, my Health continued at that time more than usually good; and, as I can do nothing without it, there are few Things that I cannot do with it. It afforded me means to rouse up all my Provisions, and to lay my Hand before the Wound, that would else perhaps have gone farther, and experimented, in my Patience, that I had some Opposition against Fortune; and that it must be a great Shock could throw me out of the Saddle. I do not say this to provoke her to give me a more vigorous Charge; I am her humble Servant, and submit to *her* Pleasure. Let her be no other towards me than she has used to be in *God's* Name. Do you ask if I am sensible of her Assaults? Yes, certainly I am. But, as those who are possessed and oppressed with Sorrow, may sometimes suffer themselves nevertheless by Intervals to taste a little Pleasure, and are sometimes surprized with a Smile. So have I so much Power over myself, as to make my ordinary Condition quiet and free from disturbing Thoughts; but I suffer myself withal by Fits to be surprized with the Stings of those unpleasing Imaginations that assault me, whilst I am arming myself to drive them away, or at least to wrestle with them. But behold another Aggravation of the Evil which beset me in the Tail of the rest; I am both without Doors and within assaulted with a most violent Plague, in Comparison of all other: For, as sound Bodies are subject to more grievous Maladies, forasmuch as they are not to be forced but by such, so my very healthful Air, where no Contagion, though very near, in the Memory of Man, could ever take Footing, coming to be corrupted, produced most strange Effects.

*Mista senum, & juvenum densantur funera, nullum  
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit* \*.

In Death both young and old by Heaps do join,  
Nor any Head escapes sad *Proserpine* †.

\* *Horace* l. 1. Ode 28.

† *Sir Thomas Hawkins*.

I was



I was to suffer this pleasant Condition, that the Sight of my House was frightful to me. Whatever I had there was without *Guard*, and left to the Mercy of every one. I myself, who am of so hospitable a Nature, was myself in very great Distress for a *Retreat* for my Family; a wild and scattered Family, frightful both to it's Friends and self, and filling every Place with Horror where it attempted to settle; being to shift abode so soon as any one's Finger began but to ake. All Diseases are then concluded to be the Plague, and People do not stay to examine and be sure whether they have it or no. And the Mischief is, that, according to the Rules of *Art*, in every Danger that a Man comes near, he must undergo a *Quarantain* in the Suspence of his Infirmity; your Imagination all that while tormenting you at Pleasure, and turning even your *Health* itself into a *Fever*; yet would not all this have gone very near to my Heart, had I not withal been compelled to be sensible of others Sufferings, and miserable to serve six Months together for a Guide to this *Caravan*: For I carry my *Antidotes* within myself, which are Resolution and Patience. Apprehension, which is particularly feared in this Disease, does not so much trouble me. And, if, being alone, I should have taken it, it had been a more sprightly and a longer Flight. 'Tis a kind of Death, that I do not think of the worst Sort; 'tis usually short, stupid, without Pain, and consoled by the publick Condition; without Ceremony, without Mourning, and without a Crowd. But as to the People about us, the hundredth Part of them could not be saved.

— *videas desertaque regna  
Pastorum, & longè salius lateque vacantes* \*.

Deserted Realms now may'st thou see of Swains,  
And every where forsaken Groves and Plains †.

In this Place my best Revenue is manual. What an  
*A cruel Plague* hundred Men ploughed for me lay a  
*in Gascony.* long time fallow. But then what Ex-  
ample of Resolution did we not see in

\* *Virg. Geor. lib. 3.* † *Mr. Ogilby.*

the Simplicity of all this People? Every one generally renounced all Care of Life. The *Grapes*, the principal Revenue of the Country, hung in Clusters upon the Vines, every one indifferently preparing for, and expecting Death, either to-night or to-morrow, with a Countenance and Voice so far from Fear, as if they had contracted with Death in this Necessity, and that it had been an universal and inevitable *Sentence*. 'Tis always such. But how slender Hold has the Resolution of dying? The Distance and Difference of a few Hours, and the sole Consideration of Company, renders the Apprehension various to us. Do but observe these, by Reason that they die in the same Month, Children, young People and old, they are no longer astonished at it, they lament no more. I saw some who were afraid of staying behind, as in a dreadful Solitude, and did not commonly observe any other Solicitude amongst them, than that of Sepulture; they were troubled to see the dead Bodies scattered about the Fields at the Mercy of Beasts, which presently began to flock about them. How differing are the Fancies of Men! The *Neorites*, a Nation subjected by *Alexander*, threw the Bodies of their dead in the deepest, and least frequented Parts of their Woods, on Purpose to have them there eaten; the only Sepulture reputed happy amongst them. Some who were yet in Health, digged their own Graves, and others laid them down in them whilst alive; and a Labourer of mine, in dying, with his Hands and Feet pulled the Earth upon him. Was not this to nuzzle and fettle himself to sleep at greater Ease? A Bravery, in some Sort, like that of the *Roman Soldiers*, who after the Battle of *Cannæ*, were found with their Heads thrust into Holes in the Earth, which they had made, and in suffocating themselves, with their own Hands pulled the Earth about their Ears. In short, a whole Nation by Custom was brought to a Discipline nothing inferior in Undauntedness to the most studied and premeditated Resolution. Most Instructions of *Sciences*, to encourage us, have in them more of Shew than of Force, and of

*Sepulture of the Neorites.*

*Roman Soldiers suffocated with their own Hands after the Battle of Cannæ.*

Ornament than Effect. We have abandoned *Nature* and will teach her what to do; her who did so happily and so securely conduct us. And in the mean time, from the Foot-steps of her Instructions, and that little, which by the Benefit of Ignorance, remains of her Image imprinted in the Life of this rustick *Rout* of unpolished Men, *Science* is constrained every Day to borrow thence to make a *Pattern* for her Disciples of *Constasy*, *Tranquillity* and *Innocence*. 'Tis pretty to see, that these complain of so much fine Knowledge, being to imitate this foolish Simplicity, and that in the most principal Acts of Virtue. And that our Wisdom must learn, even from Beasts, the most profitable Instructions in the greatest and most necessary Concerns of human Life: As, how we are to live and die, manage our Fortunes, love and bring up our Children, and to maintain Justice. A singular Testimony of human Infirmary, and that this *Reason* we so handled at our Pleasure, finding evermore some Diversity and Novelty, leaves with us no apparent Trace of *Nature*. And they make Men, as *Perfumers* mix their *Oils*, they have sophisticated it with so many Argumentations and far-fetch'd Discourses, that it is become variable, and particular to every one of them, and has lost it's proper, constant and universal Face. And we must seek Testimony from *Beasts*, not subject to Favour, Corruption, nor Diversity of Opinions. For it is indeed true, that even they themselves do not always go exactly in the Path of Nature, but wherein do they swerve, 'tis so little, that you may always see the Track. As Horses that are led make several Bounds and Curvets, but 'tis always at the Length of the Collar, and they still follow him that leads them; and as a Hawk takes his Flight, but still under the Restraint of his *Cranes*. *Exilia, Tormenta, Bella, Morbos, Naufragia meditare, ut nullo sis malo Tyro* \*. *Meditate upon Banishments, Tortures, Wars, Diseases and Shipwrecks, that thou mayst not be to seek in any Disaster*. What good will this Curiosity do us, to preoccupy all the Inconveniencies of human Nature, and to prepare ourselves, with so much Trouble, against

\* *Sen. Epist.*

Things which peradventure will never befall us? (*Parrem passis tristitiam facit, pati posse †. It troubles Men as much that they might possibly suffer, as if they really did.* Not only the Blow, but the Wind of the Blow strikes us.) Or like *Phrenetick* People, for 'tis certainly a *Phrenzy*, to go immediately and whip yourself, because it may so fall out, that *Fortune* may one Day make you undergo it; and to put on your furr'd Gown at *Midsummer*, because you will stand in Need of it at *Christmas*? Throw yourselves, say they, into the Experience of all the Evils, the most extreme Evils that can possibly befall you, assure yourselves there. On the contrary, the most easy, and most natural Way would be to banish even the Thoughts of them. They will not come soon enough, their true Being will not continue with us long enough, we must lengthen and extend them; we must incorporate them in us before-hand, and there entertain them, as if they would not otherwise sufficiently press upon our Senses. We shall find them heavy enough when they come, (says one of our Masters of none of the tender, but the most severe *Setts*) in the mean time favour thyself, believe what pleases thee best. What good will it do thee to prevent thy ill Fortune, to lose the present for Fear of the Future; and to make thyself immediately miserable, because thou art to be so in Time? These are his Words. *Science* indeed does us one good Office, in instructing us exactly in the Dimension of Evils.

*Curis acuens mortalia corda \**.

'Twere Pity that any Part of their Grandeur should escape our Sense and Knowledge. 'Tis certain, that, for the most Part, the Preparation for Death has administred more Torment than the Thing it self. It was of old truly said, and by a very judicious *Author*, *Minus afficit sensus fatigatio, quam cogitatio †. Suffering itself does less afflict the Senses, than the Apprehension of suffering.* The Sentiment of present Death does sometimes of itself animate us with a prompt Resolution no more to

† *Sen. Epist. 24.*

\* *Virgil.*

† *Seneca.*

avoid a Thing that is utterly inevitable. Several *Gladiators* have been seen, who, after having fought timorously and ill, have courageously entertained Death, offering their Throats to the Enemy's Sword, and bidding them dispatch. The remote Sight of future Death requires a Constancy that is slow and lazy, and consequently hard to be got. If you know not how to die, never trouble yourself; Nature will fully and sufficiently instruct you upon the Place, she will exactly do that Business for you, take you no Care :

*Incertam frustra mortales funeris horam  
Quæritis, & qua sit mors aditura via:  
Pœna minor certam subito perferre ruinam,  
Quod timeas, gravius sustinuisse diu †.*

Mortals, in Vain's your Curiosity  
To know the Hour and Death that you must die;  
Better your Fate strike with a sudden Blow,  
Than that you long should what you fear foreknow.

*That Death  
ought not to be  
premeditated.*

We trouble *Life* by the Care of *Death*, and *Death* by the Care of *Life*. The one torments, the other frights us. 'Tis not against *Death* that we prepare, that is too momentary a Thing; a Quarter of an Hour's Suffering, without Consequence and Nuisance, does not deserve particular Precepts. To say truth, we prepare ourselves against the Preparations of *Death*. *Philosophy* ordains, that we should always have *Death* before our Eyes, to foresee and consider it before the Time; and after gives us Rules and Precautions to provide that this Foresight and Thought do us no Harm: Just so do *Physicians*, who throw us into *Diseases*, to the End they may have whereon to lay out their Drugs and their Art. If we have not known how to live, 'tis Mystery to teach us to die, and make the End disform from all the rest. If we have known how to live constantly and quietly, we shall know how to die so too. They may boast as much as they please. *Tota Philosophorum*

† *Propertius.*

*vita,*

*vita, commentatio mortis est* \*. That the whole Life of a Philosopher is the Meditation of his Death. But I fancy, that though it be the *End*, 'tis not the *Aim* of his Life. 'Tis his *End*, his *Extremity*, but nevertheless not his *Object*. She ought herself to be to herself her own *Aim* and *Design*; her true Study is to order, govern and suffer herself. In the Number of several other Offices, that the general and principal *Chapter* of knowing how to live comprehends, is this Article of knowing how to die; and did not our Fears give it Weight, one of the lightest too. To judge of them by the Utility, and by the naked Truth, the Lessons of Simplicity are not much inferior to those which the contrary Doctrine preaches to us. Men are differing in Sentiment and Force, we must lead them to their own Good, according to their Capacities, by various Ways:

*Quo me cumque rapit tempestas deferor hospes* †.

————— sworn to no Man's Words,  
To this and that Side I make tacks and boards,  
Now plung'd in Billows of the active Life,  
At Virtue's Anchor ride contemplative †.

I never saw any Countryman of my Neighbours concern himself with the Thought of, with what Countenance and Assurance he should pass over his last Hour; Nature teaches him not to dream of Death 'till he is dying; and then he does it with a better Grace than *Aristotle*, upon whom Death presses with a double Weight, both of itself, and of so long a Premeditation, and therefore it was the Opinion of *Cæsar*, that the least premeditated Death was the easiest and the most happy. *Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est* ||. He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary. The Sharpness of this Imagination springs from our own Curiosity. Thus do we ever hinder ourselves, desiring to prevent and govern natural Prescriptions. 'Tis only for Doctors to dine worst, when

\* *Cic. Tusc.* † *Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 1.*  
‡ *Sir Rich. Fanshew.* || *Senec. Ep. 92.*

in the best Health, and that they have the best Stomachs, and to frown and be out of Humour at the Image of Death. The common Sort stand in need of no Remedy or Consolation, but just in the Shock, and when the Blow comes; and consider no more than just what they endure. Is it not then, as we say, that the Stupidity and Name of Apprehension in the Vulgar gives them that Patience in present Evils, and that profound Carelessness of future sinister Accidents? That their Souls, by being more gross and dull, are less penetrable, and not so easily moved? If it be so, let us henceforth, in *God's Name*, teach nothing but *Ignorance*. 'Tis the utmost Fruit which the *Sciences* promise us, to which this Stupidity so gently leads it's Disciples. We have no Want of good Masters, who are Interpreters of natural Simplicity. *Socrates* shall be one: For, as I remember, he speaks something to this Purpose, to the Judges who sat upon his Life and Death. *I am afraid (Gentlemen) that if I intreat you to put me to Death, I shall confirm the Evidence of my Accusers, which is, that I pretend to be wiser than others, as having some more secret Knowledge of Things that are above and below us. I know very well, that I have neither frequented nor known Death, nor have ever seen any Person that has tried his Qualities, from whom to inform myself. Such as fear it presuppose they know it; as for my Part, I neither know not what it is, nor what they do in the other World. Death is, perhaps, an indifferent Thing; perhaps, a Thing to be desired. 'Tis nevertheless to be believed, if it be a Transmigration from one Place to another, that it is a Bettering of one's Condition, to go live with so many great Persons deceased, and to be exempt from having any more to do with unjust and corrupted Judges: If it be an Annihilation of our Being, 'tis yet a Bettering of one's Condition, to enter into a long and peaceable Night. We find nothing more sweet in Life than a quiet Repose, and a profound Sleep without Dreams. The Things that I know to be evil, as to offend a Man's Neighbour, and to disobey one's Superior, whether it be God or Man, I carefully avoid: Such as I do not know whether they be good or evil, I cannot fear them. If I go to die, and leave you alive,*

*the*

the Gods only know whether it will go better either with you or me; wherefore as to what concerns me, you may do as you shall think fit; but, according to my Method of advising just and profitable Things, I do affirm, That you will do your Conscience more right to set me at Liberty, unless you see farther into the Cause than I. And judging according to my past Actions, both publick and private, according to my Intentions, and according to the Profit of so many of our Citizens, both old and young, daily extract from my Conversation, and the Fruit that you reap from me yourselves, you cannot more duly acquit yourselves towards my Merit, than by ordering, that, my Poverty considered, I should be maintained in the \* Prytaneum, at the publick Expence; a Thing that I have often known you with less Reason grant to others. Do not impute it to Obstinacy or Disdain, that I do not, according to the Custom, supplicate, and go about to move you to Commiseration. I have both Friends and Kindred not being (as Homer says) begotten of a Block or of a Stone, no more than others, that are able to present themselves before you in Tears and Mourning, and I have three desolate Children with which to move you to Compassion: But I should do a Shame to your City, at the Age I am, and in the Reputation of Wisdom, wherein I now stand, to appear in such an abject Form. What would Men say of the other Athenians? I have always admonished those who have frequented my Lectures, not to redeem their Lives by an indecent Action; and in any of the Wars of my Country, at Amphipolis, Potidea, Delia, and other Expeditions where I have been, I have effectually manifested how far I was from securing my Safety by my Shame. I should moreover interest your Duty, and should tempt you to unhandsom Things: For 'tis not for my Prayers to persuade you, but for the pure and solid Reason of Justice. You have sworn to the Gods to keep yourselves upright, and it would seem as if I suspected, or would re-criminate upon you; should I not believe that you are so: And I should give Evidence against myself, not to believe them as I ought, mistrusting their Conduct, and not purely committing my Affair into their Hands. I do wholly rely upon them, and hold myself assured, they will do in

\* The publick  
Exchequer.



*this what shall be most fit both for you and me. Good Men, whether living or dead, have no Reason to fear the Gods.*

Is not this innocent childish Pleading of an unimaginable Loftiness, and in what a Necessity employed? In earnest he had very good Reason to prefer it to that which the great Orator *Lysias* had pen'd for him; admirably couched indeed in the judiciary Stile, but unworthy of so noble a Criminal. Had a suppliant Voice been heard out of the Mouth of *Socrates*, that lofty Virtue had struck Sail in the Height of it's Glory. And ought his rich and powerful *Nature* to have committed her Defence to *Art*, and, in her highest Proof, have renounced Truth and Simplicity, the Ornaments of his Speaking, to adorn and deck itself with the Embellishments of Figures, and Equivocations of a premeditated Speech? He did very wisely, and like himself, not to corrupt the Tenour of an incorrupt Life, and so sacred an Image of human Form, to spin out his Decrepitude, the poor Etching of a Year, and to betray the immortal Memory of that glorious End. He owed his Life, not to himself, but to the Example of the World. Had it not been a publick Damage, that he should have concluded it after a lazy and obscure Manner? Doubtless, that careless and indifferent Consideration of his Death, very well deserves that Posterity should consider him so much the more, as they also did. And there is nothing so just in *Justice*, as that which *Fortune* ordained for his Recommendation. For the *Athenians* abominated all those who had been Caufers of his Death to such a Degree, that they avoided them as excommunicated Persons, and looked upon every Thing as polluted, that had been but touched by them; no one would wash with them in the publick Baths; none would salute, or own Acquaintance with them; so that at last, unable longer to support this public Hatred, they hang'd themselves. If any one should think, that amongst so many other Examples that I had to chuse out of in the Sayings of *Socrates*, for my present Purpose, I have made an ill Choice of this, and shall judge that this Discourse is elevated above common Conceit; I must tell them that I have purposely done it; for I am of another  
Opinion,

Opinion, and do hold it a Discourse in Rank and Simplicity much behind and inferior to common Contrivance. He represents in an inartificial Boldness, and infantive Security, the pure and first Impression and Ignorance of *Nature*. For it is to be believ'd, that we have naturally a Fear of Pain, but not of Death, by reason of itself. 'Tis a Part of our Being, and no less essential than Living. To what End should *Nature* have begot in us a Hatred to it, and a Horror of it, considering that it is of so great Utility to her in maintaining the Succession and Vicissitude of her Works? And that in this universal Republick, it concludes more to Truth and Augmentation, than to Loss or Ruin.

—*sic rerum summa novatur,*  
*Mille animas una necata dedit*— †.

The Failing of one Life, is the Passage to a thousand other Lives: *Nature* has imprinted in *Beasts* the Care of themselves, and of their Conservation. Nay, they proceed so far, as to be timorous of being worse, of hitting or hurting themselves, and of our haltering and beating them: Accidents that are subject to their Sense and Experience; but that we should still them they cannot fear, nor have not the Faculty to imagine and conclude such a thing as Death. Yet it is said, that we see them not only chearfully undergo it, *Horses* for the most part neighing, and *Swans* singing when they die; but moreover seek it at need, of which *Elephants* have given many Examples. But besides all this, is not the way of arguing, which *Socrates* here makes use of, equally admirable, both in Simplicity and Vehemence? Really, it is much more easy to speak like *Aristotle*, and to live like *Cæsar*, than to speak and live as *Socrates* did. There lyes the extreme degree of Perfection and Difficulty. Art cannot reach it. Now, our Faculties are not so train'd up. We do not try, we do not know them, we invest our selves with those of others, and let our own lye idle. As some one may

*Beasts naturally solicitous of their Preservation.*

† *Lucret. l. 2.*

say of me, That I have here only made a Nosegay of cull'd Flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the Thread that ties them. In earnest, I have so far yielded to the publick Opinion, that those borrow'd Ornaments do accompany me, but I do not think that they totally cover and hide me; that is quite contrary to my Design, who desire to make a shew of nothing but what is my own, and what is my own by *Nature*: And had I taken my own Advice, I had at all Adventures spoken purely alone. I daily more and more load my self every Day beyond my Purpose and first Method, upon the account of Idleness and the Humour of the Age. If it misbecomes me, as I believe it does, 'tis no matter, it may be of use to some other. Such there are, who quote *Plato* and *Homer*, who never saw either of them: And I also have taken out of Places far enough distant from their Source, without Pains and without Learning, having a thousand Volumes about me in the Place where I write, I can presently borrow, if I please, from a dozen such Scrap-gatherers as I am, Authors that I do not much trouble my self withal, wherewith to embellish this Treatise of Physiognomy. There needs no more, but a preliminary Epistle of the *German Cut*, to stuff me with Proofs, and we, by that Means, go a begging for a fading *Glory*, and a cheating the sottish World. These *Rhapsodies* of *Common Places*, wherewith so many furnish their *Studies*, are of little use but to common Subjects, and serve but to shew, and not to direct us; a ridiculous Fruit of Learning, that *Socrates* does so pleasantly canvass against *Euthydemus*. I have seen Books made of Things that were never either studied or understood; the Author committing to several of his learned Friends, the Examination of this and t'other Matter to compile it; contenting himself for his Share to have projected the Design, and by his Industry to have tied together this *Faggot* of unknown Provision; the Ink and Paper at least are his. This is to buy or borrow a Book, and not to make one; 'tis to shew Men, not that a Man can make a Book, but that, whereof they may be in doubt, that he cannot make one. A *President* in my hearing boasted, that he had clutter'd two hundred and odd common Places  
in

in one of his *Judgments*; in telling which he deprived himself of the Glory that had been attributed to him. In my Opinion, a pusillanimous and absurd Vanity for such a Subject, and such a Person. I do quite contrary; and amongst so many borrowed Things, am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new Service, at the hazard of having it said, that 'tis for want of understanding it's natural Use. I give it some particular Address of my own Hand, to the End it may not be so absolutely strange. These set their Thefts to shew and value themselves upon them. And also they have more Credit with the Laws than with me. We Naturalists think that there is a great and incomparable Preference in the Honour of Invention to that of Quotation. If I would have spoke by Learning, I had spoke sooner, I had writ in a Time nearer to my Studies, when I had more Wit and a better Memory; and would rather have trusted to the Vigour of that Age than this, would I have professed Writing. And what if this gracious Favour which *Fortune* has lately offer'd me upon the account of this Work, had befallen me in such a time of my Life, instead of this, wherein 'tis equally desirable to possess, and ready to lose? Two of my Acquaintances, great Men in this Faculty, have in my Opinion lost half, in refusing to publish at forty Years old, that they might stay till threescore. Maturity has it's Defects as well as Verdure, and worse; and Old Age is as unfit for this Kind of Business as any other; he that commits his Decrepitness to the Press, plays the Fool, if he thinks to squeeze any thing out from thence that does not relish of Dotage and Stupidity. Our Wits grow costive and thick in growing old. I deliver my Ignorance in Pomp and State, and my Learning meagerly and poorly; this accidentally and accessorily, that principally and expressly; and write purposely of nothing but nothing, nor of any Science but that of Inscience. I have chosen a Time, when my Life, which I am to give an Account of, lyes wholly before me; what remains holds more of Death. And of my Death only, should I find it a  
prating

*Old Age unfit  
for writing of  
Books.*

prating Death as others do, I would moreover give an Account at my Departure. *Socrates* was a perfect Exemplar in all great Qualities, and I am vexed that he had so deform'd a Body as he said, and so unsuitable to the Beauty of his Soul, himself being so amorous, and such an Admirer of *Beauty*. Nature surely did him Wrong. There is nothing more likely than a Conformity and Relation of the Body to the Soul. *Ipsi animi magni refert quali in corpore locati sint: Multi enim è corpore existunt, quæ acuum mentem; multa quæ obtundunt\**; It is of great Consequence in what Bodies Souls are placed, for many things spring from the Body that sharpen the Mind, and many that blunt and dull it. This speaks of an unnatural Ugliness and Deformity of Limbs: But we call that Ill-favouredness also, an Unseemliness at first sight, which is principally lodged in the Face, and distastes us by the Complexion, a Spot, a rude Countenance, sometimes from some inexplicable Cause, in Members nevertheless of good Symmetry and perfect in themselves. The Deformity that cloth'd a very beautiful Soul in *Baotia*, was of this Predicament. That superficial Ugliness, which nevertheless is always the most imperious, is of least Prejudice to the State of the Mind, and of little Certainty in the Opinion of Men. The other, which by a more proper Name, is call'd a more substantial Deformity, strikes deeper in. Not every Shoe of smooth shining Leather, but every Shoe neatly made, shews the interior Shape of the Foot. As *Socrates* said of his, that it accused just so much in his Soul, had he not corrected it by Institution; but, in saying so, I believe he did but scoff, as his Custom was, and never so excellent a Soul made it self. I cannot often enough repeat how great an Esteem I have for Beauty, that potent and advantageous Quality. He call'd it a short Tyranny, and *Plato*, the Privilege of Nature. We have nothing that excels it in Reputation; it has the

*What Beauty is,  
and how much  
to be esteemed.*

\* *Cic. Tusc. lib. 1.*

first Place in the Commerce of Men ; it presents it self to meet us, seduces and prepossesses our Judgments with great Authority and wonderful Impression. *Phryne* had lost her Cause, in the Hands of an excellent *Advocate*, if opening her Robe, she had not corrupted her Judges by the Lustre of her Beauty. And I find that *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, and *Cæsar*, the three Masters of the World, never neglected Beauty in their greatest Affairs ; no more did the first *Scipio*. The same Word in *Greek* signifies both *fair* and *good*, and the *Holy Ghost* oft calls those *good*, whom he means *fair*. I should willingly maintain the Priority of Things call'd *Goods*, according to the Song, which *Plato* calls an idle thing, taken out of some of the ancient *Poets*, of *Health*, *Beauty* and *Riches*. *Aristotle* says, that the Right of Command belongs to the Beautiful ; and when there is a Person whose Beauty comes near the Images of the *Gods*, that then Veneration is likewise due. To one that asked him why People oftener and longer frequented the Company of handsom Persons ? *The Question*, said he, *is not to be asked by any but one that is blind*. The most and the greatest *Philosophers* paid for their *Schooling*, and acquired Wisdom by the Favour and Mediation of Beauty. Not only in the Men that serve me, but also in the Beasts, I consider them with in two Fingers breadth of *Goodness* : And yet I fancy that those Features and Moulds of a Face, and those Lineaments by which Men guess at our internal Complexions, and our *Fortunes* to come, is a thing that does not very directly and simply lye under the Chapter of Beauty and Deformity, no more than every good Odour and Serenity of Air promises Health, nor all Fog and Stink, Infection and a time of Pestilence. Such as accuse Ladies of contradicting their Beauty by their Manners, do not always hit right ; for, in a Face which is none of the best, there may lye some Air of Probity and Trust : As, on the contrary, I have seen betwixt two beautiful Eyes, Menaces of a dangerous and malignant Nature. There are some *Physiognomies* that are favourable, so that in a Crowd of victorious Enemies, you shall presently choose, amongst Men you never saw before,

Beautiful Persons fit to command.

one rather than another, to whom to surrender, and with whom to intrust your Life, and yet not properly upon the Consideration of *Beauty*. A Man's Looks is but a feeble *Guaranty*, and yet is something considerable too: And if I were to lash them, I would most severely scourge the wicked ones, who belie and betray the Promises that Nature has planted in their Foreheads. I should with great Severity punish Malice in a mild and gentle Aspect. It seems as if there were some happy and some unhappy Faces; and I believe there is some Art in distinguishing affable from simple Faces, severe from rude, malicious from pensive, scornful from melancholick, and such other bordering Qualities. There are Beauties which are not only fair, but sour; and others that are not only sweet, but more than that, faint. To prognosticate future Adventures, is a thing that I shall leave undecided. I have, as to my own Concern, as I have said elsewhere, simply and nakedly embraced this ancient Rule, *That we cannot fail in following Nature, and that the sovereign Precept is to conform our selves to her.* I have not, as *Socrates* did, corrected my natural Complexions by the Force of *Reason*, and have not in the least molested my Inclination by *Art*. I have let my self go as I came; I contend not. My two principal Parts live of their own accord in Peace and good Intelligence, but my *Nurse's* Milk, thanks be to God, was tolerable wholesome and good. Let me say this by the Way, that I see a certain Image of scholastick Honesty, almost only in Use amongst us, in greater Esteem than 'tis really worth; a Slave to Precepts, and fetter'd with Hope and Fear. I would have it such, as that *Laws* and *Religions* should not make, but perfect and authorize it, that finds it has wherewithal to support it self without help, born and rooted in us from the Seed of universal *Reason*, and imprinted in every Man by *Nature*. That Reason which rectified *Socrates* from his vicious Bent, renders him obedient to God, and Men of *Authority* in his City; courageous in Death, not because his Soul is immortal, but because he is mortal. 'Tis a *Doctrine* ruinous to all *Government*, and much more hurtful than ingenious and subtle, which persuades the People, that

a religious Belief is alone sufficient, and without Morals, to satisfy the divine Justice. Custom demonstrates to us a vast Distinction betwixt *Devotion* and *Conscience*. I have a tolerable Aspect, both in Form and Interpretation :

*Quid dixi, habere me? Imo habui, Chreme,  
Hæu! tantum attriti corporis ossa vides\*.*

Have, did I say? No, *Chremes*, I had once,  
Of a worn Body thou but see'st the Bones.

and that makes a quite contrary Shew to that of *Socrates*. It has often happen'd to me, that upon the mere Credit of my Presence, and the Air of my Face, Persons who had no manner of Knowledge of me, have put a very great Confidence in me, whether in their own Affairs or mine: And I have in Foreign Parts obtain'd Favours both singular and rare; but amongst the rest, these two Examples are perhaps worth particular Relation: A certain Person deliberated to surprize my House and me in it; his Artifice was, to come to my Gates alone, and to be importunate to be let in: I knew him by Name, and had reason to repose a Confidence in him, as being my Neighbour, and something related to me. I caus'd the Gates to be open'd to him, as I do to every one, where I found his Horse panting, and all on a foam. He presently popp'd me in the Mouth with this *Flim-flam*: *That about half a League off, he had unluckily met with a certain Enemy of his, whom I also knew, and had heard of their Quarrel; that this Enemy had given him a very brisk Chace, and that having been surprized in Disorder, and his Party being too weak, he was fled to my Gates for Refuge; and that he was in great Trouble for his Followers, whom, he said, he concluded to be all either dead or taken.* I innocently did my best to comfort, assure, and refresh him. Presently after, comes four or five of his Soldiers, that presented themselves in the same Countenance and Affright to get in too, and after them more, and still more, very well mounted and armed, to the Number of five and twenty or thirty, pretending that they had

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



the Enemy at their Heels. The Mystery began a little to awake my Suspicion. I was not ignorant what an Age I liv'd in, how much my House might be envy'd, and I had several Examples of others of my Acquaintances, who had miscarried after that manner. So it was, that knowing there was nothing to be got in having begun to do a Courtesy, unless I went through with it, and I could not disengage myself from them without spoiling all; I let myself go the most natural and simple way, as I always do, and invited them all to come in. And in truth, I am naturally very little inclin'd to Suspicion and Distrust. I willingly incline towards Excuse, and the gentlest Interpretation. I take Men according to the common Order, and no more believe those perverse and unnatural Inclinations, unless convinced by manifest Evidence, than I do Monsters and Miracles; and am moreover a Man, who willingly commit myself to *Fortune*, and throw myself headlong into her Arms; and have hitherto found more reason to applaud, than to condemn my Conduct in so doing; having ever found her more solicitous of, and more a Friend to my Affairs, than I am myself. There are some Actions in my Life, wherein the Conduct may justly be called difficult, or, if they please, prudent. Yet of those, supposing the third Part to have been my own, doubtless the other two thirds were absolutely and solely hers. We are, methinks, to blame, in not trusting *Heaven* enough with our Affairs, and pretend to more from our own Conduct than belongs to us. And therefore it is that our Designs so often miscarry. God is displeas'd at the Extent we attribute to the Right of Human Prudence above his, and cuts it shorter, by how much the more we amplify it. The last Comers kept themselves on Horseback in my Court, whilst their Leader was with me in the Parlour, who would have his Horse set up in the Stable, saying, he would immediately retire, so soon as he should have News of the rest of his Men. He saw himself Master of his Enterprize, and nothing now remain'd but the Execution. He has since several times said (for he was not ashamed to tell the Story himself) that my Countenance and Freedom had snatch'd the Treachery out of his Hands. He again mounted his Horse. his Followers having continu-  
ally

ally their Eyes intent upon him, to see when he would give the Sign; very much astonished to see him march away, and leave his Prey behind him. Another time, relying upon I know not what *Truce*, newly published in the Army, I took a Journey through a very fickle Country. I had not rid far, but I was discovered, and two or three Parties of Horse, from several Places, were sent out to take me; one of them the third Day overtook me, where I was charged by fifteen or twenty Gentlemen in *Vizors*, follow'd at a Distance by a Band of *Argoulets*. Here I was surrounded and taken, withdrawn into the Thick of a neighbouring Forest, dismounted, robb'd, my Trunks rifled, my Cabinet taken, and my Horses and Equipages divided amongst new Masters. We had in this Copsé a very long Contest about my *Ransom*, which they set so high, that it very well appear'd I was not known to them. They were moreover in a very great Debate about my Life; and in truth, there were several Circumstances that threatned me with the Danger I was in.

*Tunc animis opus, Ænea, tunc pectore firmo* \*.

Then, then, *Æneas*, was there need  
Of an undaunted Heart indeed.

I still insisted upon the *Truce*, being willing they should only have the Gain of what they had already taken from me, which also was not to be despised, without Promise of any other *Ransom*. After two or three Hours that we had been in this Place, and that they had mounted me on a pitiful Jade that was not likely to run from them, and committed me to the Guard of fifteen or twenty *Harquebussiers*, and dispersed my Servants to others, having given order that they should carry us away Prisoners several ways, and being already got some two or three Musquet-shot from the Place;

*Jam prece Pollucis jam Castoris implorata* †;

Whilst I implor'd *Castor* and *Pollux* Aid.

\* *Virgil. Æneid. l. 6.*

† *Catullus.*

behold a sudden and unexpected Alteration, I saw the Chief amongst them return to me with gentler Language, making search amongst the Troopers for my squander'd Goods, and causing as many as could be recover'd to be restor'd to me, even to my Casket; but the best Present they made me, was my Liberty, for the rest did not much concern me in those Days. The true Cause of so sudden a Change, and of this more mature Deliberation, without any apparent Impulse, and of so miraculous a Repentance, in such a time, in a plotted and deliberated Enterprize, and become just by Custom; (for at the first dash I plainly confessed to them of what Party I was, and whither I was going) was what I really do not yet rightly apprehend. The most eminent amongst them, who pull'd off his Vizor, and told me his Name, then several times told me over and over again, that I was oblig'd for my Deliverance to my Countenance, and the Liberty and Boldness of my Speech, that render'd me unworthy of such a Mischance, and demanded Assurance from me of the like Courtesy. 'Tis probable that the Divine Bounty would make use of this vain Instrument of my Preservation, and moreover defended me the next Day from other and worse *Ambushes*, which even these had given me warning of. The last of these two Gentlemen is yet living, to give an Account of the Story; the first was killed not long ago. If my Face did not answer for me, if Men did not read in my Eyes and Voice, the Innocency of my Intention, I had not liv'd so long without Quarrels, and without giving Offence, with the indiscreet Liberty I take, right or wrong, to say whatever comes at my Tongue's End, and to judge so rashly of Things. This way may with Reason appear uncivil, and ill adapted to our way of Conversation; but I have never met with any who have judg'd it outrageous or malicious, or that took Offence at my Liberty, if he had it from my own Mouth. Repeated Words have another kind of *Sound* and *Sense*: Neither do I hate any Person whatever, and am so slow to offend, that I cannot do it, even upon the account of Reason itself. And when Occasion has invited me to sentence Criminals, I have rather chose to fail in point of *Justice*, than to do it. *Ut magis peccari nolim, quam satis animi ad vindicanda peccata*

*cata habeam; So that I had rather Men should not offend, than that I should have the Heart to condemn them. Aristotle, 'tis said, was reproach'd for having been too merciful to a wicked Man: I was indeed, said he, merciful to the Man, but not to his Wickedness. Ordinary Judgments exasperate themselves to Punishment by the Horror of the Fact. Even this cools mine. The Horror of the first Murther makes me fear the second, and the Deformity of the first Cruelty makes me abhor all Imitation of it. That may be apply'd to me, who am but a Knave of Clubs, which was said of Charillus, King of Sparta, He cannot be good because he is not evil to the Wicked. Or thus, for Plutarch delivers it both these ways, as he does a thousand other things, variously, and contrary to one another. He must needs be good, because he is so even to the Wicked. Even as in lawful Actions, I do not care to employ myself, when for such as are displeas'd at it; so to say the Truth, in unlawful things, I do not make Conscience enough of employing myself, when for such as are willing.*

Aristotle reproach'd for being merciful.



### CH A P. XIII.

#### Of Experience.

**N**O Desire in us is more natural than that of Knowledge: we try all Ways that can lead to it; where Reason is wanting, we therein employ Experience:

*Per varios usus artem experientia fecit,  
Exemplo monstrante viam\*.*

By several Proofs Experience Art has made,  
Example being Guide.

which is a means much more weak and cheap. But *Truth* is so great a thing, that we ought not to disdain any Me-

\* *Manilius.*