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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. XIII. Of Experience.

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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.

NO 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.*

diation that will guide us to it. *Reason* has so many Forms that we know not which to take; *Experience* has no fewer. The Consequence we will draw from the Conference of Events is unsure, by Reason they are always unlike. There is no Quality so universal in this Image of Things as Diversity and Variety. Both the *Greeks*, the *Latins*, and we, for the most express Example of Similitude, have pitch'd upon that of Eggs. And yet there have been Men, particularly one at *Delphos*, who could distinguish Marks of Difference amongst Eggs so well, that he never mistook one for another; and, having many *Hens*, could tell which had laid it. Dissimilitude intrudes itself of itself in our Works; no Art can arrive at a perfect Similitude. Neither *Perozet*, nor any other *Card-maker*, can so carefully polish and blank the Back of his *Cards*, that some Gamesters will not distinguish them by only seeing them shuffled by another: Resemblance does not so much make one, as Difference makes another. *Nature* has oblig'd herself to make nothing other that was not unlike. And yet I am not much pleased with his Opinion, who thought by the Multitude of Laws to curb the Authority of *Judges*, in cutting them out the Cantels. He was not aware that there is as much Liberty and Stretch in the Interpretation of *Laws*, as in their Fashion; and they but Fools themselves, who think to lessen and stop our Debates by summoning us to the express Words of the *Bible*: Forasmuch as human Wit does not find the Field less spacious wherein to controvert the Sense of another, than to deliver his own; and, as if there were less Animosity and Tartness in the *Glossing* than *Invention*. We see how much he was deceived; for we have more *Laws* in *France* than in all the rest of the World besides; and more than would be necessary for the Government of all the Worlds of *Epicurus*. *Ut olim flagitiis, sic nunc legibus laboramus**: So that as formerly we were sick of *Wickedness*, we are now sick of the *Laws*: And yet we have left so much to the Debate and Decision

Were Montaigne now alive and acquainted with all the Laws of Great Britain, he would change his Mind.

* Tacitus.

of our *Judges*, that there never was so full and uncontrol'd a Liberty. What have our *Legislators* got by culling out an hundred thousand particular Cases, and for those, by having added an hundred thousand Laws? This Number holds no manner of Proportion with the infinite Diversity of human Actions; the Multiplications of our *Inventions* will never arrive at the Variety of *Examples*. Add to them an hundred times as many more, it will not nevertheless ever happen, that of Events to come, there shall any one fall out, that, in this great Number of Millions of Events so chosen and recorded, shall jump with any one, to which it can be so exactly coupled and compared, that there will not remain some Circumstances and Diversity, which will require a Variety of Judgment. There is little Relation betwixt our *Actions* that are in perpetual Mutation, and fix'd and immobile Laws; the most to be desir'd, are those that are the most rare, the most simple and general: And I am farther of Opinion, that it would be better for us to have none at all, than to have them in so prodigious Numbers as we have. *Nature* always gives them better, and more pure than those are which we make ourselves; witness the Picture of the *Golden Age*, and the State wherein we see *Nations* live, who have no other. Some there are, who, for their only *Judge*, take the first Passer by that travels along their Mountains, to determine their Cause: *Passengers made use of for Judges.*

And others, who on their Market-Day chuse out some one amongst them upon the Place, to decide all their Controversies. What Danger would there be, that the wisest should so determine ours, according to Occurrences, and by Sight, without Obligation of Example and Consequence? *Every Shoe to his own Foot.* King *Ferdinand* sent *Colonies* to the *Indies*, and wisely provided that they should not carry along with them any Students of the *Long Robe*, for fear lest Suits would get footing in that *New World*; as being a *Science*, in it's own Nature, the Mother of Alteration and Decision; judging with *Plato*, that *Lawyers* and *Physicians* are the *Pests* of a Country. Whence does it come to pass that our common Languages, so easy for all other Uses, become obscure, and are unintelligible in *Wills* and *Contracts*? And that he who

so clearly expresse himself, whatever he speaks or writes, cannot find in this any way of declaring himself that he does not fall into Doubt and Contradiction? If it be not that these *Princes* of that *Art*, applying themselves with a peculiar Attention to invent and cull out hard Words, and contrive artificial Clauses, have so weigh'd every Syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of Quirk, that they are now confounded and intangled in the Infinity of Figures, and so many minute Divisions, that they can no more fall into any Rule or Prescription, nor any certain Intelligence. *Confusum est quicquid usque in pulverem sectum est; Whatever is beaten into Powder is confused.* As you have Children trying to bring a Mass of Quicksilver into a certain Number of Parts, the more they press and work it, and endeavour to reduce it to their own Will, the more they irritate the Liberty of this generous Metal; it mocks and evades their Endeavour, and sparkles itself into so many separate Bodies, as frustrates all Account: So it is here, for in subdividing these Subtilties, we teach Men to increase their Doubts, they pull us into a way of stretching and diversifying Difficulties, they lengthen and disperse them. In sowing and retailing of Questions, they make the World to fructify and increase in Uncertainties and Disputes. As the Earth is made fertile by being crumbled and husbanded deep. *Difficultatem facit Doctrina; Doctrina begets Difficulty.* We doubted of *Ulpian*, and are now more perplexed with *Bartolus* and *Baldus*. We should put out the Trace of this innumerable Diversity of Opinions, not adorn ourselves with it, and fill Posterity with *Crotchets*. I know not what to say to it, but Experience makes it manifest, that so many Interpretations dissipate Truth, and break it. *Aristotle* writ to be understood, which if he could not be, much less will another that is not so good at it; and a third than he who expressed his own Thoughts. We open the Matter, and spill it in pouring out. Of one Subject we make a thousand, and in multiplying and subdividing them, fall again into the Infinity of Atoms of *Epicurus*. Never did two Men make the same Judgment of the same thing; and 'tis impossible to find two Opinions exactly alike, not only in several Men, but in the same Men, at divers Hours. I often find Matter of
Doubt,

Doubt, in things which the *Commentary* disdains to take notice of. I am most apt to stumble in an even Country, like some Horses that I have known, who make most Trips in the smoothest Way. Who will not say, that *Glosses* augment Doubts and Ignorance, since there's no one Book to be found, either human or divine, which the World busies itself about the Difficulties of, which are clear'd by Interpretation. The hundredth *Commentator* still refers you to the next, more knotty and perplexed than he. When were we ever agreed amongst ourselves, that a Book had enough, and that there was no more to be said? This is most apparent in the *Law*. We give the Authority of Law to infinite *Doctors*, infinite *Arrests*, and as many Interpretations; yet do we find any End of the need of interpreting? Is there for all that any Progress or Advancement towards Peace; or do we stand in need of any fewer *Advocates* and *Judges*, than when this great *Mass* of *Law* was yet in it's first Infancy! We, on the contrary, darken and bury all Intelligence. We can no more discover it, but at the Mercy of so many Fences and Barriers. Men do not know the natural Disease of the Mind, it does nothing but ferret and inquire, and is eternally wheeling, juggling, and perplexing itself; and like Silk-worms, suffocates itself with it's own Web. *Mus in pice; A Mouse in a Pitch-barrel*. It thinks it discovers at a great Distance I know not what Glimpse of Light and imaginary Truth, but whilst running to it so many Difficulties, Hindrances, and new Inquisitions cross it, that it loses it's way, and is made drunk with the Motion. Not much unlike *Æsop's* Dogs, that seeing something like a dead Body floating in the Sea, and not being able to approach it, attempted to drink the Water, to lay the *Passage* dry, and so drown'd themselves. To which, what one *Crates* said of the Writings of *Heraclitus*, falls pat enough, *That they required a Reader who could swim well, that the Depth and Weight of his Doctrine might not overwhelm and choak him*. 'Tis nothing but particular *Weakness* that makes us content ourselves with what others, or ourselves have found out in this Choice of Knowledge; one of better Understanding would not rest so content, there is always room for one to succeed, nay even for ourselves, and every where else,

throughout; there is no End of our Inquisitions, our End si in the other World. 'Tis a Sign either that Wit is grown shorter-sighted when it is satisfied, or that it is grown weary. No generous Mind can stop in itself, it will still pretend farther, and beyond it's Power; it has *Sallies* beyond it's *Effects*. If it do not advance and press forward, and retire, rush, turn and wheel about, 'tis but sprightly by halves; it's Pursuits are without Bound or Method, it's Aliment is Admiration, Ambiguity the Chace; which *Apollo* sufficiently declar'd, in always speaking to us in a double, obscure and oblique Sense; not feeding, but amusing and puzzling us. 'Tis an irregular and perpetual Motion, without Example and without Aim. His Inventions heat, pursue, and introduce one another.

*Ainsi voit on en un ruisseau coulant
 Sans fin l'un eau, apres l'autre roulant,
 Et tout de rang, d'un eternel conduit,
 L'une fuit l'autre, & l'une autre fuit.
 Par cette cy, celle là est poussee,
 Et cette cy par l'autre est devancée:
 Toujours l'eau va dans l'eau & toujours est ce
 Mesme ruisseau, & toujours eau diverse.*

So in a running Stream one Wave we see
 After another roll incessantly,
 And, as they glide, each does successively
 Pursue the other, each the other fly:
 By this that's evermore push'd on, and this
 By that continually preceded is:
 The Water still does into Water swill,
 Still the same Brook, but diff'rent Water still.

There is more ado to interpret Interpretations than Things, and more Books upon Books than upon all other Subjects, we do nothing but comment upon one another. Every Place says, with *Commentaries* of Authors there is great Scarcity. Is it not the principal and most reputed Knowledge of our Ages to understand the Learned? Is it not the common and almost End of all Studies? Our Opinions are grafted upon one another; the first serves for a Stock to the second, the
 second

second to the third, and so on. Thus Step by Step we climb the Ladder. From whence it comes to pass, that he who is mounted highest has oft more Honour than Merit, for he is got up but a Grain upon the Shoulders of the last but one. How often, and perhaps how foolishly, have I stretched my Book, to make it speak of itself foolishly, if for no other Reason but this, that I ought to call to mind what I say of others who do the same. These frequent amorous Glances they cast upon their Works, witness that their Hearts pant with Self-love, and that even the disdainful Severity wherewith they lash and scourge them, are no other than the wanton Dissimulations of a natural Kindness; according to *Aristotle*, whose valuing and undervaluing himself, often spring from the same Air of Arrogancy: I urge for my Excuse, that I ought in this to have more Liberty than others, forasmuch as I write of my self and of my Writings, very near as I do of my other Actions; and let my Theme return unto myself, I know not whether or no every one else will take it. I have observed in *Germany*, that *Luther* has left as many Divisions and Disputes about the Doubt of his Opinions, and more than he himself has raised upon the holy Scriptures. Our Contest is verbal. I demand what *Nature* is, what *Pleasure*, *Circle* and *Substitution* are? The Question is about Words, and is answered accordingly. A Stone is a Body, but if a Man should farther urge, *and what is a Body?* Substance; *and what is Substance?* and so on, he would drive the Respondent to the End of his *Calepin*. We exchange one Word for another, and very often for one less understood. I know better what Man is, than I know what Animal is, or mortal, or rational. To satisfy one Doubt, they pop me in the Mouth with three; 'tis the *Hydra's* Head. *Socrates* asked *Memnon* what Virtue was; *There is*, says *Memnon*, *the Virtue of a Man and of a Woman, of a Magistrate, and of a private Person, of an old Man and of a Child.* *Very well*, says *Socrates*, *We were in Quest of one Virtue, and thou hast brought us a whole Swarm; we put one Question, and thou returnest a whole Hive.* As no Event, nor no Face entirely resembles another, so do they not entirely

entirely differ. An ingenious Mixture of Nature. If our Faces were not alike, we could not distinguish Man from Beast; if they were not unlike, we could not distinguish one Man from another. All Things hold by some Similitude, all Examples halt. And the Relation which is drawn from Experience is always faulty and imperfect; Comparisons are always coupled at one End or other; so do the *Laws* serve, and are fitted to every one of our Affairs, by some wrested, bias'd and forc'd Interpretation. Since the *Etbick* Laws, that concern the particular Duty of every one in himself, are so hard to be taught and observed, as we see they are; 'tis no wonder, if those which govern so many Particulars, are much more so. Do but consider the *Form* of this *Justice* that governs us, 'tis a true Testimony of human Weakness, so full it is of Error and Contradiction. What we find to be Favour and Severity in *Justice*, and we find so much of them both, that I know not whether the Mean is so often met with, are sick Parts, and unequal Members of the very Body and Office of *Justice*. The Country People run to bring me News, in great Haste, that they just left, in a Forest of mine, a Man with an hundred Wounds upon him, who was yet breathing, and begged of them Water for Pity's Sake, and help to carry him to some Place of Relief; saying, they durst not come near him, but ran away, lest the Officers of Justice should catch them there; and as it falls out with those who are found near a murdered Person, they should be called in Question about this Accident to their utter Ruin, having neither Money nor Friends to defend their Innocence. What should I have said to these People? 'Tis certain that this Office of *Humanity* would have brought them into Trouble. How many innocent have we known that have been punished without the *Judge's* Fault, and how many that have not arrived at our Knowledge? This happened in my Time. Certain Men were condemned to die for a Murther committed, their Sentence, if not pronounced, at least determined and concluded on. The *Judges*, just in the nick, are advertised by the Officers of an inferior *Court* hard by, that they have some Men in Custody, who have directly confessed the said Murther, and make an indubitable Discovery of all the Particulars
of

of the *Fact*. 'Twas then notwithstanding put to the Question, whether or no they ought to suspend Execution of the *Sentence* already passed upon the first accused. They considered the Novelty of the Example, and the Consequence of reversing Judgments, that the Sentence of Death was duly passed, and the Judges acquit of Repentance: To conclude, these poor Devils were sacrificed to the *Forms of Justice*. Philip, or some other, provided against a like Inconvenience, after this Manner; he had condemned a Man in a great Fine towards another, by a determinate *Judgment*. The Truth some time after being discovered, he found that he had passed an unjust Sentence; on one Side was the Reason of the *Cause*, on the other Side the Reason of the *Judiciary Forms*. He in some Sort satisfied both, leaving the Sentence in the State it was, and out of his own Purse recompensing the Interest of the condemned Party. But he had to do in a reparable Affair, mine were irreparably hanged. How many *Sentences* have I seen more criminal than the Crimes themselves? All which makes me remember the ancient Opinions, *That there is a Necessity a Man must do Wrong by Retail, who will do Right in Gross; and Injustice in little Things, that will come to do Justice in great: That human Justice is formed after the Model of Physick, according to which, all that is utile, is also just and honest; and of what is held by the Stoicks, That Nature herself proceeds contrary to Justice in most of her Works; and of what is received by the Cyrenaicks, that there is nothing just of itself, but that Customs and Laws make Justice: And what the Theodorians hold, that maintain Theft, Sacrilege, and all Sorts of Uncleanness just in a wise Man, if he knows them to be profitable to him; there is no Remedy, I am in the same Case that Alcibiades was, that I will never, if I can help it, put myself into the Hands of a Man, who shall determine of my Head, where my Life and Honour shall more depend upon the Care and Diligence of my Attorney, than my own Innocence. I would venture myself with such a Justice as would take Notice of my good Deeds as well as my ill, and where I had as much to hope as to fear. Indemnity is not sufficient Pay to a Man, who does better than not to do amiss; but our Justice presents us but one Hand,*

and that the left Hand too; let him be who he will, he shall be sure to go off with Loss. In *China*, of which Kingdom the Government and Arts, without Commerce with, or Knowledge of ours, surpasses our best Examples in several Parts of Excellence; and of which the History gives me to understand, how much greater and more various the World is, than either the *Ancients* or *We* have been able to penetrate: The Officers deputed by the Prince to visit the State of his Provinces, as they punish those who behave themselves ill in their Places, so do they liberally reward those who have carried themselves above the common Sort, and beyond the Necessity of their Duty; they there present themselves, not only to be approved, but to get, not simply to be paid, but to be presented. No *Judge*, thanks be to *God*, has ever yet spoke to me, in the Quality of a *Judge*, upon any Account whatever, whether my own, or that of another, whether *criminal* or *civil*; nor no *Prison* has ever received me, so much as upon the Account of entring in to see it. Imagination renders the very outside of a Gaol formidable to me: I am so enamoured to Liberty, that should I be interdicted the remotest Corners of the *Indies*, I should live a little more uneasy. And whilst I can find either *Earth* or *Air* open in any Part of the World, I shall never lurk any where, where I must hide myself. *Good God!* how ill should I endure the Condition wherein I see so many People, nailed to a Corner of the Kingdom, deprived of the Privilege of entring into the principal *Cities* and *Courts*, and the Liberty of the publick *Roads*, for having quarrel'd with our *Laws*? If those under which I live, should but wag a Finger at me, by way of Menace, I would immediately go seek out others, let them be where they would; all my little Prudence in the *Civil War* wherein we are now engaged, is employed, that they may not hinder my Liberty of riding from Place to Place. Now the *Laws* keep up their Credit, not for being *just*, but because they are *Laws*: It is the mystical Foundation of their Authority, and they have no other; and 'tis well it is so, for they are often made by Fools; for the most Part by Men that out of Hatred to Equality, go less in Equity; but always by Men who are vain and irresolute *Authors*. There is nothing so much, nor so grossly, nor

so ordinarily faulty as the *Laws*. Whoever obeys them because they are just, does not justly obey them as he ought. Our *French Laws*, by their Irregularity and Deformity, do in some Sort lend a helping Hand to Disorder and Corruption, as is manifest in their Dispensation and Execution. The Command is so perplexed and inconstant, that it in some Sort excuses both Disobedience, and the Vice of the Interpretation, the Administration and the Observation of it. What Fruit then soever we may extract from Experience, yet that however will little advantage our Institution, which we draw from foreign Examples; if we make so little Profit of that we have of our own, which is more familiar to us, and doubtless sufficient to instruct us in that whereof we have need. I study myself more than any other Subject; 'tis my *Metaphysick*, 'tis my *Physick*.

*Qua Deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
Qua venit uxoriens, qua deficit, unde coactis
Cornibus in plenum menstrua luna redit:
Unde salo superant venti, quid flamine capter
Eurus, & in nubes unde perennis aqua*.
Sit ventura dies mundi quæ subruat arces:
Quærite, quos agitat mundi labor †.*

By what means God the Universe does sway,
Or how the pale-fac'd Sister of the Day,
When, in increasing, can her Horns unite,
'Till they contract into a full orb'd Light.
Why Winds do of the Sea the better get,
Why *Eurus* blows, and Clouds are always wet;
What Day the World's great Fabrick must o'erthrow,
Let them inquire, would the World's Secrets know.

In this *University*, I suffer myself to be ignorantly and negligently led by the general Law of the World. I shall know it well enough when I feel it; my Learning cannot make it alter it's Course; it will not change itself for me, 'tis Folly to hope it, and a greater Folly to concern a Man's self about it, seeing it is necessarily alike,

* *Prop. l. 3. Eleg. 3.*

† *Lucan. l. 1.*

publick

publick and common. The Bounty and Capacity of the *Governor* ought absolutely to discharge us of all Care of the *Government*. *Philosophical Inquisitions* and *Contemplations* serve for no other Use but to increase our Curiosity. *Philosophers*, with great Reason, send us back to the *Rules of Nature*: but they have nothing to do with so sublime a Knowledge; they falsify them, and present us her Face painted with too high and too adulterate a Complexion, from whence spring so many different Pictures of so uniform a Subject; as she has given us Feet to walk withal, so has she given us Prudence to guide us in Life; not such an ingenious, robust and majestick Prudence as that of their Invention, but yet one that is easy, quiet and salutiferous; and that very well performs what the other promises, in him who has the good Luck to know how to employ it sincerely and regularly, that is to say, according to *Nature*. The most simply to commit a Man's self to *Nature*, is to do it the most wisely. Oh what a soft, easy and wholesom Pillow is Ignorance and Incuriosity, whereon to repose a well contrived Head! I had rather understand myself well in myself, than in *Cicero*; of the Experience I have of myself, I find enough to make me wise, if I were but a good *Scholar*. Whoever will call to mind the Excess of his past Anger, and to what a Degree that Fever transports him, will see the Deformity of this Passion better than in *Aristotle*, and conceive a more just Hatred against it. Whoever will remember the Hazards he has run of those that threaten'd him, and the light Occasions that have removed him from one State to another, will by that prepare himself for future Changes, and the Acknowledgment of his Condition. The Life of *Cæsar* himself has no greater Example for us than our own, and though popular and commanding, is still a Life contingent to all human Accidents. Let us but listen to it, and we apply to ourselves all whereof we have principal Need. Whoever shall call to Memory how many, and how many Times he has been mistaken in his own Judgment, is he not a great Fool if he does not ever after suspect it? When I find myself convinced by the Reason of another of a false Opinion, I do not so much learn what he has said to me that is new, and my own particular Ignorance, that
would

would be no great Purchase, as I do in general my own Debility, and the Treachery of my Understanding, from whence I extract the Reformation of the whole Mass. In all my other Errors I do the same, and find from this Rule great Utility to Life. I regard not the *Species* and *Individual*, as a Stone that I have stumbled at; I learn to suspect my Steps throughout, and am careful to place them right. To learn that a Man has said or done a foolish Thing, is a Thing of nothing. A Man must learn that he is nothing but a Fool, a much more ample and important Instruction. The false Steps that my Memory has so often made, even then when it was most secure and confident of itself, are not idly thrown away, it may now swear to me, and assure me as much as it will, I shake my Ears, and dare not trust it, the first Opposition that is made to my Testimony, puts me into Suspence; and I durst not rely upon it in any thing of Moment, nor warrant it in another Body's Concerns: And were it not that what I do for want of Memory, others do more often for want of Faith; I should always, in Matter of Fact, rather chuse to take Truth from another's Mouth than my own. If every one would pry into the Effects and Circumstances of the Passions that sway him, as I have done into that which I am most subject to, he would see them coming, and would a little break their Impetuosity and Career; they do not always seize us on a sudden, there is threatenng and Degrees.

*Fluctus uti primo cœpit cum albescere ponto,
Paulatim sese tollit mare & altius undas
Erigit, inde imo consurgit ad æthera fundo*.*

As the Sea first begins to foam and fret,
Thence higher swells, higher, and higher yet,
Till at the last the Waves so high do rise,
As seems to bid Defiance to the Skies.

Judgment holds in me a presidial Seat, at least, it carefully endeavours to make it so: It lets my Appetites

* *Lucan.*

take their own Course, as also Hatred and Friendship; nay, even that I bear to myself, without feeling Alteration or Corruption. If it cannot reform the other Parts according to it's own Model, at least it suffers not itself to be corrupted by them, but plays it's Game apart. That Advertisement to every one to know themselves, should be of important Effect, since the God of Wisdom and Light caused it to be writ on the Front of his Temple, as comprehending all he had to advise us. *Plato* says also, that Prudence is no other Thing but the Execution of this Ordinance; and *Socrates* does minutely verify the same in *Xenophon*, The Difficulties and Obscurity are not discerned in any *Science*, but by those that are got into it; for a certain Degree of Intelligence is required to be able to know what a Man knows not: And we must thrust against a Door to know whether it be bolted against us or no. From whence this *Platonick* Subtilty springs, that neither they who know are to enquire, because they know; nor they who do not know, because to enquire, they must know what they enquire of. So in this of knowing a Man's self, that every Man is seen so resolved and satisfied with himself, and that every Man thinks himself sufficiently intelligent, signifies, that every one understands nothing at all; as *Socrates* gives *Euthydemus* to understand. I who profess nothing else, do therein find so infinite a Depth and Variety, that all the Fruit I have reaped from my Learning, serves only to make me sensible how much I have to learn. To my Weakness, so often confessed, I owe the Propensity I have to Modesty, to the Obedience of Belief imposed upon me, to a constant Coldness and Moderation of Opinions, and a Hatred of that troublesom and wrangling Arrogancy, wholly believing, and trusting in itself, the capital Enemy of Discipline and Truth. Do but hear them prate and domineer, the first Fopperies they utter, 'tis in the Stile wherewith Men establish *Religion* and *Laws*. *Nil est turpius quam cognitioni, & perceptioni, assertionem, approbationemque percurrere* *. Nothing is more absurd than that Assertion and Allowance should precede Know-

* *Cic. Acad. l. 1.*

ledge and Precept. Aristarchus said, that anciently there were seven Sages to be found in the World, and in his Time scarce so many Fools. Have we not more Reason than he to say so in this Age of ours? Affirmation and Obstinacy are express Signs of want of Wit. A Fellow has stumbled and broke his Nose an hundred Times in a Day, and yet he will be at his *Ergo's* as resolute and brave as before; so that one would conclude he had had some new Soul and Vigour of Understanding infused into him since; and that it happened to him as to that ancient Son of the Earth, who took new Resolutions, and was made more daring by his Fall.

— cui cum tetigere parentem
Jam defecta vigent renovato robore membra *.

Whose broken Limbs upon his Mother laid,
Immediately new Force and Vigour had.

Did not this incorrigible Coxcomb think that he reassumed a new Understanding, by undertaking a new Dispute? 'Tis by my own Experience that I accuse human Ignorance, which is in my Opinion the surest Part of the World's School. Such as will not conclude it so in themselves, by so vain an Example as mine, or of their own, let them believe it from *Socrates*, the Master of Masters. For the Philosopher *Antisthenes* to his Disciples, Let us go, said he, and hear *Socrates*, I will be a Pupil with you. And maintaining the Doctrine of the Stoical Sect, that Virtue was sufficient to make a Life completely happy, having no need of any other Thing whatever, he added, if not of the Form of *Socrates*. The long Attention that I employ in considering myself, does also fit me to judge tolerably of others; and there are few Things whereof I speak better, and with better Excuse. I frequently happen to see more exactly, and distinguish the Conditions of my Friends better than they do themselves, I have astonished some with the Pertinence of my Description, and have given them Warning of themselves. By having

From my Infancy been accustomed to contemplate my Own Life in those of others, I have acquired a Complexion studious in that Particular. And when I am once intent upon it, I let few Things about me, whether Countenances, Humours, or Discourses, that serve to that Purpose, escape me. I study all, both what I am to avoid, and what I am to do. Also in my Friends, I discover by their Productions their inward Inclinations; not to order this infinite Variety of so divers and distracted Actions into certain Genders and Chapters, and distinctly to distribute my Parcels and Divisions under known Heads and Classes.

*Sed neque quàm multæ species, & nomine quæ sint
Est numerus*.*

But not the Number of their Kind and Names,
They are too many.

The Wise speak and deliver their Fancies more particularly, and handle them Piece by Piece. I, who see no farther into Things than as Custom informs me, generally present mine without Method; and also an Inquirer, as in this, I pronounce my Sentence by loose and unknit Articles; 'tis a Thing cannot be spoke at once, and in Gros. Relation and Conformity are not to be found in so low and common Souls as ours. Wisdom is a solid and intire Building, of which every Piece keeps it's Place, and carries it's Mark. *Sola Sapientia in se toto conversa est* †. *Wisdom only is wholly turned into itself.* I leave it to *Artists*, and I know not whether or no they will be able to bring it about in so perplexed a Thing, to marshal into distinct Bodies this infinite Diversity of Faces, to settle our Inconstancy, and set it in Order. I do not only find it hard to piece our Actions to one another, but I moreover find it very hard properly to design them every one by themselves by any principal Quality, so ambiguous and variform they are by several Lights. That which is remarked for rare in *Perseus* King of *Macedon*, that his Mind fixing it

* *Virg. Geor.*

† *Cic. de fin. lib. 3.*

self to no one Condition, wandering in all Sorts of living, and represented in Manner so wild and uncouth, that he was neither known by himself or any other, what kind of Man he was, seems almost to fill all the World. And especially I have seen another of his Stature, to whom I think this Conclusion might more properly be applied: No moderate Settledness, still running headlong from one Extreme to another, upon Occasions not to be guessed at; no Manner of Course without Traverse and wonderful Contrariety; nor no one Quality simple and unmix'd: So that the best Guess Man can one Day make will be, that he affected and studied to make himself known, by being not to be known. A Man had need have long Ears to hear himself frankly censured. And being there are few that can endure to hear it without being nettled, those who hazard the undertaking it to us, manifest a singular Effect of Friendship; for 'tis to love sincerely indeed, to attempt to hurt and offend us for our own Good. I think it rude to censure a Man whose ill Qualities are more than his good ones. *Plato* requires three Things in him that will examine the Soul of another, to wit, *Knowledge, good Will, and Boldness*. I was once asked what I should have thought myself fit for, had any one designed to make Use of me in my younger Years.

*Dum melior vires sanguis dabat, æmula nedum
Temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus*.*

Whilst better Blood my Limbs with Vigour fed,
And e'er old Age had snow'd upon my Head.

For nothing said I. And I am willing enough to profess not knowing how to do any thing, that I may so be excused from enslaving myself to another. But I had told these Truths to a Master of mine, and had controuled his Manners, if he had so pleased; not in Gross by scholastick Lessons, which I understand not, and from which I see no true Reformation spring in those that do; but by observing them by Leisure, at all Op-

* *Æneid. l. 5.*

portunities, and simply and naturally judging them an Eye-witness, distinctly one by one, giving him to understand upon what Terms he was in the common Opinion, in Opposition to his Flatterers. There is none of us that would not be worse than *Kings*, if so continually corrupted as they are with that Sort of *Vermin*. But what if *Alexander*, that great *King* and *Philosopher*, could not defend himself from them? I should have Fidelity, Judgment, and Liberty enough for that Purpose. It would be a nameless Office otherwise, both in it's Grace and Effect; and 'tis a Part that is not indifferently fit for all Men. For *Truth* itself has not the Privilege to be spoke at all Times, and in all Sorts; the Use of it, noble as it is, has it's Circumscriptions and Limits. It oft falls out, as the World now goes, that a Man lets it slip into the Ear of a *Prince*, not only to no Purpose, but moreover injuriously and unjustly. And no Man shall make me believe, that a virtuous Remonstrance may not be viciously applied, and that the Interest of the Substance is not often to give Place to that of the Form. For such a Purpose, I would have a Man that is content with his own Fortune;

Quod sit esse velit, nihilque malit †.

Who likes that present State of his,
And would not be but what he is.

and meanly born; forasmuch as on one Side, he would not be afraid to touch his Master's Heart to the Quick, through Fear by that Means of losing his Preferment: And on the other Side, being of mean Quality, he would have more easy Communion with all Sorts of People: And I would have this Office limited to only one, for to allow the Privilege of this Liberty and Privacy to many, would beget an inconvenient Irreverence; and even of that one too, I would above all Things require the Fidelity of Silence. A *King* is not to be believed when he brags of his Constancy in standing the Shock of the Enemy for his Glory, if for his Profit and Amend-

† *Mart. Ep. lib. 10. chap. 47.*

ment,

ment, he cannot stand the Liberty of a Friend's Advice, which has no other Power but to pinch his Ear, the Remainder of it's Effect being still in his own Hands. Now, there is no Condition of Man whatever who stand in so great Need of true and free Advertisement as they do. They support the publick Life, and are to satisfy the Opinion of so many Spectators, that when Men have used to conceal from them what-
 ever should divert them from their own Way, they insensibly have found them-
 selves involved in the Hatred and Detestation of their People, sometimes upon such slight Occasions as they might have avoided without any Prejudice even of their Pleasures themselves, had they been advised and set right in Time. Their *Favourites* commonly have more Regard to themselves, than they have to their Masters; and indeed it stands them upon, forasmuch as in Truth most Offices of true Friendships, when applied to the *Sovereign*, are under a rude and dangerous Hazard; so that therein there is great Need, not only of very great Affection and Freedom, but of Courage too. To conclude all this *Hodg-podg* which I scribble, here is nothing but a Register of *Essays* of my own Life, which for the internal Soundness is exemplary enough to take Instruction against the Grain; but as to bodily Health, no Man can furnish out more profitable Experience than I, who present it pure, and no Way corrupted and chang'd by Art or Opinion. Experience is properly upon it's own Dunghill in the Subject of *Physick*, where *Reason* wholly gives it Place. *Tiberius* said, that whoever had lived twenty Years ought to be responsible to himself for all Things that were hurtful or wholesom to him, and know how to order himself without *Physick*. And he might have learnt it of *Socrates*, who advising his Disciples to be solicitous of their Health, as the chiefest Study, added, that it was hard if a Man of Sense, having a Care of his Exercises and Diet, did not better know than any Physician what was good or ill for him. And also *Physick* does profess always to have Experience for the Touch of it's Operations. And *Plato* had Reason to say, that to be a right *Physician*, it would be necessary that he who would take it upon him, should

Free Advice necessary for Kings.

first himself have passed through all the Diseases he will pretend to cure, and through all the Accidents and Circumstances whereof he is to judge. 'Tis but Reason they should get the *Pox*, if they will know how to cure it; for my Part, I should put myself into such Hands: For the others but guide us, like him who paints the Sea-Rocks and Ports upon the Cloth, and there makes a Figure of a Ship to sail in all Security; and put him to't in Earnest, he knows not at which End to begin. They make such a Description of our Maladies, as a *Town Crier* does of a lost Horse or Dog, such a Colour, such a Height, such an Ear; but bring him to him, and he knows him not for all that. God grant that Physick may one Day give me some good and visible Relief, namely, when I shall cry out in good Earnest,

Tandem efficaci do manus Scientiæ *.

The Arts that promise to keep our Bodies and Souls in Health, promise a great Deal, but withal, there is none that less keep their Promise. And in our Times, those that make Profession of these Arts amongst us less manifest the Effects than any other Sort of Men. One may say of them at the most, that they sell medicinal Drugs, but that they are *Physicians* a Man cannot say. I have lived long enough to be able to give an Account of the Custom that has carried me so far. And, for whoever has a Mind to read it, as his Taster, I give him this *Essay*, wherein he will find some Articles, as my Memory shall supply me with them. I have no Custom that has not varied according to Accidents; but I only record those that I have been best acquainted with, and that hitherto have had the greatest Possession of me. My Form of Life is the same in Sicknes that it is in Health, the same Bed, the same Houses, the same Meat, and the same Drink serve me in both Conditions alike; I add nothing to them but the Moderation of more or less, according to my Strength and Appetite. My Health is to maintain my wonted State without Disturbance. I see that Sicknes puts me off it

* *Hor. Car.*

on one Side, and if I will be ruled by the *Physicians*, they will put me off on the other; so that by *Fortune* and by *Art* I am out of my Way. I believe nothing more certainly than this, that I cannot be offended by the Use of Things to which I have been so long accustomed. 'Tis for Custom to give a Form to a Man's Life, such as it best pleases; in that she is all in all: 'Tis the Beverage of *Circe* that varies our Nature as she pleases best. How many Nations, and but three Steps from us, think the Fear of the Serene that so manifestly is hurtful to us, a ridiculous Fancy, and our Watermen and Peasants despise it. You make a *German* sick if you lay him upon a *Quilt*, as you do an *Italian* if you lay him upon a *Feather-Bed*; and a *Frenchman* without *Curtains* or *Fire*. A *Spanish* Stomach cannot hold out to eat as we can, nor ours to drink like the *Swiss*. A *German* made me very merry at *Augusta* with disputing the Inconvenience of our *Hearths* by the same Arguments which we commonly make Use of in decrying their *Stoves*: For, to say the Truth, that smothered Heat, and then the Scent of that heated Matter of which the Fire is composed, very much offend such as are not used to them, not me; but as to the rest, the Heat being always equal, constant and universal, without Flame, without Smoke, and without the Wind that comes down our Chimnies, they may many Ways endure Comparison with ours. Why do we not imitate the *Roman Architecture*? For, they say, that anciently Fires were not made in their Houses, but on the outside, and at the Foot of them, from whence the Heat was conveyed to the whole Fabrick by Pipes contrived in the Wall, which were drawn twining about the Rooms that were to be warmed: Which I have seen plainly described somewhere in *Seneca*. This Gentleman hearing me commend the Conveniencies and Beauties of his *City*, which truly deserves it, began to lament me that I was to go away. And the first Inconvenience he alledged to me was, the Heaviness that the Chimneys elsewhere brought upon me. He had heard some one make this Complaint, and fix it upon us, being by Custom deprived of the Means of perceiving it at Home. All Heat that comes from the Fire makes me

weak and dull, and yet *Evenus* said, that Fire was the best Condiment of Life. I rather chuse any other Way of making myself warm. We are afraid to drink our Wines when towards the Bottom of a *Pal'd Wine in* Vessel; in *Portugal* those Fumes are *Esteem in Portu-* reputed delicate, and is the *Beverage* of Princes. In fine, every Nation has several Modes and Customs, that are not only unknown, but savage, and miraculous to some others. What should we do with those People who admit of no Testimonies, if not printed, who believe not Men if not in a Book, nor *Truth*, if not of competent Age? We dignify our Fopperies when we commit them to the *Press*. 'Tis of a great Deal more Weight to him you speak of to say, *I have seen such a Thing*, than if you only say, *I have heard such a Thing*. But I, who no more disbelieve a Man's Mouth than his Pen, and who know that Men write as indiscreetly as they speak, and that esteem this Age as much as one that's past, do as soon quote a Friend of my Acquaintance as *Aulus Gellius* or *Macrobius*, and what I have seen, as what they have writ. And as 'tis held of Virtue, that it is not greater for having continued longer, so do I hold of *Truth*, that for being older it is not wiser. I often say, that it is meer Folly that makes us run after strange and scholastick Examples: Their Fertility is the same now that it was in the Time of *Homer* and *Plato*. But is it not that we derive more Honour from the Quotation than from the Truth of the Discourse? As if it were to borrow our Proof from the Shops of *Vascofan* or of *Plantin*, than of what is to be seen in our own Village: Or else indeed, that we have not the Wit to cull out and make useful what we see before us, and judge of it lively enough to draw it into Example. For if we say that we want Authority to procure Faith to our Testimony, we speak from the Purpose, for as much as, in my Opinion, of the most ordinary, common, and known Things, could we but find out their Light, the greatest Miracles of Nature might be formed, and the most wonderful Examples, especially upon the Subject of human Actions. Now upon the Subject I am speaking of, setting aside the Examples I have gathered from

Books,

Books, and what *Aristotle* says of *Andron* the *Argian*, that he travel'd over the dry scorching Sands of *Libya* without drinking; a Gentleman who has behaved himself very well in several Employments, said, in a Place where I was, that he had rid from *Madrid* to *Lisbon* in the Heat of *Summer*, without any Drink at all; he is very healthful, and vigorous for his Age, and hath nothing extraordinary in the Course and method of Living, but this, to live sometimes two or three Months, nay, a whole Year, without drinking. He is sometimes dry, but he lets his Drought pass over, and holds it is an Appetite which easily goes of itself; He drinks more out of Humour, than either for Need or Pleasure. Here is another Example: 'Tis not long ago that I found one of the learned'st Men in *France*, among those of the greatest Fortunes, studying in a Corner of a Hall that they had separated for him with Tapestry, and about him a Rabble of his Servants, that you may be sure were rude and loud enough. He told me, and *Seneca* almost says the same of himself, he made an Advantage of this Noise; as if beaten with this Rattle, he so much the better recollected and retired himself into himself for Contemplation, and that this Tempest of Voices drove back his Thoughts within himself. Being at *Padua*, he had his Study so long situated in the Rattle of Coaches, and the Tumult of the public Place, that he not only formed himself to the Contempt, but even to the Use of Noise, for the Service of his Studies. *Socrates* answer'd *Alcibiades*, who being astonish'd at his Patience, ask'd him how he could endure the perpetual Scolding of his Wife, *Why*, said he, *as those do who are accustomed to the ordinary Noise of Wheels to draw Water*. I am quite otherwise; I have a tender Head, and easily discomposed; when 'tis bent upon any thing, the least buzzing of a Fly tears it into Pieces. *Seneca*, in his Youth, having, by the Example of *Sextius*, put on a positive Resolution of eating nothing but what died of itself, pass'd over a whole Year in this Diet, and, as he said, with Pleasure, and only left it off, that he might not be suspected of taking up this Rule from some new Religion, by which it was prescribed. But he took up withal, from the Precepts of *Attalus*, a
Custom,

Custom, not to lye any more upon any sort of Bedding that yielded under a Man's Weight, but even to his old Age made use of such as would not yield to any Pressure. What the Custom of his Time made him account Authority, that of ours makes us look upon as Effeminacy and Ease. Do but observe the Difference betwixt the way of Living of my Labourers, and that of mine; the *Indies* have nothing more remote both from my Force and Method. I know very well, that I have pick'd up Boys from begging to serve me, who soon after have quitted both my *Kitchen* and *Livery*, only that they might return to their former Course of Life: and found one afterwards gathering *Muscles* out of the *Sink* for his Dinner, whom I could neither by Intreaties nor Threats reclaim from the Sweetness he found in Indigence. *Beggars* have their Magnificences and Delights, as well as the Rich; and 'tis said, their *Dignities* and *Politicks*. These are the Effects of Custom, she can mould us not only into what Form she pleases, (and yet the *Sages* say, we ought to apply our selves to the best, which she would soon make easy to us) but also to Change and Variation, which is the most noble and most useful of all she makes us perfect in. The best of my bodily Perfection, is, that I am flexible, and very little obstinate. I have Inclinations more proper and ordinary, and more agreeable than others; but I am diverted from them with very little Struggle and easily slip into a contrary Course. A young Man ought to cross his own *Rules* to awake his Vigour, and to keep it from growing faint and rusty. And there is no Course of Life so weak and sottish, as that which is carried on by Rule and Discipline.

*Ad primum lapidem vectari complacet, hora
Sumitur ex libro, si prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inspecta genesi collyria quærit*.*

If he but of a Mile a walk would take,
He for the Hour consults his Almanack;
If he but rub the Corner of his Eye,
He chuses Salve by his Nativity.

* *Juven. Sat. 6.*

He

He shall often throw himself even into Excesses, if he will take my Advice, otherwise the least Debauch will ruin him. He will render himself uneasy, and disagreeable in Conversation. The worst Quality in a well-bred Man is Delicacy, and an Obligation to a certain particular Way; and it is particular, if not pliable and supple. It is a Kind of Reproach, not to be able, or not to dare to do what we see others do before us. Let such as those sit at Home. It is in every Man indecent, but in a Soldier vicious and intolerable; who, as *Philopœmen* said, ought to accustom himself to all Variety and Inequality of Life. Though I have been brought up, as much as was possible, to Liberty and Indifference, yet so it is, that in growing old, and having more settled upon certain Forms (my Age is now past Instruction, and I have henceforward nothing to do but to keep it up as well as I can.) Custom has already, e'er I was aware, so imprinted it's Character in me, in certain things, that I look upon it as a Kind of Excess to leave them off. And, without a Force upon my self, cannot sleep in the Day-time, nor eat between Meals, nor breakfast, nor go to Bed, without a great Interval betwixt eating and sleeping, as of three Hours after Supper; nor get Children but before I sleep, and never standing upon my Feet, nor endure my own Sweat, nor quench my Thirst either with pure Water or Wine, nor keep my Head long bare, nor cut my Hair after Dinner; and should be as uneasy without my Gloves, as without my Shirt, or without washing when I rise from Table, or out of my Bed; and could not lye without a Canopy and Curtains, as if they were necessary Things: I could dine without a Table-cloth, but without a clean Napkin, after the *German* Fashion very incommodiously. I foul them more than they, or the *Italians* do, and make but little use either of Spoon or Fork. I am sorry that the same is not in use amongst us, that I see the Example of in Kings; which is, to change our Napkins at every Service, as they do our Plates. We are told of that laborious Soldier *Marius*, that growing old, he became nice in his Drinking, and never drank but out of a peculiar Cup of his own. I, in like manner, have suffered my self
to

to fancy a certain Form of Glasses, and do not willingly drink in common Glasses, no more than from a common Hand: All Metal offends me in comparison of a clear and transparent Matter: Let my Eyes taste too, according to their Capacity. I owe several other such Niceties to Custom. *Nature* has also on the other side helped me to some of hers, as no more to be able to endure two full Meals in one Day without overcharging my Stomach, nor a total Abstinence from one of those Meals, without filling my self with Wind, drying up my Mouth, and dulling my Appetite, and finding great Inconveniencies in the Evening Air. For of late Years, in Night-marches, which often happen to be all Night long, after five or six Hours, my Stomach begins to be queasy, with a violent Pain in my Head, so that I always vomit before the Day can break. When others go to breakfast I go to sleep, and when I rise am as brisk and gay as before. I had always been told, that the *Serene* never dispers'd it self but in the Beginning of the Night; but for certain Years past, long and familiar frequenting, a Lord possessed with this Opinion, that the *Serene* is more sharp and dangerous about the declining of the Sun, an Hour or two before his Set, which he carefully avoids, and despises that of the Night; he had almost imprinted in me, not only his Discourse, but his Opinion. What shall the very Doubt and Inquisition wound our Imagination so as to turn to our Inconvenience? Such as absolutely and on a sudden give way to their Propensities, put a total Ruin upon themselves. And I am sorry for several Gentlemen, who, through the Folly of their *Physicians*, have in their Youth and Health put themselves into Consumptions. It were yet better to endure a Cough, than by Difuse for ever to lose the Commerce of the common Life in an Action of so great Use. Ill-natur'd *Science*, to interdict us the sweetest and most pleasant Hours of the Day! Let us keep Possession of it to the last. For the most part a Man hardens himself by being obstinate, and corrects his Constitution; as *Cæsar* did the *Falling-Sickness*, by dint of Contempt. A Man should addict himself to the best *Rules*, but not inflave himself to them; if not to such, if there be any such to which the

Obliga-

Obligation and Servitude are of Profit. Both *Kings* and *Philosophers* go to stool, and *Ladies* too; publick Lives are bound to *Ceremony*, mine that is obscure and private, enjoys all natural Dispensation. *Soldier* and *Gascon* are also Qualities a little subject to Indiscretion, wherefore I shall say of this Action of easing Nature, that it is necessary to refer it to certain prescribed and nocturnal Hours, and force a Man's self to it by Custom, as I have done; but not to subject himself, as has been my Practice in my declining Years, to a particular Convenience of Place and Seat for that purpose, and making it troublesome by long sitting: and yet in the foulest Offices, is it not in some measure excusable to require more Care and Cleanliness? *Natura homo mundum, & elegans animal est**; Man is by Nature a clean and elegant Creature. Of all the Actions of Nature, I am the most impatient of being interrupted in that. I have seen many Soldiers troubled with the Unruliness of their Bellies, whilst mine and I never fail of our punctual Assignment, which is at leaping out of Bed, if some indispensable Business, or Sickness do not molest us. I do then think, as I said before, that sick Men cannot better place themselves any where in Safety than in sitting still in that Course of Life wherewith they have been bred and train'd up. Alteration, be it what it will, does distemper and astonish. Can any believe that *Chestnuts* can hurt a *Perigourdin*, or one of *Luca*; or Milk and Cheese the Mountain People? Men enjoy then not only a new, but a contrary Method of Life, a Change that the more healthful could not endure. Prescribe Water to a *Breton* of Threescore and ten, shut a *Seaman* up in a *Stove*, and forbid a *Basque* Footman walking, they will deprive them of Motion, and in the End of Air and Light.

—*an vivere tanti est?*

*Cogimur a suetis animum suspendere rebus,
Atque ut vivamus vivere desinimus.
Hoc superesse reor quibus & spirabilis aer
Et lux qua regimur, redditur ipsa gravis †.*

* *Seneca, Epist. 92.* † *Aeneid. lib. 6. Gallus, Eleg. 1.*

Is Life of such a mighty Consequence?
 We must accustom'd things quite over-give,
 And that we may live, we must cease to live;
 I can't imagine they should longer live,
 whom Light and Air, by which they live, do grieve.

If they do no other good, they do this at least, that they prepare Patience betimes for Death, by little and little undermining and cutting off the Use of Life. Both well and sick, I have ever willingly suffer'd my self to obey the Appetites that pressed upon me. I give great Authority to my Inclinations and Desires. I do not love to cure one Disease by another. I hate Remedies that are more troublesom than the Disease it self. To be subject to the Stone, and subject to abstain from eating Oysters, are two Evils instead of one. The Disease torments us on the one side, and the Remedy on the other. Since we are ever in danger of mistaking, let us rather hazard, rather defer the Discovery of the Mistake till after Pleasure. The World proceeds quite contrary, and thinks nothing profitable that is not painful; Facility stands suspected to it. My Appetite is in several things of it self happily enough accommodated to the Health of my Stomach. Acrimony and Quickness in Sauces were pleasant too when young, but my Stomach disliking them, my Taste incontinently did the same. Wine is hurtful to sick People; and 'tis the first thing that my Mouth disrelishes when I am sick, and with an invincible Distate. Whatever I take against my Liking does me Harm; and nothing hurts me that I eat with Appetite and Delight; I never received Harm by any Action that was very pleasant to me; and accordingly have made all medicinal Conclusions mightily give way to my Pleasure. And have, when I was young,

*Quem circumcurfans huc atque huc sepe cupido
 Fulgebat crocina splendidus in tunica.**

* *Catullus Num. 64.*

Whilst *Cupid* did round me fluttering fly,
In his rich Mantle of the *Tyrian* dye.

given my self the Reins as licentiously and inconsiderately to the Desire that was predominant in me, as any other whatever;

Et militavi non sine gloria †,

yet more in Continuation and holding out than in Sally.

*Sex me vix memini sustinuisse vices *.*

'Tis certainly a Misfortune, and a Miracle at once, to confess at what a tender Age I was first subjected to Love: It was indeed by Chance; for it was long before the Years of Choice or Discretion: I do not remember my self so long ago. And my Fortune may very well be coupled to that of *Quartilla*, who could not remember the Time she was a Maid.

*Inde tragus celeresque pili, mirandaque matri
Barba mea ‡.*

Physicians do commonly submit their Rules to the violent Longings that happen to sick Persons, with very good Success. This great Desire, so strange and vicious, cannot be imagin'd to be, but that *Nature* must have a hand in it. And then how easy a thing is it to satisfy the Fancy? In my Opinion, this Part wholly carries it, at least, above all the rest. The most grievous and ordinary Wills are those that Fancy loads us with. This *Spanish* Saying mightily pleases in several Senses; *Defenda me Dios de my*; God defend me from my self. I am sorry when I am sick, that I have not some Longing that might give me the contentment of satisfying it; all the Rules of *Physick* would hardly be able to divert me; I do the same when I am well. I can think of very little more to be hoped or wish'd for. 'Tis pity a Man should be so weak and

† *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 16.*

* *Ovid.*

‡ *Ovid.*

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languishing, as to have nothing left him but wishing. The *Art of Physick* is not so resolute, that we should be without Authority for whatever we do; it changes according to the *Climates* and *Moons*, according to *Fernelius* and *Scala*. If your *Physician* does not think it too good for you to sleep, to drink Wine, or to eat such and such Meats, never trouble yourself, I will find you another that shall not be of his Opinion; the Diversity of *Physical Arguments* and Opinions embraces all Sorts of Methods. I saw a miserable sick Person panting and burning for Thirst, that he might be cured; and was afterwards laughed at by another *Physician* for his Pains, who condemned that Advice as prejudicial to him: had he not tormented himself to good purpose? A Man of that Profession is lately dead of the *Stone*, who had made use of extreme Abstinence to contend with his Disease. His Fellow *Physicians* said, that on the contrary, this Abstinence from Drink had dried his Body up, and bak'd the Gravel in his Kidneys. I have observ'd, that both in Wounds and Sickneses, speaking discomposes and hurts me as much as any Disorder I can commit. My Voice spends and tires me, for 'tis loud and forced; so that when I have gone to whisper some great Persons about some Affairs of Consequence, they have often desired me to moderate my Voice. This Story deserves a Place here. Some one in a certain Greek School, speaking loud as I do, the Master of the Ceremonies sent him to speak softly, *Tell him then he must send me*, replied the other, *the Tone he would have me speak in*. To which the other reply'd, *That he should take the Tort from the Ear of him to whom he spake*. It was well said, if to be understood, *Speak according to the Affair you are speaking about to your Auditor*; for if it mean, 'tis sufficient that he hears you, or govern yourself by him, I do not find it to be Reason. The Tone and Motion of my Voice carries with it a great deal of the Expression and Signification of my Meaning, and 'tis I who am to govern it, to make myself understood. There is a Voice to instruct, a Voice to flatter, and a Voice to reprehend. I will not only that my Voice reach him, but perhaps that it strike and pierce him. When I rattle my Footman with sharp and bitter Language, it would be very pretty for him to say,

say,

say, Pray, Master, speak lower, I hear you very well. *Est quædam vox ad auditum accommodata, non magnitudine sed proprietate.* There is a certain Voice accommodated to the Hearing, not by the Loudness, but Propriety. Speaking is half his that speaks, and half his that hears; the last of which ought to prepare himself to receive it, according to it's Motion and Rebound. Like Tennis Players, he that receives the Ball, shifts and prepares, according as he sees him move who strikes the Stroke, and according to the Stroke itself. Experience has moreover taught me this, that we lose ourselves with Impatience: Evils have their Life and Limits, their Diseases, and their Recovery; the Constitution of Maladies is form'd by the Pattern of the Constitution of Animals, they have their Fortunes and Days limited from their Birth. Whoever attempts imperiously to cut them short by Force in the middle of their Course, does lengthen and multiply them, and incenses instead of appeasing them. I am of *Crantor's* Opinion, that we are neither obstinately and wilfully to oppose *Evils*, nor truckle under to them for want of Courage, but that we are naturally to give way to them, according to their Condition and our own, we ought to grant free Passage to Diseases: And I find they stay less with me, who let them alone. And I have lost those which are reputed the most tenacious and obstinate, without any Help or Art, and contrary to their *Rules*. Let us a little permit *Nature* to take her own way; she better understands her own Affairs than we. But such a one died, and so shall you, if not of that Disease, of another. And how many have not escaped dying, who have their *Physicians* always at their Tails? Example is a bright and universal Mirror, and in all Sciences. If it be a delicious Medicine, take it, 'tis always so much present Good. I will never stick at the Name nor the Colour, if it be pleasant and grateful to the Palate: Pleasure is one of the chiefest Kinds of Profit. I have suffer'd Rheums, Gouty Defluxions, Relaxations, Palpitations of the Heart, Megrims, and other Accidents, to grow old, and die in me a natural Death, which I have been rid of when I was half fit to nourish and keep them. They are sooner prevailed upon by Courtesy than huffing; we must patiently suffer the Laws of our Condition, we

are born to grow old, to grow weak, and to be sick in spite of all Physick. 'Tis the first *Lesson* the *Mexicans* teach their Children; so soon as ever they come out of their Mothers Wombs, they thus salute them, *Thou art come into the World, Child, to endure, suffer, and say nothing.* 'Tis Injustice to lament that that is befallen any one, which may befall every one. *Indignare si quid in te iniqui, propriè constitutum est; Then be angry when there is any thing unjustly decreed against thee alone.* See an old Man who begs of God Almighty that he will maintain his Health vigorous and entire, that is to say, that he will restore him to Youth.

*Stat quid hæc frustra votis puerilibus optas * ?*

Why pray'st, thou Fool, such childish Prayers in vain ?

Is it not Folly ? His Condition is not capable of it. The Gout, the Stone, and Indigestion, are Symptoms of long Years, as Heat, Rains and Winds, are of long Voyages. *Plato* does not believe that *Æsculapius* troubled himself to provide by a good Diet to prolong his Life in a weak and wasted Body, useles to his Country, and to his Profession, and to beget healthful and robust Children; and does not think this Solicitude suitable to the Divine Justice and Prudence, which is to direct all things to Utility. My good Friend, your Business is done, no body can restore you, they can at the most but patch you up, and prop you a little, and by that means prolong your Misery an Hour or two.

*Non secus instantem cupiens fulcire ruinam,
Diversis contra nititur obicibus,
Donec certa dies omni compage soluta,
Ipsum cum rebus subruat auxilium †.*

Like one, who willing to defer a while
A sudden Ruin, props the tottering Pile,
'Till in short Space the House, the Props and all
Together with a dreadful Ruin fall.

* *Ovid.*

† *Gallus, Eleg. 1.*

We must learn to suffer what we cannot evade. Our Life, like the Harmony of the World, is composed of contrary things of several Notes, sweet and harsh, sharp and flat, spritely and solemn; and the *Musician*, who should only affect one of these, what would he be able to do? He must know how to make use of them all, and to mix them; and we likewise, the *Goods* and *Evils*, which are consubstantial with Life: Our Being cannot subsist without this Mixture, and the one are no less necessary to it than the other. To attempt to kick against natural Necessity, is to represent the Folly of *Ctesiphon*, who undertook to kick with his *Mule*. I consult little about the Al-

*The Folly of
Ctesiphon.*

terations I feel; for those People take Advantage when they have you at their Mercy. They stun your Ears with their *Prognosticks*; and having formerly surprized me, weakened with Sicknes, have injuriously handled me with their *Doctrines* and magisterial Fopperies; one while menacing me with great Pains; and another with approaching Death; by which Threats I was indeed moved and shaken, but not subdued, nor justled from my Place; and though my Judgment was neither altered nor distracted, yet it was at least disturbed. 'Tis always Agitation and Combat. Now I use my Imagination as gently as I can, and would discharge it of all Trouble and Contest if I could. A Man must assist, flatter, and deceive it if he can. My Mind is fit for that Office. It wants no Appearances throughout. And could it persuade, as it preaches, it would successfully relieve me. Will you have an Example? It tells me that 'tis for my Good to have the Stone: That the Compositions of my Age are naturally to suffer some Decay: that it is now time they should begin to disjoint, and to confess a Decay; 'tis a common Necessity, and there is nothing in it, either miraculous or new: I therein pay what is due to old Age, and I cannot expect a better Account: that Society ought to comfort me, being fallen into the most common Infirmity of my Time. I see every where Men tormented with the same Disease: and am honour'd by the Fellowship, soasmuch as Men of the best Quality are most frequently afflicted with it; 'tis

The Stone ordinary in old Men, especially Men of Quality.

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a noble

a noble and dignified Disease. That of such as are peester'd with it, few have it to a less Degree of Pain, and yet they are put to the trouble of a strict Diet, and the daily taking of nauseous Drugs and Potions; whereas I owe my good Intervals purely to my good Fortune. For some ordinary Broths of *Eringo's*, or *Burft-wort*, that I have twice or thrice taken to oblige the Ladies, who, with greater Kindness than Pain is extreme, would needs present me half of theirs, seem'd to me equally easy to take, and fruitless in Operation. They are to pay a thousand *Vows* to *Æsculapius*, and as many *Crowns* to their *Physician*, for the voiding a little *Gravel*, which I often do by the Benefit of *Nature*. Even the Decency of my Countenance is not disturbed in Company, and I can hold my Water ten Hours, and as long as any Man that is in perfect Health. The Fear of this Disease, says one, did formerly affright thee, when it was unknown to thee; the crying and roaring of those that make it worse by their Impatience, begot a Horror in thee: 'Tis an Infirmary that punishes the Members by which thou hast most offended: Thou art a conscientious Fellow;

Quæ venit indigne pœna, dolenda venit.

Punishments then to be complain'd of are
When laid upon a guiltless Sufferer.

consider this Chastisement, 'tis very easy in comparison of that of others, and inflicted with a paternal Tenderness: do but observe how late it comes; it only seizes on, and incommodes that part of thy Life, which is upon the matter steril and lost; having, as it were by Compact, given way to the License and Pleasures of thy Youth. The Fear and the Compassion that the People have of this Disease, serves thee for Matter of Glory. A Quality whereof, if thou hast thy Judgment purified, and if thy Reason is right and sound, thy Friends will yet notwithstanding, discover some Tincture in thy Complexion. 'Tis Pleasure to hear it said of a Man's self, *here is great Force, here is great Patience*. Thou art seen to sweat with Pain, to look pale and red, to tremble, vomit Blood, to suffer strange Contractions and Convulsions,

Convulsions, by starts to let Tears drop from thine Eyes, to urine thick, black and dreadful Water, or to have it suppressed by some sharp and craggy Stone, that cruelly pricks and tears the Neck of the Bladder, whilst all the while thou entertain'st the Company with an ordinary Countenance, drolling by fits with thy Servants, making one in a continued Discourse, now and then excusing thy Pain, and making thy Sufferance less than it is. Dost thou call to mind the Men of past times, who so greedily sought Diseases to keep their Virtue in Breath and Exercise? Put the Case that *Nature* forced and put thee on to this glorious School, into which thou wouldst never have entered of thy own Free-will. If thou tellest me that it is a dangerous and mortal Disease; what others are not? For 'tis a physical Cheat to except any, and to say, that they do not go directly to Death: What matter is it, if they tend that way by Accident, and if they slide and slip into the Path that leads to it? But thou dost not die because thou art sick, thou diest because thou art living. Death kills thee without the Help of Sicknes: And in some, Sicknes has deferred Death, who have lived longer by reason that they thought themselves always dying. To which may be added, that as in Wounds, so in Diseases, some are medicinal and wholesom. The Colick is oft no less long-liv'd than you. We see Men with whom it has continued from their Infancy, even to their extreme old Age, and if they had not broke Company, it would have afflicted them longer still; you oftener kill it than it kills you: And though it presents you the Image of approaching Death, were it not a good Office to a Man of such an Age, to put him in mind of his End? And, which is worse, thou hast no longer any thing that should make thee desire to be cured. Common Necessity will however presently call thee away. Do but consider how artificially and gently she puts thee out of taste with Life, and weans thee from the World; not forcing and compelling thee with a tyrannical Subjection, like so many other Infirmities which you see old Men afflicted withal, that hold them in continual Torment, and keep them in perpetual and intermitted Pains and Dolors; but by Advertisements and Instructions at several Intervals, intermixing long pauses of Repose, as

it were to give thee leave to meditate and ruminatē upon thy Lesson at thy own Ease and Leisure; to give thee Means to judge aright, and to assume the Resolution of a Man of Courage, she presents to thee the entire State of thy Condition, both in Good and Evil, and one while a very chearful, and another an insupportable Life, in one and the same Day. If thou embracest not Death, at least thou shakest Hands with it once a Month; by which thou hast more cause to hope that it will one Day surprize thee without Warning. And that being so oft conducted to the Water-side, and thinking thy self to be still upon the accustomed Terms, thou and thy Confidence will at one time or another be unexpectedly wasted over. A Man cannot reasonably complain of Diseases that fairly divide the Time with Health. I am obliged to Fortune for having so often assaulted me with the same sort of Weapons; she forms and fashions me by Custom, hardens and habituates me so, that I can know within a little, for how much I shall be quit. For want of natural Memory, I make one of Paper; and as any new Symptom happens in my Disease, I set it down; from whence it falls out, that being now almost past all Sorts of Examples, if any Astonishment threaten me, tumbling over these little loose Notes, as the *Sybil's* Leaves, I never fail of finding matter of Consolation from some favourable *Prognostick* in my past Experience. Custom also makes me hope better for the Time to come. For the Conduct of this Evacuation having so long continued, 'tis to be believed that *Nature* will not alter her Course, and that no other worse Accident will happen than what I already feel. And besides the Condition of this Disease is not unsuitable to my prompt and sudden Complexion. When it assaults me gently, I am afraid, for 'tis then for a great while; but it has naturally brisk and vigorous Excesses. It claws me to purpose for a Day or two. My Reins hold out an Age without Alteration, and I have almost now lived another since they changed their State. *Evils* have their Periods as well as *Goods*, perhaps the Infirmity draws towards an End. Age weakens the Heat of my Stomach, the Digestion of which being less perfect, it sends this crude Matter to my Reins; and why at a certain

certain Revolution may not the Heat of my Reins be also abated, so that they can no more petrify my Phlegm, and Nature find out some other way of Purgation: Years have evidently helped me to drain certain *Rheums*; and why not these Excrements which furnish Matter for *Gravel*? But is there any thing sweet in comparison of this sudden Change, when from an excessive Pain, I come, by the voiding of a Stone to recover, as from a flash of Lightning, the beautiful Light of Health, so free and full as it happens in our sudden and most sharp *Colicks*? Is there any thing in the Pain suffered, that a Man can counterpoise to the Pleasure of so sudden an Amendment? Oh! how much does Health seem so much the more pleasant to me after so near and contiguous Sickness, as that I can distinguish them in the Presence of one another in their greatest Bravery, wherewith they dress themselves in Emulation, as if to make head against, and to dispute it with one another! What the *Stoicks* say, that Vices are profitably introduced, to give Value to, and to set off Virtue; we can with better Reason, and less Temerity of Censure, say of Nature, that she has given us Pain for the Honour and Service of Pleasure and Indolence. When *Socrates*, after his Fetters were knock'd off, felt the Pleasure of that itching which the Weight of them had caused in his Legs, he rejoiced to consider the strict Alliance betwixt Pain and Pleasure, how they are linked together by a necessary Connexion, so that by turns they follow and mutually beget one another; and cried out to *Æsop*, that he ought out of this Consideration, to have taken a Body proper for a fine Fable. The worst that I see in other Diseases is, that they are not so grievous in their Effect, as they are in their Issue. A Man is a whole Year in recovering, and that all the while full of Weakness and Fear. There is so much Hazard, and so many Steps to arrive at Safety, and there is no End on't. Before they have unmuffled you of a Handkerchief, and then of a Callot, before they allow you to walk abroad and take the Air, to drink Wine, lye with your Wife, and eat Melons, 'tis odds but you relapse into few new Distempers. The *Stone* has this Privilege, that it

*Health more
pleasant after
Sickness.*

carries itself clean off. Whereas others always leave behind them some Impression and Alteration, that renders the Body subject to some new Disease, and lend a hand to one another. These are excusable that content themselves with possessing us, without extending it farther, and introducing their Consequences: But courteous and kind are those whose Passage bring us any profitable Issue. Since I have been troubled with the Stone, I find myself free from all other Accidents, much more methinks than I was before, and have never had any *Fever* since. I argue, that the extreme and frequent Vomiting that I am subject to, purge me: And on the other side, my Nausities, and the strange Fasts I am forc'd to keep, digest my present Humours; and Nature in those Stones voids whatever there is in me of superfluous and hurtful. Let them never tell me that it is a Medicine too dear bought. For what avails so many stinking *Apozemes*, Cauticks, Incisions, Sweats, Seatons, Diets, and so many other methods of Cure; which oft, by reason we are not able to undergo their Violence and Importunity, bring us to our Graves: So that when I am ill, I look upon it as *Physick*, when well, for an absolute Deliverance. And here is another particular Benefit of my Disease; which is, that it most plays it's Game by it self, and lets me play mine, or else I only want Courage to do it: for in it's greatest Fury, I have endured it ten Hours together on Horse-back, do but endure only, you need no other Regimen: Play, run, do this and the other thing too if you can, your Debauch will do you more good than harm. Say as much to one that has the Pox, the Gout, or bursten Belly. The other Diseases have more universal Obligations, rack all our Actions after another kind of Manner, disturb our whole Order, and to their Consideration engage the whole State of Life. This only pinches the Skin, it leaves the Understanding and Will wholly at our Disposal, as also the Tongue, Hands and Feet. It rather awakes than stupifies you. The Soul is struck with the Ardour of a *Fever*, overwhelmed with the *Epilepsy*, and displaced by a sharp *Megrim*, and finally astonished by all the Diseases that hurt the whole Mass, and the most noble Parts: This

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never

never meddles with the Soul. If any thing goes amiss with her, 'tis her own Fault, she betrays, dismounts, and abandons herself. There are none but Fools who suffer themselves to be persuaded, that this hard and massy Body which is baked in our Reins, is to be dissolved by Drinks: Wherefore when it is once stirred, there is nothing to be done but to give it Passage, and also it will take it of itself. I moreover observe this particular Convenience in it, that it is a Disease wherein we have little to guess at. We are dispensed from the Trouble into which other Diseases throw us, by the Incertainty of their *Causes*, *Conditions*, and *Progresses*. A Trouble that is infinitely painful. We have no need of Consultation and doctoral Interpretations, the Sense well enough informs us what it is, and where it is. By such like Arguments weak and strong, as *Cicero* did the Disease of his old Age, I try to rock asleep, and amuse my Imagination, and to dress it's Wounds. If I find them worse To-morrow, I will provide new Remedies and Applications. That this is true, I am come to that Pass of late, that the least Motion forces pure Blood out of my Reins: And what of that? I stir nevertheless as before, and ride after my Hounds with a juvenile Ardour, and find that I have very good Satisfaction for an Accident of that Importance, when it costs me no more but a little Heaviness and Uneasiness in that Part. 'Tis some great Stone that wastes and consumes the Substance of our Kidneys, and of my Life, which I by little and little evacuate, not without some natural Pleasure, as an Excrement henceforward superfluous and troublesome. Now, if I feel any thing to roll and stir, do not expect that I should trouble myself to consult my Pulse or my Urine, thereby to put myself upon some tormenting Prevention. I shall soon enough feel the Pain, without making it more and longer, by the Disease of Fear. Who fears to suffer, does already suffer what he fears. To which may be added, that the Doubts and Ignorance of those who take upon them to expound the Designs of *Nature*, and her internal Progressions, and the many false *Prognosticks* of their *Art*, ought to give us to understand, that her Ways are in-

scrutinable

The guessing at Diseases by Urine very uncertain.

scrutinable and utterly unknown. There is great Uncertainty, Variety and Obscurity, in what she either promises or threatens; old Age excepted, which is an undoubted Sign of the Approach of Death. In all other Accidents I see few Signs of the future, whereon we may ground our Divination: I only judge by myself of my real Sense, and not by Discourse: To what End? since I am resolved to bring nothing to it but Expectation and Patience. Will you know how much I get by this? Observe those that do otherwise, and who rely upon so many diverse Persuasions and Counsels, how often, and how much they labour under Imagination, without any bodily Pain at all. I have many Times pleased myself, being well and in Safety, and delivered from these dangerous Accidents, to communicate them to the *Physicians*, as but then beginning to discover themselves in me; where I underwent the terrible Sentences of their dreadful Conclusions, being very well at Ease, and was so much the more obliged to the Favour of *Almighty God*, and better satisfied of the Vanity of this *Art*. There is nothing that ought so much to be recommended to Youth as Activity and Vigilance. Our Life is nothing but Motion: I move with great Difficulty, and am slow in every Thing, when in Rising, going to Bed, or Eating. Seven of the Clock in the Morning is early for me; and where I govern, I never dine before Eleven, nor sup till after Six. I have formerly attributed the Cause of the *Fevers*, and other Diseases I have fallen into, to the Heaviness that long sleeping had brought upon me, and have ever repented my sleeping again in the Morning. *Plato* is more angry at the Excess of sleeping than that of drinking: I love to lye hard, and alone, even without my Wife, as Kings and Princes do, but well covered with Clothes. They never warm my Bed, but since my being grown old, they give me for Need, warm Clothes to lay to my Feet and Stomach. They find fault with the great *Scipio*, that he was a great Sleeper; not, in my Opinion, for any other Reason, if not that Men were displeased, that he alone should have nothing in him to be found fault withal. If I have any Thing curious in
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my Way of living, 'tis rather in my lying, than any Thing else; but generally, I give Way, and accommodate myself as much as any one to Necessity. Sleeping has taken up a great Part of my Life, and I yet continue at the Age I now am, to sleep eight or nine Hours together. I wean myself to my Advantage, from this Propensity to Sloth, and am evidently better for so doing. I find the Change a little hard indeed, but in three Days 'tis over, and see but few that live with less Sleep, when Need requires; and that more constantly exercise themselves, nor to whom long Journeys are less troublesome. My Body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent or sudden Agitation. I evade of late all violent Exercises, and such as make me sweat, wherein my Limbs grow weary before they are hot. I can stand a whole Day together, and am never weary of walking: But from my Youth, I never loved to ride upon Pavements. On Foot I go up to the Breech in Dirt, and little Fellows as I am, are subject in the Streets to be elbowed and jostled, for want of Presence and Stature, and I have ever loved to repose myself, whether sitting or lying, with my Heels as high, or higher than my Seat. There is no Profession more pleasant than the military, a Profession both noble in it's Execution, (for Valour is the strongest, proudest, and most generous of all Virtues) and noble in it's Cause. There is no Utility either more universal, or more just, than the Protection of the Peace and Grandeur of a Man's Country. The Company of so many noble, young, and active Men delights you; the ordinary Sight of so many tragick Spectacles; the Liberty of this Conversation without Art, with a masculine and unceremonious Way of living, pleases you; the Variety of a thousand several Actions, the encouraging Harmony of martial Musick, that ravishes and inflames both your Ears and Soul, the Honour of this Exercise, nay even the Sufferings and Difficulties of War, which *Plato* so little esteems, that he makes Women and Children share in his *Republick*, are delightful to you. You put yourselves voluntarily upon particular Exploits and Hazards, according as you judge of their Lustre and Importance, and see when even Life itself is excusably employed.

Pulchrum

Pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis *.

And we conceive it brave to die in Arms †.

To fear common Dangers that concern so great a Multitude of Men, not to dare to do what so many sorts of Souls, and a whole People do, is for a Heart that is low, and mean beyond all Measure. Company encourages even Children themselves. If others excel you in Knowledge, in Gracefulness, in Strength, or Fortune, you have third Causes to blame for that, but to give Place to them in Stability of Mind, you can blame no one for that but yourself. Death is more abject, more languishing and painful in *Bed* than in *Battle*; and *Fevers* and *Catarrhs*, as painful and mortal as a Musquet-shot: And whoever has fortified himself valiantly to bear the Accidents of common Life, would not need to raise his Courage to be a Soldier. *Vivere, mi Lucili, militare est* †. *To live, my Lucilius, is to make War*. I do not remember that I ever had the *Itch*, and yet scratching is one of Nature's sweetest Gratifications, and nearest at Hand, but the Smart follows too near. I use it most in my Ears, which are often apt to itch. I came into the World with all my Senses intire, even to Perfection. My Stomach is commodiously good, as also is my Head and my Breath; and for the most Part, uphold themselves so in the Height of *Fevers*. I have past the Age to which some *Nations*, not without Reason, have prescribed so just a Term of Life, that they would not suffer Men to exceed it; and yet I have some Intermissions, though short and inconstant, so clean and sound, as are little inferior to the Health and Indolency of my Youth. I do not speak of Vigour and Sprightliness, 'tis not Reason that it should follow me beyond it's Limits.

*Non hoc amplius est liminis, aut aquæ
Cælestis patiens latus* ||.

My Sides no longer can sustain
The Hardships of the Wind and Rain.

* *Æneid*, l. 2. † Mr. Ogilby. ‡ *Seneca Epist.* 96.

|| *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 10.

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My Face and Eyes presently discover me. All my Alterations begin there, and appear worse than they really are. My Friends often pity me, before I feel the Cause in myself: My Looking-glass does not fright me, for even in my Youth it has befallen me more than once to have a scurvy Complexion, and of ill Prognostick, without any great Consequence; infomuch, that the *Physicians* not finding any Cause within, answerable to that outward Alteration, attributed it to the Mind, and some secret Passion that tormented me within; but they were deceived. If my Body would govern itself as well according to my Rule, as my Mind does, we should move a little more at our Ease. My Mind was then not only free from Trouble, but moreover full of Joy and Satisfaction as it commonly is, half by Complexion, and half by it's own Design.

Nec vitiant artus ægræ contagia mentis *.

———— I never yet could find,
That e'er my Body suffer'd by my Mind.

I am of the Opinion, that this Temperature of my Soul has often raised my Body from it's Lapses: It is often depressed; and if the other be not brisk and gay, 'tis at least quiet and at rest. I have had a *Quartan Ague* four or five Months, that had made me look miserably ill; my Mind was always, if not calm, yet pleasant; if the Pain be without me, the Weakness and Languor do not much afflict me: I feel several corporal Faintings, that beget a Horror in me but to name, which yet I should less fear than a thousand Passions and Agitations of Mind that I see in Use. I resolve no more to run, 'tis enough that I crawl along; and no more complain of the natural Decadence that I feel in myself,

Quis tumidum Gutter miratur in Albibus †.

than I regret, that my Duration shall not be as long and entire as that of an Oak. I have no Reason to complain of my Imagination, for I have had few Thoughts

* *Ovid. Trist.* † *Juven.* in

in my Life which have so much as broke my Sleep, if not those of Desire, which have awaked without afflicting me: I dream but seldom, and then of *Chimera's* and fantastick Things, commonly produced from pleasant Thoughts, and rather ridiculous than sad; and believe it to be true, that Dreams are the true Interpreters of our Inclinations; but there is Art required to sort and understand them.

Res quæ in vita usurpant homines cogitant, curant, vident; Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea sicut in somno accidunt, minus nimirum est.*

'Tis no wonder if what Men practise, think, care for, and do when waking, should also run in their Heads, and disturb them when they are asleep.

Plato moreover says, that 'tis the Office of Prudence to draw Instructions of Divination of future Things from Dreams. I see nothing in it, if not the wonderful Experience of that *Socrates*, *Xenophon*, and *Aristotle*, all Men of irreproachable Authority, relate. *The Atlantes* Historians say, that the *Atlantes* never newer dream. dream, who also never eat any Thing that died of itself: Which I add, forasmuch as it is, perhaps, the Reason why they never dream; for *Pythagoras* ordered a certain Preparation of Diet, to beget proper Dreams; mine are always very gentle, without any Agitation of Body, or Expression of Voice. I have seen several of my Time wonderfully disturbed; *Theon* the Philosopher walked in his Sleep; as also did *Pericles's* Servant, and that upon the Tiles and Tops of the House. I hardly ever chuse my Dish at Table, but fall too of the next at Hand and unwillingly change my Dish. A Confusion of Meats and a Clutter of Dishes displease me as much as any Thing whatever. I am easily satisfied with few Dishes, and am an Enemy to the Opinion of *Favorinus*, that in a Feast they must snatch from you the Meat you like, and set another Plate of another Sort before you, and that it is a pitiful

* *Cic. de Div.*

Supper, if you do not fate your Guests with the Rumps of several Fowls, and that the *Beccafico* only deserves to be all eaten. I usually eat salt Meats, and yet I love Bread that has no Salt in it; and my Baker never sends up other to my Table, contrary to the Custom of the Country. In my Infancy, what they had most to correct in me, was the Refusal of Things that Children commonly best love, as Sugar, Sweet-meats, and March-panes. My Governor contended with this Aversion to delicate Meats as a kind of Nicety, and indeed 'tis nothing else but a Difficulty of Taste in any Thing to which it applies itself. Whoever shall cure a Child of an obstinate Aversion to brown Bread, Bacon, or Garlick, will cure him of all kind of Delicacy. There are some who pretend to Temperance and Patience, by wishing for powdered Beef and Hams amongst Pheasant and Partridge; they have a good Time on't; 'tis the Delicacy of Delicacies, 'tis the Taste of an effeminate Fortune, that disrelishes ordinary and accustomed Things, *Per quæ luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit* †. To cease to make good Chear with what another does, and to be curious with what a Man eats, is the Essence of this Vice.

Si medica cœnare times olus omne patella *.

If an Herb Soop in a small Dish thou fear.

There is indeed this Difference, that 'tis better to oblige a Man's Appetite to Things that are most easy to be had, but 'tis always Vice to oblige a Man's self. I formerly said a Kinsman of mine was nice, who, by being in our Gallies, had unlearned the Use of Beds, and to put off his Clothes. If I had any Sons, I should willingly wish them my Fortune. The good Father that God gave me, (who has nothing of me but the Acknowledgment of his Bounty, but truly 'tis a very hearty one) sent me from my Cradle to be brought up in a Village of his, and there continued me all the while I was at Nurse, and yet longer, bringing me up to the meanest, and most common Way of living: *Magna*

† *Seneca Epist.* 18. * *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 5.

pars libertatis est bene moratus venter *. A well govern'd Belly is a great Part of Liberty. That Mothers ought not to have the Education of their Children.

Never take upon you yourselves, and much less give up to your Wives, the Care of their Education; leave the forming them to Fortune, under popular and natural Laws; leave it to Custom to train them up to Frugality, that they may rather descend from Hardships, than mount up to them. This Humour of his yet aimed at another End, that is, to make me familiar with those People, and that Condition of Men which most need our Assistance; believing that I should be more oblig'd rather to regard them who extended their Arms to me, than those who turned their Backs upon me. And for this Reason also it was, that he provided me *Godfathers* of the meanest Fortune, to oblige and bind me to them. Neither has his Design succeeded altogether ill; for, whether it be upon the Account of Glory, because there is more Honour in such a Condescension, or out of natural Compassion, that has a very great Power over me, I have a very kind Inclination towards the meanest Sort of People. The *Faction* which I condemn in our *Civil Wars*, I shall more sharply condemn when I see them flourish. It will half reconcile me to them, when I shall see them miserable, and suppress.

The noble Humour of Chelonis.

How much do I admire the generous Humour of *Chelonis*, Daughter and Wife to the *King of Sparta!* whilst

her Husband *Cleombrotus*, in the Commotion of her *City*, had the Advantage over *Leonidas*, her Father, she, like a good Daughter, stuck close to her Father in all his Misery and Exile, in Opposition to the *Conqueror*. But so soon as the Chance of War turned, she changed her *Will* with the Chance of *Fortune*, and generously turned to her Husband's Side, whom she accompanied throughout, where his Ruin carried him: Having, as it appears, no other Choice, than to cleave to that Side that stood most in Need of her, and where she could best manifest her Piety and Compassion. I am naturally

* *Senect. Epist.* 123.

more apt to follow the Example of *Flaminius*, who still more readily gave his Assistance to those that had most need of him, than to those who had Power to do him Good; than I do to that of *Pyrrhus*, who was of an Humour to truckle under to the great, and to domineer over the meanest Sort of People. Long Sittings at Meat both trouble me, and do me Harm; for, be it for want of better Countenance, or that I have accustomed myself to it from a Child, I eat all the while I sit. Therefore it is, that at my own House, though the Meals there are of the shortest, I usually sit down a little while after the rest, after the Manner of *Augustus*; but I do not imitate him in rising also before the rest of the Company: On the contrary, I love to sit still a long time after, and to hear them talk, provided I am none of the Talkers; for I tire and hurt myself with speaking upon a full Stomach, as much as I find it pleasant and very wholesom to argue, and to strain my Voice before Dinner. The ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* had more Reason than we, in setting apart for eating, which is a principal Action of Life, if not diverted by other extraordinary Business, many Hours, and the greatest Part of the Night eating and drinking more deliberately than we do, who perform all our Actions in *Post* haste; and in extending this natural Pleasure to more Leisure and better Use, intermixing with their Meals several pleasant and profitable Offices of Conversation. They whose Concern it is to have a Care of me, may very easily hinder me from eating any thing they think will do me Harm; for in such Things I never covet nor miss any Thing I do not see. But withal, if it once comes in my Sight, 'tis in vain to persuade me to forbear, so that when I design to fast, I must be parted from those that eat Suppers, and must have only so much given me, as is required for a regular Collation; for if I sit down to Table, I forget my Resolution. When I order my *Cook* to alter the manner of dressing any Dish of Meat, all my Family knows what it means, that my Stomach is out of Order, and that I shall scarce touch it: I love to have all Meats that will endure it very little boiled or roasted, and love them mightily mortified, and even

*Long Meals of
the Ancients.*

to stinking in many. Nothing but Toughness generally offends me, of any other Quality I am as patient and indifferent as any Man I have known; so that contrary to the common Humour, even in Fish, it oft happens, that I find them both too fresh and too firm: Not for want of Teeth, which I ever had good, even to Excellence, and which Age does but now begin to threaten at this time of my Life. I have ever been used every Morning to rub them with a Napkin, and before and after Dinner. *God* is favourable to those whom he makes to die by Degrees; 'tis the only Benefit of old Age; the last Death will be so much the less painful; it will kill but a quarter of a Man, or but half a one at most. I have one Tooth lately fallen out without drawing, and without Pain: It was the natural Term of it's Duration. Both that Part of my Being, and several others, are already dead, and others half dead, of those that were most active and in highest Esteem during my vigorous Years; so that I melt and steal away from myself. What a Folly would it be in my Understanding to apprehend the Height of this Fall, already so much advanced, as if it were from the utmost Precipice? I hope I shall not. I in Truth receive a principal Consolation in the Meditation of my Death, that it will be just and natural, and that henceforward I cannot herein either require or hope from Destiny any other but unlawful Favour. Men make themselves believe that they formerly had, as greater Statures, so longer Lives. But they deceive themselves; and *Solon*, who was of those elder Times, does nevertheless limit the Duration of Life to threescore and ten Years. I, who have so much, and so universally ador'd this ἀριστον μέτρον, *a mean is the best*, of ancient Times; and shall I, who have concluded the most moderate Measure the most perfect, pretend to an immeasurable and prodigious old Age? Whatever happens contrary to the Course of *Nature*, may be troublesome, but what comes according to her, should always be acceptable and pleasant. *Omnia quæ secundum Naturam sunt sunt habenda in bonis* *. *All Things that are done according to Nature, are to be accounted good.* And so *Plato* likewise says, that the Death which is oc-

* *Cicero.*

caſioned by Wounds, and Diſeaſes is violent; but that which ſurprizes us, old Age conducting us to it, is of all others the moſt eaſy, and in ſome Sort delicious. *Vitam adoleſcentibus vis auſert, ſenibus maturitas* *. *Young Men are taken away by Force, old Men by Maturity.* Death mixes and confounds itſelf throughout with Life, Decay anticipates it's Hour and Shoulders, even into the Courſe of our growing up. I have Pictures of myſelf taken at five and twenty, and five and thirty Years of Age, I compare them with that lately drawn, how often is it no more me, how much more is my preſent Image unlike the former, than to that I ſhall go out of the World withal? It is too much to abuſe Nature, to make her trot ſo far, that ſhe muſt be forced to leave us, and abandon our Conduct, our Eyes, Teeth, Legs, and all the reſt, to the Mercy of a foreign and begged Aſſiſtance; and to reſign us into the Hands of *Art*, being weary of following us herſelf. I am not very fond either of Salads, or Fruits, except *Melons*. My Father hated all Sorts of *Sauces*, and I love them all. Eating too much hurts me, but for the Quality of what I eat, I do not yet certainly know that any Sort of Meat diſagrees with my Stomach; neither have I obſerved that either *Full-Moon* or *Decrease*, *Spring* or *Autumn*, are hurtful to me. We have in us Motions that are inconstant, and for which no Reaſon can be given. For Example, I found Radishes firſt grateful to my Stomach, ſince that nauſeous, and now at preſent grateful again. In ſeveral other things likewise I find my Stomach and Appetite to vary after the ſame Manner. I have chang'd and chang'd again from *white Wine* to *Claret*, from *Claret* to *white*. I am a great Lover of Fiſh, and conſequently make my *Faſts Feaſts*, and my *Feaſts Faſts*; and believe what ſome People ſay, that it is more eaſy of Diſteſtion than Fleſh. As I make a Conſcience of eating Fleſh upon Fiſh-Days, ſo does my Taſte make a Conſcience of mixing Fiſh and Fleſh, the Difference betwixt them ſeems to me to be too great ſo to do. From my Youth I have uſed ſometimes to be out of the way at Supper, either to ſharpen my Appetite againſt the next Morning, (for as *Epicurus* faſted

* *Cicero.*

and made lean Meals to accustom his Pleasure to make shift without Abundance, I on the contrary do it to prepare my Pleasure to make better and more chearful Use of Abundance,) or else I fasted to preserve my Vigour for the Service of some Action of Body or Mind; for both the one and the other of those are cruelly dulled in me by Repletion (and above all things, I hate that foolish coupling of so healthful and sprightly a *Goddeſs* with that little belching *God*, bloated with the Fume of this Liquor) or to cure my sick Stomach, and for want of fit Company. For I say as the same *Epicurus* did, that a Man is not so much to regard what he eats, as with whom; and commend *Chilo*, that he would not engage himself to be at *Periander's* Feast, 'till he was informed who were to be the other Guests. No Dish was so acceptable to me, nor no Sauce so alluring, as that which is extracted from Society. I think it to be more wholesom to eat more leisurely and less, and to eat oftner: But I will have the Value of Appetite and Hunger enhanced, I should take no Pleasure to be fed with three or four pitiful and stinted Repasts a Day, after a *Physical* Manner. Who will assure me that if I have a good Appetite in the Morning, I shall have the same at Supper? But especially, let us old Fellows take the first opportune Time of eating, and leave to *Almanack-makers* the *Hopes* and *Prognosticks*. The utmost Fruit of my Health is Pleasure; let us take hold of the present and known. I avoid Constancy in these Laws of fasting. Who will have one Form serve him, let him evade the continuing of it; we harden ourselves in it, our Forces are there stupified and laid asleep; six Months after you shall find your Stomach so inured unto it, that all you have got is only the Loss of your Liberty of doing otherwise, but to your Prejudice. I never keep my Legs and Thighs warmer in Winter than in Summer, one single Pair of silk Stockings is all: I have suffered myself, for the Relief of my Rheums, to keep my Head warmer, and my Belly upon the Account of my Cholick: my Diseases in a few Days habituated themselves, and disdained my ordinary Provisions. I was presently got from a single Cap to a Napkin, and from a Napkin to a quilted Cap. The Belly-pieces of my Doublet serve only for Decency, they

signify nothing, if I do not add a Hare's Skin or a Stomacher, and wear a Callot upon my Head. Follow this Gradation, and you will go a very fine way to work. I am resolved to proceed no farther, and would leave off those two, if I durst. You must fall into any new Inconvenience, all this is Labour lost; you are accustomed to it; seek out some other Way: Thus do such ruin and destroy themselves, who submit to be pestered with these enforced and superstitious Rules; they must add something more, and something more after that, there is no End on't. For what concerns our Affairs and Pleasures, it is much more commodious; as the Ancients did to lose a Man's Dinner, and defer making good Cheer, 'till the Hour of Retirement and Repose, without breaking a Day; and so was I formerly used to do. For Health, I since by Experience find on the contrary, that it is better to dine, and that the Digestion is better made waking. I am not very apt to be thirsty, either well or sick, my Mouth is indeed apt to be dry, but without Thirst; and commonly I never drink but with Thirst that is created by eating, and then I drink as hard as any. I drink pretty well for a Man of my Pitch: In Summer, and at a hungry Meal, I do not only exceed the Limits of *Augustus* that drank but thrice precisely; but not to offend *Democrates* his Rule, who forbid that Man should stop at four Times, as an unlucky Number; I proceed for need to the fifth Glass, about three half Pints. For the little Glasses are my Favourites; and I take a Delight to drink them off, which other People avoid as an indecent Thing. I mix my Wine sometimes with half, sometimes the third Part Water; and when I am at Home, by an ancient Custom that my Father's Physician prescribed both to him and himself, they mix that which is designed for me in the Buttery three or four Hours before 'tis brought in. 'Tis said, that *Cranus* King of *Athens* was the Inventor of this Custom of dashing Wine with Water; whether profitable or no, I have heard disputed. I think it more decent and wholesom for Children to drink no Wine 'till after sixteen or eighteen Years of Age. The most usual and common Method of living is the most becoming: All Particularity in my Opinion is to be avoided, and I should as much hate a

German that mixed Water with his Wine, as I should do a Frenchman that drank it pure. Publick Custom gives the Law in those Things. I fear a Fog, and fly from Smoke, as from the Plague, (the first Repairs I fell upon in my own House were the Chimneys and Houses of Office, the common and insupportable Nufances of all old Buildings) and amongst the Difficulties of War, reckon the choaking Dust they make us ride in a whole Day together. I have a free and easy Respiration, and my Colds for the most Part go off without Offence to the Lungs, and without a Cough. The Heat of Summer is more an Enemy to me than the Cold of Winter; for, besides the Incommodity of Heat, less remediable than Cold, and besides the Force of the Sun-beams that strike upon the Head, all glittering Light offends my Eyes, so that I could not now sit at Dinner over-against a flaming Fire. To dull the Whiteness of Paper, in those Times when I was more wonted to read, I laid a Piece of Glass upon my Book, and found my Eyes much relieved by it. I am to this Hour ignorant of the Use of Spectacles, and can see as far as ever I did, or any other. 'Tis true, that in the Evening I begin to find a little Trouble and Weakness in my Sight, if I read; an Exercise that I have always found troublesom, especially by Night. Here is one Step back, and a very sensible one; I shall retire another, from the second to the third, and so to the fourth, so gently, that I shall be stark blind before I shall be sensible of the Age and Decay of my Sight: so artificially do the *fatal Sisters* untwist our Lives. And yet I doubt that my Hearing begins to grow thick, and you shall see I shall have half lost it, when I shall still lay the Fault on the Voices of those that speak to me, Man must screw up his Soul to a high Pitch, to make it sensible how it ebbs away. My Walking is quick and firm, and I know not which of the two, my Mind, or my Body, I have most to do to keep in the same State. That Preacher is very much my Friend, that can oblige my Attention a whole Sermon through. In Places of Ceremony, where every one's Countenance is so starched, where I have seen the Ladies keep even their Eyes so fixed, I could never order it so, that some Part or other of me did not lash out; so that though I was set, I was

never settled: As the Philosopher *Chry-*
sippus his Chamber-maid said of her Ma-
 ster, that he was only drunk in his Legs,
 for it was his Custom to be always kick-
 ing his Legs about in what Place soever he sat, and she
 said it at a Time, when the Wine having made all his
 Companions drunk, he found no Alteration in himself at
 all. The same may also be said of me from my Infancy,
 that I have either Folly or Quicksilver in my Feet, so
 much Stirring and Unsettledness there is in them where-
 ever they are placed. 'Tis indecent, besides the Hurt it
 doth to one's Health, and even to the Pleasure of eat-
 ing, to eat so greedily as I do: I often bite my Tongue,
 and sometimes my Fingers for Haste. *Diogenes* meeting
 a Boy eating after that manner, gave his Tutor a Box
 o'th' Ear. There were Men at *Rome* that taught People
 to chew, as well as to walk, with a good Grace. I lose
 the Leisure of speaking, which gives the best Relish to
 Tables, provided the Discourse be suitable, that is, plea-
 sant and short. There is Jealousy and Envy amongst our
 Pleasures, they cross and hinder one another. *Alcibi-*
ades, a Man very well read in making good Cheer, ban-
 nished even Musick from Tables, that they might not
 disturb the Entertainment of Discourse, by the Reason
 he had from *Plato*, that it is the Custom of popular Men
 to call Fiddlers and Singing-men to feast for want of good
 Discourse and pleasant Talk, with which Men of Un-
 derstanding know how to entertain one another. *Varro*
 requires all this in great Entertainments, Persons of grace-
 ful Presence, and agreeable Conversation, that are neither
 silent nor Bablers; Neatness and Delicacy both of Meat
 and Place, and fair Weather. A good Treat is neither
 slightly artificial, nor a little voluptuous; neither the
 greatest Captains, nor the greatest Philosophers, have
 disdained either the Use or Science of eating well. My
 Imagination has delivered three of them to the Custom
 of my Memory, which Fortune rendred sovereignly sweet
 to me upon several Occasions in my most flourishing Age.
 My present State excludes me. For every one, accord-
 ing to the good Temper of Body and Mind wherein he
 then finds himself, does from thence make out to his
 own Use a particular Grace and liking; but I, who

Chrysippus
drunk in his
Legs.

but crawl upon the Earth, hate this inhuman Wisdom, that will have us despise and hate all Culture of Body. I look upon it as an equal Injustice to loath natural Pleasures, as to be too much in Love with them. *Xerxes* was a Fop, who, environed with all human Delights, proposed a Reward to him that could find him out others; but he is not much less so, who cuts off any of those Pleasures that Nature has provided for him. A Man should neither pursue nor fly, but receive them. I receive them I confess a little too affectionately and kindly, and easily suffer myself to follow my natural Inclination. We have nothing to do to exaggerate their Inanity, they themselves will make us sufficiently sensible of it. Thanks be to our sick Minds that abate our Joys, and put them out of Taste with them, as with themselves. They entertain both themselves and all they receive, one while better, and another worse, according to their insatiable, vagabond, and versatile Essence.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis accescit *.

Unless the Vessel you would use be sweet,
'Twill sour whate'er you shall put into it.

I, who boast that I so curiously and particularly embrace the Conveniencies of Life, do find, when I most nearly consider, but very little more than Wind. But what? We are all Wind throughout, and moreover, the Wind itself loves to bluster and shift from Corner to Corner more discreetly than we, and contents itself with it's proper Offices, without desiring Stability and Solidity, Qualities that nothing belong to it. The pure Pleasures, as well as the pure Displeasures of the Imagination, say some are the greatest, as was expressed by the Balance of *Critolaus*. 'Tis no Wonder; it makes them to it's own liking, and cuts them out of the whole Cloth; of which I every Day see notable Examples, and peradventure to be desired. But I, who am of a mixed and heavy Condition, cannot snap so soon at this one simple Object, but that I negligently suffer myself to be carried away with

* *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 2.*

the present Pleasures of the general human Law. Intellectually sensible, and sensibly intellectual. The *Cyrenaick* Philosophers will have it, that as Corporal Pains, so Corporal Pleasures are more powerful, both as double, and more just. There are some, as *Aristotle* says, who out of a savage kind of Stupidity pretend to disgust them: and I know others, who out of Ambition do the same. Why do they not moreover forswear breathing? Why do they not live of their own, and refuse Light because it shines gratis, and costs them neither Pains nor Invention? Let *Mars*, *Pallas* or *Mercury*, afford them their Light by which to see, instead of *Venus*, *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*. Will they not seek the Squaring of the Circle, even when mounted upon their Wives? I hate that we should be enjoined to have our Minds in the Clouds when our Bodies are at Table; I will have the Mind there nailed, not that it should wallow there, but I am willing it should apply itself to that Place to fit, but not to lye down there. *Aristippus* maintained nothing but the Body, as if we had no Soul; *Zeno* stickled only for the Soul, as if we had no Body. Both of them faultily. *Pythagoras*, say they, followed a Philosophy that was all Contemplation, *Socrates* one that was all Manners and Action. *Plato* found out a mean betwixt both; but they only say so for Discourse sake; for the true Mean is found in *Socrates*; and *Plato* is more Socratick than *Pythagorick*, and it becomes him better. When I dance, I dance: when I sleep, I sleep. Nay, and when I walk alone in a beautiful Orchard, if my Thoughts are some part of the time taken up with strange Occurrences, I some part of the time call them back again to my Walk, or to the Orchard, to the Sweetness of the Solitude, and to myself. Nature has with a motherly Tenderness observ'd this, that the Actions she has enjoined us for our Necessity should be also pleasant to us, and invites us to them, not only by Reason, but also by Appetite: and 'tis Injustice to infringe her Laws. When I see both *Cæsar* and *Alexander* in the thickest of their greatest Business, so fully enjoy Human and Corporal Pleasures, I do not say that they slacken'd their Souls, but wound them up higher by Vigour of Courage, subjecting these violent Employments and laborious Thoughts to the ordinary use of
Life.

Life. Wise, had they believed, that the last was their ordinary Employment, the first, their extraordinary Vocation. We are great Fools. He has past over his Life in ease, say we: I have done nothing yet that is new. What! have you not lived till now? 'Tis not only the fundamental, but the most illustrious of your Occupations. Had I been put to the Management of great Affairs, I should have made it seen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate, and manage your Life; you have performed the greatest Work of all. For a Man to shew, and set out himself, Nature has no need of Fortune, she equally shews herself in all degrees, and behind a Curtain, as well as without one. Have you known how to compose your Manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed Books. Have you known how to take Repose? You have done more than he who has taken Cities and Empires. The glorious Master-piece of Man is to know how to live to purpose; all other things, to reign, to lay up Treasure, and to build, are at the most but little Appendixes, and little Props. I take a Delight to see a General of an Army at the Foot of a Breach he intends presently to assault, give himself up intire and free at Dinner, to talk and be merry with his Friends. And *Brutus*, when Heaven and Earth were conspired against him and the *Roman Liberty*, to steal some Hour of the Night from his Rounds to read and abridge *Polybius* in all Security. 'Tis for little Souls, that truckle under the Weight of Affairs, not to know how clearly to disengage themselves, and not to know how to lay them aside, and take them up again.

*O fortes, pejoraque passi,
Mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas.
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*.*

Brave Spirits, who with me have suffer'd Sorrow,
Drink Cares away, we'll set up Sails to Morrow †.

Whether it be in jest or earnest, that the *Theological* and *Sorbonical* Wine, and their Feasts are turn'd into a Pro-

* *Hor. lib. 1. Ode 7.*

† *Sir Thomas Hawkins.*

verb.

verb; I find it Reason, they should dine so much more commodiously and pleasantly as they have profitably and seriously employed the Morning in the Exercise of their *Schools*. The Conscience of having well spent the other Hour is the just and savoury Sauce of Tables. The *Sages* lived after that manner, and that inimitable emulation to Virtue, which astonishes us both in the one and the other *Cato*; so did that Humour of theirs serve even to Importunity, gently submit it self, and yield to the *Laws* of the human Condition, both of *Venus* and *Bacchus*; according to the Precepts of their *Sett*, that require a perfect wise Man should be as expert and intelligent in the use of Pleasures, as in all other Duties of Life. *Cui cor sapiat ei & sapiat Palatus.* He that has a learned Soul, has a learned Palate too. Yielding and Facility do, methinks, wonderfully honour, and best become a strong and generous Soul. *Epaminondas* did not think, that to dance, sing, and play, and be intent upon them, with the young Men of his City, were things that did any way derogate from the Honour of his glorious Victories, and the perfect Reformation of Manners that was in him. And amongst so many admirable Actions of *Scipio*, the Grandfather, a Person worthy the Opinion of a heavenly Extraction, there is nothing that gives him a greater Grace than to see him earnestly and childishly trifling, in gathering and choosing Shells, and playing at *Coits* upon the Sea-shore with his Friend *Lælius*: And, if it was foul Weather, amusing and pleasing himself in representing in Comedies, by writing the meanest and most popular Actions of Men: And having his Head full of that wonderful Enterprize of *Hannibal* and *Affric*, visiting the *Schools*, and being continually present at the Philosophical Lectures, improving himself even to the Envy of his Enemies at *Rome*. Nor is there any thing more remarkable in *Socrâtes*, than that, old as he was, he found time to make himself be instructed in Dancing and playing upon Instruments, and thought it time well spent; who nevertheless has been seen in an *Extasy* standing upon his Feet a whole Day and a Night together in the Presence of all the *Grecian* Army, surprized and ravished with some profound Thought. He was
the

the first who among so many valiant Men of the Army ran to the Relief of *Alcibiades*, oppressed with the Enemy, that shielded him with his own Body, and disengaged him from the Crowd, by absolute Force of Arms. It was he who, in the *Delian* Battle, relieved and saved *Xenophon*, when dismounted from his Horse, and who, amongst all the People of *Athens*, enraged as he at so unworthy a Spectacle, first presented himself to rescue *Theramenes*, whom the thirsty Tyrants were haling to Execution by their Guards, and desisted not from his bold Enterprize, but at the Remonstrance of *Theramenes* himself, though he was only followed by two more in all. He has been seen, when courted by a Beauty, with which he was in Love, yet maintain a severe Abstinence in Time of need. He has been seen continually to go to the *War*, and with his bare Feet to trample upon the Ice; to wear the same Robe Winter and Summer, to surpass all his Companions in Patience of Suffering, and to eat no more at a Feast, than at his own private Dinner; he was seen seven and twenty Years together to endure Hunger, Poverty, the Indocility of his Children, and the Talons of his Wife, with the same Countenance; and in the End Calumny, Tyranny, Imprisonment, Fetters, and Poisons. But was that Man obliged to drink to him by any Rule of Civility? He was also the Man of the *Army* to whom the Advantage remain'd. And he never refused to play at *Cob-nut*, nor to ride the *Hobby-horse* with the Boys, and it became him well; for all Actions, says Philosophy, equally become, and equally honour a wise Man. We have enough wherewithal to do it, and we ought never to be weary of representing the *Image* of this great Man in all the Patterns and Forms of Perfection. There are very few Examples of Life full and pure, and we wrong our Instruction every Day, to propose to ourselves those that are weak and imperfect, scarce good for any one Service that pulls us back, and that are rather Corrupters than Correctors of Manners. The People deceive themselves; a Man goes much more easily indeed by the Ends, where the Extremity serves for a Bound, a Stop and Guide, than by the middle Way, which is large and open, and according to *Art*, than according to *Nature*;

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but withal much less nobly and commendably. The Grandeur of Soul consists not so much in mounting and in proceeding forward, as in knowing how to govern and circumscribe itself. It takes every thing for great, that is enough; and demonstrates itself better in moderate, than eminent Things. There is nothing so handsome and lawful, as well and duly to play the Man; nor Science so hard, as well to know how to live this Life; and of all the Infirmities we have, 'tis the most savage to despise our Being. Whoever has a Mind to send his Soul abroad, when the Body is ill at ease, to preserve it from the Contagion, let him do it if he can: But in all other Things let him, on the contrary, favour and assist it, and not refuse to participate of it's natural Pleasure and Delights with a Conjugal Complacency; bringing to it withal, if it be a wiser Soul, Moderation, lest by Indiscretion they should confound them with Displeasures. Intemperance is the best of Pleasure, and Temperance is it's Scourge, but rather it's Seasoning. *Eudoxus*, who therein establish'd the sovereign Good, and his Companions, who set so high a Value upon it, tasted with a more charming Sweetness by the Means of Temperance, which in them was most singular and exemplary. I enjoin my Soul to look upon Pain and Pleasure with an Eye equally regular; *Eodem enim vitio est effusio animi in lætitia, quo dolore contractio* * : For 'tis by the same Vice that we dilate our selves in Mirth, and contract them in Sorrow: and equally firm: but the one gaily, and the other severely, and according to what it is able, to be as careful to extinguish the one as to extend the other. The judging rightly of Goods, brings along with it the judging soundly of Evils. Both Pain has something not to be avoided in it's tender Beginnings, and Pleasure has something that may be avoided in it's excessive End. *Plato* couples them together, and will that it should be equally the Office of Fortitude to fight against Pain, and against the immoderate and charming Blandishments of Pleasure. They are two Fountains, from which whoever draws, when, and as much as he needs, whether *City, Man,*

* *Cicero, Tusul. l. 4.*

or *Beasts*, is very happy. The first is to be taken physically, and upon necessity more scarcely; the other for Thirst, but not to Drunkenness. Pain, Pleasure, Love and Hatred, are the first things that a Child is sensible of; if when his Reason comes to him he applies himself to it, that is Virtue. I have a peculiar Method of my own, I squander away my Time when it is ill and uneasy; but when 'tis good, I will not squander it away. I run it over again and stick to it; a Man must run over the ill, and insist upon the good. This ordinary *Phrase* of Past-time, and passing away the Time, represents the Custom of those wise sort of People, who think they cannot have a better account of their Lives, than to let them run out and slide away, to pass them over, and to baulk them, and as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to shun them, as a thing of troublesome and contemptible Quality: But I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in it's latest Decay, wherein I now enjoy it: And Nature has deliver'd it into our Hands in such and so favourable Circumstances, that we commonly complain of our selves if it be troublesome to us, or slide unprofitable away. *Stulti vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur* †. *The Life of a Fool is uneasy, timorous, and wholly bent upon the future.* Nevertheless I compose my self to lose mine without Regret, but withal as a thing that is loseable by it's Condition, not that it troubles or importunes me. Neither does it properly well become any, not to be displeas'd when they die, excepting as are pleas'd to live. There is good Husbandry in enjoying it. I enjoy it double to what others do; for the Measure in Fruition depends more or less upon our Application to it. Now, especially, that I perceive mine to be so short in Time, I will extend it in Weight: I will stop the Suddenness of it's Flight, by the Suddenness of my seizing upon it: and by the Vigour of using it, recompense the Speed of it's running away. By how much the Possession of living is more short, I must make it so much deeper and more full. Others are sensible of Contentment, and of Prosperity, I feel it too, as well as they, but

 † *Seneca, Epist. 15.*

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not only as it slides and passes by ; and also a Man ought to study, taste, and ruminare upon it, to render condign Thanks to him that grants it to us. They enjoy the other Pleasures as they do that of Sleep, without knowing it ; to the End, that even Sleep itself should not so stupidly escape from me, I have formerly caused my self to be disturbed in my Sleep, that I might the better and more sensibly relish and taste it. I consult my self of a Contentment ; I do not skin, but found it, and bend my Reason, now grown perverse and ill-humour'd to entertain it. Do I find my self in any calm Composeness ? Is there any Pleasure that tickles me ? I do not suffer it to dally with my Senses only, I associate my Soul to it too : Not there to engage it self, but therein to take Delight ; not there to lose itself, but to be present there ; and employ it on it's part to view itself in this prosperous Estate, to weigh, esteem, and amplify the good Hap. It reckons how much it stands indebted to *Almighty God* that it is in repose of Conscience, and other intestine Passions, to have the Body in a natural Disposeness, orderly and competently enjoining the soft and flattering Functions, by which he of his Bounty is pleas'd to recompense the Sufferings wherewith his Justice at his good Pleasure does scourge and chastise us. How great a Benefit is it to Man to have his Soul so seated, that which way soever she turns her Eye, the Heaven is calm and serene about her ? No Desire, no Fear or Doubt, that troubles the Air, nor any Difficulty past, present, or to come, that his Imagination may not pass over without Offence. This Consideration takes great Lustre from the Comparison of different Conditions, and therefore it is, that I propose to my self in a thousand Faces, those whom Fortune, or their own Error, torment and carry away, and moreover those, who more like to me, so negligently and incuriously receive their good Fortune. They are Men who pass away their Time indeed, they run over the present, and that which they possess, to give themselves up to Hope, and for vain Shadows and Images, which Fancy puts into their Heads.

Morte

*Morte obita quales fama est volitare figuras,
Aut quæ sopitos deludunt somnia sensus* *.

Such Shapes they say that dead's Men's Spirit have,
Or those in Dreams our drowsy Sense deceive †.

Which hasten and prolong their Flight according as they
are pursued. The Fruit of their Pursuit is to pursue; as
Alexander said, that the End of his Labour was to labour.

Nil actum credens cum quid suppresset agendam †.

Thinking nought done, if aught was left to do.

For my Part then I love Life, and cultivate it, such
as it has pleased God to bestow it upon us; I do not
desire it should be without the Necessity of Eating and
Drinking; and I should think to offend no less excusably
to wish it had been double. *Sapiens divitiarum natu-
ralium questior acerrimus* ||. *A wise Man is an avarici-
ous Gaper after natural Riches.* Nor that we should
support our selves by putting only a little of that *Drag*
into our Mouths, by which *Epimenides* took away his
Appetite, and kept himself alive. Nor that a Man
should stupidly beget Children, with his Fingers or
Heels, but rather with Reverence I speak it, that we
might voluptuously beget them with our Fingers and
Heels. Not that the Body should be without Desire,
and void of Delight. These are ungrateful and wicked
Complaints. I accept kindly and with acknowledg-
ment, what Nature has done for me; am well pleased
with it, and proud of it. A Man does wrong to the
great and potent *Giver* of all Things, to refuse, disan-
nihil, or disfigure his Gift; he has made every thing
well. *Omnia quæ secundum naturam sunt æstimatione
digna sunt* *. *All Things that are according to Nature
are worthy of Esteem,* Of Philosophical Opinions, I
more willingly embrace those that are most solid, that

* *Æneid. lib. 10.*

† *Mr. Ogilby.*

‡ *Lucan. l. 2.*

|| *Seneca, Epist. 119.*

** *Cicero.*

is to say, the most humane, and most our own: My Discourse is suitable to my Manners, low and humble: I then bring forth a Child to my own liking, when it puts itself upon it's *Ergo's*, to prove that 'tis a barbarous Alliance to marry the *Divine* with the *Earthly*, the *Reasonable* with the *Unreasonable*, the *Severe* with the *Indulgent*, and the *Honest* with the *Disbonest*. That Pleasure is a brutish Quality, unworthy to be tasted by a wise Man. That the sole Pleasure that he extracts from the Enjoyment of a fair young Wife, is a Pleasure of his Conscience to perform an Action according to Order: as to put on his Boots for a profitable Journey. Oh, that his Followers had no more Right, nor Nerves, nor Juice, in getting their Wives Maidenheads, than in his Lessons. 'Tis not what *Socrates* says, who is both his *Master* and ours. He values, as he ought, bodily Pleasure, but he prefers that of the Soul, as having more Force, Constancy, Facility, Variety and Dignity. This according to him goes by no means alone, he is not so fantastick, but only it goes first. Temperance in him is the *Moderatrix*, not the *Adversary* of his Pleasures. Nature is a gentle Guide, but not more sweet and gentle, than prudent and just. *Intrandum est in rerum naturam & penitus quid ea postulet, pervidendum**. A Man must search into the Nature of Things, and examine what she requires. I hunt after the Print of her Foot throughout, but we have confounded it with artificial Traces. And that *Academick* and *Peripatetick* Good, which is to live according to it, becomes by this Means hard to limit and explain. And that of the *Stoicks*, Cousin-German to it, which is to consent to Nature. Is it not an Error to esteem any Actions less worthy, because they are necessary, and yet they cannot beat it out of my Head, that it is not a convenient Marriage of Pleasure with Necessity, to which says an *Ancient*, the *Gods* do always consent. To what end do we dismember by Divorce, a Building united by so mutual and brotherly a Correspondence? Let us, on the contrary, repair and corroborate it by mutual Offices, let the Mind rouse and quicken the Heaviness of the *Body*, and the *Body*

* *Cic. de fm. lib. 5.*

stop and fix the Levity of the Soul. *Qui velut summum bonum laudat animæ naturam, & tanquam malum, naturam carnis accusat, profecto & animam carnaliter appetit, & carnem carnaliter fugit, quoniam id vanitate sentit humana, non veritate divina* *. He that commends the Nature of the Soul as the supreme Good, and accuses the Nature of the Flesh as Evil, does certainly both carnally affect the Soul, and carnally flies the Flesh, because he is so possessed through Human Vanity, and not by Divine Truth. In this Present which God has made us, there is nothing unworthy our Care; we stand accountable even to an Hair. And 'tis no slight Commission to Man, to conduct Man according to his Condition. 'Tis express, plain, and the principal Injunction of all, and the Creator has seriously and strictly enjoin'd it. Authority has alone the Power to work upon common Understandings, and is of more Weight in a Foreign Language, and therefore let us again charge it in this Place. *Stultitiæ proprium quis non dixerit ignave, & contumaciter facere quæ facienda sunt; & alio corpus impellere, alio animum, distractique inter diversissimos motus? Who will not say, that it is the Property of Folly, slothfully and contumaciously to perform what is to be done, and to bend the Body one way, and the Mind another, and to be distracted betwixt most different Motions?* Which to make apparent, makes any one another Day tell you what Whimfies and Imaginations he puts into his own Pate, and upon the Account of which he diverted his Thoughts from a good Meal, and complains of the Time he spends in eating: you will find there is nothing so insipid in all the Dishes at your Table, as this wise Meditation of his. For the most part we had better sleep than wake to the Purpose we do: and that his Discourses and Notions are not worth the worst Mefs there: though they were the Raptures of *Archimedes* himself, what were they worth? I do not here speak of, nor mix with the Rabble of us ordinary Men, and the Vanity of the Thoughts and Desires that divert us, those venerable Souls, elevated by the Ardor of Devotion and Religion, to a constant, and conscientious Meditation of Divine Things, who by a lively Endeavour,

* *Aug. verb. Apostat, ser. 13. lib. 6.*

your, and vehement Hope, professing the Use of the Eternal Nourishment, the final Aim, and last Step of Christian Desires, the sole, constant, and incorruptible Pleasure, disdain to apply themselves to our necessitous, fluid, and ambiguous Conveniencies, and easily resign to the Body the Care and Use of sensual and temperate Feeding. 'Tis a privileged Study. I have ever amongst us observed supercelestial Opinions, and subterranean Manners to be of singular Accord. *Æsop*, that great Man, saw his Master piss as he walked: What, said he, *must we then dung as we run?* Let us manage our Time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle and ill employed. As if the Mind had no other Hours enough wherein to do it's Business, without disassociating itself from the Body, in that little Space it needs for it's Necessity. They will put themselves out of themselves, and escape from being Men. 'Tis Folly, instead of transforming themselves into Angels, they transform themselves into Beasts, and instead of elevating lay themselves lower. The transcendent Humours affright me, like high and inaccessible Cliffs and Precipices: And nothing is hard for me to digest in the Life of *Socrates*, but his Extacies and Communication with Demons. Nothing so human in *Plato* as that for which they say he was called Divine. And of our Sciences, those seem to be the most terrestrial and low that are highest mounted. And I find nothing so humble and mortal in the Life of *Alexander* as his Fancies about Immortalisation. *Philotas* pleasantly quipt him in his Answer. He congratulated him by Letter concerning the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon*, who had placed him amongst the Gods; Upon thy Account, I am glad of it, said he, but the Men are to be lamented, who are to live with a Man, and to obey him, who exceeds, and is not contented with the Measure of a Man. *Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas.* Because thou carriest thy self lower than the Gods, thou dost rule and command. The quaint Inscription wherewith the *Athenians* honour'd the Entry of *Pompey* into their City is conformable to myself:

*D'autant es tu Dieu, comme
Tu te recognois homme.*

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By so much thou a God appear'st to be,
By how much thou a Man confessest thee:

'Tis an absolute, and as it were, a Divine Perfection, for a Man to know how loyally to enjoy his Being: We seek other Conditions, by reason we do not understand the use of our own; and go out of ourselves, because we know not how to reside there. 'Tis to much purpose to go upon Stilts, for when upon Stilts, we must yet walk upon our Legs: And when seated upon the most elevated Throne in the World, we are but seated upon our Breech. The fairest Lives, in my Opinion, are those which regularly accommodate themselves to the common and human Model: but without Miracle, and without Extravagance. But old Age stands a little in need of a more gentle Treatment. Let us recommend it to God, the Protector of Health and Wisom, but withal, let us be gay and sociable:

*Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latoe dones, & precor integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec Cythara carentem.*

*Latona's Son,
In Mind, and Body's Health my own
T'enjoy; old Age from Dotage free,
And solac'd with the Lute give me*.*

* Sir Richard Fanshaw.

*The End of the Third and Last Book of
MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.*

