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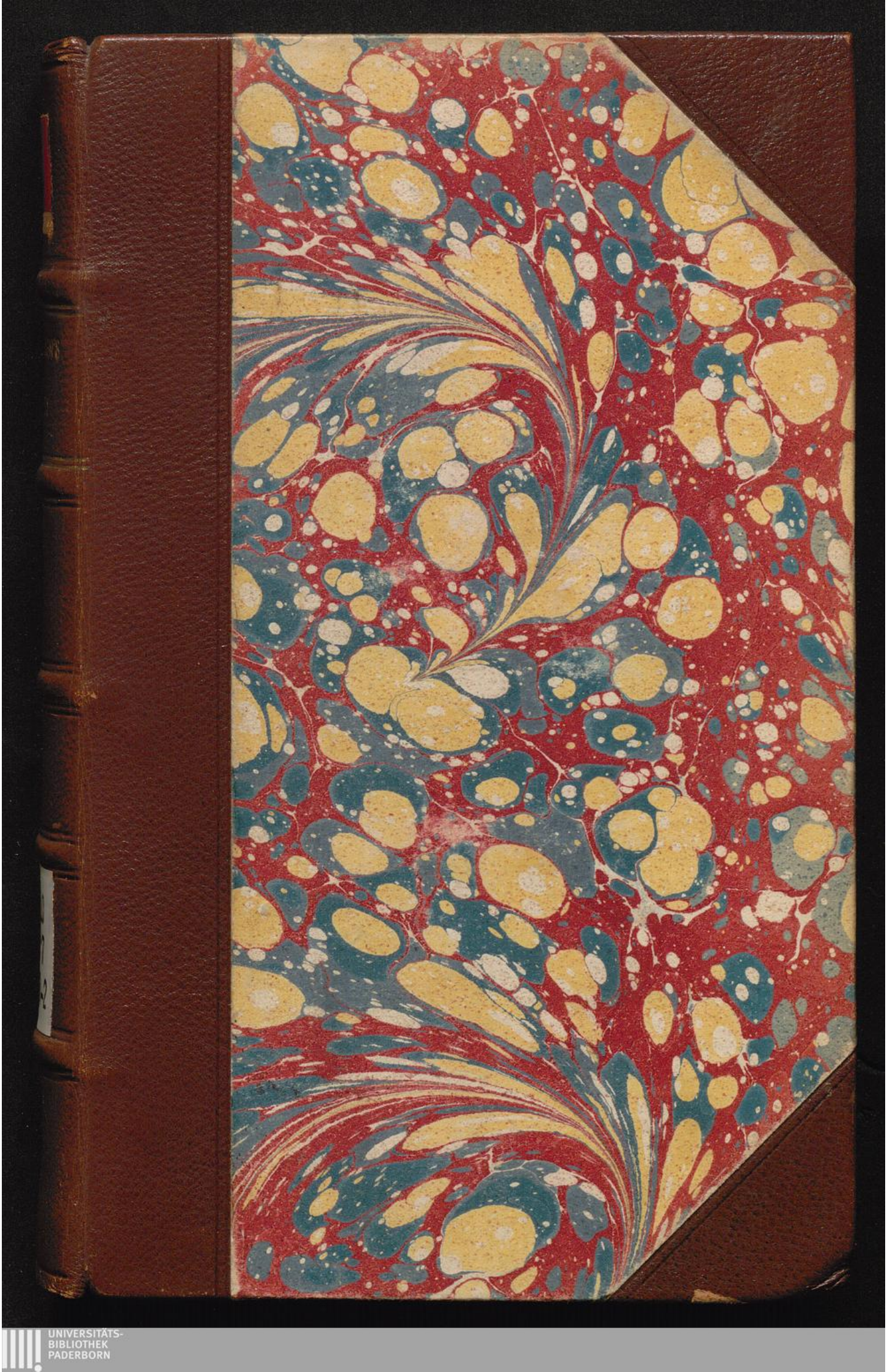
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Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de

London, 1743

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MONTAIGNE's

ESSAYS

In THREE BOOKS.

WITH

NOTES and QUOTATIONS.

Translated by

CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

——*Vireſque acquirit eundo.* VIRG. Lib. 4. Æn.

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ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seigr. *de Montaigne.*

The SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Inconſtancy of our Actions.

THOSE who make it their Buſineſs to controul or criticize human Actions, never find themſelves ſo much puzzled in any thing, as how to reconcile and ſet them before the World in a ſelf-conſiſtent Light and Reputation; for they are generally ſuch ſtrange Contradictions in themſelves, that it ſeems almoſt impoſſible they ſhould proceed from one and the ſame Perſon. One while we find young *Marius* a Son of *Mars*, and another time the Son of *Venus*. Pope *Boniface* the Eighth (it is ſaid) crept into the Papal Throne like a Fox, reigned like a Lion, and died like a Dog. And who could believe it to be the ſame *Nero*, that perfect Image of all Cruelty, who in the beginning of

his Reign, having the Sentence of a condemned Man brought to him to ſign, cried out, *O, that I had never been taught to write.* So much it went to his Heart to condemn a Man to Death. The Hiſtory of every Nation is full of ſuch Examples, and all Men are able to produce ſo many to themſelves, either from their own Conduct or Obſervation, that I often wonder to ſee Men of Senſe give themſelves the trouble of ſorting theſe Pieces, and endeavouring to reconcile ſuch Contradictions; eſpecially when Irreſolution appears to be, at leaſt ſeems to me, the moſt common and manifeſt Vice of our Nature; Witneſs the famous Verſe of the Comedian *Publius*.

Irreſolution the moſt common Vice of our Nature.

Malum Conſilium eſt, quod mutari non poteſt *.
That Counſel's ill that will admit no Change.

There is indeed ſome Poſſibility of forming a Judgment of a Man from the moſt uſual Methods of his Life, but conſidering the natural Inſtability of our Manners and Opinions, I have often thought even the beſt Authors a little miſtaken, in ſo obſtinately endeavouring to mould us into any conſtant and ſolid Contexture. They chuſe the general Air of a Man, and according to that interpret all his Actions, of which, if ſome be ſo ſtiff and ſtubborn, that they cannot bend or turn them to any Uniformity to the reſt, they then without further Ceremony impute them to Diſſimulation. *Auguſtus* has nevertheleſs eſcaped thoſe Gentlemen; for there was in him ſo apparent, ſo ſudden, and ſo continued a Variety of Actions throughout the whole Courſe of his Life, that he has ſlipt away clear from the moſt hardy Cenſurers. For my part, I am with much more Difficulty induced to believe a Man's Conſtancy than any other Virtue in him; nay, I believe nothing ſooner than the contrary, and will venture to ſay that it would be a laborious Undertaking to produce a Dozen Men, even out of all Antiquity, who have form'd their Lives to one certain and conſtant Courſe, which is

Inſtability of our Manners and Opinions.

* *Aulus Gel. ex Pub. Min.*

the

the principal Design of Wisdom; for (says one of the Ancients) to comprize it all in one Word, and to contract all the Rules of human Life into One, it is to *Will*, and not to *Will* always on the same Thing: I shall not descend, continues he, to add, provided the *Will* be just, for if it be not so, it is impossible it should be always one. I have indeed formerly learnt, That Vice is nothing but Irregularity and Want of Measure, and therefore 'tis impossible to fix Constancy to it. 'Tis a Saying of *Demosthenes*, that the Beginning of all Virtue, is Consultation and Deliberation; the End and Perfection, Constancy. If we would resolve on any certain Course upon mature Advice, we should pitch upon the best, but no body has thought of it.

Quod petiit, spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit,
Æstuat, & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto *.

He now despises what he late did crave,
And what he last neglected, now would have:
He fluctuates, and flies from that to this,
And his whole Life a Contradiction is.

Our ordinary Practice is to follow the Inclinations of our Appetite, which way soever they guide us, whether to the Right or to the Left, upwards or downwards, just according as we are wafted by the Breath of Occasion. We never meditate what we would have, till the Instant we have a Mind to have it; and change like that little Creature, which receives its Colour from what it is laid upon. What we but just now propose to ourselves, we immediately alter, and presently return to it again; 'tis nothing bnt Shifting and Inconstancy:

Ducimur ut nervis alienis mobile lignum †.

Like Tops with leathern Thongs we're scourg'd about.

We do not go, we are driven; like things that float, now leisurely, then with Violence, according to the Gentleness or Rapidity of the Current.

——— *nonne videmus,*
Quid sibi quisque velit nescire, & quærere semper,
Commutare locum quasi onus deponere possit ‡?.

* *Hor. l.* 1. *G.* 1. † *Id. lib.* 2. *Sat.* 7. ‡ *Lucret. l.* 3.

See we not up and down Men daily trot,
For something they would have, but know not what:
Shifting from Place to Place, as here or there,
They could set down the Burden of their Care.

Every Day produces a new Whim, and our Humours keep motion with Time.

Tales sunt hominum mentes, quali pater ipse
Jupiter auctifero lustravit lumine terras *.

Such are the Motions of th' Inconstant Soul,
As are the Days and Weather fair or foul.

We fluctuate betwixt various Inclinations; we will nothing freely, nothing absolutely, nothing constantly. In any one that had prescrib'd and laid down Determinate Rules and Laws to himself for his own Conduct, we should perceive an Equality of Manners, an Order, and an infallible Relation of one Thing or Action to another, shine through his whole Life, as *Empedocles* observed in the *Agregentines*, who gave themselves up to Delights as if every Day was to be their Last, and built as if they were to live for ever; a Judgment would not then be hard to make. And it is very evident in the Person of the younger *Cato*, that when a Man has found out one Step, it will lead him to all the rest: 'Tis a Harmony of very agreeing Sounds, that cannot jar, nor deceive the Ear. But with us 'tis quite contrary, every particular Action requires a particular Judgment, wherein the surest way to steer, in my Opinion, would be to take our Measures from the neareſt ally'd Circumstances, without engaging in a longer Inquisition, or without concluding any other Consequence. I was told in the Civil Disorders of our unhappy Kingdom, that a Maid Servant hard by the Place where I then was, had thrown herself out of a Window to avoid being forc'd by a common Soldier that was quarter'd in the House: She was not kill'd by the Fall, and therefore redoubling her Attempt, would have cut her own Throat, had she not been hindered; but having nevertheless wounded herself to some Shew of Danger, she volun-

A Maid threw herself out of a Window for fear of a Rape.

* *Cicero.*

tarily

ta ily confeſs'd that the Soldier had not as yet importun'd her otherwiſe than by Courtſhip, earneſt Solicitation, and ſuch little Preſents as he was able to procure; but that ſhe was afraid, that in the End he would have proceeded to Violence; all which ſhe deliver'd with ſuch a Countenance and Accent, and withal embrewed in her own Blood, the higheſt Teſtimony of her Virtue, that ſhe appeared another *Lucretia*; and yet I have ſince been very well aſſur'd, that both before and after, ſhe was no very difficult Piece. Wherefore according to my Hoſt's Tale in *Arioſto*, be as handſome a Man, and as fine a Gentleman as you will, never build too much upon your Miſtreſs's inviolable Chaſtity, for having been repuls'd by her; you do not know but ſhe may have a much better Stomach to your Groom.

Antigonus, having taken one of his Soldiers into a great degree of Favour and Eſteem, for his Virtue and Valour, gave his Phyſicians ſtrict Charge to cure him of a long and inward Diſtemper, under which he had a great while languiſh'd; and obſerving that after his Cure, he went much more coldly to work than before, he aſk'd the Fellow, Who had alter'd and cow'd him? You, yourſelf (Sir) reply'd the other, by having eas'd me of the Pains that made me weary of my Life. One of *Lucullus*'s Soldiers, having been rifled by his Enemy, perform'd a brave Exploit againſt him, by way of Revenge, by which he made himſelf a Saver at leaſt: *Lucullus*, who from that Action, had conceiv'd a very advantageous Opinion of the Man, endeavoured with all the plauſible Perſuaſions and Promiſes he could think of.

Verbis quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem *.
Words which the coldeſt Coward would inſpire,
And with briſk Metal ſet his Blood on Fire.

to engage him in an Enterprize of imminent Danger; but how did the Soldier anſwer? Flatly refuſing to go, pray Sir, ſays he to his General, employ ſome miſerable plundered Wretch in that Affair.

——————*quantumvis ruſticus ibit,*
Ibit eo, quo vis qui zonam perdidit, inquit †.

* *Hor. lib. 2. Ep. 2.* † *Id. Ibid.*

Some Fool, or poor Knave knapſack'd by the Foe,
On that Deſign may peradventure go.

When we read, that *Mahomet* having furiouſly reprimanded *Chaſan*, *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, who ſeeing the *Hungarians* break into his Batallions had behav'd himſelf very ill in the Buſineſs, and that *Chaſan* inſtead of any other Anſwer, ruſh'd furiouſly alone, with his Cimitar in his Hand into the firſt Body of the Enemy, where he was preſently cut to pieces: We are not to look upon that Action to have been ſo much a generous Deſign to vindicate himſelf from the Reproach of Cowardice, as an Effect of Recollection; nor to have proceeded ſo much from natural Valour as a ſudden Vexation. The Man you ſee To-day ſo adventurous and brave, you muſt not think it ſtrange to find him as great a Poltron To-morrow: Anger, Neceſſity, Company, Wine, or the Sound of the Trumpet, may have rouz'd his Spirits; this is no Valour form'd and eſtabliſh'd by Meditation; but accidentally created by thoſe Circumſtances, and therefore it is no Wonder, if by contrary Circumſtances it appears quite another thing.

Theſe ſupple Variations and Contradictions, ſo manifeſt in us, have given ſome People occaſion to believe, that Man has two Souls: Others two diſtinct Powers, which always accompany and incline us, the one towards Good, and the other towards Evil, according to their own Natures and Propenſity; ſo ſudden a Variety of Inclination not being to be imagin'd to flow from one and the ſame Fountain. For my part, I muſt ingeniouſly declare, that the Puff of every Accident not only carries me along with it, according to its own Proclivity, but that moreover I diſcompoſe, and trouble myſelf, by the Inſtability of my own Poſture; and whoever will look narrowly into his own Breaſt, will hardly find himſelf twice in the ſame Condition. I give my Soul ſometimes one Face and ſometimes another, according to the Side I turn her to. If I ſpeak variouſly of myſelf, it is, becauſe I conſider myſelf variouſly. All Contrarieties are there to be found, in one Corner or another, or after one Manner or another. Baſhful, inſolent, chaſte, luſtful, prating, ſilent, laborious, delicate, ingenious, heavy, melancholick, pleaſant, lying, ſincere, knowing, ignorant, liberal, covetous, and prodigal,

gal, I find all this in myſelf more or leſs, according as I turn myſelf about; and whoever will ſift himſelf to the Bottom, will be conſcious, even by his own Judgment, of this Volubility and Diſcordance. In a word, I have nothing to ſay of myſelf entirely, ſimply, and ſolidly, without Mixture and Confuſion. *Diſtinguo* is the moſt univerſal part of my Logick. Tho' I always intend to ſpeak well of good things, and rather to interpret ſuch things as may fall out, in the beſt Senſe, than otherwiſe; yet ſuch is the Strangeneſs of our Condition, that we are ſometimes puſh'd on to do well even by Vice itſelf, if well-doing were not judg'd by the Intention only. One gallant Action therefore ought not to conclude a Man valiant; if a Man was brave indeed, he would be always ſo, and upon all Occaſions. If it were a Habit of Virtue, and not a Sally, it would render a Man equally reſolute: In all Accidents, the ſame alone as in Company, the ſame in Liſts as in Battles; for, let People ſay what they pleaſe, there is not one Valour for the Street, and another for the Field: He would bear a Sickneſs in his Bed as bravely as a Wound in the Trenches, and no more fear Death in his own Houſe than at an Aſſault. We ſhould not then ſee the ſame Man charge into a Breach with a brave Aſſurance, and afterwards torment himſelf, and wine like a Woman for the Loſs of a Law-Suit, or the Death of a Child. When being detected Coward to Infamy, he is conſtant in the Neceſſities of Poverty and Want; when he ſtarts at the Sight of a Barber's Razor, and ruſhes fearleſs among the Swords of the Enemy, the Action is commendable, not the Man.

Many of the *Greeks* ſays *Cicero* *, cannot endure the Sight of an Enemy, and yet are Courageous in Sickneſs; the *Cimbrians* and *Celtiberians* quite the contrary. *Nihil enim poteſt eſſe æquabile, quod non à certa ratione proficiſcatur.* Nothing can be equal, that does not proceed from a certain ground of Reaſon. No Valour can be more extreme in its kind than that of *Alexander:* But it is but one kind; nor is that kind full enough throughout: As peerleſs as it is, it has yet ſome Blemiſhes; and of this, his being ſo often at his Wits end upon every

The Valour of Alexander *extreme in its kind.*

* *Cicero, Tuſc.* 2.

light Suspicion of his Captains conspiring against his Life, and the behaving himself in that Enquiry with so much Vehemency and Injustice: and a Fear that subverted his natural Reason, is one pregnant Instance: The Superstition also with which he was so much tainted, carries along with it some Image of Pusillanimity. The Excess of his Penitency, for the Murder of *Clytus*, is likewise another Testimony of the Unevenness of his Courage. All we perform is no other than a *Cento*, as a Man may say, of several Pieces, and yet we would acquire Honour by a false Title. Virtue cannot be follow'd, but for herself, and if we sometimes borrow her Mask for some other Occasion, she presently pulls it off again. 'Tis a Stamp and lively Tincture, which, when the Soul has once thoroughly imbib'd it, will not out again but with the Piece. And therefore to make a right Judgment of a Man, we are long, and very observingly, to follow his Trace: If Constancy does not there stand firm upon her own proper Base. *Cui vivendi via considerata, atque provisa est* *; if the Variety of Occurrences makes him to alter his Pace (his Path I mean, for the Pace may be faster or slower) let him march; such a one runs before the Wind. 'Tis no Wonder, says one of the Ancients, that Chance has so great a Dominion over us, since it is by Chance we live. It is not possible for any one, who has not design'd his Life for some certain End, to dispose of his particular Actions. It is impossible for any one to fit the Pieces together, who has not the whole Form already contriv'd in his Imagination. To what Use are Colours to him, or to what End should he provide them, that knows not what it is to paint? No one lays down a certain Design for his Life, and we only deliberate by Pieces. The Archer ought first to know at what he is to aim, and then accommodate his Arm, Bow, String, Shaft, and Motion to it. Our Counsel deviates and wanders, because not leveled to any determinate End. No Wind serves him who addresses his Voyage to no certain Port. I cannot acquiesce in the Judgment given by one in the Behalf of *Sophocles*; who concluded him capable of the Management of Domestick Affairs, against the Accusation of his Son, for having seen one of his Tragedies.

* *Cicero.*

Neither

Neither do I allow of the Conjecture of the *Parians*, ſent to regulate the *Mileſians*, ſufficient for ſuch a Conſequence as they drew from it. Coming to viſit the Iſland, they took notice of ſuch Grounds as were beſt cultivated, and ſuch Country Houſes as were beſt governed; and having taken the Names of the Owners, when they had aſſembled the Citizens, they appointed thoſe Farmers for new Governors and Magiſtrates; concluding, that they who had been ſo provident in their own private Concerns, would be ſo of the Publick too. We are all unform'd Lumps, and of ſo various a Contexture, that every Moment every Piece plays its own Game, and there is as much Difference betwixt us and ourſelves, as betwixt us and others. *Magnam rem puta, unum hominem agere* *. Since Ambition can teach Men Valour, Temperance and Liberality, and even Juſtice too; ſeeing that Avarice can inſpire the Courage of a Shop-boy, bred and nurſed up in Obſcurity and Eaſe, with the Aſſurance to expoſe himſelf ſo far from the Fire-ſide, to the Mercy of the Waves in a frail Boat; as ſhe goes farther, and can teach Diſcretion and Prudence; and that even *Venus* can infuſe Boldneſs and Reſolution into Boys under the Diſcipline of the Rod, and inflame the Hearts of tender Virgins, in their Mothers Arms, with Maſculine Courage:

Hac duce cuſtodes furtim tranſgreſſa jacentes
Ad juvenem tenebris ſola puella venit †.

The tender Virgin, dreadleſs of all Harms,
Steals in the Dark to her young Lover's Arms.

The Underſtanding has ſomething more to do than ſimply to judge us by our outward Action,; it muſt penetrate the very Soul, and there diſcover by what Springs the Motion is guided: But that being a high and hazardous Undertaking, I could wiſh that fewer would attempt it.

---

* *Sen. Epiſt.* 120. † *Tib. lib.* 2. *Eleg.* 3.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of Drunkenness.

THE World is nothing but Variety and Disproportion, Vices are all alike, as they are Vices, and perhaps the *Stoicks* understand them so; but tho' they are equally Vices, yet they are not all equal Vices: And that he who has transgressed the ordinary Bounds by a hundred Paces, should not be in a worse Condition than he who had transgressed them but ten, is not to be believed; or that Sacrilege is not worse than stealing a Cabbage,

Nec vincit ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet idemque
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horto,
Et qui nocturnus divum sacra legerit †.

Nor seems it Reason, he as much should sin
That steals a Cabbage Plant, as he who in
The Dead of Night, a Temple breaks and brings
Away from thence the consecrated Things.

There is in this as great Diversity as in any Thing whatever: The confounding of the Order and Measure of Sins is dangerous: Murderers, Traytors and Tyrants are therein so deeply concerned, that it is not reasonable they should flatter their Consciences, because another Man is idle, lascivious or less assiduous at his Devotion: Every one lays Weight upon the Sins of his Companions, but lightens his own. In my Opinion, our very Instructors themselves rank them sometimes very ill. As *Socrates* said, That the principal Office of Wisdom was, to distinguish Good from Evil. We, whose best Faculties are always vicious, ought also to say of Knowledge, that it is to distinguish betwixt Vice and Vice, without which, and that very exactly performed too, Virtuous and Wicked will remain confounded and unknown. Now, among the rest, Drunkenness seems

† *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 3.

to

to me to be a groſs and brutiſh Vice. The Soul has the greateſt Intereſt in all the reſt, and there are ſome Vices that have ſomething, if a Man may ſay ſo, of generous in them. There are Vices, wherein there is a Mixture of Knowledge, Diligence, Valour, Prudence, Dexterity and Cunning: This is totally corporeal and earthly, and the thickeſt ſkulled Nation this Day in *Europe*, is that where it is the moſt in Faſhion: Other Vices diſcompoſe the Underſtanding, this totally overthrows it, and renders the Body ſtupid.

——————cum vini vis penetravit,
Conſequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur,
Crura vacillanti, tardeſcit lingua, madet mens,
Nam oculi clamor; ſingultus, jurgia gliſcunt ‡.

When Fumes of Wine do once the Brain poſſeſs,
Then follows ſtrait an Indiſpoſedneſs
Throughout, the Legs ſo fetter'd in that Caſe
They cannot with their reeling Trunk keep pace.
The Tongue trips, Mind droops, Eyes ſtand full of Water,
Noiſe, Hiccough, Brawls and Quarrels follow after.

The worſt Condition of Man, is that wherein he loſes the Knowledge and Government of himſelf. And 'tis ſaid, amongſt other things upon that Subject, that, as the Muſt fermenting in a Veſſel, works up to the Top whatever it has in the Bottom, ſo Wine, in thoſe who have drank beyond the Meaſure, vents the moſt inward Secrets.

——————tu ſapientum
Curas, & arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis Lyæo.

Thou in thy Cups, and wild Debaucheries,
Blabb'ſt out the ſecret Counſel of the Wiſe.

Joſephus tells us, that, by giving an Embaſſador, whom the Enemy had ſent to him, his full Doſe of Liquor, he wormed out his Secrets. And yet *Auguſtus*, committting the moſt inward Secrets of his Affairs to *Lucius Piſo*, who conquered *Thrace*, never found him guilty of Blabbing in the leaſt, no more than *Tiberius* did *Caſſus*, with whom

‡ *Lucret. lib.* 3.

he

he intrusted his whole Counsels, tho' we know they were both so given to drink, that they have often been carried home, both one and the other, drunk out of the Senate-House.

Hesterno inflatum venas de more Lyæo *.

Their Head being full of the Day before.

And the Design of killing *Cæsar* was as safely communicated to *Cimber*, tho' he would sometimes be drunk, as to *Cassius*, who drank nothing but Water. We see our *Germans*, tho' never so drunk, can know their Post, remember the Word, and perform their Duty.

——*nec facilis victoria de madidis, &*
Blæsis, atque mero titubantibus †.

Nor is a Vict'ry easily obtain'd
O'er Men so drunk they scarce can speak or stand.

I could not have believed there had been so profound, senseless, and dead a Degree of Drunkenness, had I not read in History, that *Attalus*, designing to put a notable Affront upon *Pausanias*, invited him to Supper; and made him drink to such a Pitch, that he could dispose of his Body, as that of a common Prostitute, to the Grooms and meanest Servants of the House: And yet that very *Pausanias* afterwards, upon the like Occasion, killed *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, who, by his excellent Qualities, gave sufficient Testimony of his Education in the House and Company of *Epimanondas*. And I have been further told, by a Lady whom I highly honour and esteem, that near *Bourdeaux*, and about *Castres*, where she lives, a Country-woman, a Widow, who had the Character of a Woman of Virtue, perceiving in herself the first Symptoms of Breeding, innocently told her Neighbours, that if she had a Husband, she should think herself with Child: But the Causes of Suspicion every Day more and more increasing, and at last growing up to a manifest Proof, the poor Woman was reduced to the Necessity of causing it to be proclaimed at the Prosne of her Parish-Church, that whoever had done that Deed, and would frankly confess it, she did not only pro-

* *Virg. Eclog.* 6. † *Juven. Sat.* 13.

mif

miſe to forgive, but moreover to marry him, if he liked the Offer: upon which a young Fellow that ſerved in the Quality of a Labourer, encouraged by this Proclamation, declared; that one Holy-day he found her, having taken too much of the Bottle, ſo faſt aſleep in the Chimney-Corner, and in ſo indecent a Poſture, that he might conveniently come to do this Buſineſs without waking her; and they yet live together Man and Wife. It is true, that Antiquity has not much decry'd this Vice: The Writings of ſeveral Philoſophers ſpeak very tenderly of it; and even amongſt the *Stoicks*, there are ſome who adviſe to give themſelves ſometimes the Liberty to drink to a Debauch, to recreate and refreſh the Soul.

Hoc quoq; virtutum quondam certamine magnum
Socratem palmam promeruiſſe ferunt ‡.

And *Socrates* the Wiſe, they ſay of Yore,
Amongſt Boon-blades the Palm of Drinking bore.

That Cenſor and Reprover of others, *Cato*, was reproached with being a Good-fellow.

Narratur & priſci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluiſſe virtus ‖.

And of the Elder *Cato* it is ſaid,
He often went with a hot Pate to Bed.

Cyrus that worthy renowned King, among his other Qualities, by which he pretended to be preferred before his Brother *Artaxerxes*, urged this Excellency, that he could drink a great deal more than he. And in the beſt governed Nations, this Tryal of Skill in Drinking is very much in Uſe. I have heard *Silvius*, an excellent Phyſician of *Paris*, ſay, that leſt the digeſtive Faculties of the Stomach ſhould grow idle, it were not amiſs once a Month to rouze and ſpur them on by this Exceſs, leſt they ſhould grow dull and reſty; and a noted Author tells us, that when the *Perſians* were to conſult upon any important Affair, they firſt warm'd themſelves well with Wine. My Taſte and Conſtitution are greater Enemies to this

Drinking to a Debauch in Uſe amongſt the beſt governed Nations.

‡ *Cornel. Gall. Epig.* 1. ‖ *Horace, lib.* 3. *Ode* 21.

this Vice than I am; for beſides that, I eaſily ſubmit my Belief to the Authority of ancient Opinions: I look upon it, indeed, as a ſtupid and ungraceful Vice, but leſs malicious and hurtful than the others, almoſt every one of which more directly joſtles Publick Society. And if we cannot pleaſe ourſelves, but it muſt coſt us ſomething, as they hold, I find this Vice coſts a Man's Conſcience leſs than any of the reſt; beſides, it is of no difficult Preparation, nor is what we look for hard to be found: A Conſideration not altogether to be deſpiſed. A Man well advanced both in Dignity and Age, among three principal Conveniences, which he ſaid ſtill remained to him of Life, told me this of Drinking was one; and where would a Man more juſtly find it, than among the natural Conveniences? But he did not take it right; for Delicacy, and the curious Choice of Wines is therein to be avoided. If you ground your Pleaſure upon drinking the Beſt, you condemn yourſelf to the Penance of drinking the Worſt: Your Taſte muſt be more indifferent and free: So delicate a Palate is not required to make a good Toper. The *Germans* drink almoſt indifferently of all Wines and Liquors with Delight, their Buſineſs is to pour down and not to taſte; and 'tis ſo much the better for them, their Pleaſure is ſo much the more conſtant, and nearer at hand. Now on the other Side, not to drink (after the *French* Faſhion) but at Meals, and then very moderately too, is to be ungrateful to this bountiful God of Wine: There is more Time and Conſtancy required than ſo. The Ancients ſpent whole Nights in this Exerciſe, and oft-times added the Day following to piece it out; are we therefore to take greater Liberty than we do, and ſtick cloſer to our Work. I have ſeen a great Lord of my Time, a Man of high Enterprize and famous Succeſs, who without ſetting himſelf to't, and after his ordinary Rate of drinking at Meals, ſwallowed down not much leſs than five Quarts of Wine, and at his going away appeared but too wiſe and diſcreet, to the Detriment of our Affairs. The Pleaſure we deſign the greateſt Eſteem for, during the whole Courſe of our Lives, ought to have a great Share of our Time dedicated to it. We ſhould, like Journeymen and Labourers, refuſe no Occaſion, and omit no opportunity of Drinking, and always have

Delicacy to be avoided in Wine.

have it in our Minds. But methinks, we every Day abridge and curtail the Uſe of Wine; and the Breakfaſt, Drinking and Collations I uſed to ſee in my Father's Houſe when I was a Boy, were in thoſe Days more uſual and frequent, than at preſent.

Is it that we pretend to a Reformation? Truly no: But it may be we are more addicted to *Venus*, than our Fathers were. They are two Exerciſes that thwart and hinder one another in their Vigour. Lechery has weakned our Stomach on the one Side, and on the other, Sobriety renders us more amorous and vigorous for the Exerciſe of Love. 'Tis not to be imagined what ſtrange Stories I have heard my Father tell of the Chaſtity of that Age wherein he lived. He might very well talk ſo, being both by Art and Nature cut out and finiſhed for the Service of Ladies. He ſpoke well and little, ever mixing his Language with ſome Illuſtration out of modern Authors, eſpecially *Spaniſh*; and amongſt them, *Marcus Aurelius* was very frequent in his Mouth. His Behaviour was grave, humble and modeſt; he was very ſolicitous of Neatneſs and Decency both in his Perſon and Cloaths, whether on Horſeback, or a Foot. He was exceeding punctual of his Word; and of a Conſcience and Religion generally tending rather towards Superſtition than otherwiſe. For a Man of little Stature, very ſtrong, well proportioned, and well knit, of a pleaſing Countenance, inclining to brown, and very adroit in all noble Exerciſes. I have yet in the Houſe to be ſeen Canes poured full of Lead, with which, they ſay, he exerciſed his Arms for throwing the Bar, or the Stone; and Shoes with leaden Soals, to make him afterwards lighter for Running, or Leaping. Of his Vaulting he has left little Miracles behind him; and I have ſeen him, when paſt Threeſcore, laugh at our Exerciſes, and throw himſelf in his furred Gown into the Saddle, make the Tour of a Table upon his Thumbs, and ſcarce ever mount the Stairs up to his Chamber, without taking three or four of the Steps at a Time. But as to what I was ſpeaking of before, he ſaid, there was ſcarce one Woman of Quality of ill Fame in a whole Province: Would tell of ſtrange Privacies, and ſome of them his own, with virtuous Women,

A Character of the Author's Father.

Marvellous Chaſtity of the Age wherein the Author's Father lived.

without

without any Manner of Suspicion: And, for his own Part, solemnly swore, he was a Virgin at his Marriage; and yet it was, after a long Practice of Arms, beyond the Mountains; of which War he has left us a written Journal under his own Hand, wherein he has given a precise Account, from Point to Point, of all Passages, both relating to the Publick and to himself. And was also married at a well advanced Maturity, in the Year 1528, the three and thirteeth Year of his Age, upon his Way home from *Italy*. But let us return to our Bottle.

The Incommodities of old Age, which stands in need of some Refreshment and Support, might with Reason beget in me a Desire of this Faculty, it being, as it were, the last Pleasure which the Course of Years deprives us of. The natural Heat (say the Good-fellows) firsts seats itself in the Feet, that concerns Infancy; from thence it mounts to the middle Region, where it makes a long abode, and produces, in my Opinion, the sole true Pleasure of human Life, all other Pleasures, in Comparison, Sleep. Towards the End, like a Vapour that still mounts upwards, it arrives at the Throat, where it makes its final Residence, and concludes the Progress. I cannot nevertheless understand how a Man can extend the Pleasure of drinking beyond Thirst, and to forgive, in his Imagination, an Appetite artificial, and against Nature. My Stomach would not proceed so far, it has enough to do to deal with what it takes for Necessity. My Constitution is, not to care to drink, but as it follows Eating, and to wash down my Meat, and for that Reason my last Draught is always the greatest. And seeing, that in old Age we have our Palates furred with Phlegms, or depraved by some other ill Constitution, the Wine tastes better to us, as the Pores are cleaner washed, and laid more open. At least, I seldom taste the first Glass well. *Anacharsis* wondered that the *Greeks* drank in greater *Glasses* towards the End of a Meal, than at the Beginning; which was, I suppose, for the same Reason; the *Dutch* do the same, who then begin the Battle. *Plato* forbids Children Wine 'till Eighteen Years of Age, and being drunk till Forty; but after Forty gives them Leave to please themselves, and to mix a little liberally in their Feasts; the Influence of *Dionysius*, that good Deity, who restores Young Men their

One of the Names of Bacchus.

their good Humour, and Old Men their Youth, who mollifies the Paſſions of the Soul, as Iron is ſoftened by Fire; and in his Laws allows ſuch merry Meetings (provided they have a diſcreet Chief to govern, and keep them in Order) as good and very uſeful; Drunkenneſs being a true and certain Tryal of every one's Nature, and withal, fit to inſpire Old Men with Metal to divert themſelves in Dancing and Muſick; Things of great Uſe, but which they dare not attempt when ſober. He moreover ſays, that Wine is able to ſupply the Soul with Temperance, and the Body with Health; nevertheleſs theſe Reſtrictions, in Part borrowed from the *Carthaginians*, pleaſe him: That they forbear Exceſſes in the Expeditions of War; that every Judge and Magiſtrate abſtain from it, when engaged in the Duties of his Poſt, or the Conſultations of the Publick Affairs: That the Day is not to be embezled with it, as being a Time due to other Employments; nor that Night in which he intends to get Children. 'Tis ſaid, that the Philoſopher *Stilpo*, when oppreſſed with Age, purpoſely haſten'd his End, by drinking pure Wine: The ſame Thing, but not deſigned by him, diſpatch'd alſo the Philoſopher *Arceſilaus*. But 'tis an old and pleaſant Queſtion, Whether the Soul of a wiſe Man can be overcome by the Strength of Wine?

Si munitæ adhibet vim ſapientiæ *?

If it a Head, with its beſotting Fume,
With Wiſdom fortified, t'aſſault preſume?

To what Vanity does the good Opinion we have of ourſelves puſh us? The moſt regular and moſt perfect Soul in the World has but too much to do to keep itſelf upright, from being overthrown by its own Weakneſs. There is not one of a Thouſand that is right and ſettled ſo much as one Minute in a whole Life, and that may not very well doubt, whether according, to her natural Condition ſhe can ever be. But to join Conſtancy to it, is her utmoſt Perfection; I mean, tho' nothing ſhould joſtle and diſcompoſe her, which a thouſand Accidents may do. 'Tis to much Purpoſe, indeed, that the great Poet *Lucretius* keeps ſuch a Clutter with his Philoſophy, when behold he is ruined with

* *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 23.*

a Philtre, one poor Draught of Love. Is it to be imagined, that an Apoplexy will not make an Ass of *Socrates*, as well as of a Porter. Some have forgot their own Names by the Violence of a Disease, and a slight Wound has turned the Judgment of others topsey-turvey. Let a Man be as wise as he will, he is still a Man; and than that, what is there more miserable, or a more meer Nothing? Wisdom does not force our natural Dispositions.

Sudores itaque & pallorem existere toto
Corpore, & infringi linguam, vocemque aboriri,
Caligare oculos, sonare aures, succidere artus,
Denique considere ex animi terrore videmus *.

Paleness and Sweat the Countenance confounds,
The Tongue's deliver'd of abortive Sounds;
The Eyes grow dim, Ears deaf, the Knees grow lame,
And do refuse to prop the trembling Frame;
And lastly, out of Fear of Mind we all
Things see into a Dissolution fall.

He must shut his Eyes against the Blow that threatens him; he must tremble upon the Brink of a Precipice like a Child: Nature having reserved these light Works of her Authority, not to be forced by our Reason and Stoical Virtue, to teach Man his Mortality and little Power. He turns pale with Fear, red with Shame, and groans with the Cholick, if not very loud, at least so as to confess his Frailty.

Humani à se nihil alienum putet †.

To any other Man what may befal,
Let him not think strange to himself at all.

The Poets, that feign all things at Pleasure, dare not acquit their greatest Heroes of Tears.

Sic fatur lacrymans, classique immittit habenas ‡.

Thus did he weeping say, and then his Fleet
Did to the Mercy of the Sea commit.

'Tis sufficient for a Man to curb and moderate his Inclinations; for totally to suppress them is not in him to do. Even our Great *Plutarch*, that excellent and perfect Judge

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* *Lucret. lib.* 3. † *Terence.* ‡ *Virg.*

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of human Actions, when he ſees *Brutus* and *Torquatus* murther their own Children, begins to doubt, whether Virtue could proceed ſo far; and to queſtion, whether theſe Perſons had not rather been ſtimulated by ſome other Paſſion. All Actions exceeding the ordinary Bounds, are liable to ſiniſter Interpretation: Foraſmuch as our liking does no more proceed from what is above, than from what is below it.

Let us leave this other Sect, and make a downright Profeſſion of Fierceneſs. But when even in that Sect, reputed the moſt quiet and gentle, we hear theſe Rhodomontades of *Metrodorus*, *Occupavi te, Fortuna, atque cepi: Omneſque aditus tuos intercluſi, ut ad me aſpirare non poſſes.* Fortune, thou art mine, I have thee faſt, and have made all the Avenues ſo ſure, thou canſt not come at me. When *Anaxarchus*, by the Command of *Nicrocreon*, the Tyrant of *Cyprus*, was put into a Stone Mortar, and laid upon with Mauls of Iron, ceaſes not to ſay, *Strike, Batter, Break, 'tis not* Anaxarchus, *'tis but his Sheath that you pound and bray ſo.* When we hear our Martyrs cry out to the Tyrant in the Middle of the Flame. *This Side is roaſted enough, fall to and eat; it is enough, fall to work with the other.* When we hear the Child in *Joſephus*, torn Peace-Meal with biting Pincers, defying *Antiochus*, and crying out with a conſtant and aſſured Voice, *Tyrant, thou loſeſt thy Labour, I am ſtill at Eaſe; where is the Pain? Where are the Torments with which thou didſt ſo threaten me? Is this all thou canſt do? My Conſtancy torments thee more than thy Cruelty does me: O pitiful Coward, thou fainteſt, and I grow ſtronger; make me complain, make me bend, make me yield if thou canſt; encourage thy Guards, cheer up thy Executioners; ſee, ſee they faint, and can do no more; arm them, fleſh them anew, ſpur them up:* Really a Man muſt confeſs, that there is ſome Alteration and Fury, how Holy ſoever, that does, at that Time, poſſeſs thoſe Souls. When we come to theſe Stoical Sallies: *I had rather be furious than voluptuous*, a Saying of *Antiſthenes:* When *Sextius* tells us, *He had rather be fettered with Affliction than Pleaſure:* When *Epicurus* takes upon him to play with his Gout, and that refuſing Health and Eaſe, he deſires all Torments, and deſpiſing the leſſer Pains, as diſdaining to contend with them, he covets

and calls out for sharper, more violent, and more worthy of him:

Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem *.
And for ignoble Chaces, wishes some
Lion or Boar, would from the Mountain come.

Who can but conclude, that they are push'd on by a Courage that has broke loose from its Place? Our Soul cannot from her own Seat reach so high, 'tis necessary she must leave it, raise herself up, and take her Bridle in her Teeth, transport her Man so far, that he shall after himself be astonished at what he has done. As in War, the Heat of Battle sometimes pushes the generous Soldiers to perform Things of so infinite Danger, as after having recollected themselves, they themselves are the first to wonder at. It is much the same with the Poets, who are often wrapt with Admiration of their own Writings, and know not where again to find the Track, thro' which they performed so happy a Career: This is in them called Rage and Rapture: And as *Plato* says, *'Tis to no purpose for a sober Man to knock at the Door of the Muses. Aristotle* says to the same Effect, *That no excellent Soul is exempt from the Mixture of Folly*; and he has Reason to call all Transports, how commendable soever, Folly, when they surpass our own Judgment and Understanding: Because Wisdom is a regular Government of the Soul, which is carry'd on with Measure and Proportion, and for which she is answerable to herself; *Plato* argues thus, *That the Faculty of Prophecying is so far above us, that we must be out of ourselves when we meddle with it, and our Prudence must either be obstructed by Sleep or Sickness, or lifted from her Place by some Celestial Rapture.*

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* *Æneid l.* 4.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Custom of the Isle of Cea.

IF, according to the common Definition, to Philosophize is to doubt, much more ought writing at random, and playing the Fool, as I do, to be reputed Doubting; for it is the Business of Novices and Freshmen to enquire and dispute, and that of the Chairman to moderate and determine. My Moderator is the Authority of the Divine Will, which governs us without Contradiction, and which is seated above these vain and human Contests. *Philip* being forceably entered into *Peloponnesus*, and some one saying to *Damidas*, that the *Lacedæmonians* were likely to be very great Sufferers if they did not prevent the Storm by timely reconciling themselves to his Favour: *Why you pitiful Fellow*, replied he, *what can they suffer, that do not fear to Die?* It being also demanded of *Agis*, which way a Man might live Free? *Why*, said he, *by despising Death*. These and a Thousand other Sayings to the same purpose, do distinctly speak something more than a patient waiting the Stroke of Death when it shall come; for there are several Accidents in Life, far worse to suffer than Death itself. Witness the *Lacedæmonian* Boy, taken by *Antigonas*, and sold for a Slave, who being by his new Master commanded to some base Employment; *Thou shalt see*, says the Boy, *whom thou hast bought, it would be a Shame for me to serve, being so near the reach of Liberty*, and having so said, threw himself from the Top of the House. *Antipater* severely threatning the *Lacedæmonians*, that he might the better incline them to acquiesce in a certain Demand of his; *If thou threatneth us with more than Death*, reply'd they, *we shall the more willingly Die:* And to *Philip*, having writ them word that he would frustrate all their Enterprizes? *What, wilt thou also hinder us from Dying?* This is

To Philosophize what.

Several Accidents worse to suffer than Death.

the meaning of the Sentence, *That the Wise Man lives as long as he ought, not so long as he can*; and that the most obliging Present Nature has made us, and which takes from us all colour of Complaint of our Condition, is, to have delivered into our own Custody the Keys of Life. She has only ordered one Door into Life, but a hundred thousand out of it. We may be straightned for Earth to Live upon, but Earth sufficient to Die upon can never be wanting; as *Boiocatus* answered the *Roman*, Why dost thou complain of this World; it detains thee not? Thy own Cowardice is the Cause if thou livest in Pain: There remains no more to Die, but to be willing to do it.

Ubique mors est: Optime hoc cavit Deus,
Eripere Vitam nemo non homini potest:
At nemo Mortem: Mille ad hanc aditus patent *,

To Death a Man can never want a Gate,
Heav'n has provided very well for that,
There's not so mean a Wretch on Earth but may
Take the most Noble Hero's Life away;
But to the Willing none can Death refuse,
There are to that a thousand Avenues.

Death depends upon the Will.

Neither is it a *Recipe* for one Disease, Death is the infallible Cure of all, 'tis a most assured Port that is never to be feared, and very often to be sought: It comes all to one Point, whether a Man gives himself his End, or stays to receive it by some other means; Whether he pays before his Day, or stay till his Day of Payment comes: From whencesoever it comes, it is still his: In what part soever the Thread breaks, there's the End of the Clue; the most voluntary Death is the most brave. Life depends upon the Pleasure and Discretion of others, Death upon our own. We ought not to accommodate ourselves to our own Humour in any thing so much as in that. Reputation is not concerned in such an Enterprize: And it's a Folly to be diverted by any such Apprehension; Living is Slavery, if the Liberty of Dying be away. The ordinary Method of Cures is carried on at the Expence of Life; they torment us with Caustick,

* *Seneca The. Act.* 1. *Sce.* 2.

Incisions,

Incisions, and Amputations of Limbs, at the same time interdicting Aliments, and exhausting our Blood; one Step further and we are cured indeed. Why are not the *Jugular* Veins as much at our Disposal, as the *Cephalick*, *Basilick*, or *Median* Vein? For a desperate Disease a desperate Cure. *Servius*, the Grammarian, being tormented with the Gout, could advise of no better Remedy, than to apply Poison to his Legs, to deprive them of their Sense; then let them be Gouty if they will, so if they are but insensible of Pain. God gives us leave enough, when he is pleased to reduce us to such a Condition, that to live is far worse than to die. 'Tis Weakness to truckle under Infirmities, but 'tis Madness to nourish them. The *Stoicks* say, that it is living according to Nature in a Wise Man to take his leave of Life even in the height of Prosperity, provided he does it opportunely; and in a Fool to prolong it tho' he be miserable, if he is indigent of those things, which are reputed the Necessaries of human Life. As I do not offend the Law provided against Thieves, when I embezel my own Money, and cut my own Purse, nor that against Incendiaries, when I burn my own Wood; so am I not under the Lash of those made against Murtherers, for having deprived myself of my own Life. *Hegesius* said, that as the Condition of Life did, so the Condition of Death ought to depend upon our own Choice: And *Diogenes* meeting the Philosopher *Speusippus*, so blown up with an inveterate Dropsy, that he was fain to be carried in a Litter, and by him saluted with the Compliment of, I wish you good Health; *no Health to thee*, reply'd the other, *who* art *content to live in such a Condition*. And in truth, not long after *Speusippus*, weary of so Languishing an Estate of Life, found a means to die. But this does not pass without admitting a Dispute: For many are of Opinion that we cannot quit this Garrison of the World, without expres Command of him who has placed us in it; and that it belongs to God alone who has placed us here, not for ourselves only, but for his Glory and the Service of others, to dismiss us when it shall best please him, and not for us to depart without his Licence: That we are not born for ourselves only, but for our Country also, the Laws of which require an Account from us, upon the Score of their own Interest, and have an Action of Manslaughter good against us. Or

if these fail to take cognizance of the Fact, we are punished in the other World, as Deserters of our Duty.

Proxima deinde tenent mœsti Loca, qui sibi lethum
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi,
Projecere animas ‖.

Next these, those Melancholick Souls remain,
Who innocent by their own Hands were slain,
And hating Light, to voluntary Death
Eclips'd their Eye-Balls, and bequeath'd their Breath.

There is more Constancy in suffering the Chain we are tied in, than in breaking it, and more pregnant Evidence of Fortitude in *Regulus*, than in *Cato*. 'Tis Indiscretion and Impatience that pushes us on to these Precipices. No Accidents can make true Virtue turn her Back, she seeks and requires Evils, Pains, and Grief, as things by which she is nourish'd and supported. The Menaces of Tyrants, Racks and Tortures, serve only to animate and rouze her.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes, animumque ferro *.

As in Mount *Algidus* the sturdy Oak,
Ev'n from th' injurious Ax's wounding Stroak,
Derives new Vigour and does further spread
By Amputations a more graceful Head.

And as another says,

Non est ut putas virtus, Pater,
Timere vitam, sed malis ingentibus
Obstare, nec se vertere ac retro dare †.

They are mistaken, and do judge amiss,
Who think to fear to live, a Virtue is;
He's brave, the greatest Evils can withstand,
And not retire, nor shift to either Hand.

Or as this,

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere mortem,
Fortius ille facit, qui miser esse potest ‡.

‖ *Æneid. l.* 6. * *Hor. lib.* 4. *Ode* 4.
†. *Sen. Th. Act.* 1. *Sce.* 1. ‡ *Martial.* 11. *Epig.* 57.

The

The Wretched well may laugh at Death, but he
Is braver far can live in Miſery.

'Tis Cowardice not Virtue, to lie ſquat in a Furrow, under a Tomb to evade the Blows of Fortune. Virtue never ſtops, nor goes out of her Path for the greateſt Storm that blows.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidam ferient ruinæ ‖.

Should the World's Axis crack, and Sphere fall down,
The Ruins would but cruſh a fearleſs Crown.

And for the moſt Part, the flying of other Inconveniences brings us to this, that, endeavouring to evade Death, we run into the Jaws of it.

Hic, rogo, non furor eſt, ne moriare, mori *?

Can there be greater Madneſs, pray reply,
Than that one ſhould for fear of dying die?

Like thoſe who for fear of a Precipice throw themſelves headlong into it.

——*Multos in ſumma pericula miſit*
Venturi timor ipſe mali: Fortiſſimus ille eſt,
Qui promptus metuenda pati, ſi cominus inſtent,
Et differre poteſt.

The Fear of future Ills oft makes Men run
Into far worſe than thoſe they ſtrive to ſhun;
But he deſerves the nobleſt Character,
Dare boldly ſtand the Miſchiefs he does fear,
When they confront him, and appear in view,
And can defer at leaſt, if not eſchew.

——*uſque adeo mortis formidine, vitæ*
Percipit humanos odium, luciſque videndæ
Ut ſibi conſciſcant mærenti pectore lethum,
Obliti fontem curarum hunc eſſe timorem †.

Death unto that degree does ſome Men fright,
That cauſing them to hate both Life and Light,
They kill themſelves in Sorrow, not aware
That this ſame Fear's the Fountain of that Care.

‖ *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 3. * *Mar. lib.* 2. *Epig.* 80.
† *Lucr. l.* 3.

Plato

Plato in his Laws assigns an ignominious Sepulture to him who has deprived his nearest and best Friend (namely himself of Life and his destin'd Course of Years, being neither compell'd so to do by publick Judgment, by any sad and inevitable Accident of Fortune, nor by any insupportable Disgrace, but meerly push'd on by Cowardice and Imbecility of a timorous Soul. And the Opinion that makes so little of Life, is ridiculous; for it is our Being, 'tis all we have. Things of a nobler, and more elevated Being, may indeed accuse this of ours; but it is against Nature for us to contemn and make little Account of ourselves; 'tis a Disease particular to Man, and not discern'd in any other Creatures, to hate and despise itself. And it is a Vanity of the same Stamp, to desire to be something else than what we are. The Effects of such a Desire do not at all concern us, forasmuch as it is contradicted, and hindred in itself: And he that desires to be changed from Man into Angel, wishes nothing for himself; he would be never the better for it; for being no more, who should rejoice or be sensible of this Benefit for him?

Debet enim misere cui forte ægreque futurum est,
Ipse quoq; ; esse in eo tum tempore, cum male possit
Accidere *.

For it is necessary sure that he,
Who for the Future wretched is to be,
Should then be by himself inhabited,
Left the Events of Fate be frustrated;
So that the Ills he threatned is withal,
Should rightly in their due Appointment fall.

Security, Indolence, Impossibility, and the Privation of the Evils of Life, which we pretend to purchase at the Price of Dying, are of no manner of Advantage to us. That Man evades War to very little Purpose, that can have no fruition of Peace. And as impertinently does he avoid Labour and Toil, who cannot enjoy Repose. Amongst those of the first of these two Opinions there has been great debate, what Occasions are sufficient to justify the

* *Lucr. l.* 3.

Meditation

Meditation of Self-murther, which they call εὐλογον ἐξαγωγὴν, *a handſome Exit*. For tho' they ſay, that Men are often to die for trivial Cauſes, ſeeing thoſe that detain us in Life are of no very great weight; yet there is to be ſome meaſure. There are fantaſtick and ſenſeleſs Humours, that have prompted not only particular Men, but whole Nations to deſtroy themſelves, of which I have elſewhere given ſome Examples; and we further read of the *Mileſian* Virgins, that by a furious Compact, they hang'd themſelves one after another, 'till the Magiſtrate took order in it, enacting, that the Bodies of ſuch as ſhould be found ſo hang'd, ſhould be drawn by the ſame Halter ſtark Naked through the City. When *Threicion* perſuaded *Cleomenes* to diſpatch himſelf by reaſon of the ill Poſture of his Affairs, and having evaded a Death of the moſt Honour in the Battle he had loſt, to accept of this the ſecond in Honour to it, and not to give the Conquerors Leiſure to make him undergo either an ignominious Death, or an infamous Life: *Cleomenes*, with a Courage truly Stoick and *Lacedæmonian*, rejected his Counſel as unmanly and poor: *That*, ſaid, he, *is a Remedy that can never be wanting, and which a Man is never to make uſe of, whilſt there is an Inch of Hope remaining:* Telling him, *that it was ſometimes Conſtancy and Valour to live, that he would that even his Death ſhould be of uſe to his Country, and would make of it an Act of Honour and Virtue.* *Threicion* notwithſtanding thought himſelf in the right, and did his own Buſineſs; and *Cleomenes* after did the ſame; but not till he had firſt tried the utmoſt Malevolence of Fortune. All the Inconveniences in the World are not conſiderable enough that a Man ſhould die to evade them; and beſides there being ſo many, ſo ſudden, and unexpected Changes in human Things, it is hard, rightly to judge when we are at the End of our Hope.

Sperat & in ſæva victus gladiator arena
Sit licet infeſto pollice turba minax *.

The Fencer conquer'd in the Liſts hopes on,
Tho' the Spectators point that he is gone.

All things (ſays the old Adage) *are to be hop'd for by a Man*

* *Sulpitii Sev.*

whilſt

whilst he lives: Ay, but replies *Seneca*, why should this rather be always running in a Man's Head, that Fortune can do all Things for the living Man, than this, that Fortune has no Power over him that knows how to die? *Josephus* * when engaged in so near and apparent Danger, a whole People being violently bent against him, that there was no visible means of Escape; nevertheless, being, as himself says, in this Extremity counsell'd by *Simon*, one of his faithful Guards, to dispatch himself, it was well for him, that he yet maintain'd himself in some Hope, for Fortune diverted the Accident beyond all human Expectation: So that he saw himself delivered without any manner of Inconvenience. Whereas *Brutus and Cassius*, on the contrary, threw away the Remains of the *Roman* Liberty, of which they were the sole Protectors, by the Precipitation and Temerity wherewith they kill'd themselves before the due Time, and a just Occasion. *Monsieur d' Anguein*, at the Battle of *Cerisolles* †, twice attempted to run himself through, despairing of the Fortune of the Day which went indeed very untowardly on that side of the Field where he was engaged, and by that Precipitation was very near depriving himself of the Joy and Honour of so brave a Victory. I have seen an hundred Hares escape out of the very Teeth of the Grayhounds; *Aliquis carnifici suo superstes fuit.* Some have survived their intended Executioners.

Multa dies, variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Rutulit in melius multos alterna revisens
Lusit & in solido rursus fortuna locavit ‡.

Much Time and Labour often does translate
Life's Mutability t'a better state,
Now Fortune turning shews a reverse Face,
And then again it solid Joys does place.

Pliny says, there are three sorts of Diseases, to escape any of which a Man has good Title to destroy himself; the worst of which is the Stone in the Bladder, when the

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* *Antiq. Jews. p.* 537. † *Montluc Comment.*
‡ *Æneid. lib.* 11.

Urine

Urine is ſuppreſt. *Seneca* ſays, thoſe only, which for a long Time diſcompoſe the Functions of the Soul: And ſome there have been, who, to avoid a worſe, have choſen one of their own liking. *Democritus*, General of the *Ætolians*, being brought Priſoner to *Rome*, found means to make his eſcape by Night; but cloſe purſu'd by his Keepers, rather than ſuffer himſelf to be retaken, he fell upon his own Sword and died. *Antinous* and *Theodotus*, their City of *Epirus* being reduced by the *Romans* to the laſt extremity, gave the People Counſel generouſly to kill themſelves; but the Advice of giving themſelves up to the Arms of the Enemy prevailing, they went to ſeek the Death they deſir'd, ruſhing furiouſly upon the Enemy, with an Intention to ſtrike home, but not to defend a Blow. The Iſland of *Goſa* being forc'd ſome Years ago by the *Turks*, a *Sicilian*, who had two beautiful Daughters marriageable, kill'd them both with his own Hand, and their Mother (running in to ſave them) to boot; which having done, ſallying out of the Houſe with a Croſs-bow and a Harquebus, with thoſe two Shots he kill'd two of the firſt *Turks* neareſt to his Door, and drawing his Sword charg'd furiouſly in amongſt the reſt, where he was ſuddenly encloſed, and cut to pieces, by that means delivering his Family and himſelf from Slavery and Diſhonour. The *Jewiſh* Women after having circumciz'd their Children, threw themſelves down a Precipice to avoid the Cruelty of *Antigonus*. I have been told of a Gentleman in one of our Priſons, whoſe Friends being inform'd he would certainly be condemn'd, to avoid the Ignominy of ſuch a Death, ſuborn'd a Prieſt to tell him, that the only means of Deliverance was, to recommend himſelf to ſuch a Saint under ſuch and ſuch Vows, and faſt Eight Days together without taking any manner of Nouriſhment, what Weakneſs or Faintneſs ſoever he might find in himſelf during the Time: He follow'd their Advice, and by that means deſtroy'd himſelf before he was aware, not dreaming of Death or any Danger in the Experiment. *Scribonia* adviſing her Nephew *Libo* to kill himſelf, rather than to attend the Stroke of Juſtice, told him *that it was properly to do other People's Buſineſs to preſerve his Life, to put it after into the Hands of thoſe who within three or four Days would come and fetch him to Execution; and that it was to ſerve his Enemies to keep his*

Blood

Blood to gratify their Malice. We read in the Bible that * *Nicanor*, the Persecutor of the Law of God, having sent his Soldiers to seize upon the good old Man *Razis*, sirnam'd, in Honour of his Virtue the Father of the *Jews*; the good Man seeing no other Remedy, his Gates burnt down, and the Enemies ready to seize him, choosing rather to die generously than to fall into the Hands of his wicked Adversaries, and suffer himself to be cruelly butcher'd by them, contrary to the Honour of his Rank and Quality, he stabb'd himself with his own Sword; but the Blow for Haste not having been given home, he ran and threw himself from the Top of a Wall headlong among them, who separating themselves, and making room, he pitch'd directly upon his Head. Notwithstanding which, feeling yet in himself some Remains of Life, he renew'd his Courage, and starting up upon his Feet, all bloody and wounded as he was, and making his way thro' the Crowd, thro' one of his Wounds drew out his Bowels, which tearing and pulling to Pieces with both his Hands, he threw amongst his Pursuers, all the while attesting, and invoking the Divine Vengeance upon them for their Cruelty and Injustice.

Of Violences offer'd to the Conscience, that against the Chastity of Woman is in my Opinion most to be evaded, forasmuch as there is a certain Pleasure naturally mixt with it, and for that Reason the Dissent cannot therein be sufficiently perfect and entire, so that the Violence seems to be mix'd with a little Consent of the forc'd Party. The Ecclesiastical History has several Examples of devout Persons, who have embrac'd Death to secure them from the Outrages prepar'd by Tyrants against their Religion and Honour. *Pelagia* and *Sophronia* both canoniz'd; the first of these precipitated herself with her Mother and Sisters into the River, to avoid being forc'd by some Soldiers, and the last also killed herself to evade being ravish'd by the Emperor *Maxentius*. It may peradventure be an Honour to us in future Ages, that a learned Author of this present Time, and a *Parisian* too, takes a great deal of Pains to persuade the Ladies of our Age, rather to take any other

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* *Macchab. l. 2. cap.* 14.

Course,

Course, than to enter into the horrid Meditation of such a Despair *. I am sorry he had never heard (that he might have inserted it amongst his other Stories) the Saying of a Woman, which was told me at *Thoulouse*, who had passed thro' the Handling of some Soldiers; *God be praised*, said she, *that once at least in my Life I have had my Fill without Sin*. I must confess these Cruelties are very unworthy the *French* Sweetness and Good-nature; and also, God be thanked, the Air is very well purged of it, since this good Advice: 'Tis enough that they say No in doing it, according to the Rule of the good *Morot*.

History is every where full of such, as after a thousand Ways have for Death exchang'd a painful and irksome Life. *Lucius Arrantius* killed himself, to fly, he said, both the future and the past. *Granius Silvanus* and *Statius Proximus*, after having been pardoned by *Nero*, killed themselves; either disdaining to live by the Favour of so wicked a Man, or that they might not be troubled at some other Time to obtain a second Pardon, considering the Inclination and Faculties of his Nature, to suspect and credit Accusations against worthy Men. *Spargapizes*, the Son of Queen *Thomyris*, being a Prisoner of War to *Cyrus*, made use of the first Favour *Cyrus* shewed him in commanding him to be unbound, to kill himself, having pretended to no other Benefit of Liberty, but only to be revenged of himself for the Disgrace of being taken. *Bogez*, Governor in *Eion* for King *Xerxes*, being besieged by the *Athenian* Arms under the Conduct of *Cimon*, refused the Conditions offered, that he might safe return into *Asia* with all his Wealth; impatient to survive the Loss of a Place his Master had given him to keep; wherefore having defended the City to the last Extremity, nothing being left to eat, he first threw all the Gold, and whatever else the Enemy could make Booty of, into the River *Strymon*, and after causing a great Pile to be set on fire, and the Throats of all his Wives, Children, Concubines and Servants to be cut, he threw their Bodies into the Fire, and at last leaped into it himself. *Ninachetuen*, an *Indian* Lord, so soon as he heard the first Whisper of the *Portugal* Vice-Roy's Determination to dispossess him without any apparent Cause, of the Command

* *Virg.* 6.

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in *Malaca*, to transfer it to the King of *Campar*, he took this Resolution with himself; He caused a Scaffold, longer than broad, to be erected, supported by Columns, royally adorned with Tapestry, and strewed with Flowers and abundance of Perfumes; all which being thus prepared, in a Robe of Cloth of Gold, set full of Jewels of great Value, he came out into the Street, and mounted the Steps to the Scaffold, at one Corner of which he had a Pile lighted of Aromatick Wood. Every body ran to the Novelty, to see to what End these unusual Preparations were made. When *Ninachetuen*, with a manly but discontented Countenance, began to remonstrate how much he had obliged the *Portuguese* Nation, and with what unspotted Fidelity he had carry'd himself in his Charge; that having so often, with his Sword in his Hand, manifested in the Behalf of others, that Honour was much more dear to him than Life, he was not to abandon the Concern of it for himself: That Fortune denying him all the means of opposing the Affront designed to be put upon him, his Courage at least enjoined him to free himself from the Sense of it, and not to serve for a Table-talk to the People, nor for a Triumph to Men less deserving than himself; which having said, he leaped into the Fire. *Sextilia*, the Wife of *Scaurus*, and *Praxea*, the Wife of *Labeo*, to encourage their Husbands to evade the Dangers that pressed upon them, wherein they had no other Share than meer conjugal Affection, voluntarily exposed their own Lives to serve them in this extreme Necessity for Company and Example. What they did for their Husbands, *Cocceius Nerva* did for his Country, with less Utility, tho' with equal Affection. This great Lawyer, flourishing in Health, Riches, Reputation, and Favour with the Emperor, had no other Cause to kill himself, but the sole Compassion of the miserable Estate of the *Roman* Republick. Nothing can be added to the Nicety of the Death of the Wife of *Fulvius*, a familiar Favourite of *Augustus*. *Augustus* having discovered, that he had vented an important Secret he had intrusted him withal; one Morning that he came to make his Court, received him very coldly, and looked frowningly upon him. He returns home full of Despair, where he sorrowfully told his Wife, that being fallen into this Misfortune he was resolved to kill himself: To which she roundly reply'd, 'tis but Reason

you

you should, seeing that having so often experimented the Incontinency of my Tongue, you could not learn nor take Warning: But let me kill myself first, and without any more Dispute, ran herself thro' the Body with a Sword. *Vibius Virius*, despairing of the Safety of his City, besieged by the *Romans*, and likewise of their Mercy, in the last Deliberation of his City's Senate, after many Remonstrances conducing to that End, concluded, that the most noble Means to escape Fortune was by their own Hands: Telling them, that the Enemy would have them in Honour, and *Hannibal* would be sensible how many faithful Friends he had abandoned, inviting those who approved of his Advice, to go take a good Supper he had ready at Home, where, after they had eaten well, they would drink together of what he had prepared; a Beverage, said he, that will deliver our Bodies from Torments, our Souls from Injury, and our Eyes and Ears from the Sense of so many hateful Mischiefs as the Conquer'd are to suffer from cruel and implacable Conquerors. I have, said he, taken Order for fit Persons to throw our Bodies in a Funeral Pile before my Door so soon as we are dead. Enough approved this high Resolution, few imitated it: Seven and Twenty Senators followed him, who after having try'd to drown the Thought of this fatal Determination in Wine, ended the Feast with the mortal Mess; and embracing one another, after they had jointly deplored the Misfortune of their Country, some retired Home to their own Houses, others stay'd to be burn'd with *Vibius* in his Funeral Pile; and were all of them so long a dying, the Vapour of the Wine having prepossest the Veins and by that Means deferring the Effect of the Poison, that some of them were within an Hour of seeing the Enemy within the Walls of *Capua*, which was taken the next Morning, and of undergoing the Miseries they had, at so dear a Rate, endeavoured to evade. *Taurea Jubellius*, another Citizen of the same Country, seeing the Consul *Fulvius*, returning from the shameful Butchery he had made of Two Hundred and Twenty Five Senators, called him back fiercely by his Name, and having made him stop, *Give the Word*, said he, *that somebody may dispatch me after the Massacre of so many others, that thou may'st boast, to have kill'd a much more valiant Man than thyself.* *Fulvius* disclaiming him, as a Man out of his Wits; as also

having receiv'd Letters from *Rome*, contrary to the Inhumanity of this Execution, which ty'd his Hands; *Jubellius* proceeded, *Since that my Country being taken, my Friends dead, and having with my own Hands ſlain my Wife and Children to reſcue them from Deſolation and Ruin, I am deny'd to die the Death of my Fellow Citizens, let us borrow from Virtue the Vengeance of this hated Life*; and therewithal drawing a ſhort Sword he carry'd conceal'd about him, he ran it threw his own Boſom, falling down backward, and expiring at the Conſul's Feet. *Alexander* laying Siege to a City of the *Indies*, thoſe within finding themſelves very hardly ſet, put on a vigorous Reſolution to deprive him of the Pleaſure of his Victory, and accordingly burn'd themſelves in general, together with their City, in Deſpite of his Humanity. A new kind of War, where the Enemies ſought to ſave them, and they to loſe themſelves, doing, to make themſelves ſure of Death, all that Men do to ſecure their Lives. *Aſtipa*, a City of *Spain*, finding itſelf weak in Walls and Defence to withſtand the *Romans*, the Inhabitants made a Heap of all their Riches and Furniture in the Publick Place, and having ranged upon this Heap all the Women and Children, and piled them round with Wood and other combuſtible Matter to take ſudden Fire, and left fifty of their Young Men for the Execution of that whereon they had reſolv'd; they made a deſperate Sally, where for want of Power to overcome, they cauſed themſelves to be every Man ſlain. The Fifty, after having maſſacred every living Soul throughout the whole City, and put Fire to this Pile, threw themſelves laſtly into it, finiſhing their generous Liberty, rather in an inſenſible, than after a ſorrowful and diſgraceful Manner; giving the Enemy to underſtand, that if Fortune had been ſo pleaſed, they had the Courage as well to ſnatch the Victory out of their Hands, as to fruſtrate and render it dreadful, and even mortal to thoſe, who, allured by the Splendor of the Gold melting in this Flame, having approach'd it, a great Number were there ſuffocated and burn'd, being kept from retiring by the Crowd that followed them. The *Abideans*, being preſſed by King *Philip*, put on the ſame Reſolution, but being curb'd ſo ſhort, they could not put it in Effect, the King, who abhorred to ſee the precipitate Raſhneſs of this Execution, the Treaſure and Moveables which they had

had variously condemned to Fire and Water being first seiz'd) drawing off his Soldiers, granted them three Days Time to kill themselves in, that they might do it with more Order, and at greater Ease: Which Space they fill'd with Blood and Slaughter, beyond the utmost Excess of all hostile Cruelty: So that not so much as any one Soul was left alive that had Power to destroy itself. There are infinite Examples of like popular Conclusions, which seem the more fierce and cruel, by how much the Effect is more universal, and yet are really less, than when singly executed. What Arguments and Persuasions cannot make upon every individual Man, they can do upon all, the Ardour of Society forcibly imposing upon particular Judgments. The Condemned, who would live to be executed, in the Reign of *Tiberius*, forfeited their Goods, and were denied the Rites of Sepulture; but those, who, by killing themselves, did anticipate it, were interred, and had Liberty to dispose of their Estates by Will.

But Men sometimes covet Death out of Hope of a greater Good. *I desire* (saith St. *Paul*) *to be with* Christ, and *who shall rid me of these Bands? Cleombrotus Ambraciota*, having read *Plato*'s *Phædo*, entred into so great a Desire of the Life to come, that, without any other Occasion, he threw himself into the Sea. By which it appears how improperly we call this voluntary Dissolution Despair, to which the Eagerness of Hope does often incline us, and often a calm and temperate Desire proceeding from a mature and considerate Judgment. *Jacques du Castel*, Bishop of *Soissons*, in St. *Lewis*'s foreign Expedition, seeing the King and the whole Army upon the Point of returning into *France*, leaving the Affairs of Religion imperfect, took a Resolution rather to go into Paradise; wherefore, having taken solemn Leave of his Friends, he charged alone, in the Sight of every one, into the Enemy's Army, where he was presently cut to Pieces. In a certain Kingdom of the new discovered World, upon a Day of solemn Procession, when the Idol they adore is drawn about in Publick upon a Waggon of wonderful Size; besides that several are then seen cutting off Pieces of their Flesh to offer to him, there are a Number of others who prostrate themselves upon the Place, causing themselves to be crush'd and broke to Pieces with the weighty Wheels, to obtain the Veneration of Sanctity after their

Death, which is accordingly paid them. The Death of the forenamed Bishop, with his Sword in his Hand, has more of Generosity in it, and less of Feeling, the Ardour of Combat taking away Part of the latter. There are some Governments who have taken upon them to regulate the Justice and Opportunity of voluntary Death so much, as in former Times there was kept in our City of *Marseilles*, a Poison prepared out of *Hemlock* at the Publick Charge, for those who had a Mind to hasten their End, having first before the Six Hundred, which were their Senate, given an Account of the Reasons and Motives of their Design, and it was not otherwise Lawful, than by Leave from the Magistrate, and upon just Occasion, to do Violence to themselves. The same Law was also in Use in other Places. *Sextus Pompeius*, in his Expedition into *Asia*, touching at the Isle of *Cea*, in *Negropont*; it accidentally happen'd whilst he was there (as we have it from one that was with him) that a Woman of great Quality having given an Account to her Citizens why she was resolved to put an End to her Life, invited *Pompeius* to her Death, to render it the more honourable: An Invitation that he willingly accepted; but having long tried in vain, by the Power of his Eloquence (which was very great) to divert her from that Design, he acquiesc'd at last to grant her Request. She had pass'd the Age of Fourscore and Ten in a very happy State both of Body and Mind; but being then laid on her Bed, better dress't than ordinary, and leaning upon her Elbow; *The Gods*, said she, *O* Sextus Pompeius, *and rather those I leave, than those I go to seek, reward thee; for that thou hast not disdained to be both the Counsellor of my Life and the Witness of my Death. For my Part, having always try'd the Smiles of Fortune, for fear lest the Desire of Living too long may make me see a contrary Fate, I am going by a happy End to dismiss the Remains of my Soul, leaving behind two Daughters of my Body, and a Legion of Nephews:* Which having said, with some Exhortations to her Family to live in Peace, she divided amongst them her Goods, and recommending her Domestick Gods to her Eldest Daughter, she boldly took the Bowl that contained the Poison, and having made her Vows and Prayers to *Mercury* to conduct her to some happy Abode in the other World, she roundly swallow'd the mortal Potion, which having done, she entertained the Company

Company with the Progreſs of its Operation, and how the Cold, by Degrees, ſeized the ſeveral Parts of her Body one after another, 'till having in the End told them, it began to ſeize upon her Heart and Bowels, ſhe called her Daughters to do their laſt Office and cloſe her Eyes. *Pliny* tells us of a certain *Hyperborean* Nation, where, by Reaſon of the ſweet Temperature of the Air, Lives did rarely end but by the voluntary Surrender of the Inhabitants; but that being weary of, and ſotted with Living, they had a Cuſtom at a very old Age, after having made good Cheer, to precipitate themſelves into the Sea from the Top of a certain Rock, deſtined from that Service. Pain and the Fear of a worſe Death ſeem to me the moſt excuſable Incitements.

CHAP. IV.

To-morrow's a New Day.

OF all our *French* Writers, I give, with Juſtice, I think, the Palm to *Jaques Amiot*; as well for the Propriety and Purity of his Language, in which he excels all others, as his Application and Patience in going thro' ſo long a Work, and the Depth of his Learning and Judgment, in having been able to unravel and explain ſo difficult an Author; for let People ſay what they pleaſe, I underſtand nothing of *Greek*, but I meet with Senſe ſo well connected and maintained throughout his own Tranſlation, that certainly he either knew the true Imagination of the Author, or having, by long Converſation with him, planted in his Soul a thorough and lively Idea of that of *Plutarch*, at leaſt he has lent him nothing that either contradicts or diſhonours him; but what I am moſt pleaſed with him for, is the diſcreet Choice he has made of ſo noble and uſeful a Book, to make a Preſent of to his Country. We Ignorants had been loſt, had not this Book raiſed us out of the Mire; by this Favour of his we dare not ſpeak and write, the Ladies are able to read to School-maſters: 'Tis our Breviary.

The Utility of the French Plutarch.

If this good Man be yet living, I would desire him to do as much for *Xenophon:* 'Tis a much easier Task than the other, and consequently more proper for his Age. And besides, I know not how, methinks, tho' he briskly and clearly enough trips over Steps another would have stumbled at, that nevertheless his Stile is always more is own, where he does not encounter those Difficulties, and rolls away at its own Ease. I was just now reading that Passage, where *Plutarch* says of himself, that *Rusticus* being present at a Declamation of his in *Rome*, he there received a Packet from the Emperor, and deferred to open it 'till all was over: For which, says he, all the Company highly applauded the Gravity of this Person. 'Tis true, that his Discourse being upon Curiosity, and that eager Passion for News, which makes us with so much Indiscretion and Impatience quit all Things, to entertain a new Comer, and without any Manner of Respect or Civility tear open on a sudden, in what Company soever, the Letters that are deliver'd to us, he had Reason to applaud the Gravity of *Rusticus* upon this Occasion; and might moreover had added to it the Commendation of his Civility and Courtesy, that would not interrupt the Course of his Declamation. But I doubt, whether any one can commend his Prudence; for receiving unexpected Letters, and especially from an Emperor, it might have fallen out, that the deferring to read them might have been of great Prejudice. The Vice opposite to Curiosity is Negligence, to which I naturally incline, and which I have seen some Men so extremely guilty of, that one might have found the Letters that had been sent to them three or four Days before, still sealed up in their Pockets. I never open'd any Letters directed to another, not only those intrusted with me, but even such as Fortune has guided to my Hand; and am very angry with myself, if my Eyes unawares steal any Contents of Letters of Importance, which a great Man is reading, when I stand near him. Never was Man less inquisitive, or less prying into other Men's Affairs than I am. In our Fathers Days *Monsieur de Boutieres* had like to have lost *Turin*; for neglecting, he having Company at that Time with him at Supper, to read an Advertisement that was sent him of a Conspiracy against that City where he commanded. And this very *Plutarch* has given

Negligence the opposite Vice to Curiosity.

given me to underſtand, that *Julius Cæſar* had preſerved himſelf, if in going to the Senate, the Day he was aſſaſſinated by the Conſpirators, he had read a Ticket that was preſented to him by the Way. He tells alſo the Story of *Archias*, the Tyrant of *Thebes*, that the Night before the Execution of the Deſign *Pelopidas* had laid to kill him, and reſtore his Country to Liberty, he had an Account ſent him in Writing, by another *Archias*, an *Athenian*, of the whole Conſpiracy, and that his Packet having been delivered to him while he ſat at Supper, he deferred the opening of it, ſaying, which afterward became a Proverb in *Greece*, *To-morrow is a New Day*. A wiſe Man may, I confeſs, out of Reſpect to another, as not to diſturb the Company, as *Ruſticus* did, or not to break off another Affair of Importance in Hand, defer to read or hear any new Thing that is brought him; but if for his own Intereſt, or particular Pleaſure, eſpecially if he be a Publick Miniſter, he will not interrupt his Dinner, or break his Sleep, he is inexcuſable. And there was anciently at *Rome* the Conſular Place, as they called it, which was the moſt Honourable at the Table, for being a Place of moſt Liberty, and of more convenient Acceſs to thoſe who came in to talk with the Perſon ſeated there: By which it appears, that for being at Meat, they did not totally abandon the Concern of other Affairs and Accidents. But when all is ſaid, it is very hard in human Actions, to give ſo exact a Rule upon the beſt Grounds, that Fortune will not have a Hand in them, and maintain her own Right.

CHAP. V.

Of Conſcience.

THE *Sieur de la Prouſſe*, my Brother, and I, travelling one Day together during the time of our Civil Wars, met a Gentleman of good Faſhion: he was of the contrary Party, tho' I did not know ſo much, for he pretended otherwiſe: And the Miſchief is, that in this ſort of War, the Cards are ſo ſhuffl'd, an Enemy not being diſtin-

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guiſh'd from a Friend, by any apparent Mark either of Language or Habit, nouriſh'd under the ſame Laws, Air and Manners, that it is very hard to avoid Diſorder and Confuſion. This made me afraid myſelf of meeting any of our Troops in a Place where I was not known, that I might not be in fear to tell my Name, and peradventure of ſomething worſe; as it had befallen me before, where by ſuch a Miſtake, I loſt both Men and Horſes, and amongſt others, an *Italian* Gentleman, my Page, whom I had bred with the greateſt Care and Affection, was miſerably killed, in whom a promiſing Youth of great Expectation was unfortunately blaſted. But the Gentleman that my Brother and I met, had ſo ſtrange a Fear upon him, at the meeting of any Horſe, or paſſing by any of the Towns belonging to the King, that I at laſt diſcover'd them to be Alarms of Conſcience, and the poor Man ſeem'd to be in ſuch a Condition as if thro' his Vizor, and the Croſſes upon his Caſſock, one might have penetrated into his Boſom, and read the moſt ſecret Intentions of his Heart. So wonderful is the Power of Conſcience, that it makes us betray, accuſe, and fight againſt ourſelves; and, for want of other Witneſſes, to give Evidence againſt ourſelves.

Occultum quatiens animo tortore flagellum *.

Conſcience the Torturer of the Soul, unſeen
Does fiercely brandiſh a ſharpe Scourge within.

This Story is in every Child's Mouth, *Beſſus* the *Pæonion*, being reproach'd with ill Nature for pulling down a Neſt of young Sparrows, and killing them, reply'd, he had Reaſon ſo to do, ſeeing that thoſe little Birds never ceas'd falſly to accuſe him of the Murder of his Father.

Strange Diſcovery of a Parricide.

This Parricide had till then been conceal'd and unknown, but the revenging Fury of Conſcience caus'd it to be diſcover'd by himſelf, who was juſtly to ſuffer for it. *Heſiod* corrects the Saying of *Plato*, *That Puniſhment cloſely follows Sin*, it being as he ſays, born at the ſame time with it. Whoever expects Puniſhment, already ſuffers it, and whoever has deſerv'd it, expects it. Wickedneſs contrives

* *Juven. Sat.* 13.

Torments

Torments againſt itſelf. *Malum conſilium conſultori peſſimum* †. Ill Deſigns are worſt to the Contriver. As the Waſp ſtings and offends another, but moſt of all itſelf; for it there loſes the Sting and the Uſe of it for ever.

——*Vitaſque invulnere ponunt* ‡.

And do their own Lives ſtake,
In the ſmall Wound they make.

Cantharides have ſomewhere about them, by a Contrariety of Nature, a Counterpoiſon againſt their Poiſon. In like manner, at the ſame time that we take delight in Vice, there ſprings in the Conſcience a Diſpleaſure, that afflicts us ſleeping and waking with ſeveral tormenting Imaginations.

Quippe ubi ſe multi per ſomnia ſæpe loquentes
Aut morbo delirantes procreaſſe ferantur,
Et celerata diu in medium peccata dediſſe ‖.

The Guilty hardly their own Counſel keep,
They either will be talking in their Sleep,
Or in a Fever raving will reveal
What they long had, and ſtill meant to conceal.

Apollodorus dream'd, that he ſaw himſelf flead by the *Scythians*, and after boil'd in a Cauldron, and that his Heart mutter'd theſe Words, *I am the Cauſe of all theſe Miſchiefs that have befall'n thee.* *Epicurus* ſaid, that no hiding Hole can conceal the Wicked, ſince they can never aſſure themſelves of being hid, whilſt their Conſciences diſcover them to themſelves.

——*Prima eſt hæc ultio, quod ſe*
Judice nemo nocens abſolvitur *.

——'Tis the firſt Puniſhment of Sin,
That no Man does abſolve himſelf within.

As Conſcience fills us with Fear when ill, ſo a good one gives us greater Confidence and Aſſurance; and can truly ſay, that I have gone thro' ſeveral Hazards with a more ſteady Pace, in Conſideration of the ſecret Know-

† *Eraſm. Adag.*
‖ *Lucret. lib.* 5.
‡ *Virg. Georg. lib.* 4.
* *Juven. ſat.* 13.

ledge

ledge I had of my own Will, and the Innocency of my Intentions,

Conscia mens ut cuiq; sua est, ita concepit intra
Pectora pro facto spemque metumque suo †.

As a Man's Conscience is, so Hope within,
Or Fear prevails, suiting to his Design,

Of this are a thousand Examples; but it will be enough to instance three, of one and the same Person; *Scipio*, being one Day, accus'd before the People of *Rome* of some Crimes of a very high Nature, instead of excusing himself, or insinuating into the Favour of the Judges, *It will become you very well*, said he, *to sit in Judgment upon a Head, by whom you have the Power to judge all the World.* And another time all the Answer he gave to several Impeachments brought against him by a Tribune of the People, instead of making his Defence; *Let us go, Citizens*, said he, *let us go render Thanks to the Gods for the Victory they gave me over the* Carthaginians, *as this Day*; and advancing himself before towards the Temple, he had presently all the Assembly, and his very Accuser himself, following at his Heels. And *Petilius* having been set on by *Cato* to demand an Account of the Money that had pass'd thro' his Hands in the Province of *Antioch*, *Scipio* being come into the Senate to that Purpose, produc'd a Book from under his Robe in which, he told them, was an exact Account of his Receipts and Disbursements; but being requir'd to deliver it to the Prothonotary to be examin'd and enroll'd, he refus'd, saying, *He would not do himself so great a Disgrace*; and in the Presence of the whole Senate tore the Book with his own Hands to Pieces. I do not believe that the most fear'd Conscience could have counterfeited so great an Assurance. *He had naturally too high a Spirit, and was accustom'd to too high a Fortune*, says *Titus Livius*, *to know how to be criminal, and to dispose himself to the Meanness of defending his Innocency.* This putting Men to the Rack is a dangerous Invention, and seems to be rather a Tryal of Patience than Truth. Both he who has the Fortitude to endure

The Confident Innocency of Scipio.

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* *Ovid. Fast. lib.* 13.

it,

it, conceals the Truth, and he who has not: For why ſhould Pain ſooner make me confeſs what really is, than force me to ſay what is not? And on the contrary, if he who is not guilty of what he is accus'd of has the Courage to undergo thoſe Torments, why ſhould he not who is guilty have the ſame, ſo fair a Reward of Life being in his Proſpect? I think the Ground of this Invention proceeds from the Conſideration of the Force of Conſcience: For to the Guilty it ſeems to aſſiſt the Rack to make him confeſs his Fault, and to ſhake his Reſolution; and on the other ſide, that it fortifies the Innocent againſt the Torture. But when all is done, 'tis in plain Truth a Tryal full of Incertainty and Danger. What would not a Man ſay? What would not a Man do to avoid ſuch intolerable Torments?

Etiam innocentes cogit mentiri dolor *.

Pain the moſt Innocent will make to lye.

Whence it comes to paſs, that he whom the Judge has rack'd that he may not die innocent, he makes him die both innocent and rack'd. A thouſand and a thouſand have charg'd their own Heads by falſe Confeſſions. Amongſt whom I place *Philotas*, conſidering the Circumſtances of the Tryal *Alexander* put him upon, and the Progreſs of his Torture. *But ſo it is*, ſays one, *that it is the leaſt Evil humanWeakneſs could invent; very inhumanly notwithſtanding, and to very little purpoſe in my Opinion.* Many Nations leſs barbarous in this, than the *Greek* and *Romans* who call them ſo, repute it horrible and cruel to torment and pull a Man to pieces for a Fault of which they are yet it doubt. How can he help your Ignorance? Are not you unjuſt, that not to kill him without Cauſe, you do worſe than kill him? And that this is ſo, do but obſerve how many ways he had rather die without Reaſon, than undergo this Examination, more painful than Execution itſelf; and which often, by its Extremity, prevents Execution, and diſpatches him. I know not where I had this Story, but it exactly matches the Conſcience of our Juſtice in this Particular. A Country-woman came to a General of very ſevere Diſcipline, and accus'd one of his Soldiers

* *Pub. Sym. de dolore.*

that

that he had taken from her Children the little Milk she had left to nourish them withal, the Army having consum'd all the rest; but of this, Proof there was none. The General, after having caution'd the Woman to take good heed to what she said, for that she would make herself guilty of a false Accusation, and should suffer the Punishment due to it if she told a Lie; but she persisting, he presently caus'd the Soldier's Belly to be ript up, to clear the Truth of the Fact, and the Woman was found to be in the right. An instructive Sentence.

CHAP. VI.

Use makes Perfectness.

'TIS not to be expected, that Argument and Instruction, tho' we never so voluntarily surrender our Belief to them, should be powerful enough to lead us on so far as to Action, if we do not over and above exercise and form the Soul by Experience to the Course for which we design it: It will otherwise doubtless find itself at a Loss, when it comes to the Pinch of the Business. This is the reason, why those amongst the Philosophers, who were ambitious to attain to a greater Excellence, were not contented to expect the Severities of Fortune in their Retirement, and the Repose of their own Habitations, lest she should have surpriz'd them raw and unexpert in the Combat; but sally'd out to meet her, and purposely threw themselves into the Proof of Difficulties. Some of whom abandon'd Riches to exercise themselves in a voluntary Poverty: Others have sought out Labour, and an Austerity of Life, to inure themselves to Hardships and Inconveniences; others have depriv'd themselves of their dearest Members; as of their Eyes, and Instruments of Generation, lest their too delightful and effeminate Service should soften and debauch the Stability of their Souls. But in Dying, which is the greatest Work we have to do, Practice is out of Doors, and can give us no Assistance at all. A Man may

may by Custom fortify himself against Pains, Shame, Necessity, and such like Accidents; but as to Death, we can experience it but once, and are all Apprentices when we come to it. There have anciently been Men such excellent Managers of their Time, that they have try'd even in Death itself, to relish and taste it, and who have bent their utmost Faculties of Mind to discover what this Passage is: But they are none of them come back to give an Account of it.

———*Nemo expergitus extat*
Frigida quem semel est vitai pausa sequuta *.

———No one was ever known to wake,
Who once in Death's cold Arms a Nap did take.

Canius Julius, a noble *Roman*, of singular Constancy and Virtue, having been condemn'd to die by that inhuman Monster *Caligula*, besides many admirable Testimonies that he gave of his Resolution, as he was just going to receive the Stroke of the Executioner, was ask'd by a Philosopher, a Friend of his! *Well, Canius*, said he, *whereabout is your Soul now? What is she doing? What are you thinking of? I was thinking*, reply'd the other, *to keep myself ready and the Faculties of my Mind settled and fix'd, to try if in this short and quick instant of Death, I could perceive the Motion of the Soul when she parts from the Body and whether she has any Resentment at the Separation, that I may after come again if I can to acquaint my Friends with it.* This Man Philosophizes not unto Death only, but in Death itself. What a strange Assurance was this, and what Loftiness of Courage to desire his Death should be a Lesson to him, and to have Leisure to think of other Things in so great an Affair.

———*Jus hoc animi morientis habebas* †.

This mighty pow'r of Mind he Dying had.

And yet I fancy there is a certain Way of making it familiar to us, and in some sort, of making Tryal what it is. We may gain Experience, if not intire and perfect, yet such, at least, as shall not be totally useless to us; and that

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* *Lucret. lib.* 3. † *Luc. lib* 8.

may

may render us more assured. If we cannot overtake it, we may approach it, and view it; and if we do not advance so far as to the Fort, we may at least discover it, and make ourselves perfect in the Avenues. It is not without Reason that we are taught to consider Sleep as a Resemblance of Death; with how great Facility do we pass from Waking to Sleeping, and with how little Concern do we lose the Knowledge of Light, and of ourselves! Perhaps the Faculty of Sleeping would seem useless and contrary to Nature, since is deprives us of all Action and Sense, were it not that by it Nature instructs us, that she has equally made us to die as to live, and from Life presents us the Eternal Estate she reserves for us after it, to accustom us to it, and to take from us the Fear of it. But such as have by some violent Accident fallen into a Swoon, and in it have lost all Sense; these, methinks, have been very near seeing the true and natural Face of Death; for as to the Moment of the Passage, it is not to be feared that it brings with it any Pain or Displeasure, forasmuch as we can have no Feeling without Leisure; our Sufferings require Time, which in Death is so short and precipitous, that it must necessarily be insensible. They are the Approaches that we are to fear, and those may fall within the Limits of Experience. Many Things seem greater by Imagination than they are in Effect. I have pass'd a good Part of my Age in a perfect and entire Health; I say, not only entire, but moreover spritely and wanton. This, so full of Verdure, Jollity and Vigour, made the Consideration of Sickness so horrible to me, that when I came to experience it, I found the Attacks faint and easy, in comparison of what I had feared. Of this I have daily Experience; if I am under the Shelter of a warm Room in a stormy and tempestuous Night, I wonder how People can live abroad, and am afflicted for those who are out in the Field: If I am there myself, I do not wish to be any where else. This one Thing of being always shut up in a Chamber, I fancied insupportable: But I was presently inur'd to be so imprison'd a Week, nay, a Month together: and have found, that in the Time of my Health I did much more lament the Sick than I think myself to be lamented when I am so, and that the Force of my Imagination enhances near one Half of the Essence and Reality

Sleep the Image of Death.

lity of the Thing. I hope, that when I come to die I shall find the same, and that I shall not find it worth the Pains I take, so much Preparation, and so much Assistance as I call in to undergo the Stroke. But at all Hazards, we cannot give ourselves too much Advantage.

In the Time of our Third, or Second Troubles, (I do not well remember which) going one Day abroad to take the Air, about a League from my own House, which is seated in the very Center of the Scene of all the Bustle and Mischief of the late Civil Wars of *France*, thinking myself in all Security, and so near to my Retreat, that I stood in need of no better Equipage, I had taken a Horse that went very easy upon his Pace, but was not very strong. Being upon my Return Home, a sudden Occasion falling out to make use of this Horse in a Kind of Service that he was not acquainted with; one of my Train, a lusty proper Fellow, mounted upon a strong *German* Horse, that had a very ill Mouth, but was otherwise vigorous and unfoil'd, to play the *Bravo*, and appear a better Man than his Fellows, comes thundering full Speed in the very Track where I was, rushing like a *Colossus* upon the little Man, and the little Horse, with such a Career of Strength and Weight, that he turn'd us both over and over topsy-turvy, with our Heels in the Air: So that there lay the Horse overthrown and stun'd with the Fall, and I ten or twelve Paces from him stretch'd out at Length, with my Face all batter'd and broken, my Sword, which I had in my Hand, above ten Paces beyond me, and my Belt broke all to Pieces, without any more Motion or Sense than a Stock. 'Twas the only Swoon I was ever in 'till this Hour in my Life. Those who were with me, after having used all the Means they could to bring me to myself, concluding me dead, took me up in their Arms, and carry'd me, with very much Difficulty, home to my House, which was about half a *French* League from thence. Having been by the Way, and two long Hours after, given over for a dead Man, I began to move and fetch my Breath, for so great abundance of Blood was fallen into my Stomach, that Nature had need to rouze her Forces to discharge it. They then rais'd me upon my Feet, where I threw off a great Quantity of pure florid Blood, as I had also done several Times by the Way, which gave me so much Ease, that I began to recover a little Life,

but

but leisurely, and by so small Advances, that my first Sentiments were much nearer the Approaches of Death than Life.

Perche dubbiosa anchor del suo ritorna
Nons' assecura attonita la mente *

Because the Soul her Mansion half had quit,
And was not sure she was return'd to it.

The Remembrance of this mischievous Accident, which is very well imprinted in my Memory, so naturally representing to me the Image and Idea of Death, has in some sort reconcil'd me to the Accident itself. When I first began to open my Eyes after my Trance, it was with so perplex'd, so weak and dead a Sight, that I could yet distinguish nothing, and could only discern the Light.

———*Come quel ch'or apre, or chiude*
Gli occhi, mezzo tra'l sonne è l' essor desto †.

As People in the Morning when they rise
'Twixt Sleep and Wake, open and shut their Eyes.

As to the Functions of the Soul, they advanc'd with the same Pace and Measure with those of the Body. I saw myself all bloody, my Doublet being stain'd and spotted all over with the Blood I had vomited; and the first Thought that came into my Mind, was, that I had a Cross-Bow shot in my Head; and indeed at the same time there were a great many made round about us. Methought my Life but just hung upon my Lips, and I shut my Eyes, to help, methought, to thrust it out; and took a Pleasure in languishing and letting myself go. It was an Imagination that only superficially floated upon my Soul, as tender and weak as all the rest; but really, not only exempt from Pain, but mixt with that Sweetness and Pleasure that People are sensible of when they indulge themselves to drop into a Slumber. I believe it is the very same Condition those People are in, whom we see swoon with Weakness, in the Agony of Death, and am of Opinion, that we lament them without Cause, supposing them agitated with grievous Dolours, or that their Souls suffer under painful Thoughts. It has

* *Tasso Can.* 12. † *Ibid. Can.* 8.

ever

ever been my Belief, contrary to the Opinion of many, and particularly of *Stephen Boetius*, that those whom we see so subdued and stupified at the Approaches of their End, or depress't with the Length of the Disease, or by Accident of an Apoplexy, or Falling Sickness.

——*(Vi morbi sæpe coactus*
Ante oculos aliquis nostros ut fulminis ictu
Concidit & spumas agit, ingemit, & tremit artus,
Desipit, extentat nervos, torquetur, anhelat,
Inconstanter & in jactando membra fatigat *.)

(By the Disease compell'd, so we see some,
As they were Thunder-struck, fall, groan and foam,
Tremble, stretch, writhe, breath short, untill at Length,
In various Strugglings they tire out their Strength.)

Or hurt in the Head, whom we hear to mutter, and by Fits to give grievous Groans; tho' we gather from thence some Sign by which it seems as if they had some Remains of Sense and Knowledge. I have always believ'd, I say, both the Body and the Soul benumb'd and asleep.

Vivit & est vitæ nescius ipse suæ †.

He lives, but does not know
That he does so.

And could not believe, that in so great a Stupefaction of the Members, and so great a Defection of the Senses, the Soul could maintain any Force within, to take cognizance of herself, or look into her own Condition, and that therefore they had no tormenting Reflections to make them consider and be sensible of the Misery of their Condition, and consequently were not much to be lamented. I can, for my Part, think of no State so insupportable and dreadful, as to have the Soul spritely and afflicted without Means to declare itself: As one should say of such who are sent to Execution, with their Tongues first cut out; were it not, that in this Kind of Dying the most Silent seems to me the most Graceful, if accompany'd with a grave and constant Countenance; or of those miserable Prisoners, who fall into the Hands of the base bloody Soldiers of this Age, by

* *Lucret. lib.* 3. † *Ovid Trist. lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 3.

whom they are tormented with all Sorts of inhuman Uſage, to compel them to ſome exceſſive and impoſſible Ranſom, kept in the mean Time in ſuch Condition and Place, where they have no Means of expreſſing or ſignifying their Mind and Miſery to ſuch as they may expect ſhould relieve them. The Poets have feign'd ſome Gods, who favour the Deliverance of ſuch as ſuffer under a languiſhing Death.

——————— *Hunc ego Diti*
Sacrum juſſu fero, teque iſto corpore ſolvo *.

I by Command offer to *Pluto* this,
And from that Body do the Soul diſmiſs.

Both the interrupted Words, and the ſhort and irregular Anſwers one gets from them ſometimes, by bawling and keeping a Clutter about them; or the Motions which ſeem to yield ſome Conſent to what we would have them do, are no Teſtimony nevertheleſs that they live an intire Life at leaſt. So it happens, that in the Yawning of Sleep, before it has fully poſſeſs'd us, to perceive, as in a Dream, what is done about us, and to follow the laſt Things are ſaid with a perplex'd and uncertain Hearing, which ſeem but to touch upon the Borders of the Soul; and make Anſwers to the laſt Words have been ſpoken to us, which have more in them of Fortune than Senſe. Now ſeeing I have effectually tried it, I make no doubt but I have hitherto made a right Judgment. For firſt, being in a Swoon, I laboured with both Hands to rip open the Buttons of my Doublet (for I was without Arms) and yet I felt nothing in my Imagination that hurt me; for we have many Motions in us that do not proceed from our Direction,

Semianimeſque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant.

And half dead Fingers grope about and feel,
To graſp again the late abandon'd Steel.

So falling People extend their Arms before them by a natural Impulſe, which prompts them to Offices and Motions, without any Commiſſion from us.

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* *Eneid. lib.* 4.

Falci-

Falciferos memorant currus abscindere membra,
Ut tremere in terra videatur ab artubus, id quod
Decidit abscissum, cum mens tamen atque homines vis.
Mobilitate mali non quid sentire dolorem *.

How Limbs Syth-bearing Chariots lopt, they tell,
Would move and tremble on the Ground they fell,
When he himself from whom the Limb was ta'en,
Could by the Swiftness feel no kind of Pain.

My Stomach was so oppreſt with the coagulated Blood, that my Hands moved to that Part of their own voluntary Motion, as they frequently do to the Part that itches, without being directed by our Will. There are several Animals, and even Men, in whom one may perceive the Muscles to stir and tremble after they are dead. Every one experimentally knows, that there are some Members which grow stiff and flag without his Leave. Now these Passions which only touch the outward Bark of us, as a Man may say, cannot be said to be ours: To make them so, there must be a Concurrence of the whole Man; and the Pains which are felt by the Hand or the Foot, while we are sleeping, are none of ours. As I drew near my own House, where the Alarm of my Fall was already got before me, with the Alarm usual in such Cases; I did not only make some little Answer to a few Questions that were asked me, but they moreover tell me, that I had so much Sense, as to order, that a Horse I saw trip and faulter in the Way, which is mountainous and uneasy, should be given to my Wife. This Consideration should seem to proceed from a Soul that retain'd its Function, but it was nothing so with me. I knew not what I said or did, and they were nothing but idle Thoughts in the Clouds, that were stir'd up by the Senses of the Eyes and Ears, and proceeded not from me. I knew not for all that whence I came from, or whither I went, neither was I capable to weigh and consider what was said to me: These were light Effects that the Senses produced of themselves, as of Custom; what the Soul contributed was in a Dream, as being lightly toucht, lick'd and bedew'd by the soft Impression of the Senses.

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* *Lucret. lib* 3.

Notwithstanding, my Condition was, in Truth, very easy and quiet; I had no Afflictions upon me, either for others or myself. It was an extreme Drooping and Weakness without any Manner of Pain. I saw my own House, but knew it not. When they had put me to Bed, I found an inexpressible Sweetness in that Repose; for I had been most wretchedly tugg'd and jolted by those poor People, who had taken the Pains to carry me upon their Arms a very great and a very ill Way, and had in doing so all quite tir'd out themselves twice or thrice one after another. They offer'd me several Remedies, but I would take none, certainly believing that I was mortally wounded in the Head. And in earnest, it had been a very happy Death; for the Weakness of my Understanding depriv'd me of the Faculty of Discerning, and that of my Body from the Sense of Feeling. I suffer'd myself to glide away so sweetly, and after so soft and easy a Manner, that I scarce find any other Action less troublesome than that was. But when I came again to myself, and to re-assume my Faculties,

Ut tandem sensus convaluere mei *.

As my lost Senses did again return.

which was two or three Hours after, I felt myself on a sudden involved in a terrible Pain, having my Limbs shatter'd and ground to Pieces with my Fall, and was so exceedingly ill two or three Nights after, that I thought once more to die again, but a more painful Death, having concluded myself as good as dead before, and to this Hour am sensible of the Bruises of that terrible Shock. I will not here omit, that the last Thing I could make them beat into my Head, was the Memory of this Accident, and made it be over and over again repeated to me whither I was going, from whence I came, and at what Time of the Day this Mischance befel me, before I could comprehend it. As to the Manner of my Fall, that was conceal'd from me, in Favour to him who had been the Occasion, and other Flimflams were invented to palliate the Truth. But a long Time after, and the very next Day that my Memory began to return and represent to me the State wherein I was, at the

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* *Ovid. Trist. lib.* 1 *El.* 3.

Instant

Instant that I perceiv'd this Horse coming full drive upon me (for I had seen him come thundering at my Heels, and gave myself for gone: But this Thought had been so sudden, that Fear had no Leisure to introduce itself) it seem'd to me like a Flash of Lightning that had pierc'd thro' my Soul, and that I came from the other World.

This long Story of so light an Accident, would appear vain enough, were it not for the Knowledge I have gain'd by it for my own Use; for I do really find, that to be acquainted with Death, is no more but nearly to approach it. *Every one*, as *Pliny* says, *is a good Doctor to himself, provided he be capable of discovering himself near at hand.* This is not my Doctrine, 'tis my Study; and is not the Lesson of another, but my own, and yet if I communicate it, it ought not to be ill taken. That which is of use to me, may also, perhaps, be usefull to another. As to the rest, I spoil nothing, I make use of nothing but my own, and if I play the Fool, 'tis at my own Expence, and no body else is concern'd in it: For 'tis a Folly that will die with me, and that no one is to inherit. We hear but of two or three of the Ancients, who have beaten this Road, and yet I cannot say, if it be after this Manner, knowing no more of them but their Names. Not one since has follow'd the Track: 'Tis a tickliſh Subject, and more nice than it seems, to follow a Pace so extravagant and uncertain, as that of the Soul: To penetrate the dark Profundities of her intricate internal Windings; to chuse and lay hold of so many little Graces and nimble Motions, is a new and extraordinary Undertaking, which withdraws us from the common and most recommended Employments of the World. 'Tis now many Years since, that my Thoughts have had no other Aim and Level, than myself, and that I have only pry'd into and study'd myself: Or if I study any other Thing, 'tis to lay it up for, and to apply it to myself. And yet I do not think it a Fault, if, as others do, by much less profitable Sciences, I communicate what I have learnt in this Affair; tho' I am not very well pleas'd with what I have writ upon this Subject. There is no Description so difficult, nor doubtless of so great Utility, as that of one's Self. And withal a Man must curl, set out, and adjust himself to appear in publick. Now I am perpetually setting off myself, for I am eternally

upon my own Description. Custom has made all speaking of a Man's self vicious, and forbids positively it, in Hatred to the Vanity, that seems inseparably join'd with the Testimony Men give of themselves. But tho' it should be true, that to entertain People with Discourses of ourselves, must of necessity be a piece of Presumption, yet I ought not, according to my general Plan, to forbear an Action that publishes this Infirmity, since it is in me; nor conceal a Fault which I not only practise but profess. Nevertheless, to speak my Mind freely of the Matter, I think that the Custom of condemning Wine, because some People will be drunk, is itself to be condemn'd. A Man cannot abuse any Thing but what is good in itself; and I believe that this Rule has only regard to the Popular Vice: it is a Bridle for Calves, by which neither Saints, whom we hear speak so highly of themselves, nor the Philosophers, nor the Divines, will be curb'd: Neither will I, who am as little the one as the other, Of what does *Socrates* treat more largely, than of himself? To what does he more direct, and address the Discourses of his Disciples, than to speak of themselves, not of the Lesson in their Book, but of the Essence and Motion of their Souls? We confess ourselves Religiously to God and our Confessor; and, as they are our Neighbours, to all the People. But some will answer and say, *That we there speak nothing but Accusation against ourselves:* Why then we say all, for our very Virtue itself is faulty and repentable; my Trade and Art *is to live*. He that forbids me to speak according to my own Sense, Experience, and Practice, may as well enjoin an Architect not to speak of Building according to his own Knowledge, but according to that of his Neighbour; according to the Knowledge of another, and not according to his own. If it be Vain-glory for a Man to publish his own Virtues, why does not *Cicero* prefer the Eloquence of *Hortensius*, and *Hortensius* that of *Cicero?* Perhaps, they mean, that I should give Testimony of myself by Works and Effects, not barely by Words: I chiefly paint my Thoughts, an Inform Subject, and incapable of Operative Production. 'Tis all that I can do to couch it in this airy Body of the Voice. The wisest and devoutest Men have liv'd in the greatest Care to avoid all discovery of Works: Effects would speak more of Fortune, than of me. They

manifest

manifest their own Office, and not mine; but uncertainly, and by Conjecture. They are but Patterns of some one particular Virtue. I expose myself entire: 'Tis a Skeleton, where, at one View, the Veins, Muscles, and Tendons, are apparent, each of them in its proper Place. I do not write my own Acts, but my Self and my Essence: I am of Opinion, that a Man must be very wise to value himself, and equally conscientious to give a true Report, be it better or worse, indifferently: If I thought myself perfectly good and wise, I would speak with open Mouth, and rattle it out to some Purpose. To speak less of a Man's Self than what one really is, is Folly, not Modesty; and to take that for current Pay which is under a Man's Value, is Pusillanimity and Cowardice, according to *Aristotle*. No Virtue assists itself with Falshood: Truth is never the Master of Error: To speak more of one's Self than is really true, is not always Presumption 'tis moreover very often Folly: To be immeasurably pleas'd with what one is, and to fall into an indiscreet Self-love, is, to do quite contrary to what these People direct, who, in forbidding them to speak of themselves, do consequently at the same Time interdict thinking of themselves. Pride dwells in the Thought, the Tongue can have but very little Share in it: They fancy, that to think of one's Self, is to be delighted with himself; to frequent, and to converse with a Man's Self, to be over indulgent. But this Excess springs only from those who only take a superficial View of themselves, and dedicate their main Inspection to their Affairs; that call Meditation, Raving and Idleness, looking upon themselves as a Third Person only, and a Stranger. If any one is charm'd with his own Knowledge, whilst he looks only on those below him, let him but turn his Eye upward toward past Ages, and his Pride will be abated, when he shall there find so many thousand Wits that trample him under Foot. If he enter into a flattering Vanity of his Personal Valour, let him but recollect the Lives of *Scipio*, *Epaminondas*, so many Armies and Nations that leave him so far behind them, and he will be cur'd of his Self-opinion. No particular Quality can make any Man proud, that will at the same Time put so many other weak and imperfect ones as he has in him in the other Scale, and the Nothingness of human Condition to balance the Weight: Because *Socrates* had alone swallow'd

to purpose the Precept of his God, *To know himself*; and by that Study was arriv'd to the Perfection of setting himself at nought, he was only reputed worthy the Title of a *Sage*. Whosoever shall so know himself, let him boldly speak it out.

CHAP. VII.

Of Recompences of Honour.

THOSE who write the Life of *Augustus Cæsar*, observe this in his Military Discipline, that he was wonderfully liberal of Gifts to Men of Merit; but that as to the true Recompences of Honour, he was altogether as sparing. So it is, that he had himself been gratify'd by his Uncle, with all the Military Recompences before he had ever been in the Field. It was a pretty Invention, and receiv'd into most Governments of the World, to institute certain vain and insignificant Distinctions to honour and recompence Virtue; such are the Crowns of Laurel, Oak, and Myrtle, the particular Fashion of some Garment; the Privilege to ride in a Coach in the City, or to have a Torch by Night; some peculiar Place assign'd in Publick Assemblies; the Prerogative of certain additional Names and Titles; certain Distinctions in their bearing of Coats of Arms, and the like: The Use of which, according to the several Humours of Nations, has been variously receiv'd, and do yet continue. We in *France*, as also several of our Neighbours, have the Orders of Knighthood, that are instituted only for this End. And it is, indeed, a very good and profitable Custom to find out an Acknowledgment for the Worth of excellent and extraordinary Men; and to satisfy their Ambition with Rewards that are not at all chargeable either to Prince or People: And what has been always found both by ancient Experience, and which we ourselves may also have observ'd in our own Times, that Men of Quality have ever been

Orders of Knighthood instituted to reward Military Virtue.

been more jealous of ſuch Recompences, than of thoſe wherein there was gain and Profit, is not without very good Ground and Reaſon. If with Reward, which ought to be ſimply a Recompence of Honour, they ſhould mix other Emoluments, and add Riches, this Mixture inſtead of procuring an Encreaſe of Eſteem, would vilify and debaſe it. The Order of St. *Michael*, which has been ſo long in repute amongſt us, had no greater Commodity, than that it had no Communication with any other; which produc'd this Effect, that formerly there was no Office, nor Title whatever, to which the Gentry pretended with ſo great a Deſire and Affection, as they did to this Order; nor Quality that carry'd with it more Reſpect and Grandeur: Virtue more willingly embracing, and with greater Ambition, aſpiring to a Recompence truly her own, and rather honourable than beneficial: For in truth, the other Rewards have not ſo great a Dignity in them, by reaſon they are laid out upon all ſorts of Occaſions. With Money a Man pays the Wages of a Servant, the Diligence of a Courier, Dancing, Vaulting, Speaking, and the vileſt Offices we receive; nay, and reward Vice with it too, as Flattery, Treachery, and Pimping: And therefore 'tis no wonder if Virtue leſs deſires, and leſs willingly receives this common Sort of Payment, than that which is proper and peculiar to her, as being truly generous and noble. *Auguſtus* had reaſon to be a better Huſband, and more ſparing of this, than the other, by how much Honour is a Privilege that extracts its principal Eſteem from Rarity, and Virtue itſelf.

The Order of St. Michael.

Cui malus eſt nemo, quis bonus eſſe poteſt *?

To whom none ſeemeth ill, who good can ſeem?

We do not intend it for a Commendation, when we ſay, that ſuch a one is careful in the Education of his Children: By reaſon it is a common Act, how juſt and well done ſoever; no more then we commend a great Tree, where the whole Forreſt is the ſame. I do not

* *Mart. lib. 2. Epig.* 82.

think

Valour of the Citizens of Sparta.

think that any Citizen of *Sparta* valu'd himself much upon his Valour, it being the universal Virtue of the whole Nation, and as little prided himself upon his Fidelity, and Contempt of Riches. There is no Recompence due to Virtue, how great soever, that is once become a general Custom; and I know not withal, whether we can ever call it Great, being common. Seeing then that these Rewards of Honour have no other Value and Estimation, but only this, That few People enjoy them; 'tis but to be liberal of them, to bring them down to nothing. And tho' there should be more Men found than in former Times, worthy of our Order, the Value of it, nevertheless, ought not be abated, nor the Honour made cheap. Nay, it may easily happen, that more may merit it now than formerly; for there is no Virtue that so easily dilates itself, as that of Military Valour: There is another true, perfect and philosophical, of which I do not speak (and only make use of the Word in the common Acceptation) much greater than this, and more full, which is Force and Assurance of Souls, equally despising all Sorts of adverse Accidents, and equally uniform and constant; of which ours is no more than one little Ray. Use, Institution, Example and Custom, can do all in all to the Establishment of that which I am speaking of, and with great Facility render it common, as by the Experience of our Civil War is manifest enough; and whoever could at this Instant unite us *Catholick* and *Hugonot* into one Body, and set us upon some brave Enterprize, we should make our ancient Military Reputation flourish again. It is most certain that in Times past, the Recompence of this Order had not only a regard to Valour, but had a farther Prospect. It never was the Reward of a valiant Soldier, but of a great Captain. The Science of obeying was not reputed worthy of so honourable a Guerdon, there was therein a more universal Military Expertness requir'd, which comprehended the most and the greatest Qualities of a Military Man; *Neque enim eædem Militares & Imperatoriæ artes sunt.* Besides a Man was to be of a Birth and Rank suitable to such a Dignity. But I say that tho' more Men should be worthy now than formerly, yet ought it not to be more liberally distributed; and that it were better to fall short

in

in not giving it to all to whom it ſhall be acknowledg'd due, than for ever to loſe, as we have lately done, the Fruit of ſo profitable an Invention. No Man of Spirit will vouchſafe to advantage himſelf with what is in common with many: And ſuch of the preſent Time, as have leaſt merited this Recompence, make the greater Shew of diſclaiming it, being thereby to be rank'd with thoſe, to whom ſo much wrong has been done, by the unworthy conferring and debaſing the Character, which was their particular Right. Now to expect that in obliterating and aboliſhing this ſuddenly, to create and bring into Credit a like new Inſtitution, is not a proper Attempt for ſo licentious and ſo ſick a Time as this in which we now are; and it will fall out, that the laſt will, from its Birth, incur the ſame Inconveniences that have ruin'd the other. The Rules for the Diſpenſing of this new Order, had need to be extremely clip'd, and bound under great Reſtrictions to give it Authority; and this tumultous Seaſon is incapable of ſuch a Curb: Beſides, that before this can be brought into Reputation, 'tis neceſſary that the Memory of the firſt, and the Contempt into which it is fallen ſhould be totally bury'd in Oblivion.

The Order of the Holy Ghoſt.

This Place might naturally enough admit of ſome Diſcourſe upon the Conſideration of Valour, and the Difference of this Virtue from others: But *Plutarch* having ſo often handled this Subject, I ſhould give myſelf an unneceſſary Trouble to repeat what he has ſaid; but this, nevertheleſs, is worth conſidering; that our Nation places Valour in the higheſt Degree of Virtue, as the very Word itſelf ſhews, being deriv'd from *Value*; and that, according to our Cuſtom, when we mean a worthy Man, or a Man of Value, it is only in our Court Style, to ſay, a *Valiant Man*, after the *Roman* Way. For the general Appellation of *Virtue* with them, takes Etymology from *Force*. The proper, ſole, and eſſential Method of the *French Nobility and Gentry*, is the Practice of Arms: And 'tis likely that the firſt Virtue which diſcover'd itſelf amongſt Men, and that has given ſome Advantage over others, was this; by which the Strongeſt and moſt Valiant have lorded it over the Weaker, and entail'd upon themſelves a particular Authority and Reputation: Or elſe, that theſe Nations

Nations being very warlike, have given the Prehemi-nence to that of the *Virtues* which was most familiar to them, and which they thought of the most worthy Cha-racter. Just as our Passion and the feverish Solicitude we have of the Chastity of Women, makes saying a good Woman, a Woman of Worth, and a Woman of Honour and Virtue, to signify no more but a chaste Woman: As if to oblige her to that one Duty, we were indifferent as to all the rest; and gave them the Reins to all other Faults whatever, to compound for that one of Incontinence.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Affection of Fathers to their Children.

To Madam *D'ESTISSAC.*

Madam, if the Strangeness and Novelty of my Sub-ject, which generally give Value to Things, do not save me, I shall never come off with Honour from this foolish Attempt: But 'tis so fantastick, and carries a Face so unlike the common Custom, that the Oddness of it may, perhaps, make it pass. 'Tis a Melancholick Humour, and consequently an Humour very much an Enemy to my natural Complexion, engendred by the Pensiveness of the Solitude, into which, for some Years past, I have retir'd myself, that first put into my Head this idle Fancy of Writing: Wherein, finding myself totally unprovided and empty of other Matters, I presented myself to myself, for Argument and Subject. 'Tis the only Book in the World of its Kind, and of a wild extravagant Design; there is nothing worth Remark but the Extravagancy in this Affair: For in a Subject so vain and frivolous, the best Workman in the World could not have given it a Form fit to recommend it to any Manner of Esteem.

Now, *Madam*, being to draw my own Picture to the Life, I should have omitted the only graceful Feature, had I not represented in it the Honour I have ever paid to your Merits;

Merits; which I have purposely chosen to say in the Beginning of this Chapter, by reason, that among the many excellent Qualities you are Mistress of, the tender Love you have shewn to your Children, worthily holds one of the chief Places. Whoever shall know at what Age *Monsieur d'Estissac*, your Husband, left you a Widow, the great and honourable Matches have since been offer'd to you, as many as to any Lady of your Condition in *France*; the Constancy and Steadiness wherein you have liv'd so many Years, and wherewith you have gone thro' so many sharp Difficulties; the Charge and Conduct of their Affairs who have persecuted you in every Corner of the Kingdom, and who yet are not wary of tormenting you; and the happy Direction you have given in all this, either by your single Prudence, or good Fortuue, will easily conclude with me, that we have not so lively an Example as your's of Maternal Affection in our Times. I praise God, *Madam*, that it has been so well employ'd; for the great Hopes that *Monsieur d' Estissac*, the Son, gives of himself, are sufficient Assurances that when he comes to Age, you will reap from him all the Obedience and Gratitude of a very good Man. But forasmuch as by reason of his tender Years he has not been capable of taking notice of those numberless Offices of Kindness which he has receiv'd from you; I will take care, if these Papers ever happen to fall into his Hands, when I shall neither have Mouth nor Speech left to deliver it to him, that he shall receive a true Account of those Things from me, which shall be more effectually manifested to him by their own Effects, and by which he will understand, that there is not a Gentleman in *France* who stands more indebted to a Mother's Care; and that he cannot for the Future give a better, nor more certain Testimony of himself, of his own Worth and Virtue, than by acknowledging you for that excellent Mother you are.

The Affection of Parents towards their Children greater than that of Children towards them, and why.

If there be any Law truly natural, that is to say, any Instinct that is seen universally, and perpetually imprinted in both Beasts and Men (which is not without Controversy) I can then say, that in my Opinion, next to the Care every Animal has of his own Preservation, and to avoid that

that which may hurt him, the Affection that the Begetter bears to his Off-ſpring, holds the Second Place in this Liſt. And ſeeing that Nature ſeems to have recommended it to us, having Regard to the Extenſion and Propagation of the ſucceſſive Piece of this Machine: 'Tis no Wonder, on the contrary, that of Children towards their Parents is not ſo great. To which we may add this other *Ariſtotelian* Conſideration, *That he who confers a Benefit on any one, loves him better than he is below'd by him again:* And that every Artificer is fonder of his Work, than, if that Work had Senſe, it would be of the Artificer; by reaſon, that is dear to us to be, and to be conſiſts in Moving and Action: Therefore every one has, in ſome ſort, a Being in his Work. Whoever confers a Benefit, exerciſes a fair and honeſt Action; who receives it, exerciſes the *Utile* only. Now the *Utile* is much leſs amiable than the *Honeſtum:* The *Honeſtum* is ſtable and permanent, ſupplying him who has done it with a continual Gratification. The *Utile* loſes itſelf, eaſily ſlides away, and the Memory of it is neither ſo freſh, nor ſo pleaſing. Thoſe Things are deareſt to us that have coſt us moſt, and giving is more chargeable than receiving. Since it has pleas'd God to endue us with ſome Capacity of weighing and conſidering Things, to the End we may not, like Brutes, be ſervilely ſubjected and enſlav'd by the Laws common to both; but that we ſhould by Judgment and a voluntary Liberty apply ourſelves to them: We ought, indeed ſometimes, to yield to the ſimple Authority of Nature, but not ſuffer ourſelves to be tyrannically hurry'd away and tranſported by her; ſince Reaſon alone ſhould have the Conduct of our Inclinations. I, for my Part, have a ſtrange Diſguſt to thoſe Inclinations that are ſtarted in us, without the Meditation and Direction of the Judgment. As upon the Subject I am ſpeaking of, I cannot entertain that Paſſion of dandling and careſſing an Infant ſcarcely born, having, as yet, neither Motion of Soul, nor Shape of Body diſtinguiſhable, by which they can render themſelves amiable; and have not willingly ſuffer'd them to be nurs'd near me: A true and regular Affection ought to ſpring and increaſe with the Knowledge they give us of themſelves, and then if they are worthy of it, natural Propens walking Hand in Hand with Reaſon, to cheriſh them with a truly Paternal Love; and to judge and diſcern alſo if they

they be otherwiſe, ſtill ſubmitting ourſelves to Reaſon, notwithſtanding the Inclinations of Nature. It is often quite otherwiſe, and moſt commonly we find ourſelves more taken with the Play and puerile Simplicity of our Children, than we are afterwards with their compleat Actions; as if we had lov'd them for our Sport, like Monkies, and not as Men. And ſome there are, who are very liberal in buying them Balls to play withal, who are very cloſe handed for the leaſt neceſſary Expence when they come to Age: Nay, to ſuch Degree, that it looks as if the Jealouſy of ſeeing them appear in, and enjoy the World, when we are about to leave it, renders us more niggardly and ſtingy towards them. It vexes us, that they tread upon our Heels, as if to ſolicit us to go out; and if this be to be fear'd, ſince the Order of Things will have it ſo, that they cannot, to ſpeak the Truth, be nor live, but at the Expence of our Being and Life, we ſhould never meddle with getting Children. For my Part, I think it Cruelty and Injuſtice not to receive them into the Share and Society of our Goods, and not to make them Partakers in the Intelligence of our Domeſtick Affairs, when they are capable, and not to leſſen and contract our own Expences, to make the more room for theirs, ſeeing we begat them to that Effect. 'Tis unjuſt, that an old Fellow, deaf, lame, and half dead, ſhould, alone, in a Corner of the Chimney, enjoy the Goods that were ſufficient for the Maintenance and Advancement of many Children, and to ſuffer them in the mean time to loſe their beſt Years, for want of Means to put themſelves in Publick Service, and the Knowledge of Men. A Man by this Means drives them to deſperate Courſes, and to ſeek out by any Means, how unjuſt or diſhonourable ſoever, to provide for their own Support. As I have, in my Time, ſeen ſeveral Young Men, of good Extraction, ſo addicted to Stealing, that no Correction could cure them of it. I know one, of a very good Family, to whom at the Requeſt of a Brother of his, a very honeſt and brave Gentleman, I once ſpoke upon this Account; who made anſwer, and confeſs'd to me roundly, that he had been put upon this dirty Practice, by the Severity and Avarice of his Father: But that he was now ſo accuſtom'd to it, he could not leave it. At which Time he was trapp'd ſtealing a Lady's Rings, being come into her Chamber as ſhe was dreſſing, with

ſeveral

several others. He put me in Mind of a Story I had heard of another Gentleman, so perfect and accomplish'd in this genteel Trade in his Youth, that after he came to his Estate and resolv'd to give it over, could not hold his Hands, nevertheless, if he pass'd by a Shop where he saw any Thing he lik'd, from catching it up, tho' it put him to the Shame of sending afterwards to pay for it. And I have myself seen several so habituated to this laudable Quality, that even amongst their Comrades they could not forbear Filching, tho' with Intent to restore what they had taken. I am a *Gascon*, and yet there is no Vice I so little understand as that; I hate it something more by Disposition than I condemn it in my Discourse: I do not so much as desire any thing of another Man's. This Province of our's is, in plain Truth, a little more suspected than the other Parts of the Kingdom; and yet we have often seen in our Times Men of good Families, of other Provinces, in the Hands of Justice, convicted of several abominable Thefts: I fear this Debauch is, in some sort, to be attributed to the foremention'd Vice of the Fathers; and if a Man should tell me, as a Lord of very good Understanding once did, *That he hoarded up Wealth, not to extract any other Fruit and Use from his Parsimony, but to make himself honour'd and sought to by his own Relations: And that Age having depriv'd him of all other Forces, it was the only remaining Remedy to maintain his Authority in his Family, and to keep him from being neglected and despised by all the World* (and, in Truth, not only old Age, but all other Imbecility, according to *Aristotle*, is the Promoter of Avarice) this is something, but it is Physick for a Disease that a Man should prevent. A Father is very miserable that has no other hold of his Children's Affections than the Need they have of his Assistance, if that can be call'd Affection; he must render himself worthy to be respected by his Virtue and Wisdom, and belov'd by his Bounty and the Sweetness of his Manners. Even the very Ashes of a rich Matter have their Value; and we generally, by Custom, have the Bones and Relicks of worthy Men in Regard and Reverence. No old Age can be so ruinous and offensive in a Man who has pass'd his Life in Honour, but it must be venerable,

Young Men given to Filching.

Gascons *generally addicted to Stealing.*

venerable, especially to his Children; the Soul of whom he must have train'd up to their Duty by Reason not by Necessity and the Need they have of him, nor by Roughness and Force.

——*& errat longe, mea quidem sententia,*
Qui imperium credat esse gravius aut stabilius
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur *.

And he does mainly vary from my Sense,
Who thinks the Empire gain'd by Violence
More absolute and durable than that
Which Gentleness and Friendship do create.

I condemn all Violence in the Education of a tender Soul, that is design'd for Honour and Liberty. There is, I know not what of Servile in Rigour and Restraint; and I am of Opinion, that what is not to be done by Reason, Prudence and Address, is never to be effected by Force. I myself was brought up after that Manner, and they tell me, that, in all my first Age, I never felt the Rod but twice, and then very easily. I have practis'd the same Method with my Children, who most of them dy'd at Nurse; but *Leonora*, my only Daughter, is arriv'd to the Age of Six Years and upward, without other Correction for her Childish Faults (her Mother's Indulgence easily concurring) than Words only, and those very gentle. In which kind of Proceeding, tho' my End and Expectation should be both frustrated, there are other Causes enough to lay the Fault on, without blaming my Discipline, which I know to be natural and just; and I should in this have yet been more religious towards the Males, as born to less Subjection and more free; and I should have made it my Business to swell their Hearts with Ingenuity and Freedom. I have never observ'd other Effects of Whipping, unless to render them more cowardly, or more wilful and obstinate. Do we desire to be belov'd of our Children? Will we remove from them all Occasion of Wishing our Death? (tho' no Occasion of so horrid a Wish can either be just or excusable, *Nullum scelus rationem habet*) Let us reasonably accommodate their Lives with what is in our Power. In order to

* *Terence, Adelph. Act.* 1. *Sce.* 1.

this, we should not marry so young, that our Age shall in a Manner be confounded with theirs; for this Inconvenience plunges us into many very great Difficulties: I say, the Gentry of the Nation, who are of a Condition wherein they have little to do, and live upon their Revenues only: For in other Conditions, where Life is dedicated to Profit, the Plurality and Numbers of Children is an Increase to good Husbandry, and they are so many new Tools and Instruments wherewith to grow rich. I marry'd at Three and Thirty Years of Age, and agree in the Opinion of Thirty Five, which is said to be that of *Aristotle*. *Plato* will have no body marry before Thirty; but he has reason to laugh at those who undertake the Work of Marriage after Five and Fifty, and condemn their Offspring as unworthy of Aliment and Life. *Thales* gave to this the truest Limits, who young, and being importun'd by his Mother to marry, answer'd, *That it was too soon*; and being grown in Years, and urg'd again, *That it was too late*. A Man must deny Opportunity to every importunate Action. The ancient *Gauls* look'd upon it as a very horrid Thing, for a Man to have Society with a Woman before twenty Years of Age; and strictly recommended to the Men, who design'd themselves for War, the keeping their Virginity till well grown in Years, forasmuch as Courage is abated and diverted by the Use of Women.

The Use of Women enervates young Men.

Ma hor congiunta à giovinetta sposa,
Lieto homai, de figli era invilito
Negli affetti di padre, & di marito *.

But now being marry'd to a fair young Wife,
He's quite fall'n off from his old Course of Life:
His Mettle is grown rusty, and his Care
His Wife and Children do betwixt them share.

Muleasses, King of *Tunis*, he whom the Emperor *Charles* V. restor'd to the Kingdom, reproach'd the Memory of his Father *Mahomet* with the Frequentation of Women, styling him *Loose, Effeminate, and a Getter of Children*. The *Greek* History observes of *Jecus*, the *Tarentine*, of

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* *Tasso Can.* 10.

Chryso-

Chryſo, *Aſtiplus*, *Diopompus*, and others, that to keep their Bodies in order for the *Olympick* Games, and ſuch like Exerciſes, they deny'd themſelves, during that Preparation, all Commerce with *Venus*. In a certain Country of the *Spaniſh Indies*, Men were not admitted to marry till after Forty Years of Age, and yet the Girls were allow'd to go to't at Ten. 'Tis not time for a Gentleman of Five and Thirty Years old, to give place to his Son who is Twenty; he being himſelf in a Condition to ſerve both in the Camp, and Court of his Prince, has himſelf need of all his Equipage; and yet doubtleſs ought to allow his Son a Share, but not ſo great a one, as wholly to diſfurniſh himſelf; and for ſuch a one, the Saying, that Fathers have ordinarily in their Mouths, *That they will not put off their Cloaths before they go to Bed*, is proper enough: But a Father worn out with Age and Infirmities, and depriv'd by his Weakneſs and Want of Health of the common Society of Men, wrongs himſelf and his, to rake together a great Maſs of uſeleſs Treaſure. He has liv'd long enough, if he be wiſe, to have a Mind to ſtrip himſelf to go to Bed; not to his very Shirt, I confeſs, but to that, and a good warm Night-gown: The remaining Pomps of which he has no further uſe, he ought voluntarily to ſurrender to thoſe to whom by the Order of Nature they belong. 'Tis Reaſon he ſhould refer the uſe of thoſe Things to them, ſeeing that Nature has reduc'd him to ſuch a State, that he cannot enjoy them himſelf: Otherwiſe there is doubtleſs ill Nature and Envy in the Caſe. The greateſt Act of the Emperor *Charles* V. was, that in Imitation of ſome of the Ancients of his own Quality, confeſſing it but Reaſon to ſtrip ourſelves when our Cloaths encumber and grow too heavy for us; and to lie down when our Legs begin to fail us; he reſign'd his Dignity, Grandeur, and Power to his Son, when he found the Vigour and Steadineſs in the Conduct of his Affairs to fail in himſelf, with the Glory he had therein acquir'd.

Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus ſequum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat *.

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ep.* 1.

The old worn Courser in good Time dismiss,
Lest failing in the Lists, Spectators hiss.

This Fault of not perceiving betimes, and not being sensible of the Feebleness and extreme Alteration that Age naturally brings both upon the Body and Mind (which in my Opinion is equal, if the Soul is no more than the half) has lost the Reputation of most of the great Men in the World. I have known in my Time, and have been intimately acquainted with some Persons of very great Quality, whom a Man might easily discern so manifestly fall'n from that former Sufficiency, I was sure they were once endu'd with by the Reputation they had acquir'd in their former Years, that I could heartily, for their own Sakes, have wish'd them at Home at their Ease, discharg'd from those Publick Military Employments, which were now grown too heavy for their Shoulders. I have formerly been very familiar in a Gentleman's House, a Widower, and very old, tho' healthy and chearful enough: This Gentleman had several Daughters to marry, and a Son, already of a ripe Age, which brought upon him many Visits, and a great Expence; neither of which did very well please him, not only out of consideration of Frugality; but yet more, for having, by reason of his Age, enter'd into a Course of Life far differing from ours. I told him one Day a little boldly, as I us'd to do, that he would do better to give us room, and to leave his principal House (for he had but that well situated and furnish'd) to his Son, and retire himself to an Estate he had hard by, where no body would trouble his Repose, seeing he could not otherwise avoid being importun'd by us, the Condition of his Children consider'd. He took my Advice afterwards, and found an Advantage by so doing: I do not mean that a Man should so instate them, as not to reserve to himself a Liberty to recant: I, who am now arriv'd to the Age wherein such Things are fit to be done, would resign to them the Enjoyment of my House and Goods, but with a Power of Revocation, if they should give me Cause to alter my Mind; I would leave to them the Use, they being no longer proper for me, and of the General Authority and Power over all would reserve as much as I thought good to myself: Having always thought, that it must needs be a great Satisfaction

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to an aged Father, to put his Children himself in the Way of governing his Affairs, and to have Power, during his Life, to controul their Behaviour, supplying them with Instruction and Advice from his own Experience, and himself to transfer the Ancient Honour and Order of his House into that of those who are to succeed him, and by that Means to be responsible to himself (by the Hopes he may conceive) for their future Conduct. And in order to this, I would not avoid their Company, I would observe them near at hand, and partake, according to the Condition of my Age, of their Feasts and Jollities. If I did not live amongst them (which I could not do, without being a Disturbance to them, by reason of the Morosenes of my Age, and the Restlesnes of my Infirmities, and without violating also the Rules and Order of Living I should then have set down to myself) I would at least live near them in some remote Part of my House, not the best in shew, but the most commodious. Nor as I saw some Years ago, a Dean of St. *Hilaire*, of *Poitiers*, by his Melancholy given up to such a Solitude, that at the Time I came into his Chamber, it had been two and twenty Years that he had not stept one Foot out of it, and yet had all his Motions free, and eat, and was in perfect Health, saving a little Rheum that fell upon his Lungs: He would hardly once in a Week, suffer any one to come to see him; he always kept himself shut up in his Chamber alone, except a Servant that brought him once a Day something to eat, and did then but just come in and go out again. His Employment was to walk up and down, and read some Book, for he was a piece of a Scholar: But as to the rest, obstinately bent to die in his Retirement, as he presently after did. I would endeavour, by a sweet and obliging Conversation, to create in my Children a lively and unfeign'd Friendship and good Will, which in well descended Natures is not hard to do; for if they be Brutes, of which this Age of ours produces Thousands, we are then to hate and avoid them. I am angry at the Custom, very much in use, of forbidding Children to call their Father by the Name of *Father*, and to enjoyn them another, as more full of Respect and Reverence, as if Nature had not sufficiently provided for our Authority: We call *Almighty God Father*, and disdain to have our Children call us so; I have reform'd this

Error in my Family. And as it is alſo Folly and Injuſtice to deprive Children, when grown up, of a Familiarity with their Father, and to carry a ſcornful and auſtere Countenance toward them, thinking by that to keep them in Awe and Obedience; ſo it is but a very idle Force, that, inſtead of producing the Effect deſign'd, renders Fathers diſtaſtful; and, which is worſe, ridiculous to their own Children: They have Youth and Vigour in Poſſeſſion, and conſequently the Breath and Favour of the World, and therefore receive theſe fierce and tyrannical Looks (mere Scare-Crows) of a Man without Blood, either in his Heart or Veins, with Mockery and Contempt. Tho' I could make myſelf fear'd, I had yet much rather make myſelf belov'd. There are ſo many Sorts of Defects in old Age, ſo much Impotency, and it is ſo liable to Contempt, that the beſt Purchaſe a Man can make, is the Kindneſs and Affection of his own Family: Command and Fear are no more his Weapons: Such a one I have known, who having been very inſolent in his Youth, when he came to be old, tho' he might have liv'd at his full Eaſe and had his Judgment as entire as ever, would yet torment himſelf and others; ſtrike, rant, ſwear and curſe; the moſt tempeſtuous Maſter in *France:* Fretting himſelf with unneceſſary Suſpicion and Vigilancy; and all this Rumble and Clutter, but to make his Family cheat him the ſooner and the more; of his Barn, his Kitchen, Cellar, nay, and his very Purſe too, others had the greateſt Uſe and Share, whilſt he keeps his Keys in his Boſom, much more carefully than his Eyes: Whilſt he hugs himſelf with the Frugality of the pitiful Pittance of a wretched niggardly Table, every thing goes to Wrack and Ruin in every Corner of his Houſe, in Play, Drink, all Sorts of Profuſion; making Sports in their Junkets with his vain Anger and fruitleſs Parſimony. Every one is a Centinel againſt him, and if by accident any wretched Fellow that ſerves him is of another Humour, and will not join with the reſt, he is preſently render'd ſuſpected to him, a Bait which old Age very eaſily bites at of itſelf. How often has this Gentleman boaſted to me, in how great Awe he kept his Family, and how exact an Obedience and Reverence they paid him! How clearly did this Man ſee into his own Affairs!

Ille

Ille ſolus neſcit omnia *.

I do not know any one that can muſter more Parts, both natural and acquir'd, proper to maintain ſuch a Dominion, than he; yet he is fall'n from it like a Child. For this Reaſon it is, that I have pick'd him out amongſt ſeveral others that I know of the ſame Humour, for the greateſt Example. It were Matter ſufficient for a Queſtion in the Schools, Whether he is better thus or otherwiſe? In his Preſence all ſubmit to and bow before him, and give ſo much way to his Vanity, that no body ever reſiſts him; he has his Belly-full of Cringe, and all Poſtures of Fear, Submiſſion and Reſpect. Does he turn away a Servant? He packs up his Bundle, and is gone; but 'tis no further than juſt out of his Sight: The Pace of old Age is ſo ſlow, and the Scene is ſo weak and troubled, that he will live and do his old Office in the ſame Houſe a Year together, without being perceiv'd. And after a fit Interval of Time, Letters are pretended to come a great way off, from I know not where, very humble, ſuppliant, and full of Promiſes of Amendment; by Virtue of which he is again receiv'd into Favour. Does *Monſieur* make any Bargain, or ſend away any Diſpatch that does not pleaſe? 'Tis ſuppreſs'd, and Cauſes afterwards forg'd to excuſe the want of Execution in the one, or Anſwer in the other. No ſtrange Letters are firſt brought to him; he never ſees any, but thoſe that ſeem fit for his Knowledge: If by Accident they fall firſt into his own Hand, being us'd to truſt ſome body to read them to him, he reads *extempore* what he thinks fit, and very often makes ſuch a one aſk him Pardon, who abuſes and rails at him in his Letter. Finally, he ſees nothing but by an Image prepar'd and deſign'd before-hand, and the moſt ſatisfactory they can invent, not to rouſe and awake his ill Humour and Choler. I have under different Forms, ſeen enough of long and conſtant OEconomy to juſt the ſame Effect. Women, eſpecially the perverſe and elder Sort, are evermore addicted to croſs their Huſbands: They lay hold with both Hands on all Occaſions to contradict and oppoſe them, and the firſt Excuſe ſerves for a plenary Juſtification. I have ſeen a Wife who has groſly

* *Ter. Adel. Act.* 4. *Sce.* 2.

purloin'd from her Husband, that, as she told her Confessor, she might distribute the more liberal Alms: Let who will trust to that Religious Dispensation. No Management of Affairs seems to them of sufficient Dignity, if proceeding from the Husband's Assent; they must usurp either by Insolence or Cunning, and always injuriously, or else it has not the Grace of that Authority they desire: When, as in the Case I am speaking of, 'tis against a poor old Man, and for the Children, that they make use of this Title to serve their Passion with Glory; and, as in a common Servitude, easily monopolize against his Government and Dominion. If they be Males grown up, and flourishing, they presently corrupt, either by Force or Favour, both Steward, Receivers, and all the Rout. Such as have neither, Wife nor Son, do not so easily fall into this Misfortune; when they do, it is more cruelly and undeservedly. *Cato* the elder, in his Time, said, *So many Servants, so many Enemies.* Consider then, whether, according to the vast difference betwixt the Purity of the Age he liv'd in, and the Corruption of this of ours, he does not seem to advertise us, that Wife, Son, and Servant, are so many Enemies to us? 'Tis well for old Age, that it is always accompany'd with Stupidity, Ignorance, and a Facility of being deceiv'd; for should we see how we are us'd, and would not acquiesce, what would become of us? especially in such an Age as this, where the very Judges who are to determine, are usually partial to the Young, in any Cause that comes before them. In case that the Discovery of this Cheat escape me, I cannot at least fail to discern that I am very fit to be cheated; and can a Man ever enough speak the Value of a Friend, in comparison with these civil Tyes? The very Image of it which I see so pure and uncorrupted in Beasts, how religiously do I respect it? If others deceive me, yet I do not at least deceive myself, in thinking I am able to defend myself from them, or in breaking my Brains to make myself so? I protect myself from such Treasons in my own Bosom, not by an unquiet and tumultuary Curiosity, but rather by Mirth and Resolution. When I hear talk of any one's Condition, I never trouble myself to think of him, I presently turn my Eyes upon myself,

The Author seems to hint that the Judges were young Men themselves.

myſelf, to ſee in what Condition I am; whatever concerns another relates to me; the Accident that has befallen him, gives me caution, rouzes me to turn my Defence that Way. We every Day and every Hour ſay Things of another, that we might more properly ſay of ourſelves, could we but revert our Obſervations to our own Concerns, as well as extend it to others. And ſeveral Authors have in this manner prejudic'd their own Cauſe, by running headlong upon thoſe they attack, and darting thoſe Shafts againſt their Enemies, that are more properly, and with greater Advantage to be return'd upon them. The laſt Mareſchal *de Monluck*, having loſt his Son, who was ſlain at the Iſle of *Maderas*; in truth a very brave Gentleman, and of great Expectation, did to me amongſt his other Regrets, very much inſiſt upon what a Sorrow and Heart-breaking it was, that he had never made himſelf familiar and acquainted with him; and by that Humour of Fatherly Gravity and Sourneſs, to have loſt the Opportunity of having an Inſight into, and of well knowing, his Son; as alſo of letting him know the extreme Affection he had for him, and the worthy Opinion he had of his Virtue. *That poor Man*, ſaid he, *never ſaw in me other than a ſtern and diſdainful Countenance, and is gone in a Belief, that I neither knew how to love or eſteem him according to his Deſert. For whom did I reſerve the Diſcovery of that ſingular Affection I had for him in my Soul? Was it not he himſelf who ought to have had all the Pleaſure of it, and all the Obligation? I forc'd and wrack'd myſelf to put on and maintain this vain Diſguiſe, and have by that means depriv'd myſelf of the Pleaſure of his Converſation, and, I doubt, in ſome meaſure of his Affection; which could not but be very cold towards me, having never other from me than Auſterity; nor felt other than a tyrannical Manner of Proceeding.* I find this Complaint to be rational and rightly apprehended; for as I myſelf know by too certain Experience, that there is not ſo ſweet a Conſolation in the loſs of Friends, as the Conſciouſneſs of having had no Reſerve of Secret for them; and to have had with them a perfect and entire Communication. Oh my Friend! am I the better for being ſenſible of this; or am I the worſe? I am doubtleſs much the better. I am comforted and honour'd in the Sorrow for his Death. Is it not a pious, a pleaſing Office of

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my Life to be always upon my Friend's Obsequies? Can there be any Joy equal to this Privation; I open myself to my Family, as much as I can, and very willingly let them know, in what State they are in my Opinion and good Will, as I do to every body else. I make haste to bring out, and expose myself to them; for I will not have them mistaken in me in any Thing. Amongst other particular Customs of our ancient *Gauls*, this, as *Cæsar* reports, was one, *That the Sons never presented themselves before their Fathers, nor durst ever appear in their Company in publick, till they began to bear Arms*; as if they would intimate by that, that it was also time for their Familiarity and Acquaintance. I have observ'd yet another sort of Indiscretion in Fathers of my Time, That not contented with having depriv'd their Children during their own long Lives, of the Share they naturally ought to have had in their Fortunes, they after leave to their Wives the same Authority over their Estates, and Liberty to dispose of them according to their own Fancy: and I have known a certain Lord, one of the principal Officers of the Crown, who having in his Prospect, by Right of Succession, above Fifty thousand Crowns yearly Revenue, dy'd necessitous, and overwhelm'd with Debt, at above 50 Years of Age; his Mother, in his extreamest Decrepitude and Necessity, being yet in Possession of all his Goods by the Will of his Father, who had, for his part, liv'd till near 80 Years old. This appears by no means reasonable to me: And therefore I think it of very little Advantage to a Man, whose Affairs are well enough, to seek a Wife that will charge his Estate with too great a Jointure: There being no sort of foreign Debt or Incumbrance, that brings greater and more frequent Ruin to Estates and Families than that. My Predecessors have ever been aware of that Danger, and provided against it, and so have I: But those who dissuade us from Rich Wives, for fear they should be less tractable and kind, are out in their Advice, to make a Man lose a real Convenience for so frivolous a Conjecture. It costs a reasonable Woman no more to pass over one Wrong, than another. They love but where they have the most Reason. In-

The ancient Gauls never permitted their Sons to present themselves before them till they came to bear Arms.

justice

juſtice allures them, as the Honour of their virtuous Actions does the good; and the more Riches they bring with them, they are thereby ſo much the more gentle and ſweet-natur'd; as Women who are fair, are more inclin'd, and proud to be chaſte. 'Tis reaſonable to leave the Adminiſtration of Affairs to the Mothers during the Minority of the Children; but the Father has brought them up very ill, if he cannot hope, that when they come to Maturity, they will have more Wiſdom and Dexterity in the Management of Affairs than his Wife, conſidering the ordinary Weakneſs of the Sex. It were notwithſtanding, to ſay the Truth, more againſt Nature, to make the Mothers depend upon the Diſcretion of their Children: They ought to be plentifully provided for, to maintain themſelves according to their Quality and Age, by reaſon that Neceſſity is much more indecent and inſupportable to them, than to Men; and therefore the Son is rather to be cut ſhort, than the Mother. In general, the moſt judicious Diſtribution of our Goods, when we come to die, is, in my Opinion, to let them be diſtributed according to the Cuſtom of the Country. The Laws have conſider'd it better than we know how to do, and 'tis better to let them fail in their Election, than raſhly to run the Hazard of miſcarrying in ours. Neither are they properly ours, ſince, by a civil Preſcription, and without us, they are all judg'd to certain Succeſſors. And altho' we have ſome Liberty beyond that, yet I think we ought not, without great and manifeſt Cauſe, to take away that from one, which his Fortune has allotted him, and to which the Publick Equity gives him Title; and that it is againſt Reaſon to abuſe this Liberty, in making it ſerve our own frivolous and private Fancies. My Deſtiny has been kind to me, in not furniſhing me with Occaſions to tempt and divert my Affection from the common and legitimate Inſtitution. I ſee well enough, with whom 'tis Time loſt, to employ a long Diligence of good Offices: a Word ill taken obliterates ten Years Merit; and he is happy, who is in a Condition to oil their Good Will at this laſt Paſſage. The laſt Action carries it: Not the beſt, and moſt frequent Offices, but the moſt recent and preſent to the Work. Theſe are People that play with their Wills, as with Apples and Rods, to gratify or chaſtiſe every Action of thoſe, that pretend to an Intereſt in them.

'Tis

'Tis a Thing of two great Weight and Consequence to be so tumbled and toss'd, and alter'd every Moment: And wherein the wise Men of the World determine once for all, having therein, above all Things, a Regard to Reason, and is what is publickly observ'd. We also lay these Masculine Substitutions too much to Heart, proposing a ridiculous Eternity to our Names. We are, moreover, too superstitious in the vain Conjectures of Futurity, which we derive from those little Observations we make of the Words and Actions of Children. Perhaps, they might have done me an Injustice, in dispossessing me of my Right, for having been the most dull and heavy, the most slow and unwilling at my Book, not of all my Brothers only, but of all the Boys in the whole Province: Whether about learning my Lesson, or any bodily Exercise. 'Tis a Folly to make an extraordinary Election upon the Credit of these Divinations, wherein we are so often deceiv'd. If the Rule of Primogeniture were to be violated, and the Destinies corrected in the Choice they have made of our Heirs, one might more plausibly do it, upon the Account of some enormous personal Deformity; a constant and incorrigible Vice, in the Opinion of us *French*, who are great Admirers of Beauty, of important Prejudice. The pleasant Dialogue betwixt *Plato*'s Legislator and his Citizens, will be an Ornament to this Place. *What*, said they, feeling themselves about to die, *may we not dispose of our own to whom we please? Good God, what Cruelty! That it shall not be lawful for us, according as we have been serv'd and attended in our Sickness, in old Age, and other Affairs, to give more or less to those whom we have found most diligent about us, at our own Fancy and Discretion!* To which the Legislator answers thus: *My Friends, who are now, without Question, very soon to die, it is hard for you, in the Condition you are, either to know yourselves, or what is yours, according to the* Delphick *Inscription. I, who make the Laws, am of Opinion, that you neither are yourselves your own, neither is that yours of which you are possess'd. Both your Goods and you belong to your Families, as well those past as those to come; but yet, both your Family and Goods do much more appertain to the Publick. Wherefore, lest any Flatterer in your Age, or in your Sickness, or any Passion of your own, should unseasonably prevail with you to make an unjust Will, I shall take Care to prevent that*

Inconve-

Inconvenience. But having Reſpect both to the univerſal Intereſt of the City, and that of your particular Family, ſhall eſtabliſh Laws, and make it by lively Reaſons appear, that a particular Convenience ought to give Place to the common Benefit. Go then chearfully where human Neceſſity calls you. It belongs to me, who have no more Reſpect to one thing than another; and who, as much as in me lies, am careful of the publick Concern, to take Care of what you leave behind you.

To return to my Subject; it appears to me, that ſuch Women are very rarely born to whom the Prerogative over Men, the Maternal and Natural excepted, is in any ſort due; unleſs it be for the Puniſhment of ſuch as in ſome luſtful Humour have voluntarily ſubmitted themſelves to them: But that does nothing concern the old ones, of which we are now ſpeaking. This Conſideration it is which has made us ſo willing to forge and give Force to a Law which was never yet ſeen by any one; and by which Women are excluded the Succeſſion to this Crown; and there is hardly a Government in the World where it is not pleaded as 'tis here, by meer Reaſon of the Thing that gives it Authority, tho' Fortune has given it more Credit in ſome Places than in others. 'Tis dangerous to leave the Diſpoſal of our Succeſſion to their Judgment, according to the Choice they ſhall make of Children, which is often fantaſtick and unjuſt; for the irregular Appetite and deprav'd Taſte they have, during the Time of their being with Child, they have at all other Times in the Mind. We commonly ſee them fond of the moſt weak, ricketty, and deform'd Children; or of thoſe, if they have ſuch, as are hanging at their Breaſts. For not having ſufficient Force of Reaſon to chuſe and embrace that which is moſt worthy, they the more willingly ſuffer themſelves to be carry'd away, where the Impreſſions of Nature are moſt alone: Like Animals that know their Young no longer than they give them ſuck. As to what remains, it is eaſy by Experience to be diſcern'd, that this natural Affection, to which we give ſo great Authority, has but a very weak and ſhallow Root. For a very little Profit we every Day raviſh their own Children out of their Mothers Arms, and make them take ours in their room: We make them abandon their own to ſome pitiful Nurſe, to which we diſdain to commit ours, or to ſome She-Goat:

The Salick Law never ſeen by any.

Forbidding

Forbidding them, not only to give them ſuck, what Danger ſoever they run thereby, but moreover, to take any Manner of Care of them, that they may wholly be taken up with the Care of, and Attendance upon, ours. And we ſee in moſt of them an adulterate Affection, begot by Cuſtom toward the Foſter Children, more vehement than the natural; and greater Solicitude for the Preſervation of thoſe they have taken Charge of, than their own. And that which I was ſaying of Goats, was upon this Account; that it is ordinary, all about where I live, to ſee the Country-women, when they want ſuck of their own, to call Goats to their Aſſiſtance. And I have, at this Hour, two Footmen that never ſuck'd Women's Milk more than eight Days after they were born. Theſe Goats are immediately taught to come to ſuckle the little Children, well knowing their Voices when they cry, and come running to them; when if any other than that they are acquainted with be preſented to them, they refuſe to let it ſuck; and the Child to any other Goat will do the ſame. I ſaw one the other Day, from whom they had taken away the Goat that us'd to nouriſh it, by reaſon the Father had only borrow'd it of a Neighbour, that would not touch any other they could bring, and doubtleſs dy'd of Hunger. Beaſts do as eaſily alter and corrupt their natural Affections as we: I believe, that in what *Herodotus* relates of a certain Place of *Lybia*, there are very many Miſtakes; he ſays, *That the Women are there in common, but that the Child, ſo ſoon as it can go, finds him out in the Crowd for his Father, to whom he is firſt led by his natural Inclination.* Now, let us conſider how ſimple a Reaſon it is to love our Children, or call them our Second-Selves, only becauſe we have begot them. It appears, methinks, that there is another kind of Production proceeding from us, that ſhould no leſs recommend them to our Love: For that which we engender by the Soul, the Iſſue of our Underſtanding, Courage and Abilities, ſprings from nobler Parts than thoſe of the Body, and that are much more our own. We are both Father and Mother in this Generation; theſe coſt us a great deal more, and bring us more Honour, if they have any Thing of Good in them. For the Value of other Children is much more theirs than ours; the Share we have in them is very little;

Goats train'd to give ſuck to Children.

little; but of these, all the Beauty, all the Grace and Value is ours; as also, they more lively represent and resemble us than the rest. *Plato* adds, that those are Immortal Children that immortalize and deify their Fathers, as *Lycurgus*, *Solon* and *Minos*. Now Histories being full of Examples of the common Affection of Fathers to their Children, it seems not altogether improper to introduce some few also of this other kind. *Heliodorus*, that good Bishop of *Tricea*, rather chose to lose the Dignity, Profit and Devotion of so venerable a Prelacy, than to lose his Daughter; a Daughter that continues to this Day very graceful and comely; but notwithstanding, peradventure, a little too curiously and wantonly set off, and too amorous for an Ecclesiastic and Sacerdotal Daughter. There has been one *Labienus* at *Rome*, a Man of great Valour and Authority; and, amongst other good Qualities, excellent in all Sorts of Literature; who was, as I take it, the Son of that Great *Labienus*, the chiefest of *Cæsar*'s Captains, in the Wars of *Gaul*; and who, afterwards siding with *Pompey* the Great, so valiantly maintain'd his Cause, 'till he was by *Cæsar* defeated in *Spain*. This *Labienus*, of whom I am now speaking, had several Enemies, who were emulous of his Virtue; and 'tis likely the Courtiers and Minions of the Emperor of his Time, who were very angry at, and displeas'd with his Freedom and Paternal Humours, which he yet retain'd against Tyranny, with which, it is to be suppos'd, he had tinctur'd his Books and Writings. His Adversaries, before the Magistracy of *Rome*, prosecuted several Pieces he had publish'd, and prevail'd so far against him, as to have them condemn'd to the Fire. It was in him that this new Example of Punishment was begun, which was afterwards continu'd against several others at *Rome*, to punish even Writing and Studies with Death. There would not be Means and Matter enough of Cruelty, did we not mix with them Things that Nature has exempted from all Sense and Suffering; as Reputation, and the Products of Wit; and communicate corporeal Punishments to the Learning and Monuments of the *Muses*. Now *Labienus* could not suffer this Loss, nor survive these his so dear Issue; and therefore caus'd himself to be convey'd and shut up alive in the

Books Immortal Children.

His Romance of Theagines *and* Cariclea.

the Monument of his Ancestors, where he made shift to kill and bury himself at once. 'Tis hard to shew a more violent Paternal Affection than this. *Cassius Severus*, a Man of great Eloquence, and his very intimate Friend, seeing his Books burn, cry'd out, *That by the same Sentence they should as well condemn him to the Fire too, being that he carry'd in his Memory all that they contain'd.* The like Accident befel *Geruntus Cordus*, who being accus'd for having in his Books commended *Brutus* and *Cassius*; that dirty, servile and degenerated Senate, and worthy a worse Master than *Tiberius*, condemn'd his Writings to the Flame. He was willing to bear them Company, and kill'd himself with fasting. The good *Lucan* being condemn'd by that Monster *Nero*, at the last Gasp of his Life, when the greater Part of his Blood was already gone by the Veins of his Arms, which he had caus'd his Physician to open to make him dye, and that the Cold had seiz'd on all his Extremities, and began to approach his vital Parts; the last thing he had in his Memory, was, some of his Verses of the Battle of *Pharsalia*, which he repeated and dy'd with them in his Mouth. What was this but taking a tender and Paternal Leave of his Children, in Imitation of the Farewell Blessings and Embraces wherewith we part with ours, when we come to die; and an Effect of that Natural Inclination that suggests to our Remembrance in this Extremity, those Things which were dearest to us during the Time of our Life? Can we believe that *Epicurus*, who, as he says himself, dying of intolerable Pains of the Colick, had all his Consolation in the Beauty of the *Doctrine* he left behind him, could have receiv'd the same Satisfaction from many Children, tho' never so well educated, had he had them, as he did from the Issue of so many rich and admirable Writings? Or that, had it been in his Choice to have left behind him a deform'd and untoward Child, or a foolish and ridiculous Book, he, or any other Man of his Understanding, would not rather have chose to have run the first Misfortune than the other? It had been (for Example) perhaps, an Impiety in St. *Austin*, of on the one Hand, it had been propos'd to him to bury his Writings, from which Religion has receiv'd so great Advantage; or on the other, to bury his Children, had he had them, had he

Cordus's Writings condemn'd to the Fire.

he not rather chose to bury his Children? And I know not whether I had not much rather have begot a very beautiful one, thro' my Society with the *Muses*, than by laying with my Wife. To this, such as it is, what I give it, I give it absolutely and irrevocably, as Men do to their bodily Children. That little I have done for it, is no more at my own Disposal. It may know many things that are gone from me, and from me keep that which I have not retain'd: And that, as a Stranger, I might borrow thence, should I stand in need. If I am wiser than my Book, it is richer than I. There are few Men addicted to Poetry, who would not be much prouder to be Father to the *Æneid*, than to the handsomest and best made Youth of *Rome*, and that would not much better bear the Loss of the one than the other. For, according to *Aristotle*, the Poet, of all Sorts of Artificers, is fondest of his Work. 'Tis hard to believe, that *Epaminondas*, who boasted, that in Lieu of all Posterity, he left two Daughters behind him, which would one Day do their Father Honour (meaning the two Victories he obtain'd over the *Lacedæmonians*) would willingly have consented to exchange those for the most beautiful Creature of all *Greece*: Or that *Alexander*, or *Cæsar*, ever wish'd to be depriv'd of the Grandeur of their glorious Exploits in War, for the Conveniency of Children and Heirs, how perfect and accomplish'd soever. Nay, I make no great Question, whether *Phidias*, or any other excellent Statuary, would be so solicitous of the Preservation and Continuance of his Natural Children, as he would be of a rare Statue, which with long Labour and Study, he had perfected according to Art. And to those furious and irregular Passions that have sometimes flam'd in Fathers towards their own Daughters, and in Mothers towards their own Sons; the like is also found in this other Sort of Parentry: Witness what is related of *Pygmalion*, who having made the Statue of a Woman of singular Beauty, fell so passionately in love with this Work of his, that the Gods, in Favour of his Passion, must inspire it with Life.

Tentatum mollescit ebur, positoque rigore,
Subsidit digitis *.

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 10.

The tempted Ivory pliant grows, and now,
Under his wanton Touch, does yield and bow.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Arms of the Parthians.

'TIS an ill Custom, and a little unmanly, which the Gentlemen of our Time have got, not to put on their Armour, but just upon the point of the most extreme Necessity; and to lay it by again as soon as ever there is any Shew of the Danger being a little over; from whence many Disorders arise: For every one bustling and running to his Arms, just when he should go to charge, has his Cuirass to buckle on, when his Companions are already put to rout. Our Ancestors were wont to give their Head-peice, Launce and Gauntlet to carry, but never put on their other Pieces so long as there was any Work to be done. Our Troops are now cumber'd and render'd unsightly with the Clutter of Baggage and Servants, that cannot be from their Masters by reason they carry their Arms. *Titus Livius*, speaking of our Nation, *Intolerantissima Laboris Corpora vix Arma Humeris gerebant* *. Their Bodies were so impatient of Labour, that they could scarce endure to wear their Arms. Many Nations do yet, and did anciently go to War without defensive Arms; or such, at least, as were of very little Proof.

Tegmina queis Capitum raptus de Subere Cortex †.

For Helmets they their Temples only bind
With a light Skull, made of the Cork-tree Rind.

Alexander, the most adventurous Captain that ever was very seldom wore Armour; and such amongst us as slight it, do not by that much harm the main Concern; for we see some kill'd for want of it, there are few less who the Lumber of Armour helps to destroy, either by bea-

* *Liv. lib.* 5. † *Æneid, lib.* 6.

over

over-burden'd, cruſh'd and cramp'd with its Weight, by a rude Shock, or otherwiſe. For, in plain Truth, to obſerve the Weight and Thickneſs of that which we have now in Uſe, it ſeems as if we only pretend to defend ourſelves, and that we are rather loaded than ſecur'd by it. We have enough to do to ſupport its Weight, being ſo manacled and immur'd, as if we were only to contend with our own Arms; and as if we had not the ſame Obligation to defend them that they have to defend us. *Tacitus* gives a pleaſant Deſcription of the Men at Arms of our ancient *Gauls*; ſo armed, as to be only able to move, without Power to offend, or Poſſibility to be offended, or to riſe again when once beaten down. *Lucullus* ſeeing certain Soldiers of the *Medes*, that made the Front of *Tiganes*'s Army, heavily armed, and very uneaſy, as if in Priſons of Iron, from thence conceiv'd Hopes, with great Eaſe, to defeat them; and by them began his Charge and Victory. And now that our Muſqueteers are come into Credit I believe ſome Invention will be found out to immure us for our Safety, and draw us to the War in Sconces, ſuch as thoſe the Ancients loaded their *Elephants* withal. This Humour is far differing from that of the Younger *Scipio*, who ſharply reprehended his Soldiers, for having planted *Caltrops* under Water, in a Graff, by which thoſe of the Town he held beſieged might ſally out upon him; ſaying, *That thoſe who aſſaulted ſhould think of attacking, and not to fear*; ſuſpecting, with good Reaſon, that this Stop they had put to the Enemies, would make them leſs vigilant upon their Duty. He ſaid alſo to a Young Man, ſhewing him a fine Buckler he had, that he was very proud of, *It is a very fine Buckler, indeed; but a* Roman *Soldier ought to repoſe greater Confidence in his Right-hand than his Left.*

Now 'tis nothing but the not being us'd to wear them, that makes the Weight of our Arms ſo intolerable,

L'huſbergo in dolle haveano, & l'elmo in teſta,
Due di quelli guerrier di quali, je cante.
Ne notte o di doppo ch'entraro in queſta
Sanza, gl'haveano mai meſi da canto,
Che facile a portor comme la veſta
Era lor, perche in uſo l'avean atton *.

* *Ariſto. Cant.* 12.

Two of these Heroes, that I name, had on
Each his bright Helm, and strong Habergeon,
And Night nor Day, not one poor Minute's Space,
Once laid them by, whilst here they were in Place.
These heavy Arms, by a long Practice, were
So very easy grown, and light to bear.

The Emperor *Caracalla* was wont continually to march on Foot, compleatly arm'd, at the Head of his Army. The *Roman* Infantry always carry'd not only a Morion, a Sword and a Shield; for as to Arms, says *Cicero*, they were so accustom'd to have them always on, that they were no more Trouble to them than their own Limbs: *Arma enim, membra militis esse dicunt* †; but moreover, fifteen Days Provision, together with a certain Number of Piles, or Stakes, wherewith to fortify their Camp to sixty Pounds Weight. And *Marius*'s Soldiers, loaden at the same rate, were inur'd to march in Battalia five Leagues in five Hours; and sometimes, upon an urgent Occasion, six. Their Military Discipline was much ruder than ours, and accordingly produced much greater Effects. The Younger *Scipio* reform'd his Army in *Spain*, order'd his Soldiers to eat standing, and nothing that was dreſt. The Jeer that was given a *Lacedæmonian* Soldier, is marvellously put upon this Accouut, who, in an Expedition of War, was reproach'd to have been seen under the Roof of a House: They were so inur'd to Hardship, that, let the Weather be what it would, it was a Shame to be seen under any other Cover than the Roof of Heaven. We should not march our People very far at that rate. As to what remains, *Marcellinus*, a Man bred up in the *Roman* Wars, curiously observes the Manner of the *Parthians* arming themselves; and rather, for being so different from that of the *Romans*. *They had*, says he, *Armour so artificially woven, as to have the Scollups fall over one another like so many little Feathers; which did nothing hinder the Motion of the Body, and yet was of such Resistance, that our Darts hitting*

Arms of Roman *Infantry, and their Military Discipline.*

Arms of the Parthians.

† *Cicero, Tusc. lib.* 2.

upon

upon it would rebound: Which were the Coats of Mail our Fore-fathers were ſo conſtantly wont to uſe.) And in another Place; *They had,* ſays he, *ſtrong and able Horſes, cover'd with thick tann'd Hides of Leather, and were themſelves armed* Cap-a-pe *with great Plates of Iron, ſo artificially order'd, that in all Parts of the Limbs, which required bending, they aſſiſted Motion.* One would have ſaid, that they had been Men of Iron; having Armour for the Head ſo neatly fitted, and ſo naturally repreſenting the Form of a Face, that they were no where vulnerable, ſave at two little round Holes that gave them a little Light; and certain ſmall Chinks about their Mouth and Noſtrils, thro' which they did, with great Difficulty, breathe.

Flexilis inductis animatur lamina membris,
Horribilis viſu, credas ſimulacra moveri
Ferrea, cognatoque viros ſpirare metallo.
Par veſtitus equis, ferrata fronte minantur,
Ferratoſque movent ſecuri vulneris armos *.

Stiff Plates of Steel over the Body laid,
By Armorers Skill ſo flexible were made,
That dreadful to be ſeen, you would think theſe
Not living Men, but moving Images:
The Horſe, like arm'd, Spikes wore in Fronts above,
And fearleſs, on their Iron Shoulders move.

A Deſcription very near reſembling the Equipage of the Men at Arms in *France,* with their Barbed Horſes. *Plutarch* ſays, *That* Demetrius *caus'd two compleat Suits of Armour to be made for himſelf and for* Alcinus, *a Captain of the greateſt Note and Authority about him, of ſix Score Pounds Weight each, whereas the ordinary Suits weighed but half ſo much.*

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* *Claud. in Ruff. lib.* 2.

CHAP. X.

Of BOOKS.

I Make no doubt, but that I often happen to speak of Things that are much better, and more truly handled by those who are Masters of the Trade. This here is purely an Essay of my natural, and not acquired, Parts: And whoever shall take me tripping in my Ignorance, will not in any sort displease me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my Writings, who am not so to myself, nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in Quest of Knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are Fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover Things, but to lay open myself: They may, perhaps, one Day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as my Fortune has been able to bring me in Place where they have been explain'd; but I have utterly forgot them: And if I am a Man of some Reading, I am a Man of no Retention; so that I can promise no Certainty, if not to make known to what certain Mark the Knowledge I now have does rise. Therefore let no body insist upon the Matter I write, but my Method in Writing: Let them not observe in what I borrow, if I have known how to chuse what is proper to raise, or relieve the Invention, which is always my own: For I make others say for me, what, either for want of Language, or want of Sense, I cannot so well myself express, I do not number my Borrowings, I weigh them. And, had I design'd to raise their Value by their Number, I had made them twice as many. They are all, or within a very few, so fam'd and ancient Authors, that they seem, methinks, themselves sufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the Trouble. In Reasons, Comparisons and Arguments, if I transplant any into my own Soil, and confound them amongst my own, I purposely conceal the Author to awe the Temerity of

of those forward Censurers, that fall upon all Sorts of Writings; particularly the late ones, of Men yet living, and in the vulgar Tongue. which put every one into a Capacity of Censuring, and which seem to convince the Authors themselves of vulgar Conception and Design. I will have them wound *Plutarch* through my Sides, and rail against *Seneca* when they think they rail at me. I must shelter my own Weakness under these great Reputations; I shall love any one that can plume me, that is, by Clearness of Understanding and Judgment, and by the sole Distinction of the Force and Beauty of Discourse. For I, who, for Want of Memory, am at every Turn at a Loss to pick them out of their National Livery, am yet wise enough to know, by the Measure of my own Abilities, that my Soil is incapable of producing any of those rich Flowers that I there find set and growing; and that all the Fruits of my own Growth are not worth any one of them. For this, indeed, I hold myself very responsible, though the Confession makes against me; if there be any Vanity and Vice in my Writings, which I do not of myself perceive, nor can discern, when pointed out to me by another; for many Faults escape the Eye, but the Infirmity of Judgment consists in not being able to discern them, when, by another, laid open to us. Knowledge and Truth may be in us without Judgment, and Judgment also without them; but the Confession of Ignorance is one of the fairest and surest Testimonies of Judgment that I know; I have no other Officer to put my Writings in Rank and File but only Fortune. As Things come into my Head, I heap them one upon another, which sometimes advance in whole Bodies, sometimes in single Files: I am content that every one should see my natural and ordinary Pace, as ill as it is. I suffer myself to jog on at my own Rate and Ease. Neither are these Subjects which a Man is not permitted to be ignorant in, or casually, and at a Venture, to discourse of. I could wish to have a more perfect Knowledge of Things, but I will not buy it so dear as it will cost. My Design is to pass over easily and not laboriously, the Remainder of my Life. There is nothing that I will break my Brains about; no, not Knowledge, of what Price soever. I seek, in the Reading of Books, only to please myself, by an irreproachable Diversion: Or, if I study, it is for no other Science

than what treats of the Knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to live and die well.

Has meus ad metas sudet oportet equus.

——————— I to this only *Course*
Train up, and in it only breathe my Horse.

I do not bite my Nails about the Difficulties I meet with in my Reading; after a Charge or two I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should both lose myself and Time; for I have an impatient Understanding that must be satisfy'd at first: What I do not discern at first, is, by Persistency, rendred more obscure. I do nothing without Gaiety; Continuation, and a too obstinate Endeavour, darkens, stupifies and tires my Judgment. My Sight is confounded, and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and refer my Discovery to new Attempts: Just, as to judge rightly of the Lustre of Scarlet, we are taught to pass it lightly with the Eye, in running it over at several sudden and reiterated Views and Glances. If one Book does not please me, I take another, and never meddle with any but at such Times as I am weary of doing nothing. I care not much for new ones, because the old seem fuller, and of stronger Reasons; neither do I much tamper with *Greek* Authors, my Knowledge in that Language being too superficial to read them with any Delight. Amongst those that are simply pleasant of the Moderns, *Boccace*'s *Decameron*, *Rabelais*, and the *Bassa* of *Johannes Secundus* (if those may be ranged under that Title) are worth reading. As to *Amadis de Gaul*, and such Kind of Stuff, they had not the Credit to take me, so much as in my Childish Years. And I will moreover say (whether boldly, or rashly) that this old, heavy Soul of mine is now no longer delighted with *Ariosto*; no, nor with *Ovid*; and that his Facility and Invention, with which I was formerly so ravish'd, are now of no more Relish, and I can hardly have the Patience to read him. I speak my Opinion freely of all Things, even of those that, perhaps, exceed my Capacity, and that I do not conceive to be, in any wise, under my Jurisdiction. And accordingly, the Judgment I deliver, is to shew the Measure of my own Sight, and not of the Things I make so bold to censure: when I find myself disgusted with *Plato*'s *Axiochus*, as with a Work (with due Respect to such an Author be

be it ſpoken) without Force, my Judgment does not believe itſelf: It is not ſo arrogant as to oppoſe the Authority of ſo many other famous Judgments of Antiquity, which it conſiders as its Regents and Maſters, and with whom it is rather content to err. In ſuch a Caſe it condemns itſelf, either for ſtopping at the outward Bark, not being able to penetrate to the Heart, or for conſidering it by ſome falſe Light, and is content with ſecuring itſelf from Trouble and Error only; and, as to its own Weakneſs, does frankly acknowledge and confeſs it. It thinks it gives a juſt Interpretation, according to the Appearances, by its Conceptions preſented to it; but they are weak and imperfect. Moſt of the Fables of *Æſop* have in them ſeveral Senſes and Meanings, of which the *Mythologiſts* choſe ſome one that quadrates well to the Fable; but, for the moſt Part, 'tis but the firſt Face that preſents itſelf, and is ſuperficial only. There yet remain others more lively, eſſential and profound, into which they have not been able to penetrate; and juſt ſo do I.

But to purſue the Buſineſs of this Eſſay, I have always thought, that in Poeſy, *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, *Catullus* and *Horace*, do many Degrees excel the reſt; and ſignally, *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, which I look upon for the moſt finiſh'd Piece of Poetry; and, in Compariſon of which, a Man may eaſily diſcern, that there are ſome Places in his *Æneids* to which the Author would have given a little more of the File, had he had Leiſure: And the fifth Book of his *Æneids* ſeems to me the moſt perfect. I alſo love *Lucan*, and willingly read him; not ſo much for his Style, as for his own Worth, and the Truth and Solidity of his Opinions and Judgments. As for *Terence*, I find the Queintneſs and Eloquencies of the *Latin* Tongue ſo admirable lively to repreſent our Manners and the Movements of the Soul, that our Actions throw me, at every Turn, upon him; and cannot read him ſo oft, that I do not ſtill diſcover ſome new Grace and Beauty. Such as lived near *Virgil*'s Time were ſcandaliz'd, that ſome ſhould compare him with *Lucretius*. I am, I confeſs, of Opinion, that the Compariſon is, in Truth, very unequal; a Belief that, nevertheleſs, I have much ado to aſſure myſelf in, when

Cenſure of Virgil.

Of Lucan.

Of Terence.

Of Lucretius.

when I meet with some excellent Passages in *Lucretius*: But if they were so angry at this Comparison, what would they have said of the brutish and barbarous Stupidity of those, who, at this Hour, compare him with *Ariosto*? Or would not *Ariosto* himself say?

O sæclum insipiens, & infacetum * !

I think the Ancients had more Reason to be angry with those who compared *Plautus* with *Terence*, than *Lucretius* with *Virgil*. It makes much for the Honour and Preference of *Terence*, that the Father of the *Roman* Eloquence had him so often in his Mouth; and the Sentence that the best Judge of *Roman* Poets has pass'd upon the other. I have often observ'd, that those of our Times, who take upon them to write Comedies (in Imitation of the *Italians*, who are happy enough in that Way of Writing) take in three or four Arguments of those of *Plautus* or *Terence*, to make one of theirs, and crowd five or six of *Boccace*'s Novels into one single Comedy. And that which makes them so load themselves with Matter, is the Diffidence they have of being able to support themselves with their own Strength. They must find out something to lean to; and having not of their own wherewith to entertain the Audience, bring in the Story, to supply the Defect of Language. It is quite otherwise with my Author; the Elegancy and Perfection of his Way of Speaking makes us lose the Appetite of his Plot. His fine Expression, Elegance and Queintness is every where taking! He is so pleasant throughout.

Of Terence.

Liquidus, puroque simillimus amni †.

Liquid, and like a Crystal running Stream.

And does so possess the Soul with his Graces, that we forget those of his *Fable*. This very Consideration carries me further: I observe, that the best and most ancient Poets have avoided the Affectation and hunting after, not only of fantastic *Spanish*, and *Petrarchick* Elevations, but even the softest and most gentle Touches, which are the only Ornaments of succeeding Poesy. And yet there is no good

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* *Catullus, Epig.* 40. † *Hor. lib.* 2. *Epist.* 2.

Judgment

Judgment that will condemn this in the Ancients, and that does not incomparably more admire the equal Politeneſs, and that perpetual Sweetneſs and flouriſhing Beauty, that appears in *Catullus*'s Epigrams, than all the Stings with which *Martial* arms the Tails of his. This is by the ſame Reaſon that I gave before, and as *Martial* ſays of himſelf; *Minus ille ingenio laborandum fuit, in cujus locum materia ſucceſſerat* *. Theſe firſt, without being mov'd, or making themſelves angry, make themſelves ſufficiently felt; they have Matter enough of Laughter throughout, they need not tickle themſelves: The others have need of Foreign Aſſiſtance; as they have the leſs Wit, they muſt have the more Body; they mount on Horſeback, becauſe they are not able to ſtand on their own Legs. As in our Balls, thoſe mean Fellows that teach to Dance, not being able to repreſent the Preſence and Decency of our Nobility and Gentry, are fain to ſupply it with dangerous Leaps and other ſtrange Motions and Fantaſtick Tricks. And the Ladies are leſs put to it in Dances where there are ſeveral *Coupees*, Changes and quick Motions of Body, than in ſome other of a more ſolemn Kind, where they are only to move a natural Pace, and to repreſent their ordinary Grace and Preſence. And, as I have alſo ſeen good Tumblers, who, in their own every Day Cloaths, and with the ſame Face they always wear, give us all the Pleaſure of their Art, when their Apprentices, not yet arriv'd to ſuch a Pitch of Perfection, are fain to meal their Faces, put themſelves into ridiculous Diſguiſes, and make a hundred Mimick Faces, to prepare us for Laughter. This Conception of mine is no where more demonſtrable than in comparing the *Æneid* with *Orlando Furioſo*; of which, we ſee the Firſt, by Dint of Wing, flying in a brave and lofty Height, and always following his Point; the latter, fluttering and hopping from Tale to Tale, as from Branch to Branch, not daring to truſt his Wings but in very ſhort Flights, and perching at every Turn, leſt his Breath and Force ſhould fail.

Comparison betwixt Catullus *and* Martial.

Excurſuſque breves tentat †.

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* *Mart. præ. lib.* 8. † *Virg. Georg.* 4.

Theſe

These then, as to this Sort of Subjects, are the Authors that best please me. As to what concerns my other Reading, that mixes a little more Profit with the Pleasure, and from whence I learn how to marshal my Opinions and Qualities; the Books that serve me to this purpose, are *Plutarch* (since translated into *French*) and *Seneca:* Both of which have this great Convenience suited to my Humour, that the Knowledge I there seek, is discoursed in loose Pieces, that do not engage me in any great Trouble of reading long, of which I am impatient. Such are the *Opuscules* of the first, and the *Epistles* of the latter, which are also the best, and most profiting of all their Writings. 'Tis no great Attempt to take one of them in Hand, and I give over at pleasure; for they have no Chain or Dependance upon one another. These Authors, for the most Part, concur in useful and true Opinions: And there is this Parallel betwixt them, that Fortune brought them into the World about the same Age: They were both Tutors to two *Roman* Emperors: Both sought out from Foreign Countries: Both rich, and both great Men. Their Instruction is the Cream of Philosophy, and delivered after a plain and pertinent Manner. *Plutarch* is more uniform and constant; *Seneca* more various and wavering. The last toil'd, set himself, and bent his whole Force to fortify Virtue against Frailty, Fear and vitious Appetites: The other seems more to slight their Power; he disdains to alter his Pace, and stand upon his Guard. *Plutarch*'s Opinions are *Platonick*, sweet, and accommodated to Civil Society: Those of the other are *Stoical* and *Epicurean*, more remote from common Use; but, in my Opinion, more especially proper, and more firm. *Seneca* seems to lean a little to the Tyranny of the Emperors of his Time, and only seems; for I take it for granted, that he spake against his Judgment, when he condemns the generous Action of those who assassinated *Cæsar*. *Plutarch* is frank throughout; *Seneca* abounds with brisk Touches and Sallies: *Plutarch* with Things that heat and move you more; this contents and pays you better. This guides us, the other pushes us on.

The *Characters of* Plutarch *and* Seneca.

As to *Cicero*, those of his Works that are most useful to my Design, are they that treat of Philosophy, especially Moral: But boldly to confess

Censure of Cicero.

confeſs the Truth, his way of Writing, and that of all other long-winded Authors, appears to me very tedious: For his Preface, Definitions, Diviſions and Etymologies take up the greateſt part of his Work: Whatever there is of Life and Marrow, is ſmother'd and loſt in the Preparation. When I have ſpent an Hour in reading him (which is a great deal for me) and recollect what I have thence extracted of Juice and Subſtance; for the moſt Part I find nothing but Wind; for he is not yet come to the Arguments that ſerve to his Purpoſe, and the Reaſons that ſhould properly help to looſe the Knot I would untie. For me, who only deſire to become more Wiſe, not more Learned or Eloquent, theſe Logical or *Ariſtotelian* Diſpoſitions of Parts are of no uſe. I would have a Man begin with the main Propoſition; and that wherein the Force of the Argument lies: I know well enough what Death and Pleaſure are, let no Man give himſelf the trouble to anatomize them to me; I look for good and ſolid Reaſons at the firſt Daſh to inſtruct me how to ſtand the Shock, and reſiſt them; to which purpoſe, neither Grammatical Subtilties nor the queint Contexture of Words and Arguments are of any uſe at all: I am for Diſcourſes that give the firſt Charge into the Heart of the Doubt; His languiſh about his Subjects, and delay our Expectation. Thoſe are proper for the Schools, for the Bar, and for the Pulpit, where we have Leiſure to nod, and may awake a Quarter of an Hour after, Time enough to find again the Thread of the Diſcourſe. It is neceſſary to ſpeak after this manner to Judges, whom a Man has a Deſign, Right or Wrong, to incline to Favour his Cauſe; to Children and Common-people, to whom a Man muſt ſay all he can, and try what Effects his Eloquence can produce. I would not have an Author make it his Buſineſs to render me attentive? Or that he ſhould cry out fifty times, *O yes*, as the Clerks and Heralds do. The *Romans* in their Religious Exerciſes, began with *Hoc age:* As we in ours do with *Surſum corda*, which are ſo many Words loſt to me: I come thither already fully prepared from my Chamber, I need no Allurement, no Invitation, no Sauce; I eat the Meat raw, ſo that, inſtead of whetting my Appetite by theſe Preparatives, they tire, and pall it. Will the Licence of the Time excuſe the ſacrilegious Boldneſs

Censure of Plato.

ness to censure the *Dialogisms* of *Plato* himself, for as dull and heavy as the other before-named, whilst he too much stifles his Matter? And to lament so much Time lost by a Man who had so many better Things to say, in so many long and needless Preliminary Interlocutions: My Ignorance will better excuse me in that I understand not *Greek* so well, as to discern the Beauty of his Language. I would generally chuse Books that use Sciences, not such as only lead to them. The two first, and *Pliny*, and their like, have nothing of this *Hoc age*, they will have to do with Men already instructed; or if they have, 'tis a substantial *Hoc age*, and that has a Body by itself. I also delight in reading his Epistles *ad Atticum*; not only because they contain a great deal of History and the Affairs of his Time; but much more because I therein discover much of his own private Humour: For I have a singular Curiosity (as I have said elsewhere) to pry into the Souls, and the natural and true Judgments of the Authors with whom I converse. A Man may indeed judge of their Parts, but not of their Manners, nor of themselves, by the Writings they expose upon the Theater of the World. I have a thousand times lamented the Loss of the Treatise *Brutus* writ upon Virtue; for it is best learning the *Theory* of those who best know the *Practice*. But seeing the Thing preached, and the Preacher are different Things, I would as willingly see *Brutus* in *Plutarch*, as in a Book of his own. I would rather chuse to be certainly inform'd of the Conference he had in his Tent, with some particular Friends of his, the Night before a Battle, than of the Harangue he made the next Day to his Army; and of what he did in his Closet and his Chamber, than what he did in the publick Place, and in the Senate. As to *Cicero*, I am of the common Opinion that (Learning excepted) he had no great natural Parts. He was a good Citizen, of an affable Nature, as all fat, heavy Men, such as he was, usually are: But given to Ease, and had a mighty share of Vanity and Ambition. Neither do I know how to excuse him for thinking his Poetry fit to be publish'd. 'Tis no great Imperfection to make ill Verses; but it is an Imperfection, not to be able to judge how unworthy his Verses were of the Glory of his Name. For what concerns his Eloquence, that is totally out of Com-

parison,

pariſon, and I believe it will never be equall'd. The younger *Cicero*, who reſembled his Father in nothing but in Name, whilſt commanding in *Aſia* had ſeveral Strangers one Day at his Table, and among the reſt, *Ceſtius* ſeated at the lower End, as Men often intrude to the open Tables of the Great: *Cicero* aſk'd one of Waiters *who that Man was?* Who preſently told him his Name: But he, as one who had his Thoughts taken up with ſomething elſe, and that he had forgot the Anſwer made him, aſking three or four times, over and over again the ſame Queſtion; the Fellow to deliver himſelf from ſo many Queſtions, and to make him know him by ſome particular Circumſtance: *'Tis that* Ceſtius, ſaid he, *of whom it was told you, that he makes no great account of your Father's Eloquence in Compariſon of his own.* At which *Cicero* being ſuddenly nettled, commanded poor *Ceſtius* preſently to be ſeized, and caus'd him to be very well whipt in his own Preſence; a very diſcourteous Entertainer! Yet even amongſt thoſe, who, all Things conſider'd, have reputed his Eloquence incomparable, there have been ſome however, who have not ſtuck to obſerve ſome Faults in his Writing: As that Great *Brutus* his Friend, for Example, who ſaid *'twas a broken and feeble Eloquence, fractam & elumbem.* The Orators alſo neareſt to the Age wherein he liv'd, reprehended in him the Care he had of a certain long Cadence in his Periods, and particularly took notice of theſe Words, *eſſe videatur*, which he there ſo oft makes uſe of. For my Part, I better approve of a ſhorter Stile, and that comes more roundly off. He does nevertheleſs, ſometimes ſhuffle his Parts more briſkly together, but 'tis very ſeldom. I have myſelf taken notice of this one Paſſage, *Ego verò me minus diu ſenem mallem, quam eſſe ſenem, antequam eſſem.* The Hiſtorians are my true Province, for they are pleaſant and eaſy; where immediately Man in general, the Knowledge of whom I hunt after, does there appear more lively and entire than any where beſides: The Variety and Truth of his internal Qualities, in groſs and piece-meal, the Diverſity of Means by which he is united and knit, and the Accidents that threaten him. Now thoſe that write Lives, by reaſon they inſiſt more upon Counſels than Events, more upon what ſallies from within, than upon that which happens without, are the moſt proper for my reading;

and

and therefore above all others, *Plutarch* is the Man for me. I am very sorry we have not a Dozen *Laertii*, or that he was not further extended, and better understood. For I am equally curious to know the Lives and Fortunes of these great Instructors of the World, as to know the Diversities of their Doctrines and Opinions. In this Kind of Study (the Reading of Histories) a Man must tumble over, without Distinction, all Sorts of Authors, both antique and modern; as well barbarous and obsolete, as those of current Language, there to know the Things of which they variously treat; But *Cæsar*, in my Opinion, particularly deserves to be study'd, not for the Knowledge of the History only, but for himself, so great an Excellence and Perfection he has above all the rest, tho' *Sallust* be one of the Number. In earnest, I read this Author with more Reverence and Respect than is usually allow'd to human Writings; I one while considering him in his Person, by his Actions and miraculous Greatness, and another in the Purity and inimitable Neatness of his Language and Style, wherein he not only excels all other Historians, as *Cicero* confesses, but peradventure, even *Cicero* himself; speaking of his Enemies with so much Sincerity in his Judgment, that the false Colours with which he strives to palliate his ill Cause, and the Ordure of his pestilent Ambition excepted, I think there is no Fault to be objected against him, saving this, *that he speaks too sparingly of himself*, seeing so many great Things could not have been perform'd under his Conduct, but that his own Personal Valour must necessarily have had a greater Share in the Execution than he attributes to himself. I love Historians, who are either very sincere or very excellent. The Sincere, who have nothing of their own to mix with it, and who only make it their Business to make a faithful Collection of all that comes to their Knowledge, and faithfully to record all Things without Choice or Prejudice leaving to us the entire Judgment of discerning the Truth of Things. Such, for example amongst others, as honest *Froissard*, who has proceeded in his Undertaking with so frank a Plainness, that having committed an Error, he is not asham'd to confess, and correct it in the Place where the Finger has been laid, and who represents to us even the Variety of Rumors that

Cæsar's Commentaries commended.

that were then ſpread abroad, and the different Reports that were made to him; which is the naked and unaffected Matter of Hiſtory, and of which every one may make his Profit according to his Proportion of Underſtanding. The more excellent Sort of Hiſtorians have Judgment to pick out what is moſt worthy to be known; and of two Reports, to examine which is the moſt likely to be true: From the Condition of Princes and their Humours, they conclude the Counſels, and attribute to them Words proper for the Occaſion; and ſuch have Title to aſſume the Authority of regulating our Belief to what they themſelves believe; but certainly this Privilege belongs not to every one. For the middle Sort of Hiſtorians (of which the moſt Part are) they ſpoil all; they will chew our Meat for us, they take upon them to judge of, and conſequently, to incline the Hiſtory to their own liking; for if the Judgment partially lean to one Side, a Man cannot avoid wreſting and writhing his Narrative to that Biaſs. They undertake to chuſe Things worthy to be known, and yet very often conceal from us ſuch a Word, ſuch a private Action, as would much better inſtruct us; omit, as incredible, ſuch Things as they do not underſtand, and, perhaps, ſome becauſe they cannot expreſs them well in good *French* or *Latin*. Let them, in God's Name, diſplay their Eloquence, and judge according to their own Fancy: But let them, withal, leave us ſomething to judge of after them, and neither alter nor diſguiſe by their Abridgments, and at their own Choice, any thing of the Subſtance of the Matter; but deliver it to us pure and entire in all its Dimenſions. For the moſt part, and eſpecially in theſe latter Ages, Perſons are cull'd out for this Work from amongſt the common People, upon the ſole Conſideration of Well-ſpeaking, as if we were to learn Grammar from thence; and the Men ſo choſen have alſo Reaſon, being hired for no other End, and pretending to nothing but Babble, not to be very ſolicitous of any Part but that, and ſo, with a fine Gingle of Words, prepare us a pretty Contexture of Reports they pick up in the Streets. The only good Hiſtories are thoſe that have been writ by the Perſons themſelves who commanded in the Affairs whereof they write, or who have participated in the Conduct of them, or, at leaſt, who have had the Conduct of others of the ſame Nature. Such almoſt are all the

Greek and *Roman*: For ſeveral Eye-witneſſes having writ of the ſame Subject (in the Time when Grandeur and Learning frequently met in the ſame Perſon) if there happens to be an Error, it muſt of neceſſity be a very ſlight one, and upon a very doubtful Accident. What can a Man expect from a *Phyſician*, who will undertake to write of War; or from a meer Scholar, treating upon the Deſigns of Princes? if we could take notice how religious the *Romans* were in this, there would need but this Example: *Aſinius Pollio* found in the Hiſtory of *Cæſar* himſelf, ſomething miſ-reported; a Miſtake occaſioned, either by reaſon he could not have his Eye in all Parts of his Army at once, and had given credit to ſome particular Perſon, who had not delivered him a very true Account; or elſe, for not having had too perfect Notice given him by his Lieutenants, of what they had done in his Abſence. By which we may ſee, whether the Inquiſition after Truth be not very delicate, when a Man cannot believe the Report of a Battle from the Knowledge of him who there commanded, nor from the Soldiers who were engaged in it, unleſs, after the Method of Judicatory Information, the Witneſſes be confronted, and the Challenges received upon the Proof of the Punctilio's of every Accident. The Knowledge we have of our own private Affairs, is, indeed, ſtill much weaker and more obſcure: But that has been ſufficiently handled by *Bodin*, and according to my own Sentiment. A little to relieve the Weakneſs of my Memory (a Weakneſs ſo extreme, that it has happen'd to me more than once, to take Books again into my Hand for new, and unſeen, which I had carefully read over a few Years before, and ſcribbled with my Notes) I have taken a Cuſtom of late, to fix at the End of every Book (that is, of thoſe I never intended to read again) the Time when I made an End of it, and the Judgment I had made of it, to the End that that might, at leaſt, repreſent to me the Air and general Idea I had conceived of the Author in reading it: And I will here tranſcribe ſome of thoſe Annotations. I writ this, ſome ten Years ago, in my *Guicciardin*

Cenſure of Guicciardin.

(in what Language ſoever my Books ſpeak to me in, I always ſpeak to them in my own): *He is a diligent Hiſtoriographer, and from whom, in my Opinion, a Man may learn the Truth of*

the

the Affairs of his Time, as exactly as from any other; in the most of which he was himself also a personal Actor, and in honourable Command. 'Tis not to be imagined, that he should have disguised any Thing, either upon the Account of Hatred, Favour, or Vanity; of which, the liberal Censure he passes upon the Great Ones, and particularly those by whom he was advanced, and employed in Commands of great Trust and Honour (as Pope Clement *the Seventh) give ample Testimony. As to that Part, which he thinks himself the best at, namely, his Digressions and Discourses, he has indeed very good Ones, and enriched with fine Expressions; but he is too fond of them: For to leave nothing unsaid, having a Subject so plain, ample, and almost infinite, he degenerates into Pedantry, and relishes a little of the Scholastick Prattle. I have also observed this in him, that of so many Persons, and so many Effects; so many Motives, and so many Counsels as he judges of, he never attributes any one of them to Virtue, Religion, or Conscience; as if all those were utterly extinct in the World: And of all the Actions, how brave and outward Shew soever they make themselves, he always throws the Cause and Motive upon some vicious Occasion, or some Prospect of Profit. It is impossible to imagine but that, amongst such an infinite Number of Actions, as he makes mention of, there must be some one produced by the Way of Reason. No Corruption could so universally have infected Men, that some of them would not have escaped the Contagion: Which makes me suspect that his own Taste was vicious; from whence it might happen, that he judged other Men by himself.* In my *Philip de Comines*, there is this written: *You will here find the Language sweet and delightful, of a native Simplicity, the Narration pure, in which the Veracity of the Author evidently shines; free from Vanity, when speaking of himself, and from Affection or Envy, when speaking of Others: His Discourses and Exhortations more accompanied with Zeal and Truth, than with any exquisite Self-sufficiency; and throughout, with Authority and Gravity, which speak him a Man of Extraction, and bred up in great Affairs.* Upon the Memoirs of Monsieur *du Bellay*, I find this; *'Tis always pleasant to read Things writ by those that have experienced how they ought to be carried on; but withal, it cannot be deny'd but there is a manifest Fall in these two Lords from the Freedom and Liberty of Writing,*

Censure of Philip de Comines.

that shines in the ancient Historians: Such as the Sire de Jounville, a *Domestick to* St. Louis: Eginard, *Chancellor to* Charlemain; *and of later Date, in* Philip de Comines. *This here is rather an Apology for King* Francis, *against the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth, than an History. I will not believe that they have falsified any Thing, as to Matter of Fact; but they make a common Practice of wresting the Judgment of Events (very often Contrary to Reason) to our Advantage, and of omitting every Thing that is nice to be handled in the Life of their Master; witness the Relations of* Messieurs de Montmorency, *and* de Brion, *which were here omitted: Nay, so much as the very Name of Madam* d'Estampes *is not here to be found. Secret Actions an Historian may conceal; but to pass over in Silence what all the World knows, and Things that have drawn after them publick Consequences, is an inexcusable Defect. In fine, Whoever has a Mind to have a perfect Knowledge of King* Francis, *and the Revolution of his Reign, let him seek it elsewhere, if my Advice may prevail. The only Profit a Man can reap from* Guicciardin *and* Bellay *is, from the particular Narrative of Battles and other Exploits of War, wherein those Gentlemen were personally engaged; some Words, and private Actions of the Princes of their Time, and the Practices and Negotiations carried on by the Seigneur* de Lancy; *where, indeed, there are, every where, Things worthy to be known, and Discourses above the vulgar Strain.*

CHAP. XI.

Of Cruelty.

Inclinations to Goodness. I Take Virtue to be distinct from, and something more noble, than those Inclinations to Generosity, and that good Nature which we are born with. Well dispos'd and well descended Souls pursue, indeed, the same Methods, and represent the same Face that Virtue itself does: But the Word *Virtue* imports, I know not how, something more great and active, than meerly for a Man to suffer himself, by a happy Disposition, to be gently and quietly drawn to the Rule of Reason.

Reaſon. He who, by a natural Sweetneſs and Facility, ſhould deſpiſe Injuries receiv'd, would, doubtleſs, do a very great, and a very laudable Thing; but he who, provoked, and nettled to the Quick, by an Offence, ſhould fortify himſelf with the Arms of Reaſon, againſt the furious Appetite of Revenge, and, after a great Conflict, maſter his own Paſſion, would doubtleſs do a very great deal more. The firſt would do well; and the latter virtuouſly: One Action might be called Bounty, and the other Virtue; for methinks the very Name of Virtue preſuppoſes Difficulty and Contention; and 'tis for this Reaſon, perhaps, that we call God Good, Mighty, Liberal and Juſt; but we do not give him the Attribute of Virtuous, being that all his Operations are natural, and without Endeavour. It has been the Opinion of many Philoſophers, not only *Stoicks*, but *Epicureans*, that it is not enough to have the Soul ſeated in a good Place, of a good Temper, and well diſpoſed to Virtue. It is not enough to have our Reſolutions fixed above all the Power of Fortune, but we are, moreover, to ſeek Occaſions wherein to put them to the Proof: We are to covet Pain, Neceſſity and Contempt, to contend with them, and to keep the Soul in Breath, *Multum ſibi adjicit virtus laceſſita* *. 'Tis one of the Reaſons why *Epaminondas*, who was yet of a third Sect, refuſed the Riches which Fortune preſented to him by very lawful Means; becauſe, ſaid he, *I am to contend with Poverty:* In which Extream he maintain'd himſelf to the laſt. *Socrates* put himſelf, methinks, upon a rough Trial; keeping for his Exerciſe a termagant ſcolding Wife, which was fighting at Sharps. *Metellus* having, of all the Senators, alone attempted, by the Power of Virtue, to withſtand the Violence of *Saturninus*, Tribune of the People at *Rome*, who would, forcibly, cauſe an unjuſt Law to paſs in Favour of the Commons, and by ſo doing have incurr'd the Capital Penalties that *Saturninus* had eſtabliſh'd againſt the Diſſenters, entertain'd thoſe, who in this Extremity led him to Execution, with Words to this Effect: *That it was a thing too eaſy and too baſe to do Ill: and that to do well*

That Virtue cannot be exerciſed without ſome Difficulty.

* *Sen. Epiſt.* 25.

where there was no Danger, was a common thing; but that to do well where there was Danger, was the proper Office of a Man of Virtue. Theſe Words of *Metellus* very clearly repreſent to us, what I would make out, *viz. That Virtue refuſes Facility for a Companion; and that that eaſy, ſmooth and deſcending Way, by which the regular Steps of a ſweet Diſpoſition of Nature are conducted, is not that of a true Virtue:* She requires a rough and ſtormy Paſſage; ſhe will have either outward Difficulties to wreſtle with (like that of *Metellus*) by means of which Fortune delights to interrupt the Speed of her Career; or internal Difficulties, which the inordinate Appetites and Imperfections introduce to diſturb her. I am come thus far at my Eaſe; but here it comes into my Head, that the Soul of *Socrates*, the moſt perfect that ever came to my Knowledge, ſhould, by this Rule, be of very little Account; for I cannot conceive in that Perſon any the leaſt Motion of a vicious Inclination: I cannot imagine there could be any Difficulty, or Conſtraint, in the Courſe of his Virtue: I know his Reaſon to be ſo powerful and ſovereign over him, that ſhe would never have ſuffer'd a vicious Appetite ſo much as to ſpring in him. To a Virtue ſo elevated, as his, I have nothing to oppoſe. Methinks I ſee him march, with a victorious and triumphant Pace, in Pomp, and at his Eaſe, without Oppoſition or Diſturbance. If Virtue cannot ſhine bright, but by the Conflict of contrary Appetites, ſhall we then ſay, that ſhe cannot ſubſiſt without the Aſſiſtance of Vice; and that it is from her, that ſhe derives her Reputation and Honour? What then alſo would become of that brave and generous *Epicurean* Pleaſure, which ſuppoſes that it nouriſhes Virtue tenderly in her Lap, and there makes it play and wanton, giving it for Toys to play withal, Shame, Fevers, Poverty, Death and Torments? If I preſuppoſe that a perfect Virtue manifeſts itſelf in contending, in patiently enduring Pain, and undergoing the utmoſt Extremity of the Gout, without being moved in her Seat: If I give her Auſterity and Difficulty for her Neceſſary Objects: What will become of a Virtue elevated to ſuch a Degree, as, not only to deſpiſe Pain, but moreover, to rejoice in it, and to be tickled with the Daggers of a ſharp Colick, ſuch as the *Epicureans* have eſtabliſhed, and of which, many of them, by their Actions, have given moſt manifeſt Proofs?

Proofs? As have likewiſe ſeveral others, who I find to have ſurpaſſed, in effect, even the very Rules of their own Diſcipline: Witneſs the younger *Cato*; when I ſee him die, and tearing out his own Bowels, I am not ſatisfy'd ſimply to believe, that he had then his Soul totally exempt from all Troubles and Horror: I cannot think that he only maintained himſelf in the Steadineſs that the Stoical Rules preſcribed him; temperate without Emotion, and undiſturbed: There was, methinks, ſomething in the Virtue of this Man, too ſprightly and youthful to ſtop there; I do believe that, without doubt, he felt a Pleaſure and Delight in ſo noble an Action, and was more pleaſed in it, then in any other of his Life: *Sic abiit è vita, ut cauſam moriendi nactum ſe eſſe gauderet* *. I believe ſo far, that I queſtion whether he would have been content to have been deprived of the Occaſion of ſo brave an Execution. And if the Sincerity that made him embrace the Publick Concern more than his own, withheld me not, I ſhould eaſily fall into an Opinion that he thought himſelf obliged to Fortune for having put his Virtue upon ſo brave a Tryal, and for having favoured that *Thief* †, in treading under foot the ancient Liberty of his Country. Methinks I read, in this Action, I know not what Exultation in his Soul, and an extraordinary and manly Emotion of Pleaſure, when he looked upon the Generoſity and Height of his Enterprize.

The noble Death of Cato *accompanied with Pleaſure.*

† Cæſar.

Deliberata morte ferocior ‡.

Not ſtimulated with any Hope of Glory, as the popular and effeminate Judgments of ſome have concluded; for that Conſideration had been too mean and low to poſſeſs ſo generous, ſo haughty, and ſo obſtinate a Heart as his: But for the very Beauty of the Thing in itſelf, which he, who had the handling of the Springs, diſcern'd more clearly, and in its Perfection, than we are able to do. Philoſophy has obliged me in determining, that ſo brave an Action had been indecently placed in any other Life, than that of *Cato*; and that it only belonged to his, to end ſo. Notwithſtanding,

* *Cic. Tuſc. lib.* 1. ‡ *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 37.

and according to Reason, he commanded his Son, and the Senators that accompanied him, to take another Course in their Affairs *Catoni, quum incredibilem natura tribuisset gravitatem, eamque ipse perpetua constantia roboravisset semperque in proposito consilio permansisset, moriendum potius quam Tyranni vultus aspiciendus erat* *. *Nature having endued* Cato *with an incredible Gravity, which he had also fortified with a perpetual Constancy, without ever flagging in his Resolution, he must of necessity rather die, than see the Face of the Tyrant.* Every Death ought to hold proportion with the Life before it. We do not become others for dying. I always interpret the Death by the Life preceeding; and if any one tells me of a Death strong and constant in Appearance, annexed to a feeble Life, I conclude it produced by some feeble Cause, and suitable to the Life before. The Easiness then of this Death, and the Facility of dying, he had acquir'd by the Vigour of his Soul; shall we say that it ought to abate any thing of the Lustre of his Virtue? And who, that has his Brain never so little tinctur'd with the true Philosophy, can be content to imagine *Socrates* only free from Fear and Passion, in the Accident of his Prison, Fetters and Condemnation? and that will not discover in him, not only Stability and Constancy (which was his ordinary Composure) but moreover (I know not what) new Satisfaction, and frolick Cheerfulness in his last Words and Actions; at the Start he gave, with the Pleasure of scratching his Leg, when his Irons were taken off, does he not discover an equal Serenity and Joy in his Soul for being freed from past Inconveniencies, and at the same time to enter into the Knowledge of Things to come? *Cato* shall pardon me, if he pleases; his Death, indeed is more tragical, and more taken notice of, but yet this (I know not how) methinks finer. *Aristippus* said, to one that was lamenting his Death; *The Gods grant me such a one*, said he. A man discerns in the Souls of these two great Men, and their Imitators (for I very much doubt, whether there was ever their like) so perfect a Habitude to Virtue, that it was turn'd to a Complection. It is no more a laborious Virtue, nor the Precepts of Reason,

Virtue turn'd into Habit in Cato *and* Socrates.

* *Cic. de Offic. lib.* 1.

to

to maintain which, the Soul is so racked; but, the very Essence of their Souls, their natural and ordinary Habit. They have rendred it such by a long Practice of Philosophical Precepts, having light upon a rich and ingenuous Nature. The vicious Passions that spring in us, can find no Entrance into them. The Force and Vigour of their Souls stifle and extinguish irregular Desires, so soon as they begin to move. Now, that it is not more noble, by a high and divine Resolution, to hinder the Birth of Temptations, and to be so form'd to Virtue, that the very Seeds of Vice be rooted out, than to hinder their Progress; and having suffer'd themselves to be surprized with the first Motions of Passions, to arm themselves, and to stand firm to oppose their Progress, and overcome them; and that this second Effect is not also much more generous, than to be simply endowed with a frail and affable Nature, of itself disaffected to Debauchery and Vice, I do not think can be doubted; for this third and last Sort of Virtue seems to render a Man innocent, but not virtuous; free from doing ill, but not apt enough to do well: Considering also, that this Condition is so near Neighbour to Imperfection and Cowardice, that I know not very well how to separate the Confines, and distinguish them: The very Name of Good-Nature and Innocence are, for this Reason, in some sort grown into Contempt. I very well know, that several Virtues, as Chastity, Sobriety and Temperance, may come to a Man through personal Defects. Constancy in Danger, if it must be so called, the Contempt of Death, and Patience in Misfortunes, may oft-times be found in Men, for want of well judging of such Accidents, and not apprehending them for such as they are. Want of Apprehension and Sottishness, do sometimes counterfeit virtuous Effects: As I have often observed it happen, that Men have been commended for what really deserved Blame. An *Italian* Lord once said this in my Presence, to the Disadvantage of his own Nation; *That the Subtilty of the* Italians, *and the Vivacity of their Conceptions were so great, that they foresaw the Dangers and Accidents that might befall them, so far off, that it must not be thought strange, if they were often in War observed to provide for their Safety, even before they had discover'd the Peril: That we*

Italians *subtile and quick of Apprehension.*

we French *and* Spaniards, *who are not so cunning, went no further; and that we must be made to see and feel the Danger before we would take the Alarm; and that even then we had no Apprehension: But the* Germans *and* Swiss, *more heavy and Thick-skull'd, had not the Sense to look about them, even then, when the Blows were falling about their Ears.* Perhaps, he only talk'd so for Mirth Sake; and yet it is most certain that, in War, raw Soldiers rush into Danger with more Precipitation, than after they have been well beaten.

Germans *and* Suisses *Logger-heads.*

——*Haud ignarus, quantum nova gloria in armis,*
Et prædulce decus primo certamine possit *.

Not ign'rant in the first Essay of Arms,
How Hope of Glory the raw Soldier warms.

For this Reason it is, that when we judge of a Particular Action, we are to consider several Circumstances and the whole Man by whom it is perform'd, before we give it a Name. To instance in myself; I have sometimes known my Friends call that Prudence in me which was merely Fortune, and repute that Courage and Patience, which was Judgment and Opinion: And attribute to me one Title for another, sometimes to my Advantage, and sometimes otherwise. As to the rest, I am so far from being arriv'd at the first and most perfect Degree of Excellence, where Virtue is turned into Habit, that even of the second I have made no great Tryal. I have not been very solicitous to curb the Desires by which I have been importun'd. My Virtue is a Virtue, or rather an Innocence, casual and accidental. If I had been born of a more irregular Complection, I am afraid I should have made scurvy Work; for I never observed any great Stability in my Soul to resist Passions, if they were never so little vehement. I have not the Knack of nourishing Quarrels and Debates in my own Bosom, and consequently owe myself no great Thanks that I am free from several Vices:

Si vitiis mediocribus, & mea paucis
Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta velut si
Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore nævos †.

* *Æneid.* 11. † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 6.

If

If of ſmall Crimes, and few, my Nature be
To be accus'd, and from the great ones free,
Thoſe venial Faults will no more ſpot my Soul,
Than a fair Body's blemiſh'd with a Mole.

I owe it rather to my Fortune than my Reaſon: She has made me to be deſcended of a Race famous for Integrity; and of a very good Father; I know not whether or no he has infus'd into me Part of his Humours; or whether Domeſtick Examples and the good Education of my Infancy, hath inſenſibly aſſiſted in the Work, or if I was otherwiſe born ſo;

Seu Libra *ſeu me* Scorpius *aſpicit*
Formidoloſus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, ſeu tyrannus,
Heſperiæ Capricornus *undæ* †.

Whether by *Balance* weigh'd my future Fate;
Or *Scorpio*, Lord of my Aſcendant, ſate;
Or Tyrant *Capricorn*, that rudely ſways,
And ruffles up the Occidental Seas.

But ſo it is, that I have naturally an Horror for moſt Vices. The Anſwer of *Antiſthenes* to him who aſk'd him, *Which was the beſt Apprentiſhip, To unlearn Evil*, ſeems to point at this. I have them in Horror, I ſay, with a Deteſtation ſo natural and ſo much my own, that the ſame Inſtinct and Impreſſion I brought with me from my Nurſe I yet retain, no Temptation whatever had the Power to make me alter it. Not ſo much as my own Diſcourſes, which in ſome Things laſhing out of the common Road of modeſt Speaking, might eaſily licenſe me to Actions that my natural Inclination makes me hate. I will ſay a prodigious Thing, but I will ſay it however; I find myſelf in many Things more curb'd and retain'd by my Manners than my Opinion, and my Concupiſence is leſs debauch'd than my Reaſon. *Ariſtippus* inſtituted Opinions ſo bold, in Favour of Pleaſure and Riches, as made all the Philoſophers murmer at him: But as to his Manners, *Dionyſius*, the Tyrant, having preſented three beautiful Women before him to take his

† *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 17.*

Choice;

Choice; he made Answer, *That he would chuse them all, and that it had happened ill to* Paris, *in having preferr'd one before the other two:* But having taken them home to his House, he sent them back untouch'd. His Servant finding himself overloaded upon the Way, with the Money he carry'd after him, he order'd him to pour it out, and throw away that which troubled him. And *Epicurus*, whose Doctrines were so irreligious and effeminate, was in his Life very laborious and devout: He writ to a Friend of his, *That he lived only upon Biscuit and Water, intreating him to send him a little Cheese to lie by him against he had a Mind to make a Feast.* Must it be true, that to be a perfect good Man, we must be so by an occult, natural and universal Propriety, without Law, Reason or Example? The Debauches wherein I have been engaged, have not been (I thank God) of the worst Sort, and I have condemn'd them myself; for my Judgment was never infected by them. On the contrary, I accuse them more severely in myself than in any other. But that is all; for, as to the rest, I oppose too little Resistance, and suffer myself to incline too much to the other Side of the Ballance, excepting that I moderate them, and prevent them from mixing with other Vices, which, for the most Part, will cling together if a Man have not a Care. I have contracted and curtail'd mine, to make them as single as I can:

———*Nec ultra*
Errorem foveo †.

For as to the Opinion of the *Stoicks*, who say, *That the wise Man, when he works, works by all the Virtues together, tho' one be most apparent, according to the Nature of the Action*; (and of this the Similitude of a human Body might serve them to some Instance; for the Action of Anger cannot work, but that all the Humours must assist, tho' Choler predominate) if from thence they will draw a like Consequence, that when the wicked Man does wickedly, he does it by all the Vices together, I do not believe it to be simply so, or else I understand them not; for I effectually find the contrary. These are witty and substantial Subti-

* *Juv. Sat.* 8.

ties, which Philoſophy ſometimes inſiſts upon. I follow ſome Vices, but I fly others as much as a Saint would do. The *Peripateticks* alſo diſown this indiſſoluble Connection; and *Ariſtotle* is of opinion, *That a prudent and juſt Man may be intemperate and laſcivious.* *Socrates* confeſſed to ſome who had diſcover'd a certain Inclination to Vice in his Phyſiognomy, *That it was, in Truth, his natural Propenſity, but that he had by Diſcipline corrected it.* And ſuch as were familiar with the Philoſopher *Stilpo*, hath ſaid, *That being born ſubject to Wine and Women, he had by Study render'd himſelf very abſtinent both from the one and the other.* What I have in me of Good, I have quite contrary by the Chance of my Birth; and hold it not either by Law, Precept, or any other Inſtruction. The Innocency that is in me is a ſimple and unexpected one; little Vigour and leſs Art. Amongſt other Vices, I mortally hate *Cruelty*, both by Nature and Judgment, as the very Extream of all Vices; but with ſo much Tenderneſs withal, that I cannot ſee a Chicken's Neck pull'd off without Trouble, and cannot, without Impatience, endure the Cry of a Hare in my Dog's Teeth, tho' the Chace be a violent Pleaſure: Such as have Senſuality to encounter, willingly make uſe of this Argument (to ſhew that it is altogether vicious and unreaſonable) that when it is at the Height, it ſubjects us to that Degree, that a Man's Reaſon can have no Acceſs, and inſtance our own Experience in the Act of Love. Wherein they conceive, that the Pleaſure doth ſo tranſport us, that our Reaſon cannot perform its Office whilſt we are ſo benumb'd and extaſy'd in Delight; I know very well it may be otherwiſe, and that a Man may ſometimes, if he will, gain this Point over himſelf to ſway his Soul, even in the Critical Moment, to think of ſomething elſe: But then he muſt leiſurely incline and ply it to that Bent. I know, that a Man may triumph over the utmoſt Effort of this Pleaſure: I have experienc'd it in myſelf, and have not found *Venus* ſo imperious a Goddeſs, as many, and ſome more reform'd than I, declare. I do not conſider it as a Miracle, as the Queen of *Navarre* does, in one of the Tales of her *Heptameron* (which is a marvellous pretty Book of that kind) nor for a thing of extreme Difficulty to paſs over whole Nights, where a Man has all the Convenience and Liberty he can deſire, with a long-coveted

Miſtreſs,

Miſtreſs, and yet be juſt to his Faith, firſt given to ſatiſ
himſelf with Kiſſes and innocent Embraces, without pre
ing any further. I conceive that the Example of the Ple

The Pleaſure of the Chace what.

ſure of the Chace would be more proper
wherein, tho' the Pleaſure be leſs, yet th
Raviſhment and the Surprize are more, b
which the Reaſon being aſtoniſh'd, has no
ſo much Leiſure to prepare itſelf for the Encounter; whe
after a long Queſt, the Game ſtarts up on a ſudden in
Place where, perhaps, we leaſt expected: Which ſudde
Motion, with the Ardour of the Shouts and Cries of th
Hunters, ſo ſtrikes us, that it would be hard, for ſuch
are eager of the Chace, immediately to turn thei
Thoughts another Way; and alſo the Poets make *Dian*
triumph over the Torch and Shafts of *Cupid.*

Quis non malarum quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviſcitur *?

Who amongſt ſuch Delights would not remove
Out of his Thoughts the anxious Cares of Love?

But to return to what I was ſaying before, I am tenderly com
paſſionate of others Afflictions, and ſhould eaſily cry for com
pany, if upon any occaſion whatever I could cry at all. No
thing tempts my Tears but Tears, and not only thoſe that ar
real and true, but whatever they are, either feign'd or pain
ted: I do not much lament the Dead, and ſhould envy them
rather; but I very much lament the Dying. The Savage
do not ſo much offend me in roaſting and eating the Bo
dies of the Dead, as they do who torment and perſecu
the Living. Nay, I cannot ſo much as look upon the ord
nary Executions of Juſtice, how reaſonable ſoever, with
ſteady Eye. Some one being to give Teſtimony of *Julius*

Julius Cæſar's *Clemency.*

Cæſar's Clemency. *He was,* ſays he, *mi
and moderate in his Revenges: For having
compell'd the Pirates to yield, by whom he
had before been taken Priſoner, and put to ranſom: for
aſmuch as they had threatned him with the Croſs, he in
deed condemn'd them to it, but it was after they were firſt
ſtrangled.* He puniſh'd his Secretary *Philomon,* wh

* *Hor. Ep.* 2.

had attempted to poiſon him, with no greater Severity than a ſingle Death. Without naming that *Latin* Author, that dare alledge for a Teſtimony of Mercy, the killing only of thoſe by whom we have been offended; it is eaſy to gueſs, that he was ſtruck with the horrid and inhuman Examples of *Cruelty*, practis'd by the *Roman* Tyrants. For my Part, even in Juſtice itſelf, all that exceeds a ſimple Death, appears to me perfect *Cruelty*; eſpecially in us, who ought to have Regard to their Souls, to diſmiſs them in a good and calm Condition: Which cannot be, when we have diſcompos'd them by inſufferable Torments. Not long ſince, a Soldier, who was a criminal Priſoner, perceiving from a Tower where he was ſhut up, that the People began to aſſemble to the Place of Execution, and that the Carpenters were buſy erecting a Scaffold, he preſently concluded that the Preparation was for him; and therefore enter'd into a Reſolution to kill himſelf, but could find no Inſtrument to aſſiſt him in his Deſign, except an old ruſty Cart-Nail that Fortune preſented to him: With this he firſt gave himſelf two great Wounds about his Throat; but finding thoſe would not do, he preſently after gave himſelf a third in the Belly, where he left the Nail ſticking up to the Head. The firſt of his Keepers that came in found him in this Condition, yet alive, but ſunk down and near expiring by his Wounds. Therefore, to make Uſe of Time, before he ſhould die and defeat the Law, they made haſte to read his Sentence, which having done, and he hearing that he was only condemn'd to be Beheaded, he ſeem'd to take new Courage, accepted of Wine, which he had before refuſed, and thanked his Judges for the unhoped-for Mildneſs of their Sentence; ſaying, *That indeed he had taken a Reſolution to diſpatch himſelf, for fear of a more ſevere and inſupportable Death; having entertained an Opinion, by the Preparations he had ſeen in the Place, that they were reſolved to torment him with ſome horrible Execution:* And ſeem'd to be deliver'd from Death, for having it chang'd from what he apprehended. I ſhould adviſe, that theſe Examples of *Severity*, by which 'tis deſign'd to retain the People in their Duty, might be exercis'd upon the dead Bodies of *Criminals*; for to ſee them depriv'd of Sepulture, to ſee them boil'd and divided into Quarters, would almoſt work as much upon the Vulgar, as the Pain they

they make the Living endure: Tho' that, in Effect, be little or nothing, as God himself says, *Who kill the Body, and after that have no more that they can do* *. I happen'd to come by one Day accidentally at *Rome* just as they were upon executing *Catena*, a notorious Robber: He was strangled without any Emotion of the Spectators; but when they came to cut him in Quarters, the Hangman gave not a Blow that was not follow'd by a doleful Cry from the People, and an Exclamation as if every one had lent his Feeling to the miserable Carcase. Those inhuman Excesses ought to be exercised upon the Bark, and not upon the Quick. *Artaxerxes*, in almost a like Case, moderated the Severity of the ancient Laws of *Persia*, ordering, *That the Nobility who had committed a Fault, instead of being whipped, as they were us'd to be, should be stripped only, and their Cloaths whipped for them; and that, whereas they were wont to tear off their Hair, they should only take off their high-crown'd* Tiara. The so devout *Ægyptians* thought they sufficiently satisfy'd the Divine Justice in sacrificing Hogs in Effigy and Representation; a bold Invention to pay God, so essential a Substance in Picture only, and in Show. I live in a Time, wherein we abound in incredible Examples of this Vice, thro' the Licence of our Civil Wars; and we see nothing in ancient Histories more extreme than what we have Proof of every Day. I could hardly persuade myself, before I saw it with my Eyes, that there could be found out Men so cruel and fell, who, for the sole Pleasure of Murther, would commit, hack and lop off the Limbs of others; sharpen their Wits to invent unusual Torments, and new kinds of Death without Hatred, without Profit, and for no other End, but only to enjoy the pleasant Spectacle of the Gestures and Motions, the lamentable Groans and Cries of a Man in Anguish. For this is the utmost Point to which Cruelty can arrive, *Ut hominem non iratus, non timens, tantum spectaturus occidat: That a Man should kill*

The severe Laws of Persia *moderated by* Artaxerxes

Hogs sacrificed in Figure to the Divine Justice by the Ægyptians.

The Cruelties exercised in Civil Wars.

* *St. Luke, chap.* xii. *ver.* 40.

a Man

a Man without being angry, or without Fear, only for the Pleasure of the Spectacle. For my own Part, I cannot, without Grief, see so much as an innocent Beast pursu'd and kill'd, that has no Defence, and from whom we have receiv'd no Offence at all. And that which frequently happens, that the Stag we hunt, finding himself weak and out of Breath, seeing no other Remedy, surrenders himself to us who pursue him, imploring Mercy by his Tears,

——*questuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti similis *.

That bleeding by his Tears does Mercy crave,

has ever been to me a very unpleasing Sight; and I hardly ever take any Beast or Bird alive, that I do not presently turn loose. *Pythagoras* bought them and Fishes of Huntsmen, Fowlers, and Fishermen to do the same.

Beasts bought alive by Pythagoras *to turn out.*

——*primoque a cæde ferarum,*
Incaluisse puto maculatum sanguine ferrum †.

I think, 'twas Slaughter of wild Beasts that made,
Too docile Man first learn the Killing Trade.

Those Natures that are sanguinary towards Beasts, discover a natural Propensity to Cruelty. After they had accustom'd themselves, at *Rome* to Spectacles of the Slaughter of Animals, they proceeded to those of the Slaughter of Men, the Gladiators. Nature has herself, I doubt, imprinted in Man a Kind of Instinct to Inhumanity; no body takes Pleasure in seeing Beasts play and caress one another, but every one is delighted with seeing them dismember and tear one another to Pieces. And that I may not be laugh'd at for the Sympathy I have with them, Theology itself enjoins us some Favour in their Behalf: and considering, that one and the same Master has lodg'd us together in this Palace for his Service, and that they as well as we are of his Family, it has Reason to enjoyn us some Affection and Regard to them. *Pythagoras* borrow'd the *Metampsycosis* from the *Ægyptians*, but it has since been receiv'd by several Nations, and particularly by our *Druids*.

Pythagoras's *Transmutation of Souls.*

* *Æneid. l.* 7. † *Ovid. Met. lib.* 15.

Mortem carent animæ, semperque priore relicta
Sede, novis domibus vivunt, habitantque receptæ *.

Souls never die, but, having left one Seat,
Into new Houses they Admittance get.

The Religion of our ancient *Gauls* maintain'd, that Souls being eternal, never ceas'd to remove and shift their Places from one Body to another; Mixing moreover, with this Fancy some Consideration of Divine Justice. For according to the Behaviour of the Soul, whilst it had been in *Alexander*, they said, that God order'd it another Body to inhabit, more or less painful, and proper for its Conditions.

———*muta ferarum*
Cogit vincla pati, truculentos ingerit ursis,
Prædonesque lupis, fallaces vulpibus addit,
Atque ubi per varios annos per mille figuras
Egit, Lætheo purgatos flumine tandem
Rursus ad humanæ revocat primordia formæ †.

The silent Yoak of *Brutes* he made them wear,
The Bloody Souls he did enclose in Bears,
The Ravenous in Wolves he wisely shut,
The Sly and Cunning he is Foxes put;
Where after having, thro' successive Years
And thousand Figures, finish'd their Careers,
Purging them all in *Lethe*'s Flood, at last
In human Bodies he the Souls replac'd.

If it had been valiant, he lodg'd it in the Body of a Lion; if voluptuous, in that of a Hog; if timorous, in that of a Hart or Hare; if subtile, in that of a Fox; and so of the rest, 'till having purify'd it by this Chastisement, it again enter'd into the Body of some other Man;

Ipse ego, nam nemini, Trojani tempore bellì
Panthoides Euphorbus eram ‡.

For I myself remember in the Days
O' th' *Trojan* War, that I *Euphorbus* was.

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* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 15. † *Claud. in Ruff. lib.* 2.
‡ *Ovid. Met. lib.* 15.

As

As to the Relation betwixt us and Beasts, I do not much admit of it, nor allow what several Nations, and those the most ancient and most noble, have practis'd, who have not only receiv'd *Brutes* into their Society, but have given them a Rank infinitely above them; esteeming them one while Familiars and Favourites of the Gods, and having them in more than human Reverence and Respect; others knowing no other Divinity but they. *Belluæ à Barbaris propter beneficium consecratæ: The* Barbarians *consecrated Beasts, out of Opinion of some Benefit receiv'd by them.*

Beasts rever'd for Gods by some of the Ancients.

——————*Crocodilon adorat*
Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin,
Effigies sacri hic nitet aurea Cercopitheci.
——————*Hic piscem fluminis, illic*
Oppida tota canem venerantur *.

One Country thus adores the Crocodile,
Th' Inhabitant of Monster-breeding *Nile*,
While other Nations long-bill'd Ibis dread,
With Poisonous Flesh of ugly Serpents fed.
And in some Cities too, you may behold,
The Statue of a Monkey shine in Gold;
Here Men, from monstrous Fishes Aid implore,
And there, whole Towns a grinning Dog adore.

And the very Interpretation, that *Plutarch* gives to this Error, which is very well taken, is advantageous to them: *For, he* says, *That it was not the Cat, or the Ox,* for Example, *that the* Ægyptians *ador'd: But that they in those Beasts ador'd some Image of the Divine Faculties; in this the Patience and Utility, in that the Vivacity, or, as our Neighbours, the* Burgundians *with the* Germans, *the Impatience to see itself shut up; by which, they represented the Liberty they lov'd and ador'd, above all other Divine Faculties, and so of the rest.* But when, amongst the more moderate Opinions, I meet with Arguments, that endeavour to demonstrate the near Resemblance betwixt us and Animals, how much they share in our greatest Privileges, and with how great Probability they compare

* *Juven. Sat.* 15.

and couple us together, in earneſt. I abate a great deal of our Preſumption, and willingly let fall the Title of that imaginary Sovereignty, that ſome attribute to us over other Creatures. But ſuppoſing all this were true, there is nevertheleſs a certain Reſpect, and a general Duty of Humanity, that ties us not only to Beaſts that have Life and Senſe, but even to Trees and Plants. We owe Juſtice to Men, and Grace and Benignity to other Creatures that are capable of it. There is a certain natural Commerce, and mutual Obligation betwixt them and us; neither ſhall I be afraid to diſcover the Tenderneſs of my Nature ſo childiſh, that I cannot well refuſe to play with my Dog, when he the moſt unſeaſonably importunes me ſo to do. The *Turks* have Alms and Hoſpitals for Beaſts. The *Romans* had a publick Regard to the Nouriſhment of Geeſe, by whoſe Vigilancy their Capitol had been preſerv'd: The *Athenians* made a Decree, that the Mules and Moyles which ſerv'd at the building of the Temple call'd *Hecatompedon*, ſhould be free, and ſuffer'd to paſture at their own Choice without Hindrance. The *Agrigentines* had a common Cuſtom ſolemnly to inter the Beaſts, they had a Kindneſs for; as Horſes of ſome extraordinary Qualities, Dogs and Birds of whom they had had Profit, and even thoſe that had only been kept to divert their Children. And the Magnificency that was common with them in all other Things, did alſo particularly appear in the Sumptuouſneſs and Numbers of Monuments, erected to this very End, that remain'd in their Beauty ſeveral Ages after. The *Ægyptians* bury'd Wolves, Bears, Crocodiles, Dogs and Cats in Sacred Places, embalm'd their Bodies, and put on Mourning at their Death. *Simon* gave an honourable Sepulture to the Mares, with which he had three times gain'd the Prize of the Courſe at the *Olympick* Games. The ancient *Xantippus* caus'd his Dog to be interr'd on an Eminence near the Sea, which has ever ſince retain'd the Name. And *Plutarch* ſays, *That he made Conſcience of ſelling to the Slaughter, an Ox, that had been long in his Service.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Apology for Raimond de Sebonde.

LEarning is, indeed, a very great, and a very useful Accompliſhment; and thoſe who deſpiſe it, ſufficiently diſcover their own want of Underſtanding: But yet I do not prize it at the exceſſive Rate that ſome others do. As *Herillus*, the Philoſopher, for one, who therein places the Sovereign Good, and maintain'd, *That it was only in her to render us wiſe and contented*, which I do not believe; no more than I do what others have ſaid, That Learning is the Mother of all Virtue, and that all Vice proceeds from Ignorance, which, if it be true, requires a very long Interpretation. My Houſe has long been open to Men of Knowledge, and is very well known to be ſo; for my Father, who govern'd it Fifty Years, and upwards, inflam'd with the new Ardour with which *Francis* the Firſt embraced Letters, and brought them into eſteem, with great Diligence and Expence hunted after the Acquaintance of Learned Men, receiving them into his Houſe, as Perſons Sacred, and that had ſome particular Inſpiration of Divine Wiſdom; collecting their Sayings and Sentences as ſo many Oracles, and with ſo much the greater Reverence and Religion, as he was the leſs able to judge; for he had no knowledge of Letters, no more than his Predeceſſors. For my Part, I love them well, but I do not adore them. Amongſt others, *Peter Bunel*, a Man of great Reputation for Knowledge in his Time, having, with ſome others of his Sort, ſtaid ſome days at *Montaigne*, in my Father's Company; he preſented him, at his Departure, with a Book intituled, *Theologia naturalis; ſive Liber Creaturarum Magiſtri Raimondi de Sebonde*. And as that the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Tongues were familiar to my Father; and this Book being

Learning brought into eſteem by Francis *the Firſt, in* France.

wrote in *Spanish*, sustain'd with *Latin* Terminations, he hop'd, that with a little Help, he might be able to understand it, and therefore recommended it to him for a very useful Piece, and proper for the Time wherein he gave it to him; which was, when the Novel *Doctrines* of *Martin Luther* began to be in Vogue, and in many Places to stagger our ancient Belief: Wherein he was very well advis'd, wisely, in his own Reason, foreseeing, that the Beginning of this Distemper would easily run into an execrable *Atheism*, for the Vulgar not having the Faculty of judging of Things, suffering themselves to be carried away by Appearance, after, having once been inspired with the Boldness to despise and controul those Opinions which they had before had in extreme Reverence, such as those wherein their Salvation is concerned, and that some of the *Articles* of their *Religion* were brought into Doubt and Dispute; they afterwards throw all other Parts of their Belief into the same Uncertainty, they having in them no other Authority or Foundation, than the other they had already discompos'd; and shake off all the Impressions they had receiv'd from the Authority of the Laws, or the Reverence of the Ancient Custom, as a Tyrannical Yoak;

Nam cupide conculcatur nimis ante metutum *,

For with most Eagerness they spurn the Law,
By which they were before most kept in awe.

Resolving to admit nothing for the future, to which they had not first interpos'd their own Decrees, and given their particular Consent. It happen'd that my Father a little before his Death having accidentally found this Book under a Heap of other neglected Papers, commanded me to translate it for him into *French*. It is good to translate such Authors as this, where there is little but the Matter itself to express; but such wherein the Ornament of Language and Elegancy of Style is the main Endeavour, are dangerous to attempt; especially, when a Man is to turn them into a weaker Idiom. It was a strange and a new Undertaking for me: But having, by chance, at that Time, little else to do, and not being

What Books are proper to translate.

* *Lucr. lib.* 5.

able

able to resist the Command of the best Father that ever was, I did it as well as I could; and he was so well pleas'd with it, as to order it to be printed; which also after his Death, was perform'd. I found the Imagination of this Author exceeding fine, the Contexture of his Work well followed, and his Design full of Piety; and because many People take a Delight to read it, and particularly the Ladies to whom we owe the most Service, I have often been ready to assist them to clear the Book of two principal Objections. His *Design* is bold and daring, for he undertakes, by human and natural Reasons, to establish, and make good against the Atheists, all the *Articles* of the *Christian Religion:* Wherein (to speak the Truth) he is so firm, and so successful, that I do not think it possible to do better upon that Subject; nay, I believe he has been equall'd by none. This Work seeming to me to be too beautiful, and too rich for an Author whose Name is so little known, and of whom all that we know is, that he was a *Spaniard*,, who professed Physick at *Thoulouse* about two hundred Years ago; I enquir'd of *Adrian Turnebus*, who knew all Things, what he thought of that Book; who made answer, *That he thought it was some Abstract drawn from St.* Thomas *of* Aquin; *for that, in Truth, his Wit full of infinite Learning, and absolute Subtilty, was only capable of those Thoughts.* So it is, that, whoever was the Author and Inventor (and 'tis not reasonable, without greater Certainty, to deprive *Sebonde* of that Title) he was a Man of great Judgment, and most admirable Parts. The first thing they reprehend in his Work is, *That* Christians *are to blame to repose their Belief upon human Reason, which is only conceiv'd by Faith, and the particular Inspiration of Divine Grace.* In which Objection, their appears to be something of Zeal to Piety, and therefore we are to endeavour to satisfy those who put it forth with the greater Mildness and Respect. This were a Task more proper for a Man well read in Divinity, than for me who know nothing of it; nevertheless, I conceive that, in a Thing so Divine, so high, and so far transcending all human Intelligence, as this Truth, with which it has pleased the Bounty of Almighty God to enlighten us, it is very necessary that he should, moreover, lend us his Assistance after a very extraordinary Method of Favour, to conceive and imprint it in our Understandings: And do not believe, that

Means purely human, are in any sort capable of doing it: For, if they were, so many rare and excellent Souls, and so abundantly furnish'd with natural Force, in former Ages, could not have fail'd by their Reason, to arrive at this Knowledge. 'Tis *Faith* alone, that livelily and certainly comprehends the deep Mysteries of our Religion; but withal, I do not say, that it is not a brave, and a very laudable Attempt, to accommodate those natural and human Utensils with which God has endowed us, to the Service of our Faith: It is not to be doubted, but that it is the most noble Use we can put them to; and that there is not a Design in a Christian Man more noble, than to make it the Aim and End of all his Studies, to extend and amplify the Truth of his Belief. We do not satisfy ourselves with serving God with our Souls and Understandings only, we moreover owe and render him a Corporal Reverence, and apply our Limbs and Motions, and external Things, to do him Honour; we must here do the same, and accompany our Faith with all the Reason we have, but always with this Reservation, not to fancy that it is upon us that it depends, nor that our Arguments and Endeavours can arrive at so supernatural and Divine a Knowledge. If it enters not into us by an extraordinary Infusion; if it only enters, not only by Arguments of Reason, but moreover, by human Ways, it is not in us in its true Dignity and Splendour: and yet, I am afraid we only have it by this way. If we laid hold upon God by the Meditation of a lively *Faith*: If we laid hold upon God by him, and not by us: If we had a Divine Basis and Foundation, human Accidents would not have the Power to shake us as they do; our *Fortress* would not surrender to so weak a Battery; the Love of Novelty, the Constraint of Princes, the Success of one Party, and the rash and fortuitous Change of our Opinions, would not have the Power to stagger and alter our Belief: We should not then leave it to the Mercy of every new Argument, nor abandon it to all the Rhetorick in the World: We should withstand the Fury of these Waves with an immovable and unyielding Constancy.

The marvellous Effects of lively Faith.

Illisos fluctus rupes ut vasta refundit,
Et varias circum latrantes, dissipat undas
Mole sua.

As

As a vaſt Rock repels the rowling Tides,
That foam and bark about her Marble Sides,
From the ſtrong Mole.

If we were but touched with this Ray of Divinity, it would appear throughout; not only our Words, but our Works alſo, would carry its Brightneſs and Luſtre; whatever proceeded from us, would be ſeen illuminated with this noble Light. We ought to be aſhamed, that, in all the human Sects, there never was any of the Faction, what Difficulty and ſtrange Novelty ſoever his Doctrine impos'd upon him, that did not, in ſome Meaſure, conform his Life and Behaviour to it, whereas ſo Divine and Heavenly an Inſtitution, does only diſtinguiſh *Chriſtians* by the Name. Will you ſee the Proof of this? Compare our Manners to thoſe of a *Mahometan* or *Pagan*, you will ſtill find that we fall very ſhort; whereas out of regard to the Reputation and Advantage of our Religion, we ought to ſhine in Virtue, and that it ſhould be ſaid of us; Are they ſo Juſt, ſo Charitable, ſo Good? Then they are *Chriſtians*. All other Signs are common to all Religions; Hope, Truſt, Events, Ceremonies, Penance and Martyrs. The peculiar Mark of our Truth ought to be our Virtue, as it is alſo the moſt Heavenly and difficult, and the moſt worthy Product of Truth. For this our good St. *Lewis* was in the right; when the King of the *Tartars*, who was become *Chriſtian*, deſign'd to come to *Lyons* to kiſs the Pope's Feet, and there to be an Eye-witneſs of the Sanctity he hoped to find in our Manners, immediately to divert him from his Purpoſe; for fear leſt our inordinate Way of Living ſhou'd on the contrary put him out of conceit with ſo holy a Belief, and yet it happen'd quite otherwiſe ſince to this other, who going to *Rome* to the ſame End, and there ſeeing the Diſſoluteneſs of the *Prelates*, and People of that Time, ſettled himſelf ſo much the more firmly in our *Religion*, conſidering how great the Force and Divinity of it muſt neceſſarily be, that could maintain its Dignity and Splendour among ſo much Corruption, and in ſo vicious Hands. *If we had but one ſingle Grain of Faith, we ſhould remove Mountains from their Places*, ſaith the Sacred

Virtue, the particular Mark of the Chriſtian Religion.

cred Word; our Actions, that would then be directed and accompanied by the Divinity, would not be meerly human, they would have in them something of miraculous, as well as our Belief: *Brevis est institutio vitæ honestæ, beataque, si credas.* Some impose upon the World that they believe that which they do not; others, more in number, make themselves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe. We think it strange, if in the Civil War, which at this Time disorders our State, we see Events float, and vary after a common and ordinary Manner; which is, because we bring nothing to it but our own. *Justice,* which is in one Party, is only there for Ornament and Palliation; it is indeed pretended, but 'tis not there receiv'd, settled and espoused: It is there, as in the Mouth of an *Advocate,* not as in the Heart and Affection of the Party. God owes his extraordinary Assistance to *Faith* and *Religion*; but not to our *Passions.* Men there are the Conductors, and therein serve themselves with *Religion,* which ought to be quite contrary. Observe, if it be not by our own Hands that we guide and train it, and draw it like Wax into so many contrary Figures, from a Rule in itself so direct and firm. When and where was this more manifest, than in *France* in our Days? They who have taken it on the Left-hand, they who have taken it on the Right; they who call it black, they who call it white, alike employ it to their violent and ambitious Designs, conduct it with a Progress, so conform in Riot and Injustice, that they render the Diversity they pretended in their Opinions, in a Thing whereon the Conduct and Rule of our Life depends, doubtful and hard to believe. Can a Man see, even from the same School and Discipline, Manners more united, and more the same? Do but observe with what horrid Impudence we toss Divine Arguments to and fro, and how irreligiously we have both rejected and retaken them, according as *Fortune* has shifted our Places in these Intestine Storms. This so solemn Proposition, *Whether it be lawful for a Subject to rebel, and take up Arms against his Prince for the Defence of his Religion?*

God assists our Faith and Religion, not our Passions.

Proposition, Whether it be lawful to take Arms against the King in Defence of Religion?

ligion? Do you remember in whoſe Mouths the laſt Year, the Affirmative of it was the Prop of one Party, and the Negative the Pillar of another? And hearken now from what Quarter comes the Vote, and Inſtruction of both the one and the other; and if Arms make leſs Noiſe and Rattle for this Cauſe, that for that. We condemn thoſe to the Fire, who ſay, *That Truth muſt be made to bear the Yoak of our Neceſſity*; and how much more does *France* then ſay it? Let us confeſs the Truth; whoever ſhould draw out the Army lawfully rais'd by the King's Authority, thoſe who take up Arms out of pure Zeal to Religion, and alſo thoſe who only do it to protect the Laws of their Country, or for the Service of their Prince, could hardly, out of both theſe put together, make one compleat Company of *Gens de Armes*. Whence does this proceed, that there are ſo few to be found who have maintain'd the ſame Will and the ſame Progreſs in our Civil Commotions, and that we ſee them one while move but a Foot-pace, and another run full Speed? and the ſame Men one while endamage our Affairs by their violent Heat and Auſterity, and another by their Coldneſs, Gentleneſs and Slowneſs; but that they are puſh'd on by particular and caſual Conſiderations, according to the Variety whereof they move? I evidently perceive, that we do not willingly afford Devotion any other Offices but thoſe that beſt ſuit with our own Paſſions. There is no Hoſtility ſo admirable as the *Chriſtian*. Our Zeal performs Wonders, when it ſeconds our Inclinations to Hatred, Cruelty, Ambition, Avarice, Detraction and Rebellion: But when it moves againſt the Hair towards Bounty, Benignity and Temperance, unleſs, by Miracle, ſome rare and virtuous Diſpoſition prompts us to it, we ſtir neither Hand nor Foot. Our Religion is intended to extirpate Vices; whereas it ſkreens, nouriſhes and incites them. We muſt not mock God. If we did believe in him, I do not ſay by Faith, but with a ſimple Belief, that is to ſay (and I ſpeak it to our great Shame) if we did believe him as we do any other Hiſtory; or as we would do one of our Companions, we ſhould love him above all other Things, for the infinite Bounty and Beauty that ſhines in him: At leaſt he would go equal into our Affection, with Riches, Pleaſures, Glory, and our Friends. The Beſt of us is not ſo much afraid to injure him, as he is afraid to injure his Neighbour, his Kinſman,

man, or his Master. Is their any Understanding so weak, that having on one Side the Object of one of our vicious Pleasures, and on the other (in equal Knowledge and Persuasion) the State of an immortal Glory, would dispute for the first against the other? and yet we often renounce this out of meer Contempt; for what Lust tempts us to blaspheme, if not, perhaps, the very Desire to offend? The Philosopher *Antisthenes*, as the *Priest* was initiating him in the *Mysteries* of *Orpheus*, telling him, *That those who profess'd themselves of that Religion were certain to receive perfect and eternal Felicities after Death. If thou believest that*, answer'd he, *why dost not thou die thyself? Diogenes* more rudely, according to his Manner, and more remote from our Purpose, to the *Priest* that in like Manner preached to him, *to become of his Religion, that he might obtain the Happiness of the other World: What*, said he, *thou wouldest have me to believe, that* Agesilaus *and* Epaminondas, *who were so great Men, shall be miserable, and that thou, who art but a Calf, and canst do nothing to Purpose, shall be happy, because thou art a* Priest? Did we receive these great Promises of Eternal Beatitude with the same Reverence and Respect that we do a Philosophical *Lecture*, we should not have Death in so great Horror.

Non jam se moriens dissolvi conquereretur,
Sed magis ire foras, vestemque relinquere ut anguis
Gauderet, prælonga senex aut cornua Cervus *,

We should not then dying, repine to be
Dissolv'd, but rather step out chearfully
From our old Hut, and with the Snake be glad
To cast the old uneasy Slough we had:
Or with th' old Stag, rejoice to be now clear
From the large Head, too pond'rous grown too bear.

I desire to be dissolv'd, we should say, and to be with *Jesus Christ*. The Force of *Plato*'s Arguments, concerning the Immortality of the Soul, sent some of his Disciples to untimely Graves, that they might the sooner enjoy the Things he had made them hope for. All which is a most evident Sign, that we only receive our Religion after our own Fashion, by our own Hands, and no otherwise than other Re-

* *Lucret. lib.* 3.

ligions

ligions are receiv'd. Either we are come into the Country where it is in Practice, or we bear a Reverence to the Antiquity of it, or to the Authority of the Men who have maintained it, or fear the Menaces it fulminates againſt Miſcreants, or are allur'd by its Promiſes. Theſe Conſiderations ought, 'tis true, to be apply'd to our Belief, but as Subſidaries only, for they are human Obligations. Another Religion, other Witneſſes, the like Promiſes and Threats, might, by the ſame Way, imprint a quite contrary Belief. We are *Chriſtians* by the ſame Title that we are *Perigordins* and *Germans*. And what *Plato* ſays, *That there are few Men ſo obſtinate in their* Atheiſm, *that a preſſing Danger will not reduce to an Acknowledgement of the Divine Power*, does not concern a true *Chriſtian*; 'Tis for mortal and human Religions to be receiv'd by human Recommendation. What Kind of Faith can we expect that ſhould be, that Cowardice and want of Courage eſtabliſhes in us? A pleaſant *Faith*, that does not believe what it believes, but for Want of Courage to diſbelieve it. Can a vicious Paſſion, ſuch as Inconſtancy and Aſtoniſhment, cauſe any regular Product in our Souls? *They are confident, in their own Judgment*, ſays he, *That what is ſaid of* Hell *and future Torments, is all feign'd: But an Occaſion of making the Experiment preſenting itſelf, that old Age or Diſeaſes bring them to the Brink of the Grave, the Terror of Death, by the Horror of that future Condition, inſpires them with a new Belief.* And by Reaſon that ſuch Impreſſions render them timorous, he forbids in his Laws all ſuch threatning *Doctrines*, and all Perſuaſions that any Thing of Ill can befall a Man from the Gods, excepting for his great Good, when they happen to him, and for a medicinal Effect. They ſay of *Bion*, that infected with the *Atheiſm* of *Theodorus*, he had long had religious Men in great Scorn and Contempt, but that Death ſurprizing him, he gave himſelf up to the moſt extreme Superſtition; *as if the Gods withdrew and return'd according to the Neceſſities of* Bion. *Plato* and his Examples would conclude, that we are brought to a Belief of God, either by Reaſon or by Force. *Atheiſm* being a Propoſition as unnatural as monſtrous, ſo difficult alſo and hard to ſink into human Underſtanding, how arrogant and irregular ſoever; there are Men enough ſeen, out

Bion *an* Atheiſt.

What Atheiſm *is.*

out of Vanity and Pride, to be the Authors of extraordinary and reforming Opinions, and outwardly to affect the Profession of them; who, if they are such Fools, have, nevertheless, not the Power to plant them in their own Conscience. Yet will they not fail to lift up their Hands towards Heaven, if you give them a good Thrust with a Sword into the Breast; and when Fear or Sickness has abated, and suppress'd the licentious Fury of this giddy Humour, they will easily re-unite, and very discreetly suffer themselves to be reconcil'd to the publick Faith and Examples. A Doctrine seriously digested is one thing, and those superficial Impressions another; which springing from the Disorder of an unhinged Understanding, float at random and great Uncertainty in the Fancy. Miserable and senseless Men who strive to be worse than they can! The Error of Paganism and the Ignorance of our Sacred Truth! Let this great Soul, but great only in human Greatness, fall yet into this other Mistake, *That Children and Old Men were most susceptible of Religion*, as if it sprung and deriv'd its Reputation from our Weakness. The Knot that ought to bind the Judgment, and the Will that ought to restrain the Soul and join it to the Creator, must be a Knot that derives the Foldings and Strength not from our Considerations, from our Reasons and Passions; but from a Divine and Supernatural Constraint, having but one Form, one Face and one Lustre, which is the Authority of God and his Divine Grace. Now the Heart and Soul being govern'd and commanded by Faith, 'tis but Reason that they should muster all their other Faculties, forasmuch as they are able to perform to the Service and Assistance of their Design. Neither is it to be imagin'd, that all this *Machine* has not some Marks imprinted upon it by the Hand of the mighty *Architect*, and that there is not in the Things of this World, some Image, that in some Measure resembles the Workman, who has built and form'd them. He has, in his stupendous Works, left the Character of his Divinity, and 'tis our own Weakness only that hinders us from discerning it. 'Tis what he himself is pleased to tell us, *That he manifests his invisible Operations to us by those that are visible.* *Sebonde* applied himself to this laudable and noble Study, and demonstrates to us, that there is not any Part or Member of

Divinity imprinted in the outward Fabrick of the World.

of the World that disclaims or derogates from its Maker. It were to do wrong to the Divine Bounty, did not the Universe consent to our Belief: The *Heavens*, the *Earth*, the *Elements*, our *Bodies* and our *Souls*; all these concur to this, if we can but find out the Way to use them. For this World is a sacred *Temple*, into which Man is introduced, there to contemplate *Statues*, not the Works of a mortal Hand, but such as the Divine Purpose has made the Objects of Sense; the *Sun*, the *Stars*, the *Water*, and the *Earth*, to represent those that are intelligible to us. *The invisible Things of God*, says St. *Paul*, *appear by the Creation of the World, his Eternal Wisdom and Divinity being considered by his Works.*

The World a sacred Temple

Atque adeo faciem cæli non invidet orbi
Ipse Deus, vultusque suus corpusque recludit
Semper volvendo, Seq; ipsum inculcat & offert,
Ut bene cognosci possit doceatque videndo.
Qualis erat, doceatque suas attendere legis *.

And God himself envies not Men the Grace
Of seeing and admiring Heaven's Face:
But rowling it about, does still anew
Object its Face and Body to our View;
And int' our Minds himself inculcate so,
That we may well the mighty *Mover* know;
Instructing us, by seeing him the Cause
Of all, to rev'rence and obey his Laws.

Now our Prayers and human Discourses are but as steril and undigested Matter: The Grace of God is the Form: 'Tis that which gives Fashion and Value to it. As the virtuous Actions of *Socrates* and *Cato* remain vain and fruitless, for not having had the Love and Obedience of the true *Creator* of all Things for their End and Object, and for not having known God: So is it with our Imaginations and Discourses, they having a kind of Body, but it is an inform Mass without Fashion, and without Light, if *Faith* and *Grace* be not added to it, *Faith* coming to tinct and illustrate it. *Sebonde*'s Arguments render them firm and solid, and to that De-

* *Manil. l.* 4.

gree,

gree, that they are capable of serving for Directions, and of being the first Guides to an Elementary *Christian*, to put him into the Way of this Knowledge: They in some Measure form him to, and render him capable of the *Grace of God*, by which Means he afterward compleats and perfects himself in the true Belief. I know a Man of Authority, bred up to Letters, who has confess'd to me, to have been *reduc'd from the Errors of Unbelief by* Sebonde's *Arguments*. And should they be stripped of this Ornament, and of the Assistance and Approbation of the Holy Faith, and be looked upon as meer human Fancies only, to contend with those who are precipitated into the dreadful and horrible Darkness of Irreligion, they will even there find them as solid and firm as any others of the same Quality that can be oppos'd against them; so that we shall be ready to say to our Opponents,

Si melius quid habes, accerse, vel imperium fer.

If you have Arguments more fit,
Produce them, or to these submit.

Let them admit the Force of our Reasons; or let them shew us others, and upon some other Subject better woven and a finer Thread. I am unawares half engaged in the second Objection, to which I proposed to make answer in the Behalf of *Sebonde*. Some say, *That his Arguments are weak, and unable to make good what he intends*; and undertake with great Ease to confute them. These are to be a little more roughly handled; for they are more dangerous and malicious than the First. Men willingly wrest the Sayings of others to favour their own prejudicate Opinions; to an *Atheist* all Writings tend to *Atheism*; he corrupts the most innocent Matter with his own Venom; these have their Judgments so pre-possess'd, that they cannot relish *Sebonde*'s Reasons. As to the rest, they think we give them very fair Play, in putting them into the Liberty of our Religion with Weapons meerly human, which in her *Majesty*, full of Authority and Command, they durst not attack. The means that I shall use, and that I think most proper to subdue this Frenzy, is, to crush and spurn under Foot Pride and human Fierceness; to make them sensible of the Inanity, Vanity and Vileness of Man, to wrest the wretched Arms of their Reason out of their Hands, to make them bow down

and

and bite the Ground under the Authority and Reverence of the Divine *Majeſty*. 'Tis to that alone that Knowledge and Wiſdom appertain, that alone, that can make a true Eſtimate of itſelf, and from which we purloin whatever we value ourſelves upon,

Wiſdom only belongs to the Divinity.

Οὐ γὰρ ἐᾷ φρονεῖν ὁ Θεὸς μέγα τ' ἄλλον ἑαυτόν *.

God not permits, that any one ſhould be
More wiſe than he.

Let us ſubdue this Preſumption: The firſt Foundation of this Tyranny of the Evil Spirit. *Deus ſuperbis reſiſtit: Humilibus autem dat gratiam. Gods reſiſts the Proud; but gives Grace to the Humble* †. *Underſtanding is in the Gods*, ſays *Plato, and not at all, or very little, in Men.* Now it is in the mean Time a great Conſolation to a *Chriſtian* Man, to ſee our frail and mortal Parts ſo fitly ſuited to our Holy and Divine Faith, that when we employ them to the Subjects of their own mortal and frail Nature, they are not even there more equally or more firmly adjuſted. Let us ſee then, if Man has in his Power other more forcible and convincing Reaſons, than thoſe of *Sebonde*; that is to ſay, if it be in him to arrive at any Certainty by Arguments and Reaſons. For St. *Auguſtin*, diſputing againſt theſe People, has good Cauſe to reproach them with Injuſtice, *in that they maintain the Part of our Belief to be falſe, that our Reaſon cannot eſtabliſh.* And to ſhew that a great many Things may be, and may have been, of which our Nature could not found the Reaſon and Cauſes, he propoſes to them certain known and undoubted Experiments, wherein Men confeſs they ſee nothing; and this he does, as all other Things, with a curious and ingenious Inquiſition. We muſt do more than this, and make them know, that to convince the Weakneſs of their Reaſon, there is no Neceſſity of culling out uncommon Examples: And that it is ſo defective and ſo blind, that there is no Faculty clear enough for it; that to it the eaſy and the hard are all one; that all Subjects equally, and Nature in general, diſclaim its Authority, and reject its Mediation. What does Truth mean when

* *Horacum Adagium.* † 1 *Pet.* v. 5.

she preaches to us to fly Worldly *Philosophy*, when she so often inculcates to us, *That our Wisdom is but Folly in the Sight of God: That the vainest of all Vanities is Man: That the Man who presumes upon his Wisdom, does not yet know what Wisdom is*; and *that Man, who is nothing if he thinks himself to be any Thing, does seduce and deceive himself?* These Sentences of the *Holy Ghost* do so clearly and lively express that which I would maintain, that I should need no other Proof against Men, who would with all Humility and Obedience submit to his Authority: But these will be whipp'd at their own Expence, and will not suffer a Man to oppose their Reason, but by itself. Let us then, for once, consider a Man alone, without Foreign Assistance, arm'd only with his own proper Arms, and unfurnish'd of the Divine Grace and Wisdom, which is all his Honour, Strength, and the Foundation of his Being. Let us see what Certainty he has in his fine Equipage. Let him make me understand, by the Force of his Reason, upon what Foundations he has built those great Advantages he thinks he has over other Creatures: Who has made him believe, that this admirable Motion of the Celestial Arch, the Eternal Light of those Tapers that roll over his Head, the wonderful Motions of that infinite Ocean, should be establish'd and continue so many Ages for his Service and Convenience? Can any Thing be imagin'd so ridiculous, that this miserable and wretched Creature, who is not so much as Master of himself, but subject to the Injuries of all Things, should call himself Master and Emperor of the World, of which he has not Power to know the least Part, much less to command the Whole? And the Privilege which he attributes to himself, of being the only Creature in this vast Fabrick, that has the Understanding to discover the Beauty and the Parts of it; the only one who can return Thanks to the Architect, and keep Account of the Revenues and Disbursements of the World; who, I wonder, seal'd him this Patent? Let us see his Commission for this great Employment. Was it granted in favour of the Wise only? Few People will be concern'd in it. Are Fools and wicked Persons worthy so extraordinary a Favour? And being the worst Part of the World, to be preferr'd before the rest? Shall we believe *Cicero*? *Quorum igitur causa quis dixerit*

The Wisdom of the World Folly with God.

effectum

effectum esse mundum? Eorum scilicet animantium, quæ ratione utuntur. Hi sunt Dii & Homines, quibus profecto nihil est melius *. *For whose Sake shall we therefore conclude, that the World was made? For theirs who have the Use of Reason: These are Gods and Men, than whom certainly nothing can be better.* We can never sufficiently decry the Impudence of this Conjunction. But wretched *Creature*, what has he in himself worthy of such an Advantage? To consider the incorruptible Existency of the Celestial Bodies, their Beauty, Magnitude and continual Revolution, by so exact a Rule:

——*Cum suspicimus magna Cœlestia mundi*
Templa super, stellisque micantibus Ethera fixum,
Et venit in mentem Lunæ, Solisque viarum †.

When we Above the Heavenly Arch behold,
And the vast Roof studded with Stars of Gold,
And call to Mind, the Courses that the Sun
And Moon in their alternate Office run.

To consider the Dominion and Influence those Bodies have, not only over our Lives and Fortune;

Facta etenim, & vitas hominum suspendit ab astris ‖.

Men's Lives and Actions on the Stars depend.

But even over our Inclinations, our Thoughts and Wills, which they govern, incite and agitate at the Mercy of their Influences,

——*Speculataque longe*
Deprendit tacitis dominantia legibus astra,
Et totum alterna mundum ratione moveri,
Fatorumque vices certis discernere signis §.

Contemplating the Stars, he finds that they
Rule by a secret and a silent Sway;
And that the enamell'd Spheres which rule above,
Do ever by alternate Causes move.
And studying these, he also can foresee,
By certain Signs, the Turns of Destiny.

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* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 2.
‖ *Manil. l.* 3.
† *Lucret. l.* 5.
§ *Id. lib.* 1.

To see that there is not so much as a Man, no not a King, exempt from this Dominion, but that Monarchies, Empires, and all this lower World follow the Influence of the Celestial Motions,

Quantaq; quam parvi faciant discrimina motus:
Tantum est hoc regnum, quod Regibus imperat ipsis *.

How great a Change a little Motion brings;
So great the Kingdom is, that governs Kings.

If our Virtue, our Vices, our Knowledge, and this very Discourse we are upon, of the Power of the Stars, and the Comparison, we are making betwixt them and us, proceed, as our Reason supposes, from their Favour:

——————Furit alte, amore,
Et pontum tranare potest & vertere Trojam
Alterius sors est scribendis legibus apta:
Ecce patrem nati perimunt: Natosque parentes,
Nutuaque armati coeunt in vulnere fratres,
Non nostrum hoc bellum est, coguntur tanta movere,
Inque suas ferri pœnas lacerandaque membra †.

One mad in Love may cross the raging Seas,
T'oreturn proud *Iliums*'s lofty Palaces;
Another's Fate inclines him more by far,
To spend his Time at the litigious Bar,
Sons kill their Fathers, Fathers kill their Sons,
And one arm'd Brother against another runs.
This War's not theirs, but *Fate*'s that spurs them on,
To shed the Blood, which shed, they must bemoan.

If we derive this little Portion of *Reason* we have from the Bounty of Heaven, how is it possible that *Reason* should ever make us equal to it? How subject its Essence and Condition to our Knowledge? Whatever we see in that Body does astonish us; *Quæ molitio, quæ ferramenta, qui vectes, quæ machinæ, qui ministri tanti operis fuerunt? What Contrivance, what Tools, what Materials, what Engines, were employed about so stupendious a Work?* Why do we deprive it of Soul, of Life and Discourse? Have we discovered in it any immote or insensible Stupidity, we who have no Commerce with the Heavens, but by Obedience? Shall we

* *Manil. l.* 1. † *Id. Ibidem.*

say

say that we have discover'd in no other Creature, but Man, the Use of a reasonable Soul? What, have we seen any Thing like the Sun? Does he cease to be, because we have seen nothing like him? And do his Motions cease, because there are no other like them: If what we have not seen, is not, our Knowledge is wonderfully contracted. *Quæ sunt tantæ animi angustiæ? How narrow are our Understandings?* Are they not Dreams of human Vanity, to make the *Moon* a Celestial Earth? There to fancy Mountains and Vales, as *Anaxagoras* did? There to fix Habitations and human Abodes, and plant Colonies for our Convenience, as *Plato* and *Plutarch* have done? Of our Earth to make a beautiful and resplendent Star? *Inter cætera mortalitatis incommoda, & hoc est, fuligo mentium: Nec tantum necessitas errandi, sed errorum amor. Corruptibile corpus agravat animam, & deprimit terrena inhabitatio sensum multa cogitantem* *. *Amongst the other Inconveniencies of Mortality, this is one, to have the Understanding clouded, and not only a Necessity of Erring, but a Love of Error. The Corruptible Body stupifies the Soul, and the Earthly Habitation dulls the Faculties of the Imagination.* Presumption is our natural and original Disease. The most wretched and frail of all Creatures, is Man, and withal the proudest. He feels, and sees himself lodged here in the Dirt and Filth of the World, nailed and rivetted to the worst and deadest Part of the Universe, in the lowest Story of the House, and most remote from the Heavenly Arch, with Animals of the worst Condition of the three; and yet in his Imagination will be placing himself above the Circle of the *Moon*, and bringing the Earth under his Feet. 'Tis by the same Vanity of Imagination, that he equals himself to God, attributes to himself Divine Qualities, withdraws and separates himself from the Croud of other Creatures, cuts out the Shares of Animals his Fellows and Companions, and distributes to them Portions of Faculties and Force, as himself thinks fit. How does he know by the Strength of his Understanding, the secret and internal Motions of Animals? And from what Comparison betwixt them and us, does he conclude the Stupidity he attributes to them? When I play with my Cat, who knows whether I do not

* *Sen. de ira, lib. 2. cap. 9.*

make her more Sport, than she makes me? We mutually divert one another with our Play. If I have my Hour to begin, or to refuse, she also has hers. *Plato* in his Picture of the Golden Age, under *Saturn*, reckons, amongst the chief Advantages that *a Man then had, his Communication with Beasts, of whom enquiring and informing himself, he knew the true Qualities and Differences of them all*, by which he acquir'd a very perfect Intelligence and Prudence, and led his Life more happily than we could do. Need we a better Proof to condemn a human Imprudence in the concern of Beasts? This great Author was of Opinion, that *Nature*, for the most Part, in the corporal Form she gave them, had only Regard to the Custom of Prognosticks that were derived from thence in his own Time. The Defect that hinders Communication betwixt them and us, why may it not be in our Part as well as theirs? 'Tis yet to determine, where the Fault lies, that we understand not one another; for we understand them no more, than they do us, and by the same Reason, they may think us to be Beasts, as we think them. 'Tis no great wonder if we understand not them, when we do not understand a *Basque*. And yet some have boasted, that they understood them, as *Apollonius*, *Tyanæus*, *Melampus*, *Tiresias*, *Thales* and others. And seeing it is so, as *Cosmographers* report, that there are Nations that receive a *Dog* for their King, they must of necessity be able to interpret his Voice and Motions. We must observe the Parity betwixt us: We have some competent Apprehensions of their Sense, and so have Beasts of ours, and much by the same Reason: They caress us, threaten us, and beg of us, and we do the same to them.

Communication of Beasts amongst themselves.

As to the rest, we manifestly discover, that they have a full and absolute Communication amongst themselves, and that they perfectly understand one another, not only those of the same but of divers Kinds.

Et mutæ pecudes, & denique septa ferarum
Dissimilis fuerunt voces, variasque cluere
Cum metus, aut dolor est, aut cum jam gaudia gliscunt *.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

The

The tamer Herds, and wilder Sort of Brutes,
Though we, and rightly too, conclude them Mutes,
Yet utter diſſonant and various Notes,
From gentler Lungs, or more diſtended Throats,
As Fear, or Grief, or Anger do them move,
Or as they more approach the Joys of Love.

In one Kind of Barking of a Dog, the Horſe knows he is angry; of another Sort of Bark he is not afraid. Even in the very Beaſts that have no Voice at all, we eaſily conclude from the Society of Offices, we obſerve amongſt them, ſome other Sort of Communication; their very Motions diſcover it.

Non alia longè ratione, atque ipſa videtur
Protrahere ad geſtum pueros infantia linguæ.

As we may ſee in Tongue-ty'd Infancy,
Children by Signs, their Want of Speech ſupply.

And why not, as well as our *Mutes* diſpute, conteſt, and tell Stories by Signs? Of which I have ſeen ſome by Practice, ſo ſubtil and active that Way, that in earneſt, they wanted nothing of the Perfection of making themſelves underſtood. Lovers are angry, reconcil'd, intreat, thank, appoint, and finally ſpeak all Things, by their Eyes.

El ſilentior ancor ſuole
Haver prieghi, & parole *.

Even Silence in a Lover,
Love and Courtſhip can diſcover.

What with the Hands? We require, promiſe, call, diſmiſs, threaten, pray, ſupplicate, deny, refuſe, interrogate, admire, number, confeſs, repent, fear, confound, doubt, inſtruct, command, incite, encourage, ſwear, teſtify, accuſe, condemn, abſolve, injure, deſpiſe, defy, provoke, flatter, applaud, bleſs, ſubmit, mock, reconcile, recommend, exalt, entertain, congratulate, complain, grieve, deſpair, wonder, exclaim, and what not? And all this with a Variation, and Multiplication, even to the Emu-

* *Aminto del Taſſo.*

lation of Speech. With the Head we invite, remand, confess, deny, give the lye, welcome, honour, reverence, disdain, demand, rejoice, lament, reject, caress, rebuke, submit, huff, encourage, threaten, assure, and enquire. What with the Eyebrows? What with the Shoulders? There is not a Motion that does not speak, and in an intelligible Language without Discipline, and a publick Language that every one understands: From whence it should follow, the Variety and Use distinguish'd from others consider'd, that these should rather be judg'd the Propriety of human Nature. I omit what Necessity particularly does suddenly suggest to those who are in need; the Alphabets upon the Fingers, Grammars in Gesture, and the Sciences which are only by them exercis'd and express'd with the Nations that *Pliny* reports have no other Language. An Embassador of the City of *Abdera*, after a long Conference with *Agis*, King of *Sparta*, demanded of him, *Well, Sir, What Answer must I return to my Fellow Citizens? That I have given thee leave* (said he) *to say what thou wouldest, and as much as thou wouldest, without ever speaking a Word.* Is not this a silent Speaking, and very easy to be understood? As to the rest, what is there in us, that we do not see in the Operations of Animals? Is there a Polity better order'd, the Offices better distributed, and more inviolably observ'd and maintain'd, than that of *Bees?* Can we imagine that such, and so regular a Distribution of Employments, can be carry'd on without Consideration and Prudence?

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla sequuti,
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, & haustus
Æthereos dicere.

Having contemplated the working *Bees,*
Their Civil Regiment, and Policies,
Some have not stuck presently to conclude,
That they in part with Reason are endu'd.

The Swallows that we see at the Return of the Spring, searching all the Corners of our Houses for the most commodious Places wherein to build their Nest; do they see, without Judgment, and amongst a thousand, chuse out the most proper for their Purpose, without Discretion? In that elegant and admirable Contexture of their Building, can Birds rather make choice of a square Figure than a round,

round, of an obtuſe than of a right Angle, without knowing their Properties and Effects? Do they bring Water, and then Clay, without knowing that the Hardneſs of the latter grows ſofter by being wet? Do they mat their Palace with Moſs or Down, without foreſeeing, that their tender Young will lye more ſafe and eaſy? Do they ſecure themſelves from the wet and rainy Winds, and place their Lodgings towards the Eaſt, without knowing the different Qualities of thoſe Winds, and conſidering that one is more comfortable than the other: Why does the Spider make her Web ſtreighter in one Place, and ſlaker in another? Why now make one Sort of Knot, and then another, if ſhe has not Deliberation, Thought, and Concluſion? We ſufficiently diſcover in moſt of their Works, how much Animals excel us, and how unable our Art is to imitate them. We ſee nevertheleſs in more groſs Performances, that we employ all our Faculties, and apply the utmoſt Power of our Souls; why do we not conclude the ſame of them? Why ſhould we attribute to I know not what natural and ſervile Inclinations the Works that excel all we can do by Nature and Art? Wherein, before we are aware, we give them a mighty Advantage over us, in making Nature, with a maternal Sweetneſs, to accompany and lead them, as it were, by the Hand, to all the Actions and Commodities of their Life, whilſt ſhe leaves us to Chance and Fortune, and to ſeek out by Art, the Things that are neceſſary to our Conſervation, at the ſame time denying us the Means of being able, by any Inſtruction or Contention of Underſtanding, to arrive at the natural Sufficiency of Beaſts: So that their Brutiſh Stupidity ſurpaſſes, in all Conveniences, all that our Divine Intelligence can do. Really, at this rate, we might with great Reaſon call her an unjuſt Step-Mother: But it is nothing ſo, our Polity is not ſo irregular and deform'd. Nature has been generally kind to all her Creatures, and there is not one, ſhe has not amply furniſhed with all Means neceſſary for the Conſervation of his Being. For the common Complaints I hear Men make (as the Liberty of their Opinions, do one while lift them up to the Clouds, and then again depreſs them to the Antipodes) that we are the only Animal abandon'd naked upon the bare Earth, ty'd and bound, not having wherewithal to arm and cloath us, but by the Spoil of others; whereas Nature has cover'd all

other

other Creatures, either with Shells, Husks, Bark, Hair, Wool, Prickles, Leather, Down, Feathers, Scales, and Silk, according to the Necessities of their Being; has arm'd them with Talons, Teeth and Horns, wherewith to assault and defend, and has herself taught them, that which is most proper for them, to swim, to run, to fly, and sing, whereas Man neither knows how to walk, speak, eat, or do any thing but weep, without teaching.

Tum porro puer ut sævis projectus ab undis,
Navita, nudus humi jacet infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cùm primùm in luminis oras
Nexibus ex alvo matris Natura profudit,
Vagitúque locum lugubri complet, æquum est
Cui tantùm in vita restet transire malorum:
At variæ crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,
Nec crepitacula eis opus est, nec quicquam adhibenda ut
Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela:
Nec varias quærunt vestes pro tempore cœli:
Denique non armis opus est, non mœnibus altis
Queis sua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia largè
Tellus ipsa parit, naturaque dædala rerum *.

Like to the wretched Mariner when toss't
By raging Seas upon the desart Coast,
The tender Babe lies naked on the Earth,
Of all Supports of Life, stript by his Birth:
When Nature first presents him to the Day,
Free'd from the Womb where he imprison'd lay,
He fills the ambient Air with doleful Cries,
Foretelling thus Life's future Miseries;
But Beasts, both wild and tame, greater and less,
Do of themselves in height and bulk increase:
They need no Rattle, nor the broken Chat,
By which the Nurse first teaches Boys to prate,
They look not out for diff'rent Robes to wear,
According to the Seasons of the Year:
And need no Arms nor Walls their Goods to save,
Since Earth and liberal Nature ever have,
And will in all abundance still produce,
All Things whereof they can have need or use.

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

Those

Thoſe Complaints are falſe; there is in the Polity of the World a greater Equity and more uniform Relation. Our Skins are as ſufficient to defend us from the Injuries of the Weather, as theirs are them; witneſs ſeveral Nations that yet know not the Uſe of Cloaths. Our ancient *Gauls* were but ſlenderly clad no more than the *Iriſh*, our Neighbours, in ſo cold a Climate: But we may better judge of this by ourſelves: For all thoſe Parts, that we are pleaſed to expoſe to the Air, are found very able to endure it: If there be a tender Part about us, and that ſeems to be in danger of Cold, it ſhould be the Stomach where the Digeſtion is; and yet our Forefathers were them always open, and our Ladies, as tender and delicate as they are, go ſometimes bare as low as the Navel. Neither is the binding or ſwathing of Infants more neceſſary; and the *Lacedæmonian* Mothers brought up theirs in all liberty of Motion of Members, without any Ligature at all. Our Crying is common with the greateſt part of other Animals, and there are but few Creatures, that are not obſerv'd to groan, and bemoan themſelves a long time after they come into the World; foraſmuch as it is a Behaviour ſuitable to the Weakneſs wherein they find themſelves. As to the Cuſtom of Eating, it is, as in them, natural, and without Inſtruction.

The Skin of a Man ſufficient Proof againſt Weather.

The Ancients us'd to wear their Boſoms open.

The ſwathing of Infants not neceſſary.

Sentit enim vim quiſque ſuam quam poſſit abuti *.

For every one ſoon finds his natural Force,
Which he, or better may employ, or worſe.

Who doubts but an Infant, arriv'd to the Strength of feeding himſelf, may make ſhift to get his Living? And the Earth produces and offers him wherewithal to ſupply his Neceſſity without other Culture and Artifice; and if not at all times, no more does ſhe do it to Beaſts, witneſs the Proviſion we ſee *Ants* and other Creatures hoard up againſt the dead Seaſons of the Year. The late diſcover'd Nations, ſo abundantly furniſh'd with Meat, and natural Drink,

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

without

without Care, or without Cookery, may give us to understand, that Bread is not our only Food, and that without Tillage, our Mother Nature has provided us sufficiently of all we stand in need of; nay, it appears more fully and plentifully than she does at present, now that we have added our own Industry:

Et tellus nitidas fruges, vinetaque læta
Sponte sua primum mortalibus ipsa creavit,
Ipsa dedit dulces fœtus, & pabula læta,
Quæ nunc vix nostro grandescunt aucta labore,
Conterimusque boves, & vires agricolarum *.

The Earth spontaneously did first afford
Choice Fruits and Wines to furnish out the Board:
She pretty Off-springs gave and verdant Fields,
Which scarce, by Art, a better Harvest yields;
Tho' Men and Oxen mutually have strove,
With all their utmost Force, the Soil t'improve.

The Debauchery and Irregularity of our Appetites, outstrip all the Inventions we can contrive to satisfy it. As to

The natural Arms of Men.

Arms, we have more that are natural, than the most Part of other Animals, more various Motions of Members, and naturally and without Lesson; and extract more Service from them: Those that are trained up to fight naked, are seen to throw themselves into the like Hazards that we do. If some Beasts surpass us in this Advantage, we surpass them in several others; and the Industry of fortifying the Body, and covering it by acquir'd Means, we have by Instinct

The Elephants Teeth.

and natural Precept. That it is so the *Elephants* sharpens and whets the Teeth he makes use of in War (for he has particular ones for that Service, which he spares, and never employs them at all to any other Use); when *Bulls* go to fight, they toss and throw the Dust about them; *Boars* whet their Tusks; and the *Ichneumon*, when he is to engage with the *Crocodile*, fortifies his Body, covers and crusts it all over with a certain close-wrought, and well-temper'd Slime, as with a Cuirass: Why shall we not say, That it is also natural for

* *Lucret. l. 2.*

us to arm ourſelves with Wood and Iron? As to Speech, it is certain, that if it be not natural, it is not neceſſary. Nevertheleſs, I believe that a Child, which had been brought up in an abſolute Solitude, remote from all Society of Men (which would be a Tryal very hard to make) would have ſome Kind of Speech to expreſs his Meaning by: And 'tis not to be ſuppoſed, that Nature ſhould have deny'd that to us, which ſhe has given to ſeveral other Animals: For, what is this Faculty, we obſerve in them, of complaining, rejoycing, calling to one another for Succour, and the ſofter Murmerings of Love, which they perform with the Voice, other, than Speech? And why ſhould they not ſpeak to one another? They ſpeak to us, and we to them. In how many ſeveral *Tones* do we ſpeak to our *Dogs*, and they anſwer us? We converſe with them in another Sort of Language, and other Appellations, than we do with *Birds*, *Hogs*, *Oxen*, and *Horſes*; and alter the *Idiom* according to the Kind.

Coſi per entro loro ſchiera bruna
S' ammuſa l'una con l' altra formica,
Forſe à piar lor via, & lor fortuna.

Of provident Ants thus do the ſable Bands,
'Gainſt one another Head to Head make ſtands,
T'obſerve each others Ways perhaps, and ſome
Perhaps to ſpy what Prizes are brought home.

Lactantius ſeems to attribute to Beaſts, not only Speech but Riſibility alſo. And the Difference of Language, which is manifeſt amongſt us, according to the Variety of Countries, is alſo obſerv'd in Animals of the ſame Kind. *Ariſtotle*, in Proof of this inſtances the various Calls of *Partridges*, according to the Situations of Places:

Riſibility attributed to Beaſts.

——————*Variæque Volucres*
Longè alias alio jaciunt in tempore voces,
Et partim mutant cum tempeſtatibus una
Rauciſonos cantus *.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

And

And ſeveral Birds do from their warbling Throats,
At ſeveral Times utter quite different Notes,
And ſome their hoarſe Songs with the Seaſons change.

But it is yet to be known what Language this Child would ſpeak; and of that, what is ſaid by gueſs, has no great Appearance. If a Man will alledge to me, in Oppoſition to this Opinion, that thoſe who are naturally Deaf ſpeak not: I anſwer, that that follows, not only becauſe they could not receive the Inſtruction of ſpeaking by Ear; but rather becauſe the Senſe of Hearing, of which they are depriv'd, relates to that of Speaking, and hold together by a natural and inſeparable Tye; in ſuch manner, that what we ſpeak, we muſt firſt ſpeak to ourſelves within, and make it ſound in our own Ears, before we can utter it to others. All this I have ſaid to prove the Reſemblance there is in human Things; and to bring us back, and join us to the Crowd. We are neither above, nor below the reſt. All that is under Heaven (ſays the wiſe Man) runs one Law, and one Fortune.

Impedita ſuis fatalibus omnia vinclis *.

——————All Things remain,
Kept ſhort and bound in the ſame fatal Chain.

There, is indeed, ſome difference, there are ſeveral Orders and Degrees; but it is under the Aſpect of one and the ſame Nature.

——*Res quæque ſuo ritu procedit, & omnes*
Fædere Naturæ certo diſcrimina ſervant †.

All Things by their own Rites proceed, and draw
Towards their Ends, by Nature's certain Law.

Man muſt be compell'd, and reſtrain'd within the Bounds of this Polity. Miſerable Creature! he is not in a Condition really to ſtep over the Rail: He is fetter'd and circumſcribed, he is ſubjected to the ſame Neceſſity that the other Creatures of his Rank and Order are; and of a very mean Condition without any Prerogative, or true and real Preheminence. That which he attributes to himſelf

* *Lucr. l.* 5. † *Ibid.*

by

by vain Fancy and Opinion, has neither Body nor Taſte: And if it be ſo, that he only of all the Animals hath this Privilege of Imagination and Irregularity of Thoughts, repreſenting to him that which is, that which is not; and that he would have the Falſe, and the True; 'Tis an Advantage dearly bought, and of which he has very little Reaſon to be proud: Seeing that from thence ſprings the principal and original Fountain of all the Evils that befal him; Sin, Sickneſs, Irreſolution, Affliction and Deſpair. I ſay then (to return to my Subject) that there is no appearance to induce a Man to believe, that Beaſts ſhould, by a natural and forced Inclination, do the ſame Things that we by our Choice and Induſtry do. We ought from like Effects to conclude like Faculties, and from greater Effects greater Faculties: aud conſequently confeſs, that the ſame Meditation, and the very ſame Ways by which we operate, are common with them, or that they have others that are better. Why ſhould we imagine this natural Conſtraint in them, who experiment no ſuch Effect in ourſelves? Conſidering that it is more honourable to be guided, and obliged to act regularly by a natural and irreſiſtable Diſpoſition, and nearer ally'd to the Divinity, than to act regularly by a temerarious and fortuitous Liberty; and more ſafe to entruſt the Reins of our Conduct in the Hands of Nature, than our own. The Vanity of our Preſumption is the Cauſe, that we had rather owe our Sufficiency to our own Induſtry, than to her Bounty, and that we enrich the other Animals with natural Goods, and abjure them in their Favour, to honour and ennoble ourſelves with Goods acquired, very fooliſhly in my Opinion; for I ſhould as much value Parts and Virtues, naturally and purely my own, as thoſe I had begg'd and obtain'd from Education. It is not in our Power to obtain a nobler Reputation, than to be favour'd of God and Nature. For this Reaſon ſhould we ſee the *Fox*, the People of *Thrace* make uſe of, when they will attempt to paſs over the Ice of ſome frozen River, and turn him out before them to that Purpoſe, lay his Ear upon the Bank of the River, down to the Ice, to liſten if from a more remote or nearer Diſtance, he can hear the Noiſe of the Waters Current; and, according as he finds by that, the Ice to be of a leſs or greater Thickneſs, to retire or advance; have we not

Reaſon

Reason to believe from thence, that he had some Thought that we should have upon the like Occasions; and that it is a Ratiocination and Consequence drawn from natural Sense; that, that which makes a Noise, runs; that which runs, is not frozen; what is not frozen, is liquid; and that which is liquid, yields to impression? For to attribute this to a Vivacity of the Sense of Hearing, without Meditation and Consequence, is a *Chimæra* that cannot enter into the Imagination. We are to suppose the same of so many Sorts of Subtilties and Inventions, with which Beasts secure themselves from, and frustrate the Enterprizes we complot against them. And if we will make an Advantage even of this, that it is in our Power to seize them, to employ them in our Service, and to use them at our Pleasure, 'tis but still the same Advantage we have over one another. We have our Slaves upon these Terms; and the *Climacidæ*, were they not Women in *Syria*, who being on all Four, served for a Ladder and half Pace, by which the Ladies mounted the Coach? And the greatest part of free Persons surrender for very trivial Conveniencies, their Life and Being into the Power of another. The Wives and Concubines of the *Thracians* contend who shall be chosen to be slain upon their Husbands Tomb. Have Tyrants ever fail'd of finding Men enough vow'd to their Devotion: Some of them moreover adding this Necessity of accompanying them in Death, as well as Life? Whole Armies have obliged themselves after this Manner to their Captains. The Form of the Oath in the rude School of *Fencers*, who were to fight it out to the last, was in these Words: *We swear to suffer ourselves to be chain'd, burnt, hurt and kill'd with the Sword, and to endure all that true Gladiators suffer from their Master*, religiously engaging both Bodies and Souls in his Service:

Ure meum si vis flamma caput, & pete ferro
Corpus, & intorto verbere terga seca *.

Wound me with Steel, burn off my Head with Fire.
Or scourge my Shoulders with well-twisted Wire.

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* *Tib. l.* 1. *Eleg.* 10.

This was an Obligatien indeed, and yet there were ſome Years, ſome Thouſands who entred into it, and loſt themſelves in it. When the *Scythians* interr'd their King, they ſtrangled upon his Body the moſt beloved of his Concubines, his Cup-bearer, the Maſter of his Horſe, his Chamberlain, the Uſher of his Chamber, and his Cook. And upon his Anniverſary, they kill'd fifty Horſes, mounted by fifty Pages, that they had empal'd all up the Spine of the Back to the Throat, and there left them fixt in Triumph about his Tomb. The Men that ſerve us, do it cheaper, and for a leſs curious and favourable Uſage than what we treat our *Hawks*, *Horſes*, and *Dogs* withal. To what Solicitude do we not ſubmit for their Convenience. I do not think, that Servants of the moſt abject Condition, would willingly do that for their Maſters, that Princes think it an Honour to do for their Beaſts. *Diogenes* ſeeing his Relations ſolicitous to redeem him from Servitude: *They are Fools*, ſaid he, *'tis that which treats and nouriſhes, and that ſerves me*; and they who make ſo much of Beaſts, ought rather to be ſaid to ſerve them, than to be ſerved by them. And withal, they have ſomething more generous, that one *Lion* never ſubmitted to another *Lion*, nor one *Horſe* to another, for want of Courage. As we go the Chace of Beaſts, ſo do *Tygers* and *Lions* to the Chace of Men; and do the ſame Execution upon one another, *Dogs* upon *Hares*, *Pikes* upon *Tenches*, *Swallows* upon *Flies*, and *Spar-hawks* upon *Black-birds* and *Larks:*

Obſequies of the Scythian *Kings.*

——*Serpente Ciconia pullos*
Nutrit, & inventa per devia rura lacerta,
Et Leporem, aut Capream famulæ Jovis *& generoſæ*
In ſaltu venantur Aves *.

The *Stork* her young ones nouriſhes with *Snakes*
And *Lizards*, found in Meadows and in Lakes:
Jove's *Eagle* treſſes *Hares*, and Birds of Prey
Hawk in the Woods.

We divide the Quarry, as well as the Pains and Labour of the Chace with our *Hawks* and *Hounds*. And above *Amphipolis*, in *Thrace*, the *Hawkers* and wild *Faulcons* equally

* *Juven. Sat.* 14.

divide the Prey in the Middle: As also along the Lake *Mæotis*, if the *Fisherman* do not honestly leave the *Wolves* an equal Share of what he has caught, they presently go and tear his Nets in pieces. And as we have a Way of *Fishing* that is carried on more by Subtilty than Force, namely *Angling* with Lines and Hooks, there is also the like amongst other Animals. *Aristotle* says, that the *Cuttle-Fish* casts a Gut out of his Throat as long as a Line, which he extends and draws back at pleasure; and as she perceives some little Fish approach her, she lets it nibble upon the End of this Gut, lying herself conceal'd in the Sand, or Mud, and by little and little draws it in, till the little Fish is so near her, that at one Spring she may surprize it. As to what concerns Strength, there is no Creature in the World expos'd to so many Injuries, as Man: We need not a *Whale*, an *Elephant*, or a *Crocodile*, nor any such like Animals (of which one alone is sufficient to defeat a great Number of Men) to do our Business: *Lice* are sufficient to vacate *Sylla*'s Dictatorship; and the Heart and Life of a great and triumphant Emperor, is the Breakfast of a little contemptible *Worm*. Why should we say, that it is only for Man, by Knowledge improv'd by Art and Meditation, to distinguish the Things commodious for his Being, and proper for the Cure of his Diseases, and to know the Vertues of *Rhubarb* and *Polypody*; when we see the *Goats* of *Candie*, when wounded with an Arrow, among a Million of Plants, choose out *Dittanie* for their Cure; and the *Tortise*, when she has eaten of a *Viper*, immediately go to look out for *Origanum* to purge her; the *Dragon* to rub and clear his Eyes with *Fennel*; the *Storks* to give themselves Clysters of *Sea-Water*; the *Elephants* to draw not only out of their own Bodies, and those of their Companions, but out of the Bodies of their Masters too (witness the Elephant of King *Porus*, whom *Alexander* defeated) the Dart and Javelins thrown at them in Battle, and that so dextrously, that we ourselves could not do it with so little Pain to the Patient; why do we not say the same that this is Knowledge and Prudence? For to alledge to their Disparagement, that 'tis by the sole Instruction and Dictate of *Nature*, that they know all this, is not to take from them the Dignity of Knowledge and Prudence; but with greater Argument to attribute it to them, than to us,

for the Honour of ſo infallible a Miſtreſs. *Chryſippus* tho' in all other Things as ſcornful a Judge of the Condition of Animals, as any other *Philoſopher* whatever, conſidering the Motions of a *Dog*, who coming to a Place where three Ways met, either to hunt after his Maſter he has loſt, or in purſuit of ſome Game that flies before him, goes ſnuffing firſt in one of the Ways, and then in another, and after having made himſelf ſure of two, without finding the Trace of what he ſeeks, throws himſelf into the third without Examination; he is forc'd to confeſs, that this Conſideration is in the *Dog*, *I have followed my Maſter by the Foot to this Place, he muſt of neceſſity be gone one of theſe three Ways, he is not gone this Way, nor that, he muſt then infallibly be gone this other:* And that aſſuring himſelf by this Concluſion, he makes no uſe of his Noſe in the third Way, nor ever lays it to the Ground, but ſuffers himſelf to be carried on by the Force of Reaſon. This Sally, which is purely logical, and this Manner of ſtating Propoſitions divided and conjoin'd, and the right Enumeration of Parts, is it not every whit as good, that the *Dog* know all this of himſelf, as to have learnt it by Rules of Art? And Animals are not incapable however, of being inſtructed after our Method. We teach *Blackbirds*, *Ravens*, *Pies* and *Parots* to ſpeak; and the Facility and Complacency wherewith we ſee they lend us their Voices, and render both them and their Breath ſo ſupple and pliant, to be form'd and confin'd within a certain Number of Letters and Syllables, does evince, that they have an Examination of Things within, which renders them ſo docile and willing to learn. Every body, I believe, is glutted with the ſeveral Sorts of Tricks that *Tumblers* teach their *Dogs*, the Dances, where they do not miſs any one Cadence of the Sound they hear, the ſeveral various Motions and Leaps they make them perform by the Command of a Word: But I obſerve this Effect with the greateſt Admiration, which nevertheleſs is very common, of the *Dogs* that lead the *Blind*, both in the Country and in Cities: I have taken notice how they ſtop at certain Doors, where they were wont to receive Alms; how they avoided the Encounter of Coaches and Carts, even there were they have had ſufficient Room to paſs; and have ſeen them by the Trench of a Town, forſake a plain and even Path, and take a worſe, only to keep their Maſ-

ters further from the Ditch. How could a Man have made this *Dog* understand, that it was his Office to look to his Master's Safety only, and to despise his own Conveniency to serve him? And how had he the Knowledge, that a Way was large enough for him, that was not so for a blind Man? Can all this be apprehended without Ratiocination; I must not omit what *Plutarch* says he saw of a *Dog* at *Rome* with the Emperor *Vespasian*, the Father, at the Theatre of *Marcellus*. *This Dog serv'd a Player, that play'd a Farce of several Gestures, and had therein his Part. He was, amongst other Things, to counterfeit himself for some Time dead, by reason of a certain Drug he must be suppos'd to have eaten: After he had swallow'd a Piece of Bread, which must pass for the Drug, he began, after a while, to tremble and stagger, as if he was astonish'd: At last, stretching himself out stiff, as if he had been dead, he suffer'd himself to be drawn and drag'd from Place to Place, as it was his Part to do; and afterward, when he knew it to be Time, he began first gently to stir, as if newly awak'd out of some profound Sleep, and lifting up his Head, look'd about him after such a Manner, as astonish'd all the Spectators.* The *Oxen* that serv'd in the Royal Gardens of *Susa*, to water them and turn certain great Wheels to draw Water for that Purpose, to which Buckets were fasten'd (such as there are many in *Languedoc*) being order'd every one to draw a hundred Turns a Day: They were so accustom'd to this Number, that it was impossible, by any Force, to make them draw one Turn more; but, their Task being perform'd, they would suddenly stop and stand still. We are almost Men before we can count a Hundred, and have lately discovered Nations that have no Knowledge of Numbers at all. There is more Understanding requir'd in the teaching of others, than in being taught. But setting aside what *Democritus* held and prov'd, *that most of the Arts we have were taught us by other Animals:* As the *Spider*, to weave and sew; the *Swallow* to build; the *Swan* and *Nightingale*, Musick; and several Animals, by their Imitation, to make Medicines. *Aristotle* is of Opinion, *that the Nightingales teach their young ones to sing, and spend a great deal of Time and Care in it*; from whence it happens, that those we bring up in Cages, and have not had Time to learn of their Dams, want much of the Grace of their

Singing

Singing. We may judge by this, that they improve by Discipline and Study: And even amongst the Wild, it is not all one and every one alike, every one has learnt to do better or worse, according to their Capacity. And so jealous are they one of another, whilst learning, that they contend with Emulation, and by so vigorous a Contention, that sometimes the vanquish'd fall dead upon the Place, the Breath rather failing than the Voice. The Younger ruminate, are pensive, and begin to mutter some broken Notes; the Disciple listens to the Master's Lesson, and gives the best Account he is able; they are silent by Turns, one may hear Faults corrected, and observe some Reprehensions of the Teacher. *I have formerly seen* (says *Arius*) *an* Elephant *having a Cymbal hung at each Leg, and another fasten'd to his Trunk, at the Sound of which all the others danced round about him, rising and falling at certain Cadences, as they were guided by the Instrument, and took a Delight in Harmony.* In the Spectacles of *Rome* there were ordinarily seen Elephants taught to move and dance to the Sound of the Voice, Dances wherein were several Changes and Cadences very hard to learn. And some have been privately so intent upon their Lesson, as to practise it by themselves, that they might not be chidden nor beaten by their Masters. But this other Story of the *Pie*, of which we have *Plutarch* himself for warrant, is very strange: *She was in a Barber's Shop at* Rome, *and did Wonders, in imitating with her Voice whatever she heard. It happened one Day, that certain Trumpeters stood a good while sounding before the Shop: After that, and all the next Day, the* Pie *was pensive, dumb, and melancholick; which every Body wonder'd at, and thought the Noise of the Trumpets had so stupify'd and astonish'd her, that her Voice was gone with her Hearing: But they found at last, that it was a profound Meditation, and a retiring into herself, her Thoughts exercising and preparing her Voice to imitate the Sound of those Trumpets; so that the first Voice she utter'd was perfectly to imitate their Strains, Stops and Changes; having by this new Lesson quitted and disdained all she had learned before.* I will not omit this other Example of a *Dog* also, which the same *Plutarch* says he saw being

Elephants wearing Cymbals.

Elephants taught to dance.

The Story of a Magpy at Rome.

The Cunningness of a Dog to get the Oil out of a Jar.

on Shipboard. *This Dog being puzzled how to get the Oil that was in the Bottom of a Cruise, which he could not reach with his Tongue, by reason of the narrow Mouth of the Vessel, went and fetch'd Stones and let them fall into the Jar, 'till he made the Oil rise so high that he could reach it.* What is this but an Effect of a very subtile Capacity? 'Tis said, that the *Ravens* of *Barbary* do the same, when the Water they would drink is too low. This Action is something a-kin to what *Juba*, a King of their Nations, relates of the *Elephants*; *That, when by the Craft of the Hunter, one of them is trapt in certain deep Pits prepared for them, and cover'd over with Brush to deceive them, all the rest, in great Diligence, bring a great many Stones and Logs of Wood to raise the Bottom, so that he may get out.* But this Animal, in several other Effects, comes so near to human Capacity, that should I particularly relate all that Experience hath deliver'd to us, I should easily have, what I usually maintain, granted, namely, that there is more Difference betwixt such and such a Man, than betwixt such a Beast and such a Man. *The Keeper of an* Elephant, *in a private House of* Syria, *robb'd him every Meal of the Half of his Allowance: One Day his Master would himself feed him, and poured the full Measure of Barley he had order'd for his Allowance into his Manger; at which, the* Elephant *casting an angry Look at his Keeper, with his Trunk separated the one Half from the other, and thrust it aside, by that declaring the Wrong was done him.* And another, *having a Keeper that mixed Stones with his Corn, to make up the Measure, came to the Pot where he was boiling Flesh for his own Dinner, and fill'd it with Ashes.* These are particular Effects: But that which all the World has seen, and all the World knows, that in all the Armies of the *Levant*, one of the greatest Forces consisted in *Elephants*, with whom they did, without Comparison, much greater Execution than we now do with our Artillery; which stood as it were, in their Stead in a Day of Battle (as may easily be suppos'd by such as are well read in ancient History.)

The Subtilty of Elephants to disengage one another.

An Elephant discovers the Cheat of his Keeper.

—*Siquidem*

———*Siquidem Tyrio ſervire ſolebant*
Annibali, & noſtris ducibus, Regique Moloſſo
Horum Majores, & dorſo ferre Cohortes,
Partem aliquam Belli, & euntem in prælia turmam *.

Of theſe, thoſe of the largeſt Size were wont
The Carthaginian *Hannibal* to mount:
Our *Leaders* to theſe mighty Beaſts beſtride;
An Elephant great King *Moloſſus* ride;
Nay more, upon their Backs they us'd to to bear
Whole Bands and Cohorts when they went to War.

They muſt neceſſarily very confidently rely upon the Fidelity and Underſtanding of theſe Beaſts, when they entruſted them with the Vantguard of a Battle, where the leaſt Stop they ſhould have made, by Reaſon of the Bulk and Heavineſs of their Bodies, and the leaſt Fright that ſhould have made them face about upon their own People, had been enough to ſpoil all. And there are but few Examples where it has happen'd, that they have fallen foul upon their own Troops, whereas we ourſelves break into our own Battalions, and rout one another: They had the Commiſſion not of one ſimple Motion only, but of many ſeveral Things they were to perform in the Battle: As the *Spaniard* did to their *Dogs* in their new Conqueſt of the *Indies*, to whom they gave Pay and allow'd them a Share in the Spoil; and thoſe Animals ſhew'd as much Dexterity and Judgment in purſuing the Victory and ſtopping the Purſuit; in charging and retiring, as Occaſion requir'd; and in diſtinguiſhing their Friends from their Enemies, as they did Ardour and Fierceneſs. We more admire and value Things that are unuſual and ſtrange than thoſe of ordinary Obſervation. I had not elſe ſo long inſiſted upon theſe Examples: For I believe, whoever ſhall ſtrictly obſerve what we ordinarily ſee in thoſe Animals we have amongſt us, may there find as wonderful Effects as thoſe we fetch from remote Countries and Ages. 'Tis one and the ſame Nature that rules her Courſe, and whoever had ſufficiently conſidered the preſent State of Things, might certainly conclude both the future and the paſt. I have

* *Juvenal.*

formerly seen Men, brought hither by Sea from very distant Countries, whose Language not being understood by us, and moreover their Mien, Countenance and Habit, being quite differing from ours; which of us did not repute them Savages and Brutes? Who did not attribute it to Stupidity and want of common Sense, to see them mute, ignorant of the *French* Tongue, ignorant of our Salutations and Cringes, our Port and Behaviour, from which all human Nature must by all Means take its Pattern and Example. All that seems strange to us, and that we do not understand, we condemn. The same Things happen also in the Judgments we make of Beasts; they have several Conditions like to ours; from those we may, by Comparison, draw some Conjecture: By those Qualities that are particular to themselves, what know we what to make of them? The *Horses*, *Dogs*, *Oxen*, *Sheep*, *Birds*, and most of the Animals that live amongst us, know our Voices, and suffer themselves to be govern'd by them: So did *Crassus*'s *Lamprey*, and came when he call'd it; as also do the *Eels* that are in the Lake *Arethusa*: And I have seen several Ponds, where the *Fishes* run to eat at a certain Call of those who use to feed them.

——*Nomen habent, & ad Magistri*
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus *.

They every one have their own Names, and all
Straightway appear at their own Master's Call.

We may judge of that; we may also say, that the Elephants have some Participation of Religion, forasmuch as after several Washings, and Purifications, they are observed to lift up their Trunk like Arms, and fixing their Eyes towards the rising of the Sun, continue long in Meditation, and Contemplation, at certain Hours of the Day, of their own Motion, without Instruction, or Precept. But because we do not see any such Signs in other Animals, we cannot for that conclude, that they are without Religion, nor make any Judgment of what is conceal'd from us. As we discern something in this Action, which the Philosopher *Cleanthes* took notice of, because it something

* *Mart. l.* 4. *Epig.* 30.

resembles

reſembles our own. *He ſaw*, he ſays, *Ants go from their Ant-hill, carrying the dead Body of an Ant towards another Ant-hill, from whence ſeveral other Ants came out to meet them, as if to ſpeak, and expoſtulate with them; where after having been a pretty while together, the laſt return'd, to conſult, you may ſuppoſe, with their Fellow-Citizens, and ſo made two or three Journeys, by reaſon of the Difficulty of Capitulation: In the Concluſion, the laſt Comers brought the firſt a Worm out of their Burrow, as it were for the Ranſom of the Defunct, which they firſt laid upon their Backs, and carried home, leaving the dead Body to the others.* This was the Interpretation that *Cleanthes* gave of this Tranſaction, giving us by that to underſtand, that thoſe Creatures that have no Voice, are not, nevertheleſs, without Practice, and mutual Communication, whereof 'tis through our own Defect, that we do not participate; and for that Reaſon fooliſhly take upon us to paſs our Cenſure. But they yet produce other Effects, far beyond our Capacity, to which we are ſo far from being able to arrive by Imitation, that we cannot ſo much as by Imitation conceive it. Many are of Opinion, that in the great and laſt Naval Engagement, that *Anthony* loſt to *Auguſtus*, his Admiral Gally was ſtay'd in the middle of her Courſe, by the little Fiſh the *Latins* call *Remora*, by Reaſon of the Property ſhe has of ſtaying all Sorts of Veſſels, to which ſhe faſtens herſelf. And the Emperor *Caligula*, ſailing with a great Navy, upon the Coaſt of *Romania*, his Galley only was ſuddenly ſtayed by the ſame Fiſh, which he cauſed to be taken, faſtned as it was to the Keel of his Ship, very angry that ſuch a little Animal could reſiſt both the Sea, the Wind, and the Force of all his Oars, by being only faſten'd by the Beak to his Galley (for it is a Shell-fiſh) and was moreover, not without great Reaſon aſtoniſh'd, that being brought to him in the Long-boat, it had no more the Strength it had without. A Citizen of *Cyzicus*, formerly acquired the Reputation of a good Mathematician, for having learnt the Condition of the *Hedge-hog*: He has his Burrow open in diverſe Places, and to ſeveral Winds, and foreſeeing the Wind that is to come, ſtops the Hole on that Side, which that Citizen obſerving, gave the City certain Predictions of the Wind, which was preſently

Communication of Ants.

sently to blow. The *Camelion* takes her Colour from the Place upon which she is laid; but the *Polypus* gives himself what Colour he pleases, according to occasion, either to conceal himself from what he fears, or from what he has a Design to seize: In the *Camelion* 'tis a passive, but in the *Polypus* 'tis an active Change. We have some Changes of Colour, as in Fear, Anger, Shame, and other Passions, that alter our Complections; but it is by the Effect of Suffering, as with the *Camelion*. It is in the Power of the *Jaundice* indeed to make us turn Yellow, but 'tis not in the Power of our own Will. Now these Effects that we discover in other Animals, much greater than ours, seem to imply some more excellent Faculty in them, unknown to us; as 'tis to be presumed several other Qualities and Abilities of theirs are, of which no Appearances have arrived at us.

Change of Colour in the Camelion *and* Polypus.

Amongst all the Predictions of Elder Times, the most ancient and the most certain, were those taken from the *Flight of Birds*, we having nothing like it, not any Thing to be so much admired. That Rule and Order of the moving of the Wing, from whence they derived the Consequences of future Things, must of Necessity be guided by some excellent Means to so noble an Operation: For to attribute this great Effect to any natural Disposition, without the Intelligence, Consent and Meditation of him by whom it is produced, is an Opinion evidently false: That it is so, the *Cramp-fish* has this Quality, not only to benumb all the Members that touch her, but even through the Nets transmit a heavy Dulness into the Hands of those that move and handle them; nay, it is further said, that if one pour Water upon her, he will feel this Numbness mount up the Water to the Hand, and stupify the Feeling through the Water. This is a miraculous Force; but 'tis not useless to the *Cramp-fish*; she knows it, and makes use on't; for to catch the Prey she desires, she will bury herself in the Mud, that other Fishes swimming over her, struck and benumb'd with this Coldness of hers, may fall into her Power. *Cranes*, *Swallows*, and other Birds of Passage, by shifting their Abode according to the Seasons, sufficiently manifest the

Augury, the most certain Way of Prediction.

Knowledge

Knowledge they have of their divining Faculty, and put it in Uſe. Huntſmen aſſure us, that to cull out from amongſt a great many Puppies, that which ought to be preſerv'd for the Beſt, the beſt Way is to refer the Choice to the Dam; as thus, take them and carry them out of the Kennel, and the firſt ſhe brings back, will certainly be the Beſt: Or if you make a ſhew as if you would environ the Kennel with Fire, thoſe that ſhe firſt catches up to ſave. By which it appears they have another Sort of Prognoſtick than we have; or that they have ſome Virtue in judging of their Whelps, other and more certain than we have. The Manner of coming into the World, of engendring, nouriſhing, acting, moving, living and dying of Beaſts, is ſo near to ours, that whatever we retrench from their moving Cauſes, and add to our own Condition above theirs, can by no means proceed from any Meditation of our own Reaſon. For the Regimen of our Health, Phyſicians propoſe to us the Example of the Beaſts Manners, and Way of Living; for this Saying, has, in all Times, been in the Mouth of theſe People.

Tenez chaud les pieds, & la teſte,
Au demeurant vivez en beſte *.

Keep warm thy Feet and Head, as to the reſt,
Live like a Beaſt.

Generation is the principal of all natural Actions. We have a certain Diſpoſition of Members moſt proper and convenient for us in that Affair: Nevertheleſs, we are ordered to conform to the Poſture of Brutes, as the moſt effectual.

——————More ferarum,
Quadrupedunq; magis ritu, plerumq; putantur,
Concipere uxores: Quia ſic loca ſumere poſſunt,
Pectoribus poſitis, ſublatis ſemina lumbis †.

And condemn, as hurtful, thoſe extravagant and indiſcreet Motions the Women have ſuperadded to the Work, reducing them to the Example and Practice of Beaſts of their own Sex, more ſober and modeſt.

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* *Plutarch.* † *Lucr. l.* 5.

Nam

Nam mulier prohibet se concipere atque repugnat,
Clunibus ipsa viri Venerem si læta retractet,
Atque exossato ciet omni pectore fluctus
Ejicit enim sulci recta regione viaque
Vomerem, atque locis avertit seminis ictum *.

If it be Justice to render to every one their Due, the Beasts that serve, love, and defend their Benefactors, and that pursue and fall upon Strangers and those who offend them, do in this represent a certain Air of our Justice: As also in observing a very equitable Equality in the Distribution of what they have, to their Young; and as to Friendship, they have it without Comparison more lively, and constant than Men have. *King* Lysimachus's *Dog*, Hyracan, *his Master being dead, lay on his Bed, obstinately refusing either to eat or drink; and the Day that his Body was burnt, he took a run, and leap'd into the Fire, where he was consum'd.* As also did the Dog of one *Pyrrhus*; *for he would not stir from off his Master's Bed, from the Time he dy'd; and when they carry'd him away, let himself be carry'd with him, and at last leap'd into the Pile, where they burnt his Master's Body.* There are Inclinations of Affection, which sometimes spring in us, without the Consultation of Reason; and by a fortuitous Temerity, which others call Sympathy: Of which, Beasts are as capable as we: We see Horses take such an Acquaintance with one another, that we have much ado to make them eat or travel, when separated: We observe them to fancy a particular Colour in those of their own Kind, and where they meet it, run to it with great Joy and Demonstrations of Good Will, and have a Dislike and Hatred for some other Colour. Animals have Choice, as well as we, in their Amours, and cull out their Mistresses; neither are they exempt from our Jealousies and implacable Malice. Desires are either natural and necessary, as to eat and drink; or natural and not necessary, as the coupling with Females: Or neither natural or necessary: Of which last Sort, are almost all the Desires of Men: They are all superfluous and artificial: For 'tis not to be believ'd, how little will

The Love of Dogs to their Masters.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

satisfy

ſatisfy Nature, how little ſhe has left us to deſire: Our Ragouſts and Kickſhaws are not of her Ordinary. The *Stoicks* ſay, *That a Man may live on an Olive a Day:* Our Delicacy in our Wines is no part of her Inſtruction, nor the over-acting the Ceremonies of Love.

——————*Neque illa*
Magno prognatum depoſcit Conſule Cunnum *.

Theſe irregular Deſires, that the Ignorance of Good and a falſe Opinion have infus'd into us, are ſo many, as they almoſt exclude all the natural; no otherwiſe, than if there were ſo great a number of Strangers in a City, as to thruſt out the natural Inhabitants, or uſurping upon their ancient Rights and Privileges, ſhould extinguiſh their Authority, and introduce new Laws and Cuſtoms of their own. Animals are much more regular than we, and keep themſelves with greater Moderation within the Limits Nature has preſcrib'd; but yet not ſo exactly, that they have not an Analogy with our Debauches. And as there have been furious Deſires, that have hurry'd Men to the Love of Beaſts, ſo there has been Examples of Beaſts that have fallen in love with us, and been caught with monſtrous Affection betwixt Kinds: Witneſs the *Elephant*, who was Rival to *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian, in the Love of a young Herb-wench in the City of *Alexandria*, who was nothing behind in all the Offices of a very paſſionate Suitor: *For going through the Market where they ſold Fruit, he would take ſome in his Trunk, and carry them to her: He would as much as poſſible keep her always in his Sight, and would ſometimes put his Trunk under her Handkerchief into her Boſom, to feel her Breaſts.* They tell alſo of a *Dragon* in love with a Maid; and of a *Gooſe* enamour'd of a Child; of a *Ram* that was Servant to the Miniſtrelleſs *Glaucia*; and we ſee with our own Eyes *Baboons* furiouſly in love with Women. We ſee alſo certain Male Animals that are fond of the Males of their own Kind. *Oppianus* and others give us ſome Examples of the Reverence that Beaſts have to their Kindred in their Copulations; but Experience often ſhews us the contrary.

Animals more regular than we.

* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 2.*

——*Nec*

——Nec habetur turpe juvencæ
Ferre patrem tergo: Fit equo sua filia conjux!
Quasq; creavit, init pecudes caper: Ipsaq; cujus
Semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales *.

The *Heifer* thinks it not a shame to take
Her curled Sire upon her willing Back:
The *Horse* his Daughter leaps, *Goats* scruple not
T' increase the Herd by those they have begot.
And *Birds* of all Sorts do in common live,
And by the Seed they have conceiv'd, conceive.

And for malicious Subtilty, can there be a more pregnant Example than in the Philosopher *Thale*'s Mule? *Who fording a River laden with Salt, and by Accident stumbling there, so that the Sacks he carry'd were all wet, perceiving that by the melting of the Salt his burden was something lighter, he never fail'd so oft as he came to any River to lie down with his Load; 'till his Master discovering the Knavery, order'd that he should be loaden with Wool, wherein finding himself mistaken he ceas'd to practice that Device.* There are several that very lively represent the true Image of our Avarice; for we see them infinitely solicitous to catch all they can, and hide it with exceeding great Care, tho' they never make any Use of it at all. As to Thrift they surpass us, not only in the Foresight and laying up, and saving for the Time to come, but they have, moreover, a great deal of the Science necessary thereto. The *Ants* bring abroad into the Sun their Grain and Seeds to air, refresh and dry them, when they perceive them to mould and grow musty, lest they should decay and rot: But the Caution and Prevention they use in gnawing their Grains of Wheat, surpass all Imagination of human Prudence: For by reason that the Wheat does not always continue sound and dry, but grows soft, thaws and dissolves as if it were steeped in Milk, whilst hasting to Germination; for fear lest it should shoot and lose the Nature and Property of a Magazine for their Subsistence, they nibble off the End by which it should shoot and sprout. As to what concerns War, which is the greatest and most magnificent of human Actions, I would very fain know, whether we would serve for an Ar-

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 10.

gument

gument of ſome Prerogative, or, on the contrary, for a Teſtimony of our Weakneſs and Imperfection; as in Truth the Science of undoing and killing one another, and of ruining and deſtroying our own Kind, has nothing in it ſo tempting as to make it be coveted by Beaſts who have it not.

——————*Quando Leoni*
Fortior eripuit vitam Leo, quo nemore unquam
Expiravit Aper majoris dentibus Apri?

——————Who ever yet beheld
A weaker *Lion* by a ſtronger kill'd?
Or in what Foreſt was it ever known,
That a ſmall *Boar* dy'd by a mighty one?

Wars betwixt Bees.

Yet are they not univerſally exempt, witneſs the furious Encounters of *Bees*, and the Enterprizes of the Princes of the contrary Armies.

——————*Sæpe duobus*
Regibus inceſſit magno diſcordia motu,
Continuoque animos vulgi, & trepidantia bello
Corda licet longè præſciſcere †.

Betwixt two Kings ſtrange Animoſities,
With great Commotion, often do ariſe;
When ſtrait the vulgar Sort are heard from far,
Sounding their little Trumpets to the War.

I never read this Divine Obſervation, but that, methinks, I there ſee human Folly and Vanity repreſented in their true and lively Colours. For theſe Preparations for War, that ſo fright and aſtoniſh us with their Noiſe and Tumult, this Rattle of Guns, Drums and confus'd Voices:

Fulgur ubi ad cœlum ſe tollit, totaque circum
Ære renideſcet tellus ſubterque virum vi
Excitur pedibus ſonitus, clamoreque montes
Ictı rejectant voces ad ſidera mundi ‖.

When burniſh'd Arms to Heav'n dart their Rays,
And the Earth glows with Beams of ſhining Braſs;
And trampled is by Horſes and by Men,
Until the Center even groans again;

† *Virg. Geor. lib.* 4. ‖ *Lucret. lib.* 2.

And

And that the Rocks, struck by the various Cries.
Reverberate the Sound unto the Skies.

In the dreadful embattelling of so many Thousands of armed Men, and so great Fury, Ardour and Courage, 'tis pleasant to consider by what idle Occasion they are excited, and by how light ones appeas'd.

——Paridis propter narratur amorem,
Græcia Barbariæ diro collisa duello *.

Of wanton *Paris* the illicit Love,
Did *Greece* and *Troy* to ten Years Slaughter move.

Laws of Asia *about the Lives of* Paris *and* Helen.

All *Asia* was ruin'd and destroy'd for the ungovern'd Lust of one lascivious *Paris*. The Envy of one single Man, a Despite, a Pleasure, or a Domestick Jealousy, Causes that ought not to set two Oyster-wenches by the Ears, is the Mover of all this mighty Bustle. Shall we believe those, who are themselves the principal Authors of these Mischiefs? Let us then hear the greatest and most victorious Emperor that ever was, making Sport of, and with marvellous Ingenuity, descanting upon, and turning into Ridicule several Battles fought both by Sea and Land, the Blood and Lives of five hundred thousand Men that followed his Fortune, and the Strength and Riches of two Parts of the World drain'd for the Expence of his Expeditions.

Quid futuit Glaphyram Antonius, hanc mihi pœnam
Fulvia constituit, se quoque uti futuam.
Fulviam ego futuam? Quid si me Mœnius oret
Pœdicem, faciam? Non puto, si sapiam.
Aut futue aut pugnemus, ait: Quid si mihi vita
Charior est ipsa mentula? Signa canant †.

(I use my *Latin* with the Liberty of Conscience you are pleased to allow me.) Now this great Body has so many Fronts, and has so many Motions, as seem to threaten Heaven and Earth,

Quam multi Lybico volvuntur marmore fluctus
Sævis ubi Orion Hybernis conditur undis:

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 2. † *Mart. lib.* 11. *Epig.* 21.

Vel

Vel cum Sole novo denſæ torrentur Ariſtæ,
Aut Hermi campo, aut Lyciæ flaventibus arvis,
Scuta ſonant, pulſuque pedum termit excita tellus ‡.

As num'rous as the *Lybian* Waves that roll,
When in thoſe Seas *Orion* does controul;
Or thick-ſet Ears, ſcorch'd by the Summer's Ray,
On *Hermus* Banks, or fruitful *Lycia*,
Are the bright Shields that dreadfully reſound,
And as they march, their Footing ſhakes the Ground.

This furious Monſter, with ſo many Heads and Arms, is yet *Man*, feeble, calamitous and miſerable *Man*. 'Tis but an Ant-hill of *Ants*, diſturb'd and provok'd by a Spurn.

It nigrum campis agmen *.

The black Troop marches to the Field.

A contrary Blaſt, the Croaking of a Flight of Ravens, the Stumble of a Horſe, the caſual Paſſage of an Eagle, a Dream, a Voice, a Sign, a Morning Miſt, are any one of them ſufficient to beat down and overturn him. Dart but a Sun-beam in his Face, he is melted and vaniſh'd. Blow but a little Duſt in his Eyes, as our Poet ſays of the *Bees*, and all our Enſigns and Legions, with the Great *Pompey* himſelf at the Head of them, are routed and cruſhed to Pieces: For it was he, as I take it, that *Sirtorius* beat in *Spain* with thoſe brave Arms; which alſo ſerv'd *Eumenes* againſt *Antigonus*, and *Surena* againſt *Craſſus:*

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcent †.

This mighty Anger, and theſe furious Blows,
A handful of Duſt thrown will ſoon compoſe.

Let us but ſlip our *Flies* after them, and they will have the Force and Courage to defeat them. Of freſh Memory

The Siege of *Tamly* rais'd by the Bees.

the Portugueſe *having beſieg'd the City of* Tamly, *in the Territory of* Xiatine, *the Inhabitants of the Place brought a great many Hives, of which are great Plenty in that Place, upon the Wall; and with Fire drove the Bees*

‡ *Æneid. lib. 7. Geor. lib. 4.* * *Virg. Æn. lib. 4.* † *Virg.*

ſo furiouſly upon the Enemy, that they gave over the Enterprize, and truſs'd up their Baggage, being not able to ſtand their Attacks, and endure their Stings: And ſo their City, by this new ſort of Relief, was freed from the Danger, with ſo wonderful a Fortune, that at their Return from the Purſuit, they found they had not loſt ſo much as one Man. The Souls of Emperors and Coblers are caſt in the ſame Mould. The Weight and Importance of the Actions of Princes conſider'd, we perſuade ourſelves, that they must be produc'd by ſome as weighty and important Cauſes. But we are deceiv'd, for they are puſh'd on, and pull'd back in their Motions, by the ſame Springs that we are in our little Undertakings. The ſame Reaſon that makes us wrangle with a Neighbour, cauſes a War betwixt Princes; the ſame Reaſon that makes us whip a Lacquey, falling into the Hands of a King, makes him ruin a whole Province. They are as haſty, and as eaſily mov'd as we, but they are able to do more Miſchief. In a *Gnat* and an *Elephant* the Paſſion is the ſame. As to what concerns Fidelity, there is no Animal in the World ſo treacherous as Man. Our Hiſtories have recorded the violent Purſuits that Dogs have made after the Murtherers of their Maſters.

Dogs revenge the Death of their Maſters.

King Pyrrhus *obſerving a Dog that watch'd a dead Man's Body, and underſtanding that he had for three Days together perform'd that Office, commanded that the Body ſhould be buried, and took the Dog along with him. One Day as he was at a general* Muſter *of his Army, this Dog was aware of his Maſter's Murtherers, and with great Barking, and extreme Signs of Anger, flew upon them, by this firſt Accuſation awaking the Revenge of this Murther which was ſoon after perfected by Form of Juſtice.* As much was done by the Dog of the wife *Heſiod, who convinced the Sons of* Ganiſtor, *of* Naupactus, *of the Murther committed on the Perſon of his Maſter.* Another Dog *having to guard a Temple at* Athens, *having ſpied a ſacrilegious Thief, who carried away the faireſt Jewels, fell to barking at him with all the Force he had; but the Warders not awaking at the Noiſe, he followed him, and Day being broke, kept off at a further Diſtance, without loſing Sight of him; if he offered*

The Fidelity of a Dog in purſuing a ſacrilegious Perſon.

fer'd him any Thing to eat, would not take it, but would wag his Tail at all the Paſſengers he met, and took whatever they gave him at their Hands; and if the Thief laid down to ſleep, he likewiſe ſtaid upon the Place. The News of this Dog being come to the Warders of the Temple, they put themſelves upon the Purſuit, enquiring of the Colour of the Dog, and at laſt found him in the City of Cromion, *and the Thief alſo, whom they brought back to* Athens, *where he got his Reward: And where the Judges taking Cognizance of the good Office, order'd a certain Meaſure of Corn for the Dog's daily Suſtenance, at the publick Charge, and the Prieſts to take care in it. Plutarch* delivers this Story for a moſt certain Truth, and that it happen'd in the Age wherein he liv'd. As to Gratitude (for I doubt, we had need bring this Word into a little Repute) this one Example, which *Appion* reports himſelf to have been an Eye-witneſs of, ſhall ſuffice. *One Day* (ſays he) *at* Rome, *they entertain'd the People with the Pleaſure of fighting of ſeveral ſtrange Beaſts, and principally of* Lions *of an unuſual Size; there was one amongſt the reſt, who, by his furious Deportment, by the Strength and Largeneſs of his Limbs, and by his loud and dreadful Roaring, attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators. Amongſt other Slaves that were preſented to the People in this Combat of Beaſts, there was one* Androdus, *of* Dacia, *belonging to a* Roman *Lord of Conſular Dignity. This Lion having ſeen him at a Diſtance, firſt made a ſudden Stop, as it were in a wondring Poſture, and then ſoftly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable Manner, as if it were to enter into Acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now aſſur'd of what he ſought for, he began to wag his Tail, as Dogs do when they flatter their Maſters, and to kiſs and lick the Hands and Thighs of the poor Wretch, who was beſide himſelf, and almoſt dead with Fear.* Androdus *being by this Kindneſs of the Lion, a little come to himſelf, and having taken ſo much Heart, as to conſider and know him; it was a ſingular Pleaſure to ſee the Joy and Careſſes that paſſed betwixt them. At which, the People breaking into loud Acclamations of Joy, the Emperor caus'd the Slave to be call'd, to know from him the Cauſe of ſo ſtrange an Event; who,*

The Gratitude of a Lion towards a Slave.

thereupon told him a new and a very strange Story: My Master (said he) *being* Pro-consul, *in* Africk, *I was constrained by his Severity and cruel Usage, being daily beaten, to steal from him and run away. And to hide myself securely from a Person of so great Authority in the Province, I thought it my best way to fly to the Solitudes, Sands and uninhabitable Parts of that Country, resolving that in case the Means of supporting Life should chance to fail me, to make some shift or other to kill myself. The Sun being excessively hot at Noon, and the Heat intolerable, I accidentally found a private, and almost inaccessible Cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this Lion, with one Foot wounded and bloody, complaining and groaning with the Pain he indur'd: At his coming I was exceeding afraid; but he having spied me hid in the Corner of his Den, came gently to me, holding out, and shewing me his wounded Foot, as if he demanded my Assistance in his Distress. I then drew out a great Splinter he had got there, and growing a little more familiar with him, squeezing the Wound, thrust out the Dirt and Gravel which was got into it, wiped and cleansed it the best I could: He finding himself something better, and much eased of his Pain, laid him down to rest, and presently fell asleep with his Foot in my Hand. From that Time forward he and I lived together in this Cave three whole Years, upon one and the same Diet; for of the Beasts that he killed in Hunting, he always brought me the best Pieces, which I roasted in the Sun for want of Fire, and so eat it. At last growing weary of this wild and brutish Life, the Lion being one Day gone abroad to hunt for our ordinary Provision, I escaped from thence, and the third Day after was taken by the Soldiers, who brought me from* Africk *to this City to my Master, who presently condemn'd me to die, and to be thus expos'd to the Wild Beasts. Now by what I see, I perceive that this Lion was also taken soon after, who would now have recompensed me for the Benefit and Cure that he received at my Hands. This is the Story that* Androdus *told the Emperor, which he also conveyed from Hand to Hand to the People: Wherefore at the general Request, he was absolved from his Sentence, and set at Liberty, and the Lion was, by order of the People, presented to him. We afterwards saw* (says *Appion*) Androdus *leading this Lion,*

Lion, in nothing but a ſmall Laſh, from Tavern to Tavern at Rome, *and receiving what Money every body would give him, the Lion being ſo gentle, as to ſuffer himſelf to be covered with the Flowers that the People threw upon him, every one that met him ſaying, There goes the Lion that entertained the Man, there goes the Man that cured the Lion.* We often lament the Loſs of Beaſts we love, and ſo do they the Loſs of us.

Weeping of Beaſts for the Loſs of thoſe they love.

Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon,
It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora *.

——————The Triumph more to grace,
Æthon his Horſe of War came next in place,
Who of his Trappings ſtript ſhew'd ſuch Regret,
That with large Tears his hairy Cheeks were wet.

As ſome Nations have their Wives in common, and ſome others have every one his own: Is not the ſame evident amongſt Beaſts, and Marriages better kept than ours? As to the Society and Conſideration they make amongſt themſelves, to league themſelves together, and to give one another mutual Aſſiſtance; is it not manifeſt, that *Oxen, Hogs,* and other Animals, at the Cry of any of their Kind, that we offend, all the Herd run to his Aid, and embody for his Defence: *The Fiſh* Scarus, *when he has ſwallowed the Anglers Hook, his Fellows all crowd about him, and gnaw the Line in Pieces; and if by chance one be got into the Leap or Wheel, the others preſent him their Tails on the out-ſide, which he holding faſt with his Teeth, they after that manner diſengage and draw him out.* Mullits, *when one of their Companions is engaged, croſs the Line over their Back, and with a Fin they have there, indented like a Saw, cut and ſaw it aſunder.* As to the particular Offices that we receive from one another, for the ſervice of Life, there are Several like Examples amongſt them. 'Tis ſaid, that *the* Whale *never moves, that ſhe has not always before her a little Fiſh, like the* Sea-Gudgeon, *for this reaſon call'd the* Guide-Fiſh; *whom the* Whale *follows, ſuffering himſelf to be led and turned with*

Society amongſt Beaſts.

A Fiſh that chews.

* *Virg. Æn. lib.* 11.

as great Facility as the Stern guides the Ship: In recompence of which Service also, whereas all the other Things, whether Beast or Vessel, that enters into the dreadful Gulph of this Monster's Mouth, is immediately lost and swallowed up, this little Fish retires into it in great security, and there sleeps, during which, the Whale *never stirs: But so soon as ever it goes out, he immmediately follows: And if by Accident he loses the sight of his little Guide, he goes wandring here and there, and strikes his Sides against the Rocks, like a Ship that has lost her Rudder:* Which *Plutarch* affirms to have seen in the Island of *Anticyra*. There is a like Society betwixt the little Bird call'd a *Wren* and the *Crocodile*: *The* Wren *serves for a Centinel over this great Animal: And if the* Ichneumon, *his Mortal Enemy, approach to fight him, this little Bird, for fear lest he should surprize him asleep, both with his Voice, and Bill, rouses him and gives him Notice of his Danger. He feeds of this Monster's Leavings, who receives him familiarly into his Mouth, suffering him to pick in his Jaws, and betwixt his Teeth, and thence to pick out the bits of Flesh that remain; and when he has a Mind to shut his Mouth, he first gives the Bird warning to go out by closing it by little and little, and without bruising or doing it any harm at all. The Shell-Fish, call'd a* Naker, *lives also with the Shrimp in the same Intelligence; a little sort of Animal of the Lobster Kind, serving him in the Nature of a Porter, sitting at the opening of the Shell, which the* Naker *keeps always gaping and open, till the* Shrimp *sees some little Fish, proper for their Prey, within the Hollow of the Shell, where she enters too, and pinches the* Naker *so to the Quick, that she is forced to close her Shell, where they two together devour the Prey they have trapp'd in their Fort.* In the Manner of Living of the *Tunnies*, we observe a singular Knowledge of the three Parts of *Mathematicks*. As to *Astrology*, they teach it Men, for they stay in the Place where they are surpriz'd by the *Brumal Solstice*, and never stir from thence till the next *Equinox*: For which Reason *Aristotle* himself attributes to them this Science. As to *Geometry* and *Arithmetick*, they always form their Body in the Figure of a *Cube*, every way square, and make up the Body of a *Battalion*, solid, close and environed round with fix equal Sides, so that swimming in this square Order, as large behind, as before; whoever

ever in seeing them can count one Rank, may easily number the whole Troop, by reason that the Depth is equal to the Breadth, and the Breadth to the Length. As to *Magnanimity*, it will be hard to give a better Instance of that than in the Example of the great *Dog*, sent to *Alexander the Great*, from the *Indies*: *They first brought him a* Stag *to encounter, next a* Boar, *and after that a* Bear, *all which he slighted, and disdained to stir from his Place; but when he saw a* Lion, *he then immediately rous'd himself, evidently manifesting that he declared that alone worthy to enter the Lists with him.* As to what concerns *Repentance*, and the Acknowledgment of Faults, 'tis reported of an *Elephant*, *That having in the Impetuosity of his Rage, kill'd his Keeper, he fell into so extreme a Sorrow that he would never after Eat, but starv'd himself to Death.* And as to *Clemency*, 'tis said of a *Tyger*, the most cruel of all Beasts, *that a Kid having been put into him, he suffer'd two Days Hunger rather than hurt it, and the third broke the Grate he was shut up in, to seek elsewhere for Prey*; so unwilling he was to fall upon the *Kid*, his Familiar and his Guest. And as to the Laws of *Familiarity* and Agreement, form'd by Conversation, it ordinarily happens that we bring up *Cats*, *Dogs*, and *Hares* Tame together: But that which Sea-men experimently know and particularly in the *Cilician Sea*, of the Quality of the *Halcyons*, surpasses all human Thought. Of what Kind of Animal has Nature even so much honoured the Sitting, Enlivening and Disclosing? The Poets indeed say, that one only Isle of *Delos*, which before was a floating Island, was fix'd for the Service of *Latona*'s lying in; but God has order'd that the whole Ocean should be stayed, made stable and smooth'd without Waves, without Winds or Rain, whilst the *Halcyon* broods upon her Young, which is just about the *Solstice*, the shortest Day of the Year, so that by her Privilege, we have seven Days, and seven Nights, in the very Heart of Winter, wherein we may sail without Danger. Their Females never have to do with any other Male, but their own, who they always serve and assist, without ever forsaking him all their Lives: If he happen to be weak, and broken with Age, they take him upon

Magnanimity of an Indian *Dog.*

Repentance of an Elephant.

Marvellous Condition of the Halcyons.

their Shoulders and carry him from Place to Place, and serve him till Death. But the most Inquisitive into the Secrets of Nature, could never yet arrive at the Knowledge of the wonderful Fabrick and Architecture wherewith the *Halcyon* builds her Nest for her little ones, nor guess at the Matter. *Plutarch*, who has seen and handled many of them, thinks *it is the Bones of some Fish, which she joins and binds together, interlacing them some lengthwise and others across, and adding Ribs, and Hoops in such manner, that she forms at last a round Vessel fit to launch, which being done, and the Building finish'd, she carries it to the Wash for the Beach, where the Sea beating gently against it, shews where she is to mend what is not well jointed and knit, and where better to fortify the Seams that are leaky, that open at the beating of the Waves; and on the contrary, what is well built, and has had the due finishing, the beating of the Waves does so close and bind together, that it is not to be broken or crack'd, by Blows either of Stone or Iron, without very much ado. And that which is more to be admired, is the Proportion and Figure of the Cavity within, which is compos'd and proportion'd after such a Manner, as not possible to receive, or admit any other thing than the Bird that built it: For to any thing else it is so impenetrable, close and shut, nothing can enter, not so much as the Water of the Sea.* See here a very clear Description of this Building, and borrowed from a very good Hand; and yet methinks, it does not give us sufficient Light into the Difficulty of this Architecture. Now from what Vanity can it proceed, to despise and disdainfully to interpret Effects, that we can neither imitate, nor comprehend? To pursue a little further this Equality and Correspondence betwixt us and Beasts; the Privilege our Soul so much glorifies herself upon, of bringing all things she conceives to her own Law, of stripping all things that come to her, of their mortal and corporeal Qualities, of ordering and placing things she conceives worthy her taking notice of, stripping and divesting them of their corruptible Qualities, and making them to lay aside Length, Breadth, Depth, Weight, Colour, Smell, Roughness, Smoothness, Hardness, Softness, and all sensible Accidents, as mean and superfluous Vestments, to accommodate them to her own immortal, and spiritual Condition;

The Structure of their Nests, and the Matter whereof they are built.

Condition: As *Rome* and *Paris*, for Example, that I have in my Fancy. *Paris* that I imagine; I imagine, and conceive it without Greatneſs, and without Place, without Stone, without Plaiſter, and without Wood: This very ſame Privilege, I ſay, ſeems to be evidentally in Beaſts: For a Courſer accuſtomed to the Danger of Trumpets, the Rattle of Muſket-ſhot, and the Buſtle of Battles, we ſee him ſtart and tremble in his Sleep, and ſtretch'd upon his Litter as if he were in a Fight; it is almoſt certain, that he conceives in his Soul the Beat of a Drum without Noiſe, and an Army without Arms and without Body.

Quippe videbis equos fortes, cum membra jacebunt
In ſomnis, ſudare tamen, ſpirareque ſæpe,
Et quaſi de Palma ſummas contendere vires *.

You ſhall ſee manag'd Horſes in their Sleep,
Sweat, Snort, Start, Tremble and a Clutter keep,
As if with all their Force they ſtriving were,
The Victor's Palm proudly away to bear.

The *Hare* that a *Grey-hound* imagines in his Sleep, after which we ſee him pant ſo whilſt he ſleeps, ſtretch out his Tail, ſhake his Legs, and perfectly repreſents all the Motions of a Courſe, is a *Hare* without Furr, and without Bones.

Venantumque canes in molli ſæpe quiete
Jactant crura; tamen ſubito, voceſque repente
Mittunt, & crebras reducunt naribus auras,
Ut veſtigia ſi teneant inventa ferarum:
Expergefactique ſequuntur inania ſæpe
Cervorum ſimulacra, fuge quaſi dedita cernant:
Donec diſcuſſis redeant erroribus ad ſe †.

And *Hounds* ſtir often in their quiet Reſt,
Spending their Mouths, as if upon a Queſt,
Snuff, and breathe quick, and ſhort, as if they went
In a full Chaſe upon a burning Scent:
Nay, being wak'd, imagin'd *Stags* purſue,
As if they had them in their real View,
Till having ſhook themſelves more broad awake,
They do, at laſt, diſcover the Miſtake.

The *Ban-dogs*, we often obſerve to ſnarl in their Dreams, afterwards bark out, and ſtart up on a ſudden, as if they

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Ibid.*

perceiv'd

perceiv'd some Stranger at Hand: The Stranger that the Soul discerns, is a Spiritual Man, and imperceptible, without Dimension, without Colour, and without Being.

> *Consueta domi catulorum blanda propago*
> *Degere, sæpe levem ex oculis volucremque soporem*
> *Discutere, & corpus de terra corripere instant,*
> *Proinde quasi ignotas facies, atque ora tuentur* *.

> The fawning Issue of *House-Dogs* will rise,
> And shaking the soft Slumber from their Eyes,
> Oft wildly stare at every one within,
> As upon Faces they had never seen.

As to the *Beauty* of the Body, before I proceed any further, I should know whether or no, we are agreed about the Description: 'Tis likely we do not well know what *Beauty* is in Nature; and in general, since to our own human *Beauty* we give so many divers Forms; of which, were there any natural Rule and Prescription, we should know it in common, as the Heat of the Fire. But we fancy the Forms according to our own Appetite, and Liking.

> *Turpis Romano Belgicus ore color* †.
>
> The fair Complexion of a *German* Lass
> Would be thought ugly in a *Roman* Face.

Beauty of the Indians. *Indians* paint in black and tawny, with great swell'd Lips, great and flat Noses, and load the Cartilage betwixt the Nostrils with great Rings of Gold, to make it hang down to the Mouth; as also the under Lip with great Circles, enrich'd with Stones, that weigh them down to fall upon the Chin, it being with them a singular Grace to shew their Teeth even below the Roots. In *Peru*, the greatest Ears are the most Beautiful, which they stretch out as far as they can by Art. And a Man now living says, *that he has seen in an Eastern Nation, this care of enlarging them in so great Repute, and the Ear loaded with so pondrous Jewels, that he did with great Ease, put his Arm, Sleeve and all, through the Hole of an Ear.* There are elsewhere Nations, that take great care to black their Teeth, and hate to see them

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* *Lucre l.* 4. † *Propert. l.* 2. *Eleg.* 13.

white,

white, whilſt others paint them red. The Women are reputed more beautiful, not only in *Biſcay*, but elſewhere, for having their Heads ſhaved: And which is more, *in certain frozen Countries, as Pliny* reports, *the* Mexicans *eſteem a low Forehead a great Beauty, and tho' they ſhave all other Parts, they nouriſh Hair on the Forehead, and increaſe it by Art; and have great Breaſts in ſo great Reputation, that they affect to give their Children ſuck over their Shoulders.* We ſhould paint Deformity ſo. The *Italians* Faſhion is Groſs and Maſſy; the *Spaniards*, Gaunt and Slender; and amongſt us, one has made it White, another Brown; one Soft and Delicate, another Strong and Vigorous: One will have his Miſtreſs Soft and Gentle, others Scornful and Proud. Juſt as the Preference in Beauty, that *Plato* attributes to the ſpherical Figure, the *Epicureans* gave rather to the Pyramidal, or Square, and cannot ſwallow a God in the Form of a Bowl. But be it how it will, *Nature* has no more privileg'd us in this from theſe common Laws, than in the reſt. And if we will judge ourſelves aright, we ſhall find, that if there be ſome Animals leſs favoured in this, than we; there are others, and in great Number that are more. *A multis animalibus decore vincimur* *; even the *Terreſtrial*, our Compatriots: For as to thoſe of *Sea* (ſetting the Figure aſide, which cannot fall into any manner of Proportion, being ſo much another Thing) in Colour, Clearneſs, Smoothneſs, and Diſpoſition, we ſufficiently give Place to them; and no leſs in all Qualities to the Aereal. And this Prerogative that the Poets make ſuch a mighty Matter of, our erect Stature, looking towards Heaven our Original,

White Teeth deſpiſed.

Pronaque cùm ſpectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque videre
Juſſit, & erectos ad ſydera tollere vultus †.

And whereas other Animals do bow
Their prone abjected Looks to Earth below,
He gave Men Looks erected to behold
The Heavenly Arch ſtudded with Stars of Gold.

is truly poetical: For there are ſeveral little Beaſts, who have their Sight abſolutely turn'd towards Heaven; and I find

* *Senec. Epiſt.* 124. † *Ovid. Met. lib.* 2.

find the Countenances of *Camels* and *Ostriches*, much higher rais'd, and more erect than ours. What Animals have not their Faces above and not before, and do not look oppoſite as we do; and that do not in their natural Poſture diſcover as much of Heaven and Earth as Man? And what Qualities of our bodily Conſtitution in *Plato* and *Cicero*, may not indifferently ſerve a thouſand Sorts of Beaſts? Thoſe that moſt reſemble us, are the moſt deſpicable, and deformed of all the Herd: For thoſe in outward appearance and form of Viſage, are *Baboons* and *Monkeys*:

Simia quam ſimilis, turpiſſima beſtia, nobis *?

How like to Man in Viſage, and in Shape,
Is, of all Beaſts the moſt deform'd, the *Ape?*

For the internal, and vital Parts, the *Hog*. In earneſt, when I imagine Man ſtark naked (even in that Sex that ſeems to have the greateſt Share of Beauty) his Defects, natural Subjection, and Imperfections, I find that we have more Reaſon than any other Animal to cover ourſelves; and are to be excus'd for borrowing of thoſe, to whom Nature has in this been kinder than to us, to trick ourſelves with their Beauties, and hide ourſelves under their Spoils, their Wool, Feathers, Hair and Silk. Let us obſerve, as to the reſt, that Man is the ſole Animal, whoſe Nudities offend his own Companions, and the only one, who in his natural Actions withdraws and hides himſelf from his own Kind. And really, 'tis alſo an Effect worth Conſideration, that they who are Maſters in the Trade, preſcribe as a Remedy for amorous Paſſions, the full and free View of the Body a Man deſires, ſo that to cool the Ardour, there needs no more, but a Liberty to ſee and contemplate the Part he loves.

Ille. Quod obſcœnas in aperto corpore partes
Viderat, in curſu qui fuit, hæſit amor †.

The Love that's tilting, when thoſe Parts appear
Open to View, flags in the hot Career.

And altho' this Receipt may peradventure proceed from a nice and cold Humour; it is notwithſtanding, a very great

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* *Cic. de. Nat. Deor. lib.* 1. *ex Ennio.*
† *Ovid. de Rem. Amor. l.* 2.

Sign

Sign of our Want of Strength and Metal, that Uſe and Acquaintance ſhould make us diſguſt one another. It is not Modeſty, ſo much as Cunning and Prudence, that makes our Ladies ſo circumſpect, to refuſe us Admittance into their Cabinets, before they are painted and trick'd up for the publick View.

Nec Veneres noſtras hoc fallit, quo magis ipſæ,
Omnia ſummopere hos vitæ poſtſcenia celant,
Quos retinere volunt adſtrictoque eſſe in amore.

Of this, our Ladies are full well aware,
Which makes them with ſuch Privacy and Care,
Behind the Scene all thoſe Defects remove,
Should check the Flame of thoſe they moſt do love.

Whereas in ſeveral Animals there is nothing that we do not love, and that does not pleaſe our Senſes: So that from their very Excrements, we do not only extract wherewith to heighten our Sauces; but alſo our richeſt Ornaments and Perfumes. This Diſcourſe reflects upon none but the ordinary Sort of Women, and is not ſo ſacrilegious as to comprehend thoſe divine, ſupernatural and extraordinary Beauties, which we ſee ſhine among us like Stars under a corporeal and terreſtrial Veil. As to the reſt, the very Share that we allow to Beaſts, of the Bounty of Nature, by our own Confeſſion, is very much to their Advantage. We attribute to ourſelves imaginary and fantaſtick Goods, future and abſent Goods, for which human Capacity cannot of herſelf be reſponſible: OrGoods, that we falſly attribute to ourſelves by the Licence of Opinion, as Reaſon, Knowledge and Honour: And leave to them for their Dividend, eſſential, durable and palpable Goods, as Peace, Repoſe, Security, Innocence, and Health: Health, I ſay, the faireſt and richeſt Preſent that Nature can make us. Inſomuch that the Philoſopher, even the *Stoick*, is ſo bold as to ſay, *That* Heraclitus *and* Pherecides, *could they have truck'd their Wiſdom for Health, and have deliver'd themſelves, the one of his Dropſy, and the other of the Louſy Diſeaſe that tormented him into the Bargain, they had done well.* By which they ſet a greater Value upon Wiſdom, comparing and putting it into the Balance with Health, than they do with this other Propoſition,

Health the beſt and richeſt Gift of Nature.

sition, which is also theirs. They say, that if *Circe* had presented *Ulysses* with the two Potions, the one to make a Fool become a wise Man, and the other to make a wise Man become a Fool, that *Ulysses* ought rather to have chosen the last, than consent to that by which *Circe* had chang'd his human Figure into that of a Beast: And say that Wisdom itself would have spoke to him after this Manner: *Forsake me, let me alone, rather than lodge me under the Body and Figure of an Ass.* How the Philosophers then will abandon this great and divine Wisdom, for this corporeal and terrestrial Covering? It is then no more by Reason, by Discourse, and by the Soul, that we excel Beasts: 'Tis by our Beauty, our fair Complection, and our fine Symmetry of Parts, for which we must quit our Intelligence, our Prudence, and all the rest. Well I accept this natural and free Confession: Certainly they knew, that those Parts, upon which we so much value ourselves, are no other than mere Fancy. If Beasts then had all the Virtue, Knowledge, Wisdom, and *Stoical* Perfection, they would still be Beasts, and would not be comparable to Man, miserable, wicked and mad Man. For, in fine, whatever is not as we are, is nothing considerable: And God, to procure himself an Esteem among us, must put himself into that Shape, as we shall shew anon. By which it does appear, that it is not upon any true ground of Reason, but by a foolish Pride and vain Opinion, that we prefer ourselves before other Animals, and separate ourselves from their Society and Condition. But to return to what I was upon before; we have for our Part, Inconstancy, Irresolution, Incertitude, Sorrow, Superstition, Solicitude of Things to come, even after we shall be no more, Ambition, Avarice, Jealousy, Envy, irregular, frantick, and untam'd Appetites, War, Lying, Disloyalty, Detraction, and Curiosity. Doubtless, we have strangely over-pay'd this Fine, upon which we so much glorify ourselves, and this Capacity of Judging and Knowing, if we have bought it at the Price of this infinite Number of Passions, to which we are eternally subject. Unless we shall yet think fit, as *Socrates* does, to add to the Counterpoise, that notable Prerogative above Beasts, *That whereas Nature has prescrib'd them certain Seasons and Limits for the Delights*

Circe's *two Potions.*

Delights of Venus, *ſhe has given us the Reins at all Hours, and all Seaſons.* * *Ut vinum ægrotis quia prodeſt rarò, nocet ſæpiſſimè, melius eſt non adhibere omnino, quam, ſpe dubiæ ſalutis in apertam perniciem incurrere: Sic haud ſcio, an melius fuerit humano generi motum iſtum celerem, cogitationis acumen, ſolertiam, quam rationem vocamus, quoniam peſtifera ſint multis, admodum paucis ſalutaria, non dari omnino, quam tam munificè & tam largè dari. As it falls out, that Wine often hurts the Sick, and very rarely does them good, it is better not to give them any at all, than to run into an apparent Danger, out of hope of an incertain Benefit: So I know not, whether it had not been better for Mankind, that this quick Motion, this Penetracy of Imagination, this Subtilty, that we call Reaſon, had not been given to Man at all; conſidering how peſtiferous it is to many, and uſeful but to few, than to have been conferr'd in ſo abundant Manner, and with ſo liberal a Hand.* Of what Advantage can we conceive the Knowledge of ſo many Things was to *Varro* and *Ariſtotle?* Did it exempt them from human Inconveniences? Were they by it freed from the Accidents that lay heavy upon the Shoulders of a Porter? Did they extract from their *Logick* any Conſolation for the Gout? Or, for knowing that the Humour is lodg'd in the Joints, did they feel it the leſs? Have they compounded with Death, by knowing that ſome Nations rejoice at his Approach: Or with Cuckoldry, by knowing, that in ſome part of the World, Wives are in common? On the contrary, having been reputed the greateſt Men for Knowledge, the one amongſt the *Romans*, and the other amongſt the *Greeks*, and in a Time when Learning did moſt flouriſh, we have not heard nevertheleſs, that they had any particular Excellence in their Lives: Nay, the *Greek* had enough to do, to clear himſelf from ſome notable Blemiſhes in his. Have we obſerv'd that Pleaſure and Health have had a better Reliſh with him that underſtands *Aſtrology* and *Grammar*, than with others?

Illiterati num minus nervi rigent ‡?
Th' illiterate Plough-Man is as fit
For *Venus* Service as the Wit.

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* *Cic. de Nat. Deor. l.* 3. ‡ *Hor. Ep.* 8.

And

And Shame and Poverty less troublesome to the first, than the last?

> *Scilicet & morbis, & debilitate carebis,*
> *Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempore vitæ*
> *Longa tibi post hæc fato meliore dabuntur* †.

> ——————Thou shalt be free
> Both from Disease, and from Infirmity,
> From Care and Sorrrow, and thy Life shall be
> Prolong'd under a better Destiny.

I have known in my Time a hundred *Artizans*, and a hundred *Labourers*, wiser and more happy than the *Rectors* of the *University*, and whom I had much rather have resembled. Learning, methinks, has its Place amongst the necessary Things of Life, as Glory, Nobility, Dignity, or at the most, as Riches, and such other Qualities, which indeed are useful to it, but remotely, and more by Opinion than by Nature. We stand very little more in need of Offices, Rules and Laws of Living in our Society, than *Cranes* and *Emmets* do in theirs. And yet we see that they carry themselves very regularly, and without Erudition. If Man was wise, he would take the true Value of every Thing according as it was more useful and proper to his Life. Whoever will number us by our Actions and Deportments, will find many more excellent Men amongst the Ignorant, than the Learned: I say, in all Sorts of Virtue. Old *Rome* seems to me, to have been of much greater Value, both for Peace and War, than that learned *Rome* that ruin'd itself. And tho' all the rest should be equal; yet the Prowess, Integrity and Innocency would remain to the Ancients, for they cohabit singularly well with Simplicity. But I would leave this Discourse, that would lead me farther than I am willing to follow; and shall only say this farther, 'tis only Humility and Submission, that can make a compleat good Man. We are not to leave the Knowledge of his Duty to every Man's own Judgment: We are to prescribe it to him, and not suffer him to choose it at his own Dis-

Humility and Submission the Parents of Virtue.

† *Juv. Sat.* 14.

cretion:

cretion: Otherwiſe, according to the Imbecility, and infinite Variety of our Reaſons and Opinions, we ſhould at large Forge ourſelves Duties, that would (as *Epicurus* ſays) enjoin us to eat one another. The firſt *Law* that ever God gave to Man, was a *Law* of pure Obedience: It was a Commandment naked and ſimple, wherein Man had nothing to enquire after, or to diſpute; foraſmuch as to obey, is the proper Office of a rational Soul, acknowledging a heavenly Superior and Benefactor. From Obedience and Submiſſion ſpring all other Virtues, as all Sin does from Self-Opinion. And on the contrary, the firſt Temptation, that by the Devil was offer'd to human Nature, its firſt Poiſon inſinuated itſelf by the Promiſe was made us of Knowledge and Wiſdom. *Eritis ſicut Dii, ſcientes bonum & malum* *. *Ye ſhall be as Gods, knowing Good and Evil.* And the *Syrens*, in *Homer*, to allure *Ulyſſes*, and draw him within the Danger of their Snares, offered to give him Knowledge. The Plague of Man, is the Opinion of Wiſdom: And for this Reaſon it is, that Ignorance is ſo recommended to us by our Religion, as proper to Faith and Obedience. *Cavete, ne quis vos decipiat per* Philoſophiam, *& inanes ſeductiones, ſecundum elementa mundi* †. *Take heed, leſt any Man deceive you by Philoſophy and vain Deceit, after the Tradition of Men, and the Rudiments of the World.* There is in this a general Conſent amongſt all ſorts of Philoſophers, that the ſovereign Good conſiſts in the Tranquility of the Soul and Body: But where ſhall we find it?

Ad ſummam ſapiens, uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber honoratus, pulcher, Rex denique Regum:
Præcipue ſanus, niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt ‡:

He that is wiſe, inferior is to none,
If he be wiſe indeed, but *Jove* alone,
Rich, free, and graceful, theſe to reverence bring,
And laſtly of the greateſt Kings, a King:
And chiefly ſound, unleſs ſometimes there flow
A trickling Rheum upon his Lungs, or ſo.

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* *Gen* iii. † *Coloſ.* ii. ‡ *Horat. l.* i. *Epiſt.* i.

It seems, in Truth, that Nature, for the Consolation of our miserable and wretched Estate, has only given us Presumption for our Inheritance. 'Tis as *Epictetus* says, *That Man has nothing properly his own, but the use of his Opinion:* We have nothing but Wind and Smoak for our Portion. The Gods have Health in Essence, says *Philosophy*, and Sickness in Intelligence. Man on the contrary, possesses his Goods by Fancy, his Ills in Essence. We have reason to magnify the Power of our Imagination; for all our Goods are only in *Dream. Hear this poor calamitous Animal Huff. There is nothing, says* Cicero, *so charming as the Knowledge of Letters; of Letters, I say, by means whereof the Infinity of Things, the Immense Grandeur of Nature, the Heavens, even in this World, the Earth, and the Seas are discovered to us: 'Tis they that have taught us Religion, Moderation, and the Grandeur of Courage, and that have rejected our Souls from Obscurity, to make her see all Things, high, low, first and last, and indifferent: 'Tis they, that furnish us wherewith to live happily and well, and conduct us to pass over our Lives without Displeasure, and without Offence.* Does not this Man seem to speak of the Condition of the Ever-living and Almighty God? And as to the Effect, a thousand little Country-women have lived Lives more equal, more sweet and constant than his,

> ——*Deus ille fuit Deus, inclyte Memmi,*
> *Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ*
> *Nunc appellatur sapientia, quique per artem*
> *Fluctibus è tantis vitam tantisque tenebris,*
> *In tam tranquilla, & tam clara luce locavit* *.

> That God, great *Memmus*, was a God no doubt,
> Who, Prince of Life, first found that Reason out,
> Now Wisdom call'd; and by his Art, who did
> That Life in Tempests tost, and Darkness hid,
> Place in so great a Calm, and clear a Light.

Here are brave ranting Words: But a very light Accident put this Man's Understanding in a worse Condition than that of the meanest Shepherd: Notwithstanding this Instructing God, this Divine Wisdom. Of the same Stamp

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* *Lucr. l.* 5.

and Impudence is the Promise of *Democritus*'s Book: *I am going to speak of all Things.* And that foolish Title that *Aristotle* prefixes to one of his, *Of the Immortal Gods:* And the Judgment of *Chrysippus, That* Dion *was as virtuous as God.* And my beloved *Seneca* does indeed acknowledge, that God has given him Life: But that to live well is his own. According to this other, *In virtute verè gloriamur; Quod non contingeret, si id donum à Deo non à nobis haberemus* *. *We truly glory in our Virtue: Which would not be, if it was given us of God, and not by ourselves.* This is also *Seneca*'s Saying, *That the Wise Man has Fortitude equal with God: But in human Frailty he surmounts him.* There is nothing so ordinary, as to meet with Sallies of the like Temerity: There is none of us, who take so much Offence to see himself equal with God, as he does to see himself undervalu'd by being rank'd with his own Creatures; so much more are we jealous of our own Interest, than that of our Creator. But we must trample under Foot this foolish Vanity, and briskly and boldly shake the ridiculous Foundation, upon which these false Opinions are founded. So long as Man shall believe he has any Means and Power of himself, he will never acknowledge what he owes to his Maker; *his Eggs shall always be Chickens,* as the Saying is: We must therefore strip him to his Shirt. Let us see some notable Example of the Effects of his *Philosophy: Possidonius* being tormented with a Disease so painful, as made him writh his Arms, and gnash his Teeth, thought he sufficiently baffl'd the Dolour, by crying out against it: *Thou dost exercise thy Malice to much Purpose, I will not confess that thou art an Evil.* He is as sensible of the Pain as my Footman, but he mightily Values himself upon bridling his Tongue, at least, and restraining it within the Laws of his *Sect. Recuccumbere non opportebat verbis gloriantem* *. *It did not become him that spoke so big, to confess his Frailty when he came to the Test.* *Archesilaus* being ill of the Gout, and *Carneades* coming to see him, was returning troubled at his Condition, who having call'd him back, and shewing him

Temerity and Presumption of some Philosophers.

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l.* 3. † *Cic. Tusc. l.* 2.

his Feet and his Breasts: *There is nothing comes from thence hither*, said he. This has something a better Grace, for he feels himself in Pain, and would be disengag'd from it: But his Heart, notwithstanding is not conquer'd nor subdu'd by it. The other stands more obstinately to his Point, but I fear, rather verbally than really. And *Dionysius Heracleotes*, afflicted with a vehement Smarting in his Eyes, was reduc'd, and made to quit these *Stoical* Resolutions. But tho' Knowledge should, in Effect, do as they say, and could blunt the Point, and dull the Edge of the Misfortunes that attend us, what does she more, than what Ignorance does more purely and evidently do? The *Philosopher, Pyrrho*, being at Sea in very great Danger, by Reason of a mighty Storm presented nothing to the Imitation of those who were with him in that Extremity, but a *Hog* they had on Board, that was fearless and unconcerned at the Tempest. *Philosophy*, when she has said all she can, refers us at last to the Example of a *Wrestler*, or a *Muleteer*, in which sort of People we commonly observe much less apprehension of Death, sense of Pain and other Infirmities, and more Constancy than ever Knowledge furnish'd any one with, that was born without those Infirmities, and of himself prepared by a natural Habit. What is the Cause, that we make Incisions, and cut the tender Limbs of an Infant, and those of an Horse, more easily than ours; but Ignorance only? How many has meer force of Imagination made sick? We often see Men cause themselves to be let blood, purg'd and physick'd to be cured of Diseases they only feel in Opinion. When real Infirmities fail us, Knowledge lends us hers: That Colour, that Complexion portend some Defluxion: This hot Season threatens us with a Fever: This Breach in the Life-line of our Left-hand gives you Notice of some near and dangerous Indisposition, and at last, roundly attacks Health itself; saying, the Sprightliness and Vigour of Youth cannot continue in this Posture; there must be Blood taken, and the Heat abated, least it turn to your Prejudice. Compare the Life of a Man subjected to such Imaginations, to that of a Labourer that suffers himself to be led by his natural Appetite, measuring Things only by the present Sense, without Knowledge and without Prognostick, that feels no Pain or Sickness but

Diseases caus'd by Imagination.

but when he is really tormented or Sick: Whereas the other has the Stone in his Soul, before he has it either in his Reins or Bladder: As if it were not time enough to suffer the Evil when it shall come, he must anticipate it by Fancy, and run to meet it. What I say of *Physick*, may generally serve in Example for all other Sciences: From thence is derived that ancient Opinion of Philosophers, that placed the sovereign Good in the Discovery of the Weakness of our Judgment. My Ignorance affords me as much occasion of Hope, as of Fear: And having no other Rule for my Health, than that of the Examples of others, and of Events I see elsewhere upon the like Occasion; I find of all Sorts, and rely upon those which by comparison are most favourable to me. I receive Health with open Arms, free, full and entire, and by so much the more whet my Appetite to enjoy it, by how much it is at present less ordinary, and more rare: So far am I from troubling its Repose and Sweetness, with the Bitterness of a new and constrain'd Manner of Living. Beasts sufficiently shew us, how much the Agitation of the Soul brings Infirmities and Diseases upon us. That which is told us of those of *Brazil*, that they never died but of old Age, is attributed to the Serenity and Tranquility of the Air they live in; but I rather attribute it to the Serenity and Tranquility of their Souls, free from all Passion, Thought or Employments, tender'd or unpleasing, as People that pass over their Lives in an admirable Simplicity and Ignorance, without Letters, without Law, without King, or any Manner of Religion. And whence comes that, which we find by Experience, that the greatest and most rough-hewn Clowns are most able, and the most to be desired in amorous Performances? And that the Love of a *Muleteer*, oft renders itself more acceptable than that of a well bred Man? If it be not, that the Agitation of the Soul, in the latter, disturbs his natural Ability, dissolves and tires it, as it also troubles and tires itself. What puts the Soul besides itself, and more usually throws it into Madness, but her own Promptness, Vigour and Agility, and finally, her own proper Force? Of what is the most subtile Folly made, but of the most subtile Wisdom? As great Friendships spring from great Enmities, and vigorous Health from mortal Diseases: So from the rare and quick Agitations of

our Souls, proceed the most wonderful and most deprav'd Frenzies; 'tis but a half Turn of the Toe from the one to the other. In the Actions of Mad-men, we see how infinitely Madness resembles the most vigorous Operations of the Soul. Who does not know how indiscernible the Difference is betwixt Folly and the Elevations of a sprightly Soul, and the Effects of a supreme and extraordinary Virtue? *Plato* says, *that melancholick Persons are the most capable of Discipline, and the most excellent*; nor indeed is there any so great a Propension to Madness. Great Wits are ruin'd by their own proper Force and Quickness.

Ariosto. What a Condition through his own Agitation and Promptness of Fancy, is one of the most judicious, ingenious, and best form'd Souls, to the ancient and true Poesy, of any other *Italian* Poet, that has been these very many Years, lately fall'n into? Has he not great Obligation to this Vivacity that has destroy'd him? To this Light that has blinded him? To this exact and subtile Apprehension of Reason, that has put him besides his? To this curious and laborious Scrutiny after Sciences, that has reduc'd him to a Brute? And to this rare Aptitude to the Exercises of the Soul, that has render'd him without Exercise, and without Soul? I was more angry, if possible, than compassionate, to see him at *Ferrara* in so pitiful a Condition survive himself; forgetting both himself and his Works, which without his Knowledge, though before his Face, have been publish'd, deform'd and incorrect. Would you have a Man sound, would you have him regular, and in a steady and secure Posture? Muffle him up in the Shades of Stupidity and Sloth. We must be made Beasts to be made wise, and Hood-wink'd before we are fit to be led. And if one shall tell me, that the Advantage of having a cold and stupid Sense of Pain and other Evils, brings this Disadvantage along with it, to render us consequently less sensible also in the Fruition of Good and Pleasure; this is true: But the Misery of our Condition is such, that we have not so much to enjoy, as to avoid, and that the extreamest Pleasure does not affect us to the Degree that a light Grief does: *Segnius homines bona, quam mala sentiant.* We are not so sensible of the most perfect Health, as we are of the least Sickness.

——*Pungit*

——————*Pungit*
In cute vix ſumma violatum plagula corpus,
Quando valere nihil quemquam movet. Hoc juvat unum
Quod me non torquet latus, aut pes: Cætera quiſquam
Vix queat, aut ſanum ſeſe, aut ſentire valentem *.

The Body with a little Stripe is griev'd,
When the moſt perfect Health is not perceiv'd.
This only pleaſes me, that Spleen nor Gout
Either offend my Side, or wring my Foot,
Excepting theſe, ſcarce any one can tell,
Or does obſerve, when he's in Health and well.

Our Well-being is nothing but the Privation of Evil. Which is the Reaſon why that *Sect* of *Philoſophers*, who ſets the greateſt Value upon Pleaſure, has yet fixt it chiefly in Inſenſibility of Pain. *To be freed from Ill is the greateſt Good that Man can hope for or deſire:* According to *Ennius*,

Nimium boni eſt, cui nihil eſt mali.

For that every tickling and ſting, which are in certain Pleaſures, and that ſeem to raiſe us above ſimple Health and Inſenſibility; that active moving, and I know not how, itching and biting Pleaſure; even that very Pleaſure itſelf aims at nothing but Inſenſibility, as its Mark. The Luſt that carries us headlong to Women's Embraces, is directed for no other End, but only to cure the Torment of our ardent Deſires, and only requires to be glutted and laid at reſt, and deliver'd from the Fever. And ſo of the reſt. I ſay then, that if Simplicity conducts us to a State free from Evil, ſhe leads us to a very happy one, according to our Condition. And yet we are not to imagine it ſo ſtupid an Inſenſibility, as to be totally without Senſe: For *Crantor* had very good Reaſon to controvert the Inſenſibility of *Epicurus*; if founded ſo deep, that the very firſt Attack and Birth of Evils were not to be perceiv'd. I do not approve ſuch an Inſenſibility, as is neither poſſible, nor to be deſir'd. I am very well content not to be ſick: But if I am, I would know that I am ſo; and if a Cauſtick be apply'd, or Inciſions made in any Part, I would feel

* *Lucret.*

them. In Truth, whoever would take away the Knowledge and Sense of Evil, would at the same Time eradicate the Sense of Pleasure, and finally annihilate Man himself. *Istud nihil dolere, non sine magna mercede contingi immanitatis in animo, stuporis in corde* †. *An Insensibility that is not to be purchas'd, but at the Price of Humanity in the Soul, and of Stupidity of the Body.* Evil appertains to Man of course. Neither is Grief and Pain always to be avoided, nor Pleasure always pursu'd. 'Tis a great Advantage to the Honour of Ignorance, that Knowledge itself throws us into its Arms; when she finds herself puzzl'd to fortify us against the Weight of Evil, she is constrain'd to come to this Composition, to give us the Reins, and permit us to fly into the Lap of the other, and to shelter ourselves under her Protection from the Strokes and Injuries of Fortune. For what else is her Meaning, when she instructs us to divert our Thoughts from the Ills that press upon us, and entertain them with the Meditation of Pleasures past, and gone to comfort ourselves in present Afflictions, with the Remembrance of fled Delights, and to call to our Succour, a vanquish'd Satisfaction, to oppose it to that which lies heavy upon us? *Levationes ægritudinum in avocatione à cogitanda molestia, & revocatione ad contemptandas voluptates ponit* ‖; if it be not that where her Power fails, she will supply it with Pollicy, and make use of Slight, and a cunning Trip, where the Force of Limbs will not serve her turn? For not only to a Philosopher, but to any Man in his right Wits, when he has upon him the Thirst of a burning Fever, what Satisfaction can it be to remember the Pleasure of drinking *Greek* Wine? It would rather be a greater Torment to him.

Che ricordar si il ben doppia la nosa *.
Who so remembers, all the Gains,
Is, that he doubles his own Pains.

Of the same Stamp is this other Counsel that Philosophy gives, only to remember good Fortunes past, and to forget the Misadventures we have undergone; as if we had the Science of Oblivion in our own Power and Counsel, wherein we are yet no more to seek. *Suavis est laborum*

† *Cicer. Tusc. l.* 1. ‖ *Cicer. Tusc. l.* 3. * Proverb. *præter.*

præteritorum memoria *. *The Memory of paſt Evil is ſweet.* How? Does *Philoſophy* that ſhould arm me to contend with Fortune, and ſteel my Courage to trample all human Adverſities under Foot, is ſhe arriv'd to this Degree of Cowardice, to make me hide my Head at this rate, and ſave myſelf by theſe pitiful and ridiculous Shifts? For the Memory repreſents to us, not what we chuſe, but what ſhe pleaſes; nay, there is nothing that ſo much imprints any any thing in our Memory, as a Deſire to forget it: And 'tis a good way to retain and keep any thing ſafe in the Soul to ſollicit her to loſe it. And this is falſe, *Eſt ſitum in nobis ut & adverſa quaſi perpetua oblivione obruamus, & ſecunda jucunde & ſuaviter meminerimus* †. *And it is in our Power to bury, as it were in a perpetual Oblivion, all adverſe Accidents, and to retain a pleaſant and delightful Memory of our Succeſſes.* And this is true, *Memini etiam quæ nolo: Obliviſci non poſſum quæ volo. I do alſo remember what I would not; but I cannot forget what I would.* And whoſe Counſel is this? His, *qui ſe unus ſapientem profiteri ſit auſus. Who only durſt profeſs himſelf a Wiſe Man.*

Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, & omnes
Perſtrinxit Stellas, exortus uti æthereus Sol ‖.

Who from Mankind the Prize of Knowledge won,
And put the Stars out like the riſing Sun.

To empty and diſfurniſh the Memory, is not this the true Way to Ignorance?

Iners malorum remedium ignorantia eſt ‡.

Ignorance is but a dull Remedy for Evils.

We find ſeveral other like Precepts, whereby we are permitted to borrow frivolous Appearances from the Vulgar, where we find the greateſt Reaſon cannot do the Feat: Provided they adminiſter Satisfaction and Comfort. Where they cannot cure the Wound, they are content to palliate and benumb it. I believe they will not deny this, that if they could add Order and Conſtancy in an Eſtate of Life that could maintain itſelf in Eaſe and Pleaſure by ſome Debility of Judgment, they would accept it:

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* *Cic. de Fin. l.* 2. † *Cic. de Fin. l.* 1. ‖ *Lucr. l.* 3.
‡ *Senec. Oed. Act.* 3.

———*Potare*,

———*Potare, & spargere flores*
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi *.

I'll drink and revel like a jovial Lad,
Tho' for my Pains the World repute me Mad.

There would be a great many Philosophers of *Lycat's* Mind: This Man, being otherwise of very gentle Manners, living quietly and contentedly in his Family, and not failing in any Office of his Duty, either towards his own or Strangers, and very carefully preserving himself from hurtful Things, was nevertheless, by some Distemper in his Brains, possess'd with a Conceit, that he was perpetually in the Theatre, a Spectator of the finest Sights, and the best Comedies in the World; and being cur'd by the Physicians of his Frenzy, had much ado to forbear endeavouring by Suit to compel them to restore him again to his pleasing Imagination.

———*Pol me occidistis amici*
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error †.

By Heaven you've kill'd me, Friends, outright,
And not preserv'd me, since my dear Delight
And pleasing Error, by my better Sense
Unhappily return'd, is banish'd hence.

With a Madness, like that of *Thrasylaus* the Son of *Pythadorus*, who made himself believe, that all the Ships that weigh'd Anchor from the Port of *Pyreum*, and that came into the Haven, only made their Voyages for his Profit: Congratulating them from their happy Navigation, and receiving them with the greatest Joy, whom his Brother *Crito* having caus'd to be restor'd to his better Understanding, he infinitely regretted that Sort of Condition, wherein he had liv'd with so much Delight, and free from all Anxiety of Mind. 'Tis according to the old *Greek* Verse, that there is a great deal of Convenience in not being over-wise.

Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γαρ μηδὲν, ἡδὺς βίος.

And *Ecclesiastes*, *In much Wisdom, there is much Sorrow*:

* *Horat. Ep. lib.* 1. † *Horat. lib.* 2. *Ep.* 2.

And

And *who gets Wisdom, gets Labour and Trouble.* Even that to which Philosophy consents in general, that last Remedy which she applies to all Sorts of Necessities, to put an End to the Life, we are not able to endure it. *Placet? Pare: Non placet? Quacunque vis exi: Pungit dolor? Fodiat sane: Si nudus es, da jugulum: Sin tectus armis Vulcani, id est, fortitudine, resiste* *. *Does it please? Obey it. Not please? Go where thou wilt. Does Grief prick thee? Nay, if it stab thee too: If thou art naked, present thy Throat: If cover'd with the Arms of* Vulcan, *that is Fortitude, resist it.* And this Word so us'd in the *Greek* Festivals, *aut bibat, aut abeat,* That sounds better upon the Tongue of a *Gascoign,* who naturally change the *V* into *B* than that of *Cicero*;

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis,
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentius ætas †.

If to live well and right thou do'st not know,
Give Place, and leave thy Room to those that do.
Th'ast eaten, drank, and play'd to thy Content,
'Tis Time to make thy parting Compliment,
Lest, being over-dos'd, the younger Sort,
Laugh at thee first, and then exclude thee for't.

What is it other than a Confession of his Impotency, and a sending back not only to Ignorance, to be there in Safety, but even to Stupidity, Insensibility and Non-entity?

———*Democritum postquam matura vetustas*
Admonuit memorem, motus languescere mentis,
Sponte sua letho caput obvius obtulit ipse.

Soon as through Age *Democritus* did find
A manifest Decadence in his Mind,
He thought he now surviv'd to his own Wrong,
And went to meet his Death that stay'd too long.

'Tis what *Antisthenes* said, *That a Man must either make Provision of Sense to understand; or of a Halter to hang himself:* And what *Chrysippus* alledg'd upon this Saying of the Poet *Tyrteus*,

* *Cic. Tusc. l.* 2. † *Hor. l.* 2. *Epist.* 2. ‡ *Luret. l.* 1.

De

De la vertu, ou de mort approacher *.

Or to arrive at Virtue, or at Death.

How Love is to be cur'd.

And *Crates* said, *That Love would be cur'd by Hunger, if not by Time: And whoever disliked these two Remedies, by a Rope.* That *Sextius*, of whom both *Seneca* and *Plutarch* speak with so high an Encomium, having applied himself (all other Things set aside) to the Study of *Philosophy*, resolv'd to throw himself into the Sea, seeing the Progress of his Studies too tedious and slow. He ran to find Death, since he could not overtake Knowledge. These are the Words of the Law upon this Subject. *If Peradventure some great Inconvenience happen, for which there is no Remedy, the Haven is near, and a Man may save himself by swimming out of his Body, as out of a leaky Skiff; for 'tis the Fear of Dying and not the Love of Life, that ties the Fool to his Body.* As Life renders itself by Simplicity more pleasant, so more innocent and better, as I was saying before. *The simple and Ignorant*, says St. *Paul*, *raise themselves up to Heaven, and take possession of it*; and we, with all our Knowledge, plunge ourselves into the infernal Abyss. I am neither sway'd by *Valentinian*, a profest Enemy to all Knowledge and Literature, nor by *Licinius*, both *Roman* Emperors, who called them the Poison and Pest of all *Politick* Governments: Nor by *Mahomet*, who (as 'tis said) interdicted all Manner of Learning to his Followers: But the Example of the Great *Lycurgus*, and his Authority, with the Reverence of the Divine *Lacædemonian* Policy,

The Lacedæmonian *Policy without Letters.*

so great, so admirable, and so long flourishing in Virtue and Happiness without any Institution or Practice of Letters, ought certainly to be of very great Weight.

The new World without Law or Magistrate.

Such as return from the new World discover'd by the *Spaniards* in our Father's Days, can testifie to us, how much more honestly and regularly those Nations live without Magistrate and without Law, than ours do, where there are more Officers and Lawyers than there are of other Sorts of Men, and Business.

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* *Plutarch.*

Dicittatoris

Dicittatorie & di libelli,
D'eſamine & di carte, di procure
Hanno le mani & il ſeno, & gran faſtalli
Di chi ſe, di conſigli & di letture,
Percui le faculta de poverelli
Non ſeno mai ne le citta ſicure,
Hanno dittro & dinanzi & d'ambi I lati,
Notai procuratori & advocati *.

Her Lap was full of Writs, and of Citations,
Of Proceſs, of Actions and Arreſts,
Of Bills, of Anſwers, and of Replications,
In Courts of Delegates and of Requeſts,
To grieve the ſimple Sort with great Vexations;
She had reſorting to her as her Gueſts,
Attending on her Circuits and her Journeys,
Scriv'ners and Clerks, and Lawyers and Attorneys †.

It was what a *Roman* Senator ſaid of the latter Ages, *That their Predeceſſors Breath ſtunk of Garlick, but their Stomachs were perfum'd with a good Conſcience: And that*, on the contrary, *thoſe of his Time were all ſweet Odour without, but ſtunk within of all ſorts of Vices*; that is to ſay, as I interpret it, that they abounded with Learning and Eloquence, but were very defective in Moral Honeſty. Incivility, Ignorance, Simplicity and Roughneſs, are the natural Companions of Innocency: Curioſity, Subtilty and Knowledge, bring Malice in their Train: Humility, Fear, Obedience and Affability (which are the principal Things that ſupport and maintain human Society) require an empty and docile Soul, and little preſuming upon itſelf. *Chriſtians* have a particular Knowledge, how natural and original an Evil Curioſity is in Man. The Thirſt of Knowledge, and the Deſire to become more Wiſe, was the firſt Ruin of Mankind, and the Way by which he precipitated himſelf into eternal Damnation. Pride was his Ruin and Corruption? 'Tis Pride that diverts from the common Path, and makes him embrace Novelties, and rather chuſe to be Head of a Troop, loſt and wandring in the Path of Error; to be Regent and a Teacher of Lies, than to be a Diſciple in the School of Truth, ſuffer-

* *Ariſt. Cant.* 15. † Sir *John Harrington*'s Tranſ.

ing

ing himself to be led and guided by the Hand of another, in the right and beaten Road. 'Tis peradventure, the Meaning of this old *Greek* Saying, ἡ δεισιδαιμονία καθάπερ πατρὶ τῷ τυφλῷ πείθεται *. *That Superstition follows Pride, and obeys it as if it were a Father.* Ah! Presumption, how much dost thou hinder us? After that *Socrates* was told, That the God of Wisdom had attributed to him the Title of a *Sage*; he was astonish'd at it, and searching and examining himself throughout, could find no Foundation for this Divine Sentence. He knew others as Just, Temperate, Valiant and Learned as himself: And more Eloquent, more Handsome, and more Profitable to their Country than he. At last he concluded, that he was not distinguish'd from others, nor Wise, but only because he did not think himself so. And that his God consider'd the Opinion of Knowledge and Wisdom as a singular Brutality in Man; and that his best Doctrine was the Doctrine of Ignorance, and Simplicity the best Wisdom. The Sacred Word declares those miserable, who have an Opinion of themselves: *Dust and Ashes*, says it to such, *What hast thou wherein to glorify thyself*; and in another Place, *God has made Man like unto a Shadow*, of whom, who can judge, when by the removing of the Light, it shall be vanish'd? Man is a Thing of nothing, whose Force is so far from being able to comprehend the Divine Height; that of the Works of our Creator, those best bear his Mark, and are with better Title his, which we the least understand. To meet with an Incredible Thing, is an Occasion to Christians to believe; and it is so much the more according to Reason, by how much it is against human Reason. If it were according to Reason, it would be no more a singular Thing. *Melius scitur Deus nesciendo*, says St. *Austin* †, *God is better known by not knowing.* And *Tacitus*, *Sanctius est ac reverentius de actus Deorum credere quam scire* ‖. *It is more Holy and Reverent to believe the Works of God, than to know them.* And *Plato* thinks there is something of Impiety in it, to enquire too curiously into God, the Word, and first Causes of Things. *Atque illum quidem hujus Universitatis invenire, difficile: Et,*

* *Socrates apud Stobæum.* † *Div. Aug. l. 2. de Ord.*
‖ *Tacit. de Mor. Ger.*

quum

quum jam inveneris, indicare in vulgus, nefas, says *Cicero* *. *To find out the Parent of the World, is very hard: And when found out to reveal him to the Vulgar, is Sin:* We pronounce indeed Power, Truth and Juſtice, which are Words that ſignify ſome great Thing; but that Thing we neither ſee, nor conceive at all. We ſay that God fears, that God is angry, that God loves:

Immortalia ſermone notantes ‡.

Giving to Things immortal, mortal Names,

Which are all Agitations and Emotions, that cannot be in God according to our Form, nor we imagine it according to his; it only belongs to God to know himſelf, and to interpret his own Works; and he does it in our Language, improperly, to ſtoop and deſcend to us who grovel upon the Earth. How can *Prudence*, which is the Choice betwixt Good and Evil, be properly attributed to him, whom no Evil can touch? How the Reaſon and Intelligence which we make uſe of, be obſcure to arrive at apparent Things; ſeeing that nothing is obſcure to him? And *Juſtice*, which diſtributes to every one what appertains to him, a Thing begot by the Society and Community of Men, how is that in God? How *Temperance*, which is the Moderation of corporal Pleaſures, that have no Place in the Divinity? *Fortitude* to ſupport Pain, Labour, and Dangers as little appertains to him as the reſt; theſe three Things have no acceſs to him. For which Reaſon, *Ariſtotle* holds him equally exempt from Virtue and Vice. *Neque gratia, neque ira teneri poteſt, quod quæ talia eſſent, imbecillia eſſent omnia* †. *He can neither be affected with Favour nor Indignation, becauſe both theſe are the Effects of Frailty.* The Participation we have in the Knowledge of Truth, ſuch as it is, is not acquir'd by our own Force. God has ſufficiently given us to underſtand that, by the Witneſſes he has choſen out of the common People, ſimple and ignorant Men, that he has been pleas'd to employ, to inſtruct us in his admirable Secrets: Our Faith is not of our own acquiring, 'tis purely the Gift of another's Bounty. 'Tis not by Meditation, or by Virtue of our own Underſtanding,

* *Cic. in Frag.* ‡ *Luc. l.* 5. † *Cicer. de Nat. Deor.*

ing, that we have acquir'd our *Religion*, but by Foreign Authority and Command: Wherein the Imbecillity of our Judgment does more assist us than the Force of it, and our Blindness more than our Clearness of Sight. 'Tis more by the Meditation of our Ignorance, that we know any thing of the Divine Wisdom. 'Tis no wonder, if our natural and earthly Parts cannot conceive that supernatural and heavenly Knowledge: Let us bring nothing of our own, but Obedience and Subjection. For, as it is written, *I will destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and will bring to nothing the Understanding of the Prudent. Where is the Wise? Where is the Scribe? Where is the Disputer of this World? Hath not God made Foolish the Wisdom of this World? For after that in the Wisdom of God, the World knew not God, it pleased God by the Foolishness of preaching to save them that believe* *. Finally, should I examine whether it be in the Power of Man to find out that which he seeks, and if that Quest, wherein he has busied himself so many Ages, has enrich'd him with any new Force, or any solid Truth: I believe he will confess, if he speaks from his Conscience, *that all he has got by so long Disquisition, is only to have learn'd to know his own Weakness.* We have only by a long Study confirm'd and verify'd the natural Ignorance we were in before. The same has fallen out to Men truly Wise, which befals Ears of Corn; they shoot and raise their Heads high and pert, whilst empty; but when full and swell'd with Grain in Maturity, begin to flag and droop. So Men having try'd and sounded all Things, and having found in that Mass of Knowledge, and Provision of so many various Things, nothing solid and firm, and nothing but Vanity, have quitted their Presumption, and acknowledge their natural Condition. 'Tis what *Velleius* reproaches *Cotta* withal and *Cicero*, that they learn'd of *Philo, that they had learn'd nothing. Pherecydes*, one of the seven *Sages*, writing to *Thales* upon his Death-bed; *I have*, said he, *given Order to my People, after my Interment, to carry my Writings to thee. If they please thee, and the other Sages, publish; if not, suppress them. They contain no Certainty with which I myself am satisfy'd.* Neither do I pretend to

* 1 *Cor.* i. 19, 20, 21.

know

know the Truth, or to attain to it. I rather open than discover Things. The wisest Man that ever was, being ask'd *what he knew?* made Answer, *He knew this, that he knew nothing.* By which, he verified what has been said, that the greatest Part of what we know, is the least of what we do not; that is to say, that even what we think we know, is but a Piece, and a very little one, of our Ignorance. *We know Things in Dreams,* says *Plato, and are ignorant of them in Truth. Omnes pene Veteres nihil cognosci, nihil percipi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt: Angustos sensus, imbecilles animos, brevia curricula vitæ* †. *Almost all the Ancients have declared, that there is nothing to be known, nothing to be understood: The Senses are too weak, Men's Minds too weak, and the little Course of Life too short.* And of *Cicero* himself, who stood indebted to his Learning for all he was worth, *Valerius* says, *That he began to disrelish Letters in his old Age. And when most incumbent upon his Studies, it was with great Independency upon any one Party; following what he thought probable, now in one Sect, and then in another, evermore wavering under the Doubts of the Academy. Dicendum est, sed ita ut nihil affirmem, quæram omnia dubitans plerumque, & mihi diffidens* ‡. *I am to speak, but so as to affirm nothing: I shall enquire into all Things, but for the most Part in Doubt and Distrust of myself.* I should have too fair a Game, should I consider Man in his common Way of Living and in Gross: And might do it however by his own Rule; who judges Truth, not by Weight, but by the Number of Votes. Let us let the People alone,

Qui vigilans stertit:
Mortua cui vita est, prope jam atque videnti *.
Who waking snore: Whose Life is but a Dream,
Who only living and awake do seem.

who neither feel nor judge: And let most of their natural Faculties lie idle. I will take Man in his highest Station. Let us consider him in that little Number of Men, excellent and cull'd out from the rest, who having been endowed with a remarkable and particular natural Force, have

† *Cicer. Acad. lib.* 1. ‡ *Cicer. Acad.* * *Lucret.*

moreover hardned and whetted it by Care, Study and Art, and raised it to the highest Pitch of Wisdom, to which it can possibly arrive. They have adjusted their Souls to all Senses, and all Biasses; have propt and supported them with all foreign Helps proper for them, and enrich'd and adorn'd them with all they could borrow for their Advantage, both within and without the World: Those are they that are plac'd in the utmost and most supreme Height, to which human Nature can attain. They have regulated the World with *Polities* and *Laws*. They have instructed it with *Arts* and *Sciences*, and do yet instruct it by Example, by their admirable Manners. I shall make account of none but such Men as these, and only make use of their Testimony and Experience. Let us examine how far they have proceeded, and on what they repos'd their surest Hold. The Errors and Defects that we shall find amongst these Men, the World may boldly declare to be purely their own. Whoever goes in search of any Thing, must come to this, either to say, *that he has found it out*, or *that it is not to be found out*, or *that he is yet upon the Search*. All Philosophy is divided into these three Kinds. All her Design is to seek out *Truth*, *Knowledge* and *Certainty*. The *Peripateticks*, *Epicureans*, *Stoicks* and others, have thought they have found it. These established the Sciences, and have treated of them, as of certain Knowledges. *Clitomachus*, *Carneades*, and the *Academicks*, have despaired in their Search, and concluded, *that Truth could not be conceiv'd by our Understandings*. The Result of these are Weakness and human Ignorance. This Sect has had the greatest Number, and the most noble Followers. *Pyrrho* and other *Scepticks*, whose Doctrines were held by many of the Ancients, taken from *Homer*, the seven *Sages*, *Archilochus*, *Euripides*, *Zeno*, *Democritus* and *Xenophon*, *say that they are yet upon the Enquiry after Truth*. These conclude, that the other, who think they have found it out, are infinitely deceiv'd; and that it is too daring a Vanity in the second Sort, to determine that human Reason is not able to attain unto it. For this establishing a Standard of our Power, to know and judge the Difficulty of Things, is a great and extreme Knowledge, of which they doubt whether or no Man can be capable.

No

Nil sciri quisquis putat, id quoque nescit;
An sciri possit, quo se nil sciri fatetur *.

He that says nothing can be known, o'rethrows
His own Opinion, for he nothing knows,
So knows not that †.

The Ignorance that knows itself, judges and condemns itself, is not an absolute Ignorance: Which to be, it must be ignorant of itself. So that the Profession of the *Pyrrhonians* is to waver, doubt and enquire, not to make themselves sure of, or responsible to themselves for any thing. Of the three Actions of the Soul, *Imaginative*, *Appetitive*, and *Consentive*, they receive the two first; the last they keep ambiguous, without Inclination or Approbation, either of one thing or another, so light and valuable it is. *Zeno* represented the Motion of his Imagination, upon these Divisions of the Faculties of the Soul, *an open and expanded Hand signified Appearance: A Hand half shut and the Fingers a little bending, Consent: A clinch'd Fist, Comprehension: When with the Left he yet thrusts the Fist closer, Knowledge.* Now this Situation of their Judgment upright and inflexible, receiving all Objects without Application, or Consent, leads them to their *Ataraxie*, which is a peaceable Condition of Life, temperate and exempt from the Agitations we receive by the Impression of Opinion and Knowledge that we think we have of Things. From whence spring Fear, Avarice, Envy, immoderate Desires, Ambition, Pride, Superstition, Love of Novelty, Rebellion, Disobedience, Obstinacy, and the greatest Part of bodily Ills: Nay, and by that they are exempt from the Jealousy of their Discipline. For they debate after a very gentle Manner. They fear no Revenge in their Disputes. When they affirm *that heavy Things descend*, they would be sorry to be believ'd, and love to be contradicted, to engender Doubt and Suspence of Judgment, which is their End. They only put our Propositions to contend with those they think we have in our Belief. If you take their Arguments, they will as readily maintain the contrary:

Doubt and Suspence of Judgment the principal Effect of Pyrrhonism.

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † Mr. *Creech.*

'Tis all one to them, they have no Choice. If you maintain that *Snow is Black*, they will argue on the contrary that it is *White*; if you say it is neither the one nor the other, they will maintain that it is both. If you hold by a certain Judgment that you *know nothing*, they will maintain that you do. Yes, and if by an affirmative Axiom you assure them that *you doubt*; they will argue against you, that *you doubt not*; or that you cannot judge and determine that Doubt. And by this Extremity of Doubt, which justles itself, they separate and divide themselves from many Opinions, even of those they have several ways maintain'd, both concerning *Doubt* and *Ignorance*. *Why shall not they be allow'd*, say they, *as well as the* Dogmatists, *one to say Green, another Yellow, and even of those to doubt? Can any thing be propos'd to us to grant, or deny, which it shall not be permitted to consider as Ambiguous?* And where others are carried away, either by the Custom of their Country, or by the Instruction of Parents, or by Accident, as by a Tempest without Judgment, and without Choice; nay, and for the most Part, before the Age of Discretion, to such and such an Opinion, to the Sect of the *Stoicks* or *Epicureans*, with which they are pre-possest, enslav'd and fast bound, as to a Thing they cannot forsake: *Ad quamcumque disciplinam velut tempestate, delati, ad eam, tanquam ad saxum, adhærescunt* *: *Every one cleaves to his Principles, as to a Rock, against which he had been thrown by Tempest.* Why shall not these likewise be permitted to maintain their Liberty, and consider Things without Obligation or Slavery? *Hoc liberiores & solutiores quod integra illis est judicandi potestas. In this more unconstrain'd and free, because they have the greater Power of Judging.* Is it not of some Advantage to be disengag'd from the *Necessity* that curbs others? Is it not better to remain in Suspence than to entangle himself in the innumerable Errors that human Fancy has produc'd? Is it not much better to suspend the Persuasion, than to intermeddle with these wrangling and seditious Divisions; *What shall I chuse? What you please, provided you will chuse.* A very foolish Answer: But such a one nevertheless, as all Doctrine seems to point at, and by which we are not permitted to be ignorant of what we are Ignorant.

* *Cicer. Acad.*

Take

Take the moſt eminent Side, that of the greateſt Reputation; it will never be ſo ſure, that you ſhall not be forc'd to attack and contend with a hundred and a hundred Adverſaries to defend it. Is it not better to keep out of this Hurly-burly? You are permitted to embrace *Ariſtotle*'s Opinion of the *Immortality of the Soul*, with as much Zeal as your Honour and Life, and to give the Lie to *Plato*, and ſhall they be interdicted to doubt him? If it be lawful for *Panetius* to maintain his Opinion about *Augury*, *Dreams*, *Oracles*, *Vaticinations*; of which the *Stoicks* made no doubt at all; why may not a Wiſe Man dare to do the ſame in all Things, that he dar'd to do in thoſe he had learn'd of his Maſters, eſtabliſh'd by the common Conſent of the School, whereof he is a Profeſſor, and a Member? If it be a Child that judges, he knows not what it is: If a Wiſe Man, he is prepoſſeſt. They have reſerv'd for themſelves a marvellous Advantage in Battle, having eas'd themſelves of the Care of Defence. If you ſtrike them they care not, provided they ſtrike too, and they turn every Thing to their own Advantage. If they overcome, your Argument is Lame; if you, theirs; if they fall ſhort, they verify Ignorance; if you fall ſhort, you do it; If they prove, that *nothing is known*, it goes well; if they cannot prove it, 'tis as well: *Ut quum in eadem re paria contrariis in partibus momenta inveniuntur, facilius ab utraque parte Aſſertio ſuſtineatur. That when like Sentiments happen pro and con in the ſame Thing, the Aſſertion may on both Sides be more eaſily ſuſpended.* And they make account to find out with much greater Facility why a Thing is falſe, than why 'tis true; that which is not, than that which is, and what they do not believe, than what they do. Their Way of ſpeaking is, *I aſſert nothing, it is no more ſo, than ſo, or than neither one nor t'other: I underſtand it not.* Appearances are every where equal: The Law of ſpeaking pro or con, is the ſame. Nothing ſeems true, that may not ſeem falſe. Their Sacramental Word is ἐπέχω, that is to ſay, *I hold, I ſtart not.* This is the Burthen of their Song, and others of like Stuff. The Effect of which is a pure, entire, perfect and abſolute Suſpenſion of Judgment. They make uſe of their Reaſon to enquire and debate, but not to fix and determine. Whoever ſhall imagine a perpetual Confeſ-

The Immortality of the Soul maintain'd by Ariſtotle.

sion of Ignorance, a Judgment without Bias, Propension or Inclination, upon any Occasion whatever, conceives a true *Idea* of *Pyrrhonism*. I express this Fancy as well as I can, by reason that many find it hard to conceive, and Authors themselves represent it a little variously and obscurely. As to what concerns the Actions of Life, they are in this of the common Fashion. They yield and give up themselves to their *natural Inclinations*, to the Power and Impulse of *Passions*, to the Constitution of Laws and Customs, and to the Tradition of Arts. *Non enim nos Deus ista scire, sed tantummodo uti voluit* *. *For God would not have us know, but only use those Things.* They suffer their ordinary Actions to be guided by those Things, without any Dispute or Judgment. For which Reason I cannot consent to what is said of *Pyrrho*. They represent him *stupid and immovable, leading a kind of savage and unsociable Life, standing the Justle of Carts, going upon Precipices, and refusing to accommodate himself to the Laws.* This is to enhance upon his Discipline. He would never make himself a Stock or a Stone, he would shew himself a living Man, discoursing, reasoning, enjoying all natural Conveniences and Pleasures, employing and making use of all his corporal and spiritual Faculties in Rule and Reason. The fantastick, imaginary and false Privileges that Man had usurp'd of Lording it, Ordaining and Establishing, he has utterly quitted and renounced. Yet there is no *Sect* but is constrain'd to permit her *Sage* to follow several Things not comprehended, perceiv'd, or consented to, if he means to live. And if he goes to Sea, he follows that Design, not knowing whether his Voyage shall be successful or no; and only insists upon the Tightness of the Vessel, the Experience of the Pilot, and the Convenience of the Season, and such probable Circumstances. After which he is bound to go, and suffer himself to be govern'd by Appearances, provided there be no express and manifest Contrariety in them. He has a Body, he has a Soul; the Senses push them, the Mind spurs them on. And altho' he does not find in himself this proper and singular Sign of Judging, and that he perceives that he ought not to engage his Consent, considering that there may be some false, equal to these true Appearances, yet

* *Cicer. de. Divin. l.* 61.

does

does he not for all that fail of carrying on the Offices of his Life with great Liberty and Convenience. How many Arts are there that profeſs to conſiſt more in Conjecture than Knowledge? That decide not true and falſe, and only follow that which ſeems the one or the other? There are, ſay they, true and falſe, and we have in us wherewith to ſeek it; but not to make it ſtay when we touch it. We are much more prudent, in letting ourſelves be carried away by the Swing of the World without Enquiry. A Soul clear from Prejudice, has a marvellous Advance towards Tranquility and Repoſe. Men that judge and controul their Judges, do never duly ſubmit to them. How much more docile and eaſy to be govern'd, both in the Laws of Religion and civil Polity, are ſimple and incurious Minds, than thoſe over-vigilant Wits, that will ſtill be prating of Divine and Human Cauſes? There is nothing in human Invention that carries ſo great a ſhew of Likelihood and Utility as this. This preſent Man, naked and empty, confeſſing his natural Weakneſs, fit to receive ſome foreign Force from above, unfurniſh'd of Human, and therefore more apt to receive into him the Divine Knowledge, undervaluing his own Judgment, to make more room for Faith: Neither believing amiſs, nor eſtabliſhing any Doctrine againſt the Laws and common Obſervances, Humble, Obedient, Diſciplinable, Studious, a ſworn Enemy of Hereſy; and conſequently, freeing himſelf from vain and irreligious Opinions, introduc'd by falſe *Sects*, *Sectaries* and *Hereticks*. 'Tis a blank Paper prepar'd to receive ſuch Forms from the Finger of God, as he ſhall pleaſe to write upon it. The more we reſign and commit ourſelves to God, and the more we renounce ourſelves, of the greater Value we are. *Take in good part*, ſays *Eccleſiaſtes*, *the Things that preſent themſelves to thee, as they ſeem and taſte from Hand to Mouth: The reſt is out of thy Knowledge. Dominus novit cogitationes hominum, quoniam vanæ ſunt, the Lord knoweth the Hearts of Men, that they are but Vanity* *. Thus we ſee, that of three general Sects of *Philoſophy*, two make open Profeſſion of *Doubt* and *Ignorance*; and in that of the *Dogmatiſts*, which is the third, it is eaſy to diſcover, that the greateſt Part of them only aſſume this Face of Confidence and Aſſurance, that they may have

* *Pſal.* xciv.

the better Grace. They have not so much Thought to establish any Certainty for us, to shew us how far they have proceeded in their Search of Truth, *Quam docti fingunt magis quam norunt. Which the Learned rather feign than know.* *Timæus* being to instruct *Socrates* in what he knew of the Gods, the World and Men, proposes to speak to him as a Man to a Man, and that it is sufficient, if his Reasons are probable, as those of another; For that exact Reason were neither in his, nor any other mortal Hand. Which one of his Followers has thus imitated: *Ut potero, explicabo; nec tamen ut* Pythius Apollo, *certa ut sint, & fixa, quæ dixero: Sed ut homunculus probabilia conjectura sequens**. *I will, as well as I am able, explain; yet not as* Pythius Apollo, *that what I say, should be fix'd and certain, but like a Man that follows Probabilities by Conjecture.* And that other, upon the natural and common Subject of the Contempt of Death, he has elsewhere translated from the very Words of *Plato*, *Si forte, de Deorum natura, ortuque Mundi differentes, minus id quod habemus in animo consequimur, haud erit mirum. Æquum est enim meminisse, & me qui disseram, hominem esse, & vos qui judicetis: Ut si probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis* †. *If perchance, when we discourse of the Nature of God's and the World's Original, we cannot do it as we desire, it will be no great Wonder. For it is just you should remember, that both I who speak, and you who are to judge, are Men: So that if probable Things are deliver'd, you shall require and expect no more.* *Aristotle* does ordinarily heap up a great Number of others Opinions and Beliefs, to compare them with his own, and to let us see how much he has gone beyond them, and how much nearer he approaches to Possibility and Likelihood of Truth. For *Truth* is not to be judg'd by the Authority and Testimony of others; which made *Epicurus* religiously avoid quoting them in his Writings. This is the Prince of all *Dogmatists*, and yet we are told by him, *That much Knowledge does administer many Occasions of doubting more.* In earnest, we see him sometimes so shrowd and muffle up himself in so thick and so inexplicable Obscurity, that we know not what use to make of his Advice. It is in effect a *Pyrrhonism* under a concluding and

* *Cicero Tusc. lib.* 1. † *Cicero in Timæo.*

determining

determining Form. Hear *Cicero*'s Proteſtation, who expounds to us another's Fancy by his own. *Qui requirunt, quid de quaque re ipſi ſentiamus: Curioſius id faciunt, quam neceſſe eſt. Hæc Philoſophiæ ratio, contra omnia diſſerendi, nullamque rem apertè judicandi, profecta à* Socrate, *repetita ab* Arceſilao, *confirmata à* Carneade, *uſque ad noſtram viget ætatem. Hi ſumus, qui omnibus veris falſa quædam adjuncta eſſe dicamus, tanta ſimilitudine, ut in iis nulla inſit judicandi & aſſentiendi nota* *. *They who deſire to know what we think of every Thing; are therein more inquiſitive than is neceſſary. This Practice in* Philoſophy *of diſputing againſt every Thing, and of abſolutely concluding nothing, begun by* Socrates, *repeated by* Arceſilaus, *and confirm'd by* Carneades, *has continu'd in uſe even to our own Times. We are they, who declare that there is ſo great a Mixture of Things falſe, amongſt all that are true, and they ſo reſemble one another, that there can be in them no certain Mark to direct us, either to judge or aſſent.* Why hath not *Ariſtotle* only, but moſt of the *Philoſophers*, affected Difficulty, if not to ſet a greater Value upon the Vanity of the Subject, and amuſe the Curioſity of our Wits, by giving them this Bone to pick. *Clitomachus* affirm'd, That *he could never diſcover by* Carneades's *Writings, what Opinion he was of.* This was it that made *Epicurus* affect to be abſtruſe, and that procur'd *Heraclitus* the Epithet to his Name of σκοτεινὸς: Difficulty is a Coin the Learn'd make uſe of, like *Jugglers*, to conceal the Vanity of their Art, and which human Sottiſhneſs eaſily takes for current Pay.

Obſcure.

Clarus ob obſcuram linguam, magis inter inanes:
Omnia enim ſtolida magis admirantur amantque,
Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt †.

Bombaſt and Riddle beſt do Puppies pleaſe,
For Fools admire and love ſuch Things as theſe:
And a dull Quibble wrapt in dubious Phraſe,
That to the Height does their wiſe Wonder raiſe.

Cicero reprehends ſome of his Acquaintance and Friends, for giving more of their Time to the Study of *Aſtrology, Law, Logick* and *Geometry*, than they were really worth;

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1. † *Lucret. lib.* 1.

ſaying,

saying, *That they were by those diverted from the Duties of Life, and from more profitable and genteel Studies.* The *Cyrenaick Philosophers*, did equally despise *Natural Philosophy* and *Logick*. *Zeno*, in the very Beginning of the Books of the Common-wealth, declar'd *all the liberal Arts of no use*. *Chrysippus* said, *That what* Plato *and* Aristotle *had writ concerning* Logick, *they had only done it in sport, and by way of Exercise:* And could not believe that they spoke in earnest of so vain a Thing. *Plutarch* says the same of *Metaphysicks*. And *Epicurus* would have said as much of *Rhetorick, Grammar, Poesy, Mathematicks*, and (*Natural Philosophy* excepted) of all the other Sciences; and *Socrates* of them all, excepting that *of Manners, and of Life*. Whatever any one requir'd to be instructed in by him, he would ever, in the first Place, demand an Account of the Conditions of his Life present and past, which he examin'd and judg'd; esteeming all other Learning subsequent to that, and supernumerary. *Parùm mihi placeant eæ literæ, quæ ad virtutem Doctoribus nihil profuerant* *. *That Learning is in small Repute with me, which nothing profited the Teachers themselves to Virtue.* Most of the *Arts* have been in like Manner decry'd by the same Knowledge. But they did not consider that it was from the Purpose, to exercise their Wits in those very Matters, wherein there was no solid Advantage. As to the rest; some have look'd upon *Plato* as a *Dogmatist*, others as a *Doubter*, others in some Things the one, and in other Things the other. *Socrates*, the Introducer of Dialogisms, is eternally upon Questions and stirring up Disputes, never determining, never satisfying: And professes to have no other Science but that of *opposing* himself. *Homer*, their Author, has equally laid the Foundations of all the Sects of *Philosophy*, to shew how indifferent it was which Way we should choose. 'Tis said, that ten several *Sects* sprung from *Plato*; and in my Opinion, never did any Instruction halt and stumble, if his does not: *Socrates* said, *That Midwives, in taking upon them the Trade of helping others to bring forth, left the Trade of bringing forth themselves; and that by the*

The liberal Arts despis'd.

Call'd Wise Women in French.

* *Sal. de Bello Jug.*

Title

Title of a Wise Man or Sage, that the Gods had conferr'd upon him, he was disabled in his virile and mental Love, of the Faculty of bringing forth, consenting to help and assist those that could; to open their Nature, anoint the Passes, and facilitate their Birth: To judge of the Infant, kiss, nourish, fortify, swath and circumcise it, exercising and employing his Understanding in the Perils and Fortunes of others. It is so with the most part of this third sort of Authors, as the Ancients have observ'd in the Writings of *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Parmenides*, *Xenophon* and others. They have a way of Writing, doubtful in Substance and Design, rather enquiring than teaching. Tho' they mix their Stile with some dogmatical Periods. Is not the same Thing seen in *Seneca* and *Plutarch?* How many Contradictions are there to be found, if a Man pry narrowly into them? So many, that the reconciling Lawyers ought first to reconcile them every one to themselves. *Plato* seems to have affected this Method of *Philosophizing* in Dialogues; to the End, that he might with greater Decency, from several Mouths, deliver the Diversity and Variety of his own Fancies. To treat variously of Things, is as well to treat of them, as conformably, and better, that is to say, more copiously, and with greater Profit. Let us take Example from ourselves. Judgments are the utmost Period of all dogmatical and determinative Speaking: And yet those *Arrests* that our Parliaments give the People, the most Exemplary of them, and those are most proper to nourish in them the Reverence due to that Dignity, principally through the Sufficiency of the Person's acting, derive their Beauty, not so much from the Conclusion, which with them is *quotidian* and common to every Judge, as from the Dispute and Heat of diverse and contrary Arguments, that the Matter of *Law* and *Equity* will permit. And the largest Field for Reprehension, that some Philosophers have against others, is drawn from the Diversities and Contradictions, wherein every one of them finds himself perplexed; either on Purpose to shew the Vacillation of human Wit concerning every Thing; or ignorantly compell'd by the Volability and Incomprehensibility of all Matter. What means this Clink in the Close? *In a slippery and sliding Place let us suspend our Belief:* For as *Euripides* says,

Les

Les œvres de Dieu en diverſes
Facons, nous dennent des Traverſes *.

The Works of God in ſundry wiſe,
Do puzzle Men's Capacities.

Like that which *Empedocles*, as if tranſported with a Divine Fury, and compell'd by Truth, often ſtrew'd here and there in his Writings. *No, no, we feel nothing, we ſee nothing, all Things are conceal'd from us; there is not one Thing, of which we can poſitively ſay, it is this:* According to the Divine Saying, *Cogitationes mortalium timidæ & incertæ adinventiones noſtræ, & Providentiæ* †. *For the Thoughts of mortal Men are miſerable; and our Devices are but uncertain.* It is not to be thought ſtrange, if Men, deſpairing to overtake what they hunt after, have not however loſt the Pleaſure of the Chace; Study being of itſelf ſo pleaſant an Employment; and ſo pleaſant, that amongſt other Pleaſures, the *Stoicks* forbid that alſo which proceeds from the Exerciſe of the Wit, will have it curb'd, and find a kind of Intemperance in thirſting too much after Knowledge. *Democritus* having eaten Figs at his Table that taſted of Honey, fell preſently to conſidering with himſelf, from whence they ſhould derive this unuſual Sweetneſs; and to be ſatisfy'd in it, was about to riſe from the Table, to ſee the Place from whence the Figs had been gather'd; which his Maid obſerving, and having underſtood the Cauſe, ſhe ſmilingly told him, That *he need not trouble himſelf about that, for ſhe had put them into a Veſſel, in which there had been Honey.* He was vex'd at this Diſcovery, and that ſhe had depriv'd him of the Occaſion of this Inquiſition, and robb'd his Curioſity of Matter to work upon. *Go thy Way,* ſaid he, *thou haſt done me an Injury*; but for all that, I will ſeek out the Cauſe as if it were natural; and would willingly have found out ſome true Reaſon, for a falſe and imaginary Effect. This Story of a famous and great Philoſopher, does very clearly repreſent to us the ſtudious Paſſion, that puts us upon the Purſuit of Things, of the Acquiſition of which we deſpair. *Plutarch* gives a like Example of ſome one, who

* *Petrarch.* † *Wiſdom* v. 14.

would

would not be satisfy'd in that whereof he was in doubt, that he might not lose the Pleasure of enquiring into it: Like the other, who would not that his Physician should allay the Thirst of his Fever, that he might not lose the Pleasure of quenching it by drinking. *Satius est supervacua discere, quam nihil*. 'Tis better to learn more than necessary, than nothing at all.* As in all sorts of Feeding, the Pleasure of Eating is very often single and alone, and that what we take, which is acceptable to the Palate, is not always nourishing or wholsome: So that which our Understandings extract from Science, does not cease to be pleasant, tho' there be nothing in it, either nutritive or healthful. *Thus*, they say, *the Consideration of Nature is a Diet proper for our Minds, it raises and elevates us, makes us disdain low and terrestrial Things, by comparing them with those that are celestial and high:* The Inquisition of great and occult Things is very pleasant, even to those who acquire no other Benefit than the Reverence and Fear of judging it. This is what they profess. The vain Image of this sickly Curiosity is yet more manifest in this other Example, which they so often urge. *Eudoxus* wish'd and begg'd of the Gods, *that he might once see the Sun near at hand, to comprehend the Form, Greatness, and Beauty of it; on the Condition to be immediately burn'd.* He would at the Price of his Life purchase a Knowledge, of which the Use and Possession should at the same time be taken from him: And for this sudden and vanishing Knowledge, lose all the other Knowledges he had in present, or might afterwards have acquir'd. I cannot easily persuade myself, that *Epicurus*, *Plato*, and *Pythagoras*, have given us their *Atoms*, *Ideas*, and *Numbers* for current Pay. They were too wise to establish their Articles of Faith upon Things so disputable and incertain: But in the Obscurity and Ignorance in which the World then was, every one of these great Men endeavour'd to present some kind of Image or Reflection of Light; and work'd their Brains for Inventions that might have a pleasant and subtile Appearance; provided, that, false as they were, they might make good their Ground against those that would oppose them. *Uni-*

* *Seneca Epist.* 89.

cuique

cuique ista pro ingenio funguntur, non ex scientiæ vi. These Things every one fancies according to his Wit, and not by any Power of Knowledge. One of the Ancients, who was reproach'd, *That he professed Philosophy, of which he nevertheless in his own Judgment made no great Account*; made Answer, *That this was truly to philosophize:* They would consider all, and balance every Thing, and have found that an Employment well suited to our natural Curiosity. Some Things they have writ for the Benefit of publick Society, as their *Religions*; and for that Consideration it was but reasonable that they should not examine publick Opinions to the Quick, that they might not disturb the common Obedience to the Laws and Customs of their Country. *Plato* treats of this Mystery with a Raillery manifest enough: For where he writes according to his own Method, he gives no certain Rule. When he plays the *Legislator*, he borrows a magisterial and positive Stile, and boldly there foists in his bold fantastick Inventions, as fit to persuade the Vulgar, as impossible to be believ'd by himself: Knowing very well how fit we are to receive all sorts of Impressions, especially the most immoderate and wicked. And yet in his *Laws*, he takes singular Care that nothing be sung in publick but Poetry; of which, the Fiction and fabulous Relations tend to some advantageous End: It being so easy to imprint all sorts of *Phantasms* in human Minds, that it were Injustice not to feed them rather with profitable Untruths, than with Untruths that are unprofitable and hurtful. He says very plainly in his Commonwealth, *That it is very oft necessary for the Benefit of Men to deceive them.* It is very easy to distinguish, that some of the Sects have more follow'd *Truth*, and the others *Utility*, by which the last have gain'd their Reputation. 'Tis the Misery of our Condition, that often that which presents itself to our Imagination for the truest, does not appear the most useful to Life. The boldest Sects, as the *Epicurean*, *Pyrrhonian*, and the new Academick, are yet constrain'd to submit to the *Civil Law*, at the End of the Account. There are other Subjects that they have tumbled and toss'd about, some to the Right, and others to the Left, every one endeavouring, right or wrong, to give them some kind of Colour; having found nothing so abstruse, as that they would not venture to speak to: They are

are very often forc'd to forge weak and ridiculous Conjectures; not that they themſelves look'd upon them as any Foundation, or eſtabliſhed any certain Truth, but merely for Exerciſe. *Non tam id ſenſiſſe, quod dicerent, quam exercere ingenia materiæ difficultate videntur voluiſſe*. Not ſo much that they themſelves believ'd what they ſaid, as that they ſeem to have a Mind to exerciſe their Wits in the Difficulty of the Matter.* And if we did not take it thus, how ſhould we palliate ſo great Inconſtancy, Variety, and Vanity of Opinions, as we ſee have been produc'd by thoſe excellent and admirable Men? As, for Example, what can be more vain than to imagine to gueſs at Almighty God by our Analogies and Conjectures? To direct and govern him and the World, by our Capacities and our Laws? And to ſerve ourſelves at the Expence of the Divinity, with that ſmall Portion of Knowledge he has been pleas'd to impart to our natural Condition? And becauſe we cannot extend our Sight to his glorious Throne, to have brought him down to our Corruption, and our Miſeries? Of all human and ancient Opinions concerning Religion, that ſeems to me the moſt likely, and moſt excuſable, that acknowledg'd God an incomprehenſible Power; the Original and Preſerver of all Things, all Bounty, all Perfection, receiving and taking in good part the Honour and Reverence that Man paid unto him, under what Method, Name, or Ceremonies ſoever.

Jupiter omnipotens rerum, regumque Deumque,
Progenitor, Genitrixque——————

This Zeal has univerſally been look'd upon from Heaven with a gracious Eye. All Governments have reap'd Fruit from their Devotion: Men with impious Actions, have every where had ſuitable Events. *Pagan* Hiſtories acknowledge Dignity, Order, Juſtice, Prodigies, and Oracles, employ'd for their Profit and Inſtruction in their fabulous Religions. God, perhaps, thro' his Mercy, vouchſafing by theſe temporal Benefits, to cheriſh the tender Principles of a kind of

What the Knowledge of God was among the Pagans.

* *Incerto.*

brutiſh

brutish Knowledge, that natural Reason gave them of him, through the deceiving Images of their Dreams. Not only deceiving and false, but impious also and injurious are those that Man has forg'd from his own Invention. And of all the Religions that St. *Paul* found in Repute at *Athens*, that which they had dedicated to *an unknown Divinity*, seem'd to him the most to be excus'd. *Pythagoras* shadow'd the Truth a little more closely: Judging that the Knowledge of this first Cause, and *Being* of *Beings*, ought to be indefinite, without Limitation, without Declaration: *That it was nothing else than the extreme Effort of our Imagination towards Perfection*; every one amplifying the *Idea* according to the Talent of his Capacity.

The unknown God ador'd at Athens.

But if *Numa* attempted to conform the Devotion of his People to this Project; to tie them to a Religion purely mental, without any prefix'd Object and material Mixture, he undertook a Thing of no use. Human Wit could never support itself floating in such an Infinity of inform Thoughts, there is required some certain Image to be presented according to its own Model. The Divine Majesty has thus, in some sort, suffered himself to be circumscribed in corporal Limits for our Advantage: His supernatural and celestial Sacraments have Signs of our earthly Condition: His Adoration is by sensible Offices and Words; 'tis Man that believes and prays. I shall omit the other Arguments upon this Subject: But a Man would have much ado to make me believe, that the Sight of our Crucifixes, that the Picture of our Saviour's Passion, that the Ornaments and ceremonious Motions of our Churches, that the Voices accommodated to the Devotion of our Thoughts, and that Emotion of Senses, do not warm the Souls of the People with a religious Passion of very advantageous Effects. Of those, to whom they have given a Body, as Necessity required in that universal Blindness, I should, I fancy, most incline to those who ador'd the Sun.

Numa's *Religion.*

———————*La lumiere commune,*
L'œil du monde; & si Dieu eu chef porte des yeux,
Les rayons du sole il sont ses yeux radeux,

Qui

Qui donnent vie a tous, nous maintiennent, & gardent,
Et les faits des humains en ce monde regardent:
Ce beau, ce grand ſoleil, qui nous fait les ſaiſons,
Selon qui l'entre, ou ſort de ſes douze maiſons:
Qui remplit l'univers de ſes vertus cogneues:
Qui d'un traict de ſes yeux nous diſſipe les neus:
L'eſprit, l'ame du monde ardant, & flamboyant,
En la courſe d'un jour tout le Ciel tournoyant,
Plein d'immenſe grandeur, rond, vagabond, & ferme:
Lequel tient diſſoubs luy tout le monde pour terme:
En repos, ſans repos, oyſif, & ſans ſejour,
Fils aiſne de Nature, & le Pere du jour.*

The common Light that ſhines indifferently
On all alike, the World's enlightning Eye:
And if the Almighty Ruler of the Skies
Has Eyes, the Sun-beams are as radiant Eyes,
That Life to all impart, maintain and guard,
And all Men's Actions upon Earth regard.
This great, this beautiful and glorious Sun,
That Seaſons gives by Revolution?
That with his Influence fills the Univerſe,
And with one Glance does ſullen Shades diſperſe.
Life, Soul o'th World, that flaming in his Sphere
Surrounds the Heavens in one Day's Career.
Immenſely great, moving, yet firm and round,
Who the whole World below has fix'd his Bound,
At Reſt without Reſt, Idle without Stay,
Nature's firſt Son, and Father of the Day.

Foraſmuch as beſide, this Grandeur and Beauty of his, 'tis the only Piece of this *Machine* that we diſcover at the remoteſt Diſtance from us; and by that means ſo little known, that they were pardonable for entring into ſo great Admiration and Reverence of it. *Thales*, who firſt enquired into this Sort of Matter, *believ'd God to be a Spirit that made all Things of Water*. Anaximander, *that the Gods were always dying, and entring into Life; and that there were an infinite Number of Worlds*. Anexamines, *that the* Air *was God, that he was procreate and immenſe, always moving*. Anaxa-

* *Ronſard.*

goras the First, was of Opinion, *that the Description and Manner of all Things were conducted by the Power and Reason of an infinite Spirit.* *Alcmæon* gave Divinity to the Sun, *Moon,* and *Stars,* and to the *Soul.* *Pythagoras* has made *God a Spirit sprinkled over the Nature of all Things, from whence our Souls are extracted.* Parmenides, *a Circle surrounding the Heaven, and supporting the World by the Ardour of Light.* Empedocles *pronounc'd the four Elements, of which all Things are compos'd, to be Gods.* Protagoras *had nothing to say, whether they were or were not, or what they were.* *Democritus* was one while of Opinion, *that the* Images *and their Circuitions were Gods; another, this* Nature *that darts out those* Images, *and then our* Science *and* Intelligence. *Plato* divides his Belief into several Opinions. He says, in his *Timæus, That the Father of the World cannot be nam'd;* in his Laws, *That Men are not to enquire into the* Being. And elsewhere in the very same Books, *he makes the* World, *the* Heavens, *the* Stars, *the* Earth, *and our Souls Gods;* admitting moreover those which have been received by ancient Institution in every Republick. *Xenophon* reports a like Perplexity in *Socrates*'s Doctrine. *One while that Men are not to enquire into the Form of God,* and presently makes him maintain, *that the* Sun *is* God, *and the* Soul God; and at first, *that there is but one God,* and afterwards, *that there are many.* *Speusippus,* the Nephew of *Plato,* makes *God a certain Power governing all Things, and that he has a Soul.* *Aristotle* one while says, *it is a Spirit,* and another, *the World;* one while he gives the World another *Master,* and another, *makes* God *the Ardour of* Heaven. *Zenocrates* makes eight, five nam'd amongst the *Planets,* the sixth compos'd of all the fixt Stars as of so many Members, the seventh and eighth, the Sun and *Moon.* *Heraclides Ponticus* does nothing but float in his Opinion, and finally deprives God of *Sense, and makes him shift from one Form to another,* and at last says, 'tis Heaven *and* Earth. *Theophrastus* wanders in the like Irresolution amongst his Fancies, attributing the Superintendency of the World, one while to the *Understanding,* another while to *Heaven,* and another to the *Stars.* Strato says that 'tis *Nature, she having the Power of Generation, Augmentation, and Diminution, without Form and Sentiment.* *Zeno* says, 'tis *the* Law *of* Nature *commanding Good, and prohibiting*

prohibiting Evil; which Law *is an Animal, and takes away the accuſtom'd Gods,* Jupiter, Juno, *and* Veſta. Diogenes Apollonates, *that 'tis* Age. *Zenophanes* makes *God* round, *ſeeing and hearing; not breathing, and having nothing in common with human Nature. Arioſto* thinks *the Form of God to be Incomprehenſible;* deprives him of *Senſe,* and knows not whether he be an *Animal,* or ſomething elſe. *Cleanthes* one while ſuppoſes it to be *Reaſon,* another while the *World;* another the *Soul of Nature;* and then *the ſupreme Heat rolling about, and environing all. Perſeus, Zeno's* Diſciple, was of Opinion, *That Men have given the Title of Gods to ſuch as have been uſeful, and have added any Advantage to human Life, and even to profitable Things themſelves. Chryſippus* made a confus'd Heap of old Sentences, and reckons, amongſt a thouſand Forms of Gods that he makes, the Men alſo that have been Deified. *Diagoras* and *Theodorus* flatly deny'd, that there were *any Gods at all. Epicurus* makes the Gods *ſhining, tranſparent, and perflable, lodg'd as betwixt two Forts, betwixt the two Worlds, ſecure from Blows, cloath'd in a human Figure, and with ſuch Members as we have;* which Members are to them of no uſe.

Ego Deum genus eſſe ſemper duxi & dicam cœlitum,
Sed eos non curare opinor, quid agat humanum genus *.

I ever thought that Gods above there were,
But do not think they care what Men do here.

Truſt to your *Philoſophy,* my Maſters: and brag, that you have *found the Bean in the Cake:* What a Rattle is here with ſo many *Philoſophical* Heads! The Perplexity of ſo many *Worldly Forms* have gain'd this over me, that Manners and Opinions contrary to mine, do not ſo much diſpleaſe as inſtruct me; nor ſo much make me proud, as they humble me in comparing them. And all other Choice than what comes from the expreſs and immediate Hand of GOD, ſeems to me a Choice of very little Privilege. The Policies of the World are no leſs oppoſite upon this Subject, than the Schools, by which we may underſtand, that Fortune itſelf is not more variable and inconſtant, nor more blind and inconſiderate, than our *Reaſon.* The Things that

* *Cicer. de Divin. l. 2, ex Ennio.*

are most unknown, are most proper to be Deified; wherefore to make Gods of ourselves, as the Ancients did, exceeds the extreamest Weakness of Understanding. I would much rather have gone along with those who ador'd the *Serpent*, the *Dog*, or the *Ox*: Forasmuch as their Nature and Being is less known to us, and that we have more Authority to imagine what we please of those Beasts, and to attribute to them extraordinary Faculties. But to have made Gods of our own Condition, of whom we ought to know the Imperfections; and to have attributed to them *Desire*, *Anger*, *Revenge*, *Marriages*, *Generation*, *Alliances*, *Love*, *Jealousy*; our *Members*, and *Bones*, our *Fevers*, and *Pleasures*, our *Death*, and *Obsequies*; this must needs proceed from a marvellous Intoxication of human Understanding.

Quæ procul usque adeo divino ab numine distant,
Inque Deum numero quæ sunt indigna videri *.

From Divine Natures, which so distant were,
They are unworthy of that Character.

Formæ, ætates, vestitus, ornatus, noti sunt: Genera, conjugia, cognationes, omniaque traducta ad similitudinem infirmitatis humanæ; nam & perturbatis animis inducuntur. Accipimus enim Deorum cupiditatis, ægritudines, iracundias †. *Their Forms, Ages, Cloaths, and Ornaments are known: Their Descents, Marriages and Kindred, and all appropriated to the Similitude of human Weakness; for they are represented to us with anxious Minds, and we read of the Lusts, Sickness, and Anger of the Gods.* As having attributed Divinity not only to *Faith*, *Virtue*, *Human*, *Concord*, *Liberty*, *Victory*, *and Piety*; but also to *Voluptuousness*, *Fraud*, *Death*, *Envy*, *Old Age*, *Misery*; to *Fear*, *Fever*, *ill Fortune*, and other Injuries of our frail and transitory Life.

Quid juvat hoc, templis nostros inducere mores?
O curvæ in terras animæ, & cœlestium inanes ‡.

In our Temples, to what End or Use,
Do we our Ceremonies introduce?

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* *Lucret. lib.* 5. † *Cicer. de Nat. Deor. lib.* 3.
‡ *Per. Sat.* 2.

Or

Oh crooked Souls that to the Earth bow low,
And nought of Heav'nly Myſteries do know!

The *Ægyptians*, with an impudent Prudence, interdicted, upon Pain of Hanging, that any one ſhould ſay, *that their Gods*, Seraphis *and* Iſis, *had formerly been Men*: And yet no one was ignorant that they had been ſuch. And their Effigies repreſented with the Finger upon the Mouth, *ſignify'd*, ſays *Varro*, *that myſterious* Decree *to their* Prieſts, *to conceal their mortal Original, as it muſt by neceſſary Conſequence cancel all the Veneration pay'd to them. Seeing that Man ſo much deſir'd to equal himſelf to God: He had done better*, ſays Cicero, *to have attracted thoſe Divine Conditions to himſelf, and drawn them down hither below, than to ſend his Corruption and Miſery up on high.* But to take it right, he has ſeveral Ways done both the one and the other, with like vanity of Opinion. When *Philoſophers* ſearch narrowly into the Hierarchy of their *Gods*, and make a great Buſtle about diſtinguiſhing their *Alliances*, *Offices*, and *Power*, I cannot believe they ſpeak as they think. When *Plato* deſcribes *Pluto*'s *Verger* to us, and the bodily Conveniencies or Pains that attend us after the Ruin and Annihilation of our Bodies, and accommodate them to the Feeling we have in this Life.

Secreti celant colles, & myrtea circum
Sylva teget, curæ non ipſa in morte relinquunt.*

In Vales and mirtle Groves they penſive lie,
And their Cares do not leave them when they die.

When *Mahomet* promiſes his Followers, a *Paradiſe hung with Tapeſtry, gilded and enamell'd with Gold and precious Stones, furniſhed with Wenches of excelling Beauty, rare Wines, and delicate Diſhes*; it is eaſily diſcern'd, that there are Deceivers that accommodate their Promiſes to our Senſuality, to attract and allure us by Hopes and Opinions, ſuitable to our mortal Appetites. And yet ſome amongſt us are fallen into the like Error, promiſing to themſelves after the Reſurrection, a *Terreſtrial* and *Temporal Life*, accompany'd with all Sorts of Worldly Conveniencies and

* *Virg. Æneid.* l. 6.

Pleaſures. Can we believe that *Plato*, he who had ſuch Heavenly Conceptions, and was ſo well acquainted with the Divinity, as thence to derive the Name of the *Divine Plato*, ever thought that the poor Creature, *Man*, had any Thing in him applicable to that incomprehenſible Power? And that he believ'd that the weak Holds we are able to take were capable, or the Force of our Underſtanding ſufficient to participate of Beatitude, or eternal Pains? We ſhould then tell him from human Reaſon; if the Pleaſures thou doſt promiſe us in the other Life, are of the ſame Kind that I have enjoy'd here below, this has nothing in common with Infinity: Tho' all my five natural Senſes ſhould be even loaded with *Pleaſure*, and my Soul full of all the *Contentment* it could hope or deſire, we know what all this amounts to, all this would be nothing. If there be any Thing of mine there, there is nothing Divine; if this be no more than what may belong to our preſent Condition, it cannot be of any Value. All Contentment of Mortals is mortal. Even the Knowledge of our *Parents*, *Children* and *Friends*, if that can effect and delight us in the other World, if there that ſtill continues a Satisfaction to us, we ſtill remain in earthly and finite Conveniencies. We cannot as we ought, conceive the Greatneſs of theſe high and divine Promiſes, if we could in any ſort conceive them: To have a worthy Imagination of them, we muſt imagine them unimaginable, inexplicable, and incomprehenſible, and abſolutely another Thing than thoſe of our miſerable Experience. *Eye hath not ſeen*, ſaith St. *Paul*, *nor Ear heard, neither hath entred into the Heart of Man, the Things that God hath prepared for them that love him.* And if to render us capable, our being reform'd and chang'd (as thou *Plato* ſay'ſt in thy *Purifications*) it ought to be ſo extreme and total a Change, that by Phyſical Doctrine, it will be no more.

Hector erat tunc cum bello certebat, at ille
Tractus ab Æmonio non erat Hector equo *.

He *Hector* was, whilſt he could fight, but when Dragg'd by *Achilles* Steeds, no *Hector* then.

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* *Ovid. Triſt. l. 3. El. 11.*

It must be something else that must receive these Recompences.

——*Quod mutatur, dissolvitur, interit ergo;*
Trajiciuntur enim partes atque ordine migrant *.

What's chang'd dissolv'd is, and doth therefore die,
For Parts are mixt, and from their Order fly.

For in *Pythagoras*'s *Metempsychosis*, and the Change of Habitation that he imagin'd in Souls, can we believe that the Lion, in whom the Soul of *Cæsar* is inclos'd, does espouse *Cæsar*'s Passions, or that the *Lion* is he? For if it was still *Cæsar*, they would be in the right, who, controverting this Opinion with *Plato*, reproach him, that the Son might be seen to ride his Mother transform'd into a *Mule*, and the like Absurdities. And can we believe, that in the Mutations that are made of the Bodies of Animals into others of the same Kind, that the new Comers are not other than their Predecessors? From the Ashes of a *Phœnix*, a *Worm*, they say, is engendred, and from that another *Phœnix*; who can imagine that this second *Phœnix* is no other than the first? We see our *Silk-worms*, as it were, die and wither; and from this wither'd Body, a *Butterfly* is produc'd, and from that, another *Worm*; how ridiculous would it be to imagine that this were still the first? That which has once ceas'd to be, is no more:

Nec si materiam nostram collegerit ætas
Post obitum, rursumque redegerit, ut sita nunc est,
Atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ,
Pertineat quidquam tamen ad nos id quoq; factum,
Interrupta semel cum sit repetentia nostra †.

Neither tho' Time should gather and restore
Our Matter to the Form it was before,
And give again new Light to see withal,
Would that new Figure us concern at all;
Or we again ever the same be seen,
Our Being having interrupted been.

And *Plato*, when thou say'st in another Place, *That it shall be the Spiritual Part of Man that will be concern'd in*

* *Lucr. l.* 1. † *Ibid.*

the Fruition of the Recompence of another Life, thou tellest us a Thing wherein there is as little Appearance of Truth.

Scilicet avolsis radicibus, ut neque ullam
Despicere ipse oculus rem seorsim corpore toto *.
No more than Eyes once from their Opticks torn,
Can ever after any Thing discern.

For by this Account, it would no more be Man, nor consequently us, who should be concern'd in this Enjoyment: For we are compos'd of two principally Essential Parts, the Separation of which is the Death and Ruin of our Being.

Inter enim jacta est vitai pausa, vageque
Deerrarunt passim motus ab sensibus omnes †.
When Life's extinct, all Motions of Sense
Are tak'n away, dispers'd and banish'd thence.

We cannot say, that the Man suffers much when the Worms feed upon his Members, and that the Earth consumes them:

Et nihil hoc ad nos, qui coitu conjugioque
Corporis atque animæ consistimus uniter apti ‖.
What's that to us, who longer feel no Pain,
Than Body and Soul united do remain?

Moreover upon what Foundation of their Justice can the *Gods* take notice of, or reward Man after his Death for his good and virtuous Actions, since it was themselves that put them in the Way and Mind to do them? And why should they be offended at, or punish him for wicked ones, since themselves have created him in so frail a Condition, and when with one Glance of their Will, they might prevent him from falling? Might not *Epicurus* with great Colour of human Reason object that to *Plato*, did he not often save himself with this Sentence, *That it is impossible to establish any Thing certain of the immortal Nature by the Mortal? She does nothing but err throughout, but especially when she meddles with Divine Things.* Who does more evidently perceive this than we? For altho' we have given

* *Lucr. l.* 1. † *Ibid.* ‖ *Ibid.*

her

her certain and infallible Principles; and tho' we have enlightened her Steps with the Sacred Lamp of Truth, that it has pleas'd *God* to communicate to us; we daily ſee nevertheleſs, that if ſhe ſwerve never ſo little from the ordinary Path; and that ſhe ſtrays from, or wander out of the Way, ſet out and beaten by the *Church*, how ſoon ſhe loſes, confounds and fetters herſelf, tumbling and floating in this vaſt, turbulent and waving Sea of Human Opinions, without Reſtraint, and without any determinate End. So ſoon as ſhe loſes that great and common Road, ſhe enters into a Labyrinth of a thouſand ſeveral Paths. Man cannot be any thing but what he is, nor imagine beyond the Reach of his Capacity: *'Tis a greater Preſumption*, ſays *Plutarch*, *in them who are but Men, to attempt to ſpeak and diſcourſe of the* Gods *and* Demi-Gods, *than it is in a Man, utterly ignorant of* Muſick, *to judge of* Singing; *or in a Man who never ſaw a* Camp, *to diſpute about* Arms *and* Martial Affairs, *preſuming by ſome light Conjecture to underſtand the Effects of an* Art *he is totally a Stranger to.* Antiquity, I believe, thought to put a Compliment upon, and to add ſomething to the Divine Grandeur, in aſſimilating it to Man, inveſting it with his Faculties, and adorning it with his ugly Humours, and more ſhameful Neceſſities: Offering it our *Aliments* to eat, preſenting it with our *Dances*, *Maſquerades* and *Farces* to divert it; with our *Veſtments* to cover it, and our *Houſes* to inhabit, careſſing it with the Odours of Incenſe, and the Sounds of Muſick, Feſtoons and Noſegays: And to accommodate it to our vicious Paſſions, flattering its Juſtice with inhuman Vengeance, that is delighted with the Ruin and Diſſipation of Things by it created and preſerv'd: As *Tiberius Sempronius*, who burnt the rich Spoils and Arms he had gained from the Enemy in *Sardinia*, for a Sacrifice to *Vulcan*: And *Paulus Æmilius*, thoſe of *Macedonia* to *Mars* and *Minerva*: And *Alexander* arriving at the *Indian* Ocean, threw ſeveral great Veſſels of Gold into the Sea, in honour of *Thetes*; and moreover loading her *Altars* with a Slaughter, not of innocent Beaſts only, but of Men alſo; as ſeveral Nations, and ours among the reſt, were commonly uſed to do: And I believe there is no Nation under the Sun, that has not done the ſame.

——*Sulmone*

——————Sulmone creatos
Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens
Viventes rapit, inferiis quos immolet umbris *.

At *Sulmo* born he took of young Men four;
Of those at *Ufens* bred, as many more;
Of these alive in most inhuman wise,
To offer an infernal Sacrifice.

The *Getes* hold themselves to be immortal, and that their Death is nothing but a Journey towards *Zamolxis*. Once in five Years they dispatch some one among them to him, to entreat of him such Necessaries as they stand in need of: Which *Envoy* is chosen by Lot, and the Form of his Dispatch, after having been instructed by Word of Mouth what he is to deliver, is, that of the Assistants, three hold out so many Javelins, against the which the rest throw his Body with all their Force. If it happen to be wounded in a mortal Part, and that he immediately dies, 'tis reported a certain Argument of Divine Favour; but if he escapes, he is look'd upon as a wicked and execrable Wretch, and another is dismiss'd after the same manner, in his stead. *Amestris*, the Mother of *Xerxes*, being grown old, caus'd at once fourteen young Men, of the best Families of *Persia*, to be buried alive, according to the Religion of the Country, to gratify some infernal Deity. And even to this Day, the Idols of *Temixtitan* are cemented with the Blood of little Children, and they delight in no Sacrifice but of these pure and infantine Souls; a Justice thirsty of innocent Blood.

Zamolxis *the God of the* Getes.

Sacrifice of 14 young Men.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum †.

Such impious Use was of Religion made,
So many Ills and Mischiefs to persuade.

The *Carthaginians* immolated their own Children to *Saturn*; and who had none of their own, bought of others, the Father and Mother being in the mean time oblig'd to assist at the Ceremony with a gay and

Carthaginian *Children sacrific'd to* Saturn.

* *Æneid l.* 10. † *Lucr. l.* 1.

contented

contented Countenance. It was a ſtrange Fancy, to gratify the Divine Bounty with our Affliction; like the *Lacedæmonians*, who regal'd their *Diana* with the tormenting of young Boys, which they caus'd to be whipp'd for her Sake very often to Death. It was a ſavage Humour, to think to gratify the *Architect* by the Subverſion of his Building, and to think to take away the Puniſhment due to the Guilty, by puniſhing the Innocent: And that poor *Iphigenia*, at the Port of *Aulis*, ſhould by her Death and being ſacrific'd, acquit towards God the whole Army of the *Greeks*, from all the Crimes they had committed:

Et caſta inceſte nubendi tempore in ipſo
Hoſtia concideret mactatu mœſta parentis *.

And that the Chaſte ſhould in her nuptial Band,
Die by a moſt unnat'ral Father's Hand.

And that the two noble and generous Souls of the two *Decii*, the Father and the Son, to incline the Favour of the Gods to be propitious to the Affairs of *Rome*, ſhould throw themſelves headlong into the thickeſt of the Enemy. *Quæ fuit tanta Deorum iniquitas, ut placari populo Romano non poſſent, niſi tales viri occidiſſent* †? *How great an Injuſtice in the Gods was that, that they could not be reconcil'd to the People of* Rome *unleſs ſuch a Man periſh'd?* To which may be added, that it is not in the Criminal to cauſe himſelf to be ſcourg'd according to his own Meaſure, nor at his own Time; but that it purely belongs to the Judge, who conſiders nothing as Chaſtiſements, but the Penalty that he appoints; and cannot call that Puniſhment, which proceeds from the Conſent of him that ſuffers. The Divine Vengeance preſuppoſes an abſolute Diſſent in us, both from its Juſtice and our own Penalty; and therefore it was a ridiculous Humour of *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who, to interrupt the continued Courſe of his good Fortune, and to balance it, went and threw the deareſt and moſt precious Jewel he had into the Sea; believing that by this voluntary and antedated Miſhap, he brib'd and ſatisfied the Revolution and Viciſſitude of Fortune; and ſhe to delude his Folly, order'd it ſo, that the ſame Jewel came again

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* *Lucret. l.* 1. † *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 3.

into

into his Hands, found in the Belly of a Fish. And then to what End are those Tearings and Demembrations of the *Corybantes*, the *Menades*, and in our Times of the *Mahometans*, who slash their Faces, Bosoms and Limbs, to gratify their *Prophet:* Seeing that the Offence lies in the Will, not in the Breast, Eyes, Genitals, in the Beauty, the Shoulders or the Throat? *Tantus est perturbatæ mentis, & sedibus suis pulsæ, furor, ut sic Dii placentur, quemadmodum ne homines quidem sæviunt* *. *So great is the Fury and Madness of Troubled Minds, when once displac'd from the Seat of Reason: As if the Gods should be appeas'd, with what even Men are not so mad as to approve.* The Use of this natural Contexture has not only respect to us, but also to the Service of God and other Men. And its unjust, willing to wound or hurt it, as to kill ourselves upon any Pretence whatever. It seems to be great Cowardice and Treason to exercise Cruelty upon, and to destroy the Functions of the Body, that are stupid and servile, to spare the Soul the Solicitude of governing them according to Reason. *Ubi iratos Deos timent, qui sic propitios habere merentur. In regiæ libidinis voluptatem castrati sunt quidam, sed nemo sibi, ne vir esset, jubente Domino, manus intulit. Where are they so afraid of the Anger of the Gods, as to merit their Favour at that Rate? Some indeed have been made* Eunuchs *for the Lust of Princes: But no Man at his Masters Command, has put his own Hand to unman himself:* So did they fill their Religion with several ill Effects.

———————*Sæpius olim*
Religio peperit scelerosa, atque impia facta †.
———————In elder Times
Religion did commit notorious Crimes.

Now nothing of ours can in any sort be compar'd, or liken'd unto the Divine Nature, which will not blemish and smut it with much Imperfection. How can that infinite Beauty, Power and Bounty, admit of any Correspondence, or Similitude, to such abject Things as we are, without extreme Wrong, and manifest Dishonour to his

* *Div. Aug. de Civitat. Dei, lib.* 6. *cap.* 10.
† *Lucr. l.* 1.

Divine

Divine Greatneſs? *Infirmum Dei fortius eſt hominibus: Et ſtultum Dei ſapientius eſt hominibus. For the Fooliſhneſs of God is wiſer than Men, and the Weakneſs of God is ſtronger than Men* *. *Stilpo*, the Philoſopher, being aſk'd, *Whether the Gods were delighted with our Adorations and Sacrifices? You are indiſcreet*, anſwer'd he, *let us withdraw apart if you talk of ſuch Things.* Nevertheleſs we preſcribe him Bounds, we keep his Power beſieg'd by our Reaſons (I call not our Ravings and Dreams *Reaſon*, with the Diſpenſation of *Philoſophy*, which ſays, *That the wicked Man, and even the Fool, go Mad by Reaſon*; but by a particular Form of Reaſon) we will ſubject him to the feeble Appearances of our Underſtandings; him, who has made both us and our Knowledge. Becauſe that nothing is made of nothing, *God* therefore could not make the World without Matter. What, has *God* put into our Hands the Keys and moſt ſecret Springs of his Providence? Is he oblig'd not to exceed the Limits of our Knowledge? Put the Caſe, O Man, that thou haſt been able here to mark ſome Foot-ſteps of his Effects: Doſt thou therefore think that he has employ'd all he can, and has crowded all his *Forms* and *Ideas* in this Work? Thou ſeeſt nothing but the Order and Revolution of this little Vault, under which thou art lodg'd, if thou doſt ſee ſo much: Whereas his Divinity has an infinite Juriſdiction beyond: This Part is nothing in Compariſon of the Whole.

———*omnia cum cœlo, terraque marique*
Nil ſunt ad ſummam ſummai totius omnem †.

All Things, both Heaven, Earth, and Sea, do fall Short in the Account with the great All of All.

'Tis a municipal *Law* that thou alledgeſt, *thou know'ſt not what is univerſal.* Tie thyſelf to that to which thou art ſubject, but not him; he is not of thy Brotherhood, thy Fellow-Citizen, or Companion: If he has in ſome ſort communicated himſelf unto thee, 'tis not to debaſe himſelf unto thy Littleneſs, nor to make thee Comptroller of his Power. A human Body cannot fly to the Clouds: 'Tis for thee, the Sun runs every Day his ordinary Courſe: The Bounds of the Sea and the Earth cannot be confound-

* 1 *Cor.* i. 25. † *Lucr. l.* 6.

ed:

ed: The Water is unstable and without Firmness: A Wall, unless it be broken, is impenetrable to a solid Body: A Man cannot preserve his Life in the Flames; he cannot be both in Heaven and upon Earth, and corporally in a Thousand Places at once. 'Tis for thee, that he has made these Rules; 'tis thee that they concern. He has manifested to Christians, that he has enfranchis'd them all when it pleased him. And in Truth, why, Almighty as he is, should he have limited his Power within any certain Bounds? In favour of whom should he have renounc'd his Privilege? Thy *Reason* has in no other thing more of Likelyhood and Foundation, than in that wherein it perswades thee that there is a Plurality of Worlds.

Terramque & solem, lunam, mare, cæteraque sunt,
Non esse unica, sed numero magis innumerali *.

That Earth, Sun, Moon, Sea, and the rest that are,
Not single, but innumerable were.

The most eminent Wits of elder Times believ'd it; and some of this Age of ours, compell'd by the Appearances of human Reason, do the same: Forasmuch as in this Fabrick, that we behold, there is nothing single and one,

——cum in summa res nulla sit una,
Unica quæ gignatur: Et unica solaque crescat †.

Since nothing's single in this mighty Mass,
That can alone beget, alone increase.

And that all the Kinds are multiply'd in some Number: By which it seems not to be likely, that God should have made this Work only without a Companion: And that the Matter of this Form should have been totally drain'd in this sole Individual.

Quare etiam, atque etiam tales fateare necesse est,
Esse alios alibi congressus materiai,
Qualis hic est avido complexu quem tenit æther ‡.

Wherefore 'tis necessary to confess,
That there must elsewhere be the like Congress
Of the like Matter, which the airy Space
Contains and holds with a most strict Embrace.

* *Lucr. l. 2.* † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

Especially

Especially if it be a living Creature, which its Motions render so credible, that *Plato* affirms it, and that many of our People do either confirm, or dare not deny: No more than that ancient Opinion, that the Heavens, the Stars, and other Members of the World, are Creatures compos'd of Body and Soul: *Mortal* in respect of their Composition, but *Immortal* by the Determination of the Creator. Now if there be many Worlds, as *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, and almost all Philosophy has believ'd, what do we know but that the Principles and Rules of this of ours, may in like manner concern the rest? They may peradventure have another Form, and another Polity. *Epicurus* supposes them either like or unlike. We see in this World an infinite Difference and Variety, only by Distance of Places. Neither the Corn, Wine, nor any of our Animals are to be seen in that new Corner of the World discover'd by our Fathers, 'tis all there another thing. And in times past, do but consider in how many Parts of the World they had no Knowledge either of *Bacchus* or *Ceres*. If *Pliny* and *Herodotus* are to be believ'd, there are in certain Places a kind of Men very little resembling us. And there are mungrel and ambiguous Forms, betwixt the human and brutal Natures. There are Countries, where Men are born without Heads, having their Mouth and Eyes in their Breast: Where they are all *Hermaphrodites*; where they they go on all four; where they have but one Eye in the Forehead, and a Head more like a Dog than one of us: Where they are half Fish, the lower Part, and live in the Water: Where the Women bear at five Years old, and live but eight: Where the Head and Skin of the Forehead is so hard, that a Sword will not touch it, but rebounds again: Where Men have no Beards: Nations that know not the Use of Fire, and others that eject Seed of a black Colour. What shall we say of those that naturally change themselves into Wolves, Colts, and then into Men again? And if it be true as *Plutarch* says, that in some Place of the *Indies*, there are Men without Mouths, who nourish themselves with the Smell of certain Odours, how many of our Descriptions are False? He is no more risible, nor perhaps, capable of Reason and Society. The Disposition and Cause of our internal Composition would then for the most Part be to no purpose, nor of no use; moreover,

moreover, how many things are there in our own Knowledge, that oppose those fine Rules we have cut out for, and prescribe to *Nature?* And yet we must undertake to circumscribe God himself! How many things do we call miraculous and contrary to Nature? This is done by every Nation, and by every Man, according to the Proportion of his Ignorance. How many occult Properties and Quintessences do we daily discover? For, for us to go according to Nature, is no more but to go according to our Understanding, as far as that is able to follow, and as far as we are able to see into it: All beyond that must be monstrous and irregular. Now by this Account, all things shall be monstrous to the wisest and most understanding Men; for human Reason has persuaded them, that there was no manner of Ground or Foundation, not so much as to be assured that Snow is White; And *Anaxagoras* affirm'd it to be Black: If there be any thing, or if there be nothing: If there be Knowledge or Ignorance: Which *Metrodorus Chius* deny'd that Man was able to determine: Or whether we live, as *Euripides* doubts, whether the Life we live is Life, or whether that we call Death be not Life:

Who knows if Life been't that which we call Death,
And Death the thing that we call Life.

And not without some Appearance. For why do we from this Instant derive the Title of Being, which is but a Flash in the infinite Course of an eternal Night, and so short an Interruption of our perpetual and natural Condition? Death possessing all that pass'd before, and all the future of this Moment, and also a good Part of the Moment itself. Others swear *there is no Motion at all,* as the Followers of *Melissus, and that nothing stirs.* For if there be but one, neither can that Spherical Motion be of any use to him, nor Motion from one Place to another, as *Plato* proves, *That there is neither Generation nor Corruption in Nature.* Protagoras *says, That there is nothing in Nature but Doubt: That a Man may equally dispute of all Things; and even of this, whether a Man can equally dispute of all Things:* Manisphanes, *that of things which seem to be, nothing is more than it is not. That there is nothing certain, but Incertainty.* Parmenides, *that of that which seems, there is no one thing*

Motion of things below deny'd.

in

in general. That there is but one thing. Zeno, *that one ſame is not*; and *that there is nothing. If there were one thing, it would either be in another, or in itſelf. If it be in another, they are two: If it be in itſelf they are yet two; the comprehending, and the comprehended.* According to theſe Doctrines, the Nature of Things is no other than a Shadow, either falſe or vain. This way of ſpeaking in a Chriſtian Man, has even ſeem'd to me very indiſcreet and irreverent. *God cannot die; God cannot contradict himſelf: God cannot do this or that.* I do not like to have the Divine Power ſo limited by the Laws of Men's Mouths. And the Appearance which preſents itſelf to us in thoſe Propoſitions, ought to be more religiouſly and reverently expreſs'd. Our ſpeaking has it's Failings and Defects, as well as all the reſt. *Grammar* is that which creates moſt Diſturbance in the World. Our Suits only ſpring from the Debate of the Interpretation of Laws: And moſt Wars proceed from the Inability of Miniſters, clearly to expreſs the Conventions and Treaties of Amity of Princes. How many Quarrels, and of how great Importance, has the doubt of the Meaning of this Syllable *Hoc* created in the World? Let us take the cleareſt Concluſion that *Logic* itſelf preſents us with. If you ſay, *It is fair*, and that you ſay true, *it is then fair Weather.* Is not this a very certain Form of ſpeaking? And yet it will deceive us: that it will do ſo, let us follow the Example. If you ſay, *You lie*, and that you ſay true, *then you do lie.* The Art, the Reaſon, and Force of the Concluſion of this, are the ſame with the other, and yet we are gravell'd. The *Pyrrhonian* Philoſophers, I diſcern, cannot expreſs their general Conception in any kind of Speaking: For the World requires a new Language on purpoſe. Ours is all form'd of affirmative Propoſitions, which are totally antartick to them. Inſomuch that when they ſay *I doubt*, they are preſently taken by the Throat, to make them confeſs, that at leaſt they know, and aſſur'd that they *do doubt*. By which means they have been compell'd to ſhelter themſelves under this medicinal Compariſon, without which their Humour would be inexplicable. When they pronounce, *I know not*: Or, *I doubt*; they ſay, *that this Propoſition carries of itſelf with the reſt, no more, nor leſs than* Rhubarb, *that drives out the ill Humours, and carries itſelf off with them.* This Fancy will be more

certainly understood by Interrogation: *What do I know?* (as I bear it in the Emblem of a Balance.) See what use they make of this irreverent way of speaking. In the present Disputes about our Religion, if you press the Adversaries to it too hard they will roundly tell you, *that it is not in the Power of God to make it so, that his Body should be in* Paradise *and upon Earth, and in several Places at once.* And see what Advantage the old Scoffer made of this? *At least,* says he, *it is not little Consolation to Man, to see that God cannot do all things: For he cannot kill himself, tho' he would; which is the greatest Privilege we have in our Condition: He cannot make Mortals Immortal, nor revive the Dead: Nor make it so, that he who has liv'd, has not; nor that he who has had Honours, has not had them, having no other right to the past, than that of Oblivion.* And that the Comparison of a Man to God may yet be made out by pleasant Examples, *he cannot order it so,* he says, *that twice ten shall not be twenty.* This is what he says, and what a Christian ought to take heed shall not escape his Lips. Whereas on the contrary, it seems as if all Men study'd this impudent kind of blasphemous Language, to reduce God to their own Measure.

——————Cras vel atra
Nube polum pater occupato,
Vel sole puro, non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet: neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit *.

To morrow, let it Shine or Rain,
Yet cannot this the past make vain:
Nor uncreate and render void,
That which was yesterday enjoy'd †.

When we say, *that the Infinity of Ages, as well past as to come, are but one Instant with* God: *That his Bounty, Wisdom and Power are the same with his Essence:* Our Mouths speak it, but our Understandings apprehend it not. And yet such is our vain Opinion of ourselves, that we must make the Divinity to pass through our *Sieve:* And from thence proceed all the Dreams and Errors with which the

* *Hor. Car. l. 3. Od. 2.* † Sir *Rich. Fanshaw.* Wor

World abounds, whilſt we reduce and weigh in our Ballance a Thing ſo far above our Poize. *Mirum quo procedat improbitas cordis humani, parvulo aliquo invitata ſucceſſu* *. *'Tis a wonder to what the Wickedneſs of Man's Heart will proceed, if elevated with the leaſt Succeſs.* How magiſterially and inſolently does *Epicurus* reprove the *Stoicks*, for maintaining *that the truly good and happy Being appertain'd only to* God, *and that the wiſe Man had nothing but a Shadow and Reſemblance of it?* How temerariouſly have they bound *God* by *Deſtiny* (a thing which by my conſent, none that bears the Name of a Chriſtian ſhall ever do again) and both *Thales*, *Plato*, and *Pythagoras*, have enſlav'd him to *Neceſſity*. This Arrogancy of attempting to diſcover *God* with our Weak Eyes, has been the Cauſe that an eminent Perſon of our Nation, has added to the Divinity a corporal Form; and is the reaſon of what happens amongſt us every Day, of attributing to *God* important Events, by a particular Aſſignation: Becauſe they ſway with us, they conclude that they alſo ſway with him, and that he has a more intent and vigilant regard to them than to others of leſs Moment, or of ordinary Courſe. *Magna Dii curant, parva negligunt* †. *The Gods are concern'd at great Matters, but ſlight the ſmall.* Obſerve his Example, he will clear this to you by his Reaſon: *Nec in regnis quidem Reges omnia curant. Neither indeed do Kings in their Adminiſtration take notice of all the leaſt Concerns.* As if to that *King* of Kings it were more or leſs to ſubvert a Kingdom, or to move the Leaf of a Tree: Or as if his *Providence* acted after another manner in inclining the Event of a Battle, than in the Leap of a Flea. The Hand of his Government is laid upon every thing after the ſame manner, with the ſame Power and Order: Our Intereſt does nothing towards it; our Inclinations and Meaſures ſway nothing with him. *Deus ita artifex magnus in magnis, ut minor non ſit in parvis. God is ſo great an Artificer in great Things, that he is no leſs in the leaſt.* Our Arrogancy ſets this blaſphemous Compariſon ever before us. Becauſe our Employments are a Burthen to us, *Strato* has courteouſly been pleaſed to exempt the *Gods* from all Offices, as their *Prieſts* are. He makes *Nature*

* *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l.* 2. † *Cicer. de Nat. Deor. lib.* 3.

produce and support all Things; and with her Weights and Motions make up the several Parts of the World; discharge human Nature from the Awe of Divine Judgments. Quod beatum, æternumque sit, id nec habere negotii quicquam, nec exhibere alteri *. *What is blessed and eternal, has neither any Business itself, nor gives any to another. Nature* will that in like Things there should be a like Relation. The infinite Number of Mortals, therefore concludes a like Number of Immortals; the infinite Things that kill and destroy, presupposes as many that preserve and profit. As the Souls of the *Gods* without Tongue, Eyes, or Ear, do every one of them feel amongst themselves what the other feel, and judge our Thoughts; so the Souls of Men, when at liberty and loosed from the Body, either by Sleep or some Extasy, divine, foretel and see Things, which whilst join'd to the Body they could not see. *Men* (says St. *Paul*) *professing themselves to be wise, they become Fools; and changed the Glory of the uncorruptible God, into an Image made like corruptible Man* †. Do but take notice of the Juggling in the ancient *Deifications*. After the great and stately Pomp of the Funeral, so soon as the Fire began to mount to the Top of the Pyramid, and to catch hold of the *Hearse* where the Body lay, they at the same time turn'd out an Eagle, which flying upward, signified that the Soul went into Paradise. We have yet a thousand Medals, and particularly of that virtuous *Faustina*, where this Eagle is represented carrying these deified Souls with their Heels upwards towards *Heaven*. 'Tis pity that we should fool ourselves with our own Fopperies and Inventions,

Quod finxere timent ‡.

Like Children who are frighted with the same Face of their Play-fellow, that they themselves had smear'd and smutted. *Quasi quicquam infelicius sit homine, cui sua figmenta dominantur. As if any thing could be more unhappy than Man, who is insulted over by his own Imagination.* 'Tis far from honouring him who made us, to honour him that we have made. *Augustus* had more Temples than *Jupiter*, serv'd

* *Cic. de Nat Deor. lib.* 1. † *Rom.* i. 22, 23.

‡ *Lucan. l.* 1.

with

with as much Religion and Belief of Miracles: The *Thracians*, in return of the Benefits they had receiv'd from *Ageſilaus*, coming to bring him word, that they had Canoniz'd him: *Has your Nation*, ſaid he to them, *that Power to make Gods of whom they pleaſe? Pray firſt deify ſome one amongſt yourſelves, and when I ſhall ſee what Advantage he has by it, I will thank you for your Offer.* Man is certainly ſtark Mad; he cannot make a Flea, and yet he will be making *Gods* by Dozens. Hear what *Triſmegiſtus* ſays in praiſe of our Sufficiency: *Of all the wonderful Things, it ſurmounts all Wonder, that Man could find out the Divine Nature and make it.* And take here the Arguments of the School of *Philoſophy* itſelf.

Noſſe cui Divos, & cæci numina, ſoli
Aut ſoli neſcire datum *.

To whom to know the Deities of Heav'n,
Or know he knows them not, alone 'tis given.

If there is a God, *he is a living Creature; if he be a living Creature he has ſome Senſe; and if he has Senſe, he is ſubject to Corruption. If he be without a Body, he is without a Soul, and conſequeutly without Action: And if he has a Body, it is periſhable.* Is not here a Triumph? we are incapable of having made the World; there muſt then be ſome more excellent Nature that has put a Hand to the Work. It were a fooliſh and ridiculous Arrogance, to eſteem ourſelves the moſt perfect Thing of the *Univerſe*. There muſt then be ſomething that is better and more perfect, and that muſt be *God*. When you ſee a ſtately and ſtupendious Edifice, tho' you do not know who is the Owner of it, you would yet conclude, it was not built for *Rats*. And this Divine Structure that we behold of the Cœleſtial Palace, have we not reaſon to believe that it is the Reſidence of ſome Poſſeſſor, who is much greater than we; is not the moſt Supream always the moſt Worthy? And we are ſubjected to him. Nothing without a Soul, and without Reaſon, can produce a living Creature capable of Reaſon. The World produces us, the World then has Soul and Reaſon. Every Part of us is leſs than we. We are Part of

Heaven God's Palace.

* *Lucan. l.* 1.

the World, the World therefore is endued with Wisdom and Reason, and that more abundantly than we. 'Tis a fine Thing to have a great Government. The Government of the World then appertains to some happy Nature. The Stars do us no harm, they are then full of Bounty. We have need of Nourishment, then so have the Gods also and feed upon the Vapours of the Earth. Worldly Goods are not Goods to *God*; therefore they are not Goods to us; offending, and being offended, are equally Testimonies of Imbecility: 'Tis therefore Folly to fear *God*, *God* is good by his Nature; Man by his Industry, which is more. The Divine and human Wisdom have no other Distinction, but that the first is eternal. But Duration is no accession to Wisdom, therefore we are Companions. We have Life, Reason, and Liberty; we esteem Bounty, Charity, and Justice: These Qualities are in him. In Conclusion, the Building and Destroying, and the Conditions of the Divinity, are forg'd by Man according as they relate to himself. What a Pattern, and what a Model! let us stretch, let us raise and swell human Qualities as much as we please. Puff up thyself, vain Man, yet more and more, and more.

The Government of the World.

Nec si te ruperis, inquit *.

Swell till thou bursts, said he,
Thou shalt not match the Deity.

Profectò non Deum, quem cogitare non possunt, sed semet ipsos pro illo cogitantes; non illum, sed seipsos, non illi, sed sibi comparant. Certainly they do not imagine God, whom they cannot imagine; but they imagine themselves in his stead: They do not compare him, but themselves, not to him, but to themselves. In natural Things the Effects do but half relate to their Causes. What's this to the Purpose? His Condition is above the Order of Nature, too elevate, too remote, and too mighty to permit himself to be bound and fettered by our Conclusions. 'Tis not through ourselves that we arrive at that Place: Our Ways lie too low. We are no nearer Heaven on the Top of Mount *Semis*, than in the Bottom of the Sea: Take the Distance with

* *Hor. l. 2. Sat. 3.*

your

your *Aſtrolabe*. They debaſe *God* even to the carnal Knowledge of Women, to ſo many times, and ſo many Generations. *Paulina*, the Wife of *Saturninus*, a Matron of great Reputation at *Rome*, thinking ſhe lay with the God *Serapis*, found herſelf in the Arms of an *Amoroſo* of hers, through the Pandariſm of the Prieſts of his Temple. *Varro*, the moſt ſubtile and moſt learn'd of all the *Latin* Authors, in his Book of *Theology* writes, *That the* Sexton *of* Hercules's *Temple, throwing Dice with one Hand for himſelf, and with the other for* Hercules; *plaid after that manner with him for a Supper and a Whore: If he won, at the Expence of the Offerings; if he loſt, at his own. The* Sexton *loſt, and paid the Supper and the Whore: Her Name was* Laurentina, *who ſaw by Night this God in her Arms, who moreover told her, that the firſt ſhe met the next Day, ſhould give her a heavenly Reward: Which prov'd to be* Tarunicus, *a rich young Man, who took her home to his Houſe, and in time left her his Inheritix. She on the other ſide, thinking to do a Thing that would be pleaſing to the God, left the People of* Rome *Heirs to her; and therefore had divine Honours attributed to her.* As if it had not been ſufficient that *Plato* was originally deſcended from the Gods of a double Line, and that he had *Neptune* for the common Father of his Race, it was certainly believ'd at *Athens, that* Ariſto *having a Mind to enjoy the fair* Perictione, *could not, and was warn'd by the God* Apollo, *in a Dream, to leave her unpolluted and untouch'd till ſhe ſhould firſt be brought to Bed.* Theſe were the Father and Mother of *Plato*. How many ridiculous Stories are of like Cuckoldings, committed by the Gods againſt poor mortal Men? And how many Huſbands injuriouſly ſcandall'd in favour of the Children? In the *Mahometan* Religion there are *Merlins* enough found by the Belief of the People, that is to ſay, *Children without Fathers*, ſpiritual, divinely conceiv'd in the Wombs of Virgins, and carry Names that ſignify ſo much in their Language. We are to obſerve, that to every Thing, nothing is more dear and eſtimable than its Being (the *Lion*, the *Eagle*, and the *Dolphin*, prize nothing above their own Kind) and that every Thing aſſimulates the Qualities of all other Things to its own proper Qualities, which we may indeed extend or contract, but that's all; for beyond that

Relation and Principle our Imagination cannot go, can gueſs at nothing elſe, nor poſſibly go out thence, or ſtretch beyond it: From whence ſpring theſe ancient Concluſions. Of all Figures, the moſt beautiful is that of Man; therefore *God* muſt be of that Form. No one can be happy without Virtue, nor Virtue be without Reaſon, and Reaſon cannot inhabit any where but in a human Shape: God is therefore cloathed in a humau Figure. *Ita eſt informatum, anticipatumque mentibus noſtris, ut homini, quum de Dea cogitet, forma occurrat humana* *. *It is ſo imprinted in our Minds, and the Fancy is ſo prepoſſeſs'd with it, that when a Man thinks of God, a human Figure ever preſents itſelf to the Imagination.* Therefore it was that *Xenophanes* pleaſantly ſaid, *That if Beaſts do frame any Gods to themſelves, as 'tis likely they do, they make them certainly ſuch as themſelves are, and glorify themſelves it it, as we do.* For why may not a *Gooſe* ſay thus, *All the Parts of the Univerſe I have an Intereſt in; the Earth ſerves me to walk upon; the Sun to light me; the Stars have their Influence upon me: I have ſuch Advantage by the Winds, and ſuch Conveniencies by the Waters: There is nothing that yon heavenly Roof looks upon ſo favourable as me; I am the Darling of Nature? Is it not Man that treats, lodges and ſerves me? 'Tis for me that he both ſows and grinds: If he eats me, he does the ſame by his Fellow-Men, and ſo do I the Worms that kill and devour him.* As much might be ſaid by a *Crane*, and with greater Confidence, upon the Account of the Liberty of his Flight, and the Poſſeſſion of that high and beautiful Region. *Tam blanda conciliatrix, & tam ſui eſt lena ipſa natura* †. *So flattering and wheedling a Bawd is Nature to herſelf.* Now by the ſame Conſequence the *Deſtinies* are then for us; for us the World, it ſhines, it thunders for us, and the Creator and Creatures are all for us. 'Tis the Mark and Point to which the Univerſality of Things does aim. Look into the Records that Philoſophy has kept for two thouſand Years and more, of the Affairs of Heaven: The Gods all that while have neither acted nor ſpoken but for Man: She does not allow them any other Conſultation or Vacation. See them here againſt us in War.

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* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1. † *Ibid.*

——*Domi-*

——*Domituſque Herculea manu*
Tellurius juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus
Saturnis veteris——*.

The brawny Sons of Earth, ſubdu'd by Hand
Of *Hercules* on the *Phlegræan* Strand;
Where the rude Shock did ſuch a Rattle make,
As made old *Saturn*'s ſparkling Palace ſhake.

And here you ſhall ſee them participate of our Troubles, to make a return for our having ſo often ſhared in theirs.

Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, totamque à ſedibus urbem
Eruit; hic Juno Scæas ſæviſſima portas
Prima tenet——— †.

Whilſt *Neptune* with his maſſy Trident ſtrake,
He made the Walls of the Foundation ſhake,
And the whole City from its Platform threw;
Here, to befriend the *Greeks*, fair *Juno* drew
Into the *Scæan* Ports.

The *Caunians*, jealous of the Authority of their own peculiar *Gods*, arm themſelves on the Days of their Devotion, and the whole Power of their Precincts run cutting and ſlaſhing the Air with their Swords, by that means to drive away and baniſh all *foreign Gods* out of their Territory. Their Powers are limitted according to our Neceſſity. That cures Horſes, that cures Men, that cures the Plague, the Scurf, the Phtiſick; one to cure one Sort of Itch, another another: *Adeoi menimis etiam rebus pava Religio inſertit Deos: At ſuch a rate does falſe Religion create Gods for the moſt contemptible Uſes:* That makes the Grapes to grow, the Waters to flow. That has the Preſidence over Lechery, Superintendency over Merchandiſe; for every Sort of Artizan a *God:* That has his Province and Reputation in the Eaſt, and that has his in the Weſt.

Hic illius arma. ——*Hic currus fuit* ‡.

Here ſhe her Arms, here ſhe her Chariot had.

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* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 12.* † *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*
‡ *Ibid. l. 1.*

O ſancte

*O sancte Apollo, qui umbilicum certum terrarum obtines**:

O sacred *Phœbus*, who with glorious Ray,
Over the Navel of the Earth dost sway.

Pallada Cecropidæ, Minoia Creta Dianam,
Vulcanum tellus Hipsipylæa colit.
Junonem Sparte, Pelopeiadesque Mycenæ,
Pinnigerum Fauni Mænalis ora caput,
Mars Latio venerandus ——————†.

Th' *Athenians Pallas*, *Cynthia Crete* adore,
Vulcan is worship'd on the *Lemnian* Shore.
Proud *Juno*'s Altars are by *Spartans* fed,
Th' *Arcadians* worship *Faunus*; and 'tis said,
That Mars *at* Latium *is ador'd.*

That has only one Town or one Family in his Possession: That lives alone or in Company, either voluntary or upon necessity.

Junctaque sunt magno templa nepotis avo. ‡
And Temples to the Nephew joined are,
To those were rear'd to the Great-Grandfather.

There are some so wretched and mean (for the Number amounts to Six and thirty thousand) that they must pack five or six together, to produce one Ear of Corn, and thence take their several Names. Three to a Door: That of the Plank, that of the Hinge, and that of the Threshold. Four to a Child: Protectors of his Swathing-Clouts, his Drink, Meat, and Sucking. Some certain, some uncertain and doubtful, and some that are not yet enter'd Paradise.

Quos, quoniam Cæli nondum dignamur honore,
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare sinamus.

Whom, since we yet not worthy think of Heaven,
We suffer to inhabit the Earth we've given.

There are amongst them Physicians, Poets, and Civilians. Some mean ones, betwixt the Divine and human Nature, Mediators betwixt God and us, ador'd with a certain fe-

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* *Cicer. de Divin. l.* 2. † *Ovid. Fast. lib.* 3.
‡ *Ibid. l.* 1.

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cond and diminutive Sort of Adoration: Thoſe are infinite in Titles and Offices: Some good, and others ill; ſome old and decripit, and ſome that are mortal. For *Chryſippus* was of Opinion, that in the laſt Conflagration of the World, all the Gods were to die but *Jupiter*: And makes a thouſand pretty Societies betwixt God and him. Is he not his Countryman?

Jovis incunabula Creten *.

And this is the Excuſe, that upon Conſideration of this Subject, *Scævola*, a High Prieſt, and *Varro* a great Divine in their Times, make us: *That it is neceſſary that the People ſhould be ignorant of many Things that are true, and believe many Things that are falſe. Quam veritatem, qua liberetur, inquirat: Credatur ei expedire, quod fallitur* †. *Seeing he inquires into the Truth, by which he would be made free, 'tis fit he ſhould be deceiv'd.* Human Eyes cannot perceive things, but by the Forms they know. And we do not remember what a Leap miſerable *Phaeton* took, for attempting to guide his Father's Horſes with a mortal Hand. The Mind of Man falls into as great a Depth, and is after the ſame Manner bruis'd and ſhatter'd by his own Raſhneſs. If you aſk Philoſophy of what Matter the Sun is? What Anſwer will ſhe return, if not, that it is Iron and Stone, or ſome other Matter that ſhe makes uſe of? If a Man require of *Zeno*, *what Nature is? A Fire*, ſays he, *an* Artiſan *proper for Generation, and regularly proceeding. Archimedes*, Maſter of that Science, which attributes to itſelf the Precedency before all others, for Truth and Certainty; the *Sun*, ſays he, *is a God of red-hot Iron.* Was not this a fine Imagination, extracted from the inevitable Neceſſity of Geometrical Demonſtrations? Yet not ſo inevitable and uſeful, but that *Socrates* thought it was enough to know ſo much of Geometry only, as to meaſure the Land a Man bought or ſold; and that *Polyænus*, who had been a great and famous Maſter in it, deſpiſed it, as full of Falſity and manifeſt Vanity, after he once taſted the delicate Fruits of the Garden of *Epicurus*. *Socrates*

Geometry how far uſeful.

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* *Ovid Met. lib.* 8. † *Aug. de Civit. Dei. l.* 4. *cap.* 27.

in

in *Xenophon*, concerning this Affair, says of *Anaxagoras*, reputed by Antiquity learn'd above all others in Celestial and Divine Matters, *That he had crack'd his Brain, as all other Men do, who too immoderately search into Knowledges, which nothing belong to them.* When he made the *Sun* to be a *burning Stone*, he did not consider, that a *Stone* does not shine in the Fire; and which is worse, that it will there Consume. And in making the *Sun* and *Fire* one, that *Fire* does not turn the Complexions Black in shining upon them: That we are able to look fixtly upon *Fire:* And that *Fire* kills Herbs and Plants. 'Tis *Socrates*'s Opinion, and mine too, *That it is the best Judgment of Heaven, not to judge of it at all. Plato*, having Occasion in his *Timæus* to speak of the *Dæmons: This Undertaking*, says he, *exceeds my Ability.* We are therefore to believe those Ancients, who have pretended to have been Begotten by them. 'Tis against all Reason to refuse a Man's Faith to the Children of the Gods, tho' what they say should not be prov'd by any necessary or very probable Reasons; seeing they engage to speak of domestick and familiar Things. Let us see if we have a little more Light in the Knowledge of human and natural Things. Is it not a ridiculous Attempt, for us to forge for those, to whom, by our own Confession, our Knowledge is not able to attain, another Body, and to lend a false Form of our own Invention: As is manifest in this Motion of the Planets; to which seeing our Wits cannot possibly arrive, nor conceive their natural Conduct, we lend them material, heavy, and substantial Springs of our own, by which to move?

——— *Temo aureus, aurea summæ*
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo *.

A golden Beam, Wheels tir'd with golden Strokes,
About the Ring with sets of Silver Spokes.

You would say that we had had Coach-makers, Wheelwrights, and Painters, that went up on high to make Engines of various Motions, and to range the Carriages and Interlacings of the heavenly Bodies of differing Colours about the Axis of Necessity, according to *Plato*.

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* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 2.

Mundus

Mundus domus eſt maxima rerum,
Quam quinque altionæ fragimine Zonæ
Cingunt, per quam limbus bis ſex ſignis
Stellimicantibus, altus in obliquo æthere, lunæ
Bigas acceptat ———*.

The World's a Manſion that doth all Things hold,
Which thundering Zones, in Number five enfold,
Thro' which a Girdle painted with twelve Signs,
And that with ſparkling Conſtellations ſhines,
In th' oblique Roof marks the Diurnal Courſe,
For the Sun's Chariot, and his fiery Horſe.

Theſe are all Dreams and fantaſtick Follies. Why will not *Nature* pleaſe once for all to lay open her Boſom to us, and plainly diſcover to us the Means and Conduct of her Movements, and prepare our Eyes to ſee them? Good God, what Abuſe, what Miſtakes ſhould we diſcover in our poor Science! I am miſtaken, if that weak Knowledge of ours holds any one thing, as it really is, and I ſhall depart hence more Ignorant of all other things than my own Ignorance. Have I not read in *Plato* this Divine Saying, That, *Nature is nothing but an ænigmatick Poeſy!* As if a Man might perhaps ſay, a veil'd and ſhady Picture, breaking out here and there with an infinite Variety of falſe Lights to puzzle our Conjectures. *Latent iſta omnia craſſis occultata & circumfuta tenebris: Ut nulla acies humani ingenii tanta ſit, quæ penetrare in Cælum, terram intrare poſſit* †. *All thoſe Things lye conceal'd and involv'd in ſo caliginous an Obſcurity, that no Point of human Wit can be ſo ſharp, as to pierce Heaven or penetrate the Earth.* And certainly *Philoſophy* is no other than a falſified *Poeſy*. From whence do the ancient Writers extract their Authorities, but from the *Poets?* and the firſt of them were *Poets* themſelves and writ accordingly. *Plato* is but a *Poet* unript. All ſuper-human Sciences make uſe of the Poetick Stile. Juſt as Women make uſe of Teeth of Ivory, where the Natural are wanting, and inſtead of their true Complexion, make one of ſome artificial Matter; as they ſtuff themſelves with Cotton to appear plump, and in the ſight of

* *Varro in Catal.* † *Cicero in Acad.*

every

every one, do paint, patch, and trick up themselves with an adulterate and borrow'd Beauty: So does Science (and even our *Law* itself has, they say, Legitimate Fictions, whereon it builds the Truth of its *Justice*) she gives us in Presupposition, and for the current Pay, Things which themselves inform us were invented: For these *Epicycles*, *Excentricks* and *Concentricks*, which *Astrology* makes use of to carry on the Motions of the Stars, she gives us for the best she could contrive upon that Subject; as also in all the rest, *Philosophy* presents us, not that which really is, or what she does really believe, but what she has contriv'd with the greatest and most plausible likelihood of Truth, and the quaintest Invention. *Plato*, upon the Discourse of the State of human Bodies, and those of Beasts, *I should know that what I have said is Truth*, says he, *had I the Confirmation of an Oracle: But this I will affirm, that, what I have said, is the most likely to be true of any Thing I could say.* 'Tis not to Heaven only that Art sends her Ropes, Engines, and Wheels; let us consider a little what she says of us ourselves, and of our Contexture. There is not more Retrogradation, Trepidation, Accession, Recession, and Astonishment in the Stars and Cœlestial Bodies, than they have found out in this poor little human Body. In earnest, they have good Reason upon that very Account, to call it a *little World*, so many Tools and Parts have they employ'd to erect and build it. To assist the Motions they see in Man, and the various Functions that we find in ourselves, in how many Parts have they divided the Soul? In how many Places lodg'd it, into how many Orders have they divided, and to how many Stories have they rais'd this poor Creature *Man*, besides those that are natural, and to be perceiv'd? And how many Offices and Vocations have they assign'd him? They make an Imaginary of a Publick thing. 'Tis a Subject that they hold and handle: And they have full Power granted to them, to rip, place, displace, piece and stuff it, every one according to his own Fancy, and yet they possess it not. They cannot, not in reality only but even in Dreams, so govern it, that there will not be some Cadence or Sound that will escape their Architecture, as enormous as it is, and botch'd with a thousand false and fantastick Patches. And it is not Reason to excuse them; for tho' we are satisfy'd with *Painters* when

when they paint *Heaven, Earth, Seas, Mountains,* and remote *Islands,* that they give us but some slight Mark of, and, as of Things unknown, are content with a faint and obscure Description: Yet when they come to draw us by the Life, or any other Creature which is known and familiar to us, we then require of them a perfect and exact Representation of Lineaments and Colours, and despise them if they fail in it. I am very well pleased with the *Milesian* Girl, who observing the Philosopher *Thales* to be always contemplating the cœlestial Arch, and to have his Eyes still gazing upward, laid something in his Way that he might stumble at, to put him in mind, *That it would be time to take up his Thoughts about Things that are in the Clouds, when he had provided for those that were under his Feet.* Doubtless she advis'd him very well, *rather to look to himself than to gaze at Heaven.* For, as *Democritus* says, by the Mouth of *Cicero, Quod est apte pedes, nemo spectat: Cæli scrutantur plagas* *. *No Man regards what is under his Feet, they are always prying towards Heaven.* But our Condition will have it so, that the Knowledge of what we have in hand is as remote from us, and as much above the Clouds, as that of the Stars: As *Socrates* says, in *Plato, That whoever tampers with* Philosophy, *may be reproach'd as* Thales *was by the Woman, that he sees nothing of that which is before him. For every Philosopher is ignorant of what his Neighbour does: Yes, and of what he does himself, and is ignorant of what they both are, whether Beasts or Men.* And these are the People who find *Sebonde*'s Arguments too weak, that are ignorant of nothing, that govern the World, and that know all:

Quæ mare compescant causæ, quid temperet annum,
Stellæ sponte sua, jussæve vagentur, & errent:
Quid premat obscurum Lunæ, quid proferat orbem,
Quid velit, & possit rerum concordia discors †.

What governs swelling Tides, what rules the Year?
Whether of Force, or Will, the Planets err,
What wax and wain to *Cynthia*'s dark Orb brings,
What the concording Discord of all Things,
Or would or can affect.

* *Cicer. de Divin. l.* 2. † *Horat. l.* 1. *Epist.* 2.

Have

Have they not sometimes in their Writings, scattered the Difficulties they have met with of knowing their own Being: We see very well that the Finger moves, that the Foot moves, that some Parts assume a voluntary Motion of themselves without our Leaves and Consent, and that others work by our Direction; that one sort of Apprehension occasions Blushing; another, Paleness; such an Imagination works upon the Spleen only, another upon the Brain; one occasions Laughter, another Tears, another stupifies and astonishes all our Senses; at one Object the Stomach will rise, at another a Member that lies something lower. But how a Spiritual Impression should make such a Breach into a massy and solid Subject, and the Nature of the Connexion and Contexture of these admirable Springs and Movements never Man yet knew: *Omnia incerta ratione, & naturæ majestate abdita* *. *All uncertain in Reason, and conceal'd in the Majesty of Nature,* says *Pliny.* And St. *Austin, Modus, quo corporibus adherunt Spiritus, omnino minus, nec comprehendi ab homine potest: Et hoc ipse homo est* ‡. *The manner whereby Souls adhere to Bodies, is altogether wonderful, and cannot be conceiv'd by Man, and yet this is Man.* And yet it is not so much as doubted: For the Opinions of Men are receiv'd according to the ancient Belief, by Authority and upon Trust, as if it were *Religion* and *Law.* 'Tis receiv'd as Gibberish which is commonly spoken; this Truth with all its clutter of Arguments and Proofs, is admitted as a firm and solid Body, that is no more to be shaken, no more to be judg'd of. On the contrary, every one according to the utmost of his Talent, corroborates and fortifies this received Belief with the utmost Power of his Reason, which is a supple Utensil, pliable, and to be accommodated to any Figure. And thus the World comes to be fill'd with Lies and Fopperies. The Reason that Men do not doubt of many Things, is, that they never examine common Expressions: They do not dig to the Root, where the Faults and Defects lie; they only debate upon the Branches: They do not examine whether such and such a Thing be true, but if it has been so, and so understood. It is not enquired into, whether

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* *Plin. l. 2. cap. 37.* ‡ *St. Aug. de spir. & anim. Galen*

Galen has said any thing to purpose, but whether he has said so or so. In Truth it was very good reason, that this Curb to the Liberty of our Judgments, and that Tyranny over our Opinions, should be extended to the Schools, and Arts. The God of Scholastick Knowledge is *Aristotle:* 'Tis Irreligion to question any of his Decrees, as it was those of *Lycurgus* at *Sparta:* His Doctrine is a magisterial Law, which peradventure is as false as another. I do not know why I should not as willingly embrace either the Ideas of *Plato*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus*, or the *Plenum* or *Vacuum* of *Leucippus* and *Democritus*, or the Water of *Thales*, or the Infinity of Nature of *Anaximander*, or the Air of *Diogenes*, or the Members and Symmetry of *Pythagoras*, or the Infinity of *Parmenides*, or the One of *Musæus*, or the Water and Fire of *Apollodorus*, or the similar Parts of *Anaxagoras*, or the Discord and Friendship of *Empedocles*, or the Fire of *Heraclitus*, or any other Opinion (of that infinite Confusion of Opinions and Determinations, which this fine human Reason does produce by its Certitude and Clear-sightedness in every thing it meddles withal) as I should the Opinion of *Aristotle* upon this Subject of the Principles of natural Things; which Principles he builds of three Pieces, Matter, Form, and Privation. And what can be more vain, than to make Inanity itself the Cause of the Production of Things? Privation is a Negative: Of what Humour could he then make the Cause and Original of Things that are: And yet that were not to be controverted, but for the Exercise of *Logick*. There is nothing disputed neither to bring it into doubt, but to defend the Author of the School from foreign Objections: His Authority is the *non ultra*, beyond which it is not permitted to enquire. It is very easy upon approv'd Foundations to build whatever we please; for according to the Law and ordering of this Beginning, the other Parts of the Structure are easily carry'd on without any Failure. By this way we find our Reason well-grounded, and discourse at a Venture; for our Masters prepossess and gain before-hand as much room in our Belief, as is necessary towards concluding afterwards what they please: As *Geometricians* do by their granted Demands: The Consent and Approbation we allow them, giving them Power to draw us to the Right and Left, and to whirl us about at their own Pleasure.

Whatever springs from these Presuppositions, is our Master and our God: He will take the Level of his Foundations so ample and so easy, that by them he may mount us up to the Clouds, if he so please. In this Practice and Negotiation of Science, we have taken the Saying of *Pythagoras*, *That every expert Person ought to be believ'd in his own Art, for current Pay.* The *Logician* refers the Signification of Words to the *Grammarian*, the *Rhetorician* borrows the State of Arguments from the *Logician*, the *Poet his* Measure from the *Musician*, the *Geometrician* his Proportions from the *Arithmetician*, and the *Metaphysicians* take the Physical Conjectures from their Foundations. For every Science has its Principle presuppos'd, by which human Judgment is every where limited. If you come to rush against the Bar, where the principal Error lies, they have presently this Sentence in their Mouths, *That there is no disputing with Persons, who deny Principles.* Now Men can have no Principles, if not reveal'd to them by the Divinity, of all the rest the Beginning, the Middle, and the End, is nothing but Dream and Vapour. To those that contend upon Presupposition, we must on the contrary presuppose to them the same *Axiom* upon which the Dispute is. For every human Presupposition and Declaration has as much Authority one as another, if Reason do not make the Difference. Wherefore they are all to be put into the Balance, and first the Generals, and those that tyrannize over us. The Perswasion of Certainty, is a certain Testimony of Folly and extreme Incertainty; and there are not a more foolish Sort of Men, nor that are less Philosophers, than the *Philodoxes* of *Plato*. We must enquire, whether Fire be hot? whether Snow be white? if there be any such Things as Hard or Soft. And as to these Answers of which they make old Stories, as he that doubted if there were any such Thing as Heat, whom they bid throw himself into the Fire; and he that deny'd the Coldness of Ice, whom they bid to put a Cast of Ice into his Bosom, they are pitiful Things unworthy of, and much below the Profession of *Philosophy*. If they had let us alone in our Natural Being, to receive the Appearance of Things without us, according as they present themselves to us by our Senses; and had permitted us to follow our own natural Appetites, and be govern'd by the Condition of

our Birth, they might then have reaſon to talk at that Rate; but 'tis from them, that we have learned to make ourſelves Judges of the World; 'Tis from them that we derive this Fancy, *that human Reaſon is Controuler-General of all that is without and within the Roof of Heaven, that comprehends every Thing, that can do every Thing: By the means of which, every Thing is known and underſtood.* This Anſwer would be good among *Cannibals*, who enjoy the Happineſs of a long, quiet and peaceable Life without *Ariſtotle*'s Precepts, and without the Knowledge of the Name of *Phyſicks*. This Anſwer would perhaps be of more Value and greater Force than all thoſe they borrow from their Reaſon and Invention. Of this, all Animals, and all, where the Power of the Law of Nature is yet pure and ſimple, but thoſe they have renounc'd, would be as capable as we. They need not tell us it is true, for we ſee and feel if it be ſo: They muſt tell me whether I really feel what I think I do; and if I do feel it, they muſt then tell me why I feel it, and how, and what: Let them tell me the Name, Original, the Parts and Junctures of Heat and Cold, the Qualities of the *Agent* and *Patient*: Or let them give up their Profeſſion, which is not to admit or approve of any Thing, but by the Way of Reaſon, that is their *Teſt* in all ſorts of Eſſays. But certainly 'tis a *Teſt* full of Falſity, Error, Weakneſs and Defect. Which way can we better prove it, than by itſelf? If we are not to believe her when ſpeaking of herſelf, ſhe can hardly be thought fit to judge of Exotick Things; if ſhe know any Thing, it muſt at leaſt be her own Being and Abode. She is in the *Soul*, and either a Part or an Effect of it: For true and eſſential *Reaſon*, from which we by a falſe Colour borrow the Name, is lodg'd in the Boſom of the *Almighty*. There is her Habitation and Receſs, and 'tis from thence that ſhe imparts her Rays, when *God* is pleas'd to impart any Beam of it to Mankind; as *Pallas* iſſued from her Father's Head, to communicate herſelf to the World. Now let us ſee what *Human Reaſon* tells us of herſelf, and of the Soul: Not of the Soul in general, of which almoſt all *Philoſophy* makes the Cœleſtial and firſt Bodies Participants; nor of that which *Thales* attributed to Things, which themſelves are reputed inanimate, drawn on ſo by

the Consideration of the *Load-stone:* But of that which appertains to us, and that we ought the best to know.

Ignoratur enim quæ sit natura animai,
Nata sit, an contra nascentibus insinuetur,
Et simul intereat nobiscum morte dirempta,
An tenebras Orci visat, vastasque lacunas,
An pecudes alias divinitus insinuet se *.

For none the Nature of the Soul doth know,
Whether that it be born with us, or no;
Or be infus'd into us at our Birth,
And dies with us when we return to Earth,
Or does descend to these black Shades below,
Or into other Animals does go.

Crates and *Diæarchus* were of Opinion, *that there was no Soul at all: But that the Body thus stirs by a natural Motion:* Plato, *that it was a Substance moving of itself:* Thales, *a Nature without Repose:* Asclepiades, *an exercising of the Senses:* Hesiod *and* Anaximander, *a Thing compos'd of Earth and Water:* Parmenides, *of Earth and Fire:* Empedocles *of Blood:*

Sanguineum vomit ille animam †.

He vomits up his bloody Soul.

Possidonius, Cleanthes *and* Galen, *that it was Heat or a hot Complexion:*

Igneus est ollis vigor, & cælestis origo ‡.

Their Vigour is of Fire, and does prove
Itself descended from the Gods above.

Hippocrates, *a Spirit diffus'd all over the Body:* Varro, *that it was an Air receiv'd at the Mouth, heated in the Lungs, moistned in the Heart, and diffus'd throughout the whole Body:* Zeno, *the Quintessence of the four Elements:* Heraclitus Ponticus, *that it was the Light:* Zenocrates *and the* Ægyptians, *a Mobile Number:* The Chaldeans, *a Virtue without any determinate Form.*

Habitum quendam vitalem corporis esse,
Harmoniam Græci quam dicunt ‖.

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* *Lucr. l.* 1. † *Æneid. lib.* 9. ‡ *Ibid.*
‖ *Lucr. lib.* 6.

A vital

A vital Habit in Man's Frame to be,
Which by the *Greeks* is call'd a Harmony.

Let us not forget *Ariſtotle*, who held *the Soul to be that which naturally cauſes the Body to move*, which he calls *Entelechia*, with as cold an Invention as any of the reſt: For he neither ſpeaks of the *Eſſence*, nor of the Original, nor of the Nature of the Soul, only takes notice of the *Effect*. *Lactantius*, *Seneca*, and moſt of the *Dogmatiſts*, have confeſſed, *that it was a thing they did not underſtand*. After all this Enumeration of Opinions: *Harum Sententiarum quæ vera ſit, Deus aliquis viderit*, ſays *Cicero* *: *Of theſe Opinions, which is the true, let ſome God determine. I know by myſelf*, ſays St. *Bernard*, *how incomprehenſible* God *is, ſeeing I cannot comprehend the Part of my own Being*. *Heraclitus*, who was of Opinion, that every Place was full of Souls and *Demons*, did nevertheleſs maintain, *that no one could advance ſo far towards the Knowledge of his Soul, as ever to arrive at it, ſo profound was the Eſſence of it*. Neither is there leſs Controverſy and Debate about ſeating of it. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* place it in *Ventricle of the Brain*: *Democritus* and *Ariſtotle* throughout the *whole Body*:

Ut bona ſæpe valetudo cum dicitur eſſe
Corporis, & non eſt tamen hæc pars ulla valentis †.

As when the Body's Health they do it call,
When of a ſound Man, that's no Part at all.

Epicurus in the *Stomach*:

Hic exultat enim pavor, ac metus, hæc loca circum
Lætitiæ mulcent ‡.

For this the Seat of Horror is and Fear,
And Joys in turn do likewiſe triumph here.

The *Stoicks*, about and within, *the Heart*: *Eraſiſtratus*, adjoining the Membrane of the *Epicranion*: *Empedocles*, in the *Blood*; as alſo *Moſes*, which was the Reaſon why he interdicted eating the Blood of Beaſts, becauſe the Soul is there ſeated. *Galen* thought, that every Part of the Body had its Soul: *Strato* has plac'd it betwixt the

* *Cic. in Philoſ.* † *Lucr. lib.* 3. ‡ *Ibid.*

Eye-brows:

Eye-brows: Qua facie quidem sit animus, aut ubi habitet, ne quærendum quidem est: What Figure the Soul is of, or what Part it inhabits, is not to be enquir'd into,* says Cicero. I very willingly deliver this Author to you in his own Words: For should I go about to alter Eloquence itself? Besides, it were but an easy Prize to steal the Matter of his Inventions. They are neither very frequent, nor of any great Weight, and sufficiently known. But the Reason why *Chrysippus* argues it to be about the *Heart*, as all the rest of that Sect do, is not to be omitted. *It is,* says he, *because when we would affirm any Thing, we lay our Hand upon our Breasts: and when we will pronounce* ἐγὼ, which signifies I, *we let the lower Mandable fall towards the Stomach.* This Place ought not to be overslipt without a Remark upon the Vanity of so great a Man: For besides that these Considerations are infinitely light in themselves, the last is only a Proof to the *Greeks*, that they have their Souls lodg'd in that Part. No human Judgment is so sprightly and vigilant, that it does not sometimes sleep. Why should we be afraid to speak? We see the Stoicks, who are the Fathers of human Prudence, have found out that the Soul of a Man crushed under a Ruin, long labours and strives to get out, like a Mouse caught in a Trap, before it can disengage itself from the Burthen. Some hold that the World was made to give Bodies, by way of Punishment, to the Spirits fallen, by their own Fault, from the Purity wherein they had been created: The first *Creation* having been no other than incorporeal: And that according as they are more or less deprav'd from their Spirituality, so are they, more or less jocundly or closely incorporated. And that thence proceeds all the Variety of so much created Matter. But the Spirit that for his Punishment was invested with the Body of the Sun, must certainly have a very rare and particular Measure of Thirst. The Extremities of our Perquisition do all fall into, and terminate in, Astonishment and Blindness. As *Plutarch* says of the Testimony of *Histories; that, according to Charts and Maps, the utmost Bounds of known Countries are taken up with Marshes, impenetrable Forests, Desarts,*

* *Cic. Tusc. l.* 1.

and uninhabitable Places. And this is the Reaſon why the moſt groſs and childiſh Ravings were moſt found in thoſe Authors who treat of the moſt elevated Subjects, and proceed the furtheſt in them: Loſing themſelves in their own Curioſity and Preſumption. The beginning and end of Knowledge, are equally reputed fooliſh. Obſerve to what a Pitch *Plato* flies in his Poetick Clouds: Do but take notice there of the Gibberiſh of the *Gods*. But what did he dream of when he defin'd a Man to be a two-legg'd Animal without Feathers: Giving thoſe who had a mind to deride him, a pleaſant Occaſion; For having pull'd a Capon alive, they call'd it the Man of *Plato*. And what did the *Epicureans* think of, out of what ſimplicity did they firſt imagine, that their *Atoms*, that they ſaid were Bodies having ſome Weight, and a natural Motion downwards, had made the World: Till they were put in Mind by their Adverſaries, that according to this Deſcription, it was impoſſible they ſhould unite and joyn to one another, their Fall being ſo direct and perpendicular, and making ſo many parallel Lines throughout? Wherefore there was a Neceſſity that they ſhould ſince add a fortuitous and ſide-ways Motion, and that they ſhould moreover accoutre their *Atoms* with hooked Tails, by which they might afterwards unite and cling to one another. And even then do not thoſe that attack them upon this ſecond Invention, put them hardly to it? If the *Atoms* have by chance form'd ſo many ſorts of Figures, why did it never fall out that they made a Houſe or a Shoe? Why at the ſame rate ſhould we not believe, that an infinite Number of *Greek* Letters, ſtrow'd all over a certain Place, might poſſibly fall into the Contexture of the *Iliad*? *Whatever is capable of Reaſon*, ſays *Zeno*, *is better than that which is not capable: There is nothing better than the World: The World is therefore capable of Reaſon.* *Cotta*, by this way of Argumentation, makes the World a *Mathematician*: And 'tis alſo made a *Muſician* and an *Organiſt*, by this other Argumentation, of *Zeno*: *The Whole is more than a Part; We are capable of Wiſdom, and are part of the World: Therefore the World is wiſe.* There are infinite like Examples, not only of Arguments that are falſe in themſelves, but ſilly ones, that do not hold in themſelves

The Atoms *of the* Epicureans, *What?*

ſelves, and that accuſe their Authors not ſo much of Ignorance, as Impudence, in the Reproaches the Philoſophers daſh one another in the Teeth withal, upon their Diſſentions in their Sects and Opinions. Whoever ſhould bundle up a luſty Faggot of the Fooleries of human Wiſdom, would produce Wonders. I willingly muſter up theſe few for a Pattern, by a certain Meaning not leſs profitable, than the moſt moderate Inſtructions. Let us judge by theſe, what Opinion we are to have of Man, of his Senſe and Reaſon; when in theſe great Perſons that have raiſed human Knowledge ſo high, ſo many groſs and manifeſt Errors and Miſtakes are to be found. For my Part, I am apt to believe, that they have treated of Knowledge caſually, and like a Toy, with both Hands; and have contended about Reaſon, as of a vain and frivilous Inſtrument, ſetting on Foot all ſorts of Fancies and Inventions, ſometimes more ſinewy, and ſometimes weaker. This ſame *Plato* who defines Man, as if he were a Cock, ſays elſewhere, after *Socrates*, *That he does not in Truth, know what Man is, and that he is a Member of the World the hardeſt to underſtand.* By this Variety and Inſtability of Opinions, they tacitly lead us, as it were, by the Hand to this Reſolution of their Irreſolution. They profeſs not always to deliver their Opinions bare-fac'd and apparent to us; they have one while diſguis'd them in the fabulous Shadows of Poetry; and another in ſome other Vizor: For our Imperfection carries this alſo along with it, that crude Meats are not always proper for our Stomachs; they muſt dry, alter and mix them: They do the ſame: They oft conceal their real Opinions and Judgments, and falſify them to accommodate themſelves to publick Cuſtom: They will not make an open Profeſſion of Ignorance, and of the Imbecility of human Reaſon, that they may not fright Children: But they ſufficiently diſcover it to us under the Appearance of a troubled and inconſtant Science. I adviſ'd a Perſon in *Italy*, who had a great Mind to ſpeak *Italian*, that provided he only had a Deſire to make himſelf underſtood, without being ambitious to excel, that he ſhould only make uſe of the firſt Word that came to the Tongue's end, whether *Latin*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, or *Gaſcon* and that in adding the *Italian* Terminations, he could not fail of hitting upon ſome *Idiom* of the Country, either *Tuſcan*,

Tuscan, *Roman*, *Venetian*, *Piedmontois* or *Neopolitan*, and to apply himself to some one of those many Forms. I say the same of *Philosophy*, she has so many Faces, so much Variety, and has said so many Things, that all our Dreams and Ravings are there to be found. Human Fancy can conceive nothing good or bad that is not there: *Nihil tam absurde dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo Philosophorum**. *Nothing can be so absurdly said, that has not been said before by some of the Philosophers.* And I am the more willing to expose my Whimsies to the Publick; forasmuch as tho' they are spun out of myself, and without any Pattern, I know they will be found related to some ancient Humour, and some will not stick to say, *See whence he took it?* My Manners are natural, I have not call'd in the Assistance of any Discipline to erect them: But weak as they are, when it came into my Head to lay them open to the World's View, and that to expose them to the Light in a little more decent Garb, I went to adorn them with Reasons and Examples; it was a Wonder to myself, accidentally to find them conformable to so many Philosophical Discourses and Examples. I never knew what Regimen my Life was of, till after it was near worn out and spent. A new Figure: An unpremeditate and accidental *Philosopher*. But to return to the Soul, inasmuch as *Plato* has plac'd the Reason in the Brain, the Anger in the Heart, and the Concupiscence in the Liver; 'tis likely that it was rather an Interpretation of the Movements of the Soul, than that he intended a Division and Separation of it, as of a Body into several Members: And the most likely of their Opinion is, that 'tis always a Soul, that by its Faculty, reasons, remembers, comprehends, desires, and exercises all its other Operations by divers Instruments of the Body, as the *Pilot* guides his Ship according to his Experience, one while straining or slacking the Cordage, one while hoisting the Main-yard, or removing the Rudder, by one and the same Strength carrying on so many several Effects: And that it is lodg'd in the Brain, which appears in that the Wounds and Accidents that touch that Part, do immediately offend the Faculties of the Soul; and 'tis not incongruous, that

* *Cicero de Divin. l.* 1.

it

it should thence diffuse itself into the other Parts of the Body:

Cæli Phæbus iter, radiis tamen omnia lustrat *.

Phæbus ne'er deviates from the *Zodiack*'s Way;
Yet all Things does illustrate with his Ray.

As the Sun sheds from Heaven's Light and Influence, and fills the World with them.

Cætera pars animæ per totum dissita corpus
Paret, & ad numen mentis, nomenque movetur †.

The other Part o'th' Soul diffus'd all o'er
The Body, does obey the Reason's lore.

Some have said, that there was a General Soul, as it were a great Body, from whence all the particular Souls were extracted, and thither again return, always restoring itself to that universal Matter.

——— *Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terrasque tractusque maris, cælumque profundum:
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum:
Quemque sibi tenues nascentem arcessere vitas,
Scilicet hoc reddit deinde, ac resoluta referri
Omnia: Nec morti esse locum ‡:

——— For they suppose
That God through Earth, the Sea and Heaven goes.
Hence Men, Beasts, Reptiles, Insects, Fishes, Fowls
Take all their Issue to the Light, their Souls;
And there again restore them when they die,
They being not subject to Mortality.

Others, that they only rejoin'd and re-united themselves to it; others that they were produc'd from the Divine Substance: Others by the *Angels* of Fire and Air: Others that they were from all Antiquity; and some that they were created at the very Article of Time the Bodies wanted them: Others make them to descend from the Orb of the Moon, and return thither. The generality of the Antients, that they were begot from Father to Son, after a

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* *Claud. in Paneg. de Consul Hon.* † *Lucr. l.* 3.
‡ *Virg. Georg. lib.* 4.

like

like Manner, and produc'd with all other natural Things; raising their Argument from the Likeness of Children to their Fathers.

Instillata patris virtus tibi,
Fortes creantur fortibus, & bonis *.

Thou hast thy Father's Virtues with his Blood;
For the Brave still spring from the Brave and Good.

And that we see descend from Fathers to their Children, not only Bodily Marks, but moreover a Resemblance of Humours, Complexions and Inclinations of the Soul.

Denique cur acrum violentia triste leonum
Seminium sequitur, dolus vulpibus, & fuga cervis,
A patribus datur, & patrius pavor incitat artus,
Si non certa suo quia semine seminioque,
Vis animi pariter crescit cum corpore toto †.

For why should Rage from the fierce Lion's Seed,
Or from the subtle Fox's Craft proceed,
Or why the tim'rous and flying Hart
His fear and trembling to his Race impart,
But that a certain Force of Mind does grow,
And still increases as the Bodies do?

That thereupon the Divine Justice is grounded, punishing in the Children, the Faults of their Fathers: Forasmuch as the Contagion of paternal Vices is in some Sort imprinted in the Soul of Children, and that the ill Government of their Will extends to them. Moreover, that if Souls had any other Derivation than a natural Consequence, and that they had been some other Thing out of the Body, they would retain some Memory of their first Being, the natural Faculties that are proper to them of discoursing, reasoning, and remembring, consider'd.

———*Si in corpus nascentibus insinuatur,*
Cur superantes actam ætatem meminisse nequimus,
Nec vestigia gestarum rerum ulla tenemus ‡?

For at our Birth if it infused be,
Why do we then retain no Memory
Of our foregoing Life, and why no more
Remember any Thing we did before?

* *Hor. lib.* 4. *Ode* 4. † *Lucr. l.* 3. ‡ *Ibid.*

For

For to make the Condition of our Souls ſuch as we would have it to be, we muſt ſuppoſe them all-knowing, even in their natural Simplicity and Purity. By theſe Means they had been ſuch, being free from the Priſon of the Body, as well before they enter'd into it, as we hope they ſhall be after they are gone out of it. And from this Knowledge it ſhould follow, that they ſhould remember being got in the Body, as *Plato* ſaid, *That what we learn is no other than a Remembrance of what we knew before*; a Thing which every one by Experience may maintain to be falſe. Foraſmuch, in the firſt Place, as that we do not juſtly remember any Thing but what we have been taught: And that if the Memory did purely perform its Office, it would at leaſt ſuggeſt to us ſomething more than what we have learned. Secondly, That which ſhe knew being in her Purity, was a true Knowledge, knowing Things as they are by her Divine Intelligence: Whereas here we make her receive Falſhood and Vice, when we inſtruct her; wherein ſhe cannot employ her Reminiſcence, that Image and Conception having never been planted in her. To ſay, that the corporal Priſon does in ſuch ſort ſuffocate her natural Faculties, that they are there utterly extinct, is firſt, contrary to this other Belief of acknowledging her Power to be ſo great, and the Operations of it that Men ſenſibly perceive in this Life ſo admirable, as to have thereby concluded this Divinity, and paſt Eternity, and the Immortality to come:

Nam ſi tantopere eſt animi mutata poteſtas,
Omnis & actarum exciderit retinentia rerum,
Non ut opinor ea ab letho jam longior errat *.

For if the Mind be chang'd to that Degree,
As of paſt Things to loſe all Memory,
So great a Change as that, I muſt confeſs,
Appears to me than Death but little leſs.

Furthermore, 'tis here with us, and not elſewhere, that the Force and Effects of the Soul ought to be conſider'd: All the reſt of her Perfections are vain and uſeleſs to her; 'tis by her preſent Condition, that all her Immortality is to be

* *Lucr. l.* 3.

rewarded

rewarded and paid, and of the Life of Man only that ſhe is to render an Account: It had been Injuſtice to have ſtript her of her Means and Powers, and to have diſarm'd her, only from the Time of her Capacity and Impriſonment in the Fleſh, of her Weakneſs and Infirmity, from the Time wherein ſhe was forc'd and compell'd to extract an infinite and perpetual Sentence and Condemnation, and to inſiſt upon the Conſideration of ſo ſhort a Time, peradventure but an Hour or two, or at the moſt but an Age (which have no more Proportion with Infinity, than an Inſtant) for this Momentary Interval to ordain, and definitively to determine of her whole Eternity. It were an unreaſonable Diſproportion to extract an eternal Recompence in Conſequence of ſo ſhort a Life. *Plato* to defend himſelf from this Inconvenience, will have *future Rewards limited to the Term of a hundred Years, relatively to human Duration:* And of us ourſelves there are enow, who have given them temporal Limits. By this they judg'd that the *Generation of the Soul follow'd the common Condition of human Things:* As alſo her Life according to the Opinion of *Epicurus* and *Democritus*, which has been the moſt received, in conſequence of theſe fine Appearances, that they ſaw it born, and that according as the Body grew more capable, they ſaw it increaſe in Vigour, as the other did; that its Feebleneſs in Infancy was very manifeſt, and in Time its better Strength and Maturity, and after that its Declenſion and Old Age, and at laſt its Decripitude:

———*Gigni pariter cum corpore, & una*
Creſcere ſentimus, pariterque ſeneſcere mentem *.

Souls with the Bodies to be born we may
Diſcern, with them t'increaſe, with them decay.

They perceiv'd it to be capable of divers Paſſions, and agitated with ſeveral painful Motions, from whence it fell into a Laſſitude and Uneaſineſs, capable of Alteration and Change, of Chearfulneſs and Stupidity, and Faintneſs, and ſubject to Diſeaſes and Injuries, as the Stomach or the Foot:

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* *Lucr. l.* 3.

———*Men-*

——— *Mentem sanari, corpus ut ægrum*
Cernimus, & flecti medicina posse videmus *.

Sick Minds, as well as Bodies, we do see,
By Med'cines Virtue oft restor'd to be.

Dazzled and intoxicated with the Fumes of Wine; justled from her Seat by the Vapours of a Burning Fever, laid asleep by the Application of some Medicaments, and rous'd awake by others.

——*Corpoream naturam anima esse necesse est,*
Corporis quoniam tellis ictuque laborat †.

There must be of Necessity, we find,
A nature that's corporeal of the Mind,
Because we evidently see it smarts,
And wounded is with Shafts the Body darts,

They saw it in Astonishment, and such a one as overthrew all its Faculties, through the meer Contagion of a mad Dog, and in that Condition to have no Stability of Reason, no Sufficiency, no Virtue, no Philosophical Resolution, no Resistance that could exempt it from the subjection of Accidents: The Slaver of a Contemptible Curr, shed upon the Hand of *Socrates*, to shake all his Wisdom, and all his great and regular Imaginations, and so to annihilate them, as that there remain'd no Tracing or Footstep of his Former Knowledge:

——— *Vis animai*
Conturbatur ——*& adversa seorsum*
Disjectatur eodem illo distracta veneno ‡.

The Power of the Soul's disturb'd, and when
That once is but sequestred from her, then
By the same Poyson 'tis dispers'd abroad.

And this Poyson to find no more Resistance in that great Soul, than in that of an Infant of four Years old: A Poyson sufficient to make all Philosophy, if it were incarnate, to become furious and mad; insomuch that *Cato*, who ever disdain'd Death and Fortune, could not endure the sight of a Looking-glass, or of Water, confounded

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* *Lucr. l.* 3. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

with

with Horror and Affright at the Thought of falling by the Contagion of a mad Dog into the Diſeaſe call'd by Phyſicians, *Hydrophobia*.

———*Vis morbi diſtracta per artus*
Turbat agens animam, ſpumentes æquore ſalſo
Ventorum ut validis ferveſcunt viribus undæ *.

Throughout the Limbs diffus'd, the fierce Diſeaſe,
Diſturbs the Soul, as in the briny Seas,
The foaming Waves to ſwell and boil we ſee,
Stirr'd by the Winds Impetuoſity.

Now as to this Particular, *Philoſophy* has ſufficiently arm'd Man to encounter all other Accidents either with Patience; or if the Search of that coſts too dear, by an infallible Defeat, in totally depriving himſelf of all Sentiment: But theſe are Expedients, that are only of uſe to a Soul being itſelf, and in its full Power, capable of Reaſon and Deliberation: But not at all proper for this Inconvenience where even in a *Philoſopher*, the Soul becomes the Soul of a Madman, troubled, overturn'd, and loſt. Which many Occaſions may produce, as a too vehement Agitation that any violent Paſſion of the Soul may beget in itſelf; or a Wound in a certain Part of the Perſon, or Vapours from the Stomach, any of which may ſtupify the Underſtanding and turn the Brain.

———*Morbis in corporis avius errat*
Sæpe animus, dementat enim deliraque fatur,
Interdumque gravi lethargo fertur in altum
Æternumque ſoporem, oculis nutuque cadenti †

For when the Body's ſick, and ill at eaſe,
The Mind does often ſhare in the Diſeaſe;
Wonders, grows wild, and raves, and ſometimes by
A heavy and a ſtupid Lethargy,
Is overcome and caſt into a deep,
A moſt profound and everlaſting Sleep.

The *Philoſophers*, methinks, have not much touch'd this String, no more than another of the ſame Importance: They have this *Dilemma* continually in their Mouths to

* *Lucr. l.* 3. † *Ibid.*

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consolate our mortal Condition: *The Soul is either mortal or immortal; if mortal, it will suffer no Pain; if immortal, it will change for the better,* they never touch the other Branch; what if she change for the worse, and leave to the *Poets* the Menaces of future Torments. But thereby they make themselves a good Game. They are two Omissions that I often meet with in their Discourses: I return to the first: This Soul loses the use of the Sovereign Stoical Good, so constant and so firm. Our fine human Wisdom must here yield, and give up her Arms. As to the rest, they did also consider by the Vanity of human Reason, that the Mixture and Association of two so contrary Things as mortal and immortal, was unimaginable:

Quippe etenim mortale æterno jungere, & una
Consentire putare, & fungi mutua posse,
Dissipere est. Quid enim diversius esse putandum est,
Aut magis inter se disjunctum, discrepitansque,
Quam mortale quod est, immortale atque perenni
Junctum in concilio, sævas tolerare procellas?

To join the Mortal then and the ætern
And think they can agree in one Concern,
Is Madness. For what Things more diff'ring are
Unlike betwixt themselves, and fit to jarr?
How can it then be thought that these should bear,
When thus conjoin'd, of Storms an equal Share?

Moreover, they perceiv'd the Soul tending towards Death, as well as the Body.

Simul ævo fessa fatiscit *.

Which, according to *Zeno*, the Image of Sleep does sufficiently demonstrate to us. For he looks upon it as a fainting and Fall of the Soul, as well as of the Body. *Contrahi animum, & quasi labi putat, atque decidere* †. He thinks the Mind is transported, and that it slips and falls. And what they perceiv'd in some, that the Soul maintained its Force and Vigour to the last Gasp of Life, they attributed to the

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* *Lucr. l.* 3. † *Cic. de Divin. l.* 2.

Variety

Variety of Diſeaſes, as it is obſervable in Men at the laſt Extremity, that ſome retain one Senſe, and ſome another, one the Hearing, and another the Smell, without any manner of Defects or Alteration; and that there is not ſo univerſal a Deprivation, that ſome Parts do not remain vigorous aud entire:

Non alio pacto quam ſi pes cum dolet ægri,
In nullo caput interea ſit forte dolore.

As if a ſick Man's Foot in Pain ſhould be,
And yet his Head perhaps from Dolors free.

The Sight of our Judgment is to Truth, the ſame that the Owl's Eyes are to the Sun, ſays *Ariſtotle:* By what can we better convince him, than by ſo groſs Blindneſs in ſo apparent a Light? For the contrary Opinion of the Immortality of the Soul, which *Cicero* ſays, was firſt introduc'd (by the Teſtimony of the Authors at leaſt) by *Pherecides Syrius* in the Time of King *Tullus*; (tho' others attribute it to *Thales*, and others to others) 'tis the part of human Science, that is treated of with the utmoſt Doubt, and the greateſt Reſervation. The moſt poſitive *Dogmatiſts*, are in this Point, principally to fly to the Refuge of the *Academy*. No one knows what *Ariſtotle* has eſtabliſhed upon this Subject, no more than all the Ancients in general, who handle it with a wavering Belief: *Rem gratiſſimam promittentium magis quam probantium: A Thing more acceptable in the Promiſers, than the Provers.* He conceals himſelf in Clouds of Words of difficult and unintelligible Senſe, and has left to thoſe of his Sect as great a Diſpute about his Judgment, as the Matter itſelf. Two Things render this Opinion plauſible to them: One, *that without the Immortality of Souls, there would be nothing whereon to ground the vain Hopes of Glory*, which is a Conſideration of wonderful Repute in the World: The other, *that it is a very profitable Impreſſion*, as *Plato* ſays, *that Vices, when they eſcape the Diſcovery and Cognizance of human Juſtice, are ſtill within the Reach of the Divine, which will purſue them even after the Death of the Guilty.* Man is exceſſively ſolicitous to prolong his Being, and has to the utmoſt of his Power provided for it. Monuments are erected, and Embalming in uſe, for the Conſervation of the Body, and Glory to preſerve the Name. He has employ'd all

Vice puniſhed by the Divine Juſtice after Death.

his Wit and Opinion to the rebuilding of himself (impatient of his Form) and to prop himself by his Inventions. The Soul, by reason of its Anxiety and Impotence, being unable to stand by itself, wanders up and down to seek out Consolations, Hopes, and Foundations, and alien Circumstances, to which she adheres and fixes. And how light or fantastick soever Invention delivers them to it, relies more willingly, and with greater Assurance upon them, than itself. But 'tis wonderful to observe, how short the most constant and obstinate Maintainers of this just and clear Persuasion of the Immortality of the Soul do fall, and how weak their Arguments are, when they go about to prove it by human Reason. *Somnia sunt non docentis sed optantis* *. *They are Dreams not of the Teacher, but Wisher*, says one of the Antients. By which Testimony Man may know, that he owes the Truth he himself finds out to Fortune and Accident; since that even then, when it is fallen into his Hand, he has not wherewith to hold and maintain it, and that his Reason has not Force to make use of it. All Things produc'd by our own Meditation and Understanding, whether true or false, are subject to Incertitude and Controversy. 'Twas for the Chastisement of our Pride, and for the Instruction of our Misery and Incapacity, that God wrought the Perplexity and Confusion at the Tower of *Babel*. Whatever we undertake without his Assistance, whatever we see without the Lamp of his Grace, is but Vanity and Folly. We corrupt the very Essence of Truth, which is uniform and constant, by our Weakness, when Fortune puts it into our Possession. What Course soever Man takes of himself, God still permits it to come to the same Confusion, the Image whereof he so lively represents to us in the just Chastisement wherewith he crush'd *Nimrod*'s Presumption, and frustrated the vain Attempt of his proud Structure. *Perdam sapientiam sapientum, & prudentiam prudentum reprobo* †. *I will destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and will bring to nothing the Understanding of the Prudent.* The Diversity of *Idioms* and *Languages* with which he disturb'd this Work, what are they other, than this infinite and perpetual Alteration and Discordance of Opinions and

* *Cic. Acad. l.* 4. † 1 *Col.* i. 19.

Reasons,

Reaſons, which accompany and confound the vain Building of human Wiſdom? and 'tis to very good Effect, that they do ſo. For what would hold us if we had but the leaſt Grain of Knowledge; this Saint has very much oblig'd me. *Ipſa utilitatis occultatio, aut humilitatis exercitatio eſt, aut elationis attritio. The very concealment of the Utility, is either an exerciſe of Humility, or a quelling of Preſumption.* To what a pitch of Preſumption and Inſolence do we raiſe our Blindneſs and Folly? But to return to my Subject, it was truly very good Reaſon, that we ſhould be beholden to God only, and to the Favour of his Grace, for the Truth of ſo noble a Belief, ſince from his ſole Bounty we receive the Fruit of Immortality, which conſiſts in the Enjoyment of eternal Beatitude. Let us ingeniouſly confeſs, that *God* alone has dictated it and the Faith to us: For 'tis no Leſſon of Nature and our own Reaſon. And whoever will enquire into his own Being and Power, both within and without, without this divine Privilege; Whoever ſhall conſider Man impartially, and without Flattery, will ſee nothing in him of Efficacy, nor any kind of Faculty, that reliſhes of any thing but Death and Earth. The more we give and confeſs to owe and render to *God*, we do it with the greater Chriſtianity. That which this Stoick *Philoſopher* ſays, he holds from the fortuitous Conſent of the popular Voice; had it not been better, that he had held it from *God? Cum de animorum æternitate diſſerimus, non leve momentum apud nos habet conſenſus hominum, aut timentium inferos, aut colentium. Utor hac publica perſuaſione *. When we diſcourſe of the Immortality of Souls, the Conſent of Men, that either fear or adore the infernal Power, is of no ſmall Advantage. I make uſe of this publick Perſwaſion.* Now the Weakneſs of human Arguments upon this Subject, is particularly manifeſted by the fabulous Arguments they have ſuperadded as Conſequences of this Opinion; to find out of what Condition this Immortality of ours was. Let us omit the Stoicks, *Uſuram nobis largiuntur, tanquam cornicibus; diu manſuros aiunt animos; ſemper, negant* †. *They give us a long Life, as alſo they do to Crows; They ſay our Soul ſhall*

* *Seneca. Epiſt.* 117. † *Cicero. Tuſc. l.* 1.

continue long, but that it ſhall continue always, they deny. Who gives to Souls a Life after this, but finite. The moſt univerſal and receiv'd Fancy, and that continues down to our Times, is that, of which they make *Pythagoras* the Author; not that he was the original Inventor, but becauſe it receiv'd a great deal of Weight and Repute by the Authority of his Approbation, is, *That Souls, at their departure out of us, did nothing but ſhift from one Body to another, from a Lion to a Horſe, from a Horſe to a King, continually travelling at this rate from Habitation to Habitation.* And he himſelf ſaid, *that he remembred he had been* Athalides, *ſince that* Euphorbus, *and afterwards* Nermotimus; *and finally from* Pyrrhus, *was paſs'd into* Pythagoras, *having a Memory of himſelf of two Hundred and ſix Years.* And ſome have added that theſe very Souls ſometimes mount up to Heaven, and come down again.

O pater anne aliquas ad cœlum hinc ire putandum eſt
Sublimes animas iterumque ad tarda reverti
Corpora? Quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?*

Is it to be believ'd, that ſome ſublime
And high-flown Souls, ſhould hence to Heaven climb,
And thence return t'immure themſelves in ſlow
And heavy Priſons of dull Fleſh below?

Origen makes them eternally to go and come, from a better to a worſe Eſtate. The Opinion that *Varro* makes mention of, is, that after four Hundred and forty Years Revolution, they ſhould be re-united to their firſt Bodies. *Chryſippus* held, that that would happen after a certain Space of Time unknown and unlimitted. *Plato* (who profeſſes to have embrac'd this Belief from *Pindar*, and the ancient Poets) thinks *they are to undergo infinite Viciſſitudes of Mutation, for which the Soul is prepar'd, having neither Puniſhment nor Reward in the other World, but what is Temporal, as its Life here is but Temporal, concludes that it has a ſingular Knowledge of the Affairs of Heaven, of Hell, of the World, thro' all which it has paſt, repaſt, and made ſtay in ſeveral Voyages; fit Matters for her Memory.* Obſerve her Progreſs elſewhere; *the Soul that has liv'd well is re-united to the Star, to which it is aſſign'd: That re-*

* *Virg. l.* 6.

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moves into a Woman, and, if it do not there reform, is again remov'd into a Beaſt of Condition ſuitable to its vicious Manners, and ſhall ſee no End of its Puniſhments, 'till it be return'd to its natural Conſtitution, and that it has by the Force of Reaſon purg'd itſelf from thoſe groſs, ſtupid and elementary Qualities it was polluted with. But I will not omit the Objection the *Epicureans* make againſt this Tranſmigration from one Body to another, and 'tis a pleaſant one. They aſk, *what Expedient would be found out, if the Number of the Dying ſhould chance to be greater than that of thoſe who are coming into the World. For the Souls, turned out of their old Habitation, would ſcuffle and croud which ſhould firſt get Poſſeſſion of this new Lodging.* And they further demand, *how they ſhall paſs away their Time, whilſt waiting till new Quarters were made ready for them: Or, on the contrary, if more Animals ſhould be born than die, the Body,* they ſay, *would be but in an ill Condition, whilſt in Expectation of a Soul to be infuſed into it; and it would fall out, that ſome Bodies would die before they had been alive.*

Denique connubia adveneris, partuſque ferarum,
Eſſe animas præſto deridiculum eſſe videtur,
Et ſpectare immortales mortalia membra
Innumero numero, certareque præproperanter
Inter ſe, quæ prima potiſſimaque inſinuetur *.

It ſeems ridiculous, that Souls ſhould be,
Always attending on Beaſts Venery,
And being immortal, mortal Bodies ſhou'd
Covet to have, and in vaſt Numbers crowd,
Strive and contend with Heat and Eagerneſs,
Which ſhould the firſt and moſt deſired poſſeſs.

Others have arreſted the Soul in the Body of the Deceaſed, with it to animate Serpents, Worms, and other Beaſts, which are ſaid to be bred out of the Corruption of our Members, and even out of our Aſhes; others divide them into two Parts, the one Mortal, the other Immortal. Others make it Corporeal, and nevertheleſs Immortal. Some make it Immortal without Science or Knowledge. And there are even of us ourſelves who have believ'd that Devils were

* *Lucr. l.* 3.

made of the Souls of the Damned; as *Plutarch* thinks, that *Gods* were made of those that were saved. For there are few Things which that Author is so positive in, as he is in this; maintaining elsewhere a doubtful and ambiguous Way of Expression. *We are to hold,* says he, *and stedfastly to believe, that the Souls of virtuous Men, both according to Nature and the Divine Justice, become Saints, and from Saints Demy-Gods, and from Demy-Gods, after they are perfectly, as in Sacrifices of Purgation, cleansed and purified, being delivered from all Passibility and all Mortality, they become not by any civil Decree, but in real Truth, and according to all Probability of Reason, entire and perfect Gods, in receiving a most happy and glorious End.* But who desires to see him, I say, who is the most sober and moderate of the whole Gang of *Philosophers,* lay about him with greater Boldness, and relate his Miracles upon this Subject, I refer him to his Treatise of the *Moon,* and his *Dæmon* of *Socrates,* where he may as evidently as in any other Place whatever, satisfy himself, and affirm, that the Mysteries of *Philosophy* have many strange Things in common with those of Poetry; human Understanding losing itself, in attempting to sound and search all Things to the Bottom: Even as we, tir'd and worn out with a long Course of Life, return to Infancy and Dotage. See here the fine and certain Instructions which we extract from human Knowledge concerning the Soul. Neither is there less Temerity in what they teach us touching our corporal Parts. Let us chuse out one or two Examples; for otherwise we should lose ourselves in this vast and troubled *Ocean* of Medicinal Errors. Let us first know, whether at least they agree about the Matter whereof Men produce one another. For as to their first Production, it is no Wonder, if in a Thing so high, and so long since past, human Understanding finds itself puzzled and perplexed. *Archesilaus* the Physician, whose Disciple and Favourite *Socrates* was, according to *Aristoxenus,* said, *That both Men and Beasts were made of a lacteous Slime, express by the Heat of the Earth.* Pythagoras says, *that our Seed is the Foam or Cream of our better Blood.* Plato, *that it is the Distillation of the Marrow of the Back-bone,* and raises his Arguments from this, *that that Part is first sensible of being weary of the Work.* Alcmeon, *that it is Part of the Substance of the Brain, and that it is so,* says he, *it causes Weakness of the Eyes*

Eyes in those who are over-immoderately addicted to that Exercise: Democritus, *that it is a Substance extracted from the whole Mass of the Body:* Epicurus, *extracted from Soul and Body:* Aristotle, *an Excrement drawn from the Aliment of the last Blood which is diffused over all our Members:* Others, *that it is a Blood concocted and digested by the Heat of the Genitals,* which they judge, by reason that in excessive Endeavours a Man voids pure florid Blood: Wherein there seems to be the most Likelihood, could a a Man extract any Appearance from so infinite a Confusion. Now to bring this Seed to do its Work, how many contrary Opinions do they set on Foot? *Aristotle* and *Democritus* are of Opinion, *that Women have no Sperm, and that 'tis nothing but a Sweat that they distil in the Heat of Pleasure and Motion, that contributes nothing at all to Generation. Galen* on the contrary, and his Followers, believe, *that without the Concurrence of Seeds, there can be no Generation.* Here are the *Physicians,* the *Philosophers,* the *Lawyers* and *Divines,* by the Ears with our Wives about the Dispute, upon what Terms Women conceive their Fruit. And I, for my Part, by the Example of myself, stickle with those that maintain a Woman going eleven Months with Child. The World is built upon this Experience; there is not so pitiful a little Female that cannot give her Judgment in all these Controversies; and yet we cannot agree. Here is enough to evidence, that Man is no better instructed in the Knowledge of himself, in his corporal, than in his spiritual Part. We have proposed himself to himself, and his Reason to his Reason, to see what she could say; and, I think, I have sufficiently demonstrated how little she understands herself in herself. And who understands not himself in himself, in what can he possibly understand? *Quasi vero mensuram ullius rei possit agere, qui sui nesciat* *. *As if he could understand the Measure of any other Thing, that knows not his own.* In earnest, *Protagoras* told us a petty Flam, in making Man the Measure of all Things, that never knew so much as his own. If it be not he, his Dignity will not permit, that any other Creature should have this Advantage. Now he being so contrary inhimself, and one Judgment so incef-

* *Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 2. cap. 1.*

santly subverting another, this favourable Proposition was but a Mockery, which induc'd us necessarily to conclude the Nullity of the Compass and the Compasser; when *Thales* reputes the Knowledge of Man very difficult for Man to comprehend, he at the same Time gives him to understand, that all our Knowledge is impossible. You, for whom I have taken the Pains, contrary to my Custom, to write so long a Discourse, will not refuse to maintain your *Sebonde*, by the ordinary Forms of Arguing, wherewith you are every Day instructed, and in this will exercise both your Wit and Learning: For this fancying Trick is never to be made use of, but as an extreme Remedy. 'Tis a desperate Thrust wherein you are to quit your own Arms, to make your Adversary abandon his: And a secret Slight, which must be very rarely, and then very reservedly put in Practice. 'Tis great Temerity to lose yourself, that you may destroy another; you must not die to be reveng'd, as *Gobrias* did: For being hotly grappled in Combat with a Lord of *Persia*, *Darius* coming in with his Sword in his Hand, and fearing to strike least he should kill *Gobrias*, he called out to him boldly to fall on, tho' he should run them both thorough at once. I have known the Arms and Conditions of single Combat to the utmost, and wherein he that offer'd them put himself and his Adversary upon Terms of inevitable Death to them both, censured for unjust. The *Portuguese* in the *Indian* Sea, took certain *Turks* Prisoners, who, impatient of their Captivity, resolv'd, and it succeeded, by striking the Nails of the Ship one against another, and making a Spark to fall into the Barrels of Powder (that were set in the Place where they were guarded) to blow up and reduce themselves, their Masters, and the Vessel to Ashes. We have touch'd the Out-plate and utmost Limits of Sciences; wherein the Extremity is vicious, as in Virtue. Keep yourselves in the common Road, it is not good to be so subtle and cunning. Remember the *Tuscan* Proverb.

Chi troppo s'assottiglia, si scavezza.

Who makes himself too wise, becomes a Fool.

I advise you, that, in all your Opinions and Discourses, as well as in your Manners, and all other Things, you keep yourselves moderate and temperate, and to avoid all Novelty,

velty. I am an Enemy to all extravagant Ways. You, who by the Authority of your Grandeur, and yet more by the Advantages which thoſe Qualities give you that are moſt your own, may with the Wink of an Eye command whom you pleaſe, ought to give this Caution to ſome one who made Profeſſion of Letters, who might after a better Manner have proved and illuſtrated theſe Things to you. But here is as much as you will ſtand in need of. *Epicurus* ſaid of the *Laws, that the worſt were neceſſary for us, and that without them Men would devour one another.* And *Plato* affirms, *that without Laws, we ſhould live like Beaſts.* Our Spirit is a wandring, dangerous and temerarious Utenſil, it is hard to couple any Order or Meaſure to it. In thoſe of our own Time, who are endued with any rare Excellence above others, or any extraordinary Vivacity of Underſtanding, we ſee them almoſt all laſh out into Licentiouſneſs of Opinions and Manners; and 'tis almoſt a Miracle to find one temperate and ſociable. 'Tis all the Reaſon in the World to limit human Wit within the ſtricteſt Limits imaginable. In Study, as in all the reſt, we ought to have its Steps and Advances number'd and fix'd, and that the Limits of its Inquiſition be bounded by Act. It is curb'd and fetter'd by *Religions*, *Laws* and *Cuſtoms*, by *Sciences*, *Precepts*, mortal and immortal *Penalties:* And yet we ſee, that it eſcapes from all theſe Bounds by its Volubility and Diſſolution. 'Tis a vain Body which has nothing to lay hold on, or to ſeize; a various and deform Body, incapable of being either bound or held. In earneſt, there are few Souls ſo regular, firm, and well deſcended, as are to be truſted with their own Conduct; and that can with Moderation, and without Temerity, fail in the Liberty of their own Judgments, beyond the common and receiv'd Opinions. 'Tis more expedient to put them under Pupillage. Wit is a dangerous Weapon, even to the Poſſeſſor, if he knows not how to uſe it diſcreetly; and there is not a Beaſt to whom a Head-board is more juſtly to be given, to keep his Looks down and before his Feet, and to hinder him from wandring here and there out of the Tracks, which Cuſtom and the Laws have laid before him. And therefore it will much better become you to keep yourſelves in the beaten Path, let it be what it will, than to fly out at a venture with this unbridled Liberty. But if any

any of these new *Doctors* will pretend to be ingenious in your Presence, at the Expence both of your Soul and his own, to avoid this dangerous Plague, which is every Day laid in your Way to infect you, this Preservative, in the extreamest Necessity, will prevent the Danger and hinder the Contagion of this Poison from offending either you or your Company. The Liberty then, and frolick Forwardness of these ancient Wits, produced in Philosophy and human Sciences several Sects of different Opinions, every one undertaking to judge and make choice of what he would stick to and maintain. But now that Men go all one Way. *Qui certis quibusdam destinatisque sententiis addicti & consecrati sunt, ut etiam, quæ non probant, cogantur defendere* *. *Who are so tyed and obliged to certain Beliefs, that they are bound to defend even those they do not approve.* And that we receive the *Arts* by civil Authority and Decree; so that the Schools have but one Pattern, and a like circumscribed Institution and Discipline, we no more take notice what the Coin weighs, and is really worth, but every one receives it according to the Estimate that common Approbation puts upon it: The Alloy is not disputed, but how much it is current for; and in like Manner all Things pass. We take *Physick* as we do *Geometry* and Tricks of *Hocus pocus*, *Enchantments*, *Codpiece Points*, the Correspondence of the Souls of the Dead, *Prognostications*, *Domifications*, and so much as this ridiculous Pursuit of the Philosophers Stone, all things pass for current Pay, without any Manner of Scruple or Contradiction. We need to know no more, but that *Mars*'s House is in the Middle of the Triangle of the Hand, that of *Venus* in the Thumb, and that of *Mercury* in the Little-finger, that when the Table Line cuts the *Tubercle* of the Fore-fingers, 'tis a Sign of Cruelty; that when it falls short of the Middle-finger, and that the natural *Median-Line* makes an Angle with the Vital in the same Side, 'tis a Sign of a miserable Death, that if in a Woman the natural Line be open, and does not close the Angle with the Vital, denotes that she shall not be very chaste. I leave you to judge, whether a

Sign of Cruelty.

Of a miserable Death.

Of Unchastity.

* *Cicero.*

Man

Man thus qualified may not pass with Reputation and Esteem in all Companies. *Theophrastus* said, *that human Knowledge, guided by the Senses, might judge of the Causes of Things to a certain Degree; but that being arrived to first and extreme Causes, it must stop short and retire, by reason either of its own Infirmity, or the Difficulty of Things.* 'Tis a moderate and gentle Opinion, that our own Understandings may conduct us to the Knowledge of some Things, and that it has certain Measures of Power, beyond which, 'tis Temerity to employ it. This Opinion is plausible, and introduc'd by Men of well-compos'd Minds; but 'tis hard to limit our Wit, 'tis curious and greedy, and will no more stop at a thousand than at fifty Paces. Having myself experimentally found, that wherein one has fail'd, the other has hit, and that what was unknown to one Age, the Age following has explained; and that *Arts* and *Sciences* are not cast in a Mould, but are form'd and perfected by Degrees, by often handling and polishing, as Bears leisurely lick their Cubs into Form; what my Force cannot discover, I do not yet desist to sound and to try: But handling and kneading this new Matter over and over again, by turning and heating it, I lay open to him that shall succeed me, a kind of Facility to enjoy it more at his Ease, and make it more maniable and supple for him:

——ut Hymettia sole
Cera remollescit, tractaque pollice multas
Vertitur in facies, ipsoque fit utilis usu *.

As Wax does softer in the Sun become,
And temper'd 'twixt the Finger and the Thumb,
Will various Forms, and sev'ral Shapes admit,
'Till for the present Use 'tis render'd fit.

As much will the second do to the third, which is the Cause that the Difficulty ought not to make me despair, and my own Imbecillity as little; for 'tis nothing but my own. Man is as capable of all Things, as of some: *And if he confesses*, as *Theophrastus* says, *the Ignorance of first Causes, let him almost surrender to me all the rest of his Knowledge:* If he is defective in Foundation, his Reason

* *Ovid. Met. l.* 10.

is

is on the Ground: Disputation and Enquiry have no other Aim nor Stop but Principles; if this do not stop his Career, he runs into an infinite Irresolution. *Non potest aliud alio magis minusve comprehendi, quoniam omnium rerum una est definitio comprehendendi: One thing can no more be comprehended than another, because the Definition of comprehending all Things is the same.* Now 'tis very likely, that if the Soul knew any Thing, it would in the first place know itself; and if it knew any Thing out of itself, it would be its own Body and Case, before any Thing else. If we see the *Gods* of Physick to this very Day debating about our Anatomy,

——*Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troja stabat Apollo**.

Vulcan against, for *Troy Apollo* stood.

When are we to expect, that they will be agreed? We are nearer Neighbours to ourselves, than Whiteness of Snow, or the Weight of Stone are to us. If Man do not know himself, how should he know his Forces and Functions? it is not, perhaps, that we have not some real Knowledge in us; but 'tis by Chance; and forasmuch as Errors are receiv'd into our Soul by the same Way, after the same Manner, and by the same Conduct, it has not wherewithal to distinguish them, nor wherewithal to chuse the Truth from Falshood. The *Academicks* admitted a certain Partiality of Judgment; and thought it not too crude to say, that it was not more likely, that Snow was white than black, and that we were no more assur'd of the Motion of a Stone, thrown by a Hand, than that of the eighth Sphere. And to avoid this Difficulty and Strangeness, that can, in Truth, hardly lodge in our Imagination; though they did conclude, that we were in no sort capable of Knowledge, and that Truth is ingulfed in so profound an *Abyss*, as is not to be penetrated by human Sight: Yet do they acknowledge something to be more likely than others, and receiv'd into their Judgment this Faculty, that they had a Power to incline to one Appearance more than another. They allow'd him this Propensity. Interdicting all Resolution. The *Pyrrhonians* Opinion is more

* *Ovid Tr. lib.* 1. *El.* 2.

bold

bold, and alſo more likely. For this *Accademic* Inclination, and this Propenſity to one Propoſition rather than another, what is it other than a Diſcovery of ſome more apparent Truth in this, than in that? If our Underſtanding be capable of the Form, Lineaments, Comportment and Face of Truth, it might as well ſee it entire, as by Halves, ſpringing and imperfect. This Appearance of Likelihood, which makes them rather take the Left Hand than the Right, augments it: Multiply this Ounce of Veriſimilitude, that turns the Scales to a hundred, to a thouſand Ounces, it will happen in the End, that the Balance will itſelf end the Controverſy, and determine one Choice and entire Truth. But why do they ſuffer themſelves to incline to, and to be ſway'd by Veriſimilitude, if they know not the Truth? How ſhould they know the Similitude of that whereof they do not know the Eſſence: Either we can abſolutely judge, or abſolutely we cannot. If our intellectual and ſenſible Faculties are without Foot or Foundation; if they only *pull* and *drive*, 'tis to no Purpoſe that we ſuffer our Judgments to be carried away with any thing of their Operation, what Appearance ſoever they may ſeem to preſent us. And the ſureſt and moſt happy Seat of our Underſtanding, would be that, where it kept itſelf temperate, upright, and inflexible, without tottering, or without Agitation. *Inter viſa, vera, aut falſa, ad anima aſſenſum, nihil intereſt**. *Amongſt Things that ſeem, whether true or falſe, it ſignifies nothing to the Aſſent of the Mind.* That Things do not lodge in us in their Form and Eſſence, and do not there make their Entry by their own Force and Authority, we ſufficiently ſee. Becauſe if it were ſo, we ſhould receive them after the ſame Manner: Wine would have the ſame Reliſh with the Sick, as with the Healthful. He who has his Finger chapt or benum'd, would find the ſame Hardneſs in Wood or Iron that he handles, that another does. Strange Subjects then ſurrender themſelves to our Mercy, and are ſeated in us as we pleaſe. Now if on our part we did receive any thing without Alteration, if human Graſp were capable and ſtrong enough to ſeize on Truth by our own Means, being common to all Men,

* *Cic. Acad. l.* 4.

this

this Truth would be conveyed from hand to hand, from one to another; and at leaſt there would be ſome one thing to be found in the World amongſt ſo many as there are, that would be believ'd by Men with an univerſal Conſent. But this, that there is no one Propoſition, that is not debated and controverted amongſt us, or that may not be, makes it very manifeſt, that our natural Judgment does not very clearly diſcern what it embraces: For my Judgment cannot make my Companions approve of what it approves: Which is a Sign that I ſeized it by ſome other Means, than by a Natural Power that is in me, and in all other Men. Let us lay aſide this infinite Confuſion of Opinions, which we ſee even amongſt the *Philoſophers* themſelves, and this perpetual and univerſal Diſpute about the Knowledge of Things. For this is truly preſuppos'd, that Men, I mean the moſt knowing, the beſt born, and of the beſt Parts, are not agreed about any one Thing: Not that *Heaven* is over our Heads: For they that doubt of every Thing, do alſo doubt of that; and they who deny that we are able to comprehend any Thing, ſay, that we have not comprehended, that the *Heaven* is over our Heads, and theſe two Opinions are without Compariſon the ſtronger in Number. Beſides this infinite Diverſity and Diviſion, through the Trouble that our Judgment gives ourſelves, and the Incertainty that every one is ſenſible of in himſelf, 'tis eaſy to perceive that it's Seat is very unſtable and unſecure. How variouſly do we judge of Things? How often do we alter our Opinions? What I hold and believe to Day, I hold and believe with my whole Belief: All my Inſtruments and Engines ſeize and take hold of this Opinion, and become reſponſible to me for it, at leaſt as much as in them lies; I could not embrace, nor conſerve any Truth with greater Confidence and Aſſurance, than I do this. I am wholly and entirely poſſeſſed with it: But has it not befallen me not only once, but a thouſand Times, every Day to have embraced ſome other Thing with all the ſame Inſtruments, and in the ſame Condition, which I have ſince judg'd to be falſe? A Man muſt at leaſt become wiſe at his own Expence. If I have often found myſelf betray'd under this Colour, if my Touch proves commonly falſe, and my Balance unequal and unjuſt, what Aſſurance can I now have more,

than

than at other Times? Is it not Stupidity and Madneſs to ſuffer myſelf to be ſo often deceiv'd by my Guide? Nevertheleſs let Fortune remove and ſhift us five hundred Times from Place to Place, let her do nothing but inceſſantly empty and fill into our Belief, as into a Veſſel, other and other Opinions; yet ſtill the preſent and the laſt is the certain and infallible: For this we muſt abandon Goods, Honour, Life, Health and all.

———*Poſterior res ille reperta*
Perdit, & immutat ſenſus ad priſtina quæque *.

The laſt things we find out are always beſt,
And make us to diſreliſh all the reſt.

Whatever is preach'd to us, and whatever we learn, we ſhould ſtill remember, that it is Man that gives, and Man that receives; 'tis a mortal Hand that preſents it to us, 'tis a mortal Hand that accepts it. The Things that come to us from Heaven, have the ſole Right and Authority of Perſuaſion, the ſole Mark of Truth: Which alſo we do not ſee with our own Eyes, nor receive by our own means: That Great and Sacred Image could not abide in ſo wretched a Habitation, if *God* for this End did not prepare it, if *God* did not by his particular and ſupernatural Grace and Favour, fortify and reform it: At leaſt our frail and defective Condition ought to make us behave ourſelves with more Reſervedneſs and Moderation in our Innovations and Change. We ought to remember, that whatever we receive into the Underſtanding, we often receive Things that are falſe, and that it is by the ſame Inſtruments that ſo often give themſelves the Lye, and are ſo oft deceived. Now it is no Wonder they ſhould ſo often contradict themſelves, being ſo eaſy to be turn'd and ſway'd by very light Occurrences. It is certain that our Apprehenſions, our Judgment, and the Faculties of the Soul in general, ſuffer according to the Movements and Alterations of the Body; which Alterations are continual. Are not our Wits more ſpritely, our Memories more prompt and quick, and our Meditations more lively in Health, than in Sickneſs? Do not Joy and Gaiety make us receive Subjects that preſent themſelves to our Souls, quite other-

* *Lucr. l.* 13.

wiſe

wise than Care and Melancholy? Do you believe that *Catullus*'s Verses, or those of *Sappho* please an old doting Miser, as they do a vigorous amorous young Man? *Clemenes*, the Son of *Anaxandrias*, being sick, his Friends reproach'd him, that he had Humours and Whimsies that were new and unaccustom'd; *I believe it*, said he, *neither am I the same Man now, as when I am in Health: Being now another Thing, my Opinions and Fancies are also other than they were before.* In our Courts of Justice, this Word which is spoken of Criminals, when they find the Judges in a good Humour, gentle and mild, *Gaudeat de bona fortuna, Let him rejoice in his good Fortune*, is much in Use. For it is most certain that Men's Judgments are sometimes more prone to Condemnation, more sharp and severe; and at others more facile, easy, and inclin'd to excuse. He that carries with him from his House, the Pain of the Gout, Jealousy or Theft by his Man, having his whole Soul possest with Grief and Anger, it is not to be doubted but that his Judgment will lean this Way. That venerable *Senate* of the *Areopagites*, was used to hear and determine by Night, for fear lest the Sight of the Parties might corrupt their Justice. The very Air itself, and the Serenity of Heaven, will cause some Mutation in us, according to these Verses in *Cicero:*

> *Tales sunt Hominum Mentes, quales pater ipse*
> *Jupiter, auctifera lustravit lampade terras*.*
> The Minds of Men do in the Weather share,
> Dark or serene, as the Day's foul or fair.

'Tis not only *Fevers*, *Debauches*, and great Accidents that overthrow our Judgments; the least Things in the World will do it. We are not to doubt, tho' we are not sensible of it, but that if a *continued Fever* can overwhelm the Soul, a *Tertian* will in some proportionate Measure alter it. If an *Apoplexy* can stupify, and totally extinguish the Sight of our Understanding, we are not to doubt but that a great *Cold* will dazzle it. And consequently there is hardly one single Hour in a Man's whole Life, wherein our Judgment is in its due Place and right Condition, our Bodies

* *Cicero ex Incerto.*

being

being subject to so many continual Mutations, and stuff'd with so many several sorts of Springs and Devices, that I believe *Physicians* know how hard it is, but that there must be always some one or other out of Order. As to what remains, this Malady does not very easily discover itself, unless it be extreme and past Remedy: Forasmuch as Reason goes always lame, halting, and that too as well with Falshood, as with Truth; and therefore 'tis hard to discover her Derivations and Mistakes: I always call that Appearance of Meditation which every one forgets in himself, Reason: This Reason, of the Condition of which there may be an Hundred contrary ones about one and the same Subject, is an Instrument of Lead and of Wax, ductile, pliable and accommodate to all sorts of Biasses, and to all Measures; so that nothing remains but the Art and Skill, how to run and mould it. How uprightly soever a Judge may resolve to demean himself, if he does not look well to himself, which few are careful to do, his Inclination to Friendship, to Relation, to Beauty or Revenge, and not only Things of that Weight, but even the fortuitous Instinct, that makes us favour one Thing more than another, and that without Reason's Permission, puts the Choice upon us in two equal Subjects; or some Shadow of like Vanity, may insensibly insinuate into his Judgment, the Recommendation or Disfavour of a Cause, and make the Ballance dip. I that watch myself as narrowly as I can, and that have my Eyes continually bent upon myself, like one that has no great Business to do elsewhere,

——— *Quis sub Arcto*
Rex gelidæ metuator oræ,
Quid Tyridatem terreat, unice
Securus. *———

——— Secure whatever King
Does rule the stubborn North, or whatsoe'er
The mighty *Tyradates* puts in fear.

dare hardly tell the Vanity and Weakness I find in myself. My Foot is so unstable, and stands so unsteady, I find

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 26.

myself so apt to totter and reel, and my sight so disordered, that fasting I am quite another Man than when full; if Health and a fair Day smile upon me, I am a very affable good natur'd Man; if a Corn trouble my Toe, I am sullen, out of Humour, and not to be seen. The same Pace of a Horse seems to be one while hard, and another easy, and the same way one while shorter, and another longer: And the same Form, one while more, another less taking. I am one while for doing every Thing, and another for doing nothing at all; and what pleases me now, would be a Trouble to me at another Time. I have a Thousand senseless and casual Actions within myself. Either I am possest by Melancholy, or sway'd by Choler; now by its own private Authority, Sadness predominates in me, and by and by I am as merry as a Cricket. When I take a Book in Hand, I have then discover'd admirable Graces in such and such Passages, and such as have struck my Soul; let me light upon them at another Time, I may turn and toss, tumble and rattle the Leaves to no Purpose, 'tis then to me an inform and undiscover'd Mass. Even in my own Writings, I do not always find the Air of my first Fancy: I know not what I would have said, but am often put to it to correct and pump for a new Sense, because I have lost the first that was better. I do nothing but go and come: My Judgment does not always advance, it floats and roams,

> ——— *Velut minuta magno*
> *Deprensa navis in mari vesaniente vento* *.
>
> Like a small Bark upon the swelling Main,
> When Winds do ruffle up the liquid Plain.

Very often (as I am apt to do) having for diversion undertaken to maintain an Opinion contrary to my own, my Mind bending and applying itself that Way, does so rarely engage me in the Quarrel, that I no more discern the Reason of my former Belief, and forsake it. I am as it were misled by the Side to which I incline, be it what it will, and carried away by my own Weight. Every one would almost say the same of himself, if he consider'd himself as I do.

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* *Catullus.*

Preachers

Preachers very well know, that the Emotions which ſteal upon them in ſpeaking, do animate them towards Belief; and that in Paſſion we are more ſtiff in the Defence of our Propoſition, take ourſelves a deeper Impreſſion of it, and embrace it with greater Vehemence and Approbation, than we do in our colder and more temperate Senſe. You only give your *Council* a ſimple Brief of your Cauſe, he returns you a dubious and uncertain Anſwer, by which you find him indifferent, which Side he takes: Have you fee'd him well, that he may reliſh it the better, does he begin to be really concern'd, and do you find him truly intereſted and zealous in your Quarrel? His Reaſon and Learning will by degrees grow hot in your Cauſe, behold an apparent and undoubted Truth preſents itſelf to his Underſtanding; he diſcovers a new Light in your Buſineſs, and does in good earneſt believe, and perſuade himſelf that it is ſo. Nay, I do not know whether the Ardour that ſprings from Spite and Obſtinacy, againſt the Power and Violence of the Magiſtrate and Danger; or the Intereſt of Reputation, may not have made ſome Men, even at the Stake, maintain the Opinion, for which at Liberty, and amongſt Friends, he would not have burn'd his Finger. The Shocks and Juſtles, that the Soul receives from the Body's Paſſions can do much in it, but its own can do a great deal more: To which it is ſo ſubjected, that perhaps it is to be made good, that it has no other Pace and Motion, but from the Breath of thoſe Winds, without the Agitation of which, it would be becalm'd and without Action, like a Ship in the Middle of the Sea, to which the Winds have deny'd their Aſſiſtance. And whoever ſhould maintain this, ſiding with the *Peripatetick*, would do us no great Wrong. Seeing it is very well known, that the greateſt and moſt noble Actions of the Soul proceed from, and ſtand in need of this Impulſe of Paſſions. Valour, they ſay, cannot be perfect without the Aſſiſtance of Anger.

Semper Ajax *fortis, fortiſſimus tamen in furore* *.

Ajax was always brave, but moſt when mad.

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* *Cicer. Tuſc. l.* 4.

Neither do we encounter the Wicked and the Enemy vigorously enough, if we be not angry: Nay, the *Advocate* is to inspire the *Judges* with Indignation, to obtain Justice. Illicit Desires disorder'd *Themistocles* and *Demosthenes*, and have push'd on the *Philosophers* to Watching, Fasting, and Pilgrimages; and lead us to Honour, Learning and Health, which are all very useful Ends. And this Meanness of Soul, in suffering Anxiety and Trouble, serves to breed Remorse and Repentance in the Conscience, and to make us sensible of the Scourge of *God*, and politick Correction for the Chastisement of our Offences. Compassion is a Spur to Clemency and Prudence; and the Prudence of preserving and governing ourselves is rous'd by our Fear; and how many brave Actions by Ambition? How many by Presumption? Finally, there is no brave and spiritual Virtue, without some irregular Agitation. Should it not be one of the Reasons that mov'd the *Epicureans* to discharge *God* from all Care and Solicitude of our Affairs; because even the Effects of Bounty could not be exercis'd in our Behalf, without disturbing his Repose, by the Means of Passions, which are so many Spurs and Instruments pricking on the Soul to virtuous Actions; or have they thought otherwise, and taken them for Tempests, that shamefully hurry the Soul from her Tranquility? *Ut maris tranquilitas intelligitur, nulla, ne minima quidem, aura fluctus commovente: Sic animi quietus & placitus status cernitur; quum perturbatio nulla est qua moveri queat* *. *As it is understood to be a calm Sea, when there is not the least Breath of the Air stirring: So the State of the Soul is discern'd to be quiet and appeased, when there is no Perturbation to move it.* What Variety of Sense and Reason, what Contrariety of Imagination does the Diversity of our Passions inspire us with? What Assurance then can we take of a Thing so mobile and unstable, subject by its Condition to the Dominion of Trouble, and never going other than a forced and borrowed Pace? If our Judgment be in the Power even of Sickness and Perturbation; if it be from Folly and Rashness, that it is held to receive the Impression of Things, what Assurance can we expect from it? Is it

* *Cicer. Ibid. l.* 4.

not

not a great boldneſs in Philoſophy, to believe that Men perform the greateſt Actions, and neareſt approaching the Divinity, when they are Furious, Mad, and beſides themſelves? We better ourſelves by the Aſtoniſhment and Privation of Reaſon. The two natural Ways to enter into the Cabinet of the *Gods*, and there to foreſee the Courſe of Deſtiny, are Fury and Sleep. This is pleaſant to conſider. By the Diſlocation that Paſſions cauſe in our Reaſon, we muſt become Virtuous: By its Exterpation occaſioned by Madneſs, as the Image of Death, we become *Divinors* and *Prophets*. I was never ſo willing to believe Philoſophy in any Thing, as this. 'Tis a pure *Enthuſiaſm*, wherewith ſacred Truth has inſpir'd the Spirit of *Philoſophy*, which makes it confeſs, contrary to its own Propoſition, that the moſt calm, compoſed and healthful Eſtate of the Soul, that *Philoſophy* can ſeat it in, is not its beſt Condition. Our Waking is more a Sleep, than Sleep itſelf; our Wiſdom leſs Wiſe than Folly: Our Dreams are worth more than our Meditation; and the worſt Place we can take is in ourſelves. But does not Philoſophy think that we are Wiſe enough to conſider, that the Voice that the Spirit utters, when diſmiſt from Man, ſo clear-ſighted, ſo great, and ſo perfect, and whilſt it is in Man terreſtrial, ignorant and dark, is a Voice proceeding from the Spirit of a dark, terreſtrial and ignorant Man, and for this Reaſon a Voice not to be truſted and believed? I have no great Experience of theſe vehement Agitations, being of a ſoft and heavy Complexion, the moſt of which ſurprize the Soul on a ſudden, without giving it leiſure to recollect itſelf. But the Paſſion that is ſaid to be produc'd by Illneſs in the Hearts of young Men, tho' it proceed leiſurely, and with a meaſured Progreſs, does evidently manifeſt to thoſe who have try'd to oppoſe its Power, the Violence our Judgment ſuffers in this Alteration and Converſion. I have formerly attempted to withſtand and repel it. For I am ſo far from being one of thoſe that invite Vices, that I do not ſo much as follow them, if they do not haule me along: I perceiv'd it to ſpring, grow and increaſe in ſpite of my Reſiſtance; and at laſt, living and ſeeing as I was, wholly to ſeize and poſſeſs me: So that, as if newly rous'd from Drunkenneſs, the Images of Things began to appear to me quite other than they uſed to be: I evidently ſaw the Perſon, I deſired, grow and increaſe

in Advantage of Beauty, and to expand and blow fairer by the Influence of my Imagination, and the Difficulties of my Attempt to grow more easy and smooth; and both my Reason and Conscience to be laid aside: But this Fire being evaporated in an Instant, as from a flash of Lightning, I was aware that my Soul resum'd another kind of Sight, another sort of State, and another Judgment. The Difficulties of my Retreat appear'd great and invincible, and the same Things had quite another Taste and Aspect, than the Heat of Desire had presented them to me. Than which *Pyrrho* himself knows nothing more truly. We are never without Sickness. Agues have their hot and cold Fits; from the Effects of an ardent Passion, we fall again to shivering. As much as I had advanc'd, so much I retir'd.

Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus,
Nunc ruit ad terras scopulisque superjacit undam.
Spumeus, extremamque sinu perfundit arenam:
Nunc rapidus retro, atque æstu revoluta resorbens
Saxa fugit, littusque vado labente reliquit *.

As spumy *Neptune* with repeated Waves,
Now the pale Shoar, and craggy Beaches laves,
And like a Drunkard vomits up the Sand,
That deepest lay, in heaving Tides to Land;
And now retiring thence, as loud does roar,
Sucking in Pebbles from the new wash'd Shoar.

Now from the Knowledge of this Volubility of mine, I have accidentally begot in myself a certain Constancy of Opinions, and have not much altered those that were first and natural in me: For what Appearance soever there may be in Novelty, I do not easily change, for fear of losing by the Bargain: And besides I am not capable of chusing, I take other Men's Choice, and keep myself in the Station wherein *God* has placed me, I could not otherwise keep myself from perpetual rolling. Thus have I, by the Grace of *God*, preserv'd myself entire, without Anxiety or Trouble of Conscience, amidst so many Sects and Divisions, as our Age has produc'd. The Writings of the Ancients, the best Authors I mean, being full and solid, tempt and carry me which Way almost they will: He, that I am reading, seems always to have the most Force, and I find

* *Æn. l.* 11.

that

that every one has Reaſon, tho' they contradict one another. The Facility that good Wits have of rendring every Thing likely they would recommend; and that nothing is ſo ſtrange to which they do not undertake to give Colour enough to deceive ſuch a Simplicity as mine, this evidently ſhews the Weakneſs of their Teſtimony. The Heaven and the Stars have been three thouſand Years in Motion, and all the World were of that Belief, till *Cleanthes* the *Samian*, (or, according to *Theophraſtus*) *Nicetas* of *Syracuſa* bethought him to maintain, that it was the Earth that mov'd, turning about the *Axis* by the oblique Circle of the *Zodiac*. And *Copernicus* has in other Times ſo grounded this Doctrine, that it very regularly ſerves to all *Aſtrological* Conſequences. What Uſe can we make of this, if not, that we ought not much to care which is the true Opinion? And who knows but that a third, a thouſand Years hence, may overthrow the two former?

Sic volvenda ætas commuta tempora rerum,
Quodque fuit in pretio, fit nullo denique honore,
Porro aliud ſuccedit, & è contemptibus exit,
Inque dies magis appetitur, floretque repertum
Laudibus, & miro eſt mortales inter honore *.

Things are ſo chang'd by Revolution,
That what had Credit once, had after none,
To which ſome other Thing, deſpis'd before,
Succeeds, and grows in Vogue ſtill more and more,
And once receiv'd, all Praiſe too little ſeems,
So highly it is rais'd in Men's Eſteems.

Why new Opinions are to be rejected.

So that when any new Doctrine preſents itſelf to us, we have great Reaſon to miſtruſt, and to conſider, that before that was ſet on Foot, the Contrary had been generally receiv'd; and that, as that has been overthrown by this, a third Invention, in Time to come may ſtart up which may damn the ſecond.

Ariſtotle's Principles in Vogue.

Before the Principles that *Ariſtotle* introduc'd were in reputation, other Principles contented human Reaſon, as theſe ſatisfy us now. What *Patent* have theſe People? What particular Privilege, that the

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

Career of our Invention must be stopped by them, and that the Possession of our whole future Belief should belong to them? They are no more exempt from being thrust out of Doors than their Predecessors were. When any one presses me with a new Argument, I ought to believe, that what I cannot answer, another can: For to believe all Likelihoods that a Man cannot confute, is great Simplicity: It would by that means come to pass, that all the Vulgar (and we are all of the Vulgar) would have their Belief as turnable as a Weathercock: For the Soul being so easy to be impos'd upon, and without any Resistance, must of Force incessantly receive other and other Impressions, the last still effacing all Footsteps of that which went before. He that finds himself weak, ought to answer according to Practice, that he will speak with his *Council*, or refer himself to the Wise, from whom he receiv'd his Instruction. How long is it that *Physick* has been practised in the World? 'Tis said, that a new Comer, call'd *Paracelsus*, changes and overthrows the whole Order of antient Rules, and maintains that, till now, it has been of no other Use, but to kill Men. I do believe, that he will easily make this good: But I do not think it were Wisdom to venture my Life, in making Trial of his own Experience. *We are not to believe every one*, (says the Precept) *because every one can say all Things.* A Man of this Profession of Novelties and Physical Reformations, not long since told me, *that all the* Ancients *were notoriously mistaken in the Nature and Motions of the Winds, which he would evidently demonstrate to me, if I would give him the hearing.* After I had with some Patience heard his Arguments, which were all full of Likelihood of Truth, *What then*, said I, *did those that sailed according to* Theophrastus, *make Way West-ward, when they had the Prow towards the* East, *did they go sideward or backward? That's Fortune*, answer'd he, *but so it is, that they were mistaken.* I then reply'd, *that I had rather follow Effects than Reason.* Now these are Things that often interfere, and I have been told, that in *Geometry* (which pretends to have gained the highest Point of Certainty of all Science) there are Demonstrations found so inevitable, as subvert the Truth of all Experience. As *Jaques Pelletier* told me at my own House, that *he had found out two Lines stretching themselves one towards the other to meet, which nevertheless he affirmed,*

that

tho' extended to all Inunity, could never happen to touch one another; and the *Pyrrhonians* make no other Uſe of their Arguments and their Reaſon, than to ruin the Appearance of Experience; and 'tis a Wonder, how far the Suppleneſs of our Reaſon has followed them in this Deſign of controverting the Evidence of Effects. For they affirm, *that we do not move, that we do not ſpeak*, and *that there is neither Weight nor Heat*, with the ſame Force of Argument, that we verify the moſt likely Things. *Ptolemy*, who was a great Man, had eſtabliſh'd the Bounds of this World of ours; all the ancient Philoſophers thought they had the Meaſure of it, excepting ſome remote *Iſles*, that might eſcape their Knowledge. It had been *Pyrrhoniſm* a thouſand Years ago, to doubt the Science of *Coſmography*, and the Opinions that every one had receiv'd from it: It was Hereſy to hold the *Antipodes*; and behold in this Age of ours, there is an infinite Extent of firm Land diſcover'd, not an Iſland or a Greatneſs to that we knew before. The Geographers of our Times ſtick not to aſſure us, that now all is found, all is ſeen;

Nam quod adeſt præſto placet, & pollere videtur *.

What preſent is does pleaſe, and ſeems the beſt.

But the Queſtion is, whether, if *Ptolemy* was therein formerly deceiv'd, upon the Foundations of his Reaſon, it were not very fooliſh to truſt now in what theſe People ſay? And whether it is not more like, that this great Body, which we call the World, is not quite another Thing than what we imagine; *Plato* ſays, *that it changes Countenance in all Reſpects: That the* Heavens, *the* Stars *and the* Sun, *have all of them ſometimes Motions retrograde to what we ſee changing* Eaſt *into* Weſt. *The Ægyptian Prieſts* told *Herodotus, that from the Time of their firſt King, which was Eleven Thouſand and odd Years, (and they ſhewed him the Effigies of all their Kings in Statues taken by the Life) the Sun had four times alter'd his Courſe: That the* Sea *and the* Earth *did alternately change into one another. Ariſtotle* and *Cicero* both ſay, *that the Beginning of the World is undetermined.* And ſome amongſt us are of Opi-

Several Opinions concerning the World.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

nion,

nion, *that it has been from all Eternity, is mortal and renewed again by several Vicissitudes*; calling *Solomon* and *Isaiah* to witness: To evade those Oppositions, that God has once been a *Creator* without a *Creature*; that he has had nothing to do, that he has contradicted that Vacancy, by putting his Hand to this Work; and that consequently he is Subject to Change. In the most famous of the Greek Schools, the World is taken for a *God*, made by another *God* greater than he, and is composed of a Body and a Soul, fix'd in his *Center*, and dilating himself by musical Numbers to his Circumference: Divine, infinitely Happy, and infinitely Great, infinitely Wise and Eternal. In him are other Gods, the *Sea*, the *Earth*, the *Stars* who entertain one another with an harmonious and perpetual Agitation and divine Dance: Sometimes meeting, sometimes retiring from one another; concealing and discovering themselves' changing their Order, one while before, and another behind. *Heraclitus* was positive *that the World was compos'd of Fire, and by the Order of Destiny was one Day to be enflam'd and consum'd in Fire, and then to be again renew'd.* And *Apuleius* says of Men: *Sigillatim mortales, cunctim perpetui**. *That they are Mortal in particular, and Immortal in general.* *Alexander* writ to his Mother the Narration of an *Ægyptian Priest* drawn from their Monuments, testifying the Antiquity of that *Nation* to be infinite, and comprizing the Birth and Progress of other Countries. *Cicero* and *Diodorus* say, *that in their Time, the* Chaldees *kept a Register of Four Hundred Thousand and odd Years.* *Aristotle, Pliny,* and others, *that* Zoroaster *flourished Six Thousand Years before* Plato's *Time.* *Plato* says, *that they of the City of* Sais *have Records in Writing of Eight Thousand Years:* And *that the City of* Athens *was built a Thousand Years before the said City of* Sais. Epicurus, *that at the same Time, Things are here in the Posture we see, they are alike and in the same Manner in several other Worlds.* Which he would have delivered with greater Assurance, had he seen the Similitude and Concordance of the new discovered World of the *West Indies*, with ours present and past in so many strange Examples. In earnest, considering what is arriv'd at our Knowledge from the Course

* *Apuleius.*

of

of this terreſtrial Polity, I have often wondred to ſee in ſo vaſt a Diſtance of Places and Times, ſuch a Concurrence of ſo great a Number of popular and wild Opinions, and of ſavage Manners and Beliefs, which by no Means ſeem to proceed from our natural Meditation. Human Wit is a greater Worker of Miracles. But this Relation has moreover, I know not what of Extraordinary in it, 'tis found to be in Names alſo and a thouſand other things. For they found *Nations* there (that, for ought we know, never heard of us) where Circumciſion was in Uſe: Where there were States and ſtrict Civil Governments maintain'd by Women only, without Men: Where *Feaſts* and *Lent* were repreſented, to which was added, the Abſtinence from Women: Where our Croſſes were ſeveral Ways in Repute: Where they were made uſe of to honour and adorn their Sepultures, where they were erected, and namely, that of St. *Andrew*, to protect themſelves from nocturnal Viſions, and to lay upon the Cradles of the Infants againſt Inchantments: Elſewhere there was found one of Wood, of very great Stature, which was ador'd for the *God* of Rain; and that a great Way into the firm Land, where there were ſeen an expreſs Image of our ſhivring Prieſts, with the Uſe of Mitres, the Cœlibacy of Prieſts, the Art of Divination by the Entrails of ſacrific'd Beaſts, Abſtinence from all Sorts of Fleſh and Fiſh in their Diet, the Manner of *Prieſts* Officiating in a particular and not a vulgar Language: And this Fancy, that the firſt *God* was diſhonoured by a Second, his younger Brother: That they were created with all ſorts of Neceſſaries and Conveniencies, which have ſince been taken from them for their Sins, their Territory chang'd, and their natural Condition made worſe. That they where of Old overwhelmed by the Inundation of Water from Heaven; that but few Families eſcaped, who retired into Caves of high Mountains, the Mouths of which they ſtopped; that the Waters could not get in, having ſhut up, together with themſelves, ſeveral ſorts of Animals: That when they perceiv'd the Rain to ceaſe they ſent out Dogs, which returning clean and wet, they judg'd that the Water was not much abated: Afterward ſending

Circumciſion.

St. Andrew's *Croſs.*

A Croſs ador'd for the God of Rain.

The Creation of the World.

ſending out others, and ſeeing them return dirty, they iſſued out to re-people the World, which they found only full of Serpents. In one Place they met with the Belief of a Day of Judgment; inſomuch that they were marvellouſly diſpleaſed at the *Spaniards* for diſcompoſing the Bones of the Dead, in rifling the Sepultures for Riches, ſaying, that thoſe Bones ſo diſordered could not eaſily rejoin: The Traffick by Exchange, and no other Way, Fairs, and Markets for that End: Dwarfs and deform'd People for the Ornament of the Tables of Princes: The Uſe of Falconry, according to the Natures of their Hawks; tyrannical Subſidies; Curioſity in Gardens, Dances, tumbling Tricks, Muſick of Inſtruments, Armories, Tennis Courts, Dice and Lotteries, wherein they are ſometimes ſo eager and hot, as to ſtake and play themſelves and their Liberty: *Phyſick*, no otherwiſe, than by *Charms:* And the Way of Writing in *Cypher:* The Belief of only one firſt Man, the Father of all Nations: The Adoration of one God, who formerly liv'd a Man in perfect Virginity, Faſting and Penitence, preaching the *Law* of *Nature*, and the *Ceremonies* of *Religion*; and that vaniſhed from the World without a natural Death; the Opinion of *Giants*; the Cuſtom of making themſelves drunk with their Beverages, and drinking to the utmoſt; the religious Ornaments painted with Bones and dead Men's Skulls: Surplices, holy Water ſprinkled, Wives and Servants, who preſent themſelves with Emulation, to be burnt and interr'd with the dead Huſband or Maſter: a Law by which the Eldeſt ſucceeds to all the Eſtate, no other Proviſion being made for the Younger, but Obedience: The Cuſtom that upon Promotion to a certain Office of great Authority, the Promoted is to take upon him a new Name, and to leave that which he had before: Another to ſtrew Lime upon the Knee of the New-born Child: with theſe Words, *From Duſt thou cameſt, and to Duſt thou muſt return:* As alſo the Art of *Augury*. Theſe vain Shadows of our Religion, which are obſervable in ſome of theſe Examples, are Teſtimonies of its Dignity and Divinity. It is not only in

The Day of Judgment.

Dwarfs at the Tables of Princes.

Divers Sorts of Games.

Adoration of one God made Man.

in some sort insinuated into all the infidel *Nations* on this side of the World, by a certain Imitation, but in the forenam'd *Barbarians* also, as by a common and supernatural Inspiration: For we find there the Belief of Purgatory, but of a new Form; that which we give to the Fire they give to the Cold, and imagine, that the Souls are purged and punished by the Rigour of an excessive Coldness. And this Example puts me in mind of another pleasant Diversity: For as there were in that Place some People who took a Pride to strip and unmuffle the Glands of their Instruments, and clipt off the Prepuce after the *Mahometan* and *Jewish* Manner; there were others who made so great Conscience of laying it bare, that they carefully pursed it up with little Springs, to keep that End from peeping into the Air. And of this other Diversity, that whereas we, to honour Kings and Festivals, put on the best Clothes we have; in some Regions, to express their Disparity and Submission to their King, his Subjects present themselves before him in their vilest Habits, and entring his *Palace*, throw some old tatter'd Garment over their better Apparel, to the End that all the Lustre and Ornament may solely remain in him. But to proceed; if Nature inclose within the Bounds of her ordinary Progress, the Beliefs, Judgments and Opinions of Men, as well as all other Things; if they have their Revolution, their Season, their Birth and Death, like Cabbage-plants; if the Heavens agitate and rule them at their Pleasure, what magisterial and permanent Authority do we attribute to them? If we experimentally see, that the Form of our Beings depends upon the Air, upon the Climate, and upon the Soil where we are born: And not only the Colour, the Stature, the Complexion and the Countenances, but moreover the very Faculties of the Soul itself: *Et plaga Cæli non solum ad robur corporum, sed etiam animorum facit* *: *The Climate is of great Efficacy, not only to the Strength of Bodies, but to that of Souls also*, says *Vegetius*: And that the Goddess who founded the City of *Athens* chose to situate it in a Temperature of Air fit to make Men prudent, as the *Ægyptian* Priests told

A new sort of Purgatory.

* *Veget. l.* 1. *Cap.* 2.

Solon:

Solon: Athenis tenue Cœlum: Ex quo etiam acutiores putantur Attici: Craſſum Thebis: Itaque pingues Thebani, & valentes *: *The Air of* Athens *is ſubtile and thin; from whence alſo the* Athenians *are reputed to be more acute: And at* Thebes *more groſs and thick; wherefore the* Thebans *are looked upon as more heavy-witted and more ſtrong:* In ſuch ſort, that as the Fruits and Animals differ, the Men ſhould alſo be more or leſs warlike, juſt, temperate, and docile; here given to Wine, elſewhere to Theft or Uncleanneſs: Here inclin'd to Superſtition; elſewhere to Unbelief: In one Place to Liberty, in another to Servitude; capable of one Science or of one Art, dull or ingenious, obedient or mutinous, good or ill, according as the Place where they are ſeated inclines them, and aſſume a new Complexion, if remov'd, like Trees: Which was the Reaſon why Cyrus would not grant the *Perſians* leave to quit their rough and craggy Country to remove to another more pleaſant and plain: Saying, *That fertile and tender Soils made Men effeminate and ſoft.* If we ſee one while one Art and one Belief flouriſh, and another while another, thro' ſome celeſtial Influence; ſuch an Age to produce ſuch Natures, and to incline Mankind to ſuch and ſuch a Propenſity; the Spirits of Men one while gay, and another grum; like our Fields, what becomes of all thoſe fine Prerogatives we ſo ſooth ourſelves withal; ſeeing that a wiſe Man may be miſtaken: A hundred Men, a hundred Nations, nay, thus even human Nature itſelf, as we believe, is many Ages wide in one Thing or another, what Aſſurances have we that ſhe ſometimes is not miſtaken, or not in this very Age of ours? Methinks, that amongſt other Teſtimonies of our Imbecility, this ought not to be forgotten, that Man cannot, by his own Wiſh and Deſire, find out what is neceſſary for him; that not in Fruition only, but in Imagination and Will, we cannot agree about what we would have to ſatisfy and content us. Let us leave it to our own Thought, to cut out and make up at Pleaſure: It cannot ſo much as cover what is proper for it, and ſatisfy itſelf.

——— *quid enim ratione timemus*
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat; votique peracti †?

* *Cicero de Fato.* † *Juv. Sat.* 10.

For

For what with Reaſon does Man wiſh or fear,
Or undertake upon a Ground ſo clear,
That afterward he may not well repent
Both the Attempt and the deſir'd Event.

Socrates's *Prayers.*

And therefore it was, that *Socrates* begg'd nothing of the *Gods* but what they knew to be beſt for him. And the both private and publick Prayers of the *Lacedæmonians* were only ſimply to obtain good and uſeful Things, referring the Choice and Election of them to the Diſcretion of the Supreme Power.

Conjugium petimus, partumque Uxoris, at illis
Notum qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit Uxor *.

We pray for Wives and Children, they above
Know only when we have them, what they'll prove.

And *Chriſtians pray to God, That his Will may be done:* That they may not fall into the Inconvenience the Poet feigns of the King *Midas. He prayed to the* Gods, *that all he touch'd might be turn'd into Gold: His Prayer was heard, his Wine was* Gold, *his Bread was* Gold, *and the Feathers of his Bed, his Shirt and Clothes were turn'd into* Gold; ſo that he found himſelf ruin'd and overwhelmed with the Fruition of his Deſire; and being enrich'd with an intolerable Wealth was fain to unpray his Prayers:

Attonitus novitate mali, diveſque, miſerque,
Effugere optat opes, & quæ modo voverat odit †.

Aſtoniſh'd at the Strangeneſs of the Ill,
To be ſo rich, yet miſerable ſtill;
He wiſhes now he could his Wealth evade,
And hates the Thing for which before he pray'd.

The Order of St. Michael *of high Eſteem in* France.

To inſtance in myſelf, being young, I deſir'd of Fortune, above all Things, the Order of St. *Michael*; which was then the utmoſt Diſtinction of Honour amongſt the *French* Nobles, and very rare. She pleaſantly gratify'd my Longing. Inſtead of raiſing me, and lifting me up from my own Place to attain to it, ſhe

* *Juv. Sat.* 10. † *Ovid. Met. l.* 11.

was

was much kinder to me; for she brought it so low, and made it so cheap, that it stoopt down to my Shoulders, and lower. *Cleobis* and *Biton*, *Trophonius* and *Agamides*, having requested, the first of their Goddess, the last of their God, *a Recompence worthy of their Piety*, had *Death* for a Reward: So differing are heavenly Opinions, concerning what is fit for us; for our *God* might grant us Riches, Honours, Life and Health sometimes to our own Hurt: For every thing that is pleasing to us is not always good for us; if he sends us Death, or an Increase of Sickness instead of a Cure, *Virga tua, & baculus tuus ipsa me consolata sunt* *: *Thy Rod and thy Staff have comforted me*: He does it by the Rule of his Providence, which better and more certainly discerns what is proper for us than we can do; and we ought to take it in good part, as coming from a wise and most friendly Hand.

———Si consilium vis,
Permittis ipsis expendere numinibus quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris;
Charior est illis homo, quam sibi †.

If thoul't be rul'd, leave to the *Gods* in Pray'rs
To weigh what's fit for us in our Affairs;
For Man to them, by infinite Degrees,
Than he is to himself, far dearer is.

For to require Honours and Commands, is to require, that he may throw you into a Battle; set you upon a Cast at Dice, or something of the like Nature; whereof the Issue is to you unknown, and the Fruit doubtful. There is no Dispute so sharp and violent amongst the *Philosophers* as about the Question of *the sovereign Good of Man*: From whence, by the Calculation of *Varro*, two hundred and fourscore *Sects*. *Qui autem de summo bono dissentit, de tota Philosophiæ ratione disputat* ‡. *For, whoever enters into Controversy, concerning the Supreme Good, disputes upon the whole Reason of Philosophy.*

Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato,
Quid dem? Quid non dem? Renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sane est invisum, acidumque duobus ‖.

* *Psal.* xxiii. † *Juv. Sat.* 10. ‡ *Cicero de Fin. lib.* 5. ‖ *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 2.

T'invite

T'invite three Guests of differing Palates home
To a Man's Table, sure is troublesome;
What one likes thou dislik'st: What shall I do?
And what thou lik'st dislikes the other two.

Nature should say the same to their Contests and Debates. Some say, that our well-being lies in *Virtue*, others in *Pleasure*, others in your *submitting to* Nature: One in *Knowledge*, another in *being exempt from Pain*, another in *not suffering ourselves to be carried away by Appearances:* And this Fancy seems to have some relation to that of the ancient *Pythagoras*.

Nil admirari prope res est una Numaci,
Solaque quæ possit facere, & servare beatum *.

Nothing t'admire's the only Thing I know
Can make us happy, and can keep us so.

Which is the Drift of the *Pyrrhonian* Sect. *Aristotle* attributes the admiring of nothing to *Magnanimity*. And *Arcesilaus* said, *that Constancy, and a right inflexible State of Judgment were the true Goods: But that Consent and Application the Evils*; and there, it is true, in being thus positive, and establishing it by a certain Axiom, he quitted *Pyrrhonism*. For the *Pyrrhonians*, when they say, *that the Ataraxy*, which is the Immobility of Judgment, *is the sovereign Good*, do not design to speak it affirmatively; but that the same Motion of Soul which makes them avoid Precipices, and take shelter from the Cold, presents them such a Fancy, and makes them refuse another. How much do I wish, that whilst I live, either some other, or *Justus Lipsius*, the most learned Man now living, of a most polite and judicious Understanding, and truly resembling my *Turnebus*; had both the Will and Health, and Leisure sufficient, sincerely to collect into a Register according to their Divisions and Classes, as many as are to be found of the Opinions of the ancient Philosophers, about the Subject of our Being and Manners, their Controversies, the Succession and Reputation of *Sects*; with the Application of the Lives of the Authors and their

Character of Justus Lipsius.

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 6.

Disciples to their own Precepts, in memorable Accidents, and upon exemplary Occasions. What a beautiful and useful Work that would be! As to what remains, if it be from ourselves that we are to extract the Rules of our Manners, upon what a Confusion do we throw ourselves? For that which our Reason advises us to, as the most probable, is generally *for every one to obey the* Laws *of his Country*, as it was that of *Socrates*, inspir'd, as he pretends himself, by a divine Counsel. And by that what would it say, if not that our Duty has no other Rule but what is accidental? Truth ought to have a like and universal Visage: If Man could know *Equity and Justice*, that it had a Body and a true Being, he would not fetter it to the Conditions of this Country or that. It would not be from the Whimsies of the *Persians* or *Indians* that Virtue would receive its Form. There is nothing more subject to perpetual Agitation than the *Laws*. Since the Time that I was born, I have known those of the *English*, our Neighbours, three or four times chang'd, not only in Matters of *Civil Regimen*, which is the only Thing wherein Constancy is dispensed with, but in the most important Subject that can be; namely, *Religion*. At which I am the more troubled, and of which I am the more ashamed, because it is a Nation with whom those of my *Province* have formerly had so great Familiarity and Acquaintance; that there yet remains in my House some Footsteps of our antient Kindred. And here with us at home, I have known a Thing that was capital to become lawful; and we that hold others, are likewise, according to the Chance of War, in a Possibility of being found one Day guilty of High-Treason, both divine and human, should the Justice of our Arms fall into the Power of Injustice: And after a few Years Possession taking a quite contrary Being. How could that ancient *God (Apollo)* more clearly accuse the Ignorance of human Knowledge, concerning the divine Being, and give Men to understand, that their *Religion* was but a Thing of their own Contrivance, useful as a Bond to their Society, than declaring as he did to those who came to his *Tripod* for Instruction: *That every one's true Worship was that which he found in Use in the Place where he chanced to be?* O *God*, what infinite Obligation have we to the Bounty of our sovereign *Creator*, for having disabused our Belief from wandring and arbitrary

trary Devotions, and for having ſeated it upon the eternal Foundation of the Holy Word? But what will then *Philoſophy* ſay to us in this Neceſſity? Why, that we follow the *Laws* of our Country, that is to ſay, this floating Sea of the Opinions of a *Republick*, or a *Prince*, that will paint out Juſtice for me in as many Colours, and reform it as many Ways as there are Changes of Paſſions in themſelves. I cannot ſuffer my Judgment to be flexible. What a kind of Bounty is that which I ſhall ſee one Day in repute, and that To-morrow ſhall be in none, and that the croſſing of a River ſhall be made a Crime? What Truth is it that theſe Mountains impale, and keep it from the World beyond them? But they are pleaſant, when to give ſome Certainty to the *Laws*, they ſay, *that there are ſome firm, perpetual and immoveable*, which they call natural, *that are imprinted in human kind by the Condition of their own proper Being*, and thoſe ſome reckon *three*, ſome *four*, ſome more, ſome leſs, a Sign that it is a Mark as doubtful as the reſt. Now they are ſo unfortunate, (for what can I call it elſe but Misfortune) that of ſo infinite a Number of Laws, there ſhould not be found one at leaſt, that Fortune and the Raſhneſs of Chance has ſuffer'd to be univerſally receiv'd by the Conſent of all Nations? They are, I ſay, ſo miſerable, that of theſe *three* or *four* ſelect *Laws*, there is not ſo much as one that is not contradicted and diſown'd, not only by one Nation, but by many. Now, the only likely Sign, by which they can argue, or infer ſome Laws to be natural, is the Univerſality of Approbation; for we ſhould, without doubt, follow that which Nature had truly ordained us; and not only every Nation, but every particular Man would reſent the Force and Violence that any one ſhould do him, who would tempt him to any Thing contrary to this *Law*. Let them produce me but one of this Condition: *Protagoras* and *Ariſto* gave no other Eſſence to the Juſtice of Laws *than the Authority and Opinion of the* Legiſlator, and *that theſe laid aſide, the Honeſt and the Good would loſe their Qualities, and remain empty Names of indifferent Things. Thraſymachus*, in *Plato*, is of Opinion, *that there is no other Right but the Convenience of the Superior*. There is not any Thing where-in the World is ſo various, as in *Laws* and *Cuſtoms*; ſuch a Thing is abominable here, which is elſewhere in Eſteem, as

Natural Laws.

in *Lacedæmonia*, the Dexterity of Stealing. Marriages within the forbidden Degrees are capitally interdicted amongst us, they are elsewhere in Honour.

——— *Gentes esse feruntur,*
In quibus & nato genitrix, & nata Parenti,
Jungitur, & pietas geminato crescit amore.*

There are some Nations in the World, 'tis said,
Where Fathers Daughters, Sons their Mothers wed:
And their Affections still do higher rise,
More firm and constant by these double Ties.

The Murder of Infants, Murder of Fathers, Communication of Wives, Traffick of Robberies, Licence in all Sorts of Voluptuousnes: Finally, there is nothing so extreme, that is not allowed by the Custom, and the common Usance of some Nation or other. It is credible that there are natural *Laws*, but they are lost in us; this fine human Reason every where so insinuating itself to govern and command, as to shuffle and confound the Face of Things, according to its own Vanity and Inconstancy. *Nihil itaque amplius nostrum est; quod nostrum dico, artis est: Therefore nothing is any more truly ours: What we call ours belongs to Art.* Subjects have divers Lustres, and divers Considerations; and from thence the Diversity of Opinions principally proceeds. One Nation considers a Subject in one Aspect, and stops there; another takes it from another Prospect. There is nothing of greater Horror to be imagin'd, than for a Man to eat his Father; and yet the People, whose ancient Custom it was so to do, look'd upon it as a Testimony of Piety and natural Affection, seeking thereby to give their Progenitors the most worthy and honourable Sepulture; storing up in themselves, and as it were in their own Marrow, the Bodies and Relicks of their Fathers; and in some sort regenerating them by Transmutation into their living Flesh, by Means of Nourishment and Digestion. It is easy to consider what a Cruelty and Abomination it must have appear'd to be to Men possest and imbute with this Superstition,

The Bodies of their deceased Fathers eaten by some People, and why.

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 10.

to

to throw their Father's Remains to the Corruption of the Earth, and the Nouriſhment of Beaſts and Worms. *Lycurgus* conſider'd in *Theft*, the Vivacity, Diligence, Boldneſs and Dexterity of purloining any Thing from our Neighbours, and the Benefit that redounded to the Publick that every one may look more narrowly to the Conſervation of what was his own, and believed, that from his double Inſtitution of Aſſaulting and Defending, Advantage was to be made for Military Diſcipline (which was the principal Science and Virtue, to which he would inure that Nation) of greater Conſideration than the Diſorder and Injuſtice of taking another Man's Goods. *Dionyſius*, the Tyrant, offered *Plato* a Robe of the *Perſian* Faſhion, long, damaſk'd, and perfum'd; *Plato* refuſed it, ſaying, *That being born a Man, he would not willingly dreſs himſelf in Woman's Cloath's*; but *Ariſtippus* accepted it with this Anſwer, *That no Accoutrement could corrupt a chaſte Courage*. His Friends reproaching him with *Meanneſs of Spirit*, for laying it no more to Heart, that *Dionyſius* had ſpit in his Face; *Fiſhermen*, ſaid he, *ſuffer themſelves to be daſh'd with the Waves of the Sea from Head to Foot to catch a Gudgeon*. *Diogenes* was waſhing Cabbages, and ſeeing him paſs by; *If thou couldſt live on Cabbage*, ſaid he, *thou wouldſt not fawn upon a Tyrant*. To whom *Ariſtippus* reply'd, *And if thou knewſt how to live amongſt Men, thou wouldſt not be waſhing Cabbages*. Thus Reaſon finds Appearance for divers Effects. 'Tis a Pot with two Ears, that a Man may take by the Right or Left.

Theft allowed by Lycurgus, *and why.*

A perfum'd Robe refuſed by Plato, *and accepted by* Ariſtippus.

——*bellum, ô terra hoſpita portas,*
Bello armantur equi; bellum hæc armenta minantur:
Sed tamen iidem olim curru ſuccedere ſueti
Quadrupedes, & frena jugo concordia ferre,
Spes eſt paces *.

O, Earth, it is thy Womb that War does bear,
Horſes are arm'd for; Herds do threaten War:

* *Æn. l.* 3.

And yet these Brutes having with Patience bore
The Yoak, and yielded to the Reins before,
There's Hopes of Peace.

Solon's *Tears for the Death of his Son.*

Solon, being importun'd by his Friends not to shed powerless and unprofitable Tears for the Death of his Son: *It is for that Reason that I the more justly shed them*, said he, *because they are powerless and unprofitable.*

The Mourning of Socrates's *Wife.*

Socrates's Wife, exasperated her Grief by this Circumstance, *Oh, how unjustly do these wicked Judges put him to Death!* *Why*; reply'd he, *hadst thou rather they should justly execute me?* We have our Ears bor'd; the *Greeks* look'd upon that as a Mark of Slavery. We retire in private to enjoy our Wives, the *Indians* do it in publick: The *Scythians* immolated Strangers in their Temples, elsewhere Temples were a Refuge.

Inde furor vulgi, quod numina viciniorum
Odit quisque locus, cum solus credat habendos
Esse Deos, quos ipse colit *.

This 'tis the popular Fury that creates,
That all their Neighbours Gods each Nation hates;
And that the more, because conceive they do
None but their own should be reputed so.

I have heard of a Judge, that where he met with a sharp Conflict betwixt *Bartolus* and *Baldus*, and some Point controverted with many Contrarieties, writ in the Margent of his Book, *A Question for a Friend*, that is to say, that Truth was there so controverted and disputed, that in a like Cause, he might favour which of the Parties he thought fit: 'Twas only for want of Wit, that he did not write, a *Question for a Friend*, throughout. *The Advocates* and *Judges* of our Times, find Biass enough in all Causes to accommodate them to what they themselves think fit: In so infinite a Science, depending upon the Authority of so many Opinions, and so arbitrary a Subject, it cannot be, but that of Necessity, an extreme Confusion of Judgments must arise. There is also hardly any Suit so clear, wherein Opi-

* *Juven. Sat.* 15.

nions

nions do not very much differ; what one Court has determin'd, another determines quite contrary, and itſelf contrary to that at another Time. Of which we ſee very frequent Examples, which is a marvellous Blemiſh to the Ceremonious Authority and Luſtre of our Juſtice, not to ſtick to poſitive Sentences, but to run from Judge to Judge, and Court to Court, to decide one and the ſame Cauſe. As to the Liberty of Philoſophical Opinions concerning *Vice* and *Virtue*, 'tis not neceſſary to be inſiſted upon; and wherein are found many Opinions that are better conceal'd than publiſhed to weak Spirits: *Arceſilaus* ſaid, *That in Fornication it was no Matter where, or with whom it was committed**. *Et obſcænas voluptates, ſi natura requirit, non genere, aut loco, aut ordine, ſed forma, ætate, figura metiendas* Epicurus *putat, ne amores quidem ſanctos à ſapiente alienos eſſe arbitrantur; Quæramus ad quam uſque ætatem juvenes amandi ſint. And obſcene Pleaſures, if Nature requires*, Epicurus *thinks are not to be meaſur'd, either by Kind, Place, or Order, but by Age and Beauty. Neither are Holy Loves thought to be ſtrangers to wiſe Men; we are to enquire 'till what Age young Men are to be lov'd.* Theſe two laſt Stoical Quotations, and the Reproach that *Diogarchus* threw into the Teeth of *Plato* himſelf upon this Account, ſhew how much the ſoundeſt Philoſophy indulges Licences and Exceſſes, very remote from common Cuſtom. *Laws* derive their Authority from Poſſeſſion and Cuſtom: 'Tis dangerous to trace them backward to their Beginning; they grow great, and ennoble themſelves like our Rivers by running: But follow them upward to their Sourſe, 'tis but a little Spring, ſcarce diſcernable, that ſwells thus, and thus fortifies itſelf by growing old. Do but conſult the ancient Conſiderations that gave the firſt Motion to this famous Torrent, ſo full of Dignity and Reverence; you will find them ſo light and weak, that it is no Wonder if theſe People, who weigh and reduce every Thing to Reaſon, and who admit nothing by Authority, or upon Truſt, have their Judgments very remote and differing from thoſe of the Publick. It is no Wonder if People who take their Pattern from the firſt Image of Nature,

Laws authoriz'd by Cuſtoms.

* *Cicero. Tuſc. lib.* 5.

should in most of their Opinions swerve from the common Path: As for Example, few amongst them would have approv'd of the strict Conditions of our Marriages, and most of them have been for having Wives in common, and without Obligation: They would refuse our Ceremonies. *Chrysippus* said, *That a certain Philosopher would have made a Dozen Somersaults, and turn'd up his Tail without his Breeches, for a Dozen of Olives.* That Philosopher would hardly have advis'd *Calisthenes* to have refused *Hippoclides* the fair *Agariste* his Daughter, for having seen him stand on his Head upon a Table. *Metrocles* let a Fart a little indiscreetly in Disputation, in the Presence of a great Auditory in his School, and kept himself hid in his own House for Shame, 'till *Crates* coming to visit him, and adding to his Consolations and Reasons, the Example of his own Liberty, falling to Fart with him who should let most, cur'd him of that Scruple, and withal drew him to his own Stoical *Sect*, more free than that more reserv'd one of the *Peripateticks*, of which he had been 'till then. That which we call Decency, not to dare to do that in publick which it is decent enough to do in private, the *Stoicks* call Foppery; and to mince it, and to be so modest as to conceal and disown what Nature, Custom, and our Desires publish and proclaim of our Actions, they reputed a Vice. The other thought it was to undervalue the Mysteries of *Venus*, to draw them out of the private Oratory, to expose them to the View of the People: And that to bring them out from behind the Curtain, was to lose them. Modesty is a Thing of Weight; Secrecy, Reservation, and Circumspection are Parts of Esteem. Pleasure did very ingeniously, when under the Mask of Virtue, she sued not to be prostituted in the open Streets, trodden under Foot, and exposed to the publick View, wanting the Dignity and Convenience of her private *Cabinets*. Hence some say, that to put down publick Stews, is not only to disperse Fornication into all Places that was confin'd to one, but moreover, by the Difficulty to incite wild and wanton People to this Vice.

Mœchus es Ausidiæ qui vir, Corvine, faisti,
Rivalis fuerat qui tuus ille vir est
Cur aliena placet tibi, quæ tua non placet Uxor?
Nunquid se curus non potes arrigere?*

* *Mart. lib.* 3. *Epig.* 68.

This

This Experience diverſifies itſelf in a thouſand Examples.

Nullus in Urbe fuit tota, qui tangere vellet
Uxorem gratis, Cæciliane, tuam,
Dum licuit: Sed nunc poſitis cuſtodibus, ingens
Turba futurorum eſt. Ingenioſus homo es *.

A *Philoſopher* being taken in the very Act, and aſked what he was doing, coldly reply'd, *I am planting Man*; no more bluſhing to be ſo caught, than if they had found him planting Garlick. It is, I ſuppoſe, out of Tenderneſs and Reſpect to the natural Modeſty of Mankind, that a great and religious Author is of Opinion, *that this Act is ſo neceſſarily bound to Privacy and Shame, that he cannot perſuade himſelf there could be any abſolute Performance in thoſe impudent Embraces of the* Cynicks, *but that they only made it their Buſineſs to repreſent the laſcivious Geſtures of Luſt; to maintain the Impudence of their Schools Profeſſion; and that to eject what Shame had with-held, it was afterward neceſſary for them to withdraw into the Shade.* But he had not thoroughly examin'd their Debauches; for *Diogenes*, playing the Beaſt with himſelf in Publick, wiſh'd in the Preſence of all that ſaw him, *that he could fill his Belly by that Exerciſe.* To thoſe who aſked him, *Why he did not find out a more commodious Place to eat in, than the open Street*; he made Anſwer, *Becauſe I am hungry in the open Street.* The Women Philoſophers, who mixt with their *Sect*, mixt alſo with their Perſons in all Places without Reſervation: And *Hipperchia* was not receiv'd into *Crates*'s Society, but upon Condition that ſhe ſhould in all Things follow the Practice and Cuſtoms of his Rule. Theſe Philoſophers ſet a great Price upon Virtue, and renounce all other Diſcipline but the Moral: and yet in all their Actions they attributed the Sovereign Authority to the Election of their Sage, and above the *Laws*, and gave no other Curb to Voluptuouſneſs but Moderation only, and the Conſervation of the Liberty of others. *Heraclitus* and *Protagoras*, for as much as Wine ſeem'd bitter to the Sick, and pleaſant to the Sound, the Rudder crooked in the Water,

The Embraces of the Cynicks *impudent, and in open Sight.*

* *Mart. lib.* 1. *Epig.* 74.

and

and strait when out, and such like contrary Appearances as are found in Subjects, argued from thence, *That all Subjects had in themselves the Causes of these Appearances; and there was some Bitterness in the Wine, which had some Sympathy with the sick Man's Taste, and the Rudder some bending Quality, sympathizing with him that looks upon it in the Water.* And so of all the rest, which is to say, *that All is in all Things, and consequently Nothing in any one; for where All is, there is nothing.* This Opinion put me in mind of the Experience we have, that there is no Sense or Aspect of any Thing, whether bitter or sweet, strait or crooked, that human Wit does not find out in the Writings he undertakes to tumble over. Into the cleanest, purest, and most perfect Speaking that can possibly be, how many Lies and Falsities have we suggested? What Heresy has not there found Ground and Testimony sufficient to make itself embrac'd and defended? 'Tis for this, that the Authors of such Errors will never depart from Proof of the Testimony of the Interpretation of Words. A Person of Dignity, who would prove to me by Authority, the Search of the Philosophers Stone, wherein he was over Head and Ears engag'd, alledg'd to me at least Five or Six Passages in the *Bible*, upon which he said, he first founded his Attempt, for the Discharge of his Conscience (for he is a Divine) and in Truth was not only pleasant, but moreover very well accommodated to the Defence of this fine Science. By this Way the Reputation of divining Fables is acquir'd. There is no Fortune-teller, if we have this Authority, but, if a Man will take the Pains to tumble and toss, and narrowly to peep into all the Folds and Glosses of his Words, he may make him, like the *Sibyls*, say what he will. There are so many Ways of Interpretation, that it will be hard but that, either obliquely, or in a direct Line, an ingenious Wit will find out in every Subject some Air that will serve for his Purpose; Therefore there is a cloudy and ambiguous Stile in this so frequent and ancient Use; let the Author but make himself Master of that, he may extract and busy Posterity about his Predictions; which not only his own Parts, but the accidental Favour of the Matter itself, may as much or more assist him to obtain. That, as to the rest, he expresses

The purest Way of Speaking, capable of various Interpretations.

The Philosophers Stone approv'd.

preſſes himſelf after a fooliſh or a ſubtle Manner, whether obſcurely or contradictorily, 'tis no Matter; a Number of Wits ſhaking and ſifting him, will bring out a great many ſeveral Forms, either according to his Meaning, or colateral, or contrary to it, which will all redound to his Honour. He will ſee himſelf enrich'd by the Means of his Diſciples, like the Regents of Colleges by their Pupils and yearly Preſents. This it is which has given Reputation to many Things of no worth at all; that has brought ſeveral Writings in Vogue, and given them the Fame of containing all Sorts of Matter can be deſir'd; one and the ſame Thing receiving a Thouſand and a Thouſand Images and various Conſiderations; nay, even as many as we pleaſe. Is it poſſible that *Homer* could deſign to ſay all that we make him: And that he deſign'd ſo many and ſo various Figures, as that the *Divines*, *Lawgivers*, *Captains*, *Philoſophers*, and all Sorts of Men who treat of Sciences, how variouſly and oppoſitely ſoever, ſhould indifferently quote him, and ſupport their Arguments by his Authority, as the Sovereign Lord and Maſter of all Offices, Works and Artizans, and Counſellor General of all Enterprizes; whoever has had Occaſion for Oracles and Predictions, has there found ſufficient to ſerve his Turn. 'Tis a Wonder how many, and how admirable Concurrences an intelligent Perſon, and a particular Friend of mine, has there found out in Favour of our Religion; and cañot eaſily be put out of the Conceit that it was *Homer*'s Deſign: And yet he is as well acquainted with this Author, as any Man whatever of his Time. And what he has found in Favour of ours, very many anciently have found in Favour of theirs. Do but obſerve how *Plato* is tumbled and toſt, every one ennobling his own Opinions by applying him to himſelf, make him take what Side they pleaſe. They draw him in, and engage him in all the new Opinions the World receives; and make him, according to the different Courſe of Things, differ from himſelf: Every one makes him according to his own Senſe, the Manners and Cuſtoms lawful in his Age, becauſe they are unlawful in ours; and all with this Vivacity and Power, according to the Force and Spritelineſs of the Wit of the Interpreter. From the ſame Foundation that *Heraclitus* and this Sentence of his had,

Homer, *the general Leader of all Sorts of People.*

That

That all Things had in them those Forms that we discern, *Democritus* drew a quite contrary Conclusion; namely, *Honey is sweet to one and bitter to another*; he thence argued, *that it was neither sweet nor bitter.* The *Pyrrhonians* would say, *that they knew not whether it is sweet or bitter, or neither the one or the other, or both*; for those always gain the highest Point of Dubitation. The *Cyrenaicks* held, *that nothing was perceptible, from without, and that That only was perceptible, that internally touch'd us, as Grief and Pleasure; acknowledging neither Sound nor Colour, but certain Affections only that we receive from them, and that Man's Judgment had no other Seat.* *Protagoras believ'd, that what seem'd to every one is true to every one.* The *Epicureans* lodg'd *all Judgment in the Senses,* and *in the Knowledge of Things,* and *in Pleasure.* *Plato* would have *the Judgment of Truth, and Truth itself deriv'd from Opinions and the Senses to belong to the Wit and Cogitation.* This Discourse put me upon the Consideration of their *Senses,* in which lies the greatest Foundation and Proof of our Ignorance. Whatsoever is known, is doubtless known by the Faculty of the Knower; for seeing the Judgment proceeds from the Operation of him that judges, 'tis Reason that this Operation performs it by his Means, and will not by the Constraint of another; as it would happen, if we knew Things by the Power, and according to the Law of their Essence. Now all Knowledge is convey'd to us by the Senses; they are our Masters:

——— *via qua munita fidei*
*Proxima fert humanum in pectus, templaque mentis**.

It is the surest Path that Faith can find
By which to enter human Heart and Mind.

Science begins by them, and is resolv'd into them. After all, we should know no more than a Stone, if we did not know that there is a Sound, Odour, Light, Taste, Measure, Weight, Softness, Hardness, Sharpness, Colour, Smoothness, Breadth and Depth. These are the Platforms and Principles of the Structure of all our Knowledge. And, according to some, Science is nothing else but Sense. He that could make me contradict the Senses, would have me

* *Luc. l.* 5.

by

by the Throat, he could not make me go further back. The Senſes are the Beginning and the End of human Knowledge.

Invenies primus ab ſenſibus eſſe creatam
Notitiam veri, neque ſenſus poſſe refelli.
Quid majore fide porro quam ſenſus haberi
Debet * *?*

You'll find of Truth, that all Diſcoveries made,
Are firſt by Senſes to the Soul convey'd;
Neither will Senſe be baffled, and on what
Can we rely more ſafely than on that?

Let us attribute to them the leaſt we can, we muſt however of Neceſſity grant them this, that it is by their Means and Mediation that all our Inſtruction is directed. *Cicero* ſays, *that* Chryſippus, *having attempted to extenuate the Force and Virtue of the Senſes, preſented to himſelf Arguments and ſo vehement Oppoſitions to the contrary, that he could not be ſatisfied in himſelf therein:* Whereupon *Carneades*, who maintain'd the contrary Side, boaſted, *that he would make uſe of the ſame Words and Arguments that* Chryſippus *had done, with them to controvert and confute him*, and therefore thus cry'd out againſt him: *O Miſerable! Thy Force has deſtroy'd thee.* There can be nothing abſurd to a greater Degree, than to maintain that Fire does not warm, that Light does not ſhine, and, that there is no Weight nor Solidity in Iron, which are Advertiſements convey'd to us by the Senſes: neither is there Belief nor Knowledge in Man that can be compar'd to that for Certainty. The firſt Conſideration I have upon the Subject of the Senſes is, that I make a Doubt whether or no Man be furniſh'd with all natural Senſes. I ſee ſeveral Animals who live an intire and perfect Life, ſome without Sight, others without Hearing: Who knows whether to us alſo, One, Two or Three, or many other Senſes may not be wanting? For if any one be wanting, our Examination cannot diſcover the Defect. 'Tis the Privilege of the Senſes to be the utmoſt Limit of

Doubt whether Man have all the Senſes.

* *Luc. lib.* 4.

our

our Discovery: There is nothing beyond them that can assist us in Exploration, not so much as one Sense in the Discovery of another.

An poterunt oculos aures reprehendere, an aures
Tactus, an hunc porro tactum sapor arguet oris,
An confutabunt nares, oculive revincent ?*

Can Ears the Eyes, the Touch the Ears correct?
Or is that Touch by Tasting to be check'd?
Or th' other Senses shall the Nose, or Eyes
Confute in their peculiar Faculties?

They all make the extreamest Limits of our Ability.

——— seorsum cuique potestas
Divisa est, sua vis cuique est †.

Each has its Power distinctly, and alone,
And every Sense's Power is its own.

It is impossible to make a Man naturally blind, conceive that he does not see, impossible to make him desire Sight, or to be sensible of his Defect. For which Reason we ought not to derive any Assurance from the Soul's being contented and satisfy with those we have: Considering that it cannot be sensible herein of its Infirmity and Imperfection, if there be any such thing. It is impossible to say any thing to this blind Man, either by Argument or Similitude, that can possess his Imagination with any Apprehensions of Light, Colour, or Sight. There nothing remains behind that can push on the Senses to Evidence. Those that are born blind, whom we hear to wish they could see, it is not that they understand what they desire: They have learn'd from us that they want something, that there is something to be desir'd that we have, which they can name indeed, and speak of its Effects and Consequences, but yet they know not what it is, nor apprehend it at all. I have seen a Gentleman of a good Family, who was born blind, or at least blind from such an Age that he knows not what Sight is; who is so little sensible of his Defect, that he makes use as we do of Words proper for seeing, and applies them after a Manner wholly particular, and his own. They brought him a Child to which he was God-father, which having

* *Luc. lib.* 4. † *Ibid.*

taken

taken into his Arms: *Good God*, ſaid he, *what a fine Child is this, how beautiful to look upon, what a pretty Face it has!* He will ſay, like one of us, *this Room has a very fine Proſpect, it is clear Weather, the Sun ſhines bright.* And moreover, being that Hunting, Tennis and Buts are our Exerciſes, and he has heard ſo, he has taken a liking to them, will ride a Hunting, and believes he has as good Share of the Sport as we have; and will expreſs himſelf as angry or pleas'd as the beſt of us all, and yet knows nothing of it but by the Ear. One cries out to him, *here's a Hare*, when he is upon ſome even Plain where he may ſafely ride; and afterwards when they tell him, *the Hare is kill'd*, he will be as over-joy'd and proud of it as he hears others ſay they are. He will take a Tennis-ball in his Left-hand and ſtrike it away with the Racket. He will ſhoot with a Muſket at random, and is contented with what his People tell him, that he is over, or wide. Who knows whether all Human Kind commit not the like Abſurdity, for want of ſome Senſe, and that thro' this Default the greateſt Part of the Face of Things is conceal'd from us? What do we know but that the Difficulties which we find in ſeveral Effects of Animals, which exceed our Capacity, are not produc'd by Faculty of ſome Senſe that we are defective in? and whether ſome of them have not by this Means a Life more full and intire than ours? We ſeize an Apple as it were with all our Senſes: We there find Redneſs, Smoothneſs, Odour and Sweetneſs; but it may have other Virtues beſides theſe, as to Heat or Binding, which no Senſe of ours can have any reference unto. Is it not likely, that there are ſenſitive Faculties in Nature that are fit to judge of, and to diſcern thoſe which we call the occult Proprieties in ſeveral Things, as for the Load-ſtone to attract Iron; and that the Want of ſuch Faculties is the Cauſe that we are ignorant of the true Eſſence of ſuch Things? 'Tis perhaps ſome particular Senſe that gives *Cocks* to underſtand what Hour it is of Midnight, and when it grows to be towards Day, and that makes them crow accordingly; that teaches *Chickens*, before they have any Experience of what they are, to fear a *Spar-hawk*, and not a *Gooſe* or a *Peacock*, tho' Birds of a much larger Size: That cautions them againſt the hoſtile Quality the *Cat* has againſt them, and makes them not to fear a *Dog*: To arm themſelves againſt the *Mewing* (a Kind of flattering Voice) of

of the one, and not againſt the *Barking* (a ſhrill and threatning Voice) of the other. That teaches *Waſps*, *Ants* and *Rats* to fall upon the beſt Pear and the beſt Cheeſe before they have taſted them, and inſpires the *Stag*, *Elephant* and *Serpents* with the Knowledge of a certain Herb proper for their Cure. There is no Senſe that has not a mighty Dominion, and that does not by its Power introduce an infinite Number of Knowledges. If we were defective in the Intelligence of Sounds of Muſick, and of the Voice, it would cauſe an unimaginable Confuſion in all the reſt of our Science. For, beſides what belongs to the proper Effect of every Senſe, how many Arguments, Conſequences and Concluſions do we draw to other Things, by comparing one Senſe with another? Let an underſtanding Man imagine human Nature originally produced without the Senſe of Seeing, and conſider what Ignorance and Trouble ſuch a Defect would bring upon him, what a Darkneſs and Blindneſs in the Soul; he will then ſee by that, of how great Importance to the Knowledge of Truth, the Privation of ſuch another Senſe, or of Two or Three, ſhould we be ſo depriv'd, would be. We have form'd a Truth by the Conſultation and Concurrence of our Five Senſes; but perhaps, we ſhould have the Conſent and Contribution of Eight or Ten to make a certain Diſcovery of our own Being. The *Sects* that controvert the *Knowledge* of Man, do it principally by the Incertainty and Weakneſs of our Senſes. For ſince all Knowledge is by their Means and Mediation convey'd unto us, if they fail in their Report, if they corrupt, or alter what they bring us from without, if the Light, which by them creeps into the Soul, be obſcur'd in the Paſſage, we have nothing elſe to hold by. From this extreme Difficulty all theſe Fancies proceed, that every Subject has all we there find in itſelf: That it has nothing in it of what we think we there find; and that of the *Epicureans*, that the *Sun* is no bigger than 'tis judg'd by our Sight to be:

Quicquid id eſt nihilo fertur majore figura,
Quam noſtris oculis quam cernimus eſſe videtur *.

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

Bu

But be it what it will in our Eſteems,
It is no bigger than to us it ſeems.

That the Appearances, which repreſent a Body great to him that is near, and leſs to him that is more remote, are both true:

Nec tamen hic oculis falli concedimus hilum;
Proinde animi vitium hoc oculis adfingere noli *.

Yet that the Eye's deluded we deny;
Charge not the Soul's Fault therefore on the Eye.

And reſolutely, that there is no Deceit in the Senſes; that we are to lie at their Mercy, and ſeek elſewhere Reaſons to ſalve and excuſe the Difference and Contradictions we there find; even to the inventing of Lyes and other Flams, if it come to that, rather than accuſe the Senſes. *Timagoras* vow'd, *that by preſſing or turning his Eye, he could never perceive the Light of the Candle to double, and that the ſeeming ſo proceeded from the Vice of Opinion, and not from the Inſtrument.* The moſt abſurd of all the *Epicureans* Abſurdities, is, in *denying the Force and Effect of the Senſes.*

Proinde quod in quoque eſt his viſum tempore, verum eſt.
Et ſi non potuit ratio diſſolvere cauſam,
Cur ea quæ fuerint juxtim quadrata, procul ſint
Viſa rotunda: Tamen præſtat rationis egentem
Reddere mendoſe cauſas utriuſque figuræ,
Quam manibus manifeſta ſuis emittere quæquam,
Et violare fidem primam, & convellere tota
Fundamenta, quibus nixatur vita ſaluſque.
Non modo enim ratio ruat omnis, vita quoque ipſa
Concidat extemplo, niſi credere ſenſibus auſis
Præcipiteſque locus vitare, & cætera quæ ſint
In genera hoc fugienda †.

Whatever, and whenever ſeen, is true,
And if our Reaſon can't the Knot undo,
Why Things ſeem to be Square when very near,
And at a greater Diſtance Round appear;
'Tis better yet for him that's at a Pauſe,
To give of either Figure a falſe Cauſe,
Than to permit Things manifeſt to go
Out of his Hands, to give the Lye unto

* *Lucr. lib.* 4. † *Ibid.*

His firſt Belief, and the Foundations rend
On which all Life and Safety do depend.
For not alone Reaſon, but Life and all
Together will with ſudden Ruin fall;
Unleſs we dare our Senſes truſt to miſs
The Danger of a dreadful Precipice,
And other ſuch like Dangers, that with Care
And Wearineſs to be evaded are.

This ſo deſperate and unphiloſophical Advice expreſſes only this, *That Human Knowledge cannot ſupport itſelf but by Reaſon; that it is unreaſonable, fooliſh and mad; but that it is yet better that Man, to ſet a greater Value upon himſelf, make uſe of any other Remedy, how fantaſtick ſoever, than to confeſs his neceſſary Ignorance; a Truth ſo diſadvantagious to him.* He cannot avoid owning that the Senſes are the Sovereign Lords of his Knowledge; but they are uncertain, and falſifiable in all Circumſtances. 'Tis there that he is to fight it out to the laſt; and if his juſt Forces fail him, as they do, to ſupply that Defect with Obſtinacy, Temerity and Impudence. In caſe that what the *Epicureans* ſay be true, *viz. That we have no Knowledge if the Senſes Appearances be falſe*; and if that alſo be true which the *Stoicks* ſay, *That the Appearances of the Senſes are ſo falſe, that they can furniſh us with no Manner of Knowledge:* We ſhall conclude, to the Diſadvantage of theſe Two great Dogmatical *Sects, that there is no Science at all.* As to what concerns the Error and Uncertainty of the Operation of the Senſes, every one may furniſh himſelf with as many Examples as he pleaſes; ſo ordinary are the Faults and Tricks they put upon us. In the *Eccho* of a Valley the Sound of the Trumpet ſeems to meet us, which comes from a Place behind.

Extanteſque procul medio de gurgite montes
Idem apparent longe diverſi licet.
Et fugere ad puppim colles, campique videntur
Quos agimus propter Navim *.

And Rocks i'th' Seas that proudly raiſe their Head,
Tho' far disjoyn'd, tho' Royal Navies ſpread

* *Id. lib.* 4.

Their

Their Sails between; yet if from Diſtance ſhown,
They ſeem an Iſland all combin'd in one.
Thus Ships, tho' driven by a proſperous Gale,
Seem fixt to Sailors, thoſe ſeem under ſail
That ride at Anchor ſafe; and all admire,
As they row by, to ſee the Rocks retire.

——*Ubi in medio nobis equus acer obhæſit*
Flumine, equi corpus tranſverſum ferre videtur
Vis, & in adverſum Flumen contrudere raptim *.

Thus, when in rapid Streams my Horſe had ſtood,
And I look'd downward on the rowling Flood;
Tho' he ſtood ſtill, I thought he did divide
The headlong Streams, and ſtrive againſt the Tide,
And all Things ſeem'd to move on every Side.

Like a Muſket Bullet under the Fore-finger, the Middle-finger being lapp'd over it, which feels ſo like Two, that a Man will have much ado to perſuade himſelf there is but One; the End of the two Fingers feeling each of them one at the ſame Time. For that the *Senſes* are very often Maſters of our *Reaſon*, and conſtrain it to receive Impreſſions which it judges and knows to be falſe, is frequently ſeen. I ſet aſide the Senſe of *Feeling*, that has its Functions nearer, more lively and ſubſtantial; that ſo often by the Effect of the Pains it helps the Body to, ſubverts and overthrows all thoſe fine Stoical Reſolutions, and compels him to cry out of his Belly, who has reſolutely eſtabliſh'd this Doctrine in his Soul, that the Colick, and all other Pains and Diſeaſes are indifferent Things, not having the Power to abate any Thing of the Sovereign Felicity, wherein the wiſe Man is ſeated by his Virtue. There is no Heart ſo effeminate, that the Rattle and Sound of our Drums and Trumpets will not inflame with Courage; nor ſo ſullen, that the Harmony of our Muſick will not rouſe and chear; nor ſo ſtubborn a Soul, that will not feel itſelf ſtruck with ſome Reverence, in conſidering the gloomy Vaſtneſs of our Churches, the Variety of Ornaments, and Order of our Ceremonies, and to hear the ſolemn Muſick of our Organs, and the Grace and devout Harmony of our Voices. Even

* *Id. lib.* 4.

those that come in with Contempt feel a certain Shivering in their Hearts, and something of Dread that makes them begin to doubt their Opinions. For my Part, I do not think myself strong enough to hear an Ode of *Horace* or *Catullus* sung by a beautiful young Mouth without Emotion. And *Zeno* had Reason to say, *That the Voice was the Flower of Beauty.* One would once make me believe, that a certain Person, whom all we *Frenchmen* know, had imposed upon me, in repeating some Verses that he had made; that they were not the same upon the Paper that they were in the Air, and that my Eyes would make a contrary Judgment to my Ears: So great a Power has Pronunciation to give Fashion and Value to Works that are left to the Efficacy and Modulation of the Voice. And therefore *Philoxenus* was not so much to blame, hearing one give an ill Accent to some Composition of his, for sparing and breaking certain Earthen Vessels of his, saying, *I break what is thine, because thou corrupteſt what is mine.* To what End did those Men, who have with a positive Resolution destroy'd themselves, turn away their Faces that they might not see the Blow that was by themselves appointed? And that those, who for their Health desire and command Incisions to be made, and Cauteries to be apply'd to them, cannot endure the Sight of the Preparations, Instruments and Operations of the *Chyrurgeon*; being that the Sight is not any Way to participate in the Pain? Are not these proper Examples to verify the Authority the Senses have over the Imagination? 'Tis no much Purpose that we know these Tresses were borrow'd from a *Page*, or a *Lacquey*; that this *Vermillion* came from *Spain*, and this *Ceruss* from the Ocean Sea: Our Sight will nevertheless compel us to confess that Subject more agreeable and more lovely against all Reason. For in this there is nothing of its own.

The Voice the Flower of Beauty.

Auferimur cultu, gemmis, auroque teguntur
Crimina: Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.
Sæpe ubi sit quod ames inter tam multa requiras,
Decipit hac oculos, Ægide, dives amor *.

* *Ovid. de Rem. Amor. l.* 1.

Famili

Faults are with Jewels hid, we're gull'd by Art,
The Girl is of herſelf the ſmalleſt Part;
When 'mongſt ſo many Things, we ſeek for her
We love, our Eyes often deceived are.

What a ſtrange Power do the *Poets* attribute to the Senſes, that make *Narciſſus* ſo deſperately in love with his own Shadow!

Cunctaque miratur, quibus eſt mirabilis ipſe,
Se cupit imprudens, & qui probat, ipſe probatur,
Dumque petit, petitur: Pariterque accendit & ardet *.

Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
And inconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The Praiſes which he gives, his Beauty claim'd,
Who ſeeks, is ſought, th'Enflamer is inflam'd.

And *Pygmalion*'s Judgment, ſo troubled by the Impreſſion of the Sight of his Ivory Statue, that he loves and adores it as if it were a living Woman.

Oſcula dat, reddique putat, ſequiturque tenetque,
Et credit tactis digitos inſidere membris,
Et metuit preſſos veniat ne livor in artus †.

He kiſſes, and believes he's kiſs'd again,
Seizes, and 'twixt his Arms his Love doth ſtrain,
And thinks the poliſh'd Ivory thus held,
Does to his Fingers amorous Preſſure yield,
And has a tender Fear, leſt black and blue
Should in the Parts with Ardour preſs'd enſue.

Let a *Philoſopher* be put into a Cage of ſmall thin ſet Bars of Iron, and hang him on the Top of the high Tower of *Noſtredame* at *Paris*; he will ſee by manifeſt Reaſon, that he cannot poſſibly fall, and yet he will find (unleſs he has been uſed to the Plumbers Trade) that he cannot help, but the exceſſive Height will fright and aſtoniſh him. For we have enough to do to aſſure ourſelves in the *Galleries* of our Steeples, if they are made with Rail and Ballaſter, altho' they are of Stone; and ſome there are that cannot endure ſo much as to think of it. Let there be a Beam thrown

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 3. † *Ibid. l* 10.

over betwixt these two Towers, of Breadth sufficient to walk upon, there is no Philosophical Wisdom so firm that can give us the Courage to walk over it, as we should do upon the Ground. I have often try'd this upon our Mountains in these Parts; and yet I am one who am not the most subject to be afraid, that I was not able to endure to look into that infinite Depth without Horror and Trembling, tho' I stood above my Length from the Edge of the Precipice, and could not have fallen down if I would. Where I also observ'd, that what Height soever the Precipice were, provided there were some Tree, or some Jutting out of a Rock, a little to support and divide the Sight, it a little eases our Fears, and gives greater Assurance; as if they were Things by which in falling we might have some Relief: But that direct Precipices we are not able to look upon without being giddy; *ut despici vertigine simul oculorum animique non possit.* Which is a manifest Imposture of the Sight. And therefore it was that the fine Philosopher put out his own Eyes, to free the Soul from being diverted by them, and that he might philosophize at greater Liberty. But by the same Rule, he should have damm'd up his Ears, that *Theophrastus* says are the most dangerous Instruments about us, for receiving violent Impressions to alter and disturb us; and finally, should have depriv'd himself of all his other Senses, that is to say, of his Life and Being; for they have all the Power to command our Soul and Reason. *Fit etiam sæpe specie quadam, sæpe vocum gravitate & cantibus, ut pellantur animi vehementius: Sæpe etiam cura & timore* *. *For it oft falls out, that the Minds are more vehemently struck by some Sight, by the Quality and Sound of the Voice, or by Singing; and oft-times also by Grief and Fear.* Physicians hold, *that there are certain Complexions that are agitated by the same Sounds and Instruments, even to Fury.* I have seen some, who could not hear a Bone gnaw'd under the Table without Impatience; and there is scarce any Man, who is not disturb'd at the sharp and shrill Noise that the File makes in grating upon the Iron; as also to hear Chewing near them, or to hear any one speak, who has an Impediment in the Throat or Nose, will move some People

* *Cicero de Divin. l.* 1.

even

even to Anger and Hatred. Of what Uſe was that piping Prompter of *Gracchus*, who ſoftned, raiſed and moved his Maſter's Voice, whilſt he declaim'd at *Rome*, if the Movements and Quality of the Sound had not the Power to move and alter the Judgments of the Auditory? In earneſt, there is wonderful Reaſon to keep ſuch a Clutter about the Firmity of this fine Piece, that ſuffers itſelf to be turn'd and twin'd by the motion and Accidents of ſo light a Wind. The ſame Cheat that the Senſes put upon our Underſtanding, they have in turn put upon them. The Soul alſo ſometimes has its Revenge, they lie and contend which ſhould moſt deceive one another. What we ſee and hear when we are tranſported with Paſſion, we neither ſee nor hear as it is.

Et ſolem geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas *.

The *Sun* did ſeem as if two *Suns* it were,
And *Thebes* a double City did appear.

The Object that we love appears to us more beautiful than it really is;

Multimodis igitur pravas, turpeſque videmus,
Eſſe in deliciis, ſummoque in honore vigere †.

Hence 'tis, that ugly Things in fancy'd Dreſs
Seem gay, look fair to Lovers Eyes, and pleaſe.

and that we hate more ugly. To a diſcontented and afflicted Man the Light of the Day ſeems dark and overcaſt. Our Senſes are not only deprav'd, but very often ſtupified by the Paſſions of the Soul. How many Things do we ſee that we do not take notice of, if the Mind be taken up with other Thoughts?

——— *in rebus quoque apertis noſcere poſſis,*
Si non advertas Animum, proinde eſſe, quaſi omni
Tempore ſemotæ fuerint, longeque remotæ ‡.

Nay, even in plaineſt Things, unleſs the Mind
Take heed, unleſs ſhe ſets herſelf to find,
The Thing no more is ſeen, no more belov'd,
Than if the moſt obſcure, and moſt remov'd.

* *Æneid. l.* 10. † *Luc. l.* 4. ‡ *Ibid.*

It appears, that the Soul retires within, and amuses the Powers of the Senses. And so both the inside and the outside of Man is full of Infirmities and Mistakes. They who have compared our Lives to a Dream, were, perhaps, more in the right than they were aware of; when we dream, the Soul lives, works and exercises all its Faculties, neither more nor less than when awake; but more largely and obscurely; yet not so much neither, that the Difference should be as great as betwixt Night and the Meridional Brightness of the Sun, but as betwixt Night and Shade; there she sleeps, here she slumbers: but whether more or less, 'tis still dark, and *Cymmerian* Darkness. We wake sleeping, and sleep waking. I do not see so clearly in my sleep; but as to my being awake, I never found it clear enough, and free from Clouds. Moreover, Sleep, when it is profound, sometimes rocks even Dreams themselves asleep, but our waking is never so sprightly, that it does rightly and as it should, purge and dissipate those Ravings and Whimsies, which are waking Dreams, and worse than Dreams. Our Reason and Soul receiving those Fancies and Opinions that come in Dreams, and authorizing the Actions of our Dreams with the like Approbation that they do those of the Day; wherefore do we not doubt, whether our Thought and Action is another sort of Dreaming, and our Waking a certain kind of Sleep? If the Senses be our first Judges, it is not ours that we are to consult; For in Faculty, Beasts have as great, far greater Right than we. It is certain that some of them have the sense of hearing more quick than Man; others that of seeing, others that of feeling, others that of touch and taste. *Democritus* said, *that the Gods and* Brutes *had the sensitive Faculties more perfect than Man.* But betwixt the Effects of their Senses and ours, the Difference is extreme. Our Spittle cleanses and dries up our Wounds, it kills the Serpent.

The Life of Man compared to a Dream.

Tantaque in his rebus distantia, differitasque est,
Ut quod aliis cibus est, aliis fuit acre venenum.
Sæpe etenim serpens, hominis contacta saliva,
Dispersit, ac sese mandendo conficit ipsa *.

* *Luc. l.* 4.

And

And in thoſe Things the Difference is ſo great,
That what's one's Poiſon is another's Meat;
For Serpents often have been ſeen, 'tis ſaid,
When touch'd with human Spittle to go mad,
And bite themſelves to death.

What Quality do we attribute to our Spittle, either in reſpect to ourſelves, or to the Serpent? By which of the two Senſes ſhall we prove the true Eſſence that we ſeek for? *Pliny* ſays, *that there are certain* Sea-Hares *in the* Indies *that are Poiſon to us; inſomuch, that with the leaſt Touch we kill them.* Which ſhall be truly Poiſon, the Man, or the Fiſh? Which ſhall we believe, the Fiſh of the Man, or the Man of the Fiſh? One Quality of the Air infects a Man, that does the Ox no harm; ſome other infects the Ox, but hurts not the Man: Which of the Two ſhall, in Truth and Nature, be the peſtilent Quality? To them who have the *Jaundice* all Things ſeem yellow and paler than to us:

Lurida præterea fiunt quæcunque tuentur *
Arquati———

Beſides whatever Jaundice Eyes do view,
Look pale as well as thoſe, and yellow too:
For lurid Parts fly off with nimble Wings,
And meet the diſtant coming Forms of Things:
And others lurk within the Eyes, and ſeize,
And ſtrain with pale the entring Images.

They who are troubled with the Diſeaſe that the Phyſicians call *Hypoſphragma*, which is a Suffuſion of Blood under the Skin, ſee all Things red and bloody. What do we know, but that theſe Humours, which thus alter the Operations of Sight, predominate over Beaſts, and are uſual with them? For we ſee ſome, whoſe Eyes are yellow, like our People who have the *Jaundice*; and others of a bloody Colour. 'Tis likely, that the Colour of Objects ſeem other to them than to us: Which of the Two ſhall make a right Judgment? For, it is not ſaid, that the Eſſence of Things have a Relation to Man only; Hardneſs, Whiteneſs, Depth

* *Lucr. l.* 4.

and

and Sharpness have Reference to the Service and Knowledge of Animals as well as to us; and *Nature* has equally design'd them for their Use. When we press down the Eye, the Body that we look upon we perceive to be longer and more extended; many Beasts have their Eyes so prest down: This Length therefore is, perhaps, the true Form of that Body, and not that which our Eyes give it in the usual State. If we close the lower Part of the Eye, Things appear double to us.

Bina Lucernarum florentia lumina Flammis,
Et duplices hominum facies, & corpora bina *.

One Lamp seems two, and each Man does appear
Upon a double Bulk two Heads to bear.

If our Ears be hindred, or the Passage stopp'd with any Thing, we receive the Sound quite otherwise than we usually do; the Animals likewise, who have either the Ears hairy, or but a very little Hole instead of an Ear, do not consequently hear as we do; but another Kind of Sound. We see at *Festivals* and *Theatres*, that opposing a painted Glass of a certain Colour to the Light of the *Flambeaus*, all Things in the Room appear to us Green, Yellow, or Violet.

Et vulgo faciunt id lutea, russaque vela,
Et furruginea, cum magnis intenta Theatris
Per malos vulgata trabesque trementia pendent:
Namque ibi concessum caveai subter, & omnem
Scenai speciem, patrum matrumque deorumque
Inficiunt, cogantque suo volitare colore †.

Thus when pale Curtains, or the deeper red,
O'er all the spacious Theatre are spread,
Which mighty Masts and sturdy Pillars bear,
And the loose Curtains wanton in the Air;
Whole Streams of Colours from the Top do flow,
The Rays divide them in their Passage thro',
And stain the Scenes, and Men and Gods below.

'Tis likely that the Eyes of Animals, which we see to be of divers Colours, do produce the Appearance of Bodies the same with their Eyes. We should therefore, to make

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Ibid.*

a right

a right Judgment of the Operations of the Senſes, be firſt agreed with Beaſts, and ſecondly, amongſt ourſelves, which we by no Means are, but enter at every Turn into Diſpute; foraſmuch as one hears, ſees, or taſtes ſomething otherwiſe than another does, and conteſts as much as upon any other Thing of the Diverſity of the Images that the Senſes repreſent to us. A Child, by the ordinary Rule of Nature, hears, ſees and taſtes otherwiſe than a Man of Thirty Years old, and he than one of Threeſcore. The Senſes are in ſome, more obſcure and duſky, and more open and quick in others; and we receive Things variouſly according as we are, and accordingly as they appear to us. Now our Perception being ſo uncertain and uncontroverted, it is no more a Wonder if we are told, that we may declare that Snow appears white to us, but that to affirm that it is in its own Eſſence really ſo, is more than we are able to juſtify: And this Foundation being ſhaken, all the Knowledge in the World muſt of Neceſſity fall to Ruin. What, do our Senſes themſelves hinder one another? A Picture ſeems raiſed and emboſſed to the Sight, in the handling it ſeems flat to the Touch: Shall we ſay, that Muſk, which delights the Smell, and is offenſive to the Taſte, is agreeable or no? There are *Herbs* and *Unguents*, proper for one Part of the Body, that are hurtful to another: Honey is pleaſant to the Taſte, but offenſive to the Sight. They, who to aſſiſt their Luſt, uſed in ancient Times to make uſe of magnifying Glaſſes, to repreſent the Members they were to employ, bigger, by that ocular Tumidity, to pleaſe themſelves the more; to which of their Senſes did they give the Prize, whether to the Sight, that repreſents the Members as large and great as they would deſire; or to their Feeling, which repreſents them little and contemptible? Are they our Senſes that ſupply the ſubject with theſe different Conditions, and have the Subjects themſelves nevertheleſs but one? As we ſee in the Bread we eat, it is nothing but Bread, but by being eaten, it becomes Bones, Blood, Fleſh Hair and Nails.

Ut cibus in membra atque artus cum diditur omnes
Diſperit, atque aliam naturam ſufficit ex ſe *.

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* *Id. lib.* 3.

As

As Meat, diffus'd thro' all the Members, loſe
Their former Nature, and different Things compoſe.

The Humidity ſuck'd up by the Root of a Tree, becomes Trunk, Leaf and Fruit: And the Air being but one, is modulated in a Trumpet to a Thouſand ſorts of Sounds. Are they our Senſes, I would fain know, that in like Manner form theſe ſubjects into ſo many divers Qualities, or have they them really ſuch in themſelves? And upon this Doubt, what can we determine of their true Eſſence? Moreover, ſince the Accidents of Diſeaſes, of Raving, or Sleep make Things appear otherwiſe to us than they do to the Healthful, the Wiſe, and thoſe that are awake: Is it not likely, that our right Poſture of Health and Underſtanding, and our natural Humours, have alſo wherewith to give a Being to Things that have a relation to their own Condition, and accommodate them to themſelves, as well as when they are diſorder'd; and our Health as capable of giving them an Aſpect as Sickneſs? Why has not the Temperate a certain Form of Objects relative to it as well as the Intemperate? and why may it not as well ſtamp it with its own Character as the other? He whoſe Mouth is out of Taſte, ſays the Wine is flat? the healthful Man commends its Flavour, and the Thirſty its Briſkneſs. Now our Condition always accommodating Things to itſelf, and tranſforming them according to its own Poſture, we cannot know what Things truly are in themſelves, being that nothing comes to us but what is falſified and altered by the Senſes. Where the *Compaſs*, the *Square*, and the *Rule* are crooked, all Propoſitions drawn from thence, and all Building erected by thoſe Guides, muſt of Neceſſity be alſo defective. The Incertainty of our Senſes renders every Thing uncertain that they produce.

Denique ut in fabrica, ſi prava eſt regula prima,
Normaque ſi fallax rectis regionibus exit,
Et libella aliqua ſi ex parte claudicat hilum,
Omnia mendoſe fieri, atque obſtipa neceſſum eſt,
Prava, cubantia, prona, ſupina, atque abſona tecta,
Jam ruere ut quædam videantur velle ruantque
Prodita judiciis fallacibus omnia primis:
Hic igitur ratio tibi rerum prava neceſſe eſt,
Falſaque ſit falſis quæcunque à ſenſibus orta eſt *.

* *Id. l.* 4.

But

But laſtly, as in Building, if the Line,
Be not exact and ſtrait, the Rule decline,
Or Level falſe, how vain is the Deſign;
Uneven, an ill-ſhap'd, and tottering Wall
Muſt riſe, this Part muſt ſink, that Part muſt fall,
Becauſe the Rules were falſe that faſhion'd all:
Thus Reaſon's Rules are falſe, if all commence,
And riſe from failing, and from erring Senſe.

As to what remains, who can be fit to judge of, and to determine thoſe Differences? As we ſay in Controverſies of Religion, that we muſt have a Judge, neither inclining to the one ſide nor the other, free from all Choice and Affection, which cannot be amongſt Chriſtians; juſt ſo it falls out in this; for if he be old, he cannot judge of the Senſe of old Age, being himſelf a Party in the Caſe: If young, there is the ſame Exception; if healthful, ſick, aſleep, or awake, he is ſtill the ſame incompetent Judge: We muſt have ſome one exempt from all theſe Propoſitions, as of Things indifferent to him; and by this Rule we muſt have a Judge that never was. To judge of the Appearances that we receive of Subjects, we ought to have a deciding Inſtrument, to prove this Inſtrument we muſt have Demonſtration, to verify this Demonſtration, an Inſtrument, and here we are upon the Wheel. Seeing the Senſes cannot determine our Diſpute, being full of Incertainty themſelves, it muſt then be Reaſon that muſt do it; but no Reaſon can be erected upon any other Foundation than that of another Reaſon, and ſo we run back to all Infinity. Our Fancy does not apply itſelf to Things that are ſtrange, but is conceiv'd by the Mediation of the Senſes, and Senſes do not comprehend a Foreign Subject, but only their own Paſſions, by which Means Fancy and Appearance are no Part of the Subject, but only of the Paſſion and Sufferance of Senſe, which Paſſion and Subject are different Things; wherefore, whoever judges by Appearances, judges by another Thing than the Subject. And to ſay, that the Paſſion of the Senſes convey to the Soul the Quality of ſtrange Subjects by Reſemblance; how can the Soul and Underſtanding be aſſur'd of this Reſemblance, having of itſelf no Commerce with foreign Subjects? As they who never knew *Socrates*, cannot, when they ſee his Picture, ſay it is like him.

him. Now, whoever would notwithstanding judge by Appearances, if it be by all, it is impossible, because they hinder one another by their Contrarieties and Discrepancies, as we by Experience see. Shall some select Appearances govern the rest? You must verify this Select by another Select, the second by the third, and consequently there will never be any End to it. Finally, there is no constant Existence neither of the Objects Being, nor our own. Both we, and our Judgments, and all mortal Things, are evermore incessantly running and rowling, and consequently, nothing certain can be establish'd from the one to the other, both the Judging and the Judged being in a continual Motion and Mutation: We have no Communication with *Being*, by reason that all human Nature is always in the midst, betwixt being born and dying, giving but an obscure Appearance and Shadow, a weak and uncertain Opinion of itself. And if, perhaps, you fix your Thought to apprehend your Being, it would be but like grasping Water, for the more you clutch your Hand to squeeze and hold what is in its own Nature flowing, so much more you lose of what you would grasp and hold: So seeing that all things are subject to pass from one Change to another, Reason, that there looks for a real Substance, finds itself deceiv'd, not being able to apprehend any Thing that is subsistent and permanent, because that every Thing is either entring into Being, and is not yet wholly arriv'd at it, or begins to die before it is born. *Plato* said, *That Bodies had never any Existence, but only Birth; conceiving, that* Homer *had made the Ocean, and* Thetis, *Father and Mother of the* Gods, *to shew us, that all Things are in a perpetual Fluctuation, Motion and Variation; the Opinion of all the Philosophers,* as he says *before his Time,* Parmenides *only excepted, who would not allow Things to have Motion,* on the Power whereof he sets a mighty Value. *Pythagoras* was of Opinion, *That all* Matter *was flowing and unstable:* The *Stoicks, That there is no Time present, and that what we call so, is nothing but the Juncture and Meeting of the Future and past.* Heraclitus, *That never any Man entred twice into the same River:* Epicharmus, *That who borrow'd Money but an Hour ago, does not owe it now; and, that he, who was invited overnight to come the next Day to Dinner, comes nevertheless uninvited, considering, that they are no more the same Men,*

but

but are become others; and that there could not a Mortal Substance be found twice in the same Condition: For, by the Suddenness and Quickness of the Change, it one while dispersses, and another resembles; it comes and goes after such a Manner, that what begins to be born never arrives to the Perfection of Being; forasmuch as that Birth is never finish'd and never stays, as being at an End, but from the Seed is evermore changing and shifting one to another. As human Seed is first in the Mother's Womb made a formless Embryo, *after delivered thence, a sucking Infant; afterwards it becomes a Boy, then a middle-aged Man, and at last a decrepid old Man. So that Age and subsequent Generation is always destroying and spoiling that which went before.*

Mutat enim Mundi naturarum totius ætas,
Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet,
Nec manet illa sui similis res, omnia migrant,
Omnia commutat natura, & vertere cogit *.

For Time the Nature of the World translates,
And gives all Things new from preceeding States:
Nought like itself remains, but all do range,
And Nature forces every Thing to change.

And yet we foolishly fear one Kind of Death, whereas we have already pass'd, and do daily pass so many other. *For not only,* as *Heraclitus* said, *the Death of the Fire is the Generation of Water:* But moreover, we may more manifestly discern it in ourselves: The Flower of Youth dies, and passes away when Age comes on; and Youth is terminated in the Flower of Age of a full grown Man; Infancy in Youth, and the first Age dies in Infancy: Yesterday died into To-Day, and To-day will die into To-morrow; and there is nothing that remains in the same State, or that is always the same Thing. And that it is so, let this be the Proof; If we are always one and the same, how comes it then to pass, that we are now pleased with one Thing, and by and by with another? How comes it to pass that we love contrary Things, that we praise or condemn them? How comes it to pass that we have different Affections, and no more retain the same Sentiment in the same Thought? For it is not likely that without Mutation we should assume

* *Idem. l.* 5.

other

other Passions; and that which suffers Mutation does not remain the same, and if it be not the same, it is not at all: But the same that the Being is, does, like it, unknowingly change and alter, becoming evermore another from another Thing: And consequently the natural Senses abuse and deceive themselves, taking that which seems, for that which is, for want of well knowing what that which is, is. But what is it then that truly is? That which is eternal: that is to say, that never had Beginning, nor never shall have Ending, and to which Time can bring no Mutation. For *Time* is a mobile Thing, and that appears as in a Shadow, with a Matter evermore flowing and running, without ever remaining stable and permanent: And to which belong those Words, before and after, has been, or shall be: Which at the first Sight evidently shew, that it is not a Thing that is; and it were a great Folly, and an apparent Falsity, to say that that is, which is not yet in being, or that has already ceased to be. And as to these Words, *Present*, *Instant* and *Now*, by which it seems that we principally support and found the Intelligence of *Time*, Reason discovering, does presently destroy it; for it immediately divides and splits it into the *Future* and *Past*, being of Necessity to consider it divided in two. The same happens to *Nature*, that is measur'd, as to Time that measures it; for she has nothing more subsisting and permanent than the other, but all Things are either born, bearing, or dying. By which Means it were a sinful Saying to say of *God*, Who is He who only *is*, *that He was*, or *that He shall be*: For those are Terms of Declension, Transportation and Vicissitude, of what cannot continue, or remain in *Being*. Wherefore we are to conclude, *That* God *only is, not according to any Measure of Time, but according to an immutable and an immoveable Eternity, not measur'd by Time, nor subject to any Declension: Before whom nothing was, and after whom nothing shall be, either more new, or more recent, but a real Being, that with one Sole* Now *fills the* for ever, *and that there is nothing that truly is, but he alone; without being able to say, He has been, or shall be, without Beginning, and without End.* To this Religious Conclusion of a Pagan, I shall only add this Testimony of one of the same Condition, for the Close of this long and

Time a moving thing without Permanency.

and tedious Discourse, which would furnish me with endless Matter. *What a vile and abject Thing*, says he, *is Man, if he do not raise himself above Humanity?* 'Tis a good Word and a profitable Desire, but withal absurd; for to make the Handle bigger than the Hand, and the Cubit longer than the Arm, and to hope to stride further than our Legs can reach, is both impossible and monstrous; or that Man should rise above himself and Humanity: For he cannot see but with his Eyes, nor seize but with his Power. He shall be exalted, if *God* will lend him his extraordinary Hand; he shall exalt himself, by abandoning and renouncing his own proper Means, and by suffering himself to be raised and elevated by Means purely cœlestial; it belongs to our Christian Faith, and not to the Stoical Virtue, to pretend to that divine and miraculous *Metamorphosis*.

CHAP. XIII.

Of judging of the Death of another.

WHEN we judge of another's Constancy and Courage in Dying, which, without Doubt, is the most remarkable Action of human Life, we are to take notice of one Thing, which is, that Men very hardly believe themselves to be arriv'd to that Period. Few Men die in an Opinion that it is their last Hour, and there is nothing wherein the Flattery of Hopes does more delude us. It never ceases to whisper in our Ears, others have been much sicker without dying; my Condition is not so desperate as 'tis thought, and at the worst, *God* has done other Miracles. Which happens by reason that we set too much Value upon ourselves. It seems as if the Universality of Things were in some measure to suffer by our Dissolution, and that it did commiserate our Condition. Forasmuch as our deprav'd Sight represents Things to itself after the same Manner, and that we are of Opinion they stand in as much need of us as we do of them? Like

No very resolute Assurance at the Article of Death.

People at Sea, to whom Mountains, Fields, Cities, Heaven and Earth are tossed at the same rate they are:

Provehimur portu, terræque, urbesque recedunt *.

Out of the Port with a brisk Gale we speed,
And making Way, Cities and Lands recede.

Whoever saw old Age that did not applaud the past, and condemn the present Time, laying the Fault of his Misery and Discontent upon the World, and the Manners of Men?

Jamque caput quassans grandis suspirat arator,
Et cum tempora, temporibus præsentia confert
Præteritis, laudat fortunas sæpe parentis,
Et crepat antiquum genus ut pietate repletum †.

Now the old Ploughman sighs and shakes his Head,
And present Times comparing with those fled,
His Predecessors Happiness does praise,
And the great Piety of that old Race.

We will make all Things to go along with us; whence it follows, that we consider our *Death* as a very great Thing, and that does not so easily pass, nor without the solemn Consultation of the Stars: *Tot circa unum Caput tumultuantes Deos*, and so much the more think it, as we more value ourselves. *What! shall so much Knowledge be lost, with so much Damage to the World, without a particular Concern of the Destinies? Does so rare and exemplary a Soul cost no more the killing than one that is mean, and of no Use to the Publick? This Life that protects so many others, upon which so many other Lives depend, that employs so vast a Number of Men in his Service, and that fills so many Places, shall it drop off like one that hangs but by its own single Thread?* None of us lays it enough to Heart, that we are but one. Thence proceeded these Words of *Cæsar* to his Pilot, more tumid then the Sea that threatned him.

——Italiam si cælo authore recusas,
Me pete: Sola tibi causa hæc est justa timoris,
Victorem non nosce tuum, perrumpe procellas
Tutela secure mei —— ‡.

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* *En. l.* 3. † *Lucret. l.* 1. ‡ *Ibid.*

If thou to ſail to *Italy* decline
Under the Gods Protection, truſt to mine;
The only juſt Cauſe that thou haſt to fear,
Is that thou doſt not know thy Paſſenger;
But I being now aboard, ſlight *Neptune*'s Braves,
And fearleſsly cut thro' the ſwelling Waves.

And theſe,

——— *credit jam digna pericula Cæſar*
Fatis eſſe ſuis, tantuſque evertere (dixit)
Me ſuperis labor eſt, parva quam puppe ſedentem,
Tam magno petiere mari ———

Theſe Dangers worthy of his Deſtiny,
Cæſar did now believe, and then did cry,
What, is it for the *Gods* a Taſk ſo great
To overthrow me, that to do the Feat,
In a poor little Bark they muſt be fain
Here to ſurprize me on the ſwelling Main?

The Sun's Mourning for the Death of Cæſar.

And that Idle Fancy of the Publick, that the Sun carry'd in his Face the Mourning for his Death a whole Year,

Ille etiam extincto miſeratus Cæſare Romam,
Cum caput obſcura nitidum ferrugine texit *.

And pitying *Rome*, Great *Cæſar* being dead,
In mourning Clouds *Sol* veil'd his ſhining Head.

and a Thouſand of the like; wherewith the World ſuffers itſelf to be ſo eaſily impoſed upon, believing that our Intereſts alter the Heavens, and that they are concern'd at our ordinary Actions. *Non tanta Cælo ſocietas nobiſcum eſt, ut noſtro fato mortalis ſit illi quoque ſiderum fulgor* †. *There is no ſuch Alliance betwixt us and Heaven, that the Brightneſs of the Stars ſhould be made mortal by our Death.* Now to judge of the Conſtancy and Reſolution in a Man that does not yet believe himſelf to be certainly in Danger, tho' he really is, is no Reaſon; and 'tis not enough that he dies in this Poſture, unleſs he did purpoſely put himſelf into it for this Effect. It moſt commonly falls out in moſt Men, that

* *Virg. Geor. l.* 1.

† *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l.* 2. *cap.* 8.

they set a good Face upon the Matter, and speak with great Indifferency to acquire Reputation, which they hope afterward living to enjoy. Of all that I have seen die, Fortune has disposed their Countenances, and no Design of theirs; and even of those who in ancient Times have made away themselves, there is much to be consider'd, whether it was a sudden, or a lingring Death. That cruel *Roman* Emperor would say of his Prisoners, *That he would make them feel Death*, and if any one kill'd himself in Prison, *That Fellow has made an Escape from me:* He would say he would spin out Death, and make it felt by Torments.

Vidimus & toto quamvis in Corpore cæso,
Nil animæ lethale datum moremque nefandæ
Durum sævitiæ percunctis parcere morti *.

And in tormented Bodies we have seen
Amongst those Wounds none that have mortal been,
Inhuman Method of dire Cruelty,
That means to kill; yet will not let Men die.

In plain Truth, it is no such great Matter for a Man in Health and in a temperate State of Mind, to resolve to kill himself; it is very easy to give ill Signs before one comes to the Push; Insomuch that *Heliogabalus*, the most effeminate Man in the World, amongst his most sensual Pleasures, could forecast to make himself die delicately, when he should be forc'd thereto. And *that his Death might not give the Lye to the rest of his Life, had purposely built a sumptuous Tower, the Front and Base whereof was cover'd and laid with Planks enrich'd with Gold and precious Stones, thence to precipitate himself; and also caused Cords, twisted with Gold and Crimson Silk, to be made, wherewith to strangle himself; and a Sword, with the Blade of Gold, to be hammer'd out to fall upon: And kept Poison in Vessels of* Emerald *and* Topaz, *wherewith to poison himself, according as he should like to choose one of these Ways of dying.*

Impiger, & fortis virtute coacta †.

By a forc'd Valour, resolute and brave.

Yet, for so much as concerns this Person, the Effeminacy of his Preparations make it more likely that he would have

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* *Lucan. l.* 2. † *Id. l.* 4.

thought

thought better on't, had he been put to the Teſt. But in thoſe who with great Reſolution have determined to diſpatch themſelves, we muſt examine, whether it were with one Blow which took away the Leiſure of feeling the Effect: For it is to be queſtioned, whether perceiving Life by little and little to ſteal away, the Sentiment of the Body mixing itſelf with that of the Soul, and the Means of repenting being offered, whether, I ſay, Conſtancy and Obſtinacy in ſo dangerous a Will is to be found. In the Civil Wars of *Cæſar*, *Lucius Domitius* being taken in *Pruſſia*, and thereupon poiſoning himſelf, afterward repented. It has happened in our Time, that a certain Perſon being reſolved to die, and not having gone deep enough at the firſt Thruſt, the Senſibility of the Fleſh oppoſing his Arm, gave himſelf three or four Wounds more, but could never prevail upon himſelf to thruſt home. Whilſt *Plantius Sylvanus* was upon his Trial, *Virgulantia*, his Grand-mother, ſent him a Poinard, with which, not being able to kill himſelf, he made his Servants to cut his Veins. *Albucilla*, in *Tiberius*'s Time, having, to kill himſelf, ſtruck with too much Tenderneſs, gave his Adverſaries Opportunity to impriſon and put him to Death their own Way: And that great Leader, *Demoſthenes*, after his Rout in *Sicily*, did the ſame; and *C. Pimbria*, having ſtruck himſelf too weakly, intreated his Servant to diſpatch and to kill him outright. On the contrary, *Oſtorius*, who could not make uſe of his own Arm, diſdain'd to employ that of his Servant to any other Uſe, but only to hold the Poinard ſtraight and firm; and running his Breaſt full drive againſt it, thruſt him thro'. 'Tis, in Truth, a Morſel that is to be ſwallow'd without chewing, unleſs a Man be thoroughly reſolv'd; and yet *Adrian*, the Emperor, made his *Phyſician* mark and encircle in his Pap the Mortal Place wherein he was to ſtab, to him he had given Order to kill him. For this Reaſon it was, that *Cæſar* being ask'd *what Death he thought to be the moſt deſir'd?* made anſwer, *The leaſt premeditated, and the ſhorteſt.* If *Cæſar* dar'd to ſay it, it is no Cowardize in me to believe it. *A ſhort Death*, ſays *Pliny*, *is the Sovereign good Hap of Human Life.* They do not much care to diſcover it. No one can ſay, that he is reſolv'd for Death, who fears to triſle with it, and that cannot undergo it with his Eyes open. They that we ſee in exemplary Puniſh-

ments run to their Death, haſten and preſs their Execution, do it not out of Reſolution, but they will not give themſelves Leiſure to conſider it; it does not trouble them to be dead, but to die.

Emori nolo, ſed me eſſe mortuum nihili æſtimo.*

'I would not die, but care not to be dead.

'Tis a Degree of Conſtancy, which I have experimented, that I can arrive to do like thoſe who plunge themſelves into Dangers, as into the Sea, with their Eyes ſhut. There is nothing, in my Opinion, more illuſtrious in the Life of *Socrates*, than that he had Thirty whole Days wherein to ruminate upon the Sentence of his Death; to have digeſted it all that Time with a moſt aſſured Hope, without Care, and without Alteration, and with Words and Actions, rather careleſs and indifferent, than any way ſtirr'd or diſcompoſed by the Weight of ſuch a Thought. That *Pomponius Atticus*, to whom *Cicero* writes ſo oft, being ſick, cauſed *Agrippa*, his Son-in-Law, and two or three more of his Friends, to be called to him, and told them, *That having found all Means practiſed upon him for his Recovery to be in vain, and that all he did to prolong his Life did alſo prolong and augment his Pain; he was reſolv'd to put an End both to the one and the other, deſiring them to approve of his Deliberation, or at leaſt, not to loſe their Labour in endeavouring to diſſuade him.* Now, having choſen to deſtroy himſelf by Abſtinence, his Diſeaſe was thereby accidentally cured, and the Remedy he made uſe of wherewith to kill himſelf, reſtored him to his perfect Health. His *Phyſicians* and Friends rejoicing at ſo happy an Event, and coming to congratulate him, found themſelves very much deceiv'd, it being impoſſible for them to make him alter his Purpoſe; he telling them, *that he muſt one Day die, and that being now ſo far on his Way, he would ſave himſelf the Labour of beginning again another time.* This Man having diſcover'd Death at Leiſure, was not only not diſcouraged at the Approach of it, but provok'd it: For being ſa-

The conſtant and reſolute Death of Socrates.

The Death of Pomponius Atticus *by Faſting.*

* *Cicero Tuſc. lib.* 1.

tisfied

tisfied that he had engaged in the Combat, he consider'd it as a Piece of Bravery, and that he was oblig'd in Honour to see the End. 'Tis far beyond not fearing Death, to taste and relish it. The Story of the Philosopher *Cleanthes* is very like this. *He had his Gums swell'd and rotten; his* Physicians *advised him to great Abstinence: Having fasted Two Days, he was so much better, that they pronounced him cured, and permitted him to his ordinary Course of Diet: He, on the contrary, already tasting some Sweetness in this Faintness of his, would not be persuaded to go back, but resolv'd to proceed, and to finish what he had so far advanc'd. Tullius Marcellinus*, a young Man of *Rome*, having a Mind to anticipate the Hour of his Destiny, to be rid of a Disease that was more Trouble to him than he was willing to endure; tho' his *Physicians* assur'd him of a certain, tho' not sudden Cure, called a Council of his Friends to consult about it; *of which, some*, says *Seneca, gave him the Counsel, which out of Unmanliness they would have taken themselves; others, out of Flattery, such as they thought he would best like:* But a *Stoick* said thus to him; *Do not concern thyself*, Marcellinus, *as if thou didst delibrate of a Thing of Importance; 'tis no great Matter to live; thy Servants and Beasts live; but it is a great Thing to die handsomely, wisely, and constantly: Do but think how long thou hast done the same Thing, eat, drink and sleep, drink, sleep and eat. We incessantly wheel in the same Circle: Not only ill and insupportable Accidents, but even the Satiety of Living, inclines a Man to desire to die. Marcellinus* did not stand in need of a Man to advise, but of a Man to assist him; his Servants were afraid to meddle in the Business: But this *Philosopher* gave them to understand, *that Domesticks are suspected, even when it is in doubt, whether the Death of the Master were voluntary, or no; otherwise, that it would be of as ill Example to hinder him, as to kill him forasmuch as,*

Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti *.

Who makes a Man to live against his Will,
As cruel is, as if he did him kill.

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* *Horat. in Art. Poet.*

He afterwards told *Marcellinus*, *that it would not be indecent, as the Remainder of Tables, when we have done, is given to the Assistants; so Life being ended, to distribute something to those who have been our Servants.* Now *Marcellinus* was of a free and liberal Spirit; he therefore divided a certain Sum of Money amongst his Attendants, and comforted them. As to the rest, he had no Need of Steel, nor of Blood. He was resolv'd to go out of this Life, and not to run out of it; not to escape from Death, but to essay it. And to give himself Leisure to trifle with it, having forsaken all Manner of Nourishment, the third Day following, after having caused himself to be sprinkled with warm Water, he fainted by Degrees, and not without some Kind of Pleasure, as he himself declar'd. In earnest, such as have been acquainted with these Faintings, proceeding from Weakness, do say, that they are therein sensible of no Manner of Pain, but rather feel a Kind of Delight, as in a Passage to Sleep and Rest. These are study'd and digested Deaths. But to the End that *Cato* only may furnish out the whole Example of Virtue, it seems as if his good Destiny had put his ill one into his Hand, with which he gave himself the Blow; seeing he had the Leisure to confront and struggle with Death, reinforcing his Courage in the greatest Danger, instead of letting it go less. And if I had been to represent him in his Supreme Station, I should have done it in the Posture of tearing out his bloody Bowels, rather than with his Sword in his Hand, as did the Statuaries of his Time: For this second Murther was much more furious than the First.

Death bravely confronted by Cato.

CHAP. XIV.

That the Mind hinders itself.

'TIS a pleasant Imagination to fancy a Mind exactly balanced betwixt two equal Desires: For doubtless it can never pitch upon either, forasmuch as the Choice and Application would manifest an Inequality of Esteem; and were we set betwixt the Bottle and the Ham with an equal Appetite

Appetite to drink and eat, there would doubtless be no Remedy, but we must die for Thirst and Hunger. To provide against this Inconvenience, the *Stoicks*, when they are ask'd *whence this Election in the Soul of two different Things does proceed (and that makes us out of a great Number of Crowns rather take one than another, there being no Reason to incline us to such a Preference?)* make answer, *That this Movement of the Soul is extraordinary and irregular, that it enters into us by a strange, accidental and fortuitous Impulse.* It might rather, methinks, be said, that nothing presents itself to us wherein there is not some Difference, how little soever; and that either by the Sight or Touch there is always some Choice, that, tho' it be imperceptibly, tempts and attracts us. Whoever likewise shall presuppose a Packthread equally strong throughout, it is utterly impossible it should break; for, where will you have the Breaking to begin? And that it should break altogether, is not in Nature. Whoever also should hereunto join the *Geometrical* Propositions, that by the Certainty of their Demonstrations conclude the Contained to be greater than the Containing, the Center also to be as great as the Circumference, and that find out two Lines incessantly approaching each other, and that yet can never meet; and the *Philosopher*'s Stone, and the *Quadrature* of a *Circle*, where the Reason and Effect are so opposite; might, peradventure, find some Argument to second this bold Saying of *Pliny*, *Solum certum nihil est certi, & homine nihil miserius aut superbius* *. *That it is only certain, there is nothing certain; and that nothing is more miserable, or more proud than Man.*

CHAP. XV.

That our Desires are augmented by Difficulty.

THere is no Reason that has not his Contrary, say the wisest of *Philosophers*, which puts me upon ruminating on the excellent Sayings one of the Ancients alledges

* *Plin. l. 2. c. 7.*

for

for the Contempt of Life; *No Gold can bring Pleasure, if not that for the Loss of which we are before-hand prepared: In æquo est dolor amissæ rei, & timor amittendæ**, *The Grief of losing a Thing, and the Fear of losing it, are equal.* Meaning by that, that the Fruition of Life cannot be truly pleasant to us, if we are in Fear of losing it. It might, however, be said on the contrary, that we hug and embrace this Good by so much the more tenderly, and with so much greater Affection, by how much we see it the less assur'd, and fear to have it taken from us; for as it is evident, that Fire burns with greater Fury when Cold comes to mix with it, so our Wills are more obstinate by being opposed:

Si nunquam Danaen *habuisset ahenea turris,*
Non esset Danae *de Jove facta parens* †.
A brazen Tow'r if *Danae* had not had,
She ne'er by *Jove* had been a Mother made.

And that there is nothing naturally contrary to our Taste but Satiety, which proceeds from Facility; nor any Thing that so much whets it as Rarity and Difficulty. *Omnium rerum voluptas ipso quo debet fugare periculo crescit* ‡. *The Pleasure of all Things increases by the same Danger that should deter it.*

Galla nega, satiatur amor nisi gaudia torquent ‖.

Galla deny, be not too eas'ly gain'd,
For Love will glut with Joys too soon obtain'd.

To keep Love in Breath, *Lycurgus* made a Decree, that the marry'd People of *Lacedæmonia* should never enjoy one another but by stealth; and that it should be as great a Shame to be taken in Bed together, as committing with others. The Difficulty of Assignations, the Danger of Surprize, and the Shame of the Morning.

Et languor, & silentium,
Et latere petitus imo spiritus §.

The Languor, Silence, and the far-fetch'd Sighs,
That fearing to be heard do trembling rise.

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* *Sen. Ep.* 98. † *Ovid. Am. lib.* 2. *El.* 19.
‡ *Sen. de Ben. lib.* 7. *cap.* 9. ‖ *Mart. lib.* 4. *Epig.* 38.
§ *Hor. Ep.* 11.

These

These are they that give the *Haut-gout* to the Sawce. How many very wantonly pleasant Plays are made from the cleanly and modest Way of speaking of the Works of Love? Even Pleasure itself would be heightned with Pain. It is much sweeter when it smarts, and has the Skin rippled. The Courtezan, *Flora*, said, *she never lay with* Pompey, *but she made him wear the Prints of her Teeth.*

Quod petiere, premunt arctè, faciuntque dolorem
Corporis, & dentes incidunt sæpe labellis:
Et stimuli subsunt, qui instigant lædere ad ipsum
Quodcunque est, rabies unde illæ germina surgunt *.

And so it is in every Thing: Difficulty gives all Things their Estimation. Those of the *Marque* of *Ancona* most chearfully make their Vows to St. *James*, and those of *Galicia* to our Lady of *Loretta*; they make wonderful Boasts at *Liege* of the Baths of *Luques*, and in *Tuscany* of those of *Aspa*: There are few *Romans* seen in the Fencing-Schools of *Rome*, which are full of *French*. The Great *Cato* also, as well as we, nauseated his Wife while she was his, and long'd for her when in the Possession of another. I was fain to turn out an old Stallion into the Paddock, being he was vicious and not to be govern'd when he smelt a Mare: The Facility presently sated him, as towards his own, but towards strange Mares, and the first that passed by the Pale of his Pasture, he would again fall to his importunate Neighings, and his furious Heats, as before. Our Appetite contemns, and passes by what it has in Possession, to run after that it has not.

Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat †.

Thou scorn'st that Lass thou mayst with Ease enjoy;
And court'st those that are difficult and coy.

To forbid us any Thing, is to make us have a Mind to't.

——— *nisi tu servare puellam*
Incipis, incipiet desinere esse mea ‡.

If thou no better guard that Girl of thine,
She'll soon begin to be no longer mine.

---

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Hor. Sat.* 2. ‡ *Ovid. Amor. l.* 2. *El.* 19.

To

To give it wholly up to us, is to beget in us Contempt. Want, and Abundance fall into the ſame Inconvenience.

Tibi quod ſupereſt, mihi quod deſit, dolet *,
Thy Superfluities do trouble thee,
And what I want and pant for, trouble me.

Deſire and Fruition do equally afflict us. The Rigours of Miſtreſſes are troubleſome, but Facility, to ſay Truth, is more; foraſmuch as Diſcontent and Anger ſpringing from the Eſteem we have of the Thing deſired, heat and actuate Love; but Satiety begets Diſguſt; 'tis a blunt, dull, ſtupid, tir'd and ſlothful Paſſion.

Si qua volet regnare diu, contemnat amantem.
——— *contemnite amantes,*
Sic hodie venit, ſi qua negavit heri †.
The Lady that would keep her Servant ſtill,
Muſt, in Diſcretion, ſometimes uſe him ill.
And the ſame Policy with Men will do,
If they ſometimes do ſlight their Miſſes too;
By which Means ſhe that Yeſterday ſaid Nay,
Will come and offer up herſelf To-day.

Why did *Poppea* invent the Uſe of a Maſk to hide the Beauties of her Face, but to enhance it to her Lovers! Why have they veil'd, even below the Heels, thoſe Beauties that every one deſires to ſhew, and that every one deſires to ſee? Why do they cover, with ſo many Hinderances one over another, the Parts where our Deſires and their own have their principal Seat? And to what ſerve thoſe great *Baſtian* Farthingals, with which our Ladies fortify their Haunches, but to allure our Appetite, and to draw us on by removing them farther from us?

Et fugit ad ſalices, & ſe cupit ante videri ‡.
And to the Oſiers flies herſelf to hide,
But does deſire to have her Flight deſcry'd.

Interdum tunica duxit operta moram ‖.
Things being laid too open to the Sight,
Do ſometimes put a Stop to the Delight.

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* *Terence.* † *Ovid. Amor.* ‡ *Virg. Ecl.* 3.
‖ *Propert. l.* 2. *Eleg.* 12.

To

To what Use serves the Artifice of this Virgin Modesty? This grave Coldness, this severe Countenance, this Profession to be ignorant of Things that they know better than we who instruct them in them, but to increase in us the Desire to overcome, controul and trample under Foot at Pleasure, all this Ceremony, and all these Obstacles? For there is not only Pleasure, but moreover, Glory, to conquer and debauch that soft Sweetness, and that childish Modesty, and to reduce a cold and Matron-like Gravity to the Mercy of our ardent Desires: *'Tis a Glory*, say they, *to triumph over Modesty, Chastity, and Temperance*; and whoever dissuades Ladies from those Qualities, betray both them and themselves. They are to believe, that their Hearts tremble with Affright, that the very Sound of our Words offend the Purity of their Ears, that they hate us for talking so, and only yield to our Importunity by a compulsive Force. Beauty, as powerful as it is, has not wherewithal to make itself relish'd, without the Mediation of these little Arts; look into *Italy*, where there is the most and the finest Beauty to be sold, how it is nevertheless necessitated to have Recourse to other Means and other Artifices to render itself charming, and in Truth, whatever it may do, being venial and publick, it does not remain feeble and languishing in itself. Even as in Virtue itself, of two like Effects, we notwithstanding look upon that as the best and most worthy, wherein the most Trouble and Hazard is proposed. 'Tis an Effect of the Divine Providence to suffer the *Holy Church* to be afflicted, as we see it, with so many Storms and Troubles, by this Opposition to rouze pious Souls, and to awake them from that drowsy Lethargy whereinto, by so long Tranquility, they had been immerg'd. If we should lay the Loss we have sustained in the Number of those who have gone astray in the Balance, against the Benefit we have had by being again put in Breath, and by having our Zeal and Forces exercised by reason of this Opposition; I know not whether the Utility would not surmount the Damage. We have thought to tie the Nuptial Knot of our Marriages more fast and firm, for having taken away all Means of dissolving it; but the Knot of the Will and Affection is so much the more slackned and made loose, by how much that of Constraint is drawn closer together. And on the contrary, that which kept the *Marriages* at *Rome* so long in

Honour

Honour and Inviolate, was the Liberty every one that would, had to break them. They kept their Wives the better, because they might part with them if they would; and in the full Liberty of *Divorces* they liv'd fifty Years and more, before any one made use on't.

Quod licet, ingratum est, quod non licet, acrius urit.*

What's free we are disgusted at, and slight,
What is forbidden whets the Appetite.

We might here introduce the Opinion of an Ancient upon this Occasion, *That Executions rather whet than blunt the Edge of Vices: That they do not beget the Care of doing well, that being the Work of Reason and Discipline; but only a Care not to be taken in doing ill.*

Latius excisæ pestis contagia serpunt†.

The Plague-sore being launc'd, th'Infection spreads.

I do not know that it is true; but I experimentally know, that never *Civil Government* was by that Means reform'd. The Order and Regiment of Manners depend upon some other Expedient. The *Greek Histories* make mention of the *Agrippians*, Neighbours to *Scythia*, who live either without Rod or Stick to offend; that not only no one attempts to attack them, but whoever can fly thither is safe, by reason of their Virtue and Sanctity of Life, and no one is so bold as there to lay Hands upon them; and they have Applications made to them to determine the Controversies that arise betwixt Men of other Countries. There is a certain Nation, where the Inclosures of Gardens and Fields they would preserve, is made only of a String of Cotton-yarn; and so fenc'd, is more firm and secure than our Hedges and Ditches. *Furem signata solicitant. Aperta effractarius præterit‡. Things seal'd up, invite a Thief. House-breakers pass by open Doors.* Peradventure, the Facility of entring my House, amongst other Things, has been a Means to preserve it from the Violence of our Civil Wars. Defence allures Attempt, and Defiance provokes an Enemy. I enervated the Soldiers Design, by depriving the Exploit of Danger, and all Matter of Military Glory, which is wont to

* *Ovid. Amor. l.* 2 *E.* 19. † *Rutilius in Itinerario*
‡ *Senec. Ep.* 68.

serve

serve them for Pretence and Excuse. Whatever is bravely, is ever honourably done, at a Time when Justice is dead. I render them the Conquest of my House cowardly and base; it is never shut to any one that knocks. My Gate has no other Guard than a Porter, and that of ancient Custom and Ceremony; who does not so much serve to defend it, as to offer it with more Decency, and the better Grace. I have no other *Guard* or *Centinel* than the Stars. A Gentleman would play the Fool to make a Shew of Defence, if he be not really in a Condition to defend himself. He that lies open on one Side, is every where so. Our Ancestors did not think of building frontier Garrisons. The Means of Assaulting, I mean, without Battery, or Army, and of surprizing our Houses, increase every Day above all the Means to guard them. Men's Wits are generally bent that Way. Invasion every one is concern'd in, none but the Rich in Defence. Mine was strong for the Time when it was built, I have added nothing to it of that Kind, and should fear that its Strength should turn against myself; to which we are to consider, that a peaceable Time would require it should be dismantled. There is Danger never to be able to regain it, and it would be very hard to keep. For in intestine Dissentions your Man may be of the Party you fear; and where Religion is the Pretext, even a Man's neareſt Relation becomes unfaithful with a Colour of Justice. The publick *Exchequer* will not maintain our domestick Garrisons; they would exhaust it. We ourselves have not Means to do it without Ruin, or which is more inconvenient and injurious, without ruining the People. As to the rest, you there lose all, and even your Friends will be more ready to accuse your want of Vigilancy, and your Improvidence, than to lament you. That so many garrison'd Houses have been lost, whereas this of mine remains, makes me apt to believe, that they were only lost by being guarded. This gives an Enemy both an Invitation and Colour of Reason. All Defence shews a Face of War. Let who will come to me in God's Name; but I shall not invite them. 'Tis the Retirement I have chosen for my Repose from War. I endeavour to withdraw this Corner from the publick Tempest, as I also do another Corner in my Soul. Our War may put on what Forms it will, multiply and diversify itself into new Parties; for my own Part, I shall not

not budge. Amongst so many garrison'd Houses, I am the only Person of my Condition, that I know of, who have purely intrusted mine to the Protection of Heaven; without removing either Plate, Deeds, or Hangings. I will neither fear, nor save myself by halves. If a full Acknowledgment can acquire the Divine Favour, it will stay with me to the End: If not, I have, however, continued long enough, to render my Continuance remarkable, and fit to be recorded. How? Why I have lived Thirty Years.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Glory.

THere is the Name and the Thing: The Name is a Voice which denotes and signifies the Thing; the Name is no Part of the Thing, or of the Substance; 'tis a Foreign Piece joyn'd to the Thing; and without it, God, who is all Fulness in himself, and the Height of all Perfection cannot augment or add any Thing to himself within; but his Name may be augmented and increased by the Blessing and Praise we attribute to his Exterior Works. Which Praise, seeing we cannot incorporate it in him, forasmuch as he can have no Accession of Good, we attribute it to his Name; which is the Part out of him that is nearest to us. Thus is it, that to *God* alone Glory and Honour appertain; and there is nothing so remote from Reason, as that we should go in quest of it for ourselves; for being indigent and necessitous within, our Essence being imperfect, and having Need of Melioration, 'tis to that that we ought to employ all our Endeavours. We are all hollow and empty: 'Tis not with Wind and Voice that we are to fill ourselves; we want a more solid Substance to repair us: A Man starv'd with Hunger, would be very simple to seek rather to provide himself of a gay Garment than a good Meal: We are to look after that whereof we have most Need. As we have it in our ordinary Prayers, *Gloria in excelsis Deo, in terra pax hominibus*. Glory be to God on high, and on Earth*

* *St. Luke, chap.* 2. Peace,

Peace, &c. We are in great Want of *Beauty*, *Health*, *Wisdom*, *Virtue*, and such like Essential Qualities: Exterior Ornaments should be look'd after when we have made Provision for necessary Things. Divinity treats amply and more pertinently of this Subject, but I am not much vers'd in it. *Chrysippus* and *Diogenus* were the first and the most constant Authors of the Contempt of Glory; and maintain'd, *that amongst all Pleasures, there was none more dangerous, nor more to be avoided, than that which proceeds from the Approbation of others.* And, in Truth, Experience makes us sensible of many very hurtful Treasons in it. There is nothing that so poisons *Princes* as Flattery, nor any Thing whereby wicked Men more easily obtain Credit and Favour with them: Nor Pandarism so proper and usually made use of to corrupt the Chastity of Women, than to wheedle and entertain them with their own Prayers. The first Charm the *Syrens* made use of to allure *Ulysses* is of this Nature;

Deca vers nous, deca ò tres louable Ulysse,
Et le plus grand honeur dont la Greece fleurise *.

To us, noble *Ulysses*, this way, this,
Thou greatest Ornament and Pride of *Greece*.

These *Philosophers* said, *That all the Glory of the World was not worth an understanding Man's holding out his Finger to obtain it*;

Gloria quantalibet quid erit, si Gloria tantum est †?

What's Glory in the high'st Degree,
If it no more but Glory be?

I say for it alone: For it often brings several Commodities along with it, for which it may be justly desir'd: It acquires us Good-will, and renders us less subject and exposed to the Injuries of others, and the like. It was also one of the principal Doctrines of *Epicurus*; for this Precept of his Sect, *Conceal thy Life*, that forbids Men to incumber themselves with Offices and publick Negotiations, does also necessarily presuppose a Contempt of Glory, which is the World's Approbation of those Actions we produce in Pub-

* *Petrarch.* † *Juven. Sat.* 7.

lick. He that bids us conceal ourselves, and to have no other Concern but for ourselves, and that will not have us known to others, would much less have us honour'd and glorify'd. He advises *Idomeneus* also, *not in any sort to regulate his Actions by the common Reputation or Opinion; if not to avoid the other accidental Inconveniences that the Contempt of Men might bring upon him.* Those Discourses are, in my Opinion, very true and rational; but we are, I know not how, double in ourselves, which is the Cause that what we believe we do not believe, and cannot disengage ourselves from what we condemn. Let us see the last and dying Words of *Epicurus*; they are great, and worthy of such a *Philosopher*, and yet they carry some Marks of the Recommendation of his Name, and of that Humour he had decry'd by his Precepts. Here is a Letter that he dictated a little before his last Gasp.

Epicurus *to* Hermachus, *Health.*

WHilst I was passing over the happiest and last Day of my Life, I writ thus; but at the same Time afflicted with such a Pain in my Bladder and Bowels, that nothing can be greater. But it was recompens'd with the Pleasure, the Remembrance of my Inventions and Doctrines suggested to my Soul. Now, as the Affection thou hast ever from thy Infancy borne towards me, and Philosophy does require; take upon thee the Protection of Metrodorus's *Children.*

This is the Letter. And that which makes me interpret, that the Pleasure he says he had in his Soul, concerning his Inventions, has some Reference to the Reputation he hop'd for after his Death, is the Manner of his Will. In which he gives Order, *That* Aminomachus *and* Timocrates, *his Heirs, should every* January *defray the Expence for the Celebration of his Nativity, that* Hermachus *should appoint; and also the Expence that should be made the Twentieth of every Moon in entertaining of the Philosophers, his Friends, who should assemble in Honour of the Memory of him and* Metrodorus. *Carneades* was *Head* of the contrary Opinion; And maintain'd, *that Glory was to be desir'd for itself, even as we embrace our* Posthumes *for themselves, having no Knowledge or Enjoyment of them.* This Opinion was more uni-

versally

verſally follow'd, as thoſe commonly are that are moſt ſuitable to our Inclinations. *Ariſtotle* gives it the firſt Place amongſt eternal Goods; and avoids, as two extreme Vices, the immoderate either ſeeking or evading it. I believe, that if we had the Books *Cicero* has writ upon this Subject, we ſhould there find the Stories; for he was ſo poſſeſſed with this Paſſion, that if he had dar'd, I think he could willingly have fallen into the Exceſs that others did, *That Virtue itſelf was not to be coveted, but upon the Account of the Honour that always attends it.*

Cicero *very ambitious of Glory.*

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus ——— *.

Virtue, if concealed, doth
Little differ from dead Sloth.

Which is an Opinion ſo falſe, that I am vex'd it could ever enter into the Underſtanding of a Man that was honour'd with the Name of a Philoſopher. If this was true, Men ſhould not be virtuous but in publick, and he ſhould be no further concern'd to keep the Operation of the Soul, which is the true Seat of Virtue, regular and in Order, than as they are to arrive at the Knowledge of others. Is there no more in it than but only ſlily, and with Circumſpection to do Ill? *If thou knoweſt*, ſays *Carneades*, *of a Serpent lurking in a Place, where, without Suſpicion, a Perſon is going to ſit down, by whoſe Death thou expecteſt an Advantage, thou doſt Ill, if thou doſt not give him Caution of his Danger; and ſo much the more, becauſe the Action is to be known by none but thyſelf.* If we do not take up ourſelves a Rule of well-doing, if Impunity paſſes with us for Juſtice, to how many Sorts of Wickedneſs ſhall we every Day abandon ourſelves? I do not find what *Sp. Peduceus* did, in faithfully reſtoring the Treaſure that *C. Plotius* had committed to his ſole Secrecy and Truſt (a Thing that I have often done myſelf) ſo commendable, as I ſhould think it an execrable Baſeneſs had we done otherwiſe. And think it of good Uſe in our Days to introduce the Example of *P. Sextilius Rufus*, whom *Cicero* accuſes *to have enter'd upon an Inhe-*

* *Hor. l.* 4. *Ode* 9.

vitance contrary to his Conscience, not only not against Law, but even by the Determination of the Laws themselves. And *M. Crassus* and *Q. Hortensius*, who, by Reason of their Authority and Power, having been call'd in by a Stranger to share in the Succession of a forg'd Will, that so he might secure his own Part; satisfied themselves with having no Hand in the Forgery, and refused not to make their Advantage, and to come in for a Share; secure enough, if they could shroud themselves from Accusations, Witnesses, and the Cognizance of the *Laws*. *Meminerint Deum se habere testem id est (ut ego arbitror) mentem suam**. *Let them consider, they have God to witness, that is (as I interpret it) their own Consciences.* Virtue is a very vain and frivolous Thing, if it derives its Recommendation from Glory. And 'tis to no Purpose that we endeavour to give it a Station by itself, and separate it from Fortune; for what is more accidental than Reputation? *Profecta Fortuna, in omni re dominatur? Ea res cunctas ex libidine, magis quam ex vero celebrat, obscuratque* †. *Fortune rules in all Things, and does advance and depress Things more out of her own Will than Right and Justice.* So to order it that Actions may be known and seen, is purely the Work of Fortune; 'tis Chance that helps us to Glory, according to its own Temerity. I have often seen her go along with Merit, and very much exceed it. He that first likened Glory to a Shadow, did better than he was aware of. They are both of them Things excellently vain. Glory also, like a Shadow, goes sometimes before the Body, and sometimes in Length infinitely exceeds it. They that instruct Gentlemen only to employ their Valour for the obtaining of Honour, *Quasi non sit honestum, quod nobilitatum non sit* ‡. *As tho' it were not a Virtue unless ennobled;* what do they intend by that, but to instruct them never to hazard themselves if they are not seen, and to observe as well, if there be Witnesses present, who may carry News of their Valour: Whereas a thousand Occasions of well-doing present themselves, when we cannot be taken notice of? How many brave Actions are buried in the Crowd of a Battle? Whoever shall take upon him to censure another's Behaviour in such a Confusion, is not very busy himself;

* *Cicero de Off. l.* 3. † *Salust.* ‡ *Cicero de Off. l.* 1. and

and the Teſtimony he ſhall give of his Companion's Deportments will be Evidence againſt himſelf. *Vera, & ſapiens Animi magnitudo honeſtum illud quod maxime naturam ſequitur, in factis poſitum, non in Gloria judicat. The true and wiſe Magnanimity judges, that the Bravery which moſt follows Nature more conſiſts in Act than Glory.* All the Glory that I pretend to derive from my Life, is, that I have liv'd it in quiet. In quiet, not according to *Metrodorus, Arceſilaus*, or *Ariſtippus*, but according to myſelf; for ſeeing *Philoſophy* has not been able to find out any Way to Tranquility that is good in common, let every one ſeek it in particular. To what do *Cæſar* and *Alexander* owe the infinite Grandeur of their Renown, but to Fortune? How many Men has ſhe extinguiſh'd in the Beginning of their Progreſs, of whom we have no Knowledge; who brought as much Courage to the Work as they, if their adverſe Hap had not cut them off in the firſt Sally of their Arms? Amongſt ſo many and ſo great Dangers, I do not remember I have any where read, that *Cæſar* was ever wounded; a Thouſand have fallen in leſs Dangers than the leaſt of thoſe he went thro'. A great many brave Actions muſt be expected to be perform'd without Witneſs, and ſo loſt, before one turn to Account. A Man is not always on the Top of a Breach, or at the Head of an Army in the Sight of his *General*, as upon a Scaffold. A Man is oft ſurpriz'd betwixt the Hedge and the Ditch, he muſt run the Hazard of his Life againſt a *Hen-rooſt*, he muſt bolt four raſcally Muſketeers out of a Barn, he muſt prick out ſingle from his Party, and alone make ſome Attempts, according as Neceſſity will have it. And whoever will obſerve, will, I believe find it experimentally true, that Occaſions of the leaſt Luſtre are ever the moſt dangerous: And that in the Wars of our own Times there have more brave Men been loſt in Occaſions of little Moment, and in the Diſpute about ſome little Paltry Fort, than in Places of greater Importance, and where their Valour, might have been more honourably employ'd. Who thinks his Death unworthy of him, if he do not fall in ſome Signal Occaſions, inſtead of illuſtrating his Death, doth wilfully obſcure his Life, ſuffering in the mean Time many very juſt Occaſions of hazarding himſelf to ſlip out of his Hands. And every juſt one is illuſtrious enough: Every Man's Conſcience be-

ing a sufficient Trumpet to him. *Gloria nostra est, Testimonium Conscientiæ nostræ* *. *For our rejoicing is this, the Testimony of our Conscience.* Who is only a good Man that Men may know it, and that he may be the better esteem'd when 'tis known; who will not do well, but upon Condition that his Virtue may be known to Men, is one from whom much Service is not to be expected.

Credo ch' el resto di quel verno, cose
Facesse degne di tener ne conto,
Ma fur fin a quel tempo si nascose,
Che non e colpa mia s'hor'nor le conto,
Porche Orlando a far' opre virtuose
Piu ch'a narra le poi sempre era pronto,
Ne mai fu alcun' de li suoi fatti espresso,
Senon quando hebbei testimonii appresso †.

The rest o'th' Winter, I presume, was spent
In Actions worthy of Eternal Fame;
Which at the End was so in Darkness pent,
That if I name them not, I'm not to blame:
Orlando's noble Mind being more bent
To do great Acts, than boast him of the same:
So that no Deeds of his were ever known,
But those that luckily had Lookers on.

A Man must go to the War upon the Account of Duty, and expect the Recompence that never fails brave and worthy Actions, how private and conceal'd soever, not so much as Virtuous Thoughts; 'tis the Satisfaction that a well-disposed Conscience receives in itself, to do well. A Man must be valiant for himself, and upon the Account of the Advantage it is to him, to have his Courage seated in a firm and secure Place against the Assaults of Fortune.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtue, that ne'er Repulse admits,
In taintless Honours glorious sits,

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* *Corin.* 2, *Chap.* i, *Ver.* 12. † *Orlando. Canto* 11.

Nor

Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities
Rais'd with the Noiſe of vulgar Cries.

It is not forward Shew that the Soul is to play its Part, but for ourſelves within, where no Eyes can pierce but our own; there ſhe defends us from the Fear of Death, of Pains and Shame itſelf: ſhe there arms us againſt the Loſs of our Children, Friends and Fortunes: And when Opportunity preſents itſelf, ſhe leads us on to the Hazards of War. *Non emolumento aliquo, ſed ipſius honeſtatis decore* *. *Not for any Profit or Advantage, but for the Decency of Virtue.* A much greater Advantage, and more worthy to be coveted and hop'd for than Honour and Glory; which is no other than the favourable Judgment is given of us. A Dozen Men muſt be cull'd out of a whole Nation to judge of an Acre of Land, and the Judgment of our Inclinations and Actions, the hardeſt and moſt important Thing that is, we refer to the Voice and Determinations of the Rabble, the Mother of Ignorance, Injuſtice, and Inconſtancy. Is it reaſonable that the Life of a wiſe Man ſhould depend upon the Judgment of Fools? *An quidquam ſtultius, quam quos ſingulos contemnas, eos aliquid putare eſſe univerſos* †? *Can any Thing be more fooliſh than to think, that thoſe you deſpiſe ſingle can be any other when join'd together*? He that makes it his buſineſs to pleaſe them, will have enough to do, and never have done; 'tis a Mark that never is to be reach'd or hit. *Nil tam ineſtimabile eſt, quam animi multitudinis. Nothing is to be ſo little eſteem'd as the Minds of the Multitude.* *Demetrius* pleaſantly ſaid of the Voice of the People, *That he made no more Acccount of that which came from above, than of that which fum'd from below.* *Cicero* ſays more, *Ego hoc judicio, ſi quando turpe non ſit, tamen non eſſe non turpe, quum id à multitudine laudatur* ‡. *I am of Opinion, that tho' a Thing be not foul in itſelf, yet it cannot but become ſo when commended by the Multitude.* No Art, no Activity of Wit could conduct our Steps ſo as to follow ſo wandring and ſo irregular a Guide. In this windy Confuſion of the Noiſe of vulgar Reports and Opinions that drive us on, no Way

Honour, what it is.

* *Cicero.* † *Elian. Varro.* ‡ *Cicero de Fin.*

worth any Thing can be chosen. Let us not purpose to ourselves so floating and wavering an End; let us follow constantly after Reason, let the publick Approbation follow us there, if it will, and it wholly depending upon Fortune, we have no Reason sooner to expect it by any other Way than that. Tho' I would not follow the right Way because it is right, I should, however, follow it for having experimentally found, that at the End of the Reckoning 'tis commonly the most happy, and of greatest Utility. *Dedit hoc providentia hominis manus, ut honesta magis juvarent. This Gift Providence has given to Man, that honest Things should be the most delightful.* The Mariner said thus to *Neptune, O God, thou may'st save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou may'st destroy me; but however I will steer my Rudder true.* I have seen in my Time a Thousand Men of easy and ambiguous Natures, and that no one doubted but they were more worldly wise than I, throw themselves away, where I have sav'd one.

Risi successus posse carere dolos *.

I have laugh'd, I must confess,
To see Cunning want Success.

Paulus Æmilius, going in the glorious Expedition of *Macedonia*, above all Things charg'd the People of *Rome, not to speak of his Actions during his Absence.* O, the Licence of Judgments is a great Disturbance to great Affairs! Forasmuch as every one has not the Constancy of *Fabius* against common, adverse and injurious Ways: Who rather suffer'd his Authority to be diffected by the vain Fancies of Man, than to go less in his Charge with a favourable Reputation and popular Applause. There is, I know not what natural Sweetness in hearing a Man's Self commended; but we are a great deal too fond of it.

Laudari haud metuam, neque enim mihi cornea fibra est,
Sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso
Euge tuum, & belle ———— †.

I love to be commended, I confess,
My Heart is not of Horn, but ne'ertheless,

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* *Ovid. Ep. Penult.* † *Persius Sat.* 1.

I must

I muſt deny the only End and Aim
Of doing well, is to hear Man exclaim,
O worthy Man! O noble Act!

I care not ſo much what I am in the Opinion of others, as what I am in my own. I would be rich of myſelf, and not by borrowing. Strangers ſee nothing but Events and outward Appearances; every body can ſet a good Face on the Matter, when they have Trembling and Terror within. They do not ſee my Heart, they ſee but by my Countenance, 'Tis with good Reaſon that Men decry the Hypocriſy that is in War; for what is more eaſy to an old Soldier, than to ſhift in a Time of Danger, and to counterfeit the Brave, when he has no more Heart than a Chicken? There are ſo many Ways to avoid hazarding a Man's own Perſon, that we have deceiv'd the World a Thouſand times before we come to be engag'd in a real Danger: And even then, finding ourſelves in an inevitable Neceſſity of doing ſomething, we can make ſhift for that Time to conceal our Apprehenſions with ſetting a good Face on the Buſineſs, tho' the Hearts beat within; and whoever had the Uſe of the *Platonick Ring*, which renders thoſe inviſible that wear it, if turn'd inward towards the Palm of the Hand; a great many would very often hide themſelves when they ought moſt to appear; and would repent being plac'd in ſo honourable a Poſt, where Neceſſity muſt make them brave.

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,
Quem niſi mendoſum, & mendacem ?*

Falſe Honour pleaſes, and falſe Infamy
Affrights, whom? Thoſe that love to hear a Lye.

Thus we ſee how all the Judgments that are founded upon external Appearances, are marvellouſly incertain and doubtful; and that there is no certain Teſtimony as every one is to himſelf. In theſe other, how many *Pedees* are made Companions of our Glory? He that ſtands firm in an open Trench, what does he in that do more than Fifty poor *Pioneers*, who open him the Way, and cover it with their own Bodies for Five Pence a Day Pay, have done before him?

* *Hor. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 16.

——— *non*

——— *non quicquid turbida Roma*
Elevet, accedas, examenque improbum in illa
Castiges trutina, nec te quæsiveris extra *.

Don't follow turbid *Rome*'s blind senseless Ways
Of loading ev'ry Thing is done with Praise;
Of that false Balance trust not to the Test,
And out of thee make of thyself no Quest.

The dispersing and scattering our Names into many Mouths, we call making them more great; we will have them there well receiv'd, and that this Increase turn to their Advantage, which is all that can be excusable in this Design; but the Excess of this Disease proceeds so far, that many covet to have a Name, be it what it will. *Trogus Pompeius* says of *Herostratus*, and *Titus Livius* of *Manlius Capitolinus, that they were more ambitious of a great Reputation than a good one.* This Vice is very common. We are more solicitous that Men speak of us, than how they speak; and 'tis enough for us, that our Names are often mention'd, be it after what Manner it will. It should seem, that to be known, is in some sort to have a Man's Life and its Duration in another's keeping. I for my Part hold, that I am not but in myself, and of that other Life of mine which lies in the Knowledge of my Friends, to consider it naked and simply in itself, I know very well, that I am sensible of no Fruit nor Enjoyment, but by the Vanity of a fantastick Opinion; and when I shall be dead, I shall be much less sensible of it; and shall withall absolutely lose the Use of those real Advantages that sometimes accidentally follow it; I shall have no more handle whereby to take hold of Reputation: Neither shall it have any whereby to take hold of, or to cleave to me. For, to expect that my Name should be advanc'd by it, in the first Place, I have no Name that is enough my own; of two that I have, one is common to all my Race, and even to others also. There are two Families at *Paris* and *Montpellier*, whose Sirname is *Montaigne*; another in *Brittany*, and another *Montaigne* in *Xaintonge*. The Transposition of one Syllable only is enough to ravel our Affairs, so that I shall, peradventure, share in their

* *Persius Sat.* 1.

Glory,

Glory, and they ſhall partake of my Shame; and moreover, my Anceſtors have formerly been ſirnam'd *Eyquem*, a Name wherein a Family well known in *England* is at this Day concern'd. As to my other Name, every one may take it that will. And ſo, perhaps, I may honour a Porter in my own ſtead. And beſides, tho' I had a particular Diſtinction by myſelf, what can it diſtinguiſh when I am no more? Can it point out and favour Inanity?

——*nunc levior cippus non imprimit oſſa,*
Laudat poſteritas, nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo fortunataque favilla
Naſcuntur violæ *? ——

Will a leſs Tomb, compos'd of ſmaller Stones,
Preſs with leſs Weight upon the under Bones?
Poſterity may praiſe them, why, what tho'?
Can yet their *Manes* ſuch a Gift beſtow,
As to make Violets from their Aſhes grow?

But of this I have ſpoken elſewhere. As to what remains, in a great Battle where Ten Thouſand Men are maim'd or kill'd, there are not Fifteen that are taken notice of. It muſt be ſome very eminent Greatneſs, or ſome Conſequence of great Importance, that Fortune has added to it, that muſt ſignalize a private Action, not of a Harquebuſſer only, but of a great Captain; for to kill a Man or two, or Ten, to expoſe a Man's Self bravely to the utmoſt Peril of Death, is, indeed, ſomething in every one of us, becauſe we there hazard all; but for the World's Concern, they are Things ſo ordinary, and ſo many of them are every Day ſeen, and there muſt of Neceſſity be ſo many of the ſame Kind to produce any notable Effect, that we cannot expect any particular Renown.

——*caſus multis hic cognitus, ac jam*
Tritus, & è medio fortunæ ductus acervo †.

The Action once was fam'd, but now worn old,
With common Acts of Fortune is enroll'd.

Of ſo many Thouſands of valiant Men that have died within theſe fifteen Years in *France*, with their Swords in

* *Perſius Sat.* 1. † *Juven. Sat.* 13.

their

their Hands, not a Hundred have come to our Knowledge. The Memory, not of *Commanders* only, but of Battles and Victories is buried and gone. The Fortunes of above half of the World, for want of a Record, stir not from their Place, and vanish without Duration. If I had unknown Events in my Possession, I should think with great Ease to out-do those that are recorded in all sorts of Examples. Is it not strange, that even of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, amongst so many Writers and Witnesses, and so many rare and noble Exploits, so few are arriv'd at our Knowledge?

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura *.

It will be much if a Hundred Years hence it be remembred in gross, that in our Times there were *Civil Wars* in *France.*

The Muses *sacrificed unto by the* Lacedæmonians, *and why.*

The *Lacedæmonians* entering into Battle, sacrificed to the *Muses*, to the End that their Actions might be well and worthily writ; looking upon it as a Divine, and no ordinary Favour, that brave Acts should find Witnesses that could give them Life and Memory. Do we expect, that at every Musket Shot we receive, and at every Hazard we run, there must be a *Register* ready to record them? And besides, a Hundred *Registers* may enrol them, whose *Commentaries* will not last above three Days, and they shall never come to the Sight of any one. We have not the Thousandth Part of ancient Writings: 'Tis Fortune that gives them a shorter or longer Life, according to her Favour; and 'tis lawful to doubt, whether those we have be not the worst, having not seen the rest. Men do not write Histories of Things of so little Moment: A Man must have been *General* in the Conquest of an *Empire*, he must have won Two and Fifty set Battles, and always the weaker in Number, as *Cæsar* did. Ten Thousand brave Fellows, and several great *Captains* lost their Lives bravely in his Service, whose Names lasted no longer than their Wives and Children liv'd:

Quos fama obscura recondit †.

Even those we see behave themselves the best; three Months or three Years after they have been knock'd on the Head,

* *Æneid. l.* 7. † *Ibid. l.* 5.

they

they are no more ſpoken of than if they had never been. Whoever will juſtly conſider, and with due Proportion, of what Kind of Men, and of what Sort of Actions Glory ſupports itſelf in the Records of Hiſtory, will find, that there are very few Actions, and very few Perſons of our Times who can there pretend any Right. How many worthy Men have we ſeen ſurvive their own Reputation, who have ſeen and ſuffer'd the Honour and Glory, moſt juſtly acquir'd in their Youth, extinguiſh'd in their own Preſence? And for three Years of this fantaſtick and imaginary Life, we muſt go and throw away our true and eſſential Life, and engage ourſelves in a perpetual Death? The *Sages* propoſe to themſelves a nobler and more juſt End in ſo important an Enterprize. *Recte facti, feciſſe merces eſt: Officii fructus ipſum Officium eſt*. The Reward of a Thing well done is to have done it: The Fruit of a good Office is the Office itſelf.* It were, perhaps, excuſable in a *Painter* or any other *Artizan*, or yet in a *Rhetorician*, or a *Grammarian*, to endeavour to raiſe themſelves a Name by their Works; but the Actions of Virtue are too noble in themſelves, to ſeek any other Reward than from their own Value, and eſpecially to ſeek it in the Vanity of Human Judgments. If this falſe Opinion nevertheleſs be of that Uſe to the Publick, as to keep Men in their Duty; if the People are thereby ſtirr'd up to Virtue; if *Princes* are touch'd to ſee the World bleſs the Memory of *Trajan*, and abominate that of *Nero*; if it moves them to ſee the Name of that great Beaſt, once ſo terrible, and fear'd by every School-boy, ſo freely curſed and reviled; let it, in the Name of *God*, increaſe, and be as much as poſſibly nurſed up, cheriſhed, and countenanced amongſt us. And *Plato*, bending his whole Endeavour to make his Citizens virtuous, does alſo adviſe them *not to deſpiſe the good Eſteem of the People*; and ſays, *that it falls out by a certain Divine Inſpiration, that even the Wicked themſelves oft-times, as well by Word as Opinion, can rightly diſtinguiſh the Virtuous from the Wicked.* This Perſon and his Tutor are both marvellous bold Artificers, every where to add Divine Operations and Revelations where human Force is wanting. And perhaps for this Reaſon it was, that *Timon*,

* *Seneca.*

railing

railing at him, call'd him *the Great Forger of Miracles. Ut tragici Poetæ confugiunt ad Deum, cum explicare argumenti exitum non possunt* *. *As Tragick Poets fly to some God, when they cannot explain the Issue of their Argument.* Seeing that Men by their Insufficiency cannot pay themselves well enough with current Money, let the Counterfeit be superadded. 'Tis a Way that has been practised by all the *Legislators*; and there is no Government that has not some Mixture either of Ceremonial Vanity, or of false Opinion, that serves for a Curb to keep the People in their Duty. 'Tis for this that most of them have their fabulous Originals and Beginnings, and so enrich'd with supernatural Mysteries. 'Tis this that has given Credit to Bastard Religions, and caused them to be countenanced by Men of Understanding; and for this that *Numa* and *Sertorius*, to possess their Men of a better Opinion of them, fed them with this Foppery; one, that the Nymph *Egeria*, the other, that his white *Hind* brought them all their Resolutions from the Gods. And the Authority that *Numa* gave to his Laws under the Title of a Patronage of this Goddess; *Zoroaster*, Legislator of the *Bactrians* and *Persians*, gave to his under the Name of *Oromazis*; *Trismegistus*, Legislator of the *Egyptians*, under that of *Mercury*; *Xamboxis*, Legislator of the *Scythians*, under that of *Vesta*; *Charondas*, Legislator of the *Chalcedonians*, under that of *Saturn*; *Minos*, Legislator of the *Cretans*, under that of *Jupiter*; *Lycurgus*, Legislator of the *Lacedæmonians*, under that of *Apollo*; And *Draco* and *Solon*, Legislators of the *Athenians*, under that of *Minerva*. And every Government has a God at the Head of it; others falsly, That truly which *Moses* set over the *Jews* at their Departure out of *Egypt*. The Religion of the *Bedoins*, as the *Sire de Joinville* reports, amongst other Things, enjoyn'd a Belief *that the Soul of him amongst them who died for his Prince, went into another more happy Body, more beautiful and more robust than the former*; by which Means they much more willingly ventur'd their Lives.

In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis, & ignavum est redituræ parcere vitæ †.

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* *Cicero de Nat. Deor.* † *Lucan. lib.* 1.

Men

Men covet Wounds, and ſtrive Death to embrace,
To ſave a Life, that to return is baſe.

This is a very comfortable, however, an erroneous Belief. Every Nation has many ſuch Examples of its own: But this Subject would require a Treatiſe by itſelf. To add one Word more to my former Diſcourſe, I would adviſe the Ladies no more to call that *Honour* which is but their *Duty*, *Ut enim conſuetudo loquitur, id ſolum dicitur honeſtum, quod eſt populari fama glorioſum* *: *According to the vulgar Chat, which only approves that for laudable that is glorious by the Publick Voice*; their *Duty* is the Mark, their *Honour* but the outward Rind. Neither would I adviſe them to give that excuſe for Payment of their Denial: For I preſuppoſe that their Intentions, their Deſire and Will, which are Things wherein their Honour is not at all concern'd, foraſmuch as nothing appears without, are much better regulated than the Effects.

Quæ quia non liceat, non facit, illa facit †.

She who not ſins, 'cauſe it unlawful is,
In being therefore chaſte has done amiſs.

The Offence both towards *God* and in the Conſcience, would be as great to deſire, as to do it. And beſides, they are Actions ſo private and ſecret of themſelves, as would be eaſily enough kept from the Knowledge of others wherein the Honour conſiſts; if they had not another reſpect to their Duty, and the Affection they bear to Chaſtity for itſelf. Every Woman of Honour will much rather chooſe to loſe her Honour, than to hurt her Conſcience.

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* *Cicero de fin. lib. 2.* † *Ovid. Amor. l. 3. El. 4.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Presumption.

THere is another Sort of *Glory*, which is the having *too good an Opinion* of our own Worth. 'Tis an inconsiderable Affection, with which we flatter ourselves, and that represents us to ourselves different from what we truly are. Like the Passion of Love, that lends Beauties and Graces to the Person belov'd; and that makes those who are caught with it, with a deprav'd and corrupt Judgment, consider the Thing they love, more perfect than it is. I would not, nevertheless, for fear of failing on the other Side, that a Man should not know himself aright, or think himself less than he is, the Judgment ought in all Things to keep itself upright and just: 'Tis all the Reason in the World he should discern in himself, as well as in others, what Truth sets before him; if he be *Cæsar*, let him boldly think himself the greatest Captain in the World. We are nothing but Ceremony; Ceremony carries us away, and we leave the Substance of Things: We hold by the Branches, and quit the Trunk. We have taught the Ladies to blush when they hear but that nam'd, which they are not at all afraid to do: We dare not call our Members by their right Names, and are not afraid to employ them in all Sort of Debauches. Ceremony forbids us to express by Words Things, that are lawful and natural, and we obey it: Reason forbids us to do Things unlawful and ill, and no body obeys it. I find myself here fetter'd by the Laws of Ceremony; for it neither permits a Man to speak well of himself nor ill. We will leave her there for this Time. For they whom Fortune (call it good or ill) has made to pass their Lives in some eminent Degree, may by their publick Actions manifest what they are: But they whom she has only employ'd in the Crowd, and of whom no body will say a Word, unless they speak themselves, are to be excused, if they

they take the Boldness to speak of themselves to such whose Interest it is to know them; by the Example of *Lucilius*,

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris, neque si bene: Quo sit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis *. ———

His Way was in his Books to speak his Mind
As freely, as his Secrets he would tell
To a try'd Friend, and took it ill, or well,
He held his Custom. Hence it came to pass,
The old Man's Life is there, as in a Glass.

He always committed to Paper his Actions and Thoughts, and there pourtrayed himself such as he found himself to be. *Nec id Rutilio, & Scauro citra fidem, aut obtrectatione fuit* †. *Nor were* Rutilius *or* Scarus *misbeliev'd, or condemn'd for so doing.* I remember then, that from my Infancy there was observ'd in me I know not what Kind of Carriage and Behaviour, that seem'd to relish of Pride and Arrogancy. I will say this by the Way, that it is not inconvenient to have Propensities so proper and incorporated into us, that we have not the Means to feel and beware of them. And of such natural Inclination the Body will retain a certain Bent, without our Knowledge or Consent. It was an Affectation confederate with his Beauty, that made *Alexander* carry his Head on one Side, and *Alcibiades* to lisp; *Julius Cæsar* scratch'd his Head with one Finger, which is the Fashion of a Man full of troublesome Thoughts: And *Cicero*, as I remember, was wont to tweak his Nose, a Sign of a Man given to Scoffing. Such Motions as these may imperceptibly happen in us: There are other artificial ones which I meddle not with; as Salutations and Congees, by which Men for the most part unjustly acquire the Reputation of being humble and courteous; or perhaps, humble out of Pride. I am prodigal enough of my Hat, especially in Summer, and never am so saluted, but I pay it again, from Persons of what Quality soever, unless they be in my own Dependance. I should make it my Request to some Princes that I know, that they should be more sparing of

* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 1.* † *Tacitus.*

that Ceremony, and bestow that Courtesy where it is more due; for being so indiscreetly and indifferently conferr'd on all, they are thrown away to no Purpose; if they be without respect of Persons, they lose their Effect: Amongst irregular Countenances, let us not forget that severe one of the Emperor *Constantius*, who always in publick held his Head upright and steady, without bending or turning on either Side, not so much as to look upon those who saluted him on one Side, planting his Body in a stiff immoveable Posture, without suffering it to yield to the Motion of his Coach; not daring so much as to spit, blow his Nose, or wipe his Face before People. I know not whether the Gestures that were observ'd in me were of this first Quality, and whether I had really any Secret Propensity to this Vice, as it might well be; and I cannot be responsible for the Motions of the Body: But as to the Motions of the Soul, I must here confess, that I am sensible of something of that Kind there. This Glory consists of two Parts, the one in setting too great a Value upon ourselves, and the other in setting too little a Value upon others. As to the one, methinks these Considerations ought in the first place to be of some Force. I feel myself importun'd by an Error of the Soul that displeases me, both as it is unjust, and as it is troublesome. I attempt to correct it, but I cannot root it out, which is, that I lessen the just Value of Things that I possess, and over-value others, because they are foreign, absent, and none of mine. This Humour spreads very far. As the Prerogative of the Authority which makes Husbands look upon their own Wives with a vicious Disdain, and many Fathers their Children, so do I: And betwixt two equal Merits should always be sway'd against my own. Not so much that the Jealousy of my Preferment, and the bettering of my Affairs does trouble my Judgment, and hinders me from satisfying myself, as that Dominion of itself begets a Contempt of what is our own, and over which we have an absolute Command. Foreign Governments, Manners and Languages insinuate themselves into my Esteem; and I am very sensible that *Latin* allures me by the Favour of its Dignity, to value it above its due, as it does Children, and the common Sort of People. The *Oeconomy*, *House* and *Horse* of my Neighbour, tho' no better

Presumption divided into two Parts.

ter than my own, I prize above my own; because they are not mine. Besides that, I am very ignorant in my own Affairs; I am astonish'd at the Assurance that every one has of himself: Whereas there is not almost any Thing that I am sure I know, or that I dare be responsible to myself that I can do: I have not my Means of doing any Thing stated and ready, and am only instructed after the Effects, as doubtful of my own Force as I am of another's; whence it comes to pass, that if I happen to do any Thing commendable, I attribute it more to my Fortune than Industry: Forasmuch as I design every Thing by Chance, and in Fear. I have this also in general, that of all the Opinions Antiquity has held of Men in gross, I most willingly embrace, and most adhere to those that most contemn and undervalue us. Methinks *Philosophy* has never so fair a Game to play as when it falls upon our Vanity and Presumption; when it most lays open their Irresolution, Weakness and Ignorance. I look upon the too good Opinion that Man has of himself, to be the nursing Mother of all the false Opinions, both publick and private. Those People who ride astride upon the *Epicycle* of *Mercury*, who see so far into the Heavens, are worse to me than a Tooth-drawer that comes to draw my Teeth: For in my Study, the Subject of which is Man, finding so great a Variety of Judgments, so great a Labyrinth of Difficulties one upon another; so great Diversity and Incertainty, even in the School of Wisdom itself, you may judge, seeing those People could not resolve upon the Knowledge of themselves, and their own Condition, which is continually before their Eyes, and within them, seeing they do not know, how that moves which they themselves move, nor how to give us a Description of the Springs they themselves govern and make use of; how can I believe them about the Ebbing and Flowing of the *Nile* *. *The Curiosity of knowing Things has been given to Man for a Scourge*, says the Holy Scripture. But to return to what concerns myself; I think it very hard, that any other

* Montaigne *is to be excused here; he wrote according to the State of Learning in his Time, when Philosophy and Mathematicks were very low, in comparison to what Sir* Isaac Newton *has raised them to.*

ſhould have a meaner Opinion of himſelf; nay, that any other ſhould have a meaner Opinion of me than I have of myſelf. I look upon myſelf as one of the common Sort, ſaving in this, that I have no better Opinion of myſelf; guilty of the meaneſt and moſt popular Defects, but not diſown'd or excuſed, and do not value myſelf upon any other Account, than becauſe I know my own Value. If there be any Glory in the Caſe, 'tis ſuperficially infuſed into me by the Treachery of my Complexion, and has no Body that my Judgment can diſcern. I am ſprinkled, but not dyed. For, in Truth, as to the Effects of the Mind, there is no Part of me, be it what it will, with which I am ſatisfied; and the Approbation of others makes me not think the better of myſelf; my Judgment is tender and fickle, eſpecially in Things that concern myſelf; I feel myſelf float and waver by reaſon of my Weakneſs. I have nothing of my own that ſatisfies my Judgment: My Sight is clear and regular enough, but in opening it, it is apt to dazzle; as I moſt manifeſtly find in Poeſy. I love it infinitely, and am able to give a tolerable Judgment of other Men's Works: But, in good earneſt, when I apply myſelf to it, I play the Child, and am not able to endure myſelf. A Man may play the Fool in every Thing elſe, but not in Poetry.

——— *Mediocribus eſſe Poetis*
Non dii, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ *.

But neither Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant
Poets ſhould ever be indifferent.

I would to God this Sentence was writ over the Doors of all our *Printers*, to forbid the Entrance of ſo many Rhimers.

——— *verum*
Nihil ſecurius eſt malo Poeta †.

——— but the Truth is this,
Nought more ſecure than a bad Poet is.

Why have not we ſuch People? *Dionyſius*, the Father, valued himſelf upon nothing more than his *Poetry*. At the *Olympick* Games, with Chariots ſurpaſſing the others in Mag-

* *Horace de Art. Poet.* † *Mart. l.* 12. *Epig.* 64.

nificence,

nificence, he sent also *Poets* and *Musicians* to present his Verses with Tents and Pavilions royally gilt and hung with Tapistry. When his Verses came to be recited, the Excellency of the Pronunciation did at first attract the Attention of the People; but when they afterwards came to poise the Meanness of the Composition, they first enter'd into Disdain, and continuing to nettle their Judgments, presently proceeded to Fury, and ran to pull down and tear to Pieces all his Pavilions; and in that his Chariots neither perform'd any Thing to purpose in the Course; and that the Ship which brought back his People fail'd of *making Sicily*, and was by the Tempest driven and wreck'd upon the Coast of *Tarentum*, they did certainly believe was thro' the Anger of the *Gods*, incensed, as they themselves were, against that paltry *Poem*; and even the Mariners who escap'd from the Wreck, seconded this Opinion of the People. To which also the *Oracle*, that foretold his Death, seem'd to subscribe; which was, *That* Dionysius *should be near his End when he should have overcome those who were better than himself*; which he interpreted of the *Carthaginians*, who surpassed him in Power; and having War with them, often declin'd the Victory, not to incur the Sense of this Prediction. But he understood it ill; for the *God* pointed at the Time of the Advantage, that by Favour and Injustice he obtain'd at *Athens* over the Tragick Poets, better than himself, having caused his own Play, call'd the *Leineicus*, to be acted in Emulation. Presently after which Victory he died, and partly of the excessive Joy he conceived at the Success. What I find tolerable of mine, is not so really, and in itself; but in comparison of other worse Things, that I see are well enough receiv'd. I envy the Happiness of those that can please and hug themselves in what they do, for 'tis a very easy Thing to be so pleased, because a Man extracts that Pleasure from himself, especially if he be constant in his Self-conceit. I know a Poet, against whom both the Intelligent in Poetry, and the Ignorant, Abroad and at Home, both Heaven and Earth, exclaim, that he understands very little in it; and yet for all that, he has never a whit the worse Opinion of himself; but is always falling upon some new Piece, always contriving some new Invention, and still persists; by so much the more obstinate as it only concerns him to stand up in his own Defence.

My Works are so far from pleasing me, that as oft as I revive them they disgust me:

Cum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci, judice digna lini *.

When I peruse, I blush at what I've writ,
Seeing 'tis only for the Fire fit.

I have always an *Idea* in my Soul, which presents me a better Form than what I have made use of; but I cannot catch it, nor fit it to my Purpose; aud yet even that *Idea* is but of the meaner Sort, by which I conclude, the Productions of those great Souls of former Times, as very much beyond the utmost Stretch of my Imagination, or my Wish; their Writings do not only satisfy and fill me, but they astonish me, and ravish me with Admiration. I judge of their Beauty, I see it, if not to the utmost, yet so far at least as 'tis possible for me to aspire. Whatever I undertake I owe a Sacrifice to the *Graces*, as *Plutarch* says of some one, to make a Return for their Favour.

——— *si quid enim placet,*
Si quid dulce hominum sensibus influit,
Debentur lepidis omnia gratiis.

If any Thing does please that I do write,
Into Men's Minds if it infuse Delight,
All's to the lovely Graces due.

They abandon me throughout: All I write is rude, Polishing and Beauty are wanting: I cannot set Things off to an Advantage, my handling adds nothing to the Matter; for which Reason I must have it forcible, very full, and that has Lustre of its own. If I pitch upon Subjects that are popular and gay, 'tis to follow my own Inclination, who do not affect a grave and ceremonious Wisdom, as the World does; and to make myself more spritely, but not to make my Stile more wanton, which I would rather have grave and severe, at least, if I may call an inform and irregular Way of Speaking, a vulgar Jargon, and a Proceeding without Definition, Division, and without Conclusion, perplexed

Montaigne's *Stile.*

* *Ovid de Ponto, lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 6.

like

like that of *Amafanius* and *Raberius*, a Stile. I can neither pleaſe nor delight, much leſs raviſh any one: The beſt Story in the World would be ſpoil'd by my handling. I cannot ſpeak but in earneſt; and am totally unprovided of that Facility which I obſerve in many of my Acquaintance, of entertaining the firſt Comers, and keeping a whole Company in Breath, or taking up the Care of a *Prince* with all Sorts of Diſcourſe, without being weary; they never wanting Matter, by reaſon of the Faculty and Grace they have in taking hold of the firſt Thing is ſtarted; and accommodating it to the Humour and Capacity of thoſe with whom they have to do. *Princes* do not much affect ſolid Diſcourſes, nor I to tell Stories. The firſt and eaſieſt Reaſons, which are commonly the beſt taken, I know not how to employ. I am an ill *Orator* to the common Sort. I am apt of every Thing to ſay the utmoſt that I know. *Cicero* is of Opinion, *that in Treatiſes of* Philoſophy *the* Exordium *is the hardeſt Part:* Which, if it be true, I am wiſe in ſticking to the *Concluſion*. And yet we are to know how to wind the String to all Notes, and the ſharpeſt is that which is the moſt ſeldom touch'd. There is at leaſt as much Perfection in elevating an empty, as in ſupporting a weighty Thing. A Man muſt ſometimes ſuperficially handle Things, and ſometimes puſh them home. I know very well, that moſt Men keep themſelves in this lower Form, for not conceiving Things otherwiſe than by this Bark: But I likewiſe know, that the greateſt Maſters, and *Xenophon* and *Plato*, are often ſeen to ſtoop to this low and popular Manner of Speaking and Treating of Things, and maintaining them with Graces, which are never wanting to them. As to the reſt, my Language has nothing in it that is facile and fluent: 'Tis rough, free and irregular: And therefore beſt pleaſes not my Judgment, but Inclination. But I very well perceive, that I ſometimes give myſelf too much Rein; and that by Force of Endeavour to avoid Art and Affectation, I fall into the other Inconvenience.

——— *brevis eſſe laboro,*
Obſcurus fio *.

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* *Hor. Art. Poet.*

I strive Prolixity t' evade,
And by that Means obscure am made.

Plato says, *that the Long, nor the Short are not Properties that either take away, or give Lustre to the Language.* Should I attempt to follow the other more moderate and united Stile, I should never attain unto it: And tho' the short round Periods of *Sallust* best suit with my Humour, yet I find *Cæsar* much greater, and much harder to imitate; and tho' my Inclination would rather prompt me to imitate *Seneca*'s Way of Writing, yet I do nevertheless more esteem that of *Plutarch*. Both in Silence and Speaking I simply follow my own natural Way; from whence, perhaps, it falls out, that I am better at Speaking than Writing. Motion and Action animate Words, especially in those who lay about them briskly, as I do, and grow hot. The *Comportment*, the *Countenance*, the *Voice*, the *Robe* and the *Tribunal*, will set off some Things, that of themselves, and so consider'd, would appear no better than Prating. *Messala* complains, in *Tacitus*, of the *Straightness of some Garments in his Time*, and of *the Fashion of the Pews where the Orators were to declaim, that were a Disadvantage to their Eloquence.* My *French* Tongue is corrupted both in Pronunciation, and elsewhere, by the *Barbarism* of my Country. I never saw a Man who was a *Native* of any of the Provinces on this Side of the *Kingdom*, who had not a Twang of his Place of Birth, and that was not offensive to Ears that were purely *French*. And yet it is not that I am so perfect in my *Perigordin*; for I can no more speak it than *High Dutch*, nor do I much care. 'Tis a Language, as the rest about me on every Side of *Poitou*, *Xaintongue*, *Angoulesme*, *Limosin* and *Avergne*, are a scurvy, drawling, dirty Language. There is indeed above us, towards the Mountains, a Sort of *Gascon* spoke, that I am mightily taken with, blunt, brief, significant, and, in Truth, a more Manly and Military Language than any other I am acquainted with; as sinewy, insinuating and pertinent, as *French* is graceful, neat and luxuriant. As to the *Latin*, which was given me for my Mother-Tongue, I have by Discountenance lost the Use of speaking it, and indeed of writing it too, wherein I formerly had a particular Reputation; by which you may see how inconsiderable I am on that Side. Beauty is a Thing

of

of great Recommendation in the Correspondency amongst Men; 'tis the principal Means of acquiring the Favour and good liking of one another, and no Man is so barbarous and morose, that does not perceive himself in some Sort struck with its Attraction. The Body has a great share in our Being, has an eminent Place there, and therefore its Structure and Symmetry are of very just Consideration. They who go about to disunite and separate our principal Parts from one another, are to blame: We must on the contrary reunite and rejoin them. We must command the Soul, not to withdraw to entertain itself apart, not to despise and abandon the Body (neither can she do it, but by some ridiculous Counterfeit) but to unite herself close to it, to embrace, cherish, assist, govern and advise it, and to bring it back, and set it into the true Way when it wanders; in sum, to espouse and be a Husband to it; forasmuch as their Effects do not appear to be diverse and contrary, but uniform and concurring. *Christians* have a particular Instruction concerning this Connexion; for they know, that the Divine Justice embraces this Society and Junction of Body and Soul, even to the making the Body capable of eternal Rewards; and that God has an Eye to every Man's Ways, and will have him receive entire the Chastisement or Reward of his Demerits. The *Sect* of the *Peripaticks*, of all others the most sociable, attrributes to Wisdom this sole Care, equally to provide for the Good of these two associate Parts: And the other *Sects*, in not sufficiently applying themselves to the Consideration of this Mixture shew themselves to be divided, one for the Body, and the other for the Soul, with equal Error: And to have lost their Subject, which is Man, and their Guide, which they generally confess to be *Nature*. The first Distinction that ever was amongst Men, and the first Consideration that gave some Preheminence over others, 'tis likely was the Advantage of Beauty.

——*agros divisere, atque dedere*
Pro facie cujusque, & viribus, ingenioque:
Nam facies multum valuit, viresque vigebant *.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

Then

Then Cattle too was shar'd, and steady Bounds
Mark'd out to every Man his proper Grounds;
Each had his proper Share, each one was fit,
According to his Beauty, Strength, or Wit;
For Beauty then, and Strength had most Command,
Those had the greatest Share in Beasts and Land.

Now I am of something lower than the middle Stature, a Defect not that only borders upon Deformity, but carries withal a great deal of Inconvenience along with it, especially to those who are in Command; for the Authority which a graceful Presence and a Majestick Mein beget, is wanting. *C. Marius* did not willingly list any Soldiers that were not Six Foot high. The Courtier has, indeed, Reason to desire a moderate Stature in the Person he is to make, rather than any other; and to reject all Strangeness that should make him be pointed at. But in chusing, he must have a Care in this Mediocrity, to have him rather below than above the common Standard: I would not do so in a Soldier, *Little Men*, says *Aristotle*, *are pretty, but not handsome: And Greatness of Soul is discover'd in a great Body, as Beauty is in a conspicuous Stature* *. *The* Ethiopians *and* Indians, says he, *in chusing their* Kings *and* Magistrates, *had a special Regard to the Beauty and Stature of their Persons.* They had Reason; for it creates Respect in those that follow them, and is a Terror to the Enemy, to see a Leader of a brave and goodly Stature march in the Head of a *Battalion*,

Ipse inter primos præstanti corpore Turnus
Vertitur, arma tenens, & toto vertice supra est †.

The grateful *Turnus*, tallest by the Head,
Shaking his Arms, himself the Van up led.

Our Holy and Heavenly King, of whom every Circumstance is most carefully, and with the greatest Religion and Reverence to be observ'd, has not himself refused Bodily

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* *This is false; the greatest Souls have been in Men of low Stature: Witness,* Alexander, *&c. The Contrast in Scripture between* David *and* Goliah *is beautiful.*

† *Virg. Æneid. l.* 7.

Recom-

Recommendation, *Speciosus forma præ filiis hominum* *. *He is fairer than the Children af Men.* And *Plato* with Temperance and Fortitude, requires Beauty in the Conservators of his *Republick*. It would vex you, that a Man should apply himself to you amongst your Servants to enquire where *Monsieur* is, and that you should only have the Remainder of the Compliment of the Hat that is made to your Barber, or your Secretary; as it happen'd to poor *Philopæmen*, who arriving the first of all his Company at an Inn where he was expected, the Hostess, who knew him not, and saw him an unsightly Fellow, employ'd him to go help her Maids a little to draw Water, or make a Fire against *Philopæmen's* Coming: The Gentlemen of his Train arriving presently after, and surpriz'd to see him busy in this fine Employment (for he fail'd not of obeying his Landlady's Command) asked him, what he was doing there? *I am*, said he, *paying the Penalty of my Ugliness*. The other Beauties belong to Women, the Beauty of Stature is the only Beauty of Men. Where there is a contemptible Stature, neither the Largeness and Roundness of the Fore-head, nor the Whiteness and Sweetness of the Eyes, nor the moderate Proportion of the Nose, nor the Littleness of the Ears and Mouth, nor the Evenness and Whiteness of the Teeth, nor the Thickness of a well-set brown Beard, shining like the Husk of a Chesnut, nor curl'd Hair, nor the just Proportion of the Head, nor a fresh Complexion, nor a pleasant Air of a Face, nor a Body without any offensive Scent, nor the just Proportion of Limbs, can make a handsome Man. I am, as to the rest, strong and well knit. My Face is not puft, but full, and my Complexion betwixt jovial and melancholick, moderately sanguine and hot.

The Author's Stature.

Unde rigent setis mihi crura, & pectora villis ‡.

Whence 'tis my Thighs so rough and bristled are,
And that my Breast is so thick set with Hair.

My Health vigorous aud sprightly, even to a well advanced Age, and rarely troubled with Sickness. Such I was; for I do not now make any reckoning of myself; now, I say,

* *Psal.* iv. 8. ‡ *Mart.*

that

that I am engag'd in the Avenues of Age, being already past Forty,

——— *minutatim vires, & robur adultum*
Frangit, & in partem pejorem liquitur ætas *.

Thence by Degrees, our Strength melts all away,
And treacherous Age creeps on, and Things decay.

What shall be from this Time forward, will be but a half Being and no more me; I every Day escape and steal away from myself;

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes †.

I find I am grown old, and every Year
Steals something from me ———

Agility and Address I never had; and yet am the Son of a very active and sprightly Father, and that continued to be so to an extreme old Age. I have seldom known any Man of his Condition his Equal in all bodily Exercises: As I have seldom met with any who have not excell'd me, except in Running, at which I was pretty good. In Musick or Singing, for which I have a very unfit Voice, or to play on any Sort of Instrument, they could never teach me any Thing. In Dancing, Tennis, or Wrestling, I could never arrive to more than an ordinary Pitch; in Swimming, Fencing, Vaulting and Leaping, to none at all. My Hands are so clumsy, that I cannot so much as write so as to read it myself, so that I had rather do what I have scribbled over again, than to take upon me the Trouble to correct it; and do not read much better than I write. I cannot handsomely fold up a Letter, nor could ever make a Pen, or carve at Table worth a Pin, nor saddle a Horse, nor carry a Hawk, and fly her, nor hunt the Dogs, nor lure a Hawk, nor speak to a Horse. In fine, my bodily Qualities are very well suited to those of my Soul, there is nothing spritely, only a full and firm Vigour. I am patient enough of Labour and Pains, but it is only when I go voluntary to the Work, and only so long as my own Desire prompts me to it.

Mollitur austerum studio fallente laborem ‡.

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* *Lucr. l. 2.* † *Hor. l. 2. Ep. 2. J. D.* ‡ *Id. l. 2. Sat. 2.*

Whilst

Whilst the Delight makes you ne'er mind the Pain.

Otherwise, if I am not allur'd with some Pleasure, or have other Guide than my own pure and free Inclination, I am there good for nothing: For I am of an Humour, that Life and Health excepted, there is nothing for which I will bite my Nails, and that I will purchase at the Price of the Torment of Mind and Constraint;

——— *tanti mihi non sit opaci*
Omnes arena Tagi, quodque in Mare volvitur Aurum *.

Rich *Tagus* Sand's so dear I would not buy,
Nor all the Gold that in the Sea doth lie.

extremely idle, and extremely given up to my own Inclination both by Nature and Art. I would as willingly lend a Man my Blood as my Pains. I have a Soul free and entirely its own, and accustomed to guide itself after its own Fashion; having hitherto never had either Master or Governor imposed upon me. I have walked as far as I would, and the Pace that best pleased myself. This is it that has render'd me of no Use to any one but myself; and for that there was no Need of forcing my heavy and lazy Disposition; for being born to such a Fortune, as I had Reason to be contented with (a Reason nevertheless that a Thousand others of my Acquaintance would have rather made use of for a Plank upon which to pass over to a higher Fortune, to Tumult and Disquiet) I sought for no more, and also got no more:

Non agimur tumidi ventis, Aquilone secundo,
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus austris,
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi priorum, extremis usque priores †.

——— I neither am oppress
With Storms, nor flat at all with Calms; my Sails
Are fill'd with equal and indifferent Gales;
For Health, Wit, Virtue, Honour, Wealth, I'm plac'd;
Short of the Foremost, but before the Last.

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* *Juven. Sat.* 3. † *Hor. l.* 2. *Epist.* 2.

I had

I had only Need of what was sufficient to content me; which nevertheless is a Government of Soul, to take it right, equally difficult in all Sorts of Conditions, and that by Custom, we see more easily found in want than abundance: Forasmuch, perhaps, as according to the Course of others Passions, the Desire of Riches is more sharpned by the Use we make of them, than by the Need we have of them; and the Virtue of Moderation more rare than that of Patience. I never had any Thing to desire, but happily to enjoy the Estate that *God* by his Bounty had put into my Hands: I have never known any Thing of Trouble, and have had little to do in any Thing but the Management of my own Affairs: Or, if I have, it has been upon Condition to do them at my own Leisure, and after my own Method, committed to my Trust by such as had a Confidence in me, that did not importune me, and that knew my Humour. For good Horsemen will make a Shift to get Service out of a rusty and broken-winded Jade. Even my Infancy was train'd up after a gentle and free Manner, and even then exempt from any rigorous Subjection: All which have help'd me to a Complexion delicate and incapable of Solicitude, even to that Degree, that I love to have my Losses, and the Disorders wherein I am concern'd, conceal'd from me; so that in the Account of my Expences, I put down what my Negligence costs me in feeding and maintaining myself.

——— *hæ nempe supersunt,*
Quæ dominum fallunt, quæ prosint furibus.*

The House is much unfurnish'd where there are
Not many Things superfluous, and to spare;
Goods which the Owner knows not of, but may
Be unconcern'd when they are stole away.

I do not love to know what I have, that I may be less sensible of my Loss. I entreat those that serve me, where Affection and Integrity are wanting, to deceive me with something that may look tolerably handsome. For want of Constancy enough to support the Shock of the adverse Accidents, to which we are subject, and of Patience seri-

* *Hor. l.* 1. *Epist.* 6.

ously

ously to apply myself to the Management of my Affairs, I nourish as much as I can this in myself, wholly leaving all to Fortune; to take all Things at the worst, and to resolve to bear that worst with Temper and Patience. That is the only Thing I aim at, and to which I apply my whole Meditation: In a Danger, I do not so much consider how I shall escape it, as of how little Importance it is whether I escape it or no: Should I be left dead upon the Place, what matter? Not being to govern Events, I govern myself, and apply myself to them, if they will not apply themselves to me. I have no great Art to evade, escape from, or to force Fortune, and by Prudence to guide and incline Things to my own Biass. I have the least Patience of all to undergo the troublesome and painful Care therein required; and the most uneasy Condition for me is to be suspended in urgent Occasions, and to be agitated betwixt Hope and Fear. Deliberation, even in Things of lightest Moment, is very troublesome to me; and I find my Mind more put to it to undergo the various Tumbling and Tossing of Doubt and Consultation, than to set up its Rest, and to acquiesce in whatever shall happen after the Die is thrown. Few Passions break my Sleep, but of Deliberations the least will do it. As in Roads, I willingly avoid those that are sloping and slippery, and put myself into the beaten Track, how dirty or deep soever, where I can fall no lower, and there seek my Safety: So I love Misfortunes that are purely so, that do not torment and teaze me with the Incertainty of their growing better; but that at the first Push plunge me directly into the worst that can be expected.

Dubia plus torquent mala *.

Doubtful Ills do plague us worst.

In Events, I carry myself like a Man, in the Conduct, like a Child. The Fear of the Fall more astonishes me than the Fall itself. It will not quit Cost. The Covetous Man has a worse Account of his Passion than the Poor, and the Jealous Man than the Cuckold; and a Man oft-times loses more by defending his Vineyard, than if he gave it up. The lowest Walk is the safest; 'tis the Seat of Constancy:

* *Seneca. Agamemnon.*

There

There you have need of no one but yourself, 'tis there founded, and wholly stands upon its own Basis. Has not this Example of a Gentleman very well known, some Air of *Philosophy* in it? He married, being well advanc'd in Years, having spent his Youth in good Fellowship, a great Talker, and a great Jeerer; calling to Mind how much the Subject of Cuckoldry had given him Occasion to talk and scoff at others, to prevent them from paying him in his own Coin, he married a Wife from a Place where any may have Flesh for his Money; *Good-morrow, Whore, Good-morrow, Cuckold*; and there was not any Thing wherewith he more commonly and openly entertain'd those that came to see him than with this Design of his, by which he stopp'd the private Muttering of Mockers, and defended himself from this Reproach. As to Ambition, which is Neighbour, or rather Daughter to Presumption, Fortune, to advance me, must have come and taken me by the Hand; for to trouble myself for an uncertain Hope, and to have submitted myself to all the Difficulties that accompany those who endeavour to bring themselves into Credit in the Beginning of their Progress, I could never have done it.

——— *Spem pretio non emo* *.

I will not purchase Hope with Money.

I apply myself to what I see, and to what I have in my Hand, and go not very far from the Shore:

Alter remus aquas, alter tibi radat arenas †.

Into the Sea I plunge one Oar,
And with the other rake the Shore.

And besides, a Man very seldom arrives to these Advancements, but in first hazarding what he has of his own: And I am of Opinion, that if a Man has sufficient to maintain him in the Condition wherein he was born and brought up, 'tis a great Folly to hazard that upon the Incertainty of augmenting it. He to whom *Fortune* has deny'd wherein to set his Foot, and to settle a quiet and composed Way of living, is to be excused if he does venture what he has, because, happen what will, Necessity puts him upon shifting for himself.

* *Terence.* † *Prop. l.* 1. *Eleg.* 2.

Capiendo

Capienda rebus in malis præceps via est *.

A desperate Case must have a desperate Course.

And I rather excuse a younger Brother to expose what his Friends have left him to the Courtesy of Fortune, than him with whom the Honour of his Family is intrusted, that cannot be necessitous, but by his own Fault. I have found a much shorter and more easy Way, by the Advice of the good Friends I had in my younger Days, to free myself from any such Ambition, and to sit still.

Cui sit conditio dulcis, sine pulvere palmæ †.

Whose Sword hath won him Honour in true Fights,
Dusty Olympick Lawrels that Man slights.

Judging right enough of my own Forces, that they were not capable of any great Matters; and calling to Mind the Saying of the late Chancellor *Olivier*, *That the* French *were like Monkies, that swarm up a Tree from Branch to Branch, and never stop till they come to the highest; and there shew their ugly bald Breech.*

Turpe est quod nequeas capiti committere pondus,
Et pressum inflexo mox dare terga genu ‡.

It is a Shame to load the Shoulders so,
That they the Burden cannot undergo;
And the Knees bending with the Weight, to quit
The pond'rous Load, and turn the Back to it.

I should find the best Qualities I have useless in this Age. The Facility of my Manners would have been call'd Weakness and Negligence, my Faith and Conscience, if such I have, Scrupulousness and Superstition; my Liberty and Freedom would have been reputed troublesome, inconsiderate and rash; *Ill Luck is good for something* ‖. It is good to be born in a very deprav'd Age; for so, in comparison of others, you shall be reputed virtuous without costing you much Pains. He that in our Days is but a *Parricide*, and a *sacrilegious* Person, is an honest Man, and a Man of Honour.

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* *Seneca. Agara.* † *Hor. l.* 1. *Epist.* 1. ‡ *Propertius.*
‖ *Proverb.*

Nunc si depositum non inficiatur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum tota ærugine follem,
Prodigiosa fides, & Thuscis digna libellis,
Quæque coronata lustrari debeat agna.*

Now if a Friend does not deny his Trust,
But does th' old Purse restore, with all its Rust;
'Tis a prodigious Faith, that ought in Gold
Amongst the *Thuscan* Annals be enroll'd,
And a crown'd Lamb should sacrificed be
To such an exemplary Integrity.

And never was Time or Place wherein *Princes* might propose to themselves more certain Rewards for their Virtue and Justice. The first that shall make it his Business to get himself into Favour and Esteem by those Ways, I am much deceiv'd if he do not, and by the best Title outstrip his Concurrents. Force and Violence can do some Things, but not always all: We see *Merchants*, *Country Justices* and *Artizans*, go cheek by joul with the best Gentry in Valour and Military Knowledge. They perform honourable Actions both in publick Engagements and private Quarrels, they fight Duels, and defend Towns in our present Wars. A Prince stifles his Renown in this Crowd. Let him shine bright in Humanity, Truth, Integrity, Temperance, and especially in Justice; Marks rare, unknown, and exil'd; 'tis by no other Means but by the sole Good-will of the People that he can do his Business, and no other Qualities can attract their Good-will like those, as being of greatest Utility to them. *Nil est tam populare quam bonitas* †. *Nothing is so popular as Goodness.* By this Proportion I had been great and rare, as I find myself now a Pigmy, and popular by the Proportion of some past Ages; wherein, if other better Qualities did not concur, it was ordinary and common to see a Man moderate in his Revenges, gentle in resenting Injuries, in Absence religious of his Word, neither double nor too supple, nor accommodating his Faith to the Will of others, or the Turns of Times: I would rather see all Affairs go to wrack and ruin than falsify my Faith to secure them. For as to this Virtue of Dissimulation, which

* *Juven. Sat.* 13. † *Cicero.*

is now in so great Request, I mortally hate it; and of all Vices, find none that shew so much Baseness and Meanness of Spirit. 'Tis a cowardly and servile Humour to hide and disguise a Man's self under a Vizor, and not to dare to shew himself what he is. By that our Followers are train'd up to Treachery: Being brought up to speak what is not true, they make no Conscience of a Lye. A generous Heart ought not to belie its own Thoughts, but will make itself seen within, all there is good, or at least manly: *Aristotle* reputes it *the Office of Magnanimity, openly and professedly to love and hate, to judge and speak with all Freedom; and not to value the Approbation or Dislike of others, in comparison of* Truth: *Apollonius* said, *it was for Slaves to lye, and for Freemen to speak Truth.* 'Tis the chief and fundamental Part of *Virtue*, we must love it for itself. He that speaks Truth, because he is oblig'd so to do, and because he serves; and that he is not afraid to lye when it signifies nothing to any Body, is not sufficiently true. My Soul naturally abominates Lying, and hates the Thought of it. I have an inward Bashfulness, and a short Remorse, if sometimes a Lye escape me, as sometimes it does, being surpriz'd by Occasions that allow me no Premeditation. A Man must not always tell all; for that were Folly: But what a Man says should be what he thinks, otherwise 'tis Knavery. I do not know what Advantage Men pretend to by eternally counterfeiting and dissembling, if not, never to be believ'd when they speak the Truth. This may once or twice pass upon Men; but to profess concealing their Thoughts, and to brag, as some of our *Princes* have done, *that they would burn their Shirts if they knew their true Intentions*; which was a Saying of the ancient *Mitellus*, of *Macedon*; and, *that who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to rule:* Is to give warning to all who have any Thing to do with them, that all they say is nothing but Lying and Deceit. *Quo quis versutior, & callidior est, hoc invisior & suspectior, detracti opinione probitatis* *. *By how much any one is more subtle and cunning, by so much is he hated or suspected, the Opinion of his Integrity being lost and gone.* It would be a great Simplicity in

Lying condemned.

* *Cicero de off. l.* 1.

any one to lay any Stress either on the Countenance or Word of a Man that has put on a Resolution to be always another Thing without than what he is within, as *Tiberius* did; and I cannot conceive what Interest one can have in the Conversation with such Men, seeing they produce nothing that is current and true. Whoever is disloyal to Truth, is the same to Falshood also. Those of our Time, who have consider'd in the Establishment of the Duty of a *Prince*, the Good of his Affairs only, and have preferr'd that to the Care of his Faith and Conscience; might say something to a *Prince* whose Affairs *Fortune* had put into such a Posture, that he might for ever establish them by only once breaking his Word: But it will not go so, they often buy in the same Market, they make more than one Peace, and enter into more than one Treaty in their Lives. Gains tempts them to the first Breach of Faith, and almost always presents itself, as in all other ill Acts, Sacrileges, Murders, Rebellions, Treasons, as always undertaken for some Kind of Advantage. But this first Gain has infinite mischievous Consequences; throws this *Prince* out of all Correspondence and Negotiation, by this Example of Infidelity. *Solyman*, of the *Ottoman* Race, a Race not very solicitous of keeping their Words and Articles, when in my Infancy he made his Army land at *Otranto*, being inform'd that *Mercurino de Gratinare*, and the Inhabitants of *Castro* were detain'd Prisoners, after having surrendred the Place, contrary to the Articles of their Capitulation, sent Orders to have them set at Liberty, saying, *That having other great Enterprizes in hand in those Parts, the Disloyalty, tho' it carry'd a Shew of present Utility, would for the future bring on him a Disrepute and Diffidence of infinite Prejudice.* Now, for my part, I had rather be troublesome and indiscreet than a Flatterer and a Dissembler. I confess, that there may be some Mixture of Pride and Obstinacy in keeping myself so upright and open as I do, without any Consideration of others; and methinks I am a little too free, where I ought least to be so, and that I grow hot by the Opposition of Respect; and it may be also, that I suffer myself to follow the Propensity of my own Nature for want of Art; using the same Liberty of Speech and Countenance towards great Persons, that I bring with me from my own House: I am sensible how much it declines towards Incivility and Indis-

Indiscretion: But besides that, I am so bred, I have not a Wit supple enough to invade a sudden Question, and to escape by some Evasion, nor to feign a Truth, nor Memory enough to retain it so feign'd; nor truly Assurance enough to maintain it, and play the Brave out of Weakness. And therefore it is that I abandon myself to Candor, always to speak as I think, both by Complexion and Design, leaving the Event to Fortune. *Aristippus* was wont to say, *that the principal Benefit he had extracted from* Philosophy, *was, that he spoke freely and openly to all.* Memory is a Faculty of wonderful Use, and without which the Judgment can very hardly perform its Office: For my Part, I have none at all: What any one will propose to me, he must do it by Parcels, for to answer a Speech consisting of several Heads, I am not able. I could not receive a Commission by Word of Mouth, without a Note-Book: And when I have a Speech of Consequence to make, if it be long, I am reduc'd to the miserable Necessity of getting Word for Word what I am to say by heart; I should otherwise have neither Fashion nor Assurance, being in fear that my Memory would play me a slippery Trick. But this Way is no less difficult to me than the other. I must have three Hours to learn three Verses. And besides, in a Work of a Man's own, the Liberty and Authority of altering the Order, of changing a Word, incessantly varying the Matter, makes it harder to stick in the Memory of the Author. The more I mistrust it, the worse it is; it serves me best by Chance, I must negligently solicit it; for if I press it 'tis astonish'd, and after it once begins to stagger, the more I sound it, the more it is perplex'd; it serves me at its own Hour, not at mine. And the same Defect I find in my Memory I find also in several other Parts. I fly Command, Obligation and Constraint. That which I can otherwise naturally and easily do, if I impose it upon myself by an express and strict Injunction, I cannot do it. Even the Members of my Body, over which a Man has a more particular Jurisdiction, sometimes refuse to obey me, if I enjoin them a necessary Service at a certain Hour. This tyrannical and compulsive Appointment baffles them, they shrink up either thro' Fear or Spite, and fall into a Trance. Being once in a Place where it is look'd upon as the greatest Dis-

Memory very useful to the Judgment.

courtesy imaginable not to pledge those that drink to you, tho' I had there all Liberty allow'd me, I try'd to play the Good-fellow out of respect to the Ladies that were there, according to the Custom of the Country; but there was Sport enough; for this Threatning and Preparation that I was to force upon myself, contrary to my Custom and Inclination, did so stop my Throat, that I could not swallow one Drop; and was depriv'd of drinking so much as to my Meat. I found myself gorg'd, and my Thirst quench'd, by so much Drink as my Imagination had swallow'd. This Effect is most manifest in such as have the most vehement and powerful Imagination: But it is natural, notwithstanding, and there is no one that does not, in some Measure, find it. They offer'd an excellent *Archer*, condemn'd to die, to save his Life, if he would shew some notable Proof of his Art, but he refused to try, fearing least the too great Contention of his Will would make him shoot wide, and that instead of saving his Life, he should also lose the Reputation he had got of being a good Marksman. A Man that thinks of something else, will not fail to take over and over again the same Number and Measure of Steps, even to an Inch in the Place where he walks: But if he makes it his Business to measure and count them, he will find, that what he did by Nature and Accident, he cannot so exactly do by Design. My *Library*, which is of the best Sort of Country *Libraries*, is situated in a Corner of my House: if any Thing comes in my Head that I have a mind to look on, or to write, lest I should forget it in but going cross the Court, I am fain to commit it to the Memory of some other. If I venture in speaking to digress never so little from my Subject, I am infallibly lost, which is the Reason that I keep myself strictly close in Discourse. I am forc'd to call the Men that serve me either by the Names of their Offices, or their Country; for Names are very hard for me to remember. I can tell, indeed, that there are three Syllables, that it has a harsh Sound, and that it begins or ends with such a Letter, but that's all: And if I should live long, I do not think but I should forget my own Name, as some others have done. *Messala Corvinus* was two Years without any Trace of Memory; which is also said of *Gorgius Trapezuntius*. For my own Interest, I often meditate what

Memories quite lost.

what a Kind of Life theirs was, and if, without this Faculty, I should have enough left to support me with any Manner of Ease, and prying narrowly into it; I fear that this Privation, if absolute, destroys all the other Functions of the Soul.

Plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo *.

I'm full of Chinks, and leak out every Way.

It has befal'n me more than once to forget the *Word* I had three Hours before given or received, and to forget where I had hid my Purse: Whatever *Cicero* is pleased to say, I help myself to lose what I have a particular Care to lock safe up. *Memoria certe non modo Philosophiam, sed omnis vitæ usum, omnesque artes, una maxime continet* †. *The Memory is the Receptacle and Sheath of all Science*; and therefore mine being so treacherous, if I know little, I cannot much complain; I know in general the Names of the Arts, and of what they treat, and nothing more. I turn over Books, I do not study them; what I retain I do not know to be another's, and is only what my Judgment has made its Advantage of; Discourses and Imaginations in which it has been instructed. The Author, Place, Words, and other Circumstances, I immediately forget, and am so excellent at Forgetting, that I no less forget my own Writings and Compositions than the rest. I am very often quoted to myself, and am not aware of it; and whoever should enquire of me where I had the Verses and Examples that I have here huddled together, would puzzle me to tell him, and yet I have not borrow'd them but from famous and known Authors, not satisfying myself that they were rich, if I moreover had them not from rich and honourable Hands, where there is a Concurrence of Authority as well as Reason. It is no great Wonder if my Book runs the same Fortune that other Books do, and if my Memory loses what I have writ, as well as what I have read, and what I give, as well as what I receive. Besides the Defect of Memory, I have others which very much contribute to my Ignorance; I have a slow and heavy Wit, the least Cloud stops its Progress,

The Author's Memory.

His Apprehension.

* *Ter. Eun. Act* 1. *Scene* 2. † *Cicero.*

greſs, ſo that, for Example, I never propoſed to it any never ſo eaſy a *Riddle* that it could find out. There is not the leaſt idle Subtilty that will not gravel me. In Games, where Wit is requir'd, as *Cheſs*, *Draughts*, and the like, I underſtand no more but the Motions of the Men, without being capable of any Thing of Deſign. I have a ſlow and perplex'd Apprehenſion, but what it once apprehends it apprehends well, for the Time it retains it. My Sight *His Sight.* is perfect, entire, and diſcovers at a very great Diſtance, but is ſoon weary, which makes me that I cannot read long, but am forc'd to have one to read to me. The younger *Pliny* can inform ſuch as have not experienced it themſelves, what, and how important in Impediment this is to thoſe who addict themſelves to Study. There is not ſo wretched and ſo illiterate a Soul wherein ſome particular Faculty is not ſeen to ſhine; no Soul ſo buried in Sloth and Ignorance, but it will ſally at one End or another. And how it comes to paſs that a Man blind and aſleep to every thing elſe, ſhall be found ſprightly, clear and excellent in ſome one particular Effect, we are to enquire of our Maſters: But the beautiful Souls are they that are univerſal, open and ready for all Things, if not inſtructed, at leaſt capable of being ſo. Which I ſay to accuſe my own; for whether it be thought Infirmity or Negligence (and to Neglect that which lies at our Feet, which we have in our Hands, and what neareſt concerns the Uſe of Life, is far from my Doctrine) there is not a Soul in the World ſo aukward as mine, and ſo ignorant of ſeveral vulgar Things, and ſuch as a Man cannot without Shame be ignorant of. I muſt give ſome Examples, I was born and bred up in the Country, and amongſt Huſbandmen; I have had Buſineſs and Huſbandry in my own Hands ever ſince my Predeceſſors, who were Lords of the Eſtate I now enjoy, left me to ſucceed them: And yet I can neither caſt Accounts, nor reckon my Counters; moſt of our current Money I do not know, nor the Difference between one Grain and another, either growing or in the Barn, if it be not too apparent; and ſcarcely can diſtinguiſh the *Cabbage* and *Lettuce* in my Garden. I do not ſo much as underſtand the Names of the chief Inſtruments of Huſbandry, nor the moſt ordinary Elements of *Agriculture*, which the very Children know; much leſs the mechanick Arts, Traffick, Merchandiſe,

Merchandise, the Variety and Nature of Fruits, Wines and Vines: Nor how to make a Hawk fly, nor to physick a Horse, or a Dog. And, since I must publish my whole Shame, 'tis not above a Month ago that I was trapt in my Ignorance of the Use of Leaven to make Bread, or to what End it was to keep Wine in the Vat. They conjectur'd of old at *Athens* an Aptitude to the *Mathematicks* in him they saw ingeniously haven up a Burthen of Brushwood. Indeed they would draw a quite contrary Conclusion from me; for, give me the whole Provision and Necessaries of a Kitchen, I should starve. By these Features of my Confession Men may imagine others to my Prejudice: But whatever I deliver myself to be, provided it be such as I really am, I have my End; neither will I make any Excuse for committing to Paper such mean and frivolous things as these. The Meanness of the Subject compels me to it. They may if they please accuse my Project, but not my Progress. So it is, that without any Body's needing to tell me, I sufficiently see of how little Weight and Value all this is, and the Folly of my Design. 'Tis enough that my Judgment does not contradict itself, of which these are the Essays.

Nasutus sit usque licet, sis denique nasus,
Quantum noluerit ferre rogatus Atlas;
Et possis ipsum tu deridere Latinum,
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi: Quid dentem dente juvabit
Reddere? Carne opus est, si satur esse velis.
Ne perdas operam, qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe, nos hæc novimus esse nihil ‡.

Be nos'd, be all Nose, 'till thy Nose appear
So great, that *Atlas* it refuse to bear;
Tho' even against *Latinus* thou inveigh,
Against my Trifles thou no more can'st say
Than I have said myself: Then to what End
Should we to render Tooth for Tooth contend?
You must have Flesh if you'll be full, my Friend,

‡ *Mart. l.* 13. *Epig.* 2.

Lose

Lose not thy Labour; but on those that do
Admire themselves, thy utmost Venom throw,
That these Things nothing are, full well we know.

I am not oblig'd to utter no Absurdities, provided I am not deceiv'd in them, and know them to be such; and to trip knowingly, is so ordinary with me, that I seldom do it otherwise, and rarely trip by chance. 'Tis no great Matter to add ridiculous Actions to the Temerity of my Humour, since I cannot ordinarily help supplying it with those that are vicious. I was present one Day at *Barleduc*, when King *Francis* the Second, for a Memorial of *Rene* King of *Sicily*, was presented with a Picture he had drawn of himself. Why is it not in like Manner lawful for every one to draw himself with a Pen as he did with a *Crayon?* I will not therefore omit this Blemish, 'tho very unfit to be publish'd, which is Irresolution; a very great Defect, and very incommodious in the Negotiations of the Affairs of the World; in doubtful Enterprizes, I know not which to chuse.

The Picture of Rene, *King of* Sicily, *drawn by himself.*

Ne si ne no, nel cormi suona intero.

I can maintain an Opinion, but I cannot chuse one, by reason that in human Things, to what *Sect* soever a Man inclines many Appearances present themselves that confirm us in it, and the Philosopher *Chrysippus* said, *That he would of* Zeno *and* Cleanthes, *his Masters, learn their Doctrines only; for as to Proofs and Reasons, he should find enough of his own:* Which Way soever I turn, I still furnish myself with Causes, and Likelihood enough to fix me there, which makes me detain Doubt and the Liberty of choosing 'till all Occasion presses; and then, to confess the Truth, I, for the most part, *throw the Feather into the Wind*, as the Saying is, and commit myself to the Mercy of Fortune; a very light Inclination and Circumstance carries me along with it.

Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc atque illuc impellitur †.

† *Terence. Andr. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 3.

My

My Mind being in Doubt, in a short Space,
With nimble Turns, this Way and that Way sways.

The Incertainty of my Judgment is so equally ballanced in most Occurrences, that I could willingly refer it to be decided by the Chance of a Dye. And observe, with great Consideration of our Human Infirmity, the Examples that the Divine *History* itself has left us of this Custom of refering to Fortune and Chance the Determination of Elections in Doubtful Things: *Sors cecidit super Matthiam*. The Lot fell upon* Matthias. Human Reason is a Two-edg'd and a dangerous Sword: Observe in the Hand of *Socrates*, her most intimate and familiar Friend, how many several Points it has. I am also good for nothing but to follow and suffer myself to be easily carried away with the Crowd; I have not Confidence enough in my own Strength to take upon me to command and lead. I am very glad to find the Way beaten before me by others. If I must run the Hazard of an uncertain Choice, I am rather willing to have it under such a one as is more confident in his Opinions than I am in mine, whose Ground and Foundation I find to be very slippery and unsure, and yet I do not easily change, by Reason that I discern the same Weakness in contrary Opinions. *Ipsa consuetudo assentiendi periculosa esse videtur, & lubrica* †. *The very Custom of assenting seems to be dangerous and slippery.* Especially in politick Affairs there is a large Field open for Contestation.

Justa pari premitur velati cum pondere libra,
Prona nec hac plus parte sedet, nec surgit ab illa ‖.

Like a just Ballance press'd with equal Weight,
Nor dips, nor rises, but the Beam is straight.

Machiavel's Writings, for Example, were solid enough for the Subject, yet were they easy enough to be controverted; and they who have taken up the Cudgels against him, have left as great a Facility of controverting theirs. There was never wanting in that Kind of Argument Replies upon Replies, and as infinite a Contexture of Debates as our wrangling Lawyers have extended in Favour of long Suits.

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* *Acts*, 1. † *Cicero. Acad. lib.* 4. ‖ *Tibullus. l.* 4.

Cædimur,

Cædimur, & totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem *.

——— This is a War,
Wherein by Turns we beat, and beaten are.

The Reaſons having little other Foundation than Experience, and the Variety of Human Events, preſenting us with infinite Examples of all Sorts of Forms. An underſtanding Perſon of our Times ſays, *That whoever would in Contradiction to our* Almancks *write Cold, where they ſay Hot, and Wet where they ſay Dry, and always put the contrary to what they foretel; if he were to lay a Wager, he would not care which Side he took, excepting where no Incertainty could fall out; as to promiſe exceſſive Heats at* Chriſtmas, *or Extremity of Cold at* Midſummer, *which cannot poſſibly be.* I have the ſame Opinion of theſe politick Controverſies; be on which Side you will, you have as fair a Game to play as your Adverſary, provided you do not proceed ſo far as to joſtle Principles that are too manifeſt to be diſputed. And yet, in my Conceit, in publick Affairs there is no Government ſo ill, provided it be ancient, and has been conſtant, that is no better than Change and Alteration. Our Manners are infinitely corrupted, and wonderfully incline to the worſt: Of our Laws and Cuſtoms, there are many that are barbarous and monſtrous: Nevertheleſs, by reaſon of the Difficulty of Reformation, and the Danger of ſtirring Things, if I could put ſomething under to ſtay the Wheel, and keep it where it is, I would do it with all my Heart.

Numquam adeoque pudendis
Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora ſuperſint †.

Th' Examples we produce are not ſo plain
And ſmutty but behind far worſe remain.

The worſt Thing that I find in our *State* is the Inſtability of it; and that our Laws, no more than our Cloaths, cannot ſettle in any certain Form. It is very eaſy to accuſe a Government of Imperfection, for all mortal Things are full of it: It is very eaſy to beget in a People a Contempt of ancient Obſervances, never any Man undertook it but he

* *Hor. lib. 2. Epiſt 2.* † *Juvenal.*

did

did it; but to establish a better Regimen in the stead of that a Man has overthrown, many who have attempted that, have been founder'd in the Attempt. I very little consult my Prudence in my Conduct; I am willing to let it be guided by the publick Rule. Happy People, who do what they are commanded better than they who command, without tormenting themselves with the Causes, who suffer themselves gently to roul after the Cœlestial Revolution: Obedience is never pure nor calm in him who argues and disputes. In fine, to return to myself, the only Thing by which I esteem myself to be something, is, that wherein never any Man thought himself to be defective; my Recommendation is vulgar and common; for who ever thought he wanted Sense? It would be a Proposition that would imply a Contradiction in itself, 'tis a Disease that never is where it is discern'd, 'tis tenacious and strong, but that the first Ray of the Patient's Sight does nevertheless pierce thro' and disperse, as the Beams of the Sun do thick and obscure Mists. To accuse one's self would be to excuse in this Case, and to condemn, to absolve. There never was Porter, or the silliest Girl, that did not think they had Sense enough to do their Business. We easily enough confess an Advantage of Courage, Strength, Experience, Activity and Beauty in others; but an Advantage in Judgment we yield to none; and the Reasons that simply proceed from the natural arguing of others, we think, if we had but turn'd our Thoughts that Way, we should ourselves have found out, as well as they. Knowledge, Stile, and such Parts as we see in others Works, we are soon aware of, if they excel our own; but for the simple Products of the Understanding, every one thinks he could have found out the like, and is hardly sensible of the Weight and Difficulty, if not (and then with much ado) in an extreme and incomparable Distance. And whoever should be able clearly to discern the Height of another's Judgment, would be also able to raise his own to the same Pitch. So that it is a Sort of Exercise, from which a Man is to expect very little Praise, a Kind of Composition of small Repute. And besides, for whom do you write? The Learned, to whom the Authority appertains of judging Books, know no other Value but that of Learning, and allow of no other Proceeding of Wit, but that of Erudition and Art; if you have mistaken

mistaken one of the *Scipio*'s for another, what is all the rest you have to say worth? Whoever is ignorant of *Aristotle*, according to their Rule, is in some sort ignorant of himself. Heavy, ill-bred and vulgar Souls, cannot discern the Grace of a delicate Stile. Now these two Sorts of Men take up the World. The third Sort, into whose Hands you fall, of Souls that are regular and strong of themselves, is so rare, that it justly has neither Name nor Place amongst us; and 'tis so much Time lost to aspire unto it, or to endeavour to please it. 'Tis commonly said, that the justest Dividend *Nature* has given of her Favours, is that of Sense; for there is no one that is not contented with his Share: Is it not Reason? For whoever should discern beyond that, would see beyond his Sight. I think my Opinions are good and sound; but who does not think the same of his? One of the best Proofs I have that mine are so, is the small Esteem I have of myself; for had they not been very well assur'd, they would easily have suffered themselves to have been deceiv'd by the peculiar Affection I have to myself, as one that place it almost wholly in myself, and do not let much run by. All that others distribute amongst an infinite Number of Friends and Acquaintance, to their Glory and Grandeur, I dedicate to the Repose of my own Mind, and to myself. That which escapes thence is not properly by my Direction.

Mihi nempe valere, & vivere doctus *.

To love myself I very well can tell,
So as to live content, and to be well.

Now I find my Opinions very bold and constant, in condemning my own Imperfection; and to say the Truth, 'tis a Subject upon which I exercise my Judgment, as much as upon any other. The World looks always opposite; I turn my Sight inwards, there fix and employ it: Every one looks before him, I look into myself; I have no other Business but myself; I am eternally meditating upon myself, controul and taste myself; other Men's Thoughts are ever wandring abroad, if they set themselves to thinking, they are still going forward.

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* *Plaut.*

Nemo

Nemo in sese tentat descendere *.

No Man attempts to dive into himself.

For my Part, I circulate in myself: and this free Humour of not over easily subjecting my Belief I owe principally to myself; for the strongest and most general Imaginations I have, are those, that, as a Man may say, were born with me; they are natural, and entirely my own. I produc'd them crude and simple, with a strong and bold Production, but a little troubled and imperfect; I have since establish'd and fortify'd them with the Authority of others, and the sound Examples of the Ancients, whom I have found of the same Judgment: They have given me faster hold, and a more manifest Fruition and Possession of that I had before embrac'd; the Reputation that every one pretends to, of Vivacity and Promptness of Wit, I speak in Regularity; the Glory they pretend to from a brave and honourable Action, or some particular Excellency, I claim from Order, Correspondence, and Tranquility of Opinions and Manners. *Omnino si quidquam est decorum, nihil est perfecto magis quam æquabilitas universæ Vitæ, tum singularum actionum, quam conservare non possis, si aliorum naturam imitans omittas tuam* ‡. *If any thing be entirely decent, nothing certainly can be more, than an Equability in the whole Life, and in every particular Action of it; which thou can'st not positively observe and keep, if imitating other Men's Natures, thou layest aside thy own.* Here then you see to what Degree I find myself guilty of this first Part, that I said was in the Vice of Presumption. As to the Second, which consists in not having a sufficient Esteem for others, I know not whether or no I can so well excuse myself; but whatever comes on't, I am resolv'd to speak the Truth. And whether perhaps it be, that the continual Frequentation I have had with the Humours of the Ancients, and the *Idea* of those great Souls of past Ages, put me out of Taste, both with others and myself; or that, in Truth, the Age we live in does produce but very indifferent

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* *Persius Sat.* 4. ‡ *Cicero de Offic. lib.* 1.

Things;

Things; yet so it is, that I see nothing worthy of any great Admiration; neither indeed have I so great an Intimacy with many Men as is requisite to make a right Judgment of them; and those with whom my Condition makes me the most frequent, are, for the most Part, Men that have little Care of the Culture of the Soul; but that look upon Honour as the Sum of all Blessings, and Valour as the Height of all Perfection. What I see that is handsome in others, I very readily commend and highly esteem; nay, I often say more in their Commendation than I think they really deserve, and give myself so far leave to lye; for I cannot invent a false Subject. My Testimony is never wanting to my Friends in what I conceive deserves Praise; and where a Foot is due, I am willing to give them a Foot and a half; but to attribute to them Qualities that they have not, I cannot do it, nor openly defend their Imperfections. Nay, I frankly and ingenuously give my very Enemies their due Testimony of Honour. My Affection alters, my Judgment does not; and I never confound my Animosity with other Circumstances that are foreign to it; and am so jealous of the Liberty of my Judgment, that I can very hardly part with it for any Passion whatever. I do myself a greater Injury in Lying than I do him of whom I tell a Lye. This commendable and generous Custom is observ'd of the *Persian* Nation, *That they spoke of their Mortal Enemies, and with whom they were at deadly War, as honourably and justly as their Virtues did deserve.* I know Men enough that have several fine Parts; one Wit, another Courage, another Address, another Conscience, another Language; one, one Science, another, another; but a Man generally great, and that has all these brave Parts together, or any one of them to such a Degree of Excellence that we should admire him, or compare him with those we honour of Times past, my Fortune never brought me acquainted with; and the greatest I ever knew, I mean, for the natural Parts of the Soul, was *Stephen Boetius*; his was a full Soul indeed, and that had every Way a beautiful

Enemies honour'd by the Persians *for their Virtue.*

Praise of Stephen Boetius.

tiful Aspect: A Soul of the old Stamp, and that had produc'd great Effects, had Fortune been so pleased; having added much to those great natural Parts by Learning and Study. But how it comes to pass I know not, and yet it is certainly so, there is as much Vanity and Weakness of Judgment in those who profess the greatest Abilities, who take upon them learned Callings and bookish Employments, as in any other Sort of Men whatever; either because more is required and expected from them, and that common Defects are inexcusable in them; or because the Opinion they have of their own Learning makes them more bold to expose and lay themselves too open, by which they lose and betray themselves. As an Artificer more betrays his want of Skill in a rich Matter he has in his Hand, if he disgrace the Work by ill Handling, and contrary to the Rules requir'd, than in a Matter of less Value; and Men are more displeased at a Disproportion in a Statue of Gold, than in one of Alabaster; so do these, when they exhibit Things that in themselves, and in their Place, would be good: For they make use of them without Discretion, honouring their Memories at the Expence of their Understanding, and making themselves ridiculous to honour *Cicero*, *Galen*, *Ulpian*, and St. *Hierom*. I willingly fall again into the Discourse of the Vanity of our Education; the End of which is not to render us good and wise, but learned; and she has obtain'd it. She has not taught us to follow and embrace Virtue and Prudence, but she has imprinted in us their Derivation and Etymology. We know how to decline Virtue, we know not how to love it. If we do not know what Prudence is really, and in Effect, and by Experience, we have it however by Heart. We are not content to know the Extraction, Kindred and Alliances of our Neighbours, we will moreover have them our Friends, and will establish a Correspondency and Intelligence with them: But this Education of ours has taught us Definitions, Divisions, and Partitions of Virtue, as so many Sirnames and Branches of a Genealogy, without any further Care of establishing any Familiarity or Intimacy betwixt her and us. She has cull'd out for our initiary Instruction, not such

Books as contain the ſoundeſt and trueſt Opinions, but thoſe that ſpeak the beſt *Greek* and *Latin*; and by theſe quaint Words has inſtill'd in our Fancy the vaineſt Humours of Antiquity. A good Education alters the Judgment and Manners; as it happen'd to *Polemon*, a young lewd and debauch'd *Greek*, who going by chance to hear one of *Xenocrates*'s Lectures, did not only obſerve the Eloquence and Learning of the Reader, and not only brought away the Knowledge of ſome fine Matter, but a more manifeſt and a more ſolid Profit, which was the ſudden Change and Reformation of his former Life. Who ever found ſuch an Effect of our Diſcipline?

——*faciaſne quod olim*
Mutatus Polemon, *ponas inſignia morbi,*
Faſciolas, cubital, focalia: Potus ut ille
Dicitur ex collo furtim carpſiſſe coronas,
Poſtquam eſt impranſi correptus voce Magiſtri *.

Pray tell me, can you do like *Polemon?*
Who being drunk, ran with a Garland on,
Into the School of grave *Xenocrates,*
With Ribbons, Cuſhions, Handkerchiefs; all theſe
He privately took off and threw away,
When he heard what that temperate Man did ſay.

That ſeems to me to be the leaſt contemptible Condition of Men, which by its Plainneſs and Simplicity is ſeated in the loweſt Degree, and invites us to a more regular Converſation. I find the Manner and clownish Language of Country People commonly better ſuited to the Rule and Preſcription of true *Philoſophy* than thoſe of our Philoſophers themſelves. *Plus ſapit vulgus, quia tantum quantum opus eſt, ſapit* ‡. *The Vulgar are ſo much the Wiſer, becauſe they only know what is needful for them to know.* The moſt remarkable Men, as I have judg'd by outward Appearances (for to judge of them according to my own Method, I muſt penetrate a great deal deeper) for Soldiers and Military Conduct, were the Duke of *Guiſe*, who dy'd at *Orleans*, and the late

* *Hor. l. 2. Sat. 3.*

‡ *Lactant. Inſtit. l. 2.*

Mareſchal

Mareschal *Strozzy*. And for Gunmen of great Ability, and no common Virtue, *Olivér*, and *de l' Hospital*, Chancellors of *France*. Poesy too, in my Opinion, has flourish'd in this Age of ours. We have abundance of very good Artificers in the Trade, *Aurat*, *Beze*, *Buchanan* *l' Hospital*, *Montdore* and *Turnebus*. As to the *French* Poets, I believe they have raised it to the highest Pitch to which it can ever arrive; and in those Parts of it wherein *Ronsard* and *du Bellay* excel, I find them little inferior to the ancient Perfection. *Adrian Turnebus* knew more, and what he did know, better than any Man of his Time, or long before him. The Lives of the last Duke of *Alva*, and of our Constable *de Montmorency*, were both of them great and noble, and that had many Resemblances of Fortune; but the Beauty and Glory of the Death of the last, in the Sight of *Paris*, and of his King, against his nearest Relations, in their Service, at the Head of an Army, thro' his Conduct, Victorious, and by a Blow of Hand in so extreme an old Age, merits, methinks, to be recorded amongst the most remarkable Events of our Times. As also the constant Virtue, Sweetness of Manners, and conscientious Facility of *Monsieur de la Noue*, in so great an Injustice of armed Parties (the true School of Treason, Inhumanity and Robbery) wherein he always kept up the Reputation of a good Man, and a great and experienc'd Captain. I have taken a Delight to publish in several Places the Hopes I have of *Mary de Gournay le Jars*, my Daughter of Alliance; and certainly belov'd by me with more than a Paternal Love, and mew'd up in my Solitude and Retirement as one of the best Parts of my own Being. I have no Regard to any Thing in this World but her; and if a Man may presage from her Youth, her Soul will one Day be capable of very great Things; and amongst others, of the Perfection of the Sacred Friendship, to which we do not read that any of her Sex could ever yet arrive; the Sincerity and Solidity of her Manners are already sufficient for it, and her Affection towards me more than superabundant, and such as that there is nothing more to be wish'd, if not that the Apprehension she has of my End, being now Five and Fifty

Years old, might not so much afflict her. The Judgment she has made of my first *Essays*, being a Woman so young, and in this Age, and alone in her own Country, and the famous Vehemency wherewith she lov'd, and desired me upon the sole Esteem she had of me, before she ever saw my Face, is an Accident very worthy of Consideration. Other Virtues have little or no Credit in this Age; but Valour is become popular by our *Civil Wars*; and in this, we have Souls brave, even to Perfection, and in so great Number, that the Choice is impossible to be made. This is all of extraordinary and not common, that has hitherto arriv'd at my Knowledge.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Giving the Lye.

WELL, but some one will say to me, *This Design of making a Man's self the Subject of his Writing were excusable in rare and famous Men, who by their Reputation had given others a Curiosity to be fully inform'd of them.* It is most true, I confess it, and know very well that a Tradesman will scarce lift his Eyes from his work to look at an ordinary Man, when they will forsake their Business and their Shops to stare at an eminent Person, when he comes to Town: It misbecomes any other to give his own Character, but such a one who has Qualities worthy of Imitation, and whose Life and Opinions may serve for Examples. *Cæsar* and *Xenophon* had whereon to found their Narrations in the Greatness of their own Performances, as a just and solid Foundation. And it were also to be wish'd, that we had the Journal Papers of *Alexander* the Great, the Commentaries that *Augustus*, *Cato*, *Sylla*, *Brutus*, and others have left of their Actions. Men love and contemplate the very Statues of such Men both in Copper and Marble.

Marble. This Remonſtrance therefore is very true; but it very little concerns me:

Non recito cuiquam, niſi amicis, idque rogatus;
Non ubivis, coramve quibuſlibet: In medio qui
Scripta foro recitant, ſunt multi, quique lavantes *.

I ſeldom do rehearſe, and when I do,
'Tis to my Friends, and with Reluctance too,
Not before ev'ry one, and ev'ry where,
We have too many that Rehearſers are,
In publick Bath, and open Markets too,

I do not here form a Statue to erect in the moſt eminent Place of a City, in the Church or any publick Place;

Non equidem hoc ſtudio bullatis ut mihi nugis,
Pagina turgeſcat:
Secreti loquimur †.

I ſtudy not to make my Pages ſwell
With mighty Trifles, ſecret Things I tell.

'Tis for ſome Corner of a Library, or to entertain a Neighbour, a Kinſman, or a Friend, that has a Mind to renew his Acquaintance and Familiarity with this Image I have made of myſelf. Others have been encouraged to ſpeak of themſelves, becauſe they found the Subject worthy and rich; I, on the contrary, am the bolder, by reaſon the Subject is ſo poor and ſteril, that I cannot be ſuſpected of Oſtentation. I judge freely of the Actions of others; I give little of my own to judge of, becauſe they are nothing: I do not find ſo much Good in myſelf as to tell it without Bluſhing. What Contentment would it be to me to hear any thus relate to me the Manners, Faces, Countenances, the ordinary Words and Fortunes of my Anceſtors? How attentively ſhould I liſten to it! In earneſt. it would be Ill-nature to deſpiſe ſo much as the Pictures of our Friends and Predeceſſors, the Faſhion of their Cloaths and Arms. I preſerve my Father's Writing, his Seal, and one pecu-

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 4. † *Perſius Sat.* 5.

liar Sword of his, and have not thrown long Staves he used to carry in his Hand out of my Closet. *Paterna vestis, & annulus, tanto charior est posteris, quanto erga parentes major affectus. A Father's Garment and Ring is by so much dearer to his Posterity, as they had the greater Affection towards them.* If my Posterity nevertheless should be of another Mind, I shall be revenged on them; for they cannot care less for me than I shall then do for them. All the Traffick that I have in this with the Publick, is, that I borrow those Utensils of their Writing which are more easy and most at Hand, and in Recompence, shall, perhaps, keep a Pound of Butter in the Market from melting in the Sun.

Ne toga cordyllis, ne penula desit olivis,
Et laxas scombris sæpe dabo tunicas *.

I'll furnish Plaice and Olives with a Coat,
And cover Mackrael when the Sun shines hot.

And tho' no Body should read me, have I lost my Time in entertaining myself so many idle Hours, in pleasing and useful Thoughts? In moulding this Figure upon myself, I have been so oft constrain'd to temper and compose myself in a right Posture, that the Copy is truly taken, and has in some sort form'd itself. But painting for others, I represent myself in a better Colouring than my own natural Complexion. I have no more made my Book than my Book has made me. 'Tis a Book consubstantial with the Author, of a peculiar Design; a Member of my Life, and whose Business is not design'd for others, as that of all other Books is. In giving myself so continual and so exact an Account of myself, have I lost any Time? For they who sometimes cursorily survey themselves only, do not so strictly examine themselves, nor penetrate so deep, as he who makes it his Business, his Study, and his whole Employment, who intends a lasting Record, with all his Fidelity, and with all his Force. The most delicious Pleasures do so digest themselves within, that they avoid leaving any Trace of

* *Mart. Catullus.*

themselves,

themſelves, and avoid the Sight not only of the People, but of any Particular Man. How oft has this Meditation diverted me from troubleſome Thoughts? And all that are frivolous ſhould be reputed ſo. Nature has preſented us with a large Faculty of entertaining ourſelves alone; and oft calls us to it, to teach us, that we owe ourſelves in part to Society, but chiefly and moſtly to ourſelves. That I may habituate my Fancy, even to meditate in ſome Method, and to ſome End, and to keep it from loſing itſelf, and roving at random; 'tis but to give it a Body, and to book all the Thoughts that preſent themſelves to it. I give Ear to my Whimſies, becauſe I am to record them. It oft falls out, that being diſpleaſed at ſome Actions that Civility and Reaſon will not permit me openly to reprove, I do here diſgorge myſelf without Deſign of Publick Inſtruction: And alſo theſe Poetical Laſhes,

Zon ſus l'œil, zon ſur le groin,
Zon ſur le dos du Sagoin *,

A Jerk over the Eye, over the Snout,
Let *Sagoin* be jerk'd throughout.

imprint themſelves better upon Paper, than upon the moſt ſenſible Fleſh. What if I liſten to Books a little more attentively than ordinary, ſince I watch if I can purloin any Thing that may adorn or ſupport my own? I have not at all ſtudied to make a Book; but I have in ſome ſort ſtudied becauſe I had made it, if it be ſtudying to ſcratch and pinch now one Author and then another, either by the Head or Foot; not with any Deſign to ſteal Opinions from them, but to aſſiſt, ſecond, and fortify thoſe I already have embrac'd. But who ſhall we believe in the Report he makes of himſelf, in ſo corrupt an Age? Conſidering there are ſo few, if any at all, whom we can believe, when ſpeaking of others, where there is leſs Intereſt to Lye. The firſt Thing that is done in order to the Corruption of Manners, is baniſhing of Truth; for, as *Pindar* ſays, *to be ſincerely true is the Beginning of a*

* *Marot contre Sagoin.*

great Virtue, and the firſt Article that *Plato* requires in the Government of his *Republick*. The *Truth* of theſe Days is not that which really is, but what every Man perſuades himſelf; or that he is made to believe; as we generally give the Name of Money, not only to Pieces of the juſt Alloy, but even to the falſe alſo, if they are current and will paſs. Our Nation has long been reproach'd with this Vice; for *Salvianus Maſſilienſis*, who liv'd in the Time of the Emperor *Valentinian*, ſays, *That Lying and Forſwearing themſelves is not a Vice in the* French, *but a Way of Speaking*. He that would enhaunce upon this Teſtimony, might ſay, *That it is not a Virtue in them*. Men form and faſhion themſelves to it as to an Exerciſe of Honour; for Diſſimulation is one of the moſt notable Qualities of this Age: I have often conſider'd whence this Cuſtom that we ſo religiouſly obſerve ſhould ſpring, of being more highly offended with the Reproach of a Vice ſo familiar to us than any other, and that it ſhould be the higheſt Injury can in Words be done us, to reproach us with a Lye; and upon Examination, find, that it is natural to defend that Part that is moſt open, and lies expoſed to the greateſt Danger. It ſeems as if by reſenting, and being mov'd at the Accuſation, we in ſome Sort acquitted ourſelves of the Fault; tho' we confeſs it in Effect, we condemn it in outward Appearance. May it alſo not be, that this Reproach ſeems to imply Cowardize and Meanneſs of Courage? Of which can there be a more manifeſt Sign, than to eat a Man's own Words? What, to lye againſt a Man's own Knowledge? Lying is a baſe unworthy Vice; a Vice that one of the Ancients pourtrays in the moſt odious Colours, when he ſays, *That it is to manifeſt a Contempt of God, and withal a Fear of Men.* It is not poſſible more excellently to repreſent the Horror, Baſeneſs and Irregularity of it; for what can a Man imagine more hateful and contemptible than to be a Coward towards Men, and valiant againſt his *Maker?* Our Intelligence being by no other Way to be convey'd to one another but by ſpeaking, who falſifies that, betrays Publick Society. 'Tis the only Way by which we

Lying an Argument of the Contempt of God.

we communicate our Thoughts and Wills; 'tis the Interpreter of the Soul, and if that deceive us, we no longer know, nor have no farther Tie upon one another. If that deceive us, it breaks all our Correſpondence, and diſſolves all the Ties of Government. Certain Nations of the new diſcover'd *Indies* (no Matter for naming them, being they are no more; for by a wonderful and unheard of Example, the Deſolation of that Conqueſt has extended to the utter Abolition of Names, and the ancient Knowledge of Places) offer'd their *Gods* Human Blood, *but only ſuch as was drawn from the Tongue and Ears, to expiate for the Sin of Lying, as well heard as pronounc'd.* The good Fellow of *Greece* was wont to ſay, *That Children were amuſed with Toys, and Men with Words.* As to the diverſe Uſage of our giving the Lye, and the Laws of Honour in that Caſe, and the Alterations they have receiv'd, I ſhall refer ſaying what I know of them to another Time, and ſhall learn, if I can, in the mean Time, at what Time the Cuſtom took Beginning of ſo exactly weighing and meaſuring Words, and of making our Honours ſo intereſted in them; for it is eaſy to judge, that it was not antiently amongſt the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and I have often thought it ſtrange to ſee them rail at, and give one another the Lye without any farther Quarrel. Their *Laws* of Duty ſteer'd ſome other Courſe than ours. *Cæſar* is ſometimes call'd *Thief*, and ſometimes *Drunkard* to his Teeth. We ſee the Liberty of Invectives they practiſed upon one another; I mean, the greateſt *Chiefs* of War of both Nations, where Words are only reveng'd with Words, and never proceed to any other Quarrel.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Of Liberty of Conscience.

'TIS usual to see good Intentions, if carry'd on without Moderation, push Men on to very vicious Effects. In this Dispute, which has at this Time engag'd *France* in a Civil War, the better and the soundest *Cause*, no Doubt, is that which maintains the ancient *Religion* and *Government* of the Kingdom. Nevertheless, amongst the good Men of that Party (for I do not speak of those that only make a Pretence, either to execute their own particular Revenges, or to gratify their Avarice, or to pursue the Favour of Princes; but of those who engage in the Quarrel out of true Zeal to *Religion*, and a virtuous Affection to maintain the Peace and Government of their Country) of these, I say, we see many whom Passion transports beyond the Bounds of Reason, and sometimes inspires them with Counsels that are unjust and violent, and moreover inconsiderate and rash. It is true that in those first Times, when our *Religion* began to gain Authority with the *Laws*, *Zeal* armed many against all Sorts of *Pagan Books* *, by which the Learned suffer an exceeding great Loss. A Disorder that I conceive did more Prejudice to *Letters* than all the Flames of the *Barbarians*. Of this *Cornelius Tacitus* is a very good Testimony; for tho' the Emperor *Tacitus*, his Kinsman, had by express Order furnish'd all the Libraries in the World with it, nevertheless one entire Copy could not escape the curious Examination of those who desir'd to abolish it, for only five or six idle Clauses that were contrary to our Belief. They also had the Trick easily to lend undue Praises to all the *Emperors* who did any thing for us,

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* *Plaut.*

and

and univerſally to condemn all the Actions of thoſe who were our Adverſaries, as is evidently manifeſt in the Emperor *Julian*, ſirnam'd the *Apoſtate*; who was, in Truth, a very great and rare Man, a Man in whoſe Soul *Philoſophy* was imprinted in the beſt Characters, by which he profeſs'd to govern all his Actions; and, in Truth, there is no Sort of Virtue of which he has not left behind him very notable Examples. In *Chaſtity* (of which the whole Courſe of his Life has given manifeſt Proof) we read the ſame of him that was ſaid of *Alexander* and *Scipio*, that being in the Flower of his Age, for he was ſlain by the *Parthians* at One and Thirty, of a great many very beautiful Captives, he would not ſo much as look upon one. As to his *Juſtice*, he took himſelf the Pains to hear the Parties, and although he would, out of Curioſity, enquire what *Religion* they were of, nevertheleſs the Hatred he had to ours never gave any Counterpoiſe to the Balance. He made himſelf ſeveral good Laws, and cut off a great Part of the Subſidies and Taxes impoſed and levied by his Predeceſſors. We have two good Hiſtorians who were Eye-witneſſes of his Actions; one of which, *Marcellinus*, in ſeveral Places of his Hiſtory, ſharply reproves an *Edict* of his, whereby *he interdicted all Chriſtian Rhetoricians and Grammarians to keep School, or to teach*; and ſays, *he could wiſh that Act of his had been buried in Silence.* It is very likely, that had he done any more ſevere Things againſt us, he, ſo affectionate as he was to our Party, would not have paſſed it over in Silence. He was, indeed, ſharp againſt us, but yet no cruel Enemy: For our own People tell this Story of him, *That one Day, walking about the City of* Chalcedon, Maris, *Biſhop of that Place, was ſo bold as to tell him, that he was impious, and an Enemy to* Chriſt; at which, ſay they, therein affecting a Philoſophical Patience, he was no farther moved than to reply, *Go, Wretch, and lament the Loſs of thy Eyes*; to which the *Biſhop* replied again, *I thank* Jeſus Chriſt *for taking away my Sight, that I may not ſee thy impudent Face.* So it is; that this Action of his favours nothing of the Cruelty he is ſaid to have exerciſed towards us. *He was* (ſays *Eutropius*, my other

The Character of the Emperor Julian, *the Apoſtate.*

other Witness) *an Enemy to Christianity, but without putting his Hand to Blood.* And to return to his *Justice,*

His Justice.

there is nothing in that whereof he can be accused, the Severity excepted he practised in the Beginning of his Reign against those who had followed the Party of *Constantius,* his Predecessor. As to his

His Sobriety.

Sobriety, he liv'd always a Soldier's kind of Life; and kept a Table in the most profound Peace, like one that prepar'd and inur'd himself to the Austerities of War. His *Vigilancy* was such

His Vigilancy.

that he divided the Night into three or four Parts, of which, always the least was dedicated to Sleep, the rest was spent either in visiting the Condition of his Army and Guards, in Person, or in Study; for, amongst other extraordinary Qualities, he was very excellent in all Sorts of Learning. 'Tis said of *Alexander* the Great, *that being in Bed, for fear lest Sleep should divert him from his Thoughts and Studies, he had always a Bason set by his Bed-side, and held one of his Hands out with a Ball of Copper in it, to the end, that, beginning to fall asleep, and his Fingers leaving their hold, the Ball by falling into the Bason might awake him.* But the other had his Mind so bent upon what he had a mind to do, and so little disturb'd with Fumes, by reason of his singular Abstinence, that he had no need of any such

His Military Experience.

Invention. As to his *Military Experience,* he was excellent in all the Qualities of a great Captain, as it was likely he should, being almost all his Life in a continual Exercise of War, and most of that Time with us in *France,* against the *Germans* and *Francks:* We hardly read of any Man that ever saw more Dangers, or that made more frequent Proofs of his personal Valour. His Death has something in it parallel with that of *Epaminondas,* for he was wounded with an Arrow, and try'd to pull it out, and had done it, but that being edg'd, it cut and disabled his Hand. He incessantly call'd out, *That they would carry him again in this Condition into the Heat of the Battle to encourage his Soldiers,* who very bravely disputed the Battle without him, 'till Night parted the Armies. We stood oblig'd to his *Philosophy* for the singular

gular Contempt he had for his Life and all Human Things. He had a firm Belief of the Immortality of the Soul. In Matter of *Religion*, he was vicious throughout, and was ſirnam'd the *Apoſtate*, for having relinquiſh'd ours: Though, methinks, 'tis more likely, that he had never thoroughly embrac'd it, but had diſſembled out of Obedience to the Laws, 'till he came to the Empire. He was in his own ſo ſuperſtitious, that he was laugh'd at for it by thoſe of the ſame Opinion of his own Time, who jeeringly ſaid, *That had he got the Victory over the* Parthians, *he had deſtroyed the Breed of Oxen in the World to ſupply his Sacrifices:* He was, moreover, beſotted with the Art of Divination, and gave Authority to all Sorts of Predictions. He ſaid, amongſt other Things, at his Death, *That he was oblig'd to the* Gods, *and thank'd them, in that they would not cut him off by Surprize, having long before advertiſed him of the Place and Hour of his Death; nor by a mean and unmanly Death, more becoming lazy and delicate People; nor by a Death that was languiſhing, long, and painful; and that they had thought him worthy to die after that noble Manner, in the Progreſs of his Victories, in the Flower of his Age, and in the Height of his Glory.* He had a Viſion like that of *Marcus Brutus*, that firſt threatned him in *Gaul*, and afterward appear'd to him in *Perſia* juſt before his Death. Theſe Words, that ſome make him ſay when he felt himſelf wounded, *Thou haſt overcome* Nazaren; or, as others, *Content thyſelf*, Nazaren; would hardly have been omitted, had they been believ'd by my Witneſſes, who being preſent in the *Army*, have ſet down to the leaſt Motions and Words of his End, no more than certain other Miracles that are recorded of him. And to return to my Subject, *he long nouriſhed*, ſays *Marcellinus*, *Paganiſm in his Heart; but all his Army being* Chriſtians, *he durſt not own it. But in the End, ſeeing himſelf ſtrong enough to dare to diſcover himſelf, he cauſed the Temples of the* Gods *to be thrown open, and did his utmoſt to ſet on Foot and to encourage Idolatry: Which the better to effect, having at* Conſtantinople *found the People diſunited, and alſo the Prelates of the Church divided amongſt themſelves, having conveen'd*

The remarkable Death of the Emperor Julian.

veen'd them all before him, he gravely and earnestly admonish'd them to calm those civil Dissentions, and that every one might freely, and without Fear, follow his own Religion. *Which he did the more sedulously solicit, in hope that this Licence would augment the* Schisms *and* Faction *of their Division, and hinder the People from reuniting, and consequently fortifying themselves against him by their unanimous Intelligence and Concord; having experimented by the Cruelty of some* Christians, *that there is no Beast in the World so much to be fear'd by Man, as Man.* These are very near his Words, wherein this is very worthy of Consideration, that the Emperor *Julian* made use of the same *Receipt* of Liberty of Conscience to enflame the civil Dissentions, that our Kings do to extinguish them. So that a Man may say on one Side, *That to give the People the Reins to entertain every Man his own Opinion, is to scatter and sow Division, and, as it were, to lend a Hand to augment it, there being no Sense nor Correction of Law to stop and hinder their Career;* but on the other Side, a Man may also say, *That to give People the Reins to entertain every Man his own Opinion, is to mollify and appease them by Facility and Toleration, and dull the Point which is whetted and made sharper by Variety, Novelty and Difficulty.* And I think it is better for the Honour of the Devotion of our *Kings*, that not having been able to do what they would, they have made a Shew of being willing to do what they could.

Liberty of Conscience.

CHAP. XX.

That we Taste nothing pure.

THE Imbecility of our Condition is such, that Things cannot in their natural Simplicity and Purity fall into our Use; the Elements that we enjoy are chang'd, even Metals themselves, and Gold must in some sort be debased

debaſed to fit it for our Service. Neither has *Virtue*, ſo ſimple as that which *Ariſto*, *Pyrrho*, and alſo the *Stoicks* have made the principal End of Life; nor the *Cerenaick* and *Ariſtippick* Pleaſure, been without Mixture uſeful to it. Of the Pleaſure and Goods that we enjoy, there is but one exempt from ſome Mixture of Ill and Inconvenience.

——— *medio de fonte leporum,*
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat *.
Some think that's bitter will ariſe,
Even amidſt our Jollities.

Our extreameſt Pleaſure has ſome Air of Groaning and Complaining in it. Would you not ſay, that it is dying of Pain? Nay, when we force the Image of it, we ſtuff it with ſickly and painful Epithets, Langour, Softneſs, Feebleneſs, Faintneſs, *Morbidezza*, a great Teſtimony of their Conſanguinity and Conſubſtantiality. The moſt profound Joy has more of Severity than Gaiety in it. The moſt extreme and moſt full Contentment, more of the Grave and Temperate than of the Wanton. *Ipſa fælicitas, ſe niſi temperat premit* †. *Even Felicity, unleſs it moderates itſelf, oppreſſeth.* Delight chews and grinds us; according to the old *Greek* Verſe, which ſays, *That the* Gods *ſell us all the Goods they give us*; that is to ſay, that they give us nothing pure and perfect, and that we do not purchaſe them but at the Price of ſome Evil. Labour and Pleaſure, very unlike in Nature, aſſociate nevertheleſs by I know not what natural Conjunction. *Socrates* ſays, *That ſome God try'd to mix in one Maſs, and to confound Pain and Pleaſure, but not being able to do it, he bethought him, at leaſt to couple them by the Tail.* Metrodorus ſaid, *That in Sorrow there is ſome Mixture of Pleaſure:* I know not whether or no he intended any thing elſe by that Saying: But for my Part, I am of Opinion, that there is Deſign, Conſent and Complacency in giving a Man's ſelf up to Melancholly; I ſay, that beſides Ambition, which may alſo have a Stroke in the Buſineſs, there is ſome Shadow of Delight and Delicacy

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Seneca. Ep.* 74.

which

which ſmiles upon, and flatters us, even in the very Lap of Melancholy. Are there not ſome Complexions that feed upon it?

——— *eſt quædam flere voluptas* *.

A certain Kind of Pleaſure 'tis to weep.

And one *Attalus* in *Seneca* ſays, *That the Memory of our loſt Friends is as grateful to us, as Bitterneſs in Wine too old is to the Palate,*

Miniſter veteris puer falerni
Ingere mi calices amariores †.

Thou, Boy, that fill'ſt the old *Falernian Wine,*
The Bitt'reſt pour into the Bowl that's mine.

And as Apples that have a ſweet Tartneſs. Nature diſcovers this Confuſion to us. *Painters* hold, *That the ſame Motions and Screwings of the Face that ſerve for Weeping, ſerve for Laughter too*; and indeed, before the one or the other be finiſh'd, do but obſerve the *Painter's* Manner of handling, and you will be in Doubt to which of the Two the Deſign does tend. And the Extremity of Laughter does at laſt bring Tears. *Nullum ſine auctora mente malum eſt* ‡. *No Evil is without its Compenſation.* When I imagine Man abounding with all the Pleaſure and Conveniences that are to be deſir'd, let us put the Caſe that all his Members were always ſeiz'd with a Pleaſure like that of Generation in its moſt exceſſive Height; I feel him melting under the Weight of his Delight, and ſee him utterly unable to ſupport ſo pure, ſo continual, and ſo univerſal a Pleaſure. Indeed, he is running away whilſt he is there, and naturally makes haſte to eſcape, as from a Place where he cannot ſtand firm, and where he is afraid of ſinking. When I the moſt ſtrictly and religiouſly confeſs myſelf, I find, that the beſt Virtue I have has in it ſome Tincture of Vice: And am afraid, that *Plato*, in his pureſt Virtue (I who am as ſincere and perfect a Lover of Virtue of that Stamp as any other whatever) if he had liſtned, and laid his Ear cloſe to himſelf, (and he did ſo) he would have heard ſome jarring Sound of Human Mixture; but faint, and remote, and only to be

* *Ovid. Triſt.* † *Catullus, Ep.* 14. ‡ *Seneca, Ep.* 70.

perceiv'd

perceiv'd by himſelf. Man is wholly and throughout but patch'd and motly. Even the *Laws* of Juſtice themſelves cannot ſubſiſt without Mixture of Injuſtice: Inſomuch, that *Plato* ſays, *they undertook to cut off the* Hydra*'s Head, who pretend to clear the Law of all Inconvenience. Omne magnum exemplum habet aliquid ex iniquo, quod contra ſingulos utilitate publica rependitur* *. *Every great Example has in it ſome Mixture of Injuſtice, which recompenſes the Wrong done to particular Men by the publick Utility*, ſays *Tacitus*. It is likewiſe true, that for the Uſage of Life, and the Service of publick Commerce, there may be ſome Exceſſes in the Purity and Perſpicacity of our Minds; that penetrating Light has in it too much of Subtilty and Curioſity: We muſt a little ſtupify and blunt and abate them, to render them more obedient to Example and Practice; and a little veil and obſcure them, the better to proportion them to this dark and earthy Life. And yet common and leſs ſpeculative Souls are found to be more proper and more ſucceſsful in the Management of Affairs; and the elevated and exquiſite Opinions of *Philoſphy* more unfit for Buſineſs. This ſharp Vivacity of Soul, and the ſupple and reſtleſs Volubility attending it, diſturb our Negociations. We are to manage Human Enterprizes more ſuperficially and rudely, and leave a great Part to Fortune. It is not neceſſary to examine Affairs with ſo much Subtilty and Depth: A Man loſes himſelf in the Conſideration of ſo many contrary Luſtres, and ſo many various Forms. *Voluntatibus res inter ſe pugnantes, obturbarant animi* †. *Whilſt they conſider'd of Things ſo indifferent in themſelves they were aſtoniſhed, and knew not what to do.* 'Tis what the Ancients ſay of *Simonides, That by reaſon his Imagination ſuggeſted to him upon the Queſtion King* Hiero *had put to him* (to anſwer, which he had many Days to meditate in) *ſeveral witty and ſubtile Conſiderations, whilſt he doubted which was the moſt likely, he totally deſpair'd of the Truth.* Who dives into, and in his Inquiſition comprehends all Circumſtances and Conſequences, hinders his Election. A little Engine well handled is ſufficient for Execution of leſs or greater Weight and Moment. The beſt Huſbands are thoſe who can worſt give Account why they do ſo; and the greateſt Talkers for the

* *Tacit. Annal, lib.* 14. † *Livy.*

most Part do nothing to the Purpose. I know one of this Sort of Men, and a most excellent Director in all Sorts of good Husbandry, who has miserably let an Hundred Thousand Livres Yearly Revenue slip thro' his Hands. I know another, who says, that he is able to give better Advice than any of his Council; and there is not in the World a fairer Shew of a Soul, and of greater Understanding than he has; nevertheless, when he comes to the Test, his Servants find him quite another Thing; not to make any further mention of his Misfortune.

CHAP. XXI.

Against Idleness.

THE Emperor *Vespasian*, being sick of the Disease whereof he dy'd, did not for all that neglect to enquire after the *State* of the Empire; and even in Bed continually dispatch'd very many Affairs of great Consequence; for which being reprov'd by his *Physician*, as a Thing prejudicial to his Health, *An Emperor*, said he, *must die standing*. O fine Saying, in my Opinion, and worthy of a great *Prince*. The Emperor *Adrian* since made use of the same Words; and Kings should be often put in mind of it, to make them know, that the great Office conferr'd upon them of the Command of so many Men, is not an Employment of Ease; and that there is nothing can so justly disgust a Subject, and make him unwilling to expose himself to Labour and Danger for the Service of his *Prince*, than to see him in the mean Time devoted to his Ease and unmanly Delights: And to be solicitous of his Preservation, who so much neglects that of his People. Whoever will take upon him to maintain, that 'tis better for a *Prince* to carry on his Wars by others, than in his own Person; Fortune will furnish him with Examples enough of those whose *Lieutenants* have brought great Enterprizes to a happy Issue, and of those also whose Presence has done more Hurt than Good. But no virtuous and valiant *Prince* can with Patience

thence endure ſuch diſhonourable Advice, under Colour of ſaving his Head, like the Statue of a Saint; for the Happineſs of his Kingdom, they degrade him from, and make him incapable of his Office, which is military throughout. I know one who had much rather be beaten, than to ſleep whilſt another fights for him; and who never without Jealouſy heard of any brave Thing done even by his own Officers in his Abſence. And *Selimus* ſaid, with very good Reaſon, in my Opinion, *That Victories obtain'd without the Maſters, were never compleat.* Much more would he have ſaid, that that Maſter ought to bluſh for Shame to pretend to any Share in the Honour, having contributed nothing to the Work, but his Voice and Thought; nor even ſo much as thoſe, conſidering, that in ſuch Works as that, the Direction and Command that deſerve Honour, are only ſuch as are given upon the Place, and in the Heat of the Buſineſs. No *Pilot* performs his Office by ſtanding ſtill. The *Princes* of the *Ottoman* Family, the chiefeſt in the World in Military Fortune, have warmly embrac'd this Opinion; and *Bajazet* the Second, with his Son, that ſwerv'd from it, ſpending their Time in Sciences, and other retir'd Employments, gave great Blows to their Empire: And *Amurath* the Third, now reigning, following their Example, begins to find the ſame. Was it not *Edward* the Third, King of *England*, who ſaid this of our *Charles* the Fifth? *There never was King who ſo ſeldom put on his Arms, and yet never King who cut me out ſo much Work.* He had Reaſon to think it ſtrange, as an Effect of Chance more than of Reaſon. And let thoſe ſeek out ſome other to join with them than me, who will reckon the Kings of *Caſtile* and *Portugal* amongſt the warlike and magnanimous Conquerors, becauſe at the Diſtance of twelve hundred Leagues from their lazy Abode, by the Conduct of their *Captains*, they made themſelves Maſters of both *Indies*; of whom it will be known, if they have but the Courage to go, and in Perſon to enjoy them. The Emperor *Julian* ſaid yet further, *That a Philoſopher and a brave Man ought not ſo much as to breathe*; that is to ſay, not to allow any more to Bodily Neceſſities than what we cannot refuſe; *keeping the Soul and Body ſtill intent and buſy about honourable, great and virtuous Things:* He was aſham'd if any one in publick ſaw him ſpit or ſweat (which is ſaid by ſome alſo

of the *Lacedæmonian* Young Men, and that *Xenophon* says of the *Persian*) forasmuch as he conceiv'd, that Exercise, continual Labour and Sobriety, ought to have dried up all those Superfluities. What *Seneca* says will not be unfit for this Place; which is, *that the Ancient* Romans *kept their Youth always standing, and taught them nothing that they were to learn sitting.* 'Tis a generous Desire, to wish to dye usefully, and like a Man, but the Effect lies not so much in our Resolution as good Fortune. A thousand have proposed to themselves in Battle, either to overcome or dye, who have fail'd both in the one and the other; Wounds and Imprisonment crossing their Design, and compelling them to live against their Wills. There are Diseases that overthrow so much as our Desires and our Knowledge. Fortune ought not to second the Vanity of the *Roman Legions*, who bound themselves by Oath, *either to overcome, or dye. Victor, Marce Fabi, revertar ex acie: Si fallo, Jovem patrem Gradivumque Martem, aliosque iratos invoco Deos. I will return* (Marcus Fabius) *a Conqueror from the Army: And if I fail, I wish the Indignation of* Jove, Mars, *and the other offended Gods, may light upon me.* The *Portuguese* say, *that in a certain Place of their Conquest of the* Indies, *they met with Soldiers who had damn'd themselves with horrible Execrations, to enter into no other Composition, but either to cause themselves to be slain, or to remain victorious; and had their Heads and Beards shav'd in token of this Vow.* 'Tis to much Purpose to hazard ourselves, and to be obstinate. It seems as if Blows avoided those that present themselves too briskly to Danger; and do not willingly fall upon those who too willingly seek them, and do defeat them of their Design. Such there have been, who after having try'd all Ways, not having been able, with all their Endeavour, to obtain the Favour of dying by the Hand of the Enemy, have been constrain'd to make good their Resolution of bringing home the Honour of Victory, or of losing their Lives, to kill themselves even in the Heat of Battle. Of which there are other Examples, but this is one: Philistus, *General of the Naval Army of* Dionysius *the Younger, against those of* Syracusa, *presented them Battle, which was sharply disputed, their Forces being equal. In which Engagement he had the better at first, thro' his own Valour: But, the* Syracusans *drawing about his*

his Admiral Gally *to environ him, after having done great Things in his own Person to disengage himself, hoping for no Relief, with his own Hand took away that Life he had so liberally and in vain exposed to the Fury of the Enemy.* Muley Moluck, *King of* Fez, *who won the Battle against* Sebastian, *King of* Portugal, *so famous for the Death of Three Kings, and by the Transmission of that great Kingdom to the Crown of* Castile, *was extremely sick when the* Portuguese *entered in an hostile Manner into his Dominions; and from that Day forward grew worse and worse, still drawing nearer to, and foreseeing his End: Yet never did Man better employ his own Sufficiency more vigorously and bravely than he did upon this Occasion. He found himself too weak to undergo the Pomp and Ceremony of entring into this Camp, which after their Manner is very magnificent, and therefore resign'd that Honour to his Brother; but that was also all of the Office of a* General *that he resigned, all the rest of greatest Utility and Necessity he most exactly and gloriously perform'd in his own Person; his Body lying upon a Couch, but his Judgment and Courage upright and firm to his last Gasp, and in some sort beyond it. He might have defeated his Enemy, indiscreetly advanc'd into his Dominions, without striking a Blow; and it was a very unhappy Occurrence, that for want of a little Life, or some Body to substitute in the Conduct of this War, and the Affairs of a troubled State, he was compelled to seek a doubtful and bloody Victory, having another by a better and surer Way already in his Hands. Notwithstanding he wonderfully manag'd the Continuance of his Sickness in consuming the Enemy, and in drawing them from the Assistance of the Naval Army they had in the Parts of* Africk, *even 'till the last Day of his Life, which he designedly reserv'd for this furious Battle. He order'd his Battle in a circular Form, environing the* Portugal *Army on every Side, which Round coming to close in the Wings, and to draw up close together, did not only hinder them in the Conflict (which was very sharp, thro' the Valour of the young invading King) considering they were every Way to make a Front; but preventing their Flight after the Defeat, so that finding all Passages possest and shut up by the Enemy, they were constrain'd to close up together again;* coacervanturque non solum cæde, sed etiam fuga, *and there they were slain in Heaps upon one another, leaving*

to the Conqueror a very bloody and entire Victory. Dying, he caused himself to be carried and hurried from Place to Place where most Need was; and Passing thro' the Files encouraged the Captains and Soldiers one after another. But a Corner of his Battle being broken, he was not to be held from mounting on Horseback with his Sword in his Hand. He did his utmost to break from those about him, and to rush into the thickest of the Battle, they all the while with-holding him, some by the Bridle, some by his Robe, and others by his Stirrups. This last Effort totally overwhelmed the little Life he had left, they again lay him upon his Bed; but coming to himself again, and starting out of his Swoon, all other Faculties failing to give his People Notice that they were to conceal his Death (the most necessary Command he had then to give, that his Soldiers might not be discourag'd with the News) he exposed with his Finger upon his Mouth the ordinary Sign of keeping Silence. Who ever liv'd so long and so far in Death? Who ever died more like a Man? The most extreme Degree of entertaining Death, and the most natural, is to look upon it not only without Astonishment, but without Care, continuing the wonted Course of Life even into it. As *Cato* did, who entertain'd himself in Study, and went to Sleep, having a violent and bloody one in his Heart, and the Weapon in his Hand, with which he was resolv'd to dispatch himself.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Posts.

I Have been none of the least able in this Exercise, which is proper for Men of my Pitch, short and well knit; but I give it over, it shakes us too much to continue long. I was just now reading, *That King* Cyrus, *the better to have*

Post-horses first set up by *Cyrus.*

News brought him from all Parts of the Empire, which was of a vast Extent, caused it to be try'd how far a Horse could go in a Day without baiting, and at that Distance appointed Stages and Men, whose Business it was to have Horses

Horses always in Readiness, to mount those who were dispatch'd away to him. And some say, that this swift Way of Posting is equal to that of the Flight of Cranes. *Cæsar* says, *That* Lucius Vibilus Refus, *being in great Haste to carry Intelligence to* Pompey, *rid Day and Night, still taking fresh Horses for the greater Diligence and Speed; and himself,* as *Suetonius* reports, *travelling a hundred Miles a Day in a hired Coach; but he was a furious* Courier, *for where the Rivers stopt his Way, he always pass'd them by Swimming, without turning out of his Road to look for either* Bridge *or* Ford. *Tiberius Nero,* going to see his Brother *Drusus,* who was sick in *Germany,* travell'd Two Hundred Miles in four and Twenty Hours, having Three Coaches. In the Wars the *Romans* had against King *Antiochus, T. Sempronius Gracchus,* says *Livy, Per dispositos equos propè incredibili celeritate ab Amphissa tertio die Pellam pervenit*. Upon Horses purposely laid in, he by an almost incredible Speed, rid in three Days from* Amphissa *to* Pella. And it appears there, that they were establish'd *Posts,* and not Horses purposely laid in upon this Occasion. *Cecinna*'s Invention to send back News to his Family, was much more quick; for *he took Swallows along with him from home, and turned them out towards their Nests when he would send back any News; setting a Mark of some Colour upon them to signify his Meaning, according to what he and his People had before agreed upon.* At the *Theatre* at *Rome,* Masters of Families carried *Pidgeons* in their Bosoms, to which they ty'd Letters, when they had a Mind to send any Orders to their People at Home; and the *Pidgeons* were train'd up to bring back an Answer. *D. Brutus* made use of the same Device, when besieg'd in *Mutina,* and others elsewhere have done the same. In *Peru* they rid Post upon Men's Shoulders, who took them upon their Shoulders in a certain Kind of Litter, made for that Purpose, and ran with such Agility, that in their full Speed the first *Couriers* throw their Load to the Second without making any Stop; and so on. I understand, that the *Valachians,* who are the Grand Seignior's *Couriers,* perform wonderful Dispatch, by reason they have Liberty to dismount the first they meet on the

Pidgeons taught to carry Letters.

* *Livius.*

Road, giving him their own tir'd Horses; to preserve themselves from being weary, they gird themselves straight about the Middle with a broad Girdle, but I could never find any benefit by it.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of Ill Means employed to a good End.

THere is a wonderful Relation and Correspondence in this Universal Government of the Works of Nature, which very well makes it appear that it is neither Accidental, nor carried on by divers Masters. The Diseases and Conditions of our Bodies are in like manner manifest in States, and the various Governments of the World. *Kingdoms* and *Republicks* are Founded, Flourish, and Decay with Age as we do. We are subject to a Repletion of Humours either useless or dangerous, either of those that are good (for even those *Physicians* are afraid of:) And as we have nothing in us that is permanent, they say, *That a too brisk and vigorous Perfection of Health, must be abated by Art, lest as our Nature cannot rest in any certain Condition, and not having whether to rise to mend itself, it makes too sudden and too disorderly a Retreat* (and therefore prescribe Wrestlers to purge and bleed, to qualify that superabundant Health) *or else a Repletion of evil Humours, which is the ordinary Cause of Sickness. States* are very often sick of the like Repletion, and therefore Sorts of Purgations have commonly been used. Sometimes a great Number of *Families* are turn'd out to clear the Country; who seek out new Abodes elsewhere, and encroach upon others. After this Manner our ancient *Francs* came from the remotest Part of *Germany*, to seize upon *Gaul*, and to drive thence the first Inhabitants; so was that infinite Deluge of Men made up that came into *Italy* under the Conduct of *Brennus*, and others: So the *Goths* and *Vandals*, also the People who now possess *Greece*, left their Native Country to go settle in other Places where they might have more Room; and there is scarce two or three little Corners of the World that have not felt the Effects of

of such Removals. The *Romans* by this Means erected their *Colonies*; for perceiving their City to grow immeasurably populous, they eased it of the most unnecessary People, and sent them to inhabit and cultivate the Lands they had conquer'd: Sometimes also they purposely maintain'd Wars with some of their Enemies, not only to keep their Men in Action, for fear lest Idleness, the Mother of Corruption, should bring upon them some worse Inconvenience,

> *Et patimur longæ pacis mala, sævior armis*
> *Luxuria incumbit* *.
>
> We suffer th' Ills of a long Peace, by far
> Greater, and more pernicious than War.

but also to serve for a Blood-letting to their *Republick*, and a little to evaporate the too vehement Heat of their Youth, to prune and cleanse the Branches from the Stock too luxuriant in Wood; and to this End it was, that they formerly maintain'd so long a War with *Carthage*. In the Treaty of *Bretagny*, *Edward* the Third, King of *England*, would not, in the general Peace he then made with our *King*, comprehend the Controversy about the Dutchy of *Britany*, that he might have a Place wherein to discharge himself of his Soldiers; and that the vast Number of *English* he had brought over to serve him in that Expedition might not return back into *England*. And this also was one Reason why our King *Philip* consented to send his Son *John* that Foreign Expedition, that he might take along with him a great Number of hot young Men that were then in his Pay. There are many in our Times who talk at this Rate, wishing that this hot Emotion that is now amongst us might discharge itself from some neighbouring War, for fear lest all the peccant Humours that now reign in this politick Body of ours may not diffuse themselves further, keep the Fever still in Height, and at last cause our total Ruin; and in Truth, a *Foreign* is much more supportable than a *Civil War*; but I do not believe that God will favour so unjust a Design, as to offend and quarrel with others for our Advantage.

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* *Juvenal, Sat.* 6.

Nil

Nil mihi tam valde placeat Rhamnusia virgo,
Quod temere invitis suspiciatur heris *.

In War that does invade another's Right,
Whose End is Plunder, I take no Delight.

And yet the Weakness of our Condition does often push us upon the Necessity of making use of ill Means to a good End. *Lycurgus*, the most virtuous and perfect *Legislator* that ever was, invented this unjust Practice of making *the* Helotes, *who were their Slaves, drunk by force, by so doing to teach his People Temperance, to the End that the* Spartiates *seeing them so overwhelm'd and buried in Wine, might abhor the Excess of this beastly Vice.* And yet they were more to blame, who of old gave leave, that Criminals, to what Sort of Death soever condemn'd, should be cut alive by the *Physicians*, that they might make a true Discovery of our inward Parts, and build their Art upon greater Certainty: For if we must run into Excesses, 'tis more excusable to do it for the Health of the Soul, than that of the Body; as the *Romans* train'd up the People to Valour, and the Contempt of Dangers and Death, by those furious Spectacles of *Gladiators* and *Fencers*, who being to fight it out 'till the last, cut, mangled, and killed one another in their Presence:

Quid vesani aliud sibi vult ars impia ludi,
Quid mortes juvenum, quid sanguine pasta voluptas †?

Of such inhuman Sports what further Use?
What Pleasure can Slaughters of Men produce?

And this Custom continued 'till the Emperor *Theodosius*'s Time.

Arripe dilatam tua dux in tempora famam,
Quodque putris superest successor laudis habeto:
Nullus in Urbe cadat, cujus sit pœna Voluptas,
Jam solis contenta feris infamis arena,
Nulla cruentatis homicidia ludat in armis ‡.

Prince, take the Honours destin'd for thy Reign,
Inherit of thy Father those remain,
Henceforth let none at *Rome* for Sport be slain.

---

* *Catullus.* ‡ *Prudentius.* ‡ *Ibid.*

Let

Let Beasts Blood stain th' infamous Theatre,
And no more Homicides be acted there.

It was in Truth a wonderful Example, and of great Advantage for the training up the People, to see every Day before their Eyes a Hundred, two Hundred; nay, a Thousand Couples of Men arm'd against one another, cut one another to Pieces with so great Constancy of Courage, that they were never heard to utter so much as one Syllable of Weakness or Commiseration; never seen to turn back, nor so much as to make one cowardly Step to evade a Blow, but rather expose their Necks to the Adversaries Sword, and present themselves to receive the Stroke. And many of them, when wounded to Death, have sent to ask the Spectators, *If they were satisfied with their Behaviour?* before they lay down to die upon the Place. It was not enough for them to fight and die bravely, but cheerfully too; insomuch that they were hissed and cursed if they made any Dispute about receiving their Death. The very Maids themselves set them on.

———*consurgit ad ictus:*
Et quoties victor ferrum jugulo inserit, illa
Delicias ait esse suas, pectusque jacentis
Virgo modesta jubet conservo pollice rumpi *.

The modest Virgin is delighted so
With the fell Sport, that she applaudes the Blow;
And when the Victor baths his bloody Brand
In's Fellow's Throat, and lays him on the Sand,
Then she's most pleas'd, and shews by Signs, she'd fain
Have him rip up the Bosom of the Slain.

The first *Romans* only condemn'd Criminals to this Example: But they have since employ'd innocent Slaves in the Work, and even Freemen too, who sold themselves to this Effect: Nay, moreover *Senators* and *Knights* of *Rome*; and also Women;

Nunc caput in mortem vendunt, & funus arenæ,
Atque hostem sibi quisque parat cum bella quiescunt †.

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* *Prudentius.* † *Manil.*

They

They sell themselves to Death, and since the Wars
Are ceas'd, each for himself a Foe prepares.

Hos inter fremitus, novoque lusus,
Stat sexus rudis, insciusque ferri,
Et pugnat capit improbus viriles *.

Amidst these Tumults and Alarms
The tender Sex, unskill'd in Arms,
Immodestly will try their Mights,
And now engaged in manly Fights.

which I should think strange and incredible, if we were not accustomed every Day to see in our own Wars many Thousands of Men of other Nations, for Money to stake their Blood and their Lives in Quarrels wherein they have no Manner of Concern.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the Roman *Grandeur.*

I Will only say a Word or two of this infinite Argument, to shew the Simplicity of those who compare the pitiful Grandeurs of these Times to that of *Rome.* In the seventh Book of *Cicero*'s Familiar Epistles (and let the *Grammarians* put out that Sirname of *Familiar* if they please, for in Truth it is not very proper; and they who instead of *familiar* have substituted *ad familiares*, may gather something to justify them for so doing, out of what *Suetonius* says in the Life of *Cæsar*, *that he had a Volume of Letters of his ad familiares*) there is one directed to *Cæsar*, being then in *Gaul*, wherein *Cicero* repeats these Words, which were in the End of another Letter that *Cæsar* had writ to him: *As to what concerns* Marcus Furius, *whom you have recommended to me, I will make him King of* Gaul, *and if you would have me advance any other Friend of yours, send him to me.* It was no new Thing for a simple Citizen of *Rome*,

* *Statius.*

as *Cæsar* then was, to disposé of *Kingdoms*; for he took away that of King *Deiotarus* from him to give it to a Gentleman of the City of *Pergamum*, call'd *Mithridates*. And they who writ his Life record several Cities by him sold; and *Suetonius* says, *That he had once from King* Ptolomy *three Millions and six hundred Thousand Crowns*, which was very near selling him his own Kingdom.

Tot Galatæ, tot Pontus, tot Lidia nummis *.
Such Sums of Money did he raise as these
From *Pontus*, *Lidia*, and the *Galates*.

Marcus Antonius said, *That the Grandeur of the People of* Rome *was not so much seen in what they took as in what they gave*. And indeed some Ages before *Antonius*, they had dethron'd one amongst the rest with so wonderful Authority, that in all the *Roman* History I have not observ'd any thing that more denotes the Height of their Power. *Antiochus* possessed all *Egypt*, and was moreover ready to conquer *Cyrus*, and other Appendixes of that Empire; when being upon the Progress of his Victories, *C. Popilius* came to him from the Senate, and at their first meeting refus'd to take him by the Hand, till he had first read his Letters, which after the *King* had read, and told him he would consider of them, *Popilius* made a Circumference about him with the Stick he had in his Hand, saying, *Return me an Answer, that I may carry it back to the Senate before thou stirrest out of this Circle*. *Antiochus*, astonish'd at the Roughness of so positive a Command, after a little Pause, reply'd, *I will obey the Senate's Command*; and then it was that *Popilius* saluted him as a Friend to the People of *Rome*. After having quitted claim to so great a *Monarchy*, in such a Torrent of successful Fortune, upon three Words in Writing; in earnest, he had Reason, as he afterwards did, to send the *Senate* Word by his *Ambassadors, that he had received their Order with the same Respects, as if he had been sent by the Immortal* Gods. All the Kingdoms that *Augustus* gained by the Right of War, he either restored to those who had lost them, or presented them to Strangers. And *Tacitus*, in reference to this, speaking of *Cogidunus*, King of *England*, gives us a brisk Touch of that infinite

* *Claud.*

Power:

Power: *The* Romans, says he, *were from all Antiquity accustom'd to leave the Kings they had subdued in Possession of their Kingdoms under their Authority, that they might have even* Kings *to be their Slaves: Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis, & reges.* 'Tis like that *Solyman*, whom we have seen make a Gift of *Hungary*, and other *Principalities*, had therein more respect to this Consideration, than to that he was wont to alledge, *viz. That he was glutted and overcharged with so many Monarchies, and so much Dominion, as his own Valour, and that of his Ancestors had acquired.*

CHAP XXV.

Not to counterfeit being sick.

THere is an Epigram in *Martial* of very good Sense, for he has of all Sorts, where he pleasantly tells the Story of *Cælius*, who, to avoid making his Court to some great Men of *Rome*, to wait their Rising, and to attend them abroad, pretended to have the *Gout*; and the better to colour this Pretence, anointed his Legs, and had them lapp'd up in a great many Clouts and Swathings, and perfectly counterfeited both the Gesture and Countenance of a gouty Person; 'till in the End Fortune did him the Kindness to make him one indeed.

Tantum cura potest & ars doloris,
Desit fingere Cælius podagram *.

The Power of Counterfeiting is so great,
Cælius has ceas'd the Gout to counterfeit.

I think I have read somewhere in *Appian* a Story like this, of one, who to escape the Proscriptions of the *Triumviri* of *Rome*, and the better to be conceal'd from the Discovery of those who pursued him, having shaded himself in a Disguise, would yet add this Invention, *to counterfeit having but one Eye; but when he came to have a little more Liberty, and went to take off the Plaister he had a great while*

* *Mart. Epig.* 28. *lib.* 1.

worn

worn over his Eye, he found he had totally loſt the Sight of it indeed, and that it was abſolutely gone. 'Tis poſſible that the Action of Sight was dull'd, for having been ſo long without Exerciſe, and that the Optick Power was wholly retir'd into the other Eye: For we evidently perceive, that the Eye we keep ſhut ſends ſome Part of its Virtue to its Fellow, ſo that the remaining Eye will ſwell and grow bigger; as alſo Idleneſs, with the Heat of Ligatures and Plaiſters, might very well have brought ſome gouty Humour upon this Diſſembler of *Martial*. Reading in *Froiſard* the Vow of a Troop of young *Engliſh Gallants, to carry their Left-eyes bound up 'till they were arriv'd in* France, *and had perform'd ſome notable Exploit upon us*; I have oft been tickled with the Conceit of it, it befalling them as it did the before-named *Roman*, and that they had return'd with but an Eye apiece to their Miſtreſſes, for whoſe Sakes they had entred into this ridiculous Vow. Mothers have reaſon to rebuke their Children when they counterfeit having but one Eye, Squinting, Lameneſs, or any other Perſonal Defect; for beſides that their Bodies being then ſo tender may be ſubject to take an ill Bent, Fortune, I know not how, ſometimes ſeems to take a Delight to take us at our Word; and I have heard ſeveral Examples related of People who have become really ſick by only feigning to be ſo. I have always uſed whether Horſeback or on Foot, to carry a Stick in my Hand, and ſo as to affect doing it with a Grace. Many have threatned that this Wantonneſs would one Day be turn'd into Neceſſity, that is, *that I ſhould be the firſt of my Family that ſhould have the Gout.* But let us a little lengthen this Chapter, and eech it with a Piece of another Colour, concerning *Blindneſs*. *Pliny* reports of one, *that once dreaming he was blind, found himſelf in the Morning ſo indeed, without any preceeding Infirmity in his Eyes.* The Force of Imagination might aſſiſt in this Caſe, as I have ſaid elſewhere, and *Pliny* ſeems to be of the ſame Opinion; but it is more likely that, the Motions which the Body felt within (of which *Phyſicians*, if they pleaſe, may find out the Cauſe) which took away his Sight, were the Occaſions of his Dream. Let us add another Story, not very improper for this Subject, which *Seneca* relates in one of his Epiſtles: *You know*, ſays he, writing to *Lucullus*, *that* Harpate, *my Wife's Fool, is thrown upon me as an hereditary Charge*;

for

for I have naturally an Aversion to those Monsters; and if I have a Mind to laugh at a Fool, I need not seek him far, I can laugh at myself. This Fool has suddenly lost her Sight. I tell you a strange, but a very true Thing; she is not sensible that she is blind, but eternally importunes her Keeper to take her abroad, because she says the House is dark. I pray believe, that what we laugh at in her happens to every one of us: No one knows himself to be avaricious. Besides, the Blind call for a Guide, but we stray of our own accord. I am not ambitious, we *say, but a Man cannot live otherwise at* Rome; *I am not wastful, but the City requires a great Expence; 'tis not my Fault if I am cholerick, and if I have not yet established any certain Course of Life, 'tis the Fault of Youth. Let us not seek our Disease out of ourselves, 'tis in us, and planted in our Bowels. And even this, that we do not perceive ourselves to be sick, renders us more hard to be cur'd. If we do not betimes begin to dress ourselves, when shall we have done with so many Wounds and Evils wherewith we abound? And yet, we have a most sweet and charming Medicine of Philosophy; for all the rest are sensible of no Pleasure 'till after the Cure: This pleases and heals at once.* This is what *Seneca* says, he has carry'd me from my Subject, but there is Advantage in the Change.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of Thumbs.

TAcitus reports, that amongst certain *Barbarian Kings* their Manner was, when they would make a firm Obligation, to join their Hand close to one another, and twist their Thumbs, and when by Force of Straining the Blood it appear'd in the Ends, they lightly prick'd them with some sharp Instrument, and mutually suck'd them. *Physicians* say, *That the Thumbs are the Master-finger of the Hand, and that their Latin* Etymology *is derived from* Pollere. The *Greeks* call'd them ἀντίχειρας, as who should say, *another Hand.* And it seems, that the *Latins* also sometimes take in this Sense for the whole Hand;

Sed

Sed nec vocibus excitata blandis,
Molli pollice nec rogata surgit *.

It was at *Rome* a Signification of Favour to depress and clap in the Thumbs;

Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum †.

Thy Patron, when thou mak'st thy Sport,
Will with both Thumbs applaud thee for't.

and of Disfavour to elevate and thrust them outward:

——— *converso pollice vulgi*
Quemlibet occidunt populariter ‡.

The Vulgar with reverted Thumbs,
Kill each one that before them comes.

The *Romans* exempted from War all such as were maim'd in the Thumbs, as having no more sufficient Strength to hold their Arms. *Augustus* confiscated the Estate of a *Roman* Knight, *who had maliciously cut off the Thumbs of two young Children he had, to excuse them from going into the Armies:* And before him, the *Senate*, in the Time of the *Italick* War, had condemn'd *Caius Valienus* to perpetual Imprisonment, and confiscated all his Goods, *for having purposely cut off the Thumb of his Left-hand, to exempt himself from that Expedition.* Some one, I have forgot who, having won a Naval Battle, *cut off the Thumbs of all his vanquish'd Enemies, to render them incapable of Fighting, and of handling the Oar.* The *Athenians* also caused the *Thumbs* of those of *Ægina* to be cut off, *to deprive them of the Preference in the Art of Navigation.* And in *Lacedæmonia*, *Pedagogues* chastiz'd their Scholars *by biting their Thumbs.*

CHAP. XXVII.

Cowardize the Mother of Cruelty.

I Have often heard it said, *that* Cowardize *is the Mother of Cruelty:* And I have found by Experience, that that malicious and inhuman Animosity and Fierceness is

† *Mart. l.* 12. *Epig.* 99. † *Hor. l.* 1. *Ep.* 18.
‡ *Juven. Sat.* 3.

usually accompany'd with a Feminine Faintness. I have seen the most cruel People, and upon very frivolous Occasions, very apt to cry. *Alexander*, the *Tyrant* of *Pheres*, durst not be a Spectator of *Tragedies* in the *Theatre*, for fear lest his Citizens should see him weep at the Misfortunes of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*; *who himself caused so many People every Day to be murther'd without Pity.* Is it not Meanness of Spirit that renders them so pliable to all Extremities? *Valour* (whose Effect is only to be exercised against Resistance)

Nec nisi bellantis gaudet cervice juvenci *.

——neither unless he fight,
In conquering a Bull does take Delight.

stops when it sees the Enemy at its Mercy; but *Pusillanimity*, to say that it was also in the Action, not having dar'd to meddle in the first Act of Danger, rushes into the second of Blood and Massacre. For the Execution in Victories is commonly perform'd by the Rascality and Hangers on of an Army, and that which causes so many unheard of Cruelties in Domestick Wars, is, *that the hottest of the People are flush'd in being up to the Elbows in Blood, and ripping up Bodies that lie prostrate at their Feet, having no Sense of any other Valour.*

Et lupus, & turpes instant morientibus ursi,
Et quæcunque minor nobilitate fera est †.

None but the Wolves, the filthy Bears and all
The baser Beasts, will on the Dying fall.

Like Cowardly House-curs, that in the House worry and tear the Skins of Wild Beasts they durst not come near in the Field. What is it in these Times of ours that causes our mortal Quarrels? and that whereas our Fathers had some Degree of Revenge in their Days, we now begin with the last in ours, and that at the first meeting nothing is to be said but *Kill*: What is this but *Cowardise?* Every one is sensible, that there is more Bravery and Disdain in subduing an Enemy, than in cutting his Throat; and in making him yield, than in putting him to the Sword; Besides that, the Appetite of Revenge is better satisfy'd and

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* *Claud.* † *Ovid. Trist. lib.* 3. *Eleg.* 5.

pleased,

pleaſed, becauſe its only Aim is to make itſelf felt. And this is the Reaſon why we do not fall upon a Beaſt or a Stone when they hurt us, becauſe they are not capable of being ſenſible of our Revenge; and therefore to kill a Man, is to defend him from the Injury and Offence we intend him. And as *Bias* cry'd out to a wicked Fellow; *I know, that ſooner or later thou wilt have thy Reward, but I am afraid I ſhall not ſee it.* And as the *Orchomenians* complain'd, *that the Penitence of* Lyciſcus *for the Treaſon committed againſt them, came in Seaſon, becauſe there was no one remaining alive of thoſe who had been intereſted in the Offence, and whom the Pleaſure of this Penitency ſhould affect:* So Revenge is to be repented of, when the Perſon on whom it is executed is depriv'd of Means of ſuffering under it; for as the Avenger will look on to enjoy the Pleaſure of his Revenge, ſo the Perſon on whom he takes Revenge ſhould be a Spectator too, to be afflicted, and to repent. He will repent it, we ſay; and becauſe we have given him a Piſtol-ſhot thro' the Head, do we imagine he will repent? On the contrary, if we but obſerve, we ſhall find, that he makes a Mouth at us in falling: And ſo far from Penitency, that he does not ſo much as repine at us. And we do him the kindeſt Office of Life, which is to make him die inſenſibly, and ſoon. We are afterwards to hide ourſelves, and trot from Place to Place, from the *Officers of Juſtice*, who purſue us whilſt he is at Reſt. Killing is good to fruſtrate an Offence to come, not to revenge one that is already paſt: And more an Act of Fear than Bravery, of Precaution than Courage, and of Defence than Attempt. It is manifeſt, that by it we quit both the true End of Revenge, and the Care of our Reputation; we are afraid if he lives he will do us another Injury as great as the firſt; 'tis not out of Animoſity to him, but Care of thyſelf, that thou ridd'ſt him out of the Way. In the Kingdom of *Narſingua* this Expedient would be uſeleſs to us, where not only *Soldiers*, but *Tradeſmen* alſo end their Differences by the *Sword. The King never denies the Field to any that will fight; and ſometimes when they are Perſons of Quality, looks on, rewarding the Victor with a Chain of Gold; but for which any one that will may fight with him again: By which Means,*

Duels common in the Kingdom of Narſingua.

by having come off from one Combat, he has engaged in many. If we thought by Virtue to be always Masters of our Enemies, and to triumph over them at Pleasure, we should be sorry they should escape from us as they do, by dying: But we have a Mind to conquer more with Safety than Honour, and in our Quarrel more pursue the End than the Glory. *Asinius Pollio*, who, for the being a worthy Man, was the less to be excused, committed a like Error, who having writ a *Libel* against *Plancus, forbore to publish it 'till he was first dead:* Which is to bite a Man's Thumb at a blind Man, to rail at one that was deaf, and to wound a Man that has no Feeling, rather than to run the Hazard of his Resentment. And it was also said in his Behalf, *that it was only for* Hobgoblins *to wrestle with the Dead.* He that stays to see the Author die, whose Writings he intends to question, what does he say, but that he is foolish and troublesome? It was told *Aristotle, that some one had spoken Ill of him: Let him do more,* said he, *let him whip me too, provided I am not there.* Our Fathers contented themselves to revenge an Injury with a Lye, the Lye with a Box of the Ear, and so forward; they were valiant enough not to fear their Adversary both living and provok'd: We tremble for fear so long as we see them on foot. And that this is so, does not our noble Practice of these Days equally to prosecute to Death both him that has offended us, and him we have offended, make it out? 'Tis also a Kind of *Cowardize* that has introduced the Custom of Seconds, Thirds and Fourths in our Duels. They were formerly Duels, they are now Skirmishes, Rencounters and Battles. *Solitude* was doubtless terrible to those who were the first Inventors of this Practice. *Quum in se utique minimum fiduciæ esset. They had little Confidence in themselves.* For naturally any Company whatever is comfortable in Danger. Third Persons were formerly call'd in to prevent Disorder and foul Play only, and to be Witness of the Success of the Combat. But since they have brought it to this Pass that they themselves engage, whoever is invited cannot handsomely stand by as an idle Spectator, for fear of being suspected either of Want of Affection or Courage.

Pollio's *Libel against* Plancus.

The Lye revenged with a Box of the Ear.

Besides

Beſides the Injuſtice and Unworthineſs of ſuch an Action, of engaging other Force and Valour in the Protection of your Honour than your own; I conceive it a Diſadvantage to a brave Man, and who only relies upon himſelf, to ſhuffle his Fortune with that of a Second; ſince every one runs Hazard enough in himſelf, without hazarding for another, and has enough to do to aſſure himſelf in his own Virtue for the Defence of his Life, without intruſting a Thing ſo dear in a Third Man's Hand. For if it be not expreſly agreed upon before to the contrary, 'tis a combin'd Party of all Four, and if your Second be kill'd, you have Two to deal withal with good Reaſon. And to ſay, *that it is foul Play*; it is ſo indeed, as it is well-armed to charge a Man that has but the Hilts of a broken Sword in his Hand, or clear and untouched, a Man that is deſperately wounded: But if theſe be Advantages you have got by Fighting, you may make uſe of them without Reproach: The Diſparity and Inequality is only weighed and conſider'd from the Condition of the Combatants when they begun; as to the reſt, you muſt take your Fortune: And tho' you had alone three Enemies upon you at once, your two Companions being kill'd, you have no more Wrong done you, than I ſhould do in a Battle, by running a Man thro' I ſhould ſee engag'd with one of our own Men, with the like Advantage. The Nature of Society will have it ſo, that where there is Troop againſt Troop (as where our Duke of *Orleans* challeng'd *Henry* King of *England* an Hundred againſt an Hundred: Three Hundred againſt as many, as the *Argians* againſt the *Lacedæmonians*; and Three to Three, as the *Horatii* againſt the *Curiatii*) the Multitude on either Side is conſider'd but as one ſingle Man, the Hazard every where, where there is Company, being confuſed and mix'd. I have a domeſtick Intereſt in this Diſcourſe; for my Brother, the Sieur *de Matecoulom*, was at *Rome* intreated by a Gentleman, with whom he had no great Acquaintance, and who was Defendant, and challeng'd by another, to be his Second. In this Duel he found himſelf match'd with a Gentleman much better known to him, where, after having Diſpatch'd his Man, ſeeing the two Principals ſtill on Foot and ſound, he ran in to diſengage his Friend. What could he do leſs? Should he have ſtood ſtill, and if Chance would have order'd it ſo, have ſeen him he was

come thither to defend, kill'd before his Face, what he had thitherto done ſignified nothing to the Buſineſs, the Quarrel was yet undecided. The Courteſy that you can, and certainly ought to ſhew to your Enemy, when you have reduc'd him to an ill Condition, and have a great Advantage over him, I do not ſee how you can do it, where the Intereſt of another is in the Caſe, where you are only call'd in as an Aſſiſtant, and the Quarrel is none of yours. He could neither be juſt nor courteous at the Hazard of him he was to ſerve; and was alſo enlarged from the Priſons of *Italy* at the ſpeedy and ſolemn Requeſt of our King. Indiſcreet Nation! We are not content to make our Vices and Follies known to the World by Report only, but we muſt go into Foreign Countries, there to ſhew them what Fools we are. Put three *Frenchmen* into the Deſarts of *Libya*, they will not live a Month together without fighting; ſo that you would ſay that this Peregrination were a Thing purpoſely deſign'd to give Strangers the Pleaſures of our Tragedies, and for the moſt Part ſuch as rejoice and laugh at our Miſeries. We go into *Italy* to learn to fence, and fall to practiſe at the Expence of our Lives before we have learn'd it; and yet, by Order of the Diſcipline, we ſhould put the *Theory* before the *Practice*. We diſcover ourſelves to be but Learners.

Primitivæ juvenum miſeræ, bellique futuri
Dura rudimenta ———*.

Of Youth the firſt Inſtructions painful are,
And hard the Rudiments of future War.

I know Fencing is an Art very uſeful to its End, (in a Duel betwixt two Princes, Couſin-Germans in *Spain, the Elder*, ſays *Livy, by his Skill and Dexterity in Arms, eaſily ſurmounting the greater and more aukward Strength of the Younger*) and of which, the Knowledge, as I experimentally know, hath inſpir'd ſome with Courage above their natural Talent: But this is not properly Valour, becauſe it ſupports itſelf upon Addreſs, and is founded upon ſomething beſides itſelf. The Honour of Combat conſiſts in the Jealouſy of Courage, and not of Skill; and therefore I have known a Friend of mine, fam'd for a great Maſter in this Exerciſe; in his Quarrels make choice

* *Æneid. l.* 11.

of

of ſuch Arms as might deprive him of this Advantage, and that wholly depended upon Fortune and Aſſurance, that they might not attribute his Victory rather to his Skill in Fencing than his Valour. When I was young, Gentlemen avoided the Reputation of good Fencers, as injurious to them; and learn'd with all imaginable Privacy to fence, as a Trade of Subtilty, derogating from true and natural Virtue.

Non ſchivar, non parar, non ritirarſi,
Voglior coſton, ne qui deſtrezza ha parte,
Non danno i colpi finti hor pieni, hor ſcarſi,
Toglie l'ira e il furor l'uſo de l'arte,
O di le ſpade horribilmente urtarſi
Amezzo, il ferro, il pie d' orma non parte,
Sempre è il pie fermo, è la man ſempre in moto,
Ne ſcende taglio in van ne punta à voto *.

They neither ſhrunk, nor Vantage ſought of Ground,
They travers'd not, nor ſkipt from Part to Part,
Their Blows were neither falſe, nor feigned found,
The Night their Rage would let them uſe no Art.
Their Swords together claſh with dreadful Sound,
Their Feet ſtand faſt, and neither ſtir nor ſtart,
They move their Hands, ſtedfaſt their Feet remain,
Nor Blow, nor Foin they ſtrook, or thruſt in vain.

Butts, Tilting and Barriers, the Images of warlike Fights were the Exerciſes of our Fore-fathers: This other Exerciſe is ſo much the leſs noble, as it only reſpects a private End, that teaches us to ruin one another, againſt *Law* and *Juſtice*, and that every Way always produces very ill Effects. It is much more worthy and becoming, to exerciſe ourſelves in Things that more ſtrengthen than weaken our Governments, and that tend to the Publick Safety and Common Glory. *Publius Rutilius Conſus* was the firſt that taught the Soldiers *to handle their Arms with Skill, and join'd Art to Virtue: Not for the Uſe of private Quarrel, but for War, and the Quarrels of the People of* Rome. A popular and civil Art of Defence. And beſides the Example of *Cæſar, who commanded his Men to ſhoot chiefly at the Face of* Pompey's Genſ-d'arms *in the Battle of* Pharſalia; a Thou-

* *Taſſo. Can.* 12.

sand other Commanders have also bethought them to invent new Forms of Weapons, and new Ways of striking and defending, according as Occasion should require. But as *Philopæmen condemn'd Wrestling*, wherein he excell'd, *because the Preparatives that are therein employ'd were differing from those that appertain to Military Discipline, to which alone he conceiv'd Men of Honour ought wholly to apply themselves*; so it seems to me, that this Address to which we form our Limbs, those Writings and Motions young Men are taught in this new School, are not only of no Use, but rather contrary, and hurtful to the Manner of Fight in Battle: And also our People commonly make use of particular Weapons, and peculiarly design'd for Duel. And I have known when it has been disapprov'd, that a Gentleman, challeng'd to fight with Rapier and Poignard, should appear in the Equipage of a Man at Arms; or that another should take his Cloak instead of a Poignard. It is worthy of Consideration, that *Lachez* in *Plato*, speaking of learning to fence after our Manner, says, *That he never knew any great Soldier come out of that School, especially the Masters of it:* And indeed, as to them, our own Experience tells us as much. As to the rest, we may at least conclude, that they are Qualities of no Relation nor Correspondence. And in the Education of the Children of his Government, *Plato* interdicts the *Art of Cuffing*, introduced by *Amicus* and *Epeius*, and *that of Wrestling* by *Antæus* and *Cecyo*, because *they have another End than to render Youth fit for the Service of the War, and contribute nothing to it.*

The Art of Cuffing interdicted by Plato.

But I see I am too far stray'd from my Theme. The Emperor *Maurice*, being advertised by Dreams and several Prognosticks, that one *Phocas*, an obscure Soldier, should kill him, question'd his Son-in-Law *Philip*, *who this* Phocas *was, and what was his Nature, Qualities and Manners*; and so soon as *Philip*, amongst other Things, had told him, *That he was cowardly and timorous*, the Emperor immediately thence concluded, *that he was then a Murtherer and cruel.* What is that that makes *Tyrants* so bloody? 'Tis only the Solicitude of their own Safety, and that their faint Hearts can furnish them with no other Means

Cowards naturally cruel and bloody.

of

of securing themselves, than in exterminating those that may hurt them, even so much as to Women, for fear of a Scratch.

Cuncta ferit, dum cuncta timet *.

He strikes at all, who every one does fear.

The first Cruelties are exercised for themselves: From thence springs the Fear of a just Revenge, which afterwards produces a Series of new Cruelties, to obliterate one another. *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, who had so much to do with the People of *Rome*, agitated with the Horror of so many Murthers committed by his Appointment, and doubting of being able to keep himself secure from so many Families, at divers times mortally injur'd and offended by him, *resolved to seize all the Children of those he had caused to be slain, to dispatch them daily one after another, and so to establish his own Repose.* Fine Discourses are never impertinent, however plac'd, and therefore I, who more consider the Weight and Utility of what I deliver, than their Order and Connexion, need not fear in this Place to bring in a fine Story, tho' it be a little by the bye; for when they are rich in their own native Beauty, and are able to justify themselves, the least End of a Hair will serve to draw them into my Argument. *Amongst others condemn'd by* Philip, Herodicus, *Prince of* Thessaly, *had been one. He had, moreover, after him caused his two Sons in Law to be put to Death, each leaving a Son very young behind him,* Theoxena *and* Archo, *were their two Widows.* Theoxena, *tho' highly courted to it, could not be persuaded to marry again:* Archo *married* Poris, *the greatest Man of the* Æni*ans, and by him had a great many Children, which, she dying, left in a tender Age.* Theoxena, *moved with a Maternal Charity towards her Nephews, that she might have them under her own Eyes, and in her own Protection, married* Poris: *When, presently comes a Proclamation of the King's* Edict. *This brave spirited Mother suspected the Cruelty of* Philip, *and afraid of the Insolence of the Soldiers towards these fine and tender Children, was so bold as to declare, that she would rather kill them with her own Hands, than deliver them.* Poris, *startled at this Protestation, promised her to steal them away, and to transport them to*

* *Claud.*

Athens

Athens, *and there commit them to the Custody of some faithful Friends of his. They took therefore the Opportunity of an Annual Feast, which was celebrated at* Ænia, *in Honour of* Æneas, *and thither they went. Having appear'd by Day at the publick Ceremonies and Banquet, they stole the Night following into a Vessel laid ready for that Purpose, to escape away by Sea. The Wind prov'd contrary, and finding themselves in the Morning within Sight of the Land from whence they had launch'd over Night, were made after by the Guards of the Port: Which* Poris *perceiving, he labour'd all he could to make the Mariners do their utmost to escape from the Pursuers. But* Theoxena, *frantick with Affection and Revenge, in pursuance of her former Resolution, prepar'd both Arms and Poison, and exposing them before them; Go to, my Children,* said she, *Death is now the only Means of your Defence and Liberty, and shall administer Occasion to the Gods, to exercise their sacred Justice: These sharp Swords, and these full Cups will open you the Way into it: Courage, fear nothing. And thou, my Son, who art the Eldest, take this Steel into thy Hand, that thou may'st the more bravely die. The Children having on one side so powerful a Counsellor, and the Enemy at their Throats on the other, ran all of them eagerly upon what was next to Hand, and half dead were thrown into the Sea.* Theoxana, *proud of having so vigorously provided for the Safety of her Children, clasping her Arms with great Affection about her Husband's Neck, Let us, my Friend,* said she, *follow these Boys, and enjoy the same Sepulchre they do: And so embrac'd, threw themselves Head-long over-board into the Sea; so that the Ship was carried back empty of the Owners into the Harbour. Tyrants,* at once both to kill and to make their Anger felt, have pumpt their Wit to invent the most lingering Deaths. They will have their Enemies dispatch'd, but not so fast that they may not have Leisure to taste their Vengeance. And therein they are mightily perplex'd, for if the Torments they inflict are violent, they are short; if long, they are not then so painful as they desire; and thus torment themselves in contriving how to torment others. Of this we have a thousand Examples of Antiquity, and I know not whether we unawares do not retain some Traces of this Barbarity: All that exceeds a simple

ple Death appears to me abſolute Cruelty; neither can our Juſtice expect, that he, whom the Fear of being executed by being beheaded or hang'd, will not reſtrain, ſhould be any more aw'd by the Imagination of a languiſhing Fire, burning Pincers, or the Wheel. And I know not in the mean Time, whether we do not throw them into Deſpair; for in what Condition can the Soul of a Man, expecting four and twenty Hours together to be broke upon a Wheel, or after the old Way, nail'd to a Croſs, be? *Joſephus* relates, *that in the Time of the War the* Romans *made in* Judea, *happening to paſs by where they had three Days before crucified certain* Jews, *he amongſt them knew three of his own Friends, and obtain'd the Favour of having them taken down; of which, two, he ſays, died, the third liv'd a great while after.* *Chancondilas*, a Writer of good Credit, in the Records he has left behind him of Things that happen'd in his Time, and near him, tells us, as of the moſt exceſſive Torment, of that the Emperor *Meckmed* very often practiſed, *of cutting off Men in the Middle by the* Diaphragma *with one Blow of a Scymitar; by which it follow'd, that they died as it were two Deaths at once, and both the one Part*, ſays he, *and the other were ſeen to ſtir and ſtrive a great while after in very great Torment.* I do not think there was any great Sufferance in this Motion. The Torments that are moſt dreadful to look on, are not always the greateſt to endure; and I find thoſe that other *Hiſtorians* relate to have been practiſed upon the *Epirot* Lords, to be more horrid and cruel, where *they were condemn'd to be flead alive by Pieces, after ſo malicious a Manner, that they continued fifteen Days in this Miſery. As alſo theſe other two following*; Cræſus, *having cauſed a Gentleman, the Favourite of his Brother* Pantaleon, *to be ſeiz'd on, carried him into a Fuller's Shop, where he cauſed him to be ſcratch'd and carded with Cards and Combs belonging to that Trade till he died.* George Jechel, *chief Commander of the Peaſants of* Poland, *who committed ſo many Miſchiefs under the Title of the* Cruſado, *being defeated in Battle, and taken by the* Waywod *of* Tranſilvania, *was three Days bound naked upon the Rack, expoſed to all ſorts of Torments that any one could contrive againſt him; during which Time, many other Priſoners were kept Faſting; in the End, he living and looking on, they made his beloved Brother* Lucat, *for whom he only entreated,*

entreated, taking upon himself the Blame of all their evil Actions, to drink his Blood, and caused twenty of his most favoured Captains to feed upon him, tearing his Flesh in Pieces with their Teeth, and swallowing the Morsels. The Remainder of his Body and Bowels, so soon as he was dead, were boiled, and others of his Followers compelled to eat them.

CHAP. XXVIII.

All Things have their Season.

SUCH as compare *Cato* the *Censor*, with the younger *Cato* that kill'd himself, compare two beautiful Natures, and much resembling one another. The First acquir'd his Reputation several Ways, and excells *in Military Exploits, and the Utility of his publick Vocations*; but the *Virtue* of the Younger, besides, that it were Blasphemy to compare any to him in Vigour, was much more pure and unblemish'd. For who can acquit the *Censor of Envy and Ambition, having dared to jostle the Honour of* Scipio, *a Man in Worth, Valour and all other excellent Qualities, infinitely beyond him, or any other of his Time?* That which they report of him, amongst other Things, *That in his extreme Old Age, he put himself upon learning the* Greek *Tongue with so greedy an Appetite, as if to quench a long Thirst*, does not seem to make much for his Honour; it being properly what we call being twice a Child. *All Things have their Season*, even the best, and a Man may say his *Paternoster* out of Time; as they accused *T. Quintus Flaminus, that being General of an Army, he was seen praying apart in the Time of a Battle that he won.*

Imponet finem sapiens, & rebus honestis *.

The wise Man limits even decent Things.

Eudemonidas, seeing *Xenocrates*, when very old, still very intent upon his School-Lectures, *When will this Man be*

* *Juven. Sat.* 6.

wise,

wise, said he, *he does yet learn?* And *Philopæmen*, to those who extoll'd King *Ptolemy* for every Day inuring his Person to the Exercise of Arms; *it is not*, said he, *commendable in a King of his Age to exercise himself in those Things, he ought now really to employ them. The Young are to make their Preparations, the Old to enjoy them*, say the *Sages:* And the greatest Vice they observe in us, is, *That our Desires incessantly grow Young again:* We are always re-beginning to live. Our Studies and Desires should sometimes be sensible of Age; but we have one Foot in the Grave, and yet our Appetites and Pursuits spring every Day new upon us.

Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, & sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos *.

When Death, perhaps, is near at Hand,
Thou fairest Marbles dost command,
Be cut for Use; yet do'st neglect
Thy Grave, and Houses still erect.

The longest of my Designs is not above a Year's Extent; I think of nothing now but ending, rid myself of all new Hopes and Enterprizes; take my last leave of every Place I depart from, and every Day dispossess myself of what I have. *Olim jam nec perit quicquam mihi, nec acquiritur: Plus supersit viatici, quam viæ* †. *Henceforward I will neither lose nor expect to get: I have more wherewith to defray my Journey than I have Way to go.*

Vixi, & quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi ‡.

I've liv'd, and finish'd the Career
Wherein my Fortune plac'd me here.

To conclude; 'tis the only Comfort I find in my old Age, that it mortifies in me several Cares and Desires, wherewith my Life has been disturb'd; the Care how the World goes, the Care of Riches, of Grandeur, of Knowledge, of Health and myself. There are some who are learning to speak at a Time when they should learn to be silent for ever. A Man may always study, but he must not always go to School. What a contemptible Thing is an old School-boy!

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* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 18.* † *Sen. Epist.* ‡ *Æneid. l. 4.*

Diversos

Diverſos diverſa juvant, non omnibus annis,
Omnia conveniunt *.

For ſeveral Things do ſeveral Men delight;
And all Things are not for all Ages right.

If we muſt ſtudy, let us ſtudy what is ſuitable to our preſent Condition, that we may anſwer as he did, who being aſk'd *to what End he ſtudied in his decrepid Age? That I may go out better*, ſaid he, *and at greater Eaſe.* Such a Study was that of the younger *Cato*, feeling his End approach, and which he met with in *Plato*'s Diſcourſe of the *Immortality of the Soul:* Not as we are to believe, that he was not long before-hand furniſhed with all Sorts of Ammunition for ſuch a Departure; for of Aſſurance, an eſtabliſhed Will and Inſtruction, he had more than *Plato* had in all his Writings; his Knowledge and Courage were in this Reſpect above *Philoſophy.* He apply'd himſelf to his Study, not for the Service of his Death, but as a Man whoſe Sleeps were never diſturb'd in the Importance of ſuch a Deliberation, he alſo, without Choice or Change, continued his Studies with the other accuſtomary Actions of his Life. The Night that he was deny'd the *Prætorſhip*, he ſpent in *Play.* That wherein he was to die, he ſpent in *Reading.* The Loſs either of Life or of Office was all one to him.

What ought to be an old Man's Study.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of Virtue.

I Find, by Experience, that there is a vaſt Difference betwixt the Starts and Sallies of the Soul, and a reſolute and conſtant Habit; and very well perceive there is nothing we may not do; nay, even to the ſurpaſſing the Divinity itſelf, ſays a certain Perſon, foraſmuch as it is

* *Gall. Eleg.*

more

more to render a Man's ſelf impaſſable by his own Study and Induſtry, than to be ſo by his natural Condition; and even to be able to conjoyn to Man's Imbecility and Frailty a Godly Reſolution and Aſſurance. But it is by Fits and Starts, and in the Lives of thoſe *Heroes* of Times paſt there are ſometimes miraculous Sallies, and that ſeem infinitely to exceed our Natural Force, but they are indeed but Sallies; and 'tis hard to believe, that in theſe ſo elevated Qualities a Man can ſo thoroughly tinct and imbue the Soul, that they ſhould become Conſtant, and as it were, Natural in him. It accidentally happens even to us, who are but abortive Births of Men, ſometimes to dart out our Souls, when rous'd by the Diſcourſes and Examples of others, much beyond their ordinary Stretch; but 'tis a kind of Paſſion that puſhes and pricks them on, and in ſome Sort raviſhes them from themſelves; but this Whirlwind once blown over, we ſee that they inſenſibly flag, and ſlacken of themſelves, if not to the loweſt Degree, at leaſt ſo as to be no more the ſame; inſomuch as that upon every trivial Occaſion, the loſing of a Hauk, or the breaking of a Glaſs, we ſuffer ourſelves to be mov'd little leſs than one of the common People. I am of Opinion, that Order, Moderation and Conſtancy excepted, all things are to be done by a Man that is indifferent and defective in general. *Therefore it is*, ſay the *Sages*, *that to make a right Judgment of a Man, you are chiefly to pry into his common Actions, and ſurprize him in his every Day Habit. Pyrrho*, he who erected ſo pleaſant a Knowledge upon Ignorance, endeavour'd, as all the reſt who were really *Philoſophers* did, to make his *Life* correſpond with his *Doctrine*. And becauſe he maintain'd the Imbecillity of Human Judgment to be ſo extreme, as to be incapable of any Choice or Inclination, and would have it wavering and ſuſpended, conſidering and receiving all Things as indifferent, 'tis ſaid, *that he always comported himſelf after the ſame Manner and Countenance: If he had begun a Diſcourſe, he would always end what he had to ſay, tho' the Perſon he was ſpeaking to was gone away: And if he walked, he never ſtop'd for any Impediment that ſtood in his Way, being preſerv'd from Precipices, the Juſtle of Carts, and other like Accidents, by the Care of his Friends: For, to fear, or to avoid any Thing, had been to juſtle his own Propoſitions,*

which

which depriv'd the Senses themselves of all Certainty and Election. Sometimes he suffer'd Incisions and Cauteries with so great Constancy, as never to be seen so much as to winch or stir. 'Tis something to bring the Soul to these Imaginations, more to join the Effects, and yet not impossible; but to conjoin them with such Perseverance and Constancy as to make them habitual, is certainly, in Attempts so remote from common Custom, almost incredible to be done. Therefore it was, *that being one Day taken in his House terribly scolding with his Sister, and being reproach'd that he therein transgressed his own Rules of Indifference: What,* said he, *must this foolish Woman also serve for a Testimony to my Rules?* Another Time, *being to defend himself against a Dog, It is,* said he, *very hard totally to put off Man; and we must endeavour and force ourselves to resist and encounter Things, first by Effects, but at least by Reason.* About seven or eight Years since, a Husbandman, yet living but two Leagues from my House, having been long tormented with his Wife's Jealousy, coming one Day home from his Work, and she welcoming him with her accustom'd Railing, entred into so great Fury, *that with a Sickle he had yet in his Hand, he totally cut off all those Parts that she was jealous of, and threw them into her Face.* And, 'tis said, *that a young Gentleman of our Nation, brisk and amorous, having by his Preserverance at last mollified the Heart of a fair Mistress, enrag'd that upon the Point of Fruition he found himself unable to perform, and that,*

——————non viriliter
Iners senile penis extulerat caput *,

so soon as ever he came home he deprived himself of it, and sent it his Mistress, a cruel and bloody Victim for the Expiation of his Offence. If this had been done upon a mature Consideration, and upon the Account of Religion, as the Priests of *Cybele* did, what should we say of so high an Action? *A few Days since, at* Bergerac, *within five Leagues of my House, up the River* Dordogne, *a Woman having over Night been beaten and abused by her Husband, a cholerick ill-condition'd Fellow, resolved to escape from his ill Usage at the Price of her Life; and going so soon as she was up*

* *Tib. lib.* 4. *Eleg. pen.*

the

the next Morning to visit her Neighbours, as she was wont to do, and having let some Words fall of the Recommendation of her Affairs, she took a Sister of hers by the Hand and led her to the Bridge; whither being come, as it were in Jest, without any Manner of Alteration in her Countenance, there taking leave of her, she threw herself Headlong from the Top into the River, and was there drown'd. That which is the most remarkable in this, is, that this Resolution was a whole Night forming in her Head: But it is quite another Thing with the *Indian* Women; for it being the Custom there for the Men to have many Wives, and the best beloved of them to kill herself at her Husband's Decease, every one of them makes it the Business of her whole Life to obtain this Priviledge and gain this Advantage over her Companions, and the good Offices they do their Husbands; aim at no other Recompence, *but to be preferr'd in accompanying him in Death.*

Ubi mortifero jacta est fax ultima lecto,
Uxorum fusis stat pia turba comis:
Et certamen habent lethi quæ viva sequatur
Conjugium, pudor est non licuisse mori,
Ardent Victrices, & flammæ pectora præbent,
Imponuntque suis ora perusta viris *.

When to the Pile they throw the kindling Brand,
The pious Wives with Hair dishevell'd stand,
Striving which living shall accompany
Her Spouse, and are asham'd they may not die;
Who are preferr'd, their Breasts to Flame expose,
And their scorch'd Lips to their dead Husband's close.

A certain *Author* of our Times reports, that he has seen in those Oriential Nations this Custom in Practice, that not only the Wives bury themselves with their Husbands, but even the Slaves he has enjoyn'd also; which is done after this Manner: *The Husband being dead, the Widow may if she will (but few will) demand two or three Months Respite wherein to order her Affairs. The Day being come, she mounts on Horse-back, dressed as fine as at her Wedding, and with a cheerful Countenance says, She is going to sleep with her Spouse, holding a Looking-Glass in*

* *Propertius. l. 3. Eleg.* 11.

her Left-hand, and an Arrow in the other. Being thus conducted in Pomp, accompanied with her Kindred and Friends, and a great Concourse of People, with great Joy, she is at last brought to the publick Place appointed for such Spectacles: This is a spacious Place, in the Midst of which is a Pit full of Wood, and adjoining to it a Mount raised four or five Steps, upon which she is brought and served with a magnificent Repast; which being done, she falls to Dancing and Singing, and gives Order when she thinks fit to kindle the Fire; which being perform'd, she descends, and taking the nearest of her Husband's Relations by the Hand, they walk together to the River close by, where she strips herself stark naked, and having distributed her Cloaths and Jewels to her Friends, plunges herself into the Water, as if there to cleanse herself from her Sins; coming out thence, she wraps herself in a yellow Linnen of five and Twenty Ells long, and again giving her Hand to this Kinsman of her Husband's, they return back to the Mount, where she makes a Speech to the People, and recommends her Children to them, if she have any. Betwixt the Pit and the Mount there is commonly a Curtain drawn to screen the burning Furnace from their Sight, which some of them, to manifest their great Courage, forbid. Having ended what she was to say, a Woman presents her with a Vessel of Oil, wherewith to anoint her Head and her whole Body; which having done with, she throws into the Fire, and in an Instant precipitates herself after. Immediately the People throw a great many Billets and Logs upon her, that she may not be long in dying, and convert all their Joy into Sorrow and Mourning. If they are Persons of meaner Condition, the Body of the Defunct is carry'd to the Place of Sepulture, and there plac'd sitting, the Widow kneeling before him, which so soon as it is raised to the Height of the Woman's Shoulders, some of her Relations come behind her, and taking hold of her Head, writhe her Neck in two, and so soon as as she is dead, the Wall is presently raised up and closed, where they remain entomb'd. There was in the same Country something like this in their *Gymnosophists*; for not by Constraint of others, nor by the Impetuosity of a sudden Humour, but by the express Profession of their Order, their Custom was, *That so soon as they arriv'd at a certain Age,*

The Gymnosophists *voluntarily burnt.*

Age, or that they ſaw themſelves threatned by any Diſeaſe, to cauſe a funeral Pile to be erected for them, and on the Top a ſtately Bed, where, after having joyfully feaſted their Friends and Acquaintance, they lay them down with ſo great Reſolution, that Fire being apply'd to it, they were never ſeen to ſtir Hand or Foot; and after this Manner one of them, Calanus *by Name, expir'd in the Preſence of the whole Army of* Alexander *the Great*; and he was neither reputed holy nor happy amongſt them, that did not thus deſtroy himſelf; diſmiſſing his Soul, purged and purified by the Fire, after having conſumed all that was earthly and mortal. This conſtant Premeditation of the whole Life is that which makes the Wonder amongſt our other Controverſies, that of *Fatum* is alſo crept in, and to tye Things to come, and even our own Wills to a certain and inevitable Neceſſity, we are yet upon this Argument of Time paſt; *Since God foreſees, that all Things ſhall ſo fall out, as doubtleſs he does, it muſt then neceſſarily follow, that they muſt ſo fall out:* To which our Maſters reply, *That the ſeeing any Thing come to paſs, as we do, and as God himſelf alſo does (for all Things being preſent with him, he rather ſees than foreſees) is not to compel an Event: That is, we ſee becauſe Things do fall out, but Things do not fall out becauſe we ſee. Events cauſe Knowledge, but Knowledge does not cauſe Events. That which we ſee happen, does happen; but it might have happen'd otherwiſe: And God, in the Catalogue of the Cauſes of Events, which he has in his Preſence, has alſo thoſe which we call accidental and unvoluntary, which depend upon the Liberty he has given our Free-will, and knows that we do amiſs, becauſe we would do ſo.* I have ſeen a great many Commanders encourage their Soldiers with this fatal Neceſſity; for if our Time be limitted to a certain Hour, neither the Enemies Shot, nor our own Boldneſs, nor our Flight and Cowardize, can either ſhorten or prolong our Lives. This is eaſily ſaid, but ſee who will be ſo perſwaded; and if it be ſo, that a ſtrong and lively Faith draws along with it Actions of the ſame, certainly this Faith we ſo much brag of is very light in this Age of ours, unleſs the Contempt it has of Works makes it diſdain their Company. So

Cauſes of Events in the Preſence of Almighty God. Fortuitous and voluntary Cauſes.

it is, that to this very Purpose the *Sieur de Joinville*, as credible a Witness as any other whatever, tells us of the *Bedoins*, a Nation amongst the *Saracens*, with whom the King St. *Lewis* had to do in the *Holy-Land*, *that they in their Religion did so firmly believe the Number of every Man's Days to be from all Eternity prefix'd and set down by an inevitable* Decree, *that they went naked to the Wars, excepting a* Turkish *Sword, and their Bodies only cover'd with a white Linnen Cloth: And for the greatest Curse they could invent when they were angry, this was always in their Mouth, Accursed be thou, as he that arms himself for fear of Death.* This is a Testimony of Faith very much beyond ours. And of this Sort is that also that two religious Men of *Florence* gave in our Fathers Days. Being engag'd in some Controversy of Learning, they agreed to go both of them into the Verification of his Argument, and all Things were already prepar'd, and the Things just upon the Point of Execution, when it was interrupted by an unexpected Accident. A young *Turkish* Lord, having perform'd a notable Exploit in his own Person, in the Sight of both Armies, that of *Amurath* and that of *Hunniades*, ready to join Battle, being asked by *Amurath, who in so tender and unexperienced Years* (for it was his first Sally into Arms) *had inspired him with so brave a Courage*, reply'd, *that his chief* Tutor *for Valour was a Hare. For being*, said he, *one Day a Hunting I found a Hare sitting, and tho' I had a Brace of excellent Grey hounds with me, yet methought it would be best for Sureness to make use of my Bow; for she sat very fair. I then fell to letting fly my Arrows, and shot forty that I had in my Quiver, not only without hurting, but without starting her from her Form. At last I slipt my Dogs after her, but to no more Purpose than I had shot: By which I understood, that she had been secur'd by her Destiny; and that neither Darts nor Swords can wound without the Permission of Fate, which we can neither hasten or defer.* This Story which I am going to tell, may serve by the Way to let us see how flexible our Reason is to all Sorts of Images. A Person of great Years, Name, Dignity and Learning, boasted to me to have been induced to a certain very important Mutation in his Faith, by a strange, whimsical Incitement, and otherwise so very ill concluding, that I thought it much stronger being taken the contrary Way: He

He call'd it a Miracle, I look upon it quite otherwise. The *Turkish* Historians say, *that the Persuasion those of their Nation have imprinted in them of the fatal and unalterable Prescription of their Days, does manifestly conduce to the giving them great Assurance in Dangers.* And I know a great Prince, who makes very fortunate Use of it; whether it be, that he does really believe it, or that he makes it his Excuse for so wonderfully hazarding himself, provided Fortune be not too soon weary of her Favour to him. There has not happened in our Memory a more admirable Effect of Resolution than in those two who conspired the Death of the Prince of *Orange*. 'Tis to be wonder'd at, how the Second that executed it could ever be persuaded into an Attempt, wherein his Companion, who had done his utmost, had had so ill Success; and after the same Method, and with the same Arms, to go attack a Lord, arm'd with a late Instruction of Distrust, powerful in Followers and bodily Strength, in his own Hall, amidst his Guards, and in a City wholly at his Devotion. He doubtless employ'd a very resolute Arm and Courage, enflam'd with furious Passions: A *Poignard* is sure for striking home, but by reason that more Motion and Force of Hand is requir'd than with a Pistol, the Blow is more subject to be put by and hindred. That this Man did not run to a certain Death, I make no great Doubt; for the Hopes any one could flatter him withal could not find Place in any sober Understanding; and the Conduct of his Exploit does sufficiently manifest, that he had no Want of That, no more than Courage. The Motives of so powerful a Persuasion may be divers; for our Fancy does what it will both with itself and us. The Execution that was done near *Orleans* was nothing like this, there was in that more of Chance than Vigour; the Wound was not mortal, if Fortune had not made it so; and to attempt to shoot on Horseback, and at a great Distance, and at one whose Body was in Motion by the moving of his Horse, was the Attempt of a Man who had rather miss his Blow than fail of saving himself, as was apparent by what follow'd after; for he was so astonish'd and stupify'd with the Thought of so high an Execution, that he totally lost his Judgment, both to

Assassination of the Prince of Orange.

The Duke of Guise.

find his Way and to govern his Tongue. What needed he to have done more than to fly back to his Friends cross a River? 'Tis what I have done in less Dangers, and I think of very little Hazard, how broad soever the River may be, provided your Horse have good going in, and that you see on the other Side good Landing according to the Stream. The other, when they pronounced his dreadful Sentence. *I was prepared for this*, said he, *before-hand, and I will make you wonder at my Patience.* The *Assassins*, a *Nation* bordering upon *Phœnicia*, are reputed amongst the *Mahometans*, a People of great Devotion, and Purity of Manners. They hold, *That the neareſt Way to gain Paradise is to kill some one of a contrary Religion*; which is the Reason they have often been seen, being but one or two, without Arms, to attempt against powerful Enemies at the Price of a certain Death, and without any Consideration of their own Danger. So was our Count *Raimond* of *Tripoly* assassinated (which Word is deriv'd from their Name) in the Heart of his City, *during* our Enterprizes of the Holy War; and likewise *Conrade*, Marquis of *Montserrat*, the Murtherers at their Execution carrying themselves with great Pride and Glory that they had perform'd so brave an Exploit.

CHAP. XXX.

Of a Monstrous Child.

THIS Story shall go by itself; for I will leave it to Physicians to discourse of. Two Days ago I saw a Child which two Men and a Nurse, who said themselves to be the Father, the Uncle and the Aunt of it, carry'd about to get Money by shewing it, by reason it was so strange a Creature. It was, as to all the rest, of a common Form, and could stand upon its Feet; could go, and gabble much like other Children of the Age; it had never as yet taken any other Nourishment but from the Nurse's Breasts, and what, in my Presence, they tried to put into the Mouth of it, it only chew'd a little and spit it out again without swallowing; the Cry of it, indeed, seem'd a little odd and particular, and it was just fourteen Months old.

Under

Under the Breast it was joyned to another Child, but without a Head, and that had the Spine of the Back without Motion, the rest entire; for tho' it had one Arm shorter than the other, it had been broken by accident at their Birth; they were join'd Breast to Breast, as if a lesser Child would reach the Arms about the Neck of one something bigger. The Juncture and Thickness of the Place where they were conjoin'd was not above four Fingers, or thereabouts, so that if you thrust up the imperfect Child you might see the Navel of the other below it, and the joyning was betwixt the Paps and the Navel. The Navel of the imperfect Child could not be seen, but all the rest of the Belly; so that all the rest that was not joyn'd of the imperfect one, as Arms, Buttocks, Thighs and Legs, hung dangling upon the other, and might reach to the Mid-leg. The *Nurse* moreover told us that it urin'd at both Bodies, and also the Members of the other were nourish'd, sensible, and in the same plight with that she gave suck to, excepting that they were shorter, and less. This double Body, and several Limbs relating to one Head, might be interpreted a favourable Prognostick to the *King*, of maintaining these various Parts of our State under the Union of his Laws; but lest the event should prove otherwise, 'tis better to let it alone; for in things already past, there is no Divination; *Ut quum facta sunt, tum ad conjecturam aliqua interpretatione revocantur*. So as when they are come to pass, they should then by some Interpretation be recall'd to Conjecture.* As 'tis said of *Epimenides, that he always propheſied of Things past.* I have lately seen a *Herdsman* in *Medoc* of about thirty Years of Age, who has no Sign of any Genital Parts; he has three Holes by which he incessantly voids his Water, he is bearded, has Desire, and covets the Society of Women. Those that we call *Monsters*, are not so to *God*, who sees in the Immensity of his Work, the infinite Forms that he has comprehended therein. And it is to be believed that this Figure which does astonish us, has relation to some other of the same kind unknown to Man. From his All-*Wisdom* nothing but good, common, and

* *Cicero de Divin. l. 2.*

regular proceeds; but we do not discern the Disposition and Relation. *Quod crebro videt, non miratur, etiamsi, cur fiat nescit. Quod antè non videt, id si evenerit, ostentum esse censet* *. *What he often sees he does not admire, tho' he be ignorant how it comes to pass. But when a thing happens he never saw before, that he looks upon as a portent.* What falls out contrary to *Custom*, we say is contrary to *Nature*; but nothing, whatever it be, is contrary to her. Let therefore this universal and natural Reason expel the Error and Astonishment that Novelty brings along with it.

CHAP. XXXI.

Of Anger.

PLutarch is admirable throughout; but especially where he judges of human Actions; the fine things he says in comparison of *Lycurgus* and *Numa*, upon the Subject of our great Folly in abandoning Children to the Care and Government of their Fathers, are very easily discern'd. *The most of our Civil Governments, as Aristotle* says, *leave, after the Manner of the* Cyclops, *to every one the ordering of their Wives and Children, according to their own fooliſh and indiscreet Fancy; and the* Lacedæmonian *and* Cretensian *are almost the only Governments that have committed the Education of Children to the* Laws. And who does not see that in a State all depends upon their Nurture and bringing up? And yet they are left to the Mercy of Parents, let them be as fooliſh and ill-natur'd as they will, without any manner of Discretion. Amongst other things, how often have I, as I have pass'd along the Streets, had a good Mind to make a Farce, to revenge the poor Boys whom I have seen flead, knock'd down, and miserably abus'd by some Father or Mother when in their Fury, and mad with Rage? You shall see them come out with Fire and Fury sparkling in their Eyes,

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* *Cicero de Divin. l. 2.*

—— *rabie jecur incendente feruntur*
Præcipites ut ſexa jugis abruta quibus mons
Subtrahitur, clivoqae latus pendente recedit *.

With burning Fury they are headlong borne,
As when great Stones are from the Mountains torn,
By which the Clifts depriv'd and leſſen'd are,
And their deep Sides are naked left, and bare.

(and according to *Hippocrates, the moſt dangerous Maladies are they that disfigure the Countenance*) with a roaring and terrible Voice very often againſt thoſe that are but newly come from Nurſe, and there they are lam'd and ſpoil'd with Blows, whilſt our *Juſtice* takes no Cognizance of it; as if theſe Maims and Diſlocations were not executed upon Members of our Common-wealth.

Gratum eſt quod patriæ civem, populoque dediſti,
Si facis ut Patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis, & bellorum & pacis rebus agendis †.

It is a Gift moſt acceptable, when
Thou to thy Country giv'ſt a Citizen,
Provided thou haſt had the Knack of it
To make him for his Country's Service fit,
Uſeful t' aſſiſt the Earth in her Increaſe,
And uſeful in Affairs of War and Peace.

There is no Paſſion that ſo much tranſports Men from their right Judgments, as *Anger*. No one would demur upon puniſhing a *Judge* with Death, who ſhould condemn a *Criminal* upon the Account of his own Choler; why then ſhould *Fathers* and *Pedants* be any more allow'd to whip and chaſtiſe Children in their Anger? 'Tis then no longer *Correction*, but *Revenge*. Chaſtiſement is inſtead of *Phyſick* to Children; and ſhould we ſuffer a *Phyſician*, who ſhould be animated againſt and enrag'd at his *Patient?* We ourſelves, to do well, ſhould never lay a Hand upon our Servants whilſt our Anger laſts; whilſt the Pulſe beats, and that we feel an Emotion in ourſelves, let us defer the Buſineſs; Things will indeed appear otherwiſe to us when we are Calm and Cool. 'Tis then Paſſion that

* *Juvenal Sat.* 6. † *Juvenal Sat.* 14.

commands

commands, 'tis then Passion that speaks, and not we. Faults seen through Passion are magnify'd, and appear much greater to us than they really are, as Bodies do, being seen through a Mist. Who is hungry uses Meat; but he that will make use of Correction should have no Appetite, neither of Hunger or Thirst to it. And moreover, Chastisements that are inflicted with Weight and Discretion, are much better receiv'd, and with greater Benefit by him who suffers. Otherwise he will not think himself justly condemn'd by a Man transported with Anger and Fury, and will alledge his Master's excessive Passion, his inflam'd Countenance, his unwonted Oaths, his Emotion and precipitous Rashness, for his own Justification.

Ora tument ira, nigrescunt sanguine venæ,
Lumina Gorgonio sævius igne micant *.

Their Faces swell, and Veins grow black with Ire,
And their Eyes sparkle with Gorgonian Fire.

Suetonius reports, *that* Caius Rabirius *having been condemn'd by* Cæsar, *the thing that most prevail'd upon the People (to whom he had appeal'd) to determine the Cause in his Favour, was, the Animosity and Vehemency that* Cæsar *had manifested in that Sentence.* Saying is one thing, and Doing is another; we are distinctly to consider the Sermon and the Preacher. Those Men took a pretty Business in hand, who in our Times have attempted to shake the Truth of our Church by the Vices of her Ministers; she extracts her Testimony elsewhere. 'Tis a foolish way of Arguing, and that would throw all Things into Confusion. A Man whose Manners are good, may have false Opinions, and a wicked Man may preach Truth, nay, though he believe it not himself. 'Tis doubtless a fine Harmony when *doing* and *saying* go together; and I will not deny but that Saying, when the Actions follow, are of greater Authority and Efficacy, as *Eudamidas* said, hearing a *Philosopher* talk of Military Affairs; *These Things are finely said, but he that speaks them is not to be believ'd, for his Ears have never been used to the Sound of the Trumpet.* And *Cleomenes,*

* *Ovid. de Art. lib.* 3.

hearing

hearing an Orator declaiming upon Valour, burſt out into Laughter, at which the other being angry, *I ſhould*, ſaid he to him, *do the ſame if it were a Swallow that ſpoke of this Subject, but if it were an Eagle I ſhould willingly bear him.* I perceive, methinks, in the Writing of the *Ancients*, that he who ſpeaks what he thinks, ſtrikes much more home than he that only diſſembles. Hear but *Cicero* ſpeak of the Love of Liberty: Hear *Brutus* ſpeak of it, his very Writings ſound that this Man would purchaſe it at the Price of his Life. Let *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence, treat of the Contempt of Death, and let *Seneca* do the ſame; the firſt does languiſhingly drawl it out, ſo that you perceive he would make you reſolve upon a thing on which he is not reſolv'd himſelf. He inſpires you not with Courage, for he himſelf has none; the other animates and inflames you. I never read an Author, even of thoſe who treat of Virtue, and of Actions, that I do not curiouſly examine what a kind of Man he was himſelf. For the *Ephori* at *Sparta ſeeing a diſſolute Fellow propoſe a wholſome Advice to the People, commanded him to hold his Peace, and intreated a virtuous Man to attribute to himſelf the Invention, to propoſe it.* *Plutarch*'s Writings, if well underſtood, ſufficiently ſpeak their *Author*; and ſo that I think I know him even into his Soul, and yet I could wiſh that we had ſome fuller Account of his Life; and am thus far wandred from my Subject, upon the Account of the Obligation I have to *Aulus Gellius*, for having left us in writing this Story of his Manners, that brings me back to my Subject of Anger. *A Slave of his, a vicious, ill-condition'd Fellow, but that had the Precepts of* Philoſophy *often ringing in his Ears, having for ſome Offence of his been ſtript by* Plutarch's *Command, whilſt he was whipping, mutter'd at firſt, that it was without Cauſe, and that he had done nothing to deſerve it; but at laſt falling in good earneſt to exclaim againſt, and to rail at his Maſter, he reproach'd him, that he was no* Philoſopher, *as he had boaſted himſelf to be; that he had often heard him ſay it was indecent to be Angry, nay, had writ a Book to that Purpoſe; and that the cauſing him to be ſo cruelly beaten in the height of his Rage, totally*

Cenſure of Cicero *and* Seneca.

Plutarch reproach'd for Anger by a Slave of his.

totally gave the Lye to all his Writings. To which *Plutarch* calmly and coldly answer'd, *How, Ruffian,* said he, *by what dost thou judge that I am now angry; does either my Face, my Colour, or my Voice give any Manifestation of my being mov'd? I do not think my Eyes look Fierce, that my Countenance appears Troubled, or that my Voice is Dreadful; am I Red, do I Foam, does any Word escape my Lips I ought to Repent? Do I Start? Do I Tremble with Fury? For those, I tell thee, are the true Signs of Anger.* And so turning to the Fellow that was whipping him, *Ply on thy Work,* said he, *whilst this Gentleman and I dispute.* This is the Story.

Archytas Tarentinus, returning from a War wherein he had been *Captain General,* found all things in his House in very great Disorder, and his Lands quite out of Tillage, through the ill Husbandry of his *Receiver,* who having caus'd to be called to him, *Go,* said he, *If I were not in Anger, I would soundly drub your Sides. Plato* likewise being highly offended with one of his Slaves, *gave* Speusippus *order to chastize him, excusing himself from doing it, because he was in Anger.* And *Carrillus,* a *Lacedæmonian,* to a *Helot,* who carried himself so insolently and audaciously towards him; *By the Gods,* said he, *if I were not angry, I would immediately cause thee to be put to Death.* 'Tis a Passion that is pleas'd with, and flatters itself. How oft, being mov'd under a false Cause, if the Person offending makes a good Defence, and presents us with a just Excuse, are we vex'd at Truth and Innocence itself? In proof of which, I remember a marvellous Example of Antiquity. *Piso,* otherwise a Man of very eminent Virtue, *being mov'd against a Soldier of his, for that returning alone from* Forage, *he could give him no Account where he had left a Companion of his, took it for granted that he had kill'd him, and presently condemn'd him to Death. He was no sooner mounted upon the* Gibbet, *but behold his wandring Companion arrives; at which all the Army were exceedingly glad, and after many Embraces of the two Comrades, the Hangman carried both the one and the other into* Piso's *Presence, all the Assistants believing it would be a great Pleasure even to him himself; but it prov'd quite contrary, for through Shame and Spite, his Fury,*

That Correction never ought to be given in Anger.

Fury, which was not yet cool, redoubled; and by a Subtlety which his Paſſion ſuddenly ſuggeſted to him, he made three Criminal for having found one Innocent, and caus'd them all to be diſpatch'd: The firſt Soldier, becauſe Sentence *had paſs'd upon him; the Second, who had loſt his way, becauſe he was the Cauſe of his Companion's Death; and the Hangman, for not having obey'd the Order had been given him.* Such as have had to do with teſty and obſtinate Women, may have experimented into what a Rage it puts them, to oppoſe Silence and Coldneſs to their Fury, and that a Man diſdains to nouriſh their Anger. The Orator *Celius* was wonderfully Cholerick by Nature, and to one who ſupp'd in his Company, a Man of gentle and ſweet Converſation, and who, that he might not move him, approv'd and conſented to all he ſaid; he, impatient that his ill Humour ſhould thus ſpend itſelf without Aliment; *For the Love of the Gods, deny me ſomething*, ſaid he, *that we may be two.* Women in like manner are only angry, that others may be angry again, in Imitation of the Law of Love. *Phocion*, to one that interrupted his ſpeaking by injurious and very opprobrious Words, made no other return than *Silence*, and to give him full Liberty and Leiſure to vent his Spleen; which he having accordingly done, and the Storm blown over, without any mention of this Diſturbance, he proceeded in his Diſcourſe where he had left off before. No Anſwer can nettle a Man like ſuch a Contempt. Of the moſt cholerick Man in *France* (Anger is always an Imperfection, but more excuſable in a Soldier, for in that Trade it cannot ſometimes be avoided) I muſt needs ſay, that he is often the moſt patient Man that I know, and the moſt diſcreet in bridling his Paſſions; which riſes in him with ſo great Violence and Fury,

——magno veluti cum flamma ſonore
Virgea ſuggeritur coſtis undantis aheni,
Exultanſque æſtu latices, furit intus aquai,
Fumidus, atque altè ſpumis exuberat amnis.
Nec jam ſe capit unda, volat vapor ater ad auras *.

* *Æneid. l.* 7.

As

As when unto the boiling Caldron's Side
A crackling Flame of Bruſhwood is apply'd,
The bubbling Liquor there like Springs is ſeen
To ſwell and foam to higher Tides within,
Until it does to overflowing riſe,
And a fuliginous Vapour upward flies.

that he muſt of neceſſity cruelly conſtrain himſelf to moderate it; and for my part, I know no Paſſion which I could with ſo much Violence to myſelf attempt to cover and conceal. I would not ſet Wiſdom at ſo high a Price; and do not ſo much conſider what he does, as how much it coſts him to do no worſe. Another boaſted himſelf to me of *the Regularity and Sweetneſs of his Manners*, which is in Truth very ſingular; to whom I reply'd, *That it was indeed ſomething, eſpecially in Perſons of ſo eminent Quality as himſelf, upon whom every one had their Eyes, to preſent himſelf always well-temper'd to the World; but that the principal thing was to make Proviſion for within, and for himſelf; and that it was not*, in my Opinion, *very well to order his Buſineſs inwardly to grate himſelf which I was afraid he did, in putting on an outwardly Maintaining the Viſor and regular Appearance.* A Man incorporates Anger by concealing it, as *Diogenes* told *Demoſthenes*, who, for fear of being ſeen in a *Tavern*, withdrew himſelf into it, The more you retire, the farther you enter in. I would rather adviſe that a Man ſhould give his Servant a Box of the Ear a little unſeaſonably, than wrack his Fancy to repreſent this grave and compos'd Countenance; and had rather diſcover my Paſſions, than brood over them at my own Expence; they grow leſs in venting and manifeſting themſelves; and 'tis much better their Point ſhould wound others without, than be turn'd towards ourſelves within. *Omnia vitia in aperto leviora ſunt; & tunc perniciosiſſima, quum ſimulata ſanitate ſubſidunt* *. *All Vices are leſs dangerous when open to be ſeen, and then moſt pernicious when they lurk under a diſſembled Temper.* I admoniſh all thoſe who have Authority to be angry in my Family, in the firſt place to manage their Anger, and *not to laviſh it upon every Occaſion*, for that

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 57.

both

both leſſens the Value, and hinders the Effect. Raſh and cuſtomary chafing runs into Cuſtom, and renders itſelf deſpis'd; and what you lay out upon a Servant for a Theft is not felt, becauſe it is the ſame he has ſeen you a hundred Times employ againſt him for having ill waſh'd a Glaſs, or ſet a Stool out of order. Secondly, *that they are not angry to no purpoſe*, but make ſure that their Reprehenſions reach him at whom they are offended; for ordinarily they rail and bawl before he comes into their Preſence, and continue ſcolding an Age after he is gone;

Et ſecum petulans amentia certat * :

And petulant Madneſs with itſelf contends.

they attack his Shadow, and puſh the Storm in a Place where no one is either chaſtiſed or intereſted, but in the Clamour of their Voice. I likewiſe in Quarrels condemn thoſe who huff and vapour without an Enemy; thoſe *Rodomontades* are to be reſerv'd to diſcharge upon the offending Party.

Mugitus veluti cum prima in prælia taurus
Terrificos ciet, atque iraſci in cornua tentat,
Arboris obnixus trunco, ventoſque laceſſit
Ictibus, & ſparſa ad pugnam proludit arena †.

Like angry Bulls that make the Valleys ring,
Preſt to the fight, with dreadful bellowing,
Whetting their Horns againſt the ſturdy Oak,
Who with their kicking Heels the Winds provoke,
And toſſing up the Earth a Duſt do raiſe
For furious Preludes to enſuing Frays.

The Author's Anger in great and little Occaſions.

When I am angry, my Anger is very ſharp, but withall very Short, and as private as I can; I looſe myſelf indeed in Promptneſs and Violence, but not in Trouble, ſo that I throw out all ſorts of injurious Words at random, and without Choice, and never conſider pertinently to dart my Language where I think it will deepeſt wound; for I commonly make uſe of no

* *Claudian.* † *Æneid. lib.* 12.

other

other Weapon in my Anger than my Tongue. My Servants have a better Bargain of me in great Occaſions than in little, the little ones ſurprize me; and the miſchief on't is, that when you are once upon the Precipice, 'tis no matter who gave you the Puſh, for you always go to the Bottom; the Fall urges, moves and makes haſte of itſelf. In great Occaſions this ſatisfies me, that they are ſo juſt every one expects a warrantable Indignation, and then I glorify myſelf in deceiving their Expectation; againſt theſe I fortify and prepare myſelf, they diſturb my Head, and threaten to tranſport me very far, ſhould I follow them. I can eaſily contain myſelf from entring into one of theſe Paſſions, and am ſtrong enough when I expect them, to repel their Violence, be the Cauſe never ſo great; but if a Paſſion once prepoſſeſs and ſeize me, it carries me away, be it never ſo ſmall; which makes me intent with thoſe who may contend with me, when you ſee me firſt mov'd, let me alone, right or wrong, I'll do the ſame for you. The Storm is only begot by Concurrence of Angers, which eaſily ſpring from one another, and are not born together. Let every one have his own Way, and we ſhall be always at Peace. A profitable Advice, but hard to execute. Sometimes alſo it falls out, that I put on a ſeeming Anger, for the better governing of my Houſe, without any real Emotion. As Age renders my Humours more ſharp, I ſtudy to oppoſe them, and will, if I can, order it ſo, that for the future I may be ſo much the leſs peeviſh and hard to pleaſe, as I have more Excuſe and Inclination to be ſo, altho' I have heretofore been reckoned amongſt thoſe that have the greateſt Patience. A Word to conclude this *Chapter*; *Ariſtotle* ſays, *That Anger ſometimes ſerves for Arms to Virtue and Valour.* 'Tis likely it may be ſo, nevertheleſs they who contradict him pleaſantly anſwer, *That 'tis a Weapon of novel Uſe, for we move all other Arms, this moves us; our Hands guide it not, 'tis it that guides our Hands; it holds us, we hold not it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

Defence of Seneca *and* Plutarch.

THE Familiarity I have had with theſe two *Authors*, and the Aſſiſtance they have lent to my Age, and Book, wholly compil'd of what I have borrow'd from them, oblig'd me to eſpouſe their Quarrel, and to ſtand up for their Honour. As to *Seneca*, amongſt a Million of little Pamphlets that thoſe of the *Reformed Religion* diſperſe Abroad for the Defence of their *Cauſe* (and which ſometimes proceed from ſo good a Hand, that 'tis Pity his Pen is not employ'd in a better Subject) I have formerly ſeen one, that, to make up the Parallel he would fain find out betwixt the Government of our late poor King *Charles* the Ninth, and that of *Nero*, *compares the late* Cardinal of *Lorrain* with *Seneca*, *their Fortunes to have both of them been the prime* Miniſters *in the Government of their* Princes, *and their Manners, Conditions and Deportments to have been very near alike:* Wherein, in my Opinion, he does the ſaid *Cardinal* a great Honour; for tho' I am one of thoſe who have a very great Eſteem for his *Wit*, *Eloquence*, and *Zeal* to *Religion*, and the Service of his King, and think it was a Happineſs in an Age wherein he was ſo *new*, ſo *rare*, and alſo ſo neceſſary for the Publick, to have an Eccleſiaſtical Perſon, of ſo high Birth and Dignity, and ſo ſufficient and capable of his Place; yet to confeſs the Truth, I do not think his Capacity by many Degrees near to the other, nor his Virtue either ſo clean, entire, or ſteady, as that of *Seneca*. Now the Book whereof I ſpeak, to bring about his Deſign, gives a very injurious Deſcription of *Seneca*, having borrowed his Reproaches from *Dion* the *Hiſtorian*, whoſe Teſtimony I do not at all believe. For beſides this, he is inconſiſtent, who after having call'd *Seneca* one while *very wiſe*, and again, *a mortal Enemy to* Nero's *Vices*, makes him elſewhere *Avaricious*, *an Uſurer*, *Ambitious*, *Effeminate*, *Voluptuous*, *and a Falſe Pretender to* Philoſophy; his own Virtue does appear ſo lively and vigorous in his Writings, and his Vin-

dication is so clear from any of these Imputations of *Riches*, and any extraordinary expensive Way of living, that I cannot believe any Testimony to the contrary. And besides, it is much more reasonable to believe the *Roman Historians* in such things, than *Greeks* and Strangers. Now *Tacitus* and the rest speak very honourably both of his Life and Death; and represent him to us a very excellent and virtuous Person in all Things; and I will alledge no other Reproach against *Dion*'s Report but this, which I cannot avoid, namely, that he has so sickly a Judgment in the *Roman* Affairs, that he dares to maintain *Julius Cæsar*'s Cause against *Pompey*, and that of *Anthony* against *Cicero*. Let us now come to *Plutarch*; *John Bodinus* is a good Author of our Time, and a *Writer* of much greater Judgment than the rout of *Scriblers* of his Age, and that deserves to be carefully read and consider'd. I find him tho' a little bold in this Passage of his *Method of History*, where he accuses *Plutarch*, not only of *Ignorance* (wherein I would let him alone, for that is above my Reprehension) *but that he oft writes Things incredible, and absolutely Fabulous*, which are his own Words. If he had simply said, *That he had deliver'd Things otherwise than they really are*, it had been no great Reproach; for what we have not seen, we are forc'd to receive from other Hands, and take upon Trust; and I see he purposely sometimes variously relates the same Story, as the Judgment of the three best Captains that ever were, given by *Hannibal*; 'tis one way in the Life of *Flaminius*, and another in that of *Pyrrhus*. But to charge him with having taken *incredible* and *impossible* Things for current pay, is to accuse the most judicious *Author* in the World of want of Judgment. And this is his Example; *as*, says he, *when he relates that a* Lacedæmonian *Boy suffer'd his Bowels to be torn out by a Fox-cub, he had stoln, and kept it still conceal'd under his Coat till he fell down dead, rather than he would discover his Theft.* I find in the first Place this Example ill chosen, forasmuch as it is very hard to limit the Power of the Faculties of the Soul, whereas we have better Authority to limit, and know the Force of the Bodily Limbs; and therefore, if I had been as he, I should rather have chosen an Example of this second sort; and

Bodinus *a good Author.*

The Bowels of a *Lacedæmonian* Boy torn out by a Fox-cub.

and there are that are leſs credible: And amongſt others, that which he relates of *Pyrrhus*, *that all wounded as he was, he ſtruck one of his Enemies who was arm'd from Head to Foot, ſo great a Blow with his Sword, that he clave him down from his Crown to his Seat, ſo that the Body was divided into two Parts.* In this Example I find no great Miracle, nor do not admit of the *Salvo* with which he excuſes *Plutarch*, to have added this Word (*as 'tis ſaid*) to ſuſpend our Belief; for unleſs it be in things received by Authority, and the Reverence to *Antiquity* or *Religion*, he would never have himſelf admitted, or enjoined us Things *incredible in themſelves* to believe; and that this Word (*as 'tis ſaid*) is not put into this Place to that effect, is eaſy to be ſeen, becauſe he elſewhere relates to us, upon this Subject, of the Patience of the *Lacedæmonian* Children, Examples happening in his Time, more unlikely to prevail upon our Faith; as what *Cicero* has teſtified before him, as having, as he ſays, been upon the Place: *That even to their Times there were Children found, who, in the Trial of Patience they were put to before the* Altar *of* Diana, *ſuffered themſelves to be there whipp'd till the Blood ran down all over their Bodies, not only without crying out, but without ſo much as a Groan, and ſome till they there voluntary loſt their Lives:* And that which *Plutarch* alſo, amongſt an hundred other Witneſſes, relates, *That at a Sacrifice, a burning Coal being fall'n into the Sleeve of a* Lacedæmonian *Boy, as he was* cenſing, *he ſuffered his whole Arm to be burn'd, till the Smell of the broiling Fleſh was perceiv'd by the Aſſiſtants.* There was nothing according to their *Caſtom*, wherein their Reputation was more concerned, nor for which they were to undergo more Blame and Diſgrace, than in being taken in Theft. I am ſo fully ſatisfied of the Greatneſs of thoſe People's Courage, that his Story does not only not appear to me, as to *Bodinus*, incredible; but I do not find it ſo much as rare and ſtrange. Hiſtory is full of a Thouſand more cruel and rare Examples; and is indeed all Miracles in Compariſon of this. *Marcellinus*, concerning Theft reports, *That in his Time there was no ſort of Torments which could*

The Patience of the Lacedæmonian *Children.*

Thievery odious to the Spartans.

The *Spartan* Thievery much practiſed by the *Ægyptians.*

compel the Ægyptians, when taken in the Manner, tho' a People very much addicted to it, so much as to tell their Name. A *Spanish* Peasant, being put to the Wrack about the Accomplices of the Murder of the Pretor *Lucius Piso*, cried out in the height of the Torment, *That his Friends should not leave him, but look on in all Assurance, and that no Pain had Power to force from him one Word of Confession:* Which was all they could get the first Day: The next Day, as they were leading him a second Time to another Trial, strongly disengaging himself from the Hands of his Guards, he furiously ran his Head against a Wall, and beat out his Brains. *Epicharis*, having tir'd and glutted the Cruelty of *Nero*'s Yeomen of the Guard, and undergone their Fire, their Beating, and their Engines a whole Day together, without one Syllable of Confession of her *Conspiracy*; being the next Day brought again to the *Wrack*, with her Limbs almost torn to Pieces, conveying the Lace of her Robe with a running Noose over one of the Arms of her Chair, and suddenly slipping her Head into it, with the Weight of her own Body hang'd herself: Who having the Courage to die after that manner, is not to be presum'd that she purposely lent her Life to the Trial of her Fortitude the Day before, to mock the Tyrant, and encourage others to the like Attempt? And whoever will enquire of our *Argoulets*, of the Experiences they have had in our *Civil Wars*, will find Effects of Patience and Obstinacy in this miserable Age of ours, and amongst the soft and effeminate Rabble, worthy to be compar'd with those we have now related of the *Spartan* Virtue. I know there have been simple Peasants amongst us, who have endur'd the Soles of their Feet to be broil'd upon a *Gridiron*, their Fingers-ends to be writhen off with the Cock of a Pistol, and their bloody Eyes squeez'd out of their Heads by the Force of a Cord twisted about their Brows, before they would so much as consent to Ransom. I have seen one left stark-naked for dead in a Ditch, his Neck black and swell'd, with a Halter yet about it, with which they had dragg'd him all Night at a Horse's Tail, his Body wounded in a hundred Places, with Stabs of Daggers had been given him, not to kill him, but to put him to Pain, and to affright him: Who had endur'd all

Fortitude of a Spanish Peasant.

Death of Epicharis.

Or Light-Horse.

all this, and even to being Speechleſs and Inſenſible, *reſolv'd*, as he himſelf told me, *rather to die a Thouſand Deaths* (as indeed, as to matter of Suffering, he had already had) *before he would pay a Penny*; and yet he was one of the richeſt Huſbandmen of all the Country. How many have been ſeen patiently to ſuffer themſelves to be burnt and roaſted, for Opinions taken upon Truſt from others, and by them not at all underſtood? I have known a Hundred and a Hundred Women (for *Gaſcony* has a certain Prerogative for Obſtinacy) whom you might ſooner have made eat Fire, than forſake an Opinion they had conceiv'd in Anger. They are more exaſperated by Blows and Conſtraint. And he that made the Story of the Woman, who in defiance of all Correction, Threats and Baſtinadoes, ceas'd not to call her Huſband *louzy Knave*; and that being plunged over Head and Ears in Water, could yet lift her Hands above her Head, and make a Sign of *cracking Lice*, feign'd a Tale, of which in Truth we every Day ſee a manifeſt Image in the *Obſtinacy* of Women. And *Obſtinacy* is the Siſter of *Conſtancy*, at leaſt in Vigour and Stability. We are not to judge what is poſſible, and what is not, according to what is credible and incredible to our Apprehenſion, as I have ſaid elſewhere: And it is a great Fault, and yet a Fault that moſt Men are guilty of (which nevertheleſs I do not mention with any Reflection upon *Bodinus*) to make a Difficulty of believing that in another, which they could not, or would not do themſelves. Every one thinks that the ſovereign Stamp of human Nature is imprinted in him, and that from it all others muſt take their Rule, and that all Proceedings which are not like his, are feigned and falſe. Is any thing of another's Actions or Faculties propos'd to him? The firſt Thing he calls to the Conſultation of his Judgment, is his own Example; and as Matters go with him, ſo they muſt of neceſſity do with all the World beſides. O dangerous and intolerable Folly! For my part, I conſider ſome Men as infinitely beyond me, eſpecially amongſt the *Ancients*; and yet, tho' I clearly diſcern my Inability to come near them by a thouſand Paces, I do not forbear to keep them in Sight, and to judge of what does elevate them ſo, of which I alſo perceive ſome Seeds of myſelf; as I alſo do of the extreme Meanneſs of ſome other Minds, which I

Women obſtinate.

neither am aſtoniſh'd at, nor yet miſbelieve. I very well perceive the Turns thoſe great Souls take to raiſe themſelves to ſuch a Pitch, and admire their Grandeur; and thoſe Flights that I think the braveſt, I could be glad to imitate, where, tho' I want Wing, yet my Judgment goes along with them.

The other Example he introduces of Things incredible and wholly fabulous, deliver'd by *Plutarch*, is, *That* Ageſilaus *was* fin'd *by the* Ephori, *for having wholly engroſſed the Hearts and Affections of the* Citizens *to himſelf alone.* And herein I do not ſee what Sign of Falſity is to be found: But ſo it is, that *Plutarch* ſpeaks of Things that muſt needs be better known to him than to us; and it was no new Thing in *Greece*, to ſee Men puniſh'd and exil'd for this very Thing of being too acceptable to the People; witneſs the *Oſtraciſm* and *Petaliſm.* There is yet in this Place another Accuſation laid againſt *Plutarch*, which I cannot well digeſt; where he ſays, *That he has ſincerely coupled the* Romans *and the* Greeks *amongſt themſelves: But not the* Romans *with the* Greeks; *witneſs*, ſays he, Demoſthenes *and* Cicero, Cato *and* Ariſtides, Sylla *and* Lyſander, Marcellus *and* Pelopidas, *and* Pompey *and* Ageſilaus; ſuppoſing that he has favour'd the *Greeks* in giving them ſo unequal Companions, which is really to attack what in *Plutarch* is moſt excellent, and moſt to be commended. For in his *Parallels* (which is the moſt admirable Part of all his Works, and with which, in my Opinion, he is himſelf the moſt pleas'd) the Fidelity and Sincerity of his Judgments equal their Depth and Weight. He is a *Philoſopher* that teaches us Virtue. Let us ſee whether we cannot defend him from this Reproach of Falſity and Prevarication. All that I can imagine could give occaſion to this Cenſure, is, the great and ſhining Luſtre of the *Roman* Names which we have ſtill before us; it does not ſeem likely to us, that *Demoſthenes* could rival the Glory of a *Conſul*, *Proconſul*, and *Queſtor* of that great *Republick*: But if a Man conſiders the Truth of the Thing, and the Men in themſelves, which is *Plutarch*'s chiefeſt Aim, and more to balance their Manners, their Natures and Parts, than their Fortunes; I think contrary to *Bodinus*, that

Ageſilaus *mulct by the* Ephori, *for inſinuating himſelf into the Hearts of the People.*

Cicero,

Cicero, and the elder *Cato*, come very far ſhort of the Men with whom they are compar'd. I ſhould ſooner for his Purpoſe have choſen the Example of the younger *Cato* compar'd with *Phocian*, for in this *Couple* there would have been a more likely Diſparity to the *Roman*'s Advantage. As to *Marcellus*, *Sylla*, and *Pompey*, I very well diſcern that their Exploits of War are greater, and more full of Pomp and Glory, than thoſe of the *Greeks*, which *Plutarch* compares with them: But the braveſt and moſt virtuous Actions, no more in War than elſewhere, are not always the moſt renown'd. I often ſee the Names of Captains obſcur'd by the Splendor of other Names of leſs Deſert; witneſs *Labienus*, *Ventidius*, *Teleſinus*, and ſeveral others. And to take it by that, were I to complain on the Behalf of the *Greeks*, could I not ſay, that *Camillus* was much leſs comparable to *Themiſtocles*, the *Gracchi* to *Agis*, and *Cleones* and *Numa* to *Lycurgus*? But 'tis Folly to judge of Things that have ſo many Aſpects at one View. When *Plutarch* compares them, he does not for all that make them equal. Who could more learnedly and ſincerely have mark'd their Diſtinction? Does he parallel the Victories, Feats of Arms, the Force of their Armies conducted by *Pompey*, and his Triumphs, with thoſe of *Ageſilaus*? *I do not believe*, ſays he, *that* Xenophon *himſelf, if he were now living, tho' he was allowed to write whatever pleaſed him to the Advantage of* Ageſilaus, *would dare to bring them into Compariſon.* Does he ſpeak of parallelling *Lyſander* to *Sylla*? *There is*, ſays he, *no Compariſon, either in the Number of Victories, or in the Hazard of Naval Engagements*, &c. This is not to derogate from the *Romans*; for having only ſimply nam'd them with the *Greeks*, he can have done them no Injury, what Diſparity ſoever there may be betwixt them: And *Plutarch* does not entirely oppoſe them to one another, there is no Preference in general, he only compares the Pieces and Circumſtances one after another, and gives of every one a particular and ſeparate Judgment; wherefore if any one would convince him of Partiality, he ought to pick out ſome one of thoſe particular Judgments, or ſay in general that he was miſtaken in comparing ſuch a *Greek* to ſuch a *Roman*, when there were others more fit and better reſembling to parallel him to.

CHAP. XXXIII.

The Story of Spurina.

Philosophy thinks she has not made an ill use of her Talent, when she has given the Sovereignty of the Soul, and the Authority of restraining our Appetites to *Reason*. Amongst which, they who judge that there are none more violent than those which spring from Love, have this Opinion also, *that they seize both Body and Soul, and possess the whole Man*; so that even Health itself depends upon them, and Medicine is sometimes constrained to pimp for them. But a Man might on the contrary also say, that the Mixture of the Body brings an Abatement and Weakning; for such Desires are subject to Satiety, and capable of material Remedies. Many being determined to rid their Soul from the continual Alarms of this Appetite, have made use of Incision and Amputation of the rebelling Members. Others have subdued their Force and Ardour, by the frequent Application of cold Things, as Snow and Vinegar. The Sack-cloths of our Ancestors were for this Purpose, which is a Cloth woven of Horses Hair, of which some of them made Shirts, and others Girdles to torture and correct their Reins. A *Prince* not long ago told me, *that in his Youth, upon a solemn Festival in the Court of King* Francis *the First, where every Body was very finely dress'd, he would needs put on his Father's Hair Shirt, which was still kept in the House*; but how great soever his Devotion was, he had not Patience to wear it till Night, and was sick a long time after, adding withal, *that he did not think there could be any youthful Heat so fierce that the use of this Receipt would not mortify*, and yet perhaps he never essay'd the most Violent; for Experience shews us, that such Emotions are often seen under rude and slovenly Clothes, and that a Hair Shirt does not always render those chaste that wear it. *Xenocrates* proceeded with greater Severity

in

in this Affair, for his Disciples to make trial of his Continency, having slipt *Lais*, that beautiful and famous *Courtezan* into his Bed quite naked, excepting the Arms of her Beauty, and her wonton Allurements, her *Philters*, finding, that in Spight of his Reason and Philosophical Rules, his unruly Flesh began to mutiny, he caus'd those Members of his to be burn'd that he found consenting to this Rebellion. Whereas the Passions which wholly reside in the Soul, as Ambition, Avarice, and the rest, find the Reason much more to do, because it cannot there be reliev'd but by its own means; neither are those Appetites capable of Satiety, but grow sharper and increase by Fruition. The sole Example of *Julius Cæsar* may suffice to demonstrate to us the Disparity of those Appetites; for never was Man more addicted to amorous Delights than he: Of which the delicate Care he had of his Person, to that degree of Effeminacy, as to make use of the most lascivious means to that end, as to have the Hairs of his Body pluck'd off certain Parts, and larded all over with Perfumes, with the extreamest Curiosity, is one Testimony; and he was a Beautiful Person in himself, of a fair Complexion, tall and sprightly, full Fac'd, with quick hazel Eyes, if we may believe *Suetonius*; for the *Statues* that we see at *Rome* do not in all points answer this Description. Besides his Wives which he four times changed, without reckoning the *Amours* of his Childhood with *Nicomedes* King of *Bythinia*, he had the Maiden-head of the Renowned *Cleopatra*, Queen of *Egypt*; witness the little *Cæsario* that he had by her. He also made Love to *Eunoe*, Queen of *Mauritania*, and at *Rome*, to *Posthumia*, the Wife of *Servius Sulpitius*, to *Lollia*, the Wife of *Gabinus*, to *Tortulla*, the Wife of *Crassus*, and even to *Mutia*, Wife to the Great *Pompey*: Which was the Reason the *Roman* Historians say, that she was repudiated by her Husband, which *Plutarch* confesses to be more than he knew. And the *Curios*, both Father and Son, afterwards reproach'd *Pompey*, when he married *Cæsar*'s Daughter, *that he had made himself Son-in-Law to a Man who had made him a Cuckold, and one that he himself was wont to call Ægystus.* Besides all these, he entertain'd *Servillia*, *Cato*'s Sister, and Mother to *Marcus Brutus*, from whence every one believes, proceeded the great Affection he had to *Brutus*, by reason that he was born in a Time when it was likely it might be his

his Son. So that I have Reason, methinks, to take him for a Man extremely given to this Debauch, and of a very amorous Constitution. But the other Passion of Ambition, with which he was exceedingly infected, arising in him to contend with the former, it was soon compell'd to give way. And here calling to mind *Mahomet*, who won *Constantinople*, and totally exterminated the *Grecian* Name; I do not know where these two Passions were so evenly balanc'd, equally an indefatigable Letcher and Soldier, but where they both meet in his Life, and justle one another, the quarrelling Ardour always gets the better of the amorous Passion. And this, though it was out of its natural Season, never regained an absolute Sovereignty over the other, till he was arriv'd at an extreme old Age, and unable to undergo the Fatigues of War. What is related for a contrary Example, of *Ladislaus* King of *Naples*, is very Remarkable; that being a great Captain, Valiant, and Ambitious, he propos'd to himself for the principal End of his Ambition, the Execution of his Pleasure, and the Enjoyment of some rare and excellent *Beauty*. His Death seal'd up all the rest: For having by a close and tedious Siege, reduc'd the City of *Florence* to so great Distress, that the Inhabitants were compell'd to Capitulate about *Surrender*; he was content to let them alone, provided they would deliver up to him a Beautiful Maid he had heard of in their City. They were forc'd to yield to it, and by a private Injury to divert the Publick Ruin. She was the Daughter of a Famous Physician of his Time, who finding himself involv'd in so foul a Necessity, resolv'd upon a high Attempt; for as every one was laying a Hand to trick up his Daughter, and to adorn her with Ornaments and Jewels, to render her more agreeable to this new Lover, he also gave her a Handkerchief most richly wrought, and of an exquisite Perfume, (an Implement they never go without in those Parts) which she was to make use of at their first Approaches. This Handkerchief, empoisoned with his chiefest Art, coming to be rubb'd between the chaf'd Flesh and open Pores, both of the one and the other, so suddenly infus'd the Poison, that immediately converting their warm into a cold Sweat, they presently died in one another's Arms. But I return to *Cæsar*. His Pleasures never made him steal one

Cæsar *very Ambitious.*

Minute

Minute of an Hour, nor ſtep one Step aſide from Occaſions that might conduce any way to his Advancement. That Paſſion was ſo ſovereign in him over all the reſt, and with ſo abſolute an Authority poſſeſt his Soul, that it guided him at Pleaſure. In reality, it troubles me when (as to every thing elſe I conſider the Greatneſs of this Man, and the wonderful Parts wherewith he was endued, learn'd to that degree in all Sorts of Knowledge, that there is hardly any one Science of which he has not written: He was ſo great an *Orator*, that many have preferr'd his Eloquence to that of *Cicero*; and he, I conceive, did not think himſelf inferiour to him in that Particular: For his two *Anti-Catos* were chiefly writ to counterbalance the Elocution that *Cicero* had expended in his *Cato*. As to the reſt, was ever Soul ſo vigilant, ſo active, and ſo patient of Labour as his? and doubtleſs it was embelliſh'd with many rare Seeds of Virtue, I mean innate and natural, and not put on. He was ſingularly Sober, ſo far from being delicate in his Diet, that *Opius* relates, how *that having one Day at Table Phyſical inſtead of common Oyl, in ſome Sawce ſet before him, he did eat heartily of it, that he might not put his Entertainer out of Countenance*. Another time he caus'd his *Baker* to be whip'd for ſerving him with a finer than ordinary ſort of Bread. *Cato* himſelf us'd to ſay of him, *that he was the firſt Sober Man that ever made it his Buſineſs to ruin his Country*. And as to the ſame *Cato*'s calling him one Day *Drunkard*, it fell out thus: Being both of them in the Senate, at a Time when *Cataline*'s Conſpiracy was in Queſtion, for which *Cæſar* was ſuſpected, one came and brought him a Ticket ſeal'd up: *Cato* believing that it was ſomething the Conſpirators gave him notice of, *call'd to him to deliver it into his Hand*, which *Cæſar* was conſtrain'd to do to avoid further Suſpicion. It was by Fortune a Love-letter that *Servilia*, *Cato*'s Siſter, had written to him; which *Cato* having read, he threw it back to him, ſaying *there Drunkard*. This, I ſay, was rather a Word of Diſdain and Anger, than an expreſs Reproach of this Vice, as we often rate thoſe that anger us with the firſt injurious Words that come into our Mouths, tho' nothing due to thoſe we are offended at. To which may be added, that the Vice which *Cato* caſt in his Diſh is wonderfully near a-kin to that

Cæſar *called Drunkard.*

Venus *accompanies* Bacchus.

that wherein he had trap'd *Cæsar*; for *Bacchus* and *Venus*, according to the *Proverb*, do very willingly agree; but with me *Venus* is most spritely when I am most Sober.

Cæsar's *Clemency towards his Enemies.*

The Examples of his Sweetness and Clemency to those by whom he had been offended are Infinite; I mean besides those he gave during the Time of the *Civil Wars*, which, as plainly enough appears by his Writings, he practised to cajole his Enemies, and to make them less afraid of his future Dominion and Victory. But I must also say, that if these Examples are not sufficient Proofs of his natural Mildness, they at least manifest a marvellous Confidence and Grandeur of Courage in this Person. He has often been known to dismiss whole Armies, after having overcome them, to his Enemies, without Ransom, or deigning so much as to bind them by Oath, if not to favour him, at least no more to bear Arms against him. He has three or four Times taken some of *Pompey*'s Captains Prisoners, and as oft set them at Liberty. *Pompey* declar'd all those to be his *Enemies* who did not follow him to the War, and he proclaim'd all those to be his *Friends*, who sat still and did not actually take Arms against him. To such Captains of his as run away from him to go over to the other side, he sent moreover their Arms, Horses, and Equipage. The *Cities* he had taken by Force, he left at full Liberty to take which side they pleased, imposing no other Garrison upon them but the Memory of his Generosity and Clemency. He gave strict and express Charge the Day of his great Battle of *Pharsalia*, that without the utmost Necessity no one should lay a Hand upon the *Citizens* of *Rome*. These in my Opinion, were very hazardous Proceedings, and 'tis no wonder if those in our *Civil War*, who, like him, fight against the ancient Estate of their Country, do not follow his Example; they are extraordinary Means, which only belong to *Cæsar's* Fortune and his admirable Fore-sight in the Conduct of Affairs. When I consider the incomparable Grandeur of his Soul, I excuse Victory that it could not disengage itself from him, even in so unjust and so wicked a Cause.

To return to his Clemency; we have many natural Examples in the Time of his Government; when all Things

Things being reduc'd to his Power, he had no more need to diſſemble. *Caius Memmius* had writ very ſevere Orations againſt him, which he had as ſharply anſwer'd: Yet did not ſoon after forbear to uſe his Intereſt to make him *Conſul*. *Caius Calvus*, who had compos'd ſeveral injurious Epigrams againſt him, having employed many of his Friends to mediate a Reconciliation with him, *Cæſar* voluntarily perſuaded himſelf to write firſt to him. And our good *Catullus*, who had ſo rudely ruffled him under the Name of *Mamurra*, coming to make his Excuſes to him, he made him the ſame Day ſit at his Table. Having Intelligence of ſome who ſpoke Ill of him, he did no more, but only in a publick Oration declare, that he had Notice of it. He alſo leſs fear'd his Enemies than he hated them. Some Conſpiracies and Cabals that were made againſt his Life, being diſcovered to him, he ſatisfied himſelf in publiſhing by Proclamation, *that they were known to him*, without further proſecuting the Conſpirators.

As to the Reſpect he had to his Friends; *Caius Oppius*, being with him upon a Journey, and finding himſelf Ill, *he left him the only Lodging he had for himſelf, and lay all Night upon the hard Ground in the open Air*. As to what concerns his Juſtice; *he put a beloved Servant of his to Death for lying with a noble* Roman's *Wife, tho' there was no Complaint made*. Never had Man more Moderation in his Victory, nor more Reſolution in his adverſe Fortune. But all theſe good Inclinations were ſtifled and ſpoil'd by his *furious Ambition*, by which he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſo tranſported and miſled, that a Man may eaſily maintain, that that Paſſion guided the Rudder of all his Actions. Of a liberal Man, it made him a publick Thief to ſupply his Bounty and Profuſion, and made him utter this vile and unjuſt Saying, *That if the moſt wicked and profligate Perſons in the World had been faithful in ſerving him towards his Advancement, he would cheriſh and prefer them to the utmoſt of his Power, as much as the beſt of Men:* It intoxicated him with ſo exceſſive a Vanity, as to dare to boaſt, in the Preſence of his Fellow Citizens, *That he had made the great Common-wealth of* Rome *a Name without Form, and without Body*; and to ſay, *that his Anſwer for the future ſhould ſtand for Laws*, and

Ambition the only Ruin of Cæſar's *Actions.*

and alſo to receive the Body of the Senate coming towards him *ſitting*; to ſuffer himſelf to be ador'd, and to have Divine Honours paid to him in his own Preſence. To conclude: This ſole Vice, in my Opinion, ſpoil'd in him the moſt rich and beautiful Nature that ever was, and has render'd his Name abominable to all good Men, in that he would erect his Glory upon the Ruins of his Country, and the Subverſion of the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing Republick the World ſhall ever ſee.

There might on the contrary many Examples be produc'd, of great Men whom Pleaſures have made to neglect the Conduct of their Affairs, as *Mark Anthony* and others; but where *Love* and *Ambition* ſhould be in equal Balance, and come to juſtle with equal Forces, I make no doubt but the laſt would win the Prize.

But to return to my Subject: 'Tis much to bridle our Appetites by the Diſcourſe of Reaſon, or by Violence to contain our Members within their Duty: But to laſh ourſelves for our Neighbours Intereſt, and not only to diveſt ourſelves of the charming Paſſion that tickles us, with the Pleaſure we feel of being agreeable to others, and courted and beloved of every one; but alſo to conceive a Hatred againſt the Graces that produce that Effect, and to condemn our Beauty becauſe it inflames others; of this, I confeſs, I have met with few Examples: This indeed is one; Spurina, *a young Man of* Tuſcany,

Qualis gemma micat fulvum quæ dividet aurum,
Aut collo decus, aut capiti, vel quale per artem
Incluſum buxo, aut Ericia Terebintho,
Lucet ebur *. ———

As a Gem ſhines in yellow Gold enchac'd,
On Neck, or Head, for Decoration plac'd;
Or as by Art Iv'ry does Luſtre get
In the *Erician Terebinthus* ſet.

being endow'd with a ſingular Beauty, and ſo exceſſive, that the chaſteſt Eyes could not chaſtly behold its Rays; not contenting himſelf with leaving ſo much Flame and Fever as he every where kindled, without Relief, enter'd into a furious

* *Æneid. lib.* 10.

Spite

Spite againſt himſelf, and thoſe great Endowments Nature had ſo liberally conferr'd upon him; as if a Man were reſponſible to himſelf for the Faults of others: And purpoſely ſlaſh'd and disfigur'd, with many Wounds and Scars, the perfect Symmetry and Proportion that Nature had ſo curiouſly imprinted in his Face. To give my free Opinion, I more admire than honour ſuch Actions: Such Exceſſes are Enemies to my Rules. The Deſign was Conſcientious and Good, but certainly a little defective in Prudence. What if his Deformity ſerv'd afterwards to make others guilty of the Sin of Hatred, or Contempt, or of Envy, at the Glory of ſo commendable an Action, or of Calumny, interpreting this Humour a mad Ambition! Is there any Form, from whence Vice cannot, if it will, extract Occaſion to exerciſe itſelf one way or other? It had been more Juſt, and alſo more Noble, to have made of theſe Gifts of God a Subject of regular and exemplary Virtue. They who retire themſelves from the common Offices, from that infinite Number of Vices, and manifeſt Rules that fetter a Man of exact Honeſty in the Civil Life, are in my Opinion very Diſcreet, what peculiar Sharpneſs of Conſtraint ſoever they impoſe upon themſelves in ſo doing. 'Tis in ſome ſort a kind of dying to avoid the Pain of living well. They may have no other Reward, but the Reward of the Difficulty I fancy they can never have, nor that in Uneaſineſs there can be any thing beyond keeping himſelf upright in the Waves of the World, truly and exactly performing all Parts of his Duty. 'Tis peradventure more eaſy to live clean from the whole Sex, than to maintain a Man's ſelf exactly in all Points in the Society of a Wife. And a Man may more incurioufly ſlip into Want than Abundance duly diſpens'd. Cuſtom, carried on according to Reaſon, has in it more of Sharpneſs than Abſtinence. Moderation is a Virtue that has more Work than Sufferance. The well-living of *Scipio* has a thouſand Faſhions, that of *Diogenes* but one. This as much excels the ordinary Lives in Innocency, as the moſt accompliſh'd excel them in Utility and Force.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Obſervation of the Means to carry on a War according to Julius Cæſar.

'TIS ſaid of many great Leaders, *That they have had certain Books in particular Eſteem*, as *Alexander* the Great, *Homer*; *Scipio Africanus*, *Xenophon*; *Marcus Brutus*, *Polybius*; *Charles* the Fifth, *Philip de Comines*; and 'tis ſaid, *That in our Times* Machiavel *is elſewhere in Repute*; but the late *Mareſchal Stroſſy*, who took *Cæſar* for his Man, doubtleſs made the beſt Choice, being that that Book in Truth ought to be the Breviary of every great Soldier, as being the true and moſt excellent Pattern of all Military Art. And moreover, God knows with what Grace and Beauty he has embelliſh'd that rich Matter, with ſo pure, delicate, and perfect Expreſſion, that, in my Opinion, there are no Writings in the World comparable to his, as to that. I will ſet down ſome rare and peculiar Paſſages of his Wars that remain in my Memory.

His Army being in ſome Conſternation upon the Rumour that was ſpread of the great *Forces* that King *Juba* was leading againſt him, inſtead of abating the Apprehenſion which his Soldiers had conceiv'd at the News, and of leſſening the Forces of the Enemy, having call'd them all together to encourage and re-aſſure them, he took a quite contrary way to what we are us'd to do, for he told them, *that they needed no more to trouble themſelves with enquiring after the Enemy's* Forces, *for that he was certainly inform'd thereof*, and then told them of a Number much ſurpaſſing the Truth and Report that was rumour'd in his Army; following the Advice of *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*; foraſmuch as the Impoſture is not of ſo great Importance to find an Enemy weaker than we expected, than to find him really ſtrong, after having been made to believe that he

The Obedience of Cæsar's Soldiers.

he was weak. It was also his Use to accustom his Soldiers simply to obey, without taking upon them to controul, or so much as to speak of their Captain's Designs; which he never communicated to them but upon the Point of Execution, and took a Delight, if they discover'd any thing of what he intended, immediately to change his *Orders* to deceive them; and to that Purpose would often, when he had assign'd his Quarters in a Place, pass forward and lengthen his Days *March*, especially if it was foul Weather. The *Swisse*, in the Beginning of his Wars in *Gaul*, having sent to him *to demand a free Passage over the* Roman *Territories*; tho' resolved to hinder them by Force, he nevertheless spoke kindly to the Messengers, and took some respite to return an Answer, to make use of that time for recalling his Army together. These silly People did not know how good a Husband he was of his Time: For he does often repeat, *That it is the best Part of a Captain to know how to make use of Occasions*, and his Diligence in his Exploits are in Truth unparallell'd and incredible. If he was not very Conscientious in taking Advantage of an Enemy under colour of a Treaty of Agreement, he was as little in this, that he requir'd no other Virtue in a Soldier, but Valour only, and seldom punish'd any other Faults but Mutiny and Disobedience. He would oft after his Victories turn them loose to all sorts of Licence, dispensing with them, for some time, from the Rules of Military Discipline, saying withal, *That he had Soldiers well train'd up, that powder'd and perfum'd; they would run furiously to the Fight.* In truth, he lov'd to have them richly arm'd, and made them wear engraved, gilded and damask'd Arms, to the End that the Care of saving their Arms might engage them to a more obstinate Defence. Speaking to them, he call'd them by the Name of *Fellow-Soldiers*, which we yet use; which his Successor *Augustus* reform'd, supposing he had only done it upon Necessity, and to cajole those who only follow'd him as Volunteers;

——— *Rheni mihi* Cæsar *in undis,*
Dux erat, hic socius, facinus quos inquinat æquat *.

* *Lucan. l.* 5.

Great *Cæſar*, who my Gen'ral did appear
Upon the Banks of *Rhine*, 's my Fellow here;
For Wickedneſs where it once hold does take.
All Men whom it defiles does equal make.

but that this Carriage was too mean and low for the Dignity of an Emperor and General of an Army; and therefore brought up the Cuſtom of calling them *Soldiers* only. With this Courteſy *Cæſar* mixt great Severity to keep them in Awe. The ninth *Legion* having mutiny'd near *Placentia*, he ignominiouſly caſheer'd them, tho' *Pompey* was then yet on Foot, and receiv'd them not again to Grace till after many Supplications. He quieted them more by Authority and Boldneſs than by gentle ways. In that Place where he ſpeaks of his Paſſage over the *Rhine* towards *Germany*, he ſays, *That thinking it unworthy of the Honour of* Roman *People to waft over his Army in Veſſels, he built a* Bridge *that they might paſs over Dry Foot.* There it was that he built that wonderful *Bridge*, of which he gives a particular Deſcription: For he no where ſo willingly inſiſts upon his own Actions, as in repreſenting to us the Subtilty of his Inventions in ſuch Kind of Things.

Exhortations to Soldiers before a Battle of great Importance.

I have alſo obſerv'd this, that he ſet a great Value upon his Exhortations to the Soldiers before the Fight; for where he ſhould ſhew that he was either ſurpriz'd, or reduc'd to a Neceſſity of Fighting, he always brings in this, *That he had not ſo much as Leiſure to Harangue his Army.* Before that great Battle with thoſe of *Tournay*, *Cæſar*, ſays he, *having given Order for every thing elſe, preſently ran where Fortune carried him to encourage his People, and meeting with the tenth* Legion, *had no more time to ſay any thing to them but this, That they ſhould remember their wonted Valour, not be aſtoniſh'd, but bravely ſuſtain the Enemies Encounter*; and being the Enemy was already approach'd within a Dart's caſt, he gave the Signal of Battle; and going ſuddenly thence elſewhere to encourage others, he found that they were already engag'd. His Tongue has indeed done him notable Service upon ſeveral Occaſions, and his Military Eloquence was in his own Time ſo highly reputed, that many of his Army writ down his *Harangues*

as

as he spoke them, by which Means there were Volumes of them collected that continued a long Time after him. He had so particular a Grace in speaking, that they who were particularly acquainted with him, and *Augustus*, amongst others, hearing those Orations read, could distinguish even to the Phrases and Words that were none of his. The first time that he went out of *Rome* with any publick Command, he arriv'd in eight Days at the River *Rhine*, having with him in his Coach a Secretary or two before him who were continually writing, and him that carried his Sword behind him. And certainly, though a Man did nothing but intend his way, he could hardly have perform'd that Journey so soon. With which Promptness having been every where Victorious in *Gaul*, he left it, and following *Pompey* to *Brundusium*, in eighteen Days time he subdued all *Italy*, return'd from *Brundusium* to *Rome*, and from *Rome* went into the very Heart of *Spain*, where he underwent extreme Difficulties in the War against *Afranius* and *Petrius*, and in the long Siege of *Marcelles*; from thence he returned into *Macedonia*, beat the *Roman* Army at *Pharsalia*; passed from thence in Pursuit of *Pompey* into *Egypt*, which he also subdu'd; from *Egypt* he went into *Syria*, and the Territories of *Pontus*, where he fought *Pharnaces*; from thence into *Africk*, where he defeated *Scipio* and *Juba*; again returned through *Italy* into *Spain*, where he defeated *Pompey's* Sons.

Cæsar's *Promptness in his Expeditions.*

Ocior & cæli flammis & tigride fleta.
Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque solo, silvas, armenta, virosque,
Involvens secum *.

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* *Lucan. lib.* 5. *Virg. Æn. lib.* 12.

Swifter than Lightning, or the furious Courſe
Of the fell Tigreſs when ſhe is a Nurſe;
And as a Stone, torn from the Mountain's crown
By ſome rough Wind, thence tumbles headlong down,
Whether waſh'd off by Torrents of a Shower
Or loos'd by Age's all ſubduing Power,
The pond'rous Maſs falls with a mighty Force,
And grazing here and there, does in its Courſe
Sweep all before it, Men, and Flocks, and Droves,
And levels with the Earth oppoſing Groves.

Speaking of the Siege of *Avaricum*, he ſays, *that it was his Cuſtom to be Night and Day with the Pioneers.* In all Enterprizes of Conſequence he ſtill reconnoitred in Perſon, and never brought his Army into Quarters till he had firſt view'd the Place. And if we may believe *Suetonius*, when he reſolv'd to paſs over into *England, he was the firſt Man that ſounded the Paſſage.* He uſed to ſay, *that he more valu'd a Victory obtain'd by Counſel than Force.* And in the War againſt *Petreius*, and *Afranius*, Fortune preſenting him with an Occaſion of manifeſt Advantage, he declin'd it, ſaying, *that he hop'd with a little more Time and leſs Hazard to overthrow his Enemies.* He there alſo play'd a notable Part, in commanding his whole Army to paſs the River by Swimming, without any manner of Neceſſity.

——— *rapuitque ruens in prœlio miles*
Quod fugiens timuiſſet iter, mox uda receptis
Membra fovent armis, gelidoſque à gurgite, curſu
Reſtituunt artus *.

The Soldiers ruſh thorough a Paſs to fight
They would have been afraid t' have ta'en in flight
Then with their Arms their wet Limbs cover o'er,
And their numb'd Joints by running do reſtore.

I find him a little more temperate and conſiderate in his Enterprizes than *Alexander*, for this ſeems to ſeek and run headlong upon Dangers, like an impetuous Torrent that

* *Lucan. lib.* 4.

attacks

attacks and rushes against every thing it meets, without Choice or Discretion.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni perfluit Appuli
Dum sævit, horrendamque ; cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris *.

So the biforked *Aufidus* amain
Runs bellowing forth along th' *Apulian* Plain,
When he with Rage, and swelling Floods abounds,
Threatning a Deluge to the tilled Grounds.

And indeed he was a General in the Flower and first Heat of his Youth, whereas *Cæsar* took up at the Trade at a ripe and well advanc'd Age. To which may moreover be added, that *Alexander* was of a more sanguine, hot and cholerick Constitution, apt to push him on to such Extravagancies, which he also enflam'd with Wine, from which *Cæsar* was very abstinent : But where necessary Occasion requir'd, never did any Man venture his Person more than he : So much that for my part, methinks, I read in many of his Exploits a determinate Resolution to throw himself away, to avoid the Shame of being overcome. In his great Battle with those of *Tournay*, he charg'd up to the Head of the Enemies without his Shield, as he was surpriz'd, seeing the Van of his own *Army* beginning to give ground, which was also several Times befallen him. Hearing that his People were besieg'd, he pass'd through the Enemies Army in Disguise to go encourage them with his Presence. Having cros'd over to *Dyrrachium* with very slender Forces, and seeing the Remainder of his *Army*, which he left to *Antonius*'s Conduct, slow in following him, he attempted alone to repass the Sea in a very great Storm ; and privately stole away to fetch the rest of his Forces, the Ports on the other Side being seiz'd by *Pompey*, and the whole Sea being in his Possession. And as to what he perform'd by force of Hand, there are very many Exploits that in Hazard exceed all the Rules of War : For with how small means did he undertake to subdue the Kingdom of *Egypt*, and afterwards to attack the Forces

* *Horat. lib.* 4. *Ode* 14.

of *Scipio* and *Juba*, ten times greater than his? These People have had I know not what of more than Human Confidence in their Fortune, and his usual Saying was, *that Men must execute and not deliberate upon Enterprizes.* After the Battle of *Pharsalia*, when he had sent his Army away before him into *Asia*, and was passing in one single Vessel the Streight of the *Hellespont*, he met *Lucius Cassius* at Sea with ten tall Men of War, where he had the Courage not only to stay his coming, but to stand up with him, and summon him to yield, and did his Business. Having undertaken that furious Siege of *Alexia*, where there were fourscore thousand Men in Garrison, and that all *Gaul* was in Arms to raise the Siege, having set an Army on foot of a hundred and nine thousand *Horse*, and of two hundred and forty thousand *Foot*, what a Boldness and mad Confidence was it in him, that he would not give over his Attempt and retire, in two so invincible Difficulties? which nevertheless he underwent: And after having won that great Battle against those without, soon reduc'd those within to his Mercy. The same happen'd to *Lucullus* at the Siege of *Tigranocerta* against King *Tigranes*, but the Condition of the *Enemy* was not the same, considering the Effeminacy of those with whom *Lucullus* had to deal. I will here set down two rare and extraordinary Events concerning this Siege of *Alexia*; one, that the *Gauls* having drawn their Powers together to encounter *Cæsar*, after they had made a general Muster of all their Forces, resolv'd in their *Council of War* to dismiss a good Part of this great Multitude, that they might not fall into Confusion, This Example of fearing being too many is new; but to take it right, it stands to reason, that the Body of an Army should be of a moderate Greatness, and regulated to certain Bounds, both out of respect to the Difficulty of providing for them, and the Difficulty of governing and keeping them in Order. At least it is very easy to make it appear by Example, that Armies so monstrous in Number have seldom done any thing to Purpose. According to the saying of *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, *'Tis not the Number of Men, but the Number of Good Men that gives the Advantage*; the Remainder serving rather to trouble than assist. And *Bajazet* principally grounded his Resolution of giving

Monstrous Armies of no great Effect.

Tamerlane

That great numbers of Men cause Confusion.

Tamerlane Battle, contrary to the Opinion of all his Captains, upon this, that his Enemies numberless number of Men gave him assured Hopes of Confusion. *Scanderberg*, a very good and expert Judge in such Matters, was used to say, *that ten or twelve thousand faithful fighting Men were sufficient to a good Leader, to secure his Reputation in all sorts of Military Occasions.* The other Thing I will here record, which seems to be contrary both to Custom and Rules of War, is, that *Vercingentorix*, who was made General of all the Parts of revolted *Gaul*, should go shut up himself in *Alexia*: For he who has the Command of a whole Country, ought never to engage his Person but in Case of the last Extremity, that the only Place he had left was in the Defence of that City; Otherwise he ought to keep himself always at Liberty, that he may have means to provide in general for all parts of his Government.

To return to *Cæsar*. He grew in time more slow, and more considerate, as his Friend *Oppius* bears witness; conceiving that he ought not easily to hazard the Glory of so many Victories, of which one Blow of Fortune might deprive him. 'Tis what the *Italians* say, when they would reproach the Rashness and Fool-hardiness of young People, calling them *Bisognosi d'honore, necessitous of Honour*; and that being in so great a Want and Dearth of Reputation, they have reason to seek it at what Price soever, which they ought not to do, who have acquir'd enough already. There might reasonably then be some Moderation, and some Satiety in this Thirst and Appetite of Glory, as well as in other things; and there are enough that practise it. He was far remote from the religious Observation of the ancient *Romans*, who would never prevail in their Wars, but by dint of Truce, and simple Valour; and yet he was more Conscientious than we should be in these Days, and did not approve all sorts of Means to obtain a Victory. In the War against *Ariovistus*, whilst he was parlying with him, there happen'd a great Tumult, which was occasioned by the Fault of *Ariovistus*'s *Light-Horse*, wherein, though *Cæsar* saw he had a very great Advantage of the Enemy, he would make no use on't, lest he should be reproach'd with a treacherous Proceeding. He always used to wear a rich Garment, and

of a shining Colour in Battle, that he might be the more remarkable, and better observ'd. He always carried a stricter Hand over his Soldiers, and kept them closer together when near an Enemy. When the antient *Greeks* would accuse any one of extreme Insufficiency, they would say in common *Proverb, that he could neither Read nor Swim*; he was of the same Opinion, that Swimming was of great use in War, and himself found it so; for being to use Diligence, he commonly swam over the Rivers in his way; for he loved to march on Foot, as also did *Alexander* the Great. Being in *Egypt* forc'd, to save himself, to go into a little Boat, and so many People leaping in with him, that it was in danger of Sinking, he chose rather to commit himself to the *Sea*, and recover'd his Fleet, which lay two hundred Paces off, holding in his left Hand his Tablets, and drawing his Coat-Armour in his Teeth, that it might not fall into the Enemies Hand, by swimming at a pretty advanc'd Age. Never had any *General* so much Credit with his Soldiers: In the Beginning of the *Civil Wars*, his *Centurions* offer'd him to find every one a Man at *Arms* at his own Charge, and the Foot Soldiers to serve him at their own Expence; those who were most at their Ease moreover undertaking to defray the most Necessitous. The late *Admiral Chastilion* shew'd us the like Example in our Civil War; for the *French* of his Army laid out Money out of their own Purses to pay the Strangers that were with them. There are but rarely found Examples of so ardent and so ready an Affection amongst the Soldiers of Elder Times, who kept themselves strictly to their Rules of War. Passion has a more absolute Command over us than Reason; and yet it has happened in the War against *Hannibal*, that by the Examples of the People of *Rome*, in the City, the Soldiers and Captains refus'd their Pay in the Army; and in *Marcellus*'s *Camp* those were branded with the Name of *Mercenaries* who would receive any. Having come by the worse near *Dyrrachium*, his Soldiers came and offer'd themselves to be chastis'd and punish'd, so that there was more need to comfort than reprove them. One single *Cohort* of his withstood four of *Pompey*'s *Legions* above four Hours together, till they were almost killed with Arrows;

Soldiers not Mercenary.

Arrows; so that there were a hundred and thirty thousand Shafts found in the *Trench*. A Soldier call'd *Scæva*, who commanded at one of the *Avenues*, invincibly maintain'd his Ground, having lost an Eye, one Shoulder, and one Thigh shot through, and his Shield shot through in two hundred and thirty Places. It happened that many of his Soldiers being taken Prisoners, rather chose to Die than promise to take the contrary side. *Granius Petronius*, taken by *Scipio* in *Africk*, *Scipio* having put the rest to Death, sent him Word *that he gave him his Life, for he was a Man of Quality*, and *Questor*; to whom *Petronius* sent answer back, *that* Cæsar's *Soldiers were accustom'd to give others their Lives, and not to receive it, and immediately with his own Hand kill'd himself.*

Fidelity of the Garrison of Salona.

Of their Fidelity there are infinite Examples; amongst which that which was done by those who were besieg'd in *Salona*, a *City* that stood for *Cæsar* against *Pompey*, is not, for the Rarity of an Accident that there happen'd, to be forgot. *Marcus Octavius* kept them close Besieg'd; they within being reduc'd to the extreamest Necessity of all things, so that to supply the want of Men, most of them being either slain, or wounded, they had manumitted all their Slaves, and had been constrain'd to cut off all the Women's Hair to make Ropes, besides a wonderful Dearth of Victuals, and yet continuing resolute never to yield: After having drawn the Siege to a great Length, by which *Octavius* was grown more Negligent and less Attentive to his Enterprize, they made choice of one Day about Noon, and having first plac'd the Women and Children upon the Walls to make a Shew, sallied upon the Besiegers with such Fury, that having routed the first, second and third Court of *Guards*, and afterwards the fourth, and all the rest, and beaten them all out of their *Trenches*, they pursu'd them even to their Ships, and *Octavius* himself was fain to fly to *Dyrrachium* where *Pompey* lay. I do not at present remember that I have met with any other Example where the Besieged ever gave the Besiegers a total Defeat, and won the Field; nor that a *Sally* ever arriv'd at the Consequence of a pure and entire Victory of Battle.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Of Three good Women.

GOOD Women are not by Dozens, as every one knows, and especially in the *Duties of Marriage*; for that is a Bargain full of so many nice Circumstances, that 'tis hard a Woman's Will should long endure such a Restraint. Men, tho' their Condition be something better under that Tye, have yet enough to do. The true Touch and Test of a happy Marriage respects the Time of their Cohabitation only, if it has been constantly, mild, loyal, commodious. In our Age Women commonly reserve the Publication of their good Offices, and their vehement Affection towards their Husbands until they have lost them, or at least, till then defer the Testimonies of their good Will. A too slow Testimony, and that comes too late; by which they rather manifest *that they never lov'd them till dead.* Their Life is nothing but Trouble, their Death full of Love and Courtesy. As Fathers conceal their Affections from their Children, Women likewise conceal theirs from their Husbands to maintain a modest Respect. This Mystery is not for my Palate; 'tis to much Purpose that they scratch themselves and tear their Hair. I whisper in a Waiting-woman or a Secretary's Ear, *How were they? How did they live together?* I always have that good Saying in my Head, *jactantius mærent, quæ minus dolent. They make the most ado who are least concern'd.* Their whimpering is offensive to the Living, and vain to the Dead: We should willingly give them leave to laugh after we are dead, provided they will smile upon us whilst we are alive. Is it not to make a Man revive in spite, that she who spit in my Face whilst I was, shall come to kiss my Feet when I am no more? If there be any Honour in lamenting a Husband, it only appertains to those who smil'd upon them whilst they had them, let those who wept during their Lives laugh at their Deaths, as well outwardly as within. Moreover, never

regard

regard thoſe blubber'd Eyes, and that pitiful Voice; but conſider her Deportments, her Complexion, and the Plumpneſs of her Cheeks under all thoſe formal Veils; 'tis there the Diſcovery is to be made. There are few who do not mend upon't, and Health is a Quality that cannot lye: That ſtarch'd and ceremonious Countenance looks not ſo much back as forward. and is rather intended to get a New one, than to lament the Old. When I was a Boy, a very beautiful and virtuous *Lady*, who is yet living, and the Widow of a *Prince*, had I know not what more Ornament in her Dreſs than our Laws of Widow-hood will well allow, which being reproach'd withal, as a great Indecency, ſhe made Anſwer, *That it was becauſe ſhe was reſolv'd to have no more Friendſhips, and would never marry again.*

I have here, not at all diſſenting from our Cuſtoms, made choice of three Women, who have alſo expreſs'd the Utmoſt of their Goodneſs and Affections about their Huſbands Deaths; yet are they Examples of another kind than are now in uſe, and ſo ſevere, as will hardly be drawn into Imitation.

The younger *Pliny* had, near a Houſe of his in *Italy*, a Neighbour who was exceedingly tormented with certain Ulcers in his private Parts. His Wife ſeeing him ſo long to languiſh, intreated that he would give her leave to ſee, and at leiſure to conſider of the Condition of his Diſeaſe, and that ſhe would freely tell him what ſhe thought: This Permiſſion being obtain'd, and ſhe having curiouſly examin'd the Buſineſs, found it impoſſible he could ever be cur'd, and that all he was to hope for or expect, was a great while to linger out a painful and miſerable Life, and therefore, as the moſt ſure and ſovereign Remedy, reſolutely advis'd him to kill himſelf. But finding him a little tender and backward in ſo rude an Attempt: *Do not think my Friend*, ſaid ſhe, *that the Torments I ſee thee endure are not as ſenſible to me as thyſelf, and that to deliver myſelf from them, I will not myſelf make uſe of the ſame Remedy I have preſcrib'd to thee. I will accompany thee in the Cure as I have done in the Diſeaſe; fear nothing, but believe that we ſhall have Pleaſure in this Paſſage, that is, to free us from ſo many Miſeries, and we will go happily together.* Which having ſaid, and rous'd up her Huſband's Courage,

ſhe

she resolv'd that they should throw themselves headlong into the Sea out of a Window that lean'd over it; and that she might maintain to the last the loyal and vehement Affection wherewith she had embrac'd him during his Life, she would yet have him die in her Arms; but for fear they should fail, and lest they should leave their hold in the Fall, she tyed herself fast to him by the Waste, and so gave up her own Life to procure her Husband's Repose. This was a mean Woman, and even amongst that condition of People, 'tis no very new thing to see some rare Examples of Virtue.

——— *extrema per illos*
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit *.

When from the Earth Justice herself bereft,
She her last Steps upon such People left.

The other two were noble and rich, where Examples of Virtue are rarely lodg'd. *Arria*, the Wife of *Cecinna Petus*, a Consular Person, was the Mother of another *Arria*, the Wife of *Thracea Pætus*, he whose Virtue was so renowned in the Time of *Nero*, and by means of this Son in Law, the Grand-mother of *Fannia*: For the Resemblance of the Names of these Men and Women, and their Fortunes, had made many mistake. This first *Arria*, her Husband *Cecinna Pætus*, having been made Prisoner by some of the Emperor *Claudius*'s People, after *Scribonianus*'s Defeat, whose Party he had embrac'd in the War, *begg'd of those who were to carry him Prisoner to* Rome, *that they would take her into their Ship, where she should be of much less charge and trouble to them than a great many Persons they must otherwise have to attend her Husband, and that she alone would undertake to serve him in his Chamber, his Kitchen, and all other Offices.* But they refus'd her, wherefore she put herself into a Fisher-boat she hir'd on a sudden, and in that manner from *Sclavonia* followed him: Being come to *Rome*, *Junia*, the Widow of *Scribonianus*, one Day, for the resemblance of their Fortune, accosting her in the Emperor's Presence; she rudely repuls'd her with these Words, *I*,

The Story of the Death of Arria, *the Wife of* Cecinna Pætus.

* *Virg. Georg. lib.* 2.

said

ſaid ſhe, *ſpeak to thee, or give ear to any thing thou ſay'ſt! to thee, in whoſe Lap* Scribonianus *was Slain, and thou art yet alive!* Theſe Words, with ſeveral other Signs, gave her Friends to underſtand that ſhe would undoubtedly diſpatch herſelf, impatient of ſupporting her Huſband's Fortune. And *Thraſea* her Son in Law, beſeeching her not to throw away herſelf, and ſaying to her, *What? If I ſhould run the ſame Fortune that* Cecinna *has done, would you that your Daughter, my Wife, ſhould do the ſame? Would I?* reply'd ſhe, *Yes, yes, I would, if ſhe had liv'd as long, and in as good Intelligence with thee as I have done with my Huſband.* Theſe Anſwers made them more careful of her, and to have a more watchful Eye to her Deportments. One Day having ſaid to thoſe that look'd to her; *'Tis to much Purpoſe that you take all this Pains to prevent me; you may indeed make me die an ill Death, but to keep me from dying is not in your Power*; ſhe ſuddenly furious ſtarted from a Chair wherein ſhe ſat, and with all her Force ran her Head againſt the Wall, by which Blow being laid flat in a Swoon and very much wounded, after they had again with much ado brought her to herſelf: *I told you*, ſaid ſhe, *that if you refuſed me ſome eaſy way of dying, I ſhould find out another, how painful ſoever.* The Concluſion of ſo admirable a Virtue was thus: Her Huſband *Pætus*, not having reſolution enough of his own to diſpatch himſelf, as he was by the Emperor's Cruelty enjoin'd, one Day amongſt others, after having firſt employ'd all the Reaſons and Exhortations which ſhe thought moſt prevalent to perſuade him to it, ſhe ſnatch'd the Poignard he wore from his Side, and holding it ready in her Hand, for the Concluſion of her Admonitions, *Do thus* Pætus, ſaid ſhe, and in the ſame Inſtant giving herſelf a mortal Stab in the Breaſt, and then drawing it out of the Wound, preſented it to him, ending her Life with this noble, generous, and immortal Saying, *Pæte non dolet. Pætus, it is not painful*; having Strength to pronounce no more but thoſe few never to be forgotten Words,

Caſta ſuo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
Quem de viſceribus traxerat ipſo ſuis:
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, id mihi Pæte dolet *.

* *Mart. lib.* 1. *Epig.* 14.

When

When the Chaſte *Arria* gave the reeking Brand,
That had new goar'd her Heart; to *Pætus* Hand,
Pætus, the Wound I've made hurts not, quoth ſhe,
But the Wound thou wilt make, 'tis that hurts me.

The Action was much more noble in itſelf, and of a braver Senſe than the Poet could expreſs it; for ſhe was ſo far from being deterr'd by the Cruelty of her Huſband's Wound and Death, and her own, that ſhe had been the Promotreſs, and had given the Advice; but having perform'd this high and couragious Enterprize for her Huſband's only Convenience, ſhe had even in the laſt Gaſp of her Life no other Concern but for him, and of diſpoſſeſſing him of the Fear of dying with her. *Pætus* preſently ſtruck himſelf to the Heart with the ſame Weapon, aſham'd, I believe, to have ſtood in need of ſo dear and pretious an Example.

Pompeia Paulina, a young and very noble *Roman* Lady, had married *Seneca* in his extreme Old Age. *Nero*, his fine Pupil, ſent his Guards to him, to denounce the Sentence of Death, which was perform'd after this Manner: When the *Roman* Emperors of thoſe Times had condemn'd any Man of Quality, they ſent to him by their Officers to chuſe what Death he would, and to execute it within ſuch or ſuch a Time, which was limitted according to the Mettle of their Indignation, to a ſhorter or a longer Reſpite, that they might therein have better Leiſure to put their Affairs in Order, and ſometimes depriving them of the Means of doing it by the Shortneſs of the Time; and if the Condemn'd ſeem'd unwilling to ſubmit to the Order, they had People ready at hand to execute it, either by cutting the Veins of the Arms and Legs, or by compelling them by Force to ſwallow a Draught of Poiſon. But Perſons of Honour would not ſtay this Neceſſity, but made uſe of their own Phyſicians and Chirurgeons for this Purpoſe. *Seneca* with a calm and ſteady Countenance heard the Charge, and preſently call'd for Paper to write his Will, which being by the Captain deny'd, he turn'd himſelf towards his Friends, ſaying to them, *Since I cannot leave you any other Acknowledgment of the Obligation I have to you, I leave you at leaſt the beſt Thing I have, namely, the Image of my Life and Manners, which I intreat you*

you to keep in Memory of me; that ſo doing you may acquire the Glory of ſincere and real Friends. And therewithal one while appeaſing the Sorrow he ſaw them in with gentle Words, and preſently raiſing his Voice to reprove them; *What*, ſaid he, *are become of all our brave Philoſophical Precepts? What are become of all the Proviſions we have ſo many Years laid up againſt the Accidents of Fortune? Is* Nero's *Cruelty unknown to us? What could we expect from him who had murther'd his Mother and Brother, but that he ſhould put his Governor to Death, who had nouriſh'd and bred him?* After having ſpoke theſe Words in general, he turn'd himſelf towards his Wife, and embracing her faſt in his Arms, as her Heart and Strength failing her, ſhe was ready to ſink down with Grief, he begg'd of her, *for his Sake, to bear this Accident with a little more Patience, telling her, that now the Hour was come wherein he was to ſhew, not by Argument and Diſcourſe, but by Effect, the Fruit he had acquired by his Studies; and that he really embraced his Death, not only without Grief, but moreover with exceeding Joy. Wherefore, my Deareſt*, ſaid he, *do not diſhonour it with thy Tears, that it may not ſeem as if thou lov'ſt thyſelf more than my Reputation. Moderate thy Grief, and comfort thyſelf in the Knowledge thou haſt had of me and of my Actions, leading the Remainder of thy Life in the ſame virtuous Manner thou haſt hitherto done.* To which *Paulina*, having a little recover'd her Spirits, and warm'd her Magnanimity with the Heat of a moſt generous Affection, reply'd: *No*, Seneca, *I am not a Woman to ſuffer you to go alone in ſuch Neceſſity: I will not have you to think that the virtuous Examples of your Life have not yet taught me how to die, and when can I ever better, or more decently do it, or more to my own Deſire, than with you? and therefore aſſure yourſelf I will go along with you.* Seneca then taking this noble and generous Reſolution of his Wife exceedingly kind at her Hands, and alſo willing to free himſelf from the Fear of leaving her expoſed to the Mercy and Cruelty of his Enemies after his Death: *I have*, Paulina, ſaid he, *ſufficiently inſtructed thee in what would ſerve thee happily to live; but thou more covet'ſt, I ſee, the Honour of dying: In truth I will not grudge it thee; the Conſtancy and Reſolution in our common End are the ſame,*

same, but the Beauty and Glory of thy Part is much greater. Which being said, the Chirurgeons at the same Time open'd the Veins of both their Arms; but being those of *Seneca* were more shrunk up, as well with Age as Abstinence, made his Blood to flow more slowly, he moreover commanded them to open the Veins of his Thighs; and lest the Torments he endured might intimidate his Wife's Heart, and also to free himself from the Affliction of seeing her in so sad a Condition, after having taken a very affectionate Leave of her, *he intreated she would suffer them to carry her into her Chamber*; which they accordingly did: But all these Incisions being not yet enough to make him die, he commanded *Statius Anneus*, his Physician, to give him a Draught of Poison, which had not much better Effect; for by reason of the Weakness and Coldness of his Limbs, it could not arrive to his Heart. Wherefore they were forc'd to superadd a very hot Bath, and then feeling his End approach, whilst he had Breath he continued excellent Discourses upon the Subject of his present Condition, which the Secretaries writ down so long as they could hear his Voice, and his last Words were long after in high Honour and Esteem amongst Men; and it was a great Loss to us that they were not reserv'd down to our Times: Then feeling the last Pangs of Death, with the bloody Water of the Bath he bath'd his Head, saying, *This Water I dedicate to* Jupiter *the Deliverer*. *Nero*, being presently advertis'd of all this, fearing lest the Death of *Paulina*, who was one of the best descended Ladies of *Rome*, and against whom he had no particular Unkindness, should turn to his Reproach, he sent back Orders in all Haste to bind up her Wounds, which her Attendants without his Knowledge had done before; she being already half dead, and without all Manner of Sense. Thus, tho' she liv'd, contrary to her own Design, it was very honourably, and according to her own Virtue, her pale Complexion ever after manifesting how much Life was run from her Veins.

These are my three very true Stories, which I find as diverting and as tragick as any of those we make of our own Heads, wherewith to entertain the common People; and I wonder they who are addicted to such Relations, do

do not rather cull out ten thousand very fine Stories, which are to be found in very good Authors, that would save them the Trouble of Invention, and be more useful and diverting: And who would make a Collection of them, would need to add nothing of his own, but the Connection only, as it were the Soder of another Metal; and might by this means Embody a great many true Events of all Sorts, disposing and diversifying of them according as the Beauty of the Work should require, after the same Manner almost as *Ovid* has made up his *Metamorphosis* of the infinite Number of various Fables.

Seneca's *great Affection to his Wife.*

In this last Couple this is moreover worthy of Consideration, *that* Paulina *voluntarily offer'd to lose her Life for the Love of her Husband, and that her Husband had formerly also forbore dying for the Love of her.* There is no just Counterpoise in this Exchange as to us; but according to his Stoical Humour I presume he thought he had done as much for her, in prolonging his Life upon her Account, as if he had dy'd for her. In one of his Letters to *Lucilius*, after he has given him to understand, that being seiz'd with an *Ague* at *Rome*, he presently took Coach to go to a House he had in the Country, contrary to his Wife's Opinion, who would by all means persuade him to stay: And that he told her, *that the Ague he was seiz'd with was not a Fever of the Body, but the Place*; it follows thus; *She let me go*, says he, *with giving me a strict Charge of my Health. Now I, who know that her Life is involv'd in mine, begin to make much of myself, that I may preserve her: and I lose the Privilege my Age has given me of being more constant and resolute in many things, when I call to mind, that in this old Fellow there is a young Lady who is interested in his Health. And since I cannot persuade her to love me more courageously, she makes me more solicitously to love myself: For we must allow something to honest Affections, and sometimes, tho' Occasions importune us to the Contrary, we must call back Life, even tho it be with Torment; we must hold the Soul fast in our Teeth, since the Rule of Living amongst good Men is not so long as they please, but as long as they ought: He that loves not his Wife and his Friend so well as to prolong his Life for them, but will obstinately die, is too delicate and too effeminate: The Soul*

must impose this upon itself, when the Utility of our Friends does so require: We must sometimes lend ourselves to our Friends, and when we would die for ourselves, must break that Resolution for them. 'Tis a Testimony of Grandeur and Courage to return to Life for the Consideration of another, as many excellent Persons have done; and 'tis a Mark of singular good Nature to preserve old Age (of which, the greatest Convenience is the Indifferency of its Duration, and a more Stout and Disdainful Use of Life) when a Man perceives that this Office is Pleasing, Agreeable, and Useful to some Person by whom we are very much below'd. And a Man reaps by it a very pleasing Reward; for what can be more Delightful than to be so dear to his Wife, as upon her Account he shall become dear to himself. Thus has my Paulina *loaded me not only with her Fears, but my own; it has not been sufficient to consider how resolutely I could die, but I have also consider'd how irresolutely she would bear my Death. I am enforc'd to live, and sometimes to live is Magnanimity.* These are his own Words, as excellent as they every where use to be.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the most Excellent Men.

SHould I be ask'd my Opinion and Choice of all the Men who have come to my Knowledge, I should make answer, *That methinks I find three more Excellent than all the rest.* One of them *Homer*; not that *Aristotle*, and *Varro*, for Example, were not perhaps as learned as he; nor that possibly *Virgil* was not equal to him in his own Art; which I leave to be determined by such as know them both, and are best able to judge. I, who for my part, understand but one of them, can only say this, according to my poor Talent, *that I do not believe the* Muses *themselves did ever go beyond the* Roman.

Tale facit carmen docta testudine, quale
Cynthius impositis temperat articulus *.

* *Propert. l. 2. Eleg. ult.*

Whilst

Whilst playing to his Lute, he Verse doth sing,
'Tis like *Apollo*'s Voice and fingering.

And yet in this Judgment we are not to forget that it is chiefly from *Homer* that *Virgil* derives his Excellence, that he is his Guide and Teacher; and that the *Iliad* only has supply'd him with Body and Matter, out of which to compose his Great and Divine *Æneis*. I do not reckon upon that, but mix several other Circumstances that render this *Poet* Admirable to me, even as it were above human Condition. And in truth, I often wonder that he who has erected, and by his Authority given so many Deities Reputation in the World, was not deified himself, being Blind and Poor; being that before the *Sciences* were reduc'd into Rule and certain Observations, he was so well acquainted with them, that all those who have since taken upon them to establish Governments, to carry on Wars, and to write either of *Philosophy* or *Religion*, or what Sect soever, or of the *Arts*, have made use of him as of a most perfect Instructer in the Knowledge of all Things, and of his *Books*, as of an unexhausted Treasure of all sorts of Learning.

Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non Plenius, ac melius Chrysippo at Crantore dixit *.

Who, what's our good, what not, what brave, what base,
Fuller than *Crantor*, or *Chrysippus* says.

and as this other says,

——— *a quo ceu fonte perenni*
Vatum Pieriis labro rigantur aquis †.

From whose ne'er failing Spring the Poet sips,
And in *Pierian* Waters wets his Lips,

and another,

Adde Heliconiadum Comites, quorum unus Homerus, Astra potitus ‡.

Of all Pretenders, *Homer* is alone
Judg'd the most worthy of the Poet's Throne.

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 2. † *Ovid. Amor. lib.* 3. *Eleg.* 8.
‡ *Lucret. lib.* 3.

and another,

> ——— *cujuſque ex ore profuſo*
> *Omnis poſteritas latices in carmina duxit,*
> *Amnemque in tenuis auſa eſt deducere rivos,*
> *Unius fœcunda bonis* *.
>
> From whoſe full flowing Stream, Poſterity
> Have Channels laid to draw out Verſes by,
> And have made bold to draw by thoſe out-lets
> The *Torrent* into little *Rivulets*,
> All fruitful thorough one Man's Eloquence.

'Tis contrary to the Order of *Nature*, that he has made the moſt excellent Production that can poſſibly be, for the ordinary Birth of Things is imperfect; they uſually thrive, and gather Strength by growing: Whereas he has rendred the Infancy of *Poeſy* and other Sciences Mature, Perfect, and Accompliſhed at firſt. And for this Reaſon he may be call'd the firſt and the laſt of *Poets*, according to the fair Teſtimony Antiquity has left us of him, *That as there was none before him whom he could imitate, ſo there has been none ſince that could imitate him.* His Words, according to *Ariſtotle*, are the only Words that have Motion and Action, and are the only ſubſtantial Words. *Alexander* the Great, having found a rich *Cabinet* amongſt *Darius*'s Spoils, gave order it *ſhould be reſerv'd for him to keep his* Homer *in:* ſaying, *That he was the beſt and moſt faithful* Counſellor *he had in his Military* Affairs. For the ſame Reaſon it was, that *Cleomenes*, the Son of *Alexandrias*, ſaid, *That the* Lacedæmonian *Poet was the beſt Maſter for the Diſcipline of War.* This ſingular and particular Commendation is alſo left of him in the Judgment of *Plutarch*, *That he is the only Author in the World that never glutted nor diſguſted his Readers, preſenting himſelf always another Thing, and always flouriſhing in ſome new Grace.* That Wanton *Alcibiades*, having aſk'd one who pretended to Learning for a Book of *Homer*, gave him a Box on the Ear becauſe he had none, which he thought as ſcandalous, as to take one of our Prieſts without a Breviary. *Xenophanes* complain'd one Day to *Hiero*, the Tyrant of *Syracuſa*, *that he was ſo poor he had not wherewithal to maintain two Servants;*

* *Manil. Aſtro.*

What

What, reply'd the Tyrant, Homer, *who was much poorer than you are, keeps above ten thousand now he is dead!* What did *Panætius* leave unsaid, when he call'd *Plato the Homer of Philosophers?* Besides, what Glory can be compar'd to his? Nothing is so frequent in Men's Mouths as his Name and Works, nothing so known and receiv'd as *Troy*, *Helen*, and the War about her, when perhaps there was never any such Thing. Our Children are call'd by Names that he feign'd above three thousand Years ago. Who is ignorant of the Story of *Hector* and *Achilles?* Not only some particular Families, but most Nations also seek Original in his Inventions. *Mahomet*, the second of that Name, Emperor of the *Turks*, writing to our Pope *Pius* the Second; *I am astonish'd*, says he, *that the* Italians *should appear against me, considering that we have our common Descent from the* Trojans, *and that it concerns me as well as it does them, to revenge the Blood of* Hector *upon the* Greeks, *whom they countenance against me.* Is it not a noble Farce wherein Kings, Republicks, and Emperors, have so many Ages play'd their Parts, and to which the vast Universe serves for a Theatre? Seven *Grecian* Cities contended for his Birth, so much Honour even his Obscurity help'd him to.

Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athena *.

By *Smyrna*, *Rhodes*, *Colophon*, *Salamis*,
Chios, *Argos*, and *Athens*, he claim'd is.

The other is *Alexander* the Great. For whoever will consider the Age at which he began his Enterprizes, the small Means by which he effected so glorious a Design; the Authority he obtain'd at so slender an Age, with the greatest and most experienc'd Captains of the World, by whom he was follow'd, and the extraordinary Favour wherewith *Fortune* embrac'd him, and favour'd so many hazardous, that I may not say rash Designs:

——— *impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti,*
Obstaret, gaudensque, viam fecisse ruina †.

Bearing down all his high Designs withstood,
And pleas'd by Ruin to have made them good.

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* *Aul. Gellius.* † *Lucan. l.* 1.

That Grandeur, to have at the Age of three and thirty Years pass'd Victorious through the whole habitable Earth, and in half a Life to have attain'd to the utmost of what human Nature can do; so that you cannot imagine his Duration just, and the Continuation of his Increase in Virtue, and Fortune, even to a due Maturity of Age, but that you must withal imagine something more than Man: To have so many royal Branches to spring from his Soldiers; leaving the World at his Death, divided amongst four Successors, who were no better than Captains of his Army, whose Posterity have so long continued, and maintain'd that vast Possession; so many excellent Virtues as he was Master of, Justice, Temperance, Liberality, Truth in his Word, Love towards his own, and Humanity towards those he overcame; for his Manners in general seem in truth incapable of any manner of Reproach, tho' some particular and extraordinary Action of his may perhaps fall under Censure. But it is impossible to carry on such great Things as he did with the strict *Rules* of *Justice*; such as he are to be judg'd in gross, by the main End of their Actions. The Ruin of *Thebes*, the Murther of *Menander*, and of *Ephestion*'s Physician, the Massacre of so many *Persian* Prisoners at once, of a Troop of *Indian* Soldiers, not without Prejudice to his Word, and of the *Cossyans*, so much as to the very Children, are indeed Sallies that are not well to be excus'd. For, as to *Clytus*, the Fault was more than recompenc'd in his Repentance, and that very Action, as much as any other whatever, manifests the Sweetness of his Nature, a Nature most excellently form'd to Goodness; and it was ingeniously said of him, *That he had his Virtues by Nature, and his Vices by Chance.* As to his being given a little to bragging, and a little too impatient of hearing himself ill spoken of; and as to those *Mangers*, *Arms*, and *Bits* he caus'd to be strew'd in the *Indies*; all those little Vanities, methinks, may very well be allow'd to his Youth, and the prodigious Prosperity of his Fortune. And who will consider withal his so many Military Virtues, his Diligence, Foresight, Patience, Discipline, Subtilty, Magnanimity, Resolution, and good Fortune, wherein (though we had not the Authority of *Hannibal* to assure us) he was the first of Men; the admirable Beauty and Symmetry of his Person even to a Miracle,

racle, his Majestick Port, and awful Deportment, in a Face so Young, so Ruddy and so Radiant;

Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os sacrum cælo, tenebrasque resolvit *.

Such the Day Star does from the Ocean rise,
Above all Lights, grateful to *Venus'* Eyes,
When he from Heaven darts his sacred Light,
And dissipates the sudden Shades of Night.

The Excellency of his Knowledge and Capacity; the Duration and Grandeur of his Glory, pure, clean, without Spot or Envy, and that long after his Death it was a Religious Belief, that his very *Medals* brought good Fortune to all that carried them about them; and that more *Kings* and *Princes* have writ his Acts, than other *Historians* have written the Acts of any other *King* or Prince whatever; and that to this very Day the *Mahometans*, who despise all other *Histories*, admit of, and honour his alone, by a special Privilege: Whoever, I say, will seriously consider these Particulars, will confess, that all these Things put together, I had reason to prefer him before *Cæsar* himself, who alone could make me doubtful in my Choice: And it cannot be denied, but that there was more of his own Exploits, and more of Fortune in those of *Alexander*. They were in many Things equal, and perhaps *Cæsar* had the Advantage in some particular Qualities. They were two *Fires*; or two *Torrents* to over-run the World by several Ways.

Et velut immissi diversis partibus ignes
Arentem in sylvam, & virgulta sonantia lauro:
Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
Quisque suum populatus iter †.

And like to Fires in several Parts apply'd
To a dry Grove of crackling Laurel's side;
Or like the Cataracts of foaming Rills,
That tumble headlong from the highest Hills
To hasten to the Ocean; even so
They bear all down before them where they go.

* *Æneid. lib.* 8. † *Æneid. lib.* 12.

But tho' *Cæſar*'s Ambition had been more moderate, it would ſtill be ſo unhappy, having the Ruin of his *Country*, and the univerſal Miſchief to the World for its abominable Object; that all Things rak'd together, and put into the Balance, I muſt needs incline to *Alexander*'s Side.

The third, in my Opinion, and the moſt Excellent of all, is *Epaminondas*. Of Glory he has not near ſo much as the other two (which alſo is but a Part of the Subſtance of the Thing) of Valour and Reſolution, not of that ſort which is puſh'd on by Ambition, but of that which Wiſdom and Reaſon can raiſe in a regular Soul, he had all that could be imagin'd. Of this Virtue of his, he has, in my Thoughts, given as ample Proof, as either *Alexander* himſelf, or *Cæſar*: For although his Expeditions were neither ſo frequent nor ſo renowned, they were yet, if duly conſider'd in all their Circumſtances, as important, as bravely fought, and carry'd with them as manifeſt Teſtimony of Valour and Military Conduct, as thoſe of any whatever. The *Greeks* have done him the Honour, without Contradiction, to pronounce him *the greateſt Man of their Nation*; and to be the firſt of *Greece*, is eaſily to be the firſt of the World. As to his Knowledge, we have this ancient Judgment of him, *That never any Man knew ſo much, and ſpoke ſo little as he.* For he was of the *Pythagorean* Sect. But when he did ſpeak, *never any Man ſpoke better*; an excellent Orator, and of powerful Inſinuation. But as to his Manners and Conſcience, he has infinitely ſurpaſs'd all Men that ever undertook the Management of Affairs; for in this one thing, which ought chiefly to be conſider'd, that alone only denotes us for what we are, and that alone I counter-balance with all the reſt put together, he comes not ſhort of any Philoſopher whatever, not even of *Socrates* himſelf. *Innocency* in this Man is a Quality, peculiar, ſovereign, conſtant, uniform, and incorruptible; compar'd to which, it appears in *Alexander* ſubject to ſomething elſe above it, uncertain, variable, effeminate, and accidental. *Antiquity* has judg'd that in throroughly ſifting all the other great *Captains*, there is found in every one ſome peculiar Quality that illuſtrates his Name. In this Man only there is a full and equal Virtue throughout, that leaves nothing to be wiſh'd for in him, whether in private or publick Employment, whether in Peace or War, whether

glori-

gloriously to live or die. I do not know any Form or Fortune of Man that I so much honour or love. 'Tis true, that I look upon his obstinate Poverty, as it is set out by his best Friends, a little too scrupulous and nice. And this is the only Action, tho' high in itself, and well worthy of Admiration, that I find so severe as not to desire to imitate myself, to the Degree it was in him. The sole *Scipio Æmilianus*, would any attribute to him as brave and magnificent an End, and as profound and universal a Knowledge, might be put into the other Scale of the Balance. Oh! what an Injury has Time done me, to deprive me of the Sight of two of the most noble Lives, which, by the common Consent of all the World, one the greatest of the *Greeks*, and the other of the *Romans*, were in all *Plutarch*. What a Matter! What a Workman! For a Man that was no Saint, but as we say, a gallant Man, of civil and ordinary Manners, and of a moderate Ambition, the richest Life that I know, and full of the richest, and most to be desir'd Parts of all Things consider'd, is, in my Opinion, that of *Alcibiades*. But as to what concerns *Epaminondas*, I will here, for the Example of an excessive Goodness, add some of his Opinions. He declar'd, *That the greatest Satisfaction he ever had in his whole Life, was, the Contentment he gave his Father and Mother in his Victory of* Leuctra; wherein his Defence is great, preferring their Pleasure before his own, so just, and so full of so glorious an Action. He did not think it lawful, even to restore the Liberty of his Country, to kill a Man without knowing a Cause; which made him so cold in the Enterprize of his Companion *Pelopidas*, for the Relief of *Thebes*. He was also of Opinion, *That Men in Battle ought to avoid the Encounter of a Friend that was on the contrary Side, and to spare him.* And Humanity even towards his Enemies themselves, having render'd him suspected to the *Boetians*, for that after he had miraculously forc'd the *Lacedæmonians* to open him the Pass, which they had undertaken to defend at the Entry of *Morea*, near unto *Corinth*, he contented himself with having charg'd thorough them, without pursuing them to the utmost, he had his Commission of General taken from him. Very honourably upon such an Account, and for Shame it was

Humanity of Epaminondas.

was to them upon Necessity afterward to restore him to his Command, and then to see how much upon him depended their Safety and Honour: Victory like a Shadow attending him wherever he went; and indeed the Prosperity of his Country, as being from him deriv'd, died with him.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers.

THIS fagotting up of divers Pieces, is so oddly compos'd, that I never set Pen to Paper, but when I have too much idle Time, and never any where but at Home; so that it is compil'd at several Interruptions and Intervals, as Occasions keep me sometimes many Months abroad. As to the rest, I never correct my first by any second Conceptions; perhaps I may alter a Word or so; but 'tis only to vary the Phrase, and not to destroy my former Meaning. I have a mind to represent the Progress of my Humour, that every one may see every Piece as it came from the *Forge*. I could wish I had begun sooner, and had taken more Notice of the Course of my Mutations. A Servant of mine, that I employ'd to transcribe for me, thought he had got a Prize by stealing several Pieces from me, wherewith he was best pleas'd; but it is my Comfort, that he will be no greater a Gainer, than I shall be a Loser by the Theft. I am grown older by seven or eight Years since I begun; neither has it been without some new Acquisition: I have in that Time, by the Liberty of Years, been acquainted with the *Stone*, a long Conversation, which Time hardly wears off without some such Inconvenience. I could have been glad, that of other Infirmities, Age has to present long-liv'd Men, it had chosen some one that would have been more welcome to me, for it could not possibly have laid upon me a Disease, for which, even from my Infancy, I have had so great Horror; and it is in Truth of all the Accidents of Old Age, that of which I have

I have ever been moſt afraid. I have often thought with myſelf, that I went on too far, and that in ſo long a Voyage, I ſhould at laſt run myſelf into ſome Diſadvantage; I perceiv'd, and often declar'd, that it was time to knock off, and that Death was to be cut off in the ſound and living Part, according to the *Chirurgeons* Rule in Amputations. And that *Nature* made him pay very ſtrict Uſury, who did not in due Time pay the Principal. And yet I was ſo far from being ready, that in eighteen Months time, or thereabout, that I have been in this uneaſy Condition, I have ſo inur'd myſelf to it, as to be content to live on in it; and have found wherein to comfort myſelf, and to hope: So much are Men enſlav'd to their miſerable Being, that there is no Condition ſo wretched that they will not accept, provided they may live, according to that of *Mecænas*,

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede coxa,
Lubricos quate dentes
Vita dum ſupereſt, bene eſt *.

Maim both my Hands and Feet, break Legs and Thighs,
Knock out my Teeth, and bore out both my Eyes,
Let me but live, all's well enough, he cries.

And *Tamerlane*, with his fooliſh Humanity, palliated the fantaſtick Cruelty he exercis'd upon *Lepers*, when he put all he could hear of to Death, to deliver them, as he pretended, from the painful Life they liv'd. For there was not one of them who would not rather have undergone a triple Leproſy, than to be depriv'd of their Being. And *Antiſthenes* the *Stoick*, being very ſick, and crying out, *Who will deliver me from theſe Evils? Diogenes*, who was come to viſit him, *This*, ſaid he, preſenting him a Knife, *preſently if thou wilt: I do not mean from my Life*, he reply'd, *but from my Diſeaſe*. The Sufferings that only attack the Mind, I am not ſo ſenſible of, as moſt other Men; and that partly out of Judgment: For the World looks upon ſeveral Things as dreadful, or to be avoided at the Expence of Life, that are almoſt indifferent to me: Partly

* *Seneca Epiſt.* 101.

through

through a ſtupid and inſenſible Complexion I have in Accidents, which do not point-blank hit me; and that Inſenſibility I look upon as one of the beſt Parts of my natural Condition: But eſſential and corporeal Pains I am very ſenſible of. And yet having long ſince foreſeen them, though with a Sight weak and delicate, and ſoftned with the long and happy Health and Quiet that God has been pleas'd to give me the greateſt Part of my Time, I had in my Imagination fancied them ſo inſupportable, that in truth I was more afraid than I have ſince found I had Cauſe; by which I am ſtill more fortified in this Belief, that moſt of the Faculties of the Soul, as we employ them, more trouble the Repoſe of Life, than they are any way uſeful to it. I am in Conflict with the worſt, the moſt ſudden, the moſt painful, the moſt mortal, and the moſt irremediable of all Diſeaſes. I have already had the Trial of five or ſix very long, and very painful Fits, and yet I either flatter myſelf, or there is even in this Eſtate what is very well to be endur'd by a Man who has his Soul free from the Fear of Death, and the Menaces, Concluſions and Conſequences, which Phyſick is ever thundering in our Ears. But the Effect, even of Pain itſelf, is not ſo ſharp and intolerable, as to put a Man of Underſtanding into Impatience and Deſpair. I have at leaſt this Advantage by my *Stone*, that what I could not hitherto wholly prevail upon myſelf to reſolve upon, as to reconciling and acquainting myſelf with Death, it will perfect; for the more it preſſes upon and importunes me, I ſhall be ſo much the leſs afraid to die. I had already gone ſo far, as only to love Life for Life's ſake, but my Pain will diſſolve this Intelligence; and God grant that in the End, ſhould the Sharpneſs of it be once greater than I ſhall be able to bear, it does not throw me into the other leſs vicious Extream, to deſire and wiſh to die.

The Stone the moſt painful of all Diſeaſes.

Summam nec metuas diem, nec optes *.

Neither to wiſh nor fear to die.

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* *Mart. l.* 10. *Epig.* 47.

They

They are two Passions to be fear'd, but the one has its Remedy much nearer at Hand than the other. As to the rest, I have always found the Precept, that so exactly enjoins a constant Countenance, and so disdainful and indifferent a Comportment in the Toleration of Infirmities, to be merely Ceremonial. Why should *Philosophy*, which only has Respect to Life and its Effects, trouble itself about these external Appearances? Let us leave that Care to *Histrio's* and Masters of *Rhetorick*, that set so great a Value upon our Gestures. Let her, in God's Name, allow this vocal Frailty, if it be neither cordial nor stomachical to the Disease; and permit the ordinary ways of expressing Grief by Sighs, Sobs, Palpitations, and turning pale, that Nature has put out of our Power. And provided the Courage be undaunted, and the Expressions not sounding of Despair, let her be satisfied. What great Matter is it, if we wring our Hands, if we do not wring our Thoughts? She forms us for ourselves, not for others; to be, not to seem: Let her be satisfied with governing our Understandings, which she has taken upon her the Care of instructing; that in the Fury of the Cholick she maintains the Soul in a condition to know itself, and to follow its accustom'd Way: Contending with, and enduring, not meanly truckling under Pain; mov'd and heated, not subdu'd and conquer'd in the Contention; but capable of Discourse and other Things to a certain Degree. In so extreme Accidents 'tis Cruelty to require so exact a Composedness. 'Tis no great Matter what Faces we make, if we find any Ease by it: If the Body find itself reliev'd by complaining, let him go too: If Agitation eases him, *let him tumble and toss at Pleasure:* If he finds the Disease evaporate (as some *Physicians* hold, that it helps Women in Delivery) extremely to cry out, or if it do but amuse his Torments, *let him roar aloud.* Let us not command his Voice to sally, but stop it not. *Epicurus* does not only forgive his *Sage* for crying out in Torments, but advises him to it. *Pugilis etiam quum feriunt, in jactandis cæstibus ingemiscunt, quia profundenda voce omne corpus intenditur, venitque plaga vehementior* *. *When Men fight with Clubs, they groan in*

* *Cicero Tusc. l.* 2.

laying

laying on, becauſe the whole Strength of Body goes along with the Voice, and the Blow is laid on with greater Force. We have enough to do to deal with the Diſeaſe, without troubling ourſelves with theſe ſuperfluous *Rules*; which I ſay in Excuſe of thoſe whom we ordinarily ſee impatient in the Aſſaults of this Infirmity; for as to what concerns myſelf, I have paſs'd it over hitherto with a little better Countenance, and contented myſelf with grunting, without roaring out. Not, nevertheleſs, that I put any great Conſtraint upon myſelf to maintain this exterior Decency, for I make little Account of ſuch an Advantage: I allow herein as much as the Pain requires, but either my Pains are not ſo exceſſive, or I have more than ordinary Patience. I complain, I confeſs, and am a little impatient in a very ſharp Fit, but I do not arrive to ſuch a Degree of Deſpair, as he who with

Ejacum, queſtu, gemitu, fremitibus
Reſonando multum flebiles voces refert *.

Howling, Roaring, and a thouſand Noiſes
Expreſs'd his Torment in moſt diſmal Voices.

I reliſh myſelf in the midſt of my Dolor, and have always found that I was in a Capacity to ſpeak, think, and give a rational Anſwer, as well as at any other Time, but not ſo coldly and indifferently, being troubled and interrupted by the Pain. When I am look'd upon by my Viſitors to be in the greateſt Torment, and that they therefore forbear to trouble me, I oft try my own Strength, and myſelf ſet ſome Diſcourſe on foot, the moſt remote I can contrive from my preſent Condition. I can do any thing upon a ſudden Endeavour, but it muſt not continue long. What pity 'tis I have not the Faculties of that Dreamer *Cicero, who dreaming he was lying with a Wench, found he had diſcharg'd his Stone in the Sheets!* My Pains do ſtrangely diſappetite me that Way. In the Intervals from this exceſſive Torment, when my Ureters only languiſh without any great Dolor, I preſently feel myſelf in my wonted State, foraſmuch as my Soul takes no other Alarm but what is ſenſible and corporal, which I certainly owe to

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* *Cicero Thuſc. l.* 2.

the

the Care I have had of preparing myſelf by Meditation againſt ſuch Accidents.

——— *laborum*
Nulla mihi nova nunc facies inopinaque ſurgit,
Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi *.

No Face of Pain or Labour, now can riſe,
Which by its Novelty can me ſurprize,
I've been accuſtom'd all Things to explore,
And been inur'd unto them long before.

I am a little roughly handled for a Learner, and with a ſudden and ſharp Alteration, being fall'n in an inſtant from a very eaſy and happy Condition of Life into the moſt uneaſy and painful that can be imagin'd. For beſides that it is a Diſeaſe very much to be fear'd in itſelf, it begins with me after a more ſharp and ſevere Manner than it uſes to do with other Men. My Fits come ſo thick upon me, that I am ſcarcely ever at Eaſe; and yet I have hitherto kept my Mind ſo upright, that provided I can ſtill continue it, I find myſelf in a much better Condition of Life than a thouſand others, who have no Fever, nor other Diſeaſe but what they create themſelves for want of Meditation. There is a certain ſort of crafty Humility that ſprings from Preſumption; as this for Example, that we confeſs our Ignorance in many Things, and are ſo courteous as to acknowledge, that there are in the Works of Nature ſome Qualities and Conditions that are imperceptible to us, and of which our Underſtanding cannot diſcover the Means and Cauſes: By this honeſt Declaration we hope to obtain that People ſhall alſo believe us of thoſe that we ſay we do underſtand. We need not trouble onrſelves to ſeek out Miracles and ſtrange Difficulties; methinks there are ſuch incomprehenſible Wonders amongſt the Things that we ordinarily ſee, as ſurpaſs all Difficulties of Miracles. What a wonderful Thing it is, that the Drop of Seed from which we are produc'd, ſhould carry in itſelf the Impreſſion, not only of the bodily Form, but even of the Thoughts and Inclinations of our Fathers? Where can that Drop of fluid Matter contain that infinite Number of Forms? And how

* *Æneid. l.* 6.

can

can they carry on these Resemblances with so temerarious and irregular a Progress, that a Son shall be like his Great-Grandfather, the Nephew like his Uncle? In the Family of *Lepidus* at *Rome*, *there were three*, not successively, but by Intervals, *that were born with the same Eye cover'd with a* Cartilage. At *Thebes*, *there was a* Race *that carried from their Mother's Womb the Form of the Head of a Launce*, and who was not born so, was look'd upon as illegitimate. And *Aristotle* says, *that in a certain Nation, where the Women were in common, they assign'd the Children to their Fathers by their Resemblance.* 'Tis to be believ'd that I derive this Infirmity from my Father; for he died wonderfully tormented with a great *Stone in his Bladder*; he was never sensible of his Disease till the sixty-seventh Year of his Age, and before that had never felt any Grudging or Symptoms of it, either in his Reins, Sides, or any other Part; and had liv'd till then in a happy and vigorous state of Health, little subject to Infirmities, and continued seven Years after in this Disease, and died a very painful Death. I was born above five and twenty Years before his Disease seiz'd him, and in the Time of his most flourishing and healthful State of Body, his third Child in order of Birth: Where could his Propensity to this Disease lye lurking all that while? And he being so far from the Infirmity, how could that small Part of his Substance, carry away so great an Impression of its share? And how so conceal'd that till five and forty Years after I did begin to be sensible of it? Being the only one to this Hour, amongst so many Brothers and Sisters, and all to one Mother, that was ever troubled with it. He that can satisfy me in this Point, I will believe him in as many other Miracles as he pleases; always provided, that, as their manner is, he does not give me a *Doctrine* much more intricate and fantastick than the Thing itself, for current pay. Let the *Physicians* a little excuse the Liberty I take, for by the same Infusion, and fatal Insinuation it is that I have receiv'd a Hatred and Contempt of their Doctrine. The Antipathy I have against their Heart is hereditary. My *Father* liv'd threescore and fourteen Years, my *Grandfather* sixty nine, my *Great-Grandfather* almost fourscore Years, without ever tasting any

The Author's Father afflicted with the Stone.

any ſort of Phyſick; and with them whatever was not ordinary Diet, was inſtead of a Drug. *Phyſick* is grounded upon Experience and Examples, ſo is my Opinion. And is not this an expreſs and very advantageous Experience? I do not know that they can find me in all their *Records* three that were born, bred, and dy'd under the ſame Roof, who have liv'd ſo long by their own Conduct. They muſt here of Neceſſity confeſs, *that if* Reaſon *be not*, Fortune *at leaſt is*, *on my ſide*, and with *Phyſicians*, *Fortune* goes a great deal further than *Reaſon*; let them not take me now at a Diſadvantage; let them not threaten me in the ſubdu'd Condition I now am, for that were Treachery. And to ſay Truth, I have got enough the better of them by theſe Domeſtick Examples, that they ſhould reſt ſatisfied. Human things are not uſually ſo conſtant; it has been two hundred Years ſave eighteen that this Tryal has laſted, for the firſt of them was born in the Year 1402. 'Tis now indeed very good Reaſon that this Experiment ſhould begin to fail us: Let them not therefore reproach me with the Infirmities under which I now ſuffer; is it not enough for my Part, that I have liv'd ſeven and forty Years in perfect Health; Though it ſhould be the End of my *Career*, 'tis of the longer Sort. My *Anceſtors* had an Averſion to *Phyſick* by ſome ſecret and natural Inſtinct; for the very ſight of a Potion was loathſom to my Father. The *Lord of Gaviac*, my Uncle by the Father's ſide, a Churchman, and a Valetudinary from his Birth, and yet that made that crazy Life to hold out ſixty ſeven Years; being once fallen into a furious Fever, it was order'd by the *Phyſicians*, he ſhould be plainly told, *that if he would not make uſe of Help* (for ſo they call that which is very often quite contrary) *he would infallibly be a dead Man*. The good Man, though terrified with this dreadful Sentence, yet reply'd, *I am then a dead Man*. But *God* ſoon after made the Prognoſtick falſe. The youngeſt Brothers, which were four, and by many Years the youngeſt, the *Sieur de Buſſaget*, was the only Man of the Family, that made uſe of Medicine, by reaſon, I ſuppoſe, of the Commerce he had with the other Arts, for he was a Counſellor, in the Court of *Parliament*, and it ſucceeded ſo ill with him, that being in outward Appearance of the ſtrongeſt Conſtitution, he yet died before any of

the reſt, the *Sieur* Saint *Michel* only excepted. 'Tis poſſible I may have deriv'd this natural *Antipathy* to Phyſick from them; but had there been no other Conſideration in the Caſe, I would have endeavour'd to have overcome it. For all Conditions that ſpring in us without Reaſon, are Vicious; and is a kind of Diſeaſe that we are to wreſtle with: It may be I had naturally this Propenſity, but I have ſupported and fortified it by Arguments and Reaſons which have eſtabliſh'd me in the Opinion I am of. For I alſo hate the Conſideration of refuſing *Phyſick* for the nauſeous Taſte: I ſhould hardly be of their Humour, who find Health worth purchaſing by all the moſt painful *Cauteries* and *Inciſions* that can be apply'd. And, according to *Epicurus*, I conceive, *That Pleaſures are to be avoided, if greater Pains be the Conſequence; and Pains to be coveted, that will terminate in greater Pleaſures. Health* is a precious Thing, and indeed the only one meriting that a Man ſhould lay out, not only his Time, Sweat, Labour, and Goods, but alſo his Life itſelf to obtain it, foraſmuch as without it Life is injurious to us. Pleaſure, Wiſdom, Learning, and Virtue without it wither away and vaniſh; and in the moſt queint and ſolid Diſcourſes that *Philoſophy* would imprint in us to the contrary, we need no more but oppoſe the Image of *Plato*, being ſtruck with an Epilepſy or Apoplexy; and in this Preſuppoſition to defy him to call the rich Faculties of his Soul to his Aſſiſtance. All Means that conduce to Health, can neither be too painful, nor too dear for me. But I have ſome other Appearances that make me ſtrangely ſuſpect all this Merchandize. I do not deny but there may be ſome Art, and that there are not, amongſt ſo many Works of *Nature*, things proper for the Conſervation of Health; that is moſt certain; I very well know that there are ſome Simples that moiſten, and others that dry; I Experimentally know that *Radiſhes* are windy, and *Senna Leaves* purging; and ſeveral other ſuch Experiences I have, which I am as ſure of as I am that *Mutton* nouriſhes, and *Wine* warms me: And *Solon* would ſay, *That eating was Phyſick againſt Hunger*. I do not diſapprove the Uſe we make of things the Earth produces, nor doubt in the leaſt of the Power and Fertility of Nature, and diſapprove not Application of what ſhe affords to our Neceſſities: I very well ſee that *Pikes* and *Swallows* live

live by her *Laws*; but I miſtruſt the Inventions of Wit, Knowledge, and Art; to Countenance which, we have abandon'd *Nature* and her *Rules*, and wherein we keep no Bounds nor Moderation. As we call the Creation of the firſt *Laws* that fall into our *Hands*, *Juſtice*, and their Practice and Diſpenſation very fooliſh and very unjuſt: And as thoſe who ſcoff and accuſe it, cannot nevertheleſs wrong that noble Virtue, but only condemn the Abuſe and Profanation of that ſacred *Title*; ſo in *Phyſick*, I very much honour that glorious *Name*, and the End it is ſtudied for, and what it promiſes to the Service of Mankind; but what it foiſts upon us, I neither Honour nor Eſteem. In the firſt Place, Experience makes me dread it; for amongſt all my Acquaintance I ſee no Race of People ſo ſoon ſick, and ſo long before they are well, as thoſe who take much *Phyſick*. Their very Health is alter'd and corrupted by their frequent Preſcriptions. *Phyſicians* are not content to deal only with the Sick, but they will moreover corrupt Health, for fear Men ſhould at any time eſcape their Authority. Do they not from a continual and perfect Health, extract Suſpicion of ſome great Sickneſs to enſue? I have been ſick often enough and have always found my Sickneſs eaſy enough to be ſupported (tho' I have made tryal of almoſt all Sorts) and as ſhort as thoſe of any other without their Help, or without ſwallowing their ill-taſted *Doſes*. The Health I have is full and free, without other *Rule* or *Diſcipline* than my own Cuſtom and Pleaſure. Every Place ſerves me well enough to ſtay in, for I need no other Conveniences when ſick, than what I muſt have when I am well. I never diſturb myſelf that I have no *Phyſician* or *Apothecary*, nor any other Aſſiſtance, which I ſee moſt other ſick Men more afflicted at, than they are with their Diſeaſe! What do they themſelves ſhew us more Felicity and Duration in their own Lives, that may manifeſt to us ſome apparent Effect of their Skill? There is not a *Nation* in the World that has not been many Ages without *Phyſick*; and the firſt Ages, that is to ſay, the beſt and moſt happy, knew no ſuch thing; and the tenth Part of the World knows nothing of it yet: Several *Nations* are ignorant of it to this Day, where Men live more Healthful and longer than we do here, and even

Phyſick unknown to many Nations.

even amongst us the common People live well enough without it. The *Romans* were six hundred Years before they receiv'd it; and after having made Tryal of it, banish'd it from their City at the Instance of *Cato* the *Censor*, who made it appear how easy it was to live without it, having himself liv'd fourscore and five Years, and kept his Wife alive to an extreme old Age, not without *Physick* only, but without a *Physician*: For every thing that we find to be healthful to Life, may be call'd *Physick*. He kept his Family in Health, as *Plutarch* says, if I mistake not, with *Hare's Milk*, as *Pliny* reports, that the *Arcadians* cur'd all manner of Diseases with that of a *Cow*; and *Herodotus* says, *The* Lybians *generally enjoy a rare Health, by a Custom they have, after their Children are arriv'd at four Years of Age, to burn and cauterize the Veins of their Head and Temples, by which means they cut off all Defluxions of* Rheums *for their whole Lives.* And the Country People of our *Province* make use of nothing in all sorts of Distempers but the *strongest Wine* they can get, mixt with a great deal of *Saffron* and *Spice*, and all with the same Success. And to say the Truth, of all this Diversity and Confusion of *Apothecary*'s Bills what other End and Effect is there after all, but to *purge the Belly?* Which a thousand ordinary Simples will do as well; and I do not know whether such Evacuations be so much to our Advantage, as they pretend, and whether *Nature* does not require a Residence of her Excrements to a certain Proportion, as Wine does of its Lees, to keep it alive. You often see healthful Men fall into Vomitings and Fluxes of the Belly by unknown Accidents, and make a great Evacuation of Excrements, without any preceeding Need, or any following Benefit, but rather with hurt to their Constitution. 'Tis from the great *Plato* that I lately learn'd, *That of three sorts of Motions which are natural to us, Purging is the worst; and that no Man, unless he be a Fool, ought to take any thing to that purpose, but in the extreamest Necessity:* Men disturb and irritate the Disease by contrary Oppositions. It must be the Way of living that must gently dissolve, and bring it to its Maturity. The violent Gripings and Contest betwixt the *Drug* and the *Disease* is ever to our Loss, since the Combat is fought within ourselves, and that the *Drug* is an Assistant not to be trusted, being by its own Nature an Enemy

my to our Health; and but by Trouble has no acceſs into our Condition. Let it alone a little: The Providence that takes care of *Fleas* and *Moles*, does alſo take care for *Men*, if they will have the ſame Patience *Fleas* and *Moles* have, to leave it to itſelf. 'Tis to much purpoſe that we cry out upon it, 'tis the Way to make us hoarſe, but not to haſten it. 'Tis a proud and uncompaſſionate Order, our Fears, our Deſpair, diſpleaſes and ſtops it from, inſtead of inviting it to, our Relief. It owes Aſſiſtance to the Diſeaſe, as well as to Health; and will not ſuffer itſelf to be corrupted in Favour of the one, to the Prejudice of the others Right, for it would then fall into Diſorder. Let us in God's Name follow it. It leads thoſe that follow, and thoſe who will not follow, it drags along with their Fury and Phyſick together. Order a *Purge for your Brain*, it will there be much better employ'd, than upon your *Stomach*. One aſking a *Lacedæmonian*, *who had made him live ſo long?* He made anſwer, *the Ignorance of Phyſick*. And the Emperor *Adrian* continually exclaim'd as he was dying, *That the Croud of Phyſicians had kill'd him*. An ill Wreſtler turn'd *Phyſician: Courage*, ſays *Diogenes* to him, *thou haſt done well, for now thou wilt throw thoſe who have formerly thrown thee*. But they have this Advantage, according to *Nicocles*, *That the Sun gives Light to their Succeſs, and the Earth covers their Failures*: And beſides they have a very advantageous Way of making uſe of all Sorts of Events: For what *Fortune*, *Nature*, or any other *Cauſes* (of which the Number is infinite) produce of good and healthful in us, it is the Privilege of Phyſick to attribute to itſelf. All the happy Succeſſes that happen to the Patient muſt be deriv'd from thence. The Occaſions that have cur'd me, and thouſand others, *Phyſicians* uſurp to themſelves, and their own Skill: And as to ill Accidents, they either abſolutely diſown them, in laying the Fault upon the *Patient*, by ſuch frivolous and idle Reaſons as they can never be to ſeek for; *as he lay with his Arms out of Bed, or he was diſturb'd by the Rattling of a Coach:*

—— *Rhedarum tranſitus arcto*
Vicorum inflexu *:

* *Juvenal. Sat.* 3.

He heard the Wheels and Horſes trampling Feet
In the ſtraight Turning of a narrow Street,

Or, *ſomebody had ſet open the Caſement*, or *he had lain upon his left ſide:* Or *had had ſome odd Fancies in his Head:* In ſum, a *Word*, a *Dream*, or a *Look*, ſeem to them Excuſe ſufficient wherewith to palliate their own Errors: Or, if they ſo pleaſe, they yet make uſe of their growing worſe, and do their Buſineſs that way which can never fail them: Which is, by buzzing us in the Ears, when the Diſeaſe is more enflam'd by their *Medicaments*, that it had been much worſe but for thoſe *Remedies*. He who, for an ordinary Cold, they have thrown into a double *Tertian-Ague*, had but for them been a continued *Fever*. They do not much care what Miſchief they do, ſince it turns to their own Profit. In earneſt, they have reaſon to require a very favourable Belief from their Patience, and indeed it ought to be a very eaſy one to ſwallow things ſo hard to be believ'd. *Plato* ſaid very well, *That* Phyſicians *were the only Men that might lye at Pleaſure, ſince our Health depends upon the Vanity aud Falſity of their Promiſes.*

Æſop, a moſt excellent *Author*, and of whom few Men diſcover all the Graces, does pleaſantly repreſent to us the tyrannical Authority *Phyſicians* uſurp over poor Creatures, weakned and ſubdu'd by Sickneſs and Fear; for he tells us, *That a ſick Perſon being aſk'd by his* Phyſician *what Operation he found of the Potion he had given him? I have ſweat very much, ſays the ſick Man*; *that's good ſays the* Phyſician; another time, having aſk'd him *how he felt himſelf after his Phyſick? I have been very cold, and have had a great Shivering upon me*, ſaid he; *that is good* reply'd the Phyſician: After the third Potion, he aſk'd him again *how he did? Why I find myſelf ſwell'd and puff'd up*, ſaid he, *as if I had a Dropſy*; *That is very well*, ſaid the *Phyſician*. One of his Servants coming preſently after to enquire *how he felt himſelf? Truly Friend*, ſaid he, *with being too well I am about to die*. There was a more juſt Law in *Egypt*, by which the *Phyſician* for the three firſt Days was to take charge of his Patient, at the Patient's own Peril and Fortune: But thoſe three Days being paſt, it was to be at his own. For what Reaſon is it, that their Patron

Æſculapius

Æſculapius ſhould be ſtruck with Thunder for reſtoring *Hyppolitus* from Death to Life,

Nam Pater Omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris
Mortalem infernis, ad lumina ſurgere vitæ
Ipſe repertorem medicinæ talis, & artis
Fulmine Phæbigenam ſtygias detruſit ad undas *.

For *Jupiter*, offended at the Sight
Of one he had ſtruck dead, reſtor'd to light,
He ſtruck the Artiſt durſt it undertake
With his fork'd Lightning to the *Stygian* Lake.

and his Followers he pardoned, who ſend ſo many Souls from Life to Death? A Phyſician boaſting to *Nicocles*, *That his Art was of great Authority: It is ſo indeed*, ſaid Nicocles, *that can with Impunity kill ſo many People.* As to what remains, had I been of their Counſel, I would have render'd my Diſcipline more ſacred and myſterious; they had begun well, but they have not ended ſo. It was a good Beginning to make *Gods* and *Dæmons* the Authors of their *Science*, and to have us'd a peculiar way of ſpeaking and writing. And notwithſtanding, that *Philoſophy* concludes it Folly to perſuade a Man to his own good by an unintelligible way: *Ut ſi quis medicus imperet ut ſumat, terrigenam, herbigradam, domiportam, ſanguine caſſum* †. *As if a Phyſician ſhould command his Patient to take Snails by unknown Names and Epithets.* It was a good Rule in their *Art*, which accompanies all other vain, fantaſtick, and ſupernatural *Arts*, *that the Patients Belief ſhou'd prepoſſeſs them with good Hope and Aſſurance of their Effects and Operation.* A Rule they hold to that Degree, as to maintain that the moſt inexpert and ignorant *Phyſician* is more proper for a *Patient* that has Confidence in him, than the moſt Learned and Experienc'd, that he is not acquainted with. Nay, even the Choice of moſt of their Drugs is in ſome ſort Myſterious and Divine. The left Foot of a *Tortoiſe*, the Urine of a *Lizard*, the Dung of an *Elephant*, the Liver of a *Mole*, Blood drawn from under the Wing of a White Pidgeon; and for us who have the Stone (ſo ſcornfully they uſe us in our Miſeries) the Excrement of *Rats* beaten to Powder, and

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* *Æneid. lib.* 7. † *Cicero de Divin. lib.* 2.

such like Trash and Fooleries, which rather carry a Face of Magical Enchantment, than any solid Science. I omit the *odd Number* of their *Pills*, the Appointment of certain Days and Feasts of the Year, the Superstition of gathering their *Simples* at certain Hours: and that austere grim Countenance and haughty Carriage which *Pliny* himself so much derides. But they have, as I said, fail'd, in that they have not added to this fine Beginning, the making their Meetings and Consultations more religious and secret, where no profane Person ought to be admitted, no more than in the secret Ceremonies of *Æsculapius*. For by reason of this it falls out, that their Irresolution, the Weakness of their Arguments, Divination, and Foundations, the Sharpness of their Disputes, full of Hatred, Jealousy, and particular Interests, coming to be discover'd by every one, a Man must be very blind not to discern that he runs a very great Hazard in their Hands. Whoever saw one Physician approve of another's Prescription, without taking something away, or adding something to it? By which they sufficiently betray their *Art*, and make it manifest to us, that they therein more consider their own Reputation, and consequently their Profit, than their Patients Interest. He was a much wiser Man of their *Tribe*, who of old gave it for a *Rule, that only one Physician should undertake a sick Person*; for if he do nothing to purpose, one single Man's Default can bring no great Scandal upon the Profession; and on the contrary the Glory will be great, if he happen to have Success; whereas when they are many, they at every turn bring a Disrepute upon their Calling, forasmuch as they often do more Hurt than Good. They ought to be satisfied with the perpetual Disagreement which is found in the Opinions of the principal Masters, and ancient Authors of this *Science*, which is only known to Men well read, without discovering to the Vulgar the Controversies and various Judgments which they still nourish and continue amongst themselves. Shall we have one Example of the Ancient Controversies in Physick? *Hieraphilus* lodges the original Cause of all Diseases in the *Humours*; *Erisistratus*, in the *Blood of the Arteries*; *Asclepiades*, in the *invisible* Atoms *of the Pores*; *Alcmæon*, in the *Exuberancy, or Defect of our bodily Strength*; *Diocles* in the *Equality of the Elements of which the Body is compos'd*; and in the *Quality of the Air we suck in*; *Strato*, in

the

the *Abundance, Crudity and Corruption of the Nourishment we take*; and *Hippocrates* lodges them in the *Spirits*. There is a certain Friend of theirs, whom they know better than I, who declares upon this Subject, *that the most important Science in Practice amongst us, as that which is intrusted with our Health and Conversation, is by ill Luck the greatest Misfortune, the most incertain, the most perplext, and agitated with the greatest Mutations*. There is no great Danger in mistaking the Height of the *Sun*, or in the Fraction of some *Astronomical* Supputation: But here, where our whole Being is concern'd, 'tis no Wisdom to abandon ourselves to the Mercy of the Agitation of so many contrary Winds. Before the *Peloponnesian* War, there was no great Talk of this Science: *Hippocrates* brought it into Repute; and whatever he establish'd, *Chrysippus* overthrew; after that, *Erasistratus*, *Aristotle*'s Grand-child, overthrew what *Chrysippus* had writ. After these the *Empiricks* started up, who took a quite contrary Way to the Ancients, in the Management of this *Art*. When the Credit of these began a little to decay, *Heraphilas* set another sort of Practice on Foot, which *Asclepiades* in turn stood up against, and overthrew. The Opinion first of *Themison*, and then of *Musa*, and after that those of *Vexius Valens*, a Physician famous through the Intelligence he had with *Messalina*, came in vogue. The Empire of Physick in *Nero*'s Time was establish'd in *Thessalus*, who abolish'd and condemn'd all that had been held till his Time. This Man's Doctrine was refuted by *Crinus* of *Marseilles*, who first brought all Medicinal Operations under the *Ephemerides*, and Motions of the Stars, and reduc'd Eating, Sleeping, and Drinking to Hours that were most pleasing to *Mercury* and the *Moon*. His Authority was soon after supplanted by *Charinus* a Physician of the same City of *Marseilles*; a Man that not only controverted all the ancient Methods of *Physick*, but moreover the Use of *hot Baths*, that had been generally, and so many Ages before in common Use. He made Men bath in *cold Water* even in Winter, and plung'd his sick Patients in the natural Waters of every Stream. No *Roman* till *Pliny's* Time had ever vouchsafed to practise Physick, that Office was only perform'd by *Greeks* and Foreigners, as 'tis now amongst us *French*, by those that sputter *Latin*; *for*, as a great

great Physician says, *we do not easily receive the Medicine we understand, no more than we do the Drugs we ourselves gather.* If the Nations from which we fetch our *Guaiacum*, *Sarsaparilla*, and *China* Wood, converse with Medicine, how great a Value must we imagine by the same Recommendation of Strangeness, Rarity, and dear Purchase, do they set upon our *Cabbage* and *Parsly?* For who would dare to contemn Things so far fetch'd, and sought out at the Hazard of so long and dangerous a Voyage?

Since the ancient Mutations in Physick, there have been infinite others down to our own Times, and for the most part such as have been infinite, entire, and universal; as those for example, produc'd by *Paracelsus*, *Fioravanti*, and *Argenterius*; for they, as I am told, do not only alter one *Receipt*, but the whole Contexture and Rules of the Body of Physick, accusing all others of Ignorance and Imposition that have practis'd before them. At this rate, in what a Condition the poor Patient must be, I leave you to judge. But if we were yet assur'd, that when they mistake themselves, that Mistake of theirs would do us no Harm, tho' it did us no Good, it were a reasonable Bargain to venture making ourselves better, without any Danger of being made worse. *Æsop* tells a Story, *that one who had bought a* Morisco *Slave, believing that his black Complexion was accidental in him, and occasioned by the ill Usage of his former Master, caus'd him to enter into a Course of Physick, and with great Care to be often bath'd and purg'd: It happen'd that the* Moor *was nothing amended in his tawny Complexion, but he wholly lost his former Health.* How often do we see Physicians impute the Death of their Patients to one another? I remember that some Years ago, there was an *Epidemical* Disease, very dangerous, and for the most part mortal, that rag'd in the *Towns* about us: The Storm being over, which had swept away an infinite Number of Men, one of the most famous Physicians of all the Country, presently after publish'd a *Book* upon that Subject, wherein, upon better Thoughts, he confesses, *that the letting of Blood in that Disease was the principal Cause of so many Miscarriages.* Moreover, their Authors hold, *that there is no Physick that has not something hurtful in it.* And if even those of the best

A Moor *bathed and purged to clear his Complexion.*

best Operation do in some measure offend us, what must those do that are totally misapplied? For my own part, though there were nothing else in the Case, I am of Opinion, that *to those that loath the Taste of Physick, it must needs be a dangerous and prejudicial Endeavour to force it down at so incommodious a Time, and with so much Aversion; and believe that it marvellously distempers a sick Person, at a Time when he has so much need of Repose.* And besides this, if we but consider the Occasions upon which they usually ground the Cause of our Diseases, they are so light and nice, that I thence conclude *a very little Error in the Dispensation of their* Drugs *may do a great deal of Mischief.* Now, if the *Mistake* of a Physician be so dangerous, we are but in a scurvy Condition; for it is almost impossible but he must often fall into those Mistakes: He had need of too many Parts, Considerations, and Circumstances, rightly to level his Design: He must know the *sick Person's Complexion*, his *Temperature*, his *Humours*, *Inclination*, *Actions*, nay, his *very Thoughts and Imaginations.* He must be assur'd of the *External Circumstances*, of the *Nature of the Place*, the *Quality of the Air* and *Season*, the *Situation of the Planets*, and their *Influences:* He must know in the *Disease* the *Causes*, *Prognosticks*, *Affections*, and *Critical Days*; in the *Drugs*, the *Weight*, the *Power of working*, the *Country*, *Figures*, *Age*, and *Dispensations*, and he must know how *rightly to proportion and mix them together*, to beget a just and perfect *Proportion*; wherein if there be the least Error, if amongst so many *Springs* there be but any one out of *order*, 'tis enough to destroy us. *God* knows of how great Difficulty most of these Things are to be understood. For (for Example) *how shall a Physician find out the true Sign of the Disease, every Disease being capable of an infinite Number of Indications?* How many *Doubts* and *Controversies* have they amongst themselves upon the *Interpretation* of *Urines?* Otherwise, from whence should the continual Debates we see amongst them about the *Knowledge of the Disease* proceed? How would we excuse the Error they so often fall into, of taking one thing for another? In the *Sickness* I had, were there never so little Difficulty in the Case, I never found *three of one Opinion:* Which I instance, because I love to introduce Examples wherein I am myself concern'd.

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A Gentleman was at *Paris* lately *cut* for the *Stone*, by order of the Physicians; in whose *Bladder*, being accordingly so cut, there was found *no more Stone than in the Palm of his Hand:* And in the same Place, a *Bishop*, who was my particular good Friend, having been earnestly press'd by the major Part of the Physicians in Town, who he consulted, to suffer himself to be *cut*, to which also, upon their Words, I us'd my Interest to persuade him; when he was dead, and open'd, it appear'd that he had *no Stone but in the Reins.* They are least excusable for an Error in this Disease, by reason that it is in some sort palpable; and 'tis by that, that I conclude *Chirurgery* to be much more *certain*, by reason that it sees and feels what it does, and so goes less upon Conjecture; whereas the *Physicians* have no *speculum Matrices*, by which to discover our *Brains*, *Lungs*, and *Liver*. Even the very Promises *of Physick* are incredible in themselves: For, being to provide against *divers* and *contrary Accidents*, that often afflict us at one and the same time, and that have almost a necessary Relation, as the *Heat of the Liver*, and the *Coldness of the Stomach*, they will needs persuade us, that of their Ingredients *one will heat the Stomach*, and *the other cool the Liver:* One has its Commission *to go directly to the Reins*, nay, *even to the Bladder*, without scattering its Operations by the way, and is *to retain its Power and Virtue* through all the Stops and Meanders, even to the Place for the Service of which it is design'd, by its own occult Property; the other *will dry the Brain*, and another *will moisten the Lungs.* All these Things being mix'd in one *Potion*, it is a kind of Madness to imagine or hope, that these differing Virtues should separate themselves from one another in this Mixture and *Confusion*, to perform so many *various Errands.* I should very much fear that they would either lose or change their Tickets, and trouble one another's Quarters: And who can imagine but that in this *liquid Confusion* these Faculties must corrupt, confound, and spoil one another? And is not the Danger still more, *when the making up of this Medicine is intrusted to the Skill and Fidelity of another, to whose Mercy we again abandon our Lives?* As we have *Doublet* and *Breeches-makers*, distinct Trades to cloath us, and are so much the better fitted; being that each of them meddles only with his own Business, and has less to trouble

trouble his Head withal, than a *Taylor* that undertakes all; and as in matter of *Diet*, great Perſons, for their better Convenience, and to the End they may be better ſerv'd, have *Cooks* of diſtinct Offices, ſome for *Soops* and *Pottages*, and others for *Roaſting*, which one *Cook*, that ſhould undertake the whole Service, could not ſo well perform; ſo muſt we be treated in our *Cures*. The *Egyptians* had reaſon to reject this General *Trade of a Phyſician*, and to divide the *Profeſſion* to ſeveral peculiar Diſeaſes, to every part of the Body a particular *Operator*. For that part was more properly, and with leſs Confuſion provided for, being they eſpecially regarded nothing elſe: Ours are not aware that *he who provides for all, provides for nothing*, and that the *entire Government of this Microcoſm* is more than we are able to undertake. Whilſt they were afraid of *ſtopping a Looſeneſs, leſt they ſhould put him into a Fever*, they kill'd me a Friend that was worth more than the whole Pack of them put together. They counterpoiſe their own Divinations with the preſent Evils, and becauſe they will not *cure the Brain to the Prejudice of the Stomach, they offend both with their mutinous and tumultuary Drugs*. As to the *Variety* and *Weakneſs of Reaſons*, it is more manifeſt in *this* than in any other *Art*. *Aperitive Medicines are proper for a Man ſubject to the Stone, by reaſon that opening and dilating the Paſſages, they help forward the ſlimy Matter, whereof Gravel and the Stone is engender'd, and convey that downward which begins to harden and gather in the Reins. Aperitive Things are dangerous for a Man ſubject to the Stone, by reaſon that opening and dilating the Paſſage, they help forward toward the Reins the Matter proper to create the Stone, which by their own Propenſion that way, being apt to ſeize it, 'tis not to be imagined but that a great deal of what has been ſo convey'd thither muſt remain behind. Moreover, if the Medicine happen to meet any thing too croſs to be carried through all thoſe narrow Paſſages it muſt paſs to be expell'd, that Obſtruction, whatever it is, being ſtir'd by theſe aperitive Things, and thrown into thoſe narrow Paſſages, coming to ſtop them, will occaſion a moſt certain, and moſt painful Death.* They have the like Conſtancy in the Advices they give us for the Regimen of Life. *It is good to make Water often, for we experimentally ſee, that in letting it lie long in the Bladder, we give it Time to ſettle the Sedement which will concreate into a Stone:*

a Stone: It is not good to make Water often, for the heavy Excrements it carries along with it will not be voided without Violence, as we ſee by Experience, that a Torrent that runs with Force, waſhes the Ground it rolls over much clearer than the Courſe of a ſlow and tardy Stream. Likewiſe *it is good to have often to do with Women, for that opens the Paſſages, and helps to evacuate Gravel: It is alſo very ill to have often to do with Women, becauſe it heats, tires, and weakens the Reins. It is good to bathe frequently in hot Waters, foraſmuch as that refreſhes and mollifies the Place where the Gravel and Stone lie;* and it is alſo *ill, by reaſon that this Application of external Heat, helps the Reins to bake, harden, and petrify the Matter ſo diſpos'd.* For thoſe who are at the *Bath,* it is *moſt healthful to eat little at Night, to the end that the Waters they are to drink the next Morning, may have the better Operation upon an empty Stomach;* on the contrary, *it is better to eat little at Dinner, that it hinder not the Operation of the Waters, which is not yet perfect, and not to oppreſs the Stomach ſo ſoon after the other Labour, but leave the Office of Digeſtion to the Night, which will much better perform it than the Day, where the Body and Soul are in perpetual Motion and Action:* Thus do they *juggle* and *cant* in all their Diſcourſes at our Expence, and cannot give one *Propoſition* againſt which I cannot erect a *contrary of equal Force.* Let them then no longer exclaim againſt thoſe, who in this Trouble of Sickneſs ſuffer themſelves to be gently guided by their *own Appetite,* and the *Advice of Nature,* and commit themſelves to the common Fortune. I have ſeen in my Travels almoſt all the famous *Baths* of *Chriſtendom,* and for ſome Years paſt have begun to make uſe of them myſelf, for I look upon *Bathing as generally wholſome,* and believe that we ſuffer no little Inconveniencies in our Health, by having left off the *Cuſtom* that was generally obſerv'd in former Times almoſt by all Nations, and is yet in many, *of bathing every Day;* and I cannot imagine but that we are much the worſe by having our Limbs cruſted, and our Pores ſtopt with Dirt and Filth. And as to the *drinking* of them, *Fortune* has in the firſt Place render'd them not at all unacceptable to my Taſte; and ſecondly, they are natural and ſimple, which at leaſt carry no Danger with them, though they do us no Good. Of which, the infinite Crowd of People of all ſorts of Com-

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plexions that repair thither, I take to be a ſufficient Guarranty: And although I have not there obſerv'd any extraordinary and miraculous Effects; but that on the contrary, having more narrowly than ordinary enquir'd into it, I have found all the Reports of ſuch Operations that have been ſpread abroad in thoſe Places, ill grounded and falſe, and thoſe that believe them (as People are willing to be gull'd in what they deſire) deceiv'd in them; yet I have ſeldom known any that have been made worſe by thoſe Waters, and a Man cannot honeſtly deny but that they beget a better Appetite, help Digeſtion, and do in ſome ſort revive us, if we do not go too late and in too weak a Condition, which I would diſſuade every one from doing; they have not the Virtue to raiſe Men from deſperate and inveterate Diſeaſes, but they may help ſome light Indiſpoſition, or prevent ſome threatning Alteration. Who does not bring along with him ſo much *Cheerfulneſs* as to enjoy the *Pleaſure of the Company* he will there meet, and of the *Walks* and *Exerciſes*, to which the Amenity of thoſe Places invite us, will doubtleſs loſe the beſt and ſureſt Part of their Effect. For this Reaſon I have hitherto choſen to go to thoſe of the moſt pleaſant Situation, where there was the moſt Conveniency of Lodging, Proviſion, and Company; as the Baths of *Bavieres* in *France*, thoſe of *Plombieres* in the Frontiers of *Germany* and *Lorrain*, thoſe of *Baden* in *Switzerland*, thoſe of *Lucque* in *Tuſcany*, and eſpecially thoſe *Della-Villa*, which I have the moſt, and at ſeveral Seaſons frequented. Every Nation has particular Opinions, touching their *Uſe*, and ſeveral *Rules* and *Methods* in uſing them, and all of them, according to what I have ſeen almoſt of like Effect. *Drinking* of them is not at all receiv'd in *Germany*; they *bathe* for all Diſeaſes only, and will lie dabbling in the Water almoſt from *Sun* to *Sun*. In *Italy*, when they *drink nine Days*, they *bathe at leaſt thirty*, and commonly drink the Water mixt with ſome other *Drugs*, to make it Work the better. We are here order'd to *Walk* to digeſt it; they are *kept in Bed* after taking it, till it be wrought off; *their Stomachs and Feet have continually hot Cloths apply'd to them all the while*: And as the *Germans* have a particular Practice generally to uſe *Cupping* and *Scarification* in the *Bath*; ſo the *Italians* have their *Doccy*, which are certain little Channels of this hot

hot Water brought through Pipes, and with them bathe an Hour in the Morning, and as much in the Afternoon for a Month together, either of the Head, Stomach, or any other Part where the Grief lies. There are infinite other Varieties of Customs in every Country, or rather, there is no manner of Resemblance to one another. By which you may see, that this little Art of *Physick*, to which I have only submitted, tho' the least depending upon Art of all others, has yet a great Share of the *Confusion* and *Incertainty* every where else manifest in their Profession. The *Poets* say whatever they please with greater *Emphasis* and *Grace*; witness these two *Epigrams:*

Alcon *hesternum signum* Jovis *attigit illa*
Quamvis marmoreus, vim patitur medici:
Ecce hodie jussus transferri ex æde vetusta,
Effertur, quamvis sit Deus, atque Lapis.

Alcon did yesterday *Jove*'s Statue touch,
Which, although Marble, suffer'd by it much:
For to Day order being given it shou'd
Be taken from th' old *Temple* where it stood;
The Thing without further Delay was done,
Although he was a God, and made of Stone.

And the other,

Lotus nobiscum est hilaris, cænavit & idem,
Inventus mane est mortuus Andragoras,
Tam subitæ mortis causam Faustine, *requiris?*
In somnis medicum viderat Hermocratem *.

Andragoras bath'd, supp'd, and went well to Bed
Last Night, but in the Morning was found dead;
Would'st know, *Faustinus*, what was his Disease?
He dreaming saw the *Quack, Hermocrates.*

Upon which I will relate two Stories: The Baron of *Caupene* in *Chalosse*, and I, have betwixt us the *Advowson* of a *Benefice* of great Extent, at the Foot of our Mountain call'd *Lahontan*. It is with the Inhabitants of this *Angle*, as 'tis said of those of the Vale of *Angrougne*; *they liv'd a peculiar sort of Life*, their *Fashions*, *Clothes*, and *Manners* distinct from other People, rul'd and govern'd by cer-

* *Mart. Epig.*

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tain particular *Laws* and *Customs* receiv'd from Father to Son, to which they submitted, without other Constraint than the Reverence to *Custom*. This little State had continued from all Antiquity in so happy a Condition, that no neighbouring *Judge* was ever put to the Trouble of enquiring into their Doings, no *Advocate* ever retain'd to give them Counsel, nor Stranger ever call'd in to compose their Differences; nor was ever any of them seen to go a Begging. They avoiding all *Alliances* and *Traffick* with the other World, that they might not corrupt the Purity of their own *Government*; till, as they say, *one of them, in the Memory of Man, having a Mind spurr'd on with noble Ambition, contriv'd, to bring his Name into Credit and Reputation, to make one of his Sons something more than ordinary; and having put him to learn to Write, made him at last a brave Town-Clerk. This Fellow being grown up, began to disdain their ancient* Customs, *and to put into the People's Ears the Pomp of the other Parts of the Nation. The first Prank he play'd, was, to advise a Friend of his, that some Body had offended by sawing off the Horns of one of his* Goats, *to make his Complaint to the King's Judges thereabout, and so he went on in this Practice, till he spoil'd and confounded all.* In the Tail of this Corruption, they say, there happened another, and of worse Consequence, by means of a *Physician*, who fell in Love with one of their Daughters, had a mind to marry her, and to live amongst them. *This Man first of all began to teach them the Names of* Fevers, Rheums *and* Impostumes, *the Seat of the* Heart, Liver *and* Intestines; *a* Science *till then utterly unknown to them: And instead of* Garlick, *with which they were wont to cure all manner of Diseases, how painful or extreme soever, he taught them, tho' it were but for a* Cough, *or any little* Cold, *to take strange Mixtures, and began to make a* Trade, *not only of their Healths, but of their Lives.* They swear that till then *they never perceiv'd the Evening Air to be offensive to the Head, that to drink when they were hot was hurtful, and that the Winds of* Autumn *were more unwholsome than those of the* Spring; that since this Use *of Physick, they find themselves oppress with a* Legion *of unaccustom'd* Diseases, and *that they perceive a general Decay in the wonted Vigour,* and *their Lives are cut shorter by the half.* This is the first of my Stories.

The other is, that before I was afflicted with the *Stone*, hearing that the Blood of a *He-Goat* was with many in very great Eſteem, and look'd upon as a cœleſtial *Manna* rain'd down upon theſe latter Ages for the Good and Preſervation of the Lives of Men, and having heard it ſpoken of by Men of Underſtanding for an admirable *Drug*, and of infallible Operation: I, who have ever thought myſelf ſubject to all the Accidents that can befal other Men, had a mind in my perfect Health to furniſh myſelf with this admirable Medicine, and therefore gave order to have a *Goat* fed at home, according to the *Receipt:* For he muſt be taken in the hotteſt Month of all *Summer*, and muſt only have aperitive Herbs given to eat, and White-Wine to drink. I came home by chance the very Day he was to be kill'd; and one came and told me, that the Cook had found two or three great Balls in his Paunch, that rattled againſt one another amongſt what he had eaten: I was curious to have all his Entrails brought before me, where, having caus'd the Skin that inclos'd them to be cut, there tumbled out three great Lumps, as light as Spunges, ſo that they appear'd to be hollow; but as to the reſt, hard and firm without, and ſpotted and mixt all over with various Colours. One was perfectly round, and of the Bigneſs of an ordinary Bowl; and the other two ſomething leſs, of an imperfect Roundneſs, as ſeeming not to be arriv'd at their full Growth. I find by Enquiry of People accuſtom'd to open theſe Animals, that it is a rare and unuſual Accident. 'Tis likely theſe are *Stones* of the ſame Nature with ours; and if ſo, it muſt needs be a very vain Hope in thoſe who have the *Stone*, to extract their *Cure* from the *Blood* of a Beaſt, who was himſelf to die of the ſame Diſeaſe. For to ſay that the *Blood* does not participate of this Contagion, and does not alter its wonted Virtue, it is rather to be believ'd, that nothing is engendred in a Body, but by the Conſpiracy and Communion of all the Parts: The whole Maſs works together, tho' one Part contributes more to the Work than another, according to the Diverſity of Operations. Wherefore it is very likely that there was ſome petrefying Quality in all the Parts of this *Goat*. It was not ſo much for fear of the future, and for fear of myſelf, that I was curious of this Experiment, but becauſe it falls out in mine, as it does in many other Fami-

Families, that the Women ſtore up ſuch little Trumperies for the Service of People, uſing the ſame *Receipt* in fifty ſeveral Diſeaſes, and ſuch a Receipt as they will not take themſelves, and yet triumph in their good Succeſſes. As to what remains, I honour *Phyſicians* not according to the common Rule, for Neceſſity (for to this Paſſage may be added another of the Prophet, reproving King *Aſa* for having Recourſe to a *Phyſician*) but for themſelves, having known many very good Men of that Profeſſion, and moſt worthy to be believ'd. I do not attack them; 'tis their *Art* I inveigh againſt, and do not much blame them for making their Advantage of our Folly, for moſt Men do the ſame. Many *Callings*, both of greater and leſs Dignity than theirs, have no other Foundation or Support than publick Abuſe. When I am ſick I ſend for them, if they be near; only to have their Company, and ſee them as others do. I give them leave to *command me to keep myſelf warm*, becauſe I naturally love to do it, and to appoint *Leeks* or *Lettuce* for my Broth, to order me *White-Wine* or *Claret*, and ſo all other Things at their own Pleaſure, which are indifferent to my Palate and Cuſtom. I know very well that I do nothing for them in ſo doing, becauſe Sharpneſs and ill-pleaſing Taſtes are Accidents of the very Eſſence of *Phyſick*. *Lycurgus* order'd Wine for the ſick *Spartans*: Why? Becauſe they abominated the drinking of it when they are well: As a Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, takes it for a rare Medicine in his Fever, becauſe that naturally he mortally hates the Taſte. How many do we ſee amongſt them of my Humour, that deſpiſe taking of *Phyſick* themſelves, are Men of liberal Diet, and live a quite contrary ſort of Life to what they preſcribe others? What is this, but flatly to abuſe our Simplicity? For their own Lives and Healths are no leſs dearer to them than ours are to us, and conſequently they would accommodate their Effects to their own *Rules*, if they did not themſelves know how falſe they are. 'Tis the Fear of Death and of Pain, an Impatience of the Diſeaſe, and a violent and indiſcreet Deſire of a preſent Cure that ſo blind us: And pure Cowardize, that makes our Belief ſo pliable and eaſy to be impos'd upon: And yet Men do not ſo much believe as they acquieſce

Wine preſcribed for the ſick Spartans.

and permit, for I hear them find fault and complain as well as we: But they resolve at last; *What should I do then?* As if Impatience were of itself a better Remedy than Patience. Is there any one of those who have suffer'd themselves to be persuaded into this miserable Subjection, that does not equally surrender himself to all sorts of Impostures? Who does not give up himself to the Mercy of whoever has the Impudence to promise him a Cure? The *Babylonians* carried their Sick into the publick Place, the *Physician* was the People; where every one that pass'd by, being in Humanity and Civility oblig'd to enquire of their Condition, gave some Advice according to his own Experience. We do little better, there being not so silly a Woman whose *Charms* and *Drenches* we do not make use of, and according to my Humour, if I were to take Physick, I would sooner choose to take theirs than any other, because, at least, if they do no Good they will do no Harm. What *Homer* and *Plato* said of the *Ægyptians, that they were all* Physicians, may be said of all People; and there is no one that does not boast of some rare *Receipt*, and who will not venture it upon his Neighbour if he will permit him. I was the other Day in *Company*, where some of my † *Fraternity* told us of a new sort of *Pills* made up *of a hundred and odd Ingredients*: It made us very merry, and was a singular Consolation, for what Rock could withstand so great a Battery? And yet I hear, by those who have made Trial of it, that the least Atom of *Gravel* will not stir for it. I cannot take my Hand from the Paper, before I have added a Word or two more concerning the Assurance they give us of the Infallibility of their *Drugs*, and the Experiments they have made.

The sick Persons of Babylon *exposed in the Market-place.*

† *Meaning that were troubled with the Stone.*

The greatest Part, and I think above two Thirds, of the Medicinal Virtues, consist in the *Quintessence*, or occult Property of *Simples*, of which we can have no other Instruction than Use and Custom. For *Quintessence* is no other than a Quality, of which we cannot by our Reason find out the Cause. In such Proofs, those that pretend to have acquir'd by the Inspiration of some *Dæmon*, I am content to receive (for I meddle not with Miracles) as also

the

the Proofs which are drawn from things that upon ſome other Account oft fall into uſe amongſt us; as if in *Wool*, wherewith we are wont to clothe ourſelves, there have accidentally ſome occult deſiccative Property been found out of curing *kib'd Heels*, or as if in the *Radiſh* we eat for Food, there have been found out ſome aperitive Operation. *Galen* reports *that a Man happen'd to be cur'd of a Leproſy by drinking Wine out of a Veſſel into which a Viper had crept by Chance*. In which Example, we find the *Means*, and a very likely Guide and Conduct to this Experience; as we alſo do in thoſe *Phyſicians* pretend to have been directed to by the Example of ſome *Beaſts*. But in moſt of their other Experiments, wherein they declare to have been conducted by Fortune, and to have had no other Guide than Chance, I find the Progreſs of this Information incredible. Suppoſe a *Man* looking round about him upon the infinite number of things, *Plants*, *Animals* and *Metals*, I do not know where he would begin his Tryal; and though his firſt fancy ſhould fix him upon an *Elk*'s *Horn*, wherein there muſt be a very gentle and eaſy Belief, he will yet find himſelf perplex'd in his ſecond Operation. There are ſo many Maladies, and ſo many Circumcumſtances laid before him, that before he can arrive at the Certainty of the Point, to which the Perfection of his Experience ſhould arrive, human Senſe will be at the End of its Leſſon: And before he can, amongſt this Infinity of things, find out what this Horn is amongſt ſo many Diſeaſes, what the *Epilepſy*, the many Complexions in a *melancholick Perſon*, the many Seaſons in Winter, the many *Nations* in the *French*, the many *Ages* in *Age*, the many *Cæleſtial Mutations* in the Conjunction of *Venus* and *Saturn*, and the many Parts in Man's Body, nay, in a Finger: And being in all this directed neither by Argument, Conjectures, Example, nor Divine Inſpirations, but meerly by the ſole Motion of Fortune; it ſhould be by a perfectly artificial, regular and methodical Fortune. And after the Cure is perform'd, how can he aſſure himſelf that it was not becauſe *the Diſeaſe was arriv'd at its Period, or an Effect of Chance? or the Operation of ſomething elſe that he had eaten, drank, or touch'd that Day?* or by Virtue of his Grandmother's Prayers? And moreover, had this Experiment been perfect, how many times was it reiterated, and

this long Beadrole of Fortunes and Encounters ſtrung anew from Chance to conclude a certain Rule? And when the Rule is concluded, by whom I pray you? Of ſo many Millions, there are but three Men who take upon them to record their Experiments. And muſt Chance needs juſt meet one of theſe? What if another, and a hundred others have made contrary Experiments? We might, perhaps, have ſome Light in this, were all the Judgments and Arguments of Men known to us. But that three Witneſſes, *three Doctors*, ſhould lord it over all Mankind is againſt all Reaſon. It were fit that Human Nature ſhould have deputed and cull'd them out, and that they were declar'd our *Comptrollers* by expreſs Letters of *Patents*.

To Madam de DURAS.

MADAM,

'THE laſt Time you honour'd me with a Viſit, 'you found me at Work upon this *Chapter*, and 'as theſe Trifles may ſome time or other happen to fall 'into your Ladyſhip's Hands, I would have them bear 'witneſs of the great Honours which the Author will 'think any Favour you ſhall pleaſe to ſhew them. You 'will there find the ſame Air and Behaviour you have 'obſerv'd in his Converſation, and though I could have 'borrow'd ſome better and more favourable Dreſs than my 'own, I would not have done it, for I require nothing 'more of theſe Writings, but to preſent me to your Memory, ſuch as I naturally am. The ſame Conditions 'and Faculties your *Ladyſhip* has been pleas'd to frequent 'and receive with much more Honour and Courteſy than 'they deſerve, I will put together (but without Alteration) in one ſolid Body, that may perhaps, continue 'ſome Years, or ſome Days, after I am gone; where 'you may find them again when your *Ladyſhip* ſhall 'pleaſe to refreſh your Memory, without putting you to 'any greater Trouble; neither are they worth it. I deſire you ſhould continue the Favour of your Friendſhip 'to me, by the ſame Qualities by which it was acquir'd; 'and am not ambitious that any one ſhould love and eſteem

'esteem me more Dead than Living. The Humour of '*Tiberius* is ridiculous, but yet common, who was more 'solicitous to extend his Renown to Posterity, than to 'render himself acceptable to Men of his Own time. If 'I was one of those to whom the World could owe Com-'mendation, I would acquit the one Half to have the 'other in Hand, that their Praises might come quick 'and crowding about me, more thick than long, more 'full than durable; and let them cease, in God's Name, 'with my Knowledge, and when the sweet Sound can no 'longer pierce my Ears. It would be an idle Humour 'to go about, now that I am going to forsake the Com-'merce of Men, to offer myself to them by a new Re-'commendation. I make no Account of the Goods I 'could not employ in the Service of my Life. And 'such as I am, I will be elsewhere than in Paper: My 'Art and Industry have been ever directed to render me 'good for something; and my Studies, to teach me to 'do, and not to write. I have made it my whole Busi-'ness to frame my Life. This has been my Trade and 'my Work. I am less a Writer of *Books* than any thing 'else. I have coveted so much Understanding for the 'Service of my present and real Conveniencies, and not 'to lay up a Stock for my Posterity. He that has any 'thing of Value in him, let him make it appear in his 'Manners, in his ordinary Discourses, in his Courtships, 'and his Quarrels, in Play, in Bed, at Table, in the Ma-'nagement of his Affairs, in his Oeconomy. Those that 'I see make good *Books* in ill Breeches, should first have 'mended their *Breeches*, if they would have been ruled 'by me. Ask a *Spartan*, *whether he had rather be a good* 'Orator, *or a good* Soldier? And if I was ask'd the same 'Question, I would rather chuse to be a good *Cook*, had I 'not one already to serve me. Good God! *Madam*, 'how should I hate the Reputation of being a pretty Fel-'low at Writing, and an Ass and a Sot in every thing 'else. Yet I had rather be a Fool in any thing, than to 'have made so ill a Choice wherein to employ my Ta-'lent. And I am so far from expecting to gain any new 'Reputation by these Follies, that I shall think I come off 'pretty well, if I lose nothing by them of that little I 'had before. For besides that this Dead Painting will take

'take from my natural Being, it has no Resemblance to 'my better Condition, but also much laps'd from my 'former Vigour and Cheerfulness, and looks faded and 'wither'd. I am towards the Bottom of the Barrel, which 'begins to taste of the *Lees*. And to the rest, *Madam*, I 'should not have dar'd to make so bold with the Mysteries 'of Physick, considering the Esteem that your *Ladyship*, 'and so many others have of it, had I not had Encourage-'ment from their own *Authors*, *Pliny*, and *Celsus*. If 'these ever fall into your Hands, you will find that they 'speak much more rudely of their Art than I do; I but 'pinch it, they cut its Throat. *Pliny*, amongst other 'things, twits them with this, That when they are at the 'End of the Rope, that is, when they have done the utmost 'of what they are able to do, they have a pretty Device to 'save themselves, of Recommending their *Patients*, whom 'they teaz'd and tormented with their Drugs and Diets to 'no purpose, some to Vows and Miracles, and others to 'hot Bath and Waters. (Be not angry, *Madam*, he speaks 'not of those in Parts, who are under the Protection of 'your House, and all *Gramontins*.) They have besides 'another of saving their Credit, of ridding their Hands 'of us, and securing themselves from the Reproaches we 'might cast in their Teeth of the little Amendment, when 'they have had us so long in their Hands, that they have 'not one more Invention left wherewith to amuse us; 'which is, *to send us to the better Air of some other Coun-'try*. This, *Madam*, is enough; I hope you will give 'me leave to return to my former Discourse, from which 'I so far digress'd, the better to divert you".

It was, I think, *Pericles*, who being ask'd *how he did? you may judge, says he, by these*, shewing some little Scrolls of Parchment he had ty'd about his Neck and Arms. By which he would infer, that he must needs be very sick when he was reduc'd to a Necessity of having recourse to such idle and vain Fopperies, and of suffering himself to be so much a Fool as to commit his Life and Death to the Mercy and Government of *Physicians*. I may fall into such *Frenzy*: I dare not be responsible for my future Constancy: But then, if any one ask me *how I do?* I may also answer as *Pericles* did, *You may judge by this*, shewing my Hand clutch'd up with six Drams of *Opium*: It will be a very

very evident Sign of a violent Sickneſs; and my Judgment will be very much out of Order. If once Fear and Impatience get ſuch an Advantage over me, it may very well be concluded, that there is a dreadful Fever in my Mind. I have taken the Pains to plead this *Cauſe*, which I little enough underſtand, a little to back and ſupport the natural Averſion to Drugs and the *Practice* of *Phyſick*, I have deriv'd from my *Anceſtors*: To the end it may not be a meer ſtupid and temerarious Averſion, but have a little more Form; and alſo, that they who ſhall ſee me ſo obſtinate in my Reſolution againſt all Exhortation and Menaces that ſhall be given me, when my Infirmity ſhall preſs hardeſt upon me, may not think 'tis meer Obſtinacy in me; or any one ſo ill-natur'd, as yet to judge it to be any Motive of Glory, for it would be a ſtrange Ambition to ſeek to gain Honour by an Action my *Gardener* or my *Groom* can perform as well as I. Certainly I have not a Heart ſo tumorous and windy, that I ſhould exchange ſo ſolid a Pleaſure as Health, for an airy and imaginary Pleaſure. *Glory*, even that of the four Sons of *Aymon*, is too dear bought to a Man of Humour, if it coſt him three ſwinging Fits of the *Stone*. Give me Health in God's Name! Such as love *Phyſick* may alſo have great and convincing Conſiderations; I do not hate Opinions contrary to my own. I am ſo far from being angry to ſee a Diſagreement betwixt mine and other Men's Judgments, and from rendring myſelf unfit for the Society of Men, for being of another Senſe and Party than mine; that on the contrary (the moſt general Way that Nature has follow'd being Variety, and more in Souls than Bodies, foraſmuch as they are of a more ſupple Subſtance, and more ſuſceptible of Forms) I find it much more rare to ſee our Humours and Deſigns jump and agree. And there never was in the World two Opinions alike, no more than two Hairs, or two Grains. The moſt univerſal Quality, is *Diverſity*.

The End of the Second Book.

A TA-

A TABLE to the *Second Volume.*

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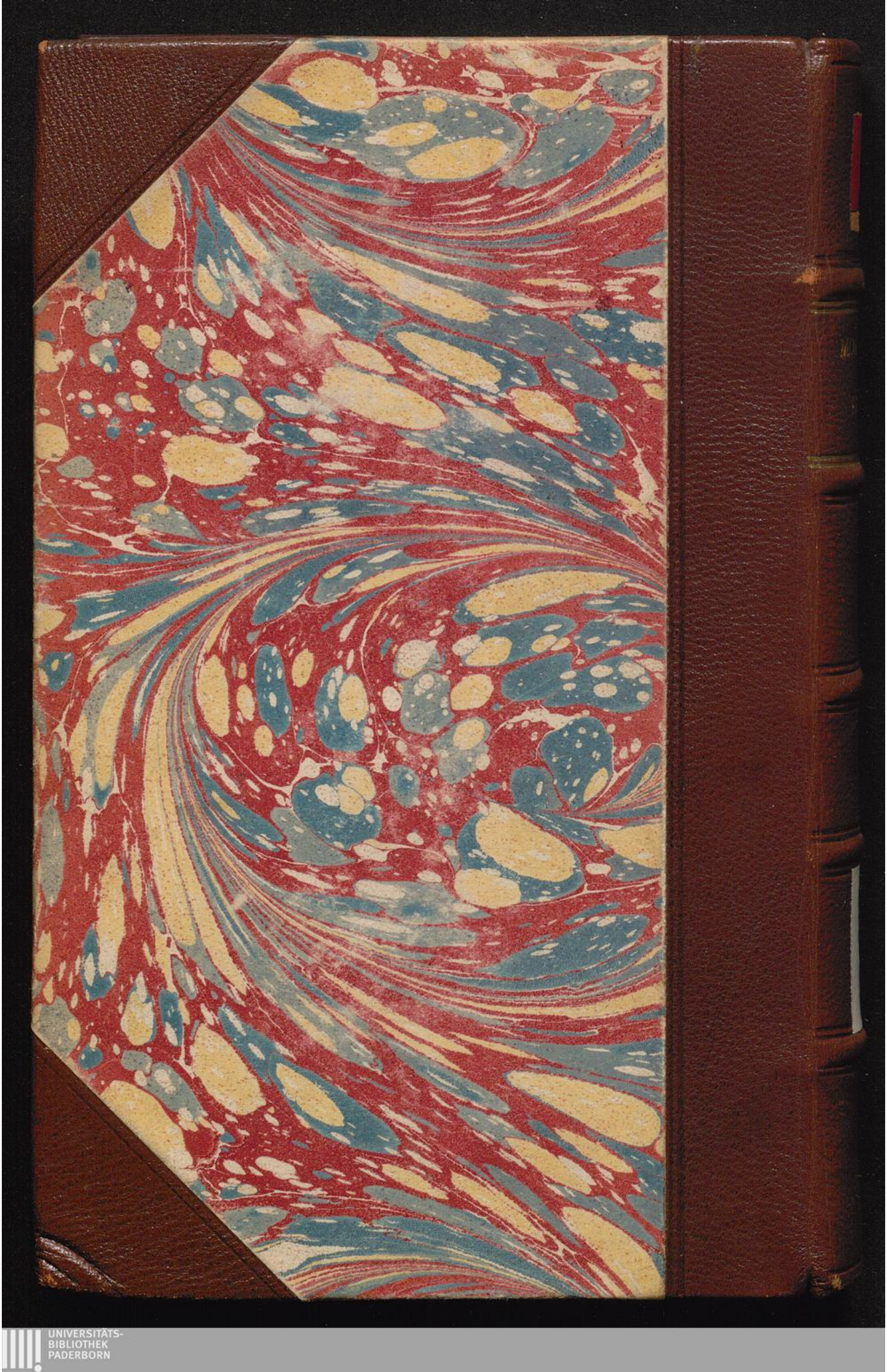
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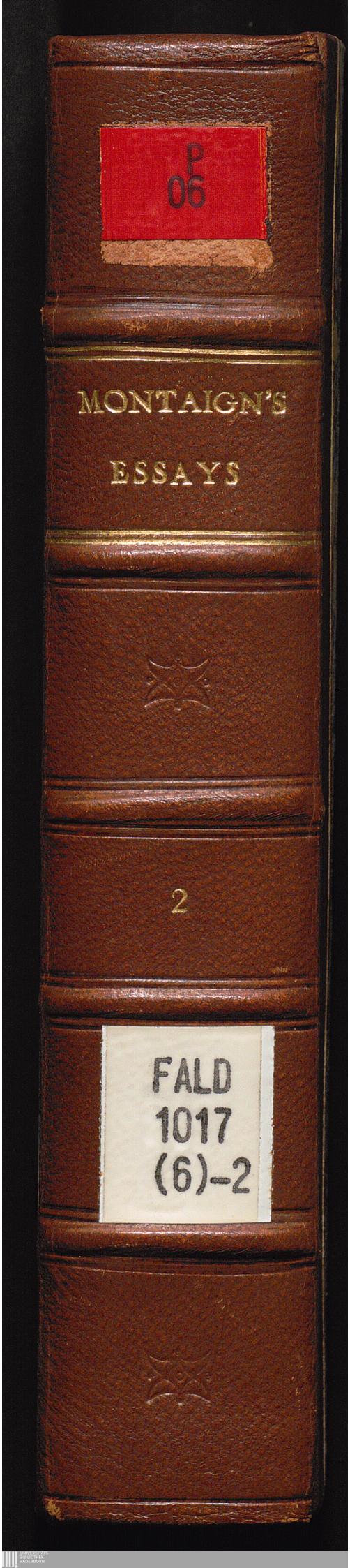
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