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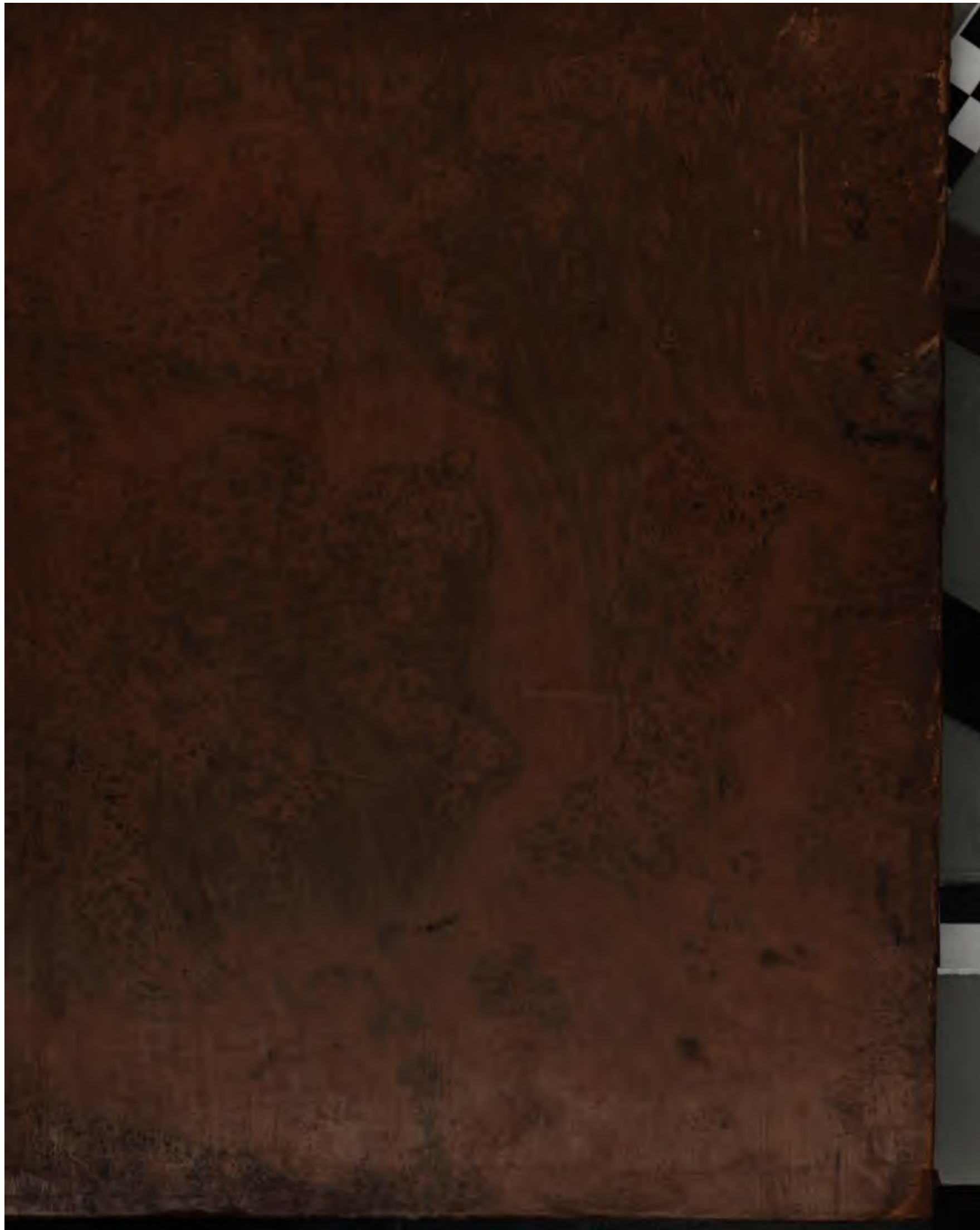
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THE  
E P I S T L E S  
OF  
LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

V O L. II.



THE  
E P I S T L E S  
OF  
LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

WITH LARGE  
A N N O T A T I O N S,  
WHEREIN, PARTICULARLY,  
THE TENETS OF THE ANTIENT PHILOSOPHERS  
ARE CONTRASTED WITH  
*THE DIVINE PRECEPTS OF THE GOSPEL,*  
WITH REGARD TO THE  
MORAL DUTIES OF MANKIND.  
In TWO VOLUMES.  
By THOMAS MORELL, D.D.

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V O L II.

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T H E  
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O F  
L U C I U S A N N Æ U S S E N E C A.

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E P I S T L E LXXVI.

*On Wisdom; the chief Good.*

Y O U threaten, *Lucilius*, to take it ill, if I do not inform you of my daily transactions. Observe how ready I am sincerely to answer your request. I go to hear a certain philosopher; and it is now the fifth day that I have attended his school, and heard him dispute from the eighth hour of the morning. *At a good age, truly!* Indeed I think so, *Lucilius*, (though you laugh); for what can be more ridiculous than to think, because you have some time desisted from study, you need no further instruction? What would you have me do? mount my horse, and act the young esquire (*a*)? Happy would it be for me indeed, if this (*going to school*, as you call it) was the only thing that disgraced my old age!

The school of philosophy invites men of every age: here let us grow old, and still follow it as earnestly as young men (*b*). Shall I at this age frequent the theatre, and be carried into the circus, and no



two gladiators be matched to fight without my presence; and at the same time shall I be ashamed to attend the lectures of a philosopher? No; a man must still be learning somewhat, as long as there is any thing to be learned; that is, according to the proverb, *as long as he lives* (c). Nor is this more applicable to any other purpose than to the following, *you must be learning as long as you live*, how to live. But know also, that I teach at the same time: do you ask what? why, that old age hath always somewhat still to learn: and indeed in this respect, I am ashamed of the folly of mankind. You know the way to the house of *Metronactes*, is by the *Neapolitan* theatre; this I find always full; and it is debated with great earnestness, who is the best piper. Nay, a Grecian fidler or the common cryer shall gather around them a vast concourse of people: but the place where a man is taught sound morality, very few attend (d); and such as are pleased to attend, are thought by many to have no extraordinary business there; nay are even called idle blockheads. They may laugh at me too if they please; the opprobrious language of the rude and illiterate is easily to be borne: and their contempt to be despised by those, whose endeavours aim at what is right and fit.

Go on, my *Lucilius*, and make all the speed you can, that it may not be your case as it was mine, to be obliged to learn in your old age; and hasten so much the more; because you have undertaken that which you can scarce be master of; live you ever so long. What improvement shall I make? as much as you endeavour after (e). What do you expect? wisdom is not an accidental accomplishment. Riches will sometimes come of themselves, honour will be offered you; favour and dignity, will haply be your portion; but virtue is not to be obtained but by great and incessant labour; but it is worth while so much the more to labour, as this will confer all good whatever: for this indeed is the only good. There is no truth, no certainty, in those things, so highly extolled by common fame. But I will now shew you, the *bonestum*, or *virtue*, is the only good: because you seem to think that in my former epistle I have not executed the said purpose; and that I have exhibited virtue rather as recommended, than proved; and to contract all in a few words.

Know,

End of select  
passage

Know, that *all things have their proper good*. Fertility recommends the vine, as a fine flavour does the juice of the grape; the excellency in a stag is swiftness; in beasts of burthen, a strong back: an exquisite quickness of scent distinguishes the hound; speed the greyhound; fierceness and courage the bull-dog, or such as are ordained to attack wild beasts (*f*): and what is the excellency in man? *reason*. It is this; wherein man excels the brute creation, and draws near to the gods (*d*). <sup>g</sup> Perfect reason therefore is the proper good of men. Other qualities he hath in common with plants and animals: is he strong? so are lions: Is he beautiful? so are peacocks. Is he swift? so are horses. I do not say how far he may excell, or be excelled in any of these points; for I am not enquiring after what is greatest in him, but what is *his own*. Has he a body? so has a tree. Has he internal power of self-motion? so have beasts, and even worms. Hath he a voice? some dogs have a louder; more shrill is that of the eagle, more deep that of the bull; and more sweet and voluble is the voice of the nightingale. What then is proper only to man? *reason*. This when right and perfect, completes the happiness of man. If therefore every thing that hath accomplished its own proper good, is praise-worthy, and hath reached the end of nature's designation; reason being the proper good of man, if he hath perfected the same, he is then praise worthy, and hath attained the end of being. Now, this reason when perfect, is called *virtue*, or what is *right and fit* in all circumstances. That therefore is the *one* good in man, which is his proper good: for we are not now enquiring after what is good, but what is the peculiar good of man. If there is no other good peculiar to man, then this is the *one good*, in which is comprehended all other.

Further, is any one a bad man, I doubt not but he will be condemned; and if good he will be approved of: that therefore is the proper and only good in man, according to which he is blamed, or praised. But perhaps you doubt not whether this be a good, but whether it be the *only* good. Surely, if a man hath all other enjoyments of life, as health, riches, statues of his ancestors, and a large levee of his own, but is confessedly a bad man, you will condemn him. Again, if a  
man

man hath none of these things, if he wants money; hath no clients, is not noble: nor can boast a long line of ancestors, yet is a good man; you cannot but commend him. Therefore that is the *only* good of man, which if he possesses, tho' destitute of all other things, he is very respectable, and praise-worthy; and he that hath it not, tho' in full possession of all other enjoyments, is condemned and despised. As the condition of other things; such is that of man. It is called a good ship, not because it is painted with the most brilliant colours; and hath its decks of silver or gold; and its prow decorated with ivory (*b*); nor because it is freighted with royal treasures; but because it is not crank, but firm and steady; well caulked, so as to admit no leak, and with such strong sides, as to defy the violence of the waves; ever obedient to the rudder; and swift and easy to tack about with every wind. You will not call a sword good for hanging at a golden belt, and having the hilt adorn'd with jewels: but because it carries a fine edge for cutting, and a point able to pierce an armour of steel. A ruler or square is not required to be beautiful, but strait and true. Every thing is excellent when adapted to its proper use (*i*). Therefore in man also, it is of little avail, how many acres he ploughs, how much money he hath out at interest; how many salute him by the way; how rich his bed; or how transparent and costly his cup; but how *good* a man he is; now, he is a good man, whose reason is explicit and right; in all respects adapted to the will of nature. This is all called *virtue*; this is the *Honestum*, and *only* good of man. For since reason alone perfects the man; perfect reason alone hath made him happy; and that is the *only* good of man, by which only he is made happy.

We likewise call all those things good, which proceed from or are in contact with virtue; they are all her works. But, therefore is virtue *only* good, because there cannot be any good without her. And if all good be in the mind, whatever strengthens, exalts, and enlarges the mind, is good. Now virtue makes the mind stronger, nobler, more extensive. Whereas all other things, which provoke our appetites and desires, depress and weaken the mind; and when they seem to raise, they only puff it up, and delude it with much vanity. Therefore that is the *only* good,

good, which improves the mind. All the actions of the whole life of man are measured by the moral sense of good and evil, from whence reason takes her directions for doing, or not doing such and such things. I shall further explain this.

A good man will always do what is right and fit, whatever pains it costs him. Again, he will not do any thing, that is base and vile, were he to gain thereby riches, or pleasure or power. He will not abstain from what is right, for any terror; nor, by any hopes whatever, be drawn in to a base action. Therefore as he will follow what is just and fit, he will always eschew what is unjust and vile; and in every action in life, he will have these two principles in view; that there is no good but what is right and fit, nor any evil but what is vile and scandalous. If then virtue alone is pure, and ever of the same tenour; virtue is the only *good*; nor is it possible it should be otherwise than good. Wisdom is not subject to the danger of a change; as it is not to be taken from us forcibly, nor will ever revert into folly (\*). I told you, if you remember, that many by a sudden transport of zeal, have contemn'd and trodden under foot things so indiscreetly coveted or dreaded by the vulgar: there have been found those, who would thrust their hand into the flames (k); whose smiles no torture could interrupt (l), who have not shed a tear at the loss of their children: and have themselves met death with intrepidity. Love, anger, desire, have defied all manner of danger. And if a short obstinacy of the mind, inspired by some sudden impulse could do this; how much more can virtue, which is strong, not by fits, or on a sudden, but with ever-equal steadiness; and whose strength never faileth? It follows then, that such things, as are despised, *sometimes* by the rash and inconsiderate, and *always* by the wise, are in themselves neither good nor evil. The only good therefore is virtue, who proudly marches between good and bad fortune, and treats them both alike with contempt. If you fancy, there is any good, but such as consists in what is *right and fit*, there is no virtue but what will prove defective: for none can be obtained, if it has regard to any thing without, or beyond itself. And were it so, it would be repugnant

to reason, from whence proceed all virtues; and also to truth, which subsists in reason: now whatever opinion is repugnant to truth, is false.

Further, you must grant it necessary for a good man to be truly pious, and to have the highest veneration for the gods; consequently whatever happens to him, he will bear it with a patient and even mind, being persuaded that it proceeds from the Divine Law, which governs the universe. And if so, that will be the only good to him, which is right and fit: forasmuch as it consists in this, to obey the gods, not to fall into sudden passions, nor to bewail his lot, but patiently to abide his fate, and willingly perform what is enjoined by the powers above. Besides, was there any other good than what is right and fit, we should be persecuted with the desire of life, and an insatiable hankering after all the requisites thereto, which is intolerable, infinite, vague: therefore what is right and fit, is the only good, because it hath its certain measure and end.

I have before said, if those things of which the gods make no use, such as riches and honours, were really *good*, the life of man would be much more happy than that of the gods: add now, that if souls, when set free from the body, still exist, they are in a much happier state than when detained in the body (*m*). But if those things be good, which are made use of while in the body, it would then be worse for them to have been set free; but it is not credible that being imprisoned and confined they should be happier than when at liberty to range the universe. I said also, if those things be good, which happen to dumb animals as well as to man, that then even dumb animals live an happy life: which by no means can be admitted. All things are to be endured for the sake of virtue, or doing that which is right and fit; but this would be unreasonable, if there was any other real good but virtue.

Thus, *Lucilius*; have I contracted and run through the several points, which I explained more at large in my former Epistle. But you will never approve of this my opinion or think it true, unless you raise  
your



your mind, and ask yourself this question; whether, *if upon an emergency you are required to die for your country, and to redeem your fellow-citizens at the expence of your own life, you would stretch out your neck to the sword, not only with a patient but a willing mind?* If you can do this, there is no other good: you postpone all things to this. See how great is the force of virtue. You will die for the good of the commonweal, though it be not at present required of you, yet whenever it shall so happen. In the mean while, from a good and beautiful action, great joy may be received in a short space of time; and though no benefit from the said action were to accrue to the person defunct, and taken from the world, yet the very contemplation of the good intended gives delight; and the brave and just man, when he hath in view the price and consequence of his death, suppose, the liberty of his country, and the welfare of all those for whom he lays down his life, is in the highest glee, and enjoys his peril. Nay, even he that is deprived of the joy, which the execution of so great an affair would give him, as the greatest and last pleasure of his life, will yet brook no delay, but will rush upon death, well satisfied with doing what is right and fit, supposing it right and fit so to do.

Oppose to this however all that can be objected against it: tell him, *the favour will soon be lost, and buried in oblivion: that the citizens will not make him any return of grateful esteem.* He will readily answer, *all these things concern not my action: I consider it in itself: I know it to be right and fit; therefore wherever it leads or invites me, I come.* This then is the *one good*, which not only a perfect mind, but a generous and good disposition is sensible of. All other things are light and changeable: therefore they are possessed with anxiety, though kind fortune heaped them all upon one man: they become a heavy burden to the owners, they always oppress them, and sometimes weigh them down. Not one of those whom you see arrayed in purple, is happy; any more than those whom you see dressed up for kings on the stage: they strut in their buskins, and look big during the time of action; but having made their exit, they are disrobed, and shrink again to their own stature. Not one of those whom wealth and honours have set on  
high



high is a great man. How comes it then that he seems so? Because you measure him base and all. A dwarf is still little though you set him upon a mountain; and a Colossus will maintain his bulk though he stands in a well. This then is the error we labour under: thus it is we impose upon ourselves: we esteem no one according to what he really is in himself; but we add to him all external advantages: but in order to make a true estimate of man, and to know what he really is, view him in himself: let him lay aside his patrimony, his honours, and all the lying ornaments of fortune. Nay, let him throw off the body; inspect the mind alone; examine what, and how great it is, and whether great in itself, or from some foreign good. If with a steady eye he can look upon the drawn sword; if he knows that it is of little concern, whether the soul depart from him naturally, or forcibly from a wound, call him happy. If he is threatened with excruciating torture of the body, either such as is casual or inflicted by the injurious treatment of those in power; if, of chains and banishment, and all the terrors that affright the mind of man, he hears without anxiety, and faith (with *Æneas* in *Virg.* 6. 103)

— Non ulla laborum,

O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit.

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ipse peregi.

— No terror to my view,

No frightful face of danger can be new.

Innur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,

The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.

Dryden.

*You but now threaten me with these things, but I always threatened myself with them; being a man, I was always prepared against whatever man is subject to; call him happy. The stroke of an evil preconceived, comes easy: but to fools and such as trust in fortune, every change seems new, and comes upon them with surprize; and the greatest part of evil, to the unexperienced and unprepared, is the novelty of it. This you may learn from their bearing patiently such things as they have been accustomed to. Therefore a wise man makes himself acquainted with evils ere they happen, and such as others make light by long suffering,*  
he

he makes easy by due reflexion. We often hear the unskilful crying out, *I could not imagine that this would ever be my lot.* But the wise man knows that all things are incident to him, and therefore whatever happens he saith, *It is what I expected (o).*

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) Troffuli] See Ep. 87. *Lipf.* Elect. ii. 1. Perf. Sat. i. 81. ubi in N.—Troffulus, vel a Troffulo Tuscorum oppido: vel qu. Torofulus dim. a Torofus, ut notentur homines delicatuli.

— Unde istud dedecus in quo

Troffulus exultat tibi per subsellia lævis?

*Whence that disgrace, when the assemblies meet,*

*To see a cockcomb skip from seat to seat?*

(b) In hac Senecam, hanc ut juvenes sequamur. *Lipfius* doubts this expression, scholam sequi.—But *Gronovius* proves it just, from *Cicero*, when *sequi* is used in the same sense with *petere*; and adds from *Virgil*, Italiam sequimur.—However, he is not satisfied with the reading, as all the MSS. want the demonstrative pronoun *hanc*; and therefore proposeth the conjecture of *Schrevelius*, In hanc Senecam, ut juvenes sequantur.—*Let us old men go thither, that the young men may follow us.*

(c) According to that in *Plato* (in amator) τί ἔν ἐστιν φιλοσοφῆσαι; κ. τ. λ. *what is it to philosophize? what, but as Solon saith,*

Γηρασκω δ' ἀφεί πολλά διδασκομενος;

*I still learn somewhat as I grow in years.*

*Live and learn*, says the English proverb. *Non si finisce mai d' imparare.* Ital.—And very properly, as *Hippocrates* begins his aphorisms with, *Ars longa, vita brevis.* *Ray*, p. 170. *Lipf.* Manud. i. 1.

(d) According to the proverb in *Cicero*, (de Orat. ii.) Discum audire malunt quam philosophum. *They will rather bear the sound of a Coit than a philosopher.* Which *Erasmus* (i. v. 2. 19) thinks may be transferred to (discus escarius) *the rattling of plates for dinner.*

(e) This is according to the Stoical maxim; Velis esse bonus, eris. *If you have an inclination to be good, you will be so.*

(f) So Phocylides. Οπλον ἑκάστῳ νόμι θεός, φύσιν κέρρωτων,

ὄρνισι-μὲ πολλὴν ταχυτέτ', ἀλλήλ' τε λευσι,

ταυροῖς δ' αὐτοχυτῶς κέρασιν κέντρα μαλ' ἰσσοῖς,  
ἔμφυτον ἄλλαρ ἑδῶκε. λόγος δ' ἔρυμ' ἀνδρωπεισι.

*On every animal hath Nature's God*

*Its proper useful implement bestow'd.*

*To all the feather'd choir swiftness of wing,*

*To bulls their sprouting horns, to bees their sting.*

*Reason his strength, and surest guard, is giv'n*

*To man alone, the richest gift of heav'n. M.*

*Sidon. Apoll.* vii. 14. Statum nostrum supra pecudes—Ratiocinatio animæ intellectualis evexit, &c. *Nistorius Genes.* i.

Unumquodque suo donavit munere largus

Armavitque manu, cornu, pede, dente, veneno, &c.

*Boetius.* iii. 8. Jam verò qui bona præ se corporis ferunt, quàm exiguâ, quàm fragili possessione!

Vol. II

C

animator!

nituntur! Nam etiam elephantis mole, tauros robere superare poteritis? Num tigres velocitate præcibitis, &c. *Now is it wel yfene, how litel and how brytel poffeffion they coveten, that putten the goodes of the bodie above her own reason. For mayft thou furmounten thefe olifaunts in greatneffe, or in weicht of bodie? or mayft thou be ftronger than the bull? mayft thou be fwifter than the tyger? &c.*

Chaucer.

Cic. de Nat. Deor. ii. de Fin. v. Sen. Ep. ult.

(g) Deos fequitur] *Inferieur a un feul Dieu.* Vet. Gall.

Puteanus reads it, Diis æquatur. *He is equal to the gods,* according to the infolence of the Stoics. See Epp. 31, 92.

(h) Navis tutela] Gr. Νῆος ἀσπίς, Lat. Insigne. *The image,* from whence the fhip generally had its name.—Tutelæque Deum fluitant. *Sil.*

—Et pictos verberat unda Deos

Navis tutelam—Ov. de Trift. i.

Vifa coronatæ fulgens tutela carinæ. *Val. Flacc. i. Vid. Brodæ, Misc. i. 10. Turn.*

Adv. xix. 2.

(i) See an ingenious modern treatife, called *The Analysis of Beauty,* by Mr. Hogarth, p. 72.

\* For according to the Stoics their wife man is ever fixed on good.

(k) As *Mutius Scaevola,* Ep. 24.

(l) As the fervant who in revenge of his mafter killed *Afrubal.*

(m) This is one of thofe paffages, wherein *Seneca* fpeaks in a clear and noble manner of the happinefs of fouls after death, when freed from the incumbrance of the body, and received into the place or region of departed fouls. *Vid. Confol. ad Polyb. c. 28. Conf. ad Marc. c. 25.* But especially *Epift. 102,* where he has fome fublime thoughts on this fubject, and among the reft—*Dies ifte quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis eft. The day which you dread as the laft of life, is to be regarded as the birth-day of an eternal one*—though it muft be owned he fpeaks of this elfewhere with doubt and uncertainty. See *Leland ii. p. 287.*

(n) They strut and fret their hour upon the ftage,  
And then are heard no more.—*Hamlet.*

(o) Dixit, fciebam.] As fome of the editions want *fciebam,* I was thinking that if we might transfer the three letters S. V. B. which begin the next *Epiftle,* and inftead of *Si Vales, Bene eft,* they might be allowed to ftand for *Si Vult (Deus) Bene eft,* this would make a proper ejaculation not only for a wife heathen, but a good Christian; *God's will be done.*

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## EPISTLE LXXVII.

### *Against the Fear of Death.*

I (Hope you are well; (a) and) beg leave to inform you, *Lucilius,* that, this day, fomewhat unexpectedly appeared in fight the *Alexandrian fhips (b),* which are ufually fent before to announce the approach of the

the whole fleet; they are called packet boats. Very grateful was the sight of them to all *Campania*: The people were standing on the mole of *Puteoli*, and could easily distinguish the *Alexandrian* from the rest of the numerous fleet by their sails; forasmuch as these vessels alone have the privilege of spreading their top-sails, which the other never hoyse, but when out at sea: as nothing contributes more to swift sailing, than the top-sail by which the vessel is chiefly carried along; therefore when the wind ariseth, and blows too smart a gale; the top-yard is generally struck, whereby the wind hath less force on the body of the ship. Now when they have enter'd between *Capreae* and the promontory, from whence

Alta procelloso speculari vertice Pallas \*,

*Pallas looks down upon the foamy deep.*

The rest are oblig'd to be contented with the mainsail, and the top-sail (*c*) is left as a mark of distinction to the *Alexandrian*. In this great concourse of people, that were flocking to the shore, I enjoyed some satisfaction in walking at my leisure, forasmuch as tho' I expected letters from my correspondents; I was in no such great hurry to know their contents, and how my affairs stood at *Alexandria*; having long since been indifferent either to loss or gain. Was I not so old as I am, I should still have thought the same; but much more now, when, however small my stock, I have far more provision left, than way to travel (*d*), especially too, when on a journey, which there is no necessity I should completely finish. A journey cannot be said to be finished if you stop in the midway, or before you have reached the destin'd place; but the journey of life is such, that it is at all times complete, provided it be just and honorable. Whenever you finish it, if finished well, it will be entire: nay it may sometimes be finished courageously even upon the slightest cause; for in truth there are no other that detain us here.

*Tullius Marcellinus*, whom you knew very well, a sweet-temper'd youth, but of a crazy constitution, was surpris'd by a disease, not perhaps incurable, but such as was tedious, and very troublesome, and which oblig'd him to suffer much; he therefore was deliberating

concerning death. He called many friends about him: when some of them, of a timorous disposition, persuaded him to act, as they should in the like case; while others, more inclined to sooth and flatter, gave him such advice, as they thought would be most acceptable to him. But at last a friend of ours, a *Stoic*, a most excellent man, and to give him his due commendation, strenuously brave, gave him, as I think, most admirable counsel, when he began as follows; *Be not overmuch concern'd, dear Marcellinus, as if you was deliberating on some affair of consequence; it is no such great matter to live; all your slaves, and all sorts of animals live; but it is a great thing to die honorably, prudently, and courageously. Consider how long you must still be doing the same thing; food, sleep, dalliance, fill up the round of life; so that not the prudent and brave, or the wretched, but even the most delicate and effeminate may well be willing to die:* this he said; when *Marcellinus* stood in more need of an assistant than a counsellor; his servants loved him too well to obey him in this respect; the stoic therefore first endeavour'd to root out their fears; and shewed them, that domestic slaves were then only in danger, when it was uncertain, whether their master came by his death, voluntarily or not (*e*); and besides, that they would set as bad an example, in preventing him, when desirous to die, as in killing him (*f*). And then he exhorted *Marcellinus* himself to a kind and generous action: that, as, when supper is ended, what is left is divided among the standers-by; so, at the conclusion of life, some legacies were due to those who had waited upon him all his days. *Marcellinus* was of an easy and liberal disposition, especially in those things that were properly his own; he therefore parcell'd out some small sums to his servants who stood weeping by; and gave them all the consolation in his power. There was no need of the sword, or shedding of blood: he entirely abstained from food three days; and having ordered his pavilion to be placed in his bed-chamber, as also his bathing tub, he lay therein; and having warm water continually poured over him, he grew fainter by degrees, and as he declared, not without a sensation of pleasure; such as a gentle swooning is apt to bring, and as we have often experienced who have been subject to fainting.

I doubt



I doubt not but that this digression will be acceptable to you; as you will learn from hence, that your friend made not either a painful or miserable exit. For tho' indeed he brought death upon himself, yet it was in such an easy manner, that he rather seemed to steal out of life. The relation likewise of this incident hath its use; as such an example of conduct is sometimes necessary (*g*). We have often reason to wish to die, and yet we are not willing; and when we really die, it is with regret.

No one indeed is so ignorant, but that he knows he must die; yet when the time draws near, he flinches, he trembles, he weeps. Would you not think a man ridiculously foolish, who weeps, because he did not live a thousand years ago? it is equally absurd, for him to weep, because he shall not live a thousand years hence. There is no difference between, *thou shalt not be, and thou hast not been*. In either of these times you have no concern. Your lot is fallen upon a point; which if you would prolong, how many years will you think to prolong it? why do you weep? what do you require? it is to no purpose.

Define Fata Deum flecti sperare precando.

They are settled and fixed; they are conducted by a powerful and everlasting necessity. You will go, where all things go. Is there any thing strange in this? you was born upon these conditions: your parents, your ancestors, and all posterity are subject to the same. A chain of causes, invincible and invariable, binds and draws all things with it (6). What numbers shall follow you, when you are dead! how many shall accompany you in death! I am persuaded that you would be more contagious, if thousands were to die with you: know then, that, at this very moment in which you make such a difficulty in dying, thousands of men, and other animals, are breathing their last by various kinds of death. And did you not think, you should one day reach the place, to which you have been travelling your whole life? every journey has its end. You perhaps now expect I should strengthen my exhortation by the example of some great man; no, I shall only give you one of a young lad: I mean, that famous Lacedæmonian, who tho' a stripling, when taken prisoner cried out in the *Doric* dialect, *I*

*fortior*

*will*



*will not be a slave*; and made good his words; for at the first vile and mean office that he was put upon, (the emptying a close-stool) rather than comply, he dashed his brains out against the wall. When liberty is so near to a man, shall he submit to slavery? had you not rather a son of yours should die so gloriously, than grow old in idleness and dishonour? Why then are you disturb'd at the thoughts of death; when even a child can die so courageously? and what if you are unwilling to go, know you not, that you soon will be compelled! transfer this power, to yourself (*k*). Will you not assume the magnanimity of a boy, and say, *I will not be a slave*? Thou wretch, a slave to men, and, among other things, to life! for life if you have not courage to die, is servitude. Have you any thing more to wait for? you have already enjoy'd those pleasures that make you so dilatory, and still detain you. None of them are new to you (*l*); none, but what are become disgustful from satiety. The taste of metheglin you know; and the taste of wine; no matter, whether an hundred or a thousand rundlets have pass'd through you. You are a mere strainer. No one knows better the flavour of an oyster, or of a mullet: in short, your luxury hath left nothing in store for you to treat your palate with a novelty. And yet these are the things you are so forcibly plucked away from. What else, I say, is there that you complain of being robbed of? your friends, and your country? but did you ever honour them so far as to put off your supper on their account? nay if you could, I believe you would extinguish the sun itself. For what did you ever do that would bear the light! confess, O man; that it is not any respect to the senate, or forum, or to the nature of things that makes you so backward and afraid to die. No; you unwillingly bid adieu to the shambles, though you have left nothing there untasted. You are afraid of death: and yet you seem to contemn it, in the height of your pleasures. You would fain live; for you know what life is, but you know not what death may be; and therefore are afraid of it (*m*). But is not such a life death itself? As *Caligula* was passing along the latin way, an enchained prisoner, who had a beard down to his girdle, asked death of him: *why*, said the Emperor, *do you think then you are still alive*? The same answer may be made to those whom death can in any

any way give relief to. Are you afraid to die? *do you think then you are still alive? yes surely, you will say, and I would still live; for I employ myself in many good and decent actions: I am unwilling to forego the duties of life, which I perform with fidelity and industry.* What then, know you not, that it is one of the duties of life, to die? You forego no duty; for the number of them being uncertain, what was incumbent upon *you* is already finished (*n*). There is no life, that can be called *long*. For if you consider the nature of things, the life of *Nestor* or *Statilia* (*o*), was comparatively short; though the latter order'd an inscription on her monument, to shew that she had lived ninety nine years. You see how an old woman can glory in her length of days. Surely her vanity would have been insupportable could she have completed her hundredth year. Life is like a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted (*p*). Die when, or where you will, think only on making a good and decent exit (*q*).

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

(a) S. V. B. Si vales benè. *Muret.* But *Lipfius* rejects this form, as not exhibited in the MSS. nor agreeable to the custom of the times. See the last note of the foregoing Epistle.

(b) Vid. *Lipf.* Elect. i. c. 8. de frumentatione.—*Suet.* Aug. c. 98.

\* Where stood a temple of *Minerva*, to whom the sailors, as there was danger in weathering the point, made libation, according to *Statius*;

Prima salutavit capreas, et margine dextro  
Sparfit Tyrrhenæ Marcotica vina Minervæ.

(c) Supparum] al. separum vel sipparum.—*Luc.* v. 428.

Obliquat lævo pede carbasa, summaque pandens  
Suppara velorum perituras colligit auras.

*When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,*

*All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet:*

*The slacker tacklings let the canvas flow,*

*To gather all the breath the winds can blow.* *Rowe.*

— Summis annectite suppara velis. *Statius.*

— Non invehet undis suppara. *Manilius.* Ubi communiter pro velis. *Vid.* *Turn.* *Adverf.* xxi. 4.

(d) *Cic.* de Sen. 18. Potest quidquam esse absurdius, quàm quo minus restat viæ, eo plus viatici querere? *Can any thing be more absurd, than the shorter a journey is, to lay in the more provision?*—*See the Life of Seneca.*

(e) Upon a debate in the senate, concerning the death of *Afranius Dexter*, mentioned by *Pliny*, *Ep.* viii. 14. *Lord Orrery* observes, “the plain and legal question to be decided by the senate was, whether *Dexter* had been killed by his freedmen, from their malice, or in pursuance of his own command:

mand: if they were convicted of the former, the punishment was death; if it was proved that they killed him in obedience to his own orders, they ought to have been acquitted. The opinion of *Pliny* therefore is not to be justified. He declares that *the freedmen ought to be put to the question, and afterwards released*. If they were innocent, why should they be punished? If guilty, why released?—Throughout the whole Epistle the quibbles of the lawyers are much more conspicuous than the dignity of the Senator. *Vid. Sidon. Ep. viii. 11.*

/f (f) *Invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti.* Hor. A. P. 467.

*For 'tis a greater cruelty to kill*

*Than to preserve a man against his will.*

(g) God forbid that suicide should ever be thought *necessary* among heathens, much less among Christians. When Nature speaks for herself, even the *Stoics* with whom it was an avowed doctrine, speak in a softer tone. For thus *Epiæctus*, l. i. c. 9. “*My friends, saith he, wait for God, till he shall give the signal, and dismiss you this service; then return to him. For the present be content to remain in this post, where he has placed you. Stay; depart not inconsiderately.*” And again, with an entire resignation to the divine will—*Whatever post or rank thou shalt assign me, like Socrates, I will die a thousand deaths rather than desert thee.* Nor can it by any means be pretended that when we meet with great adversities in life, it is a call from God to quit it; on the contrary, it is a call to the exercise of patience, resignation, and fortitude.

*Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam :*

*Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.*

*'Tis easy to spurn life in wretchedness,*

*But far more brave to triumph in distress.* M.

(k) *Epp. 24. (N. p. q.) Sen. de Tranq. Animi, 2.*

(l) *Ep. 24. (N. r.)—Lucretius iii. 1095.*

*Nec nova vivendo procuditur ulla voluptas.*

*Life adds no new delight to those possess'd.*

(m) *Aye, but to die and go we know not where?—Ep. 82, (N. f.)*

*See also the incomparable soliloquy in Hamlet.*

(n) *(Non enim certus numerus quam debeas explere, finitur.) Pincian. reads it with an interrogation; num enim—Have you done all that was your duty to do?*

(o) She was of a noble family, the daughter of *Statilius* the Consul, in the reign of *Claudius*. *See Plin. vii. 48*—It may not, perhaps, be right to mention a relation of mine with this noble lady; yet out of respect to the memory of my father's grandmother, *Mrs. Combes*, of *Windfor*, I cannot help observing that she died of a fall (a violent death) at 107.

(p)

*All the world's a stage;*

*And all the men and women merely players.*

*They have their exits and their entrances;*

*And one man in his time plays many parts;*

*His acts being seven ages.—(incomparably described in Shakespeare's As You Like It.*

*Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,*

*That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,*

*And then is heard no more.—Id. Macbeth.*

(q) Which title, the death recommended under the Note (g) can, by no means, lay any claim to, in any Christian or Heathen.

## EPISTLE LXXVIII.

*On Sickness, Pain, and Death.*

IT is the more disagreeable to me, *Lucilius*, to hear, that you are frequently troubled with colds, and slight fevers, such as generally attend defluxions of so long continuance, as to become constitutional; because I have been subject to them myself, and have suffer'd not a little by neglecting them at the first attack. The strength of youth indeed could support such violence, and stubbornly bear up against these infirmities; but at length the burden was too great for me, and I fell into a severe disorder of this kind. I was quite emaciated (*a*), and began to think that life was not worth preserving: but the old age of a most indulgent father check'd the daring thought: for I consider'd not so much how resolutely I could die myself; but that the loss of me would necessarily afflict my father. I was therefore determin'd to struggle for life. For even this is *sometimes* a manly design (*b*). What at that time particularly comforted me, I will tell you, having first premised, that the things which gave me repose of mind, had the real effect of medicine. Just and pleasant consolations are at times the best of remedies; as whatever raiseth the spirits is of great service to the body.

Know then, I found health in study. I am indebted to philosophy for the recovery of my strength. I am indebted to her for nothing less than my life. My friends indeed contributed somewhat thereto; having supported and comforted me, with their good counsel, watchings, and discourses. Nothing, my *Lucilius*, best of men, so revives, and helps a man in sickness, as the affectionate tenders of a friend: nothing so much alleviates, and steals away the expectation and fear of death. So long as these should live, I did not think I could die: I thought, I say, I should still live, if not in their company yet in their

memory; and that I was not pouring out my spirit, but delivering it up to them. From hence I took upon me the resolution of doing what I could for myself, and of enduring patiently all manner of pain. Otherwise, it would have been very miserable, to have no inclination to die, and yet, make no endeavours to live. Apply therefore the remedies prescribed. As to the rest, your physician will direct you how far you are to walk, and what other exercise to take; he will order you likewise not to indulge that listlessness which an ill state of health is apt to bring upon us; to read aloud; and by exercise strengthen the breath, that labours in its passage from the lungs, so choak'd up as not to have free play; he will sometimes recommend sailing to stir the bowels, and procure an appetite; he will instruct you in what food is most proper, and when to refresh yourself with a glass of wine, or when to abstain from it, for fear it should provoke and heighten your cough.

But such is *my* prescription, that it will not only serve for this disease, but the whole life. *Contemn Death.* Nothing is distasteful, when we have got over the fear of death. There are three things, which in every disease are grievous. *The fear of death, the pain of the body, and the intermission of pleasures.* Of death, we have said enough already. I shall only add, that this fear proceeds not from the disease, but from nature itself. A disease hath often prevented death, and the very thoughts of dying have contributed to health. You will die, not because you are sick, but because you live. Be you ever so well recovered, death still expects you. You have not escaped death but only such a fit of sickness. But to return to what is properly disagreeable and irksome in this respect.

A disease is generally attended with great pains, yet some intervals make even these tolerable. And the more intense the pain is the sooner it comes to an end. No one can suffer any torture long. Kind nature hath been so indulgent to us, as to make our pains either tolerable or short. The most severe are felt in those parts of the body that are less muscular, The nerves, the joints, and the finest membranes rage  
most

most furiously, when they have contracted a vitious humour. But then these parts are soon benumb'd, and in the agony lose the sense of it; either because the animal spirits, being hinder'd from their natural course, and flowing irregularly, lose the power with which they before strengthen'd and animated the body; or because the corrupted humour, having met with a stoppage, deprives the aggrieved part of sensibility. So, the gout in the hand or foot, and every pain of the *vertebræ*, or nerves, finds intermission, when the part they before racked, is deaden'd. The pricking and shooting of the first attack is generally most painful; the violence goes off in time, and ends in stupefaction. The pain of the teeth, eyes and ears is most acute upon this account, nor less certainly the pain of the head: but the more violent this is, the sooner it turns into insensibility or a delirium. This then is our great comfort, when afflicted with any sore disease, that, if we feel it too much, we shall soon feel it no more. But what greatly adds to the torment of the ignorant, is, that, when the body is afflicted, they have no recourse to the satisfaction of a sound mind: the body engrosseth their whole care: therefore a great and prudent man divests himself, as it were, of the body, and converseth much with that divine part of him, the soul; taking no more thought of that frail, and ever-querulous part of him, the body, than is merely necessary.

But it is very grievous, you say, to remit our wonted pleasures, to abstain from food, and to suffer hunger and thirst. I grant, at first such abstinence is irksome; but the hankering after them grows weaker by degrees: nor do the things themselves retain the same incitement and provocation. Hence the stomach grows morose and squeamish, and a loathing comes on even of what we most greedily coveted. Desires themselves often die away, and we cannot think it hard to be denied that which we no longer covet. Add to this, that there is no pain, but what finds some intermission, or certainly a remission. Add likewise, that a disease may sometimes be prevented, or at least checked by timely medicine: for there is no disease but what hath its symptoms, particularly such as we have been subject to before. In short, any disease may be render'd tolerable, by despising the last extre-



mity that it threatens. Make not therefore thine afflictions more grievous than they are by impatience and heavy complaints: the pain is light, when not aggravated by fancy and opinion. If you can be persuaded to comfort yourself with saying, *It is nothing, or in effect very little, let us bear it patiently*; it will be soon at an end; or this very thought will make it easy and tolerable.

All things depend upon opinion: not only ambition, but even luxury and avarice, refer to it. Pain also is proportioned to opinion. Every one is as wretched as he thinks himself to be (*b*). The complaints of former grievances, especially, I think, are to be forgotten, nor any such acclamations to be heard, as, *no one was ever worse: what afflictions, what tortures have I endured! no one could think that I should ever recover: how affectionately did my friends weep for me! when the physicians gave me over! men upon the rack were never tortur'd more.* Though all this may be true; it is now past and gone. What avails it to reflect upon the pains we have suffer'd, and to make ourselves miserable, because we were once so? Besides there is no one, but who makes some additions to his misfortunes, and often gives himself the lye. Not but that there is a certain pleasure in recounting past sufferings; and it is natural to rejoice in an escape.

There are two things therefore to be particularly renounced, *the fear of what may happen, and the recollection of an evil past.* The one is no concern to me now, nor need I anticipate the other. A man under present difficulties may comfort himself with saying,

—Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit. Virg. i. 207.

*An hour will come, with pleasure to relate*

*Your sorrows past——*

But let him strive against them with all his might: he will certainly be overcome if he gives way; but if he bears up with patience and resolution against pain, he will overcome it: but the manner of most men, is, to draw upon themselves that destruction, which resistance might have prevented. That which presseth hard upon you, and is very urgent, if you begin to withdraw yourself, will certainly pursue you,

you, and fall the heavier; if on the contrary, you stand your ground, and seem resolv'd upon opposition, you will drive it from you. How many strokes do the boxers receive on the face and over the whole body! yet a thirst of glory makes them regardless of pain, and patiently bear it; not only because they fight, but that they may fight on. Torture to them is exercise. We likewise may overcome every thing, if we would consider, that the reward proposed to us is not a simple coronet, a palm, or the trumpet commanding silence at the proclamation of our honour; but virtue, strength of mind, and everlasting peace, if in any conflict we have subdued fortune.

But I feel, you say, *great pain*. And how should you do otherwise than feel it, if you bear it like a weak woman? As an enemy is more pernicious to those that fly; so every fortuitous evil presseth hardest upon the submissive coward. *But indeed it is very grievous*; what then? does bravery consist in the sufferance of light things? which had you rather undergo a slow chronic disease, or a sudden, violent, but short, fit? the former can never be so long, but it will have some intermissions, and permit some refreshment; at least it gives time, and must one day come to a crisis, and go off. And a short and violent sickness, will soon, either carry *you* off, or itself. And where is the difference, whether that, or you, shall be no more? in either case, there is an end of pain.

It may likewise be of service to divert the mind with other thoughts, and not so much as to dream of pain. Reflect upon such actions, as were founded upon the principles of honour and virtue: look upon yourself in the best light you can; call to memory such feats as you most admired in other men; and take the bravest of those, whom you know to have overcome pain, for example. There have been found those who could amuse themselves with reading, while their swellings were lanced and scarified: others persisting in a contemptuous smile, while their executioners, the more enraged upon this account, have tried upon them the severest tortures, that cruelty could invent. And shall not reason overcome that pain, which laughter can get the better of?

of? Tell me now what you please of rheums, and the violence of a cough, throwing up part of your lungs; and of a fever burning your heart-strings; of the most painful thirst; and of limbs and joints distorted and dislocated with pain: yet how much more severe is it, to be burned alive; to be torn in pieces on the rack; to have red hot pads of iron laid upon the body; and a pressure made upon the swollen wounds, to renew the pain, and make it pierce the deeper? And yet there have been those who have endured all this without a groan: nay more, they ask'd for no remission: and more, no word could be extorted from them; yet more, they laughed, and earnestly from the soul. After all this, will you not scoff at pain?

*But your disease, you say, will not permit you to do any thing; it prevents all manner of business.* Be it so; sickness indeed restrains the body but *not the mind*; it fetters the feet of the running-footman and will tie up the hands of the cobbler and blacksmith: but if you have learned the right use of the mind, you will still give advice, teach, hear, learn, be inquisitive, reflect, and the like. Besides, do you think you are doing nothing if you are temperate in your sickness? you will hereby shew that your distemper may be conquer'd, or at least supported with patience. Believe me, *Lucilius*, virtue finds a place even in the sick-bed. Not only arms and battles give testimony of a valiant mind, unterrified by danger; the brave man is alike seen under his coverlet. You have still wherewithal to employ you. Contend strenuously with your disease; if it can neither compel you, nor persuade you, to do an unworthy action, you set a rare example. O how great cause of triumph is it, to be look'd upon with admiration on the bed of sickness! look upon, nor scruple to praise, yourself.

Moreover there are two sorts of pleasure; sickness indeed restrains bodily pleasures, but does not altogether take them away: nay, if you judge rightly it rather enhanceth them: the thirsty have more pleasure in drinking; and food is the more tasteful to him that is hungry: whatever we have been commanded to abstain from we now receive more greedily. But no physician can debar his patient the other pleasures  
of

of the mind, which are still greater and more certain. He that follows these, and understands them well, despiseth all the blandishments of the senses. *O, how wretched is a sick man!* and why? because he dilutes not his wine with snow; because he cools not his draught with ice, broken into it, and mixed in a great glass; because no oysters from the *Locrian* lake are opened at his table; because the dining room does not ring with the noise of the cooks that are bringing in their stew pans and chafing dishes. For this too hath luxury introduced; that the meat may not grow cool; that it may be hot enough for the palate, now grown callous; the whole kitchen attends at supper.

*O how wretched is the sick man!* he must eat no more than he can digest, he shall not see a whole boar, messed up and set upon a side table, as coarse commons; nor shall he have the breasts of fowls (for it is not the fashion to see them whole) heaped up for him in different dishes in the larder. And what harm do you suffer in all this? you shall sup as becometh a sick man: nay, sometimes, as if really in good health. But we shall easily endure these things, weak broths, warm water, and whatever the delicate, and luxurious, and such as are rather sick in mind than in body, think intolerable; if we once get over the horror and fear of death: and this we certainly shall do, if we rightly distinguished the ends of good and evil: for by this means neither life would seem tedious or distasteful, nor death terrible. For a life, taken up with reflecting on things so various, so great and divine, can never be cloy'd with satiety. Ease and idleness only are wont to give it a disrelish. Truth never fatigues the mind when traversing the nature of things; it is falsehood alone that gives it a disgust.

Again, if death makes his approach, and calls upon us, though somewhat immaturally; nay, though he cuts us off in the flower of our age, yet the fruit of the longest life may yet have been gathered. Nature for the most part is open to the knowledge of the wise man; who plainly perceives, that virtue (or *what is right and fit*) is not enhanced by length of days. But every life must necessarily seem short to those who measure it by their pleasures, vain, and therefore infinite.

Comfort:

Comfort yourself, *Lucilius*, with these reflections, and at leisure peruse my Epistles. The time will come when we may meet again and converse together: how short soever that time may be it may be lengthen'd by knowing how to use it well. For, as *Posidonius* writes, *Unus dies hominum eruditorum plus patet, quam imperiti longissima ætas, One day enjoyed by the Literati, is of longer duration than whole years among the ignorant and unlearned (†)*. In the mean while adhere stedfastly to these precepts; not to yield to affliction nor put your trust in prosperity; to set the whole power of fortune before your eyes; and to suppose that she will do, what she can do. An evil that hath been long expected, gives the milder stroke when it happens.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) In the time of the emperor *Caius*, who dreading his eloquence, was determined upon his destruction, but he was saved by the declaration of an old woman, *that he was in so deep a consumption it was impossible for him to live long.*

(b) It is always so.—*Pliny* (Ep. l. 22.) speaking of his friend *Titus Aristo*, says, “ He desired us to inquire of his physicians into the nature of his distemper, that if it was incurable he might chuse an immediate death: but if only stubborn, and tedious, he might stand firm and struggle, as he ought; for he thought it not allowable, to frustrate the prayers of his wife, the tears of his daughter, and the hopes of his friends, if there were any grounds for these hopes, by putting an end to his own life. A noble determination; and always proper!—

/f

(c) Si possis sanum fingere, sanus eris.

*Think yourself well, and all complaint will cease.*

/o

(d) From this saying of *Posidonius*, *Muretus* supposes that *Cicero* took in his *Tusculan questions*, l. v. *Unum bene et ex philosophiæ præceptis actum, esse pœne toti immortalitati anteponendum; One day spent well, and agreeable to the precepts of philosophy, is preferable to an eternity of sin.* But more just and sublime is that of the royal *Psalmist*, *One day in thy courts, O Lord, is better than a thousand.* Ps. 84. 10.

/m

## EPISTLE LXXIX.

*On Wisdom. All wise Men equal.*

I Expect letters from you, *Lucilius*, with an account of what new things you observ'd in your voyage round *Sicily*; and particulatly what you have learned of certainty concerning *Cbarybdis*. I know well enough that *Sylla* is a vast rock, and consequently very terrible to sailors, but I should be glad to be inform'd whether the stories related of *Cbarybdis* have any foundation; and if you have observ'd, (for 'tis a thing worthy to be observed) whether it is one particular wind, that forms these hideous whirlpools, or whether every tempestuous wind alike disturbs that boisterous sea: and whether it be true, that whatever is sucked in, is carried under the water many miles, and flung up again in the *Tauromenitan* bay (*a*). When you have oblig'd me herein I will make bold to desire the favour of you to ascend mount *Ætna*; which some have supposed to have been somewhat consumed and lower'd by degrees; as they were wont to shew it formerly to passengers at a greater distance than they do now (*b*). Though this might happen, not because the mountain's height is lowered, but because the fires are weaken'd and do not blaze out with their former vehemence: and for which reason it is that such vast clouds of smoke are not seen in the day time. Yet neither of these seem incredible: for the mountain may possibly be consumed by being daily devoured: and the fire not be so large as formerly: since it is not self-generated here, but is kindled in the distant bowels of the earth and there rages, being fed with continual fuel: not with that of the mountain, through which it only makes its passage. In *Lycia* there is a famous territory, which the inhabitants call *Hephæstion*, where the soil is perforated in many places (*c*). From whence breaks forth a lambent flame, that is not in the least detrimental; the country therefore is still pleasant, and fertile, with good herbage, as the flame does not scorch it,

but only makes it shine with a faint and glimmering brightness. But for the present we shall wave this matter, and resume it again when you have inform'd me how far from the orifice of *Ætna* are those heaps of snow which the summer itself does not dissolve: so little danger are they in, from the neighbouring heat.

Now, there is no reason you should say that I impose this work upon you; for I know, you would indulge your poetical vein herein, though no one required it of you; nay, it would be in vain to pretend to bribe you, not to undertake a description of *Ætna* in verse, or not to treat on a subject that has been thought so worthy the pen of all the poets: For tho' *Virgil* had before elegantly and fully described it; this did not prevent *Ovid* from the attempt; and neither of them debarred *Cornelius Severus* from writing on the same subject. It is a subject moreover so happily copious, that they who have gone before, seem by no means to have exhausted it, but to have opened matter for further explanation. There is also a great difference, whether you undertake a subject that is quite exhausted, or such a one as only exhibits a rough draught; for this daily increases, and supplies room for further invention. Add likewise that the last writer hath generally the greatest advantage. He finds words already prepared, which, under a different arrangement, put on the semblance of something new; nor does he use them as the property of another, but as things in common; and the lawyers say, *that what is in common no one can claim as his own property*. If I know you then, *your mouth waters, as they say*, at a description of *Ætna*: you long to write something great and sublime, and to shew yourself at least equal to those who have wrote before you. For your modesty will not permit you to hope any thing more: nay, it is so great, that I verily believe, you would check your genius in its career, if there was any likelihood of excelling them. Such respect you pay to your predecessors.

Be that as it will; know, that wisdom hath this peculiar good, among many other, that not one professor of it can excell another, but in the time and act of ascending: when they once come to the summit of perfection, there is no room for any advantage of one above another. There

is a full stop to advancement. Can the sun receive any addition to his greatness? or the moon make a further progress than usual? the seas still keep their bounds: and the world maintains one constant order and measure. Such things as have attained their just and proper magnitude, can rise no higher.

All men that are truly wise, are equal and alike; though each may be endowed with a peculiar gift; as one may be more affable, another more expeditious; another more prompt in declaiming; and another more eloquent; but the particular under consideration, *what constitutes the happy man*, will be equal in all. I know not whether your *Ætna* will sink and be consumed; or whether the fire by degrees will first eat away its lofty summit, now so conspicuous many leagues at sea: but this I know, that no flame, no ruin can ever subdue virtue. The majesty of this alone is not to be depressed, nor exalted nor perverted. Her magnitude is fixed like that of the heavenly bodies. To this then let us fashion ourselves; we have gone a great way towards it already; a great way, did I say? I am mistaken. To confess the truth, we have advanced but a little way as yet; It is not goodness, to be better than the worst: who can boast of those eyes, that can behold and admire the brightness of the sun only through a cloud; though in the mean time it is some satisfaction not to be in the dark; yet we enjoy not the pure benefit of light. Then will the mind have wherewithal to congratulate itself, when, set free from the darkness wherein it is now involved, it shall see things as they are; not with these dim visual rays: but a full and continual day, without night, shall shine upon it; and, returning to its own heaven, it shall be restored to the happy mansion, from whence it came into the world. Its first original summons is to soar aloft; it may be there even before it is set free from this prison of clay; when it has thrown off all vice, and shines out pure and splendid with the brightness of divine contemplation.

This then, dearest *Lucilius*, is what we must do. To accomplish this we must use our utmost endeavours: though few men know it and scarce any can see it. Glory is the shadow of virtue; and



attends on its professors whether they will or not. But as sometimes our shadows go before, and sometimes follow us: so glory sometimes precedes, and is visible to all; at other times it stalks behind us, and is so much the larger, as it is later, ere envy is quite destroy'd. How long was *Democritus* taken for a madman? Fame scarce took any notice of *Socrates*. How long was it ere *Rome* knew the value of *Cato*? She even rejected him and knew him not, till she had lost him. The innocence and virtue of *Rutilius*, had never been known, had he not been treated injuriously; but having been wronged, his glory shone out; and he could not but thank his fortune, and enjoy his banishment. I am speaking of those, whom fortune honoured, while she persecuted them. But how many are there, whose merit was never published, till after their decease! how many, whom fame passed disrespectfully by, while living, and raised them, as it were, again, when dead! you see *Epicurus*, whom not only the better learned, but the most ignorant rabble now admire. He was scarce known at *Athens*, where he lived and died in obscurity. He survived his friend *Metrodorus* many years, and making grateful mention, in an Epistle, of their friendship, he added in the conclusion, that *as they had happily partook of manifold blessings in life, it was of very little consequence, that so renowned a country as Greece, should not only pretend not to know them, but scarce ever to have heard of them.* May he not therefore be said to have been found when he was no more in being? and did not his opinion and reputation still grow more famous? this is also what *Metrodorus* confesseth in a certain epistle, that *himself and Epicurus were not indeed as yet sufficiently known, but that the time would come when they both should be readily and highly extolled among those especially who would walk in the same steps.*

No virtue can lie unconcealed long: and even to lie concealed is no detriment thereto. The day will come that shall draw it from the obscurity, wherein through the malignity of the age it is hid and oppressed. He is born but to few, whose thoughts are taken up with those only of his own time. Many thousand years, many thousand people shall come after us. Let these have your regard. Though envy hath enjoyed silence to all your cotemporaries, another race will spring up, that  
that

that shall judge you without prejudice or partiality. And if fame be any recompence for virtue, it will not soon die. 'Tis' true, what posterity will say of us, will not concern, or perhaps reach us. Yet ignorant as we may be of what they are doing, it may please them to reverence our memory, and do us honour. Not that there is any man whom virtue hath not recompensed and dignified, in life as well as in death; provided that he followed her with sincerity and integrity; that he dressed not up himself with a painted outside; that he was still the same man, whether upon warning given, or set upon unprepared, and suddenly surprised. Dissimulation profiteth nothing, A feigned countenance occasionally and lightly put on, can impose upon but very few. Truth is always the same; turn her which way you will. But there is no solidity in falsehood. A lye is generally so thin, that it is transparent, and easily seen through, when narrowly inspected.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

(a) According to Sallust—*Ea (absorpta) circa Tauromenitarum litus egerit.* Vid. Strabo, l. vi.

2 / Dextrum Sylla fatus, laevum implacata Charybdis:  
Obsidet, &c. Virg. iii. 420.

*Far on the right, her dogs foul Sylla hides,*

*Charybdis roaring on the left presides:*

*And in her greedy whirlpool sinks the tides:*

*Then spouts them from below, with fury driv'n,*

*The waves mount up, and wash the face of Heav'n's*

*But Sylla from her den, with open jaws,*

*The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,*

*Then dashes on the rocks:—Dryden.*

(b) *Ælian.* Var. Hist. l. f. c. ii.

(c) *Plin.* l. iv. c. 27.

EPISTLE.

## EPISTLE LXXX.

*True Felicity lies in the Mind.*

I Am entirely my own master to-day, *Lucilius*, not only at my own-request, but a great match at ball (*a*), hath withdrawn all troublesome visitants. No one breaks in upon me to disturb my thoughts: which from this assurance now take a larger range. My door has not creaked as usual; nor has the curtain been lifted up. I can now think as I please; which you know is agreeable to one who loves to have his own way. Do I then not follow the ancients? yes certainly, in some things; but I take the liberty to find out something myself; to change or leave what I dislike; I am not a slave to them, but a follower. But I said too much when I promised myself an uninterrupted privacy. For lo; a great noise reaches me from the *Stadium*, which does not indeed take me from myself, but transfers all my contemplation to the sports there going on. I consider with myself, how many there are who exercise their bodies and how few the mind: what a concourse of people flock to these fights, vain and trifling as they are; and how deserted are the liberal sciences; how weak they are in understanding, whose broad shoulders and brawny limbs we are apt to admire.

But this I chiefly reflect upon, that if the body may be trained up to such hardiness as to bear the blows and kicks of more than one man (*b*); and a man, besmeared with his own blood and dust, can endure all the day long the scorching heat of the sun (*c*), as reflected too from the hot sands; how much easier would it be for him so to strengthen his mind, as to be invincible against the strokes of fortune; and though flung down and trod upon, to be able to raise himself up again, and conquer! The body wants many external things, to render it firm and strong: the mind grows great of itself; is its own nutriment, and exercise: the body ~~wants~~ meat and drink to support it; much oyl to make it lightsome;  
and

and much labour to make it hardy; whereas virtue is attainable without any apparatus or expence. What can make you good, is ever in your own power. And what is that? why, *the will*.

And what can you *will* better, than to deliver yourself from the servitude, which tyrannifeth over the world: and which even slaves of the meanest sort; and who were born to this vile condition, endeavour by all means to cast off? All the little stock of cattle which they can pick up, by pinching their own bellies they are ready to give up, for liberty. And will not you, who thinkest thyself a free-born man, desire this attainment at any rate? why do you cast a look upon your coffers? it is not to be bought. It is an idle thing therefore to set the name of liberty in the tables of manumission; since neither the buyer nor the seller are in possession of it. It is a good which you must bestow upon yourself; *there* apply for it. And first of all extricate yourself from the *Fear of Death*. This is what lays upon us the first and heaviest yoke (d).

Proceed next to discharge the *Fear of Poverty*. If you would be certain that there is no great harm in this, only compare the countenances of the rich and the poor: and you will find that the poor man laughs more frequently and more heartily. No anxiety racks his bosom: whatever befalleth him, it passeth away like a light cloud. Whereas the gayety of those we call happy, is all feigned. Sorrow lies heavy and suppurates at the bottom; and so much the heavier is it, as they cannot give it vent, and dare not discover their wretchedness; but amidst the sorrows that are preying upon their hearts, they are obliged to set a face of felicity upon discontent. I often make use of this example, nor can any other so well express this farce on the stage of life (e), wherein are assigned to us our several parts, which we act so awkwardly (f). The fellow who struts about the stage, and with his head aloft bellows out,

En! impero Argis, regna mihi liquit Pelops,  
Quâ Ponto ab Hells, atque ab Ionio mari,  
Urgetur Isthmos—(g)

is but a needy slave, that hath five bushels of corn and five *deniers* for his pay (*b*): and he that so proudly boasts his strength, saying,

Quod nisi quieris, Menelae hac dextrâ occides,

*Be satisfied, Menelaus, or this hand*

*Shall strike thee dead—*

is but a poor weak wretch, that hath his daily allowance, and lies upon a truckle bed in a garret (*i*). We may say the same of all those delicate minions, who are carried on a litter above the heads of the people, and the gazing mob. Their felicity is all personated, you would utterly despise them were you to take off the mask. When you would buy a horse, you strip it of the saddle and furniture (*z*): you likewise order the slave you would purchase to be turned out naked; lest any blemish of the body should be concealed: and do you estimate a man in all his trappings? nothing is more common than for jockeys and dealers of this kind to hide by some artful sleight, whatever might discredit the thing upon sale: therefore all external ornaments are to be suspected by the buyer. Should you see a leg or an arm bound up, you would immediately desire it to be unswathed, that you may inspect the whole body. Behold that King of *Scythia* or *Samarita*, with the royal diadem glittering on his head; would you know him thoroughly, take off his diadem, and you will find much mischief and cruelty beneath it. But why speak of others? If you would duly weigh yourself, throw aside your wealth, your fine seat and outward dignity: consider yourself within: you now trust to others, who do not so well know you, and therefore cannot shew you, what you are.

#### AN NOT A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Sphzromachiam*] not the common play at ball, like our *foot*, which would scarce have drawn a concourse of people together, but *Sphyromachiam*, as *Pinsien* writes it, *i. e.* *calcium et talorum pugnam*, *inf. foot-ball*. Vid. *Steph. Epist. ad Dalech.* 34. *P. Fab. l. 1. c. 6. Agnif.* *Polluc. l. 9. Præf. Stat. Silv. 4.*

(*b*) They generally fought in pairs, but sometimes a mixed battle, or what we call a *battle royal*; which is here alluded to.

(*c*) So *Cicero*, *Pugiles in exereitati, etiam si pugnos et plagas ferre possint, solem tamen sæpe ferre non possunt. Boxers, not thoroughly exercised, may endure thumps and blows, when they cannot bear the violent heat of the sun.*

IF  
BY

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(*d*) This

(d) This is the true liberty; the end of all philosophy; and to which alludes that paradoxical decree, *Solum sapientem liberum esse; that the wise man only is free.*

(e) Augustus is said, when dying, to have asked, *Whether he was thought to have acted his part well on the stage of life.*

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παρῳδιον, καὶ μάθε παίζειν,  
 Τὴν σκιδὴν μεταθεῖς, ἢ περὶ τὰς ὀδύνας. Anthol.  
*Life is a farce; hence learn to play thy part;  
 Be chearful; and despise a gloomy heart.*

It is impossible here not to be reminded of the wretched if not wicked Epitaph, bestowed on the late Mr. Gay in *Westminster Abbey.*

*Life is a farce, &c.*

(f) Laertius in Zenone; *Εἷναι γὰρ ὁμοίον τῷ ἀγαθῷ ὑποκριτῇ κ. τ. λ. The wise man is like a good actor, who whether he represents Theirtes or Agamemnon, is alike careful to play his part well.*

(g) Taken from the *Atrius* of *Attius.*

*Of Argos I am king: Pelops, my sire,  
 Bequeath'd me kingdoms, whose vast bounds extend  
 From Hellepont to the Ionian sea.*

(b) *Muretus* supposeth this to be the monthly pay.

(i) In *cænaculo*] As *Jupiter* says jocosely of himself in *Plautus* :  
 In superiore qui habito in cænaculo.

(k) Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, apertos  
 Inspiciunt—Hor. *l. i. 2. 86.*

*Our jockeys when a horse is set to sale,  
 Examine him, unclomb'd, from head to tail.*

Sic Macrobius Saturn. i. 11. *Quemadmodum stultus est, qui empturus equum, non ipsum inspicit, sed fratum ejus et frænum. Sic est Qui hominem ex veste aut conditione, quæ modo vestis nobis circumdata est, æstimandum putat. As a man is a fool, who when he is to buy a horse examines no further than the bridle or saddle; he is no less who estimates a man by his outward appearance and condition in life.*

## E P I S T L E LXXXI.

*Of Ingratitude.*

YOU complain, *Lucilius*, that you have met with an ungrateful man. If this is the first time, you ought to thank either your good fortune, or your own care and diligence. But care and diligence can do little or nothing in this respect, unless it were to make you malevo-

lent. For in order to shun this danger, you must never confer a benefit while you live. And so lest benefits should be lost upon others, you will yourself lose the satisfaction of conferring them. However, it would be better they were never recompensed, than not conferred. The husbandman must sow again, though he had a bad crop last year. Oftentimes the plenty of one year makes up for the long unfruitfulness of a barren soil. It is worth while, to make trial of ungrateful men, in order to find one grateful. No one is so certain in the benefits he is pleased to confer, but that sometimes he may be deceived. They must often miss a mark, ere they hit it (*a*). Men venture again to sea after a shipwreck. The usurer still lends his money, though he hath suffered loss by a bankrupt. Life would soon grow dull and stupid in fruitless indolence were we to meet with no rubs in our way. But let this very accident make you kind and generous. For where the event of any thing is uncertain, frequent essays must be made if you desire an happy issue.

But I have said enough of this in my *treatise on benefits*. Our present enquiry, in a point not as yet, I think, sufficiently discussed, seems to be this, *whether he that hath done us some service, and afterwards injured us, hath not balanced the account between us, and released us of our debt?* Suppose likewise this, if you please, *that he hath done us more prejudice than he ever did us good.*

If you apply to the judgement of one somewhat rigid in his disposition, he will release them respectively; and will say, “ though the  
 “ injury done preponderates, yet what is over and above on this side,  
 “ must be given to the benefit. He hath indeed hurt you, but here-  
 “ tofore he was serviceable to you. The time therefore of either must  
 “ be brought to the account. And it is too manifest to need any par-  
 “ ticular admonition, that you ought to enquire, how willingly he served  
 “ you, and how willingly he did any thing to your prejudice. For  
 “ both injuries and benefits are to be measured by the intention. You  
 “ may say, perhaps, I should not have been so bountiful, but I was pre-  
 “ vail’d upon through fear of shame, or by the pertinacy of the im-  
 “ portunate



“portunate supplicant, or by hope. Every obligation arises from  
 “the mind with which a benefit is confer’d: nor is the greatness of  
 “it consider’d, but the will of the person conferring it. Let all con-  
 “jecture now be laid aside, and in the case before put, the benefit will  
 “appear as such, and all beyond it, an injury; but a good man in  
 “settling the account, will condescend to cheat himself, by adding to  
 “the benefit, and subtracting from the injury.”

A more candid judge in this matter would act, as I should chuse to do in the like case; forget the injury, and be always mindful of the benefit. “It is certainly, he will say, consonant to justice, to  
 “give every one their own, to repay a favour, to retaliate an affront, or at least to take it ill”. All this will be true, where one man does an injury, and another confers a favour; but where they both come from the same man, the strength of the injury is extinguished in the benefit. For if it is generous to forgive a man, even though he has not really deserv’d it by any past favours, somewhat more than pardon is due to him who hath injured us, after having confer’d a benefit upon us. I estimate not both alike; but take more notice of a benefit than of an injury. Few know how to repay a kindness gratefully. Even an ignorant rude and vulgar fellow can return a favour, when he hath received one, upon the spot, and in some measure recompense the same; but he knows not his obligation (*b*). It is the wise man alone, who knows what value is to be set upon every thing: the fool I was speaking of, however good his will may be, either repays not as much as he owes, or does it so awkwardly or at such an improper time or place as lavishly to throw away the intended recompense.

There is a wonderful propriety in certain words, and the usage of the antient form of speech points out some things in the most significant and instructive terms. We are wont to say, *Ille illi gratium retulit*, *such a one hath requited a favour*. Now, *referre, to requite*, is to give voluntarily what you owe. We do not say, *gratiam reddidit*, *he hath restored a thing given*; for they may restore a thing, who are demanded so to do, or unwillingly, or just when they please, or by another hand: neither

do we say, *Reposuit beneficium aut solvit, he hath remitted or repaid a kindness*; for no word that signifies the payment of a debt, as of money, pleaseth me in this respect. *Referre, to requite*, is gratefully to bring somewhat to him, from whom you have received: it signifies a voluntary retribution. He that hath *requited* another, hath appealed to, and summoned himself.

A wise man will weigh every circumstance with himself. He will consider what he hath received, from whence it came, when, where, and in what manner. And therefore we deny, that any one, save a wise man, knows how truly to requite a favour. As indeed no one but a wise man knows how to confer a benefit; he, in truth, who rejoiceth more in what he gives, than another does in what he receives. This some perhaps will reckon among those positions that are thought strange and extravagant, and by the *Greeks* called *Παράδοξα, Paradoxes*; and they will say, *what, does no one but a wise man know, how to requite a good turn? you may as well say, that no one but the wise man, knows how to pay a just debt; or, when he buys a thing, to pay a just price for it?* That no blame however may be laid upon us for advancing this seeming paradox, know, that *Epicurus* says the same thing; and *Metrodorus* expressly, *solum sapientem referre gratiam scire, that the wise man alone knows how to love (c) affectionately; and no one but a wise man can be a true friend.* But it is undoubtedly a part of love and friendship to requite a benefit. They may likewise wonder at our saying, *that fidelity is only to be found in the wise man*; as if they themselves did not say the same thing. Do you think a man can possibly be faithful, who knows not how to requite a courtesy? Let them cease therefore to defame us as if we had advanced what is not credible: and let them know that all that is great and honourable is to be found in the *wise man*; and nothing but the resemblance and appearance of it in the vulgar.

No one, I say, knows how to requite a good turn, save the wise man. A fool indeed may do the same to the best of his knowledge, and ability: when knowledge rather may be wanting than good will: for good will is natural and not acquired. The wise man will compare all things with  
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with themselves; for the same thing is render'd greater or less by circumstances, according to the time, place, or manner. It often happens that a thousand pence, given opportunely, does more good than a mass of treasure would at another time. For there is a great difference between giving and succouring: between having saved a man from ruin, or aggrandized him, by your bountiful kindness. A gift may be small, but the consequences of it very great. But what difference is there between a man's retaking what he before had given, or receiving a benefit in order to grant one? Not to return however to those points, which have been sufficiently discussed already, I shall only observe that a good man in comparing benefits with injuries, will judge what is most *right and fit*; will always have his eye upon benefits, and will be more inclined to favour them. Now, the person of the receiver, whether it be of an injury, or a benefit, is of the greatest moment in this affair: for instance; you have done me a kindness indeed in my servant; but you have injured my father; you have preserv'd for me a son, but you have deprived me of a fire; consequently he will pursue and examine all other circumstances, from which every comparison is formed; and if there shall appear but a small difference he will overlook it; or should the difference be great, he will pardon it, provided he can do it without the breach of piety and fidelity; i. e. if the whole of the injury appertains only to his own person (*d*).

The sum of the whole matter is this; he will be easy and gracious in commuting; he will suffer rather more to be set to his account than ought to be; he will be unwilling to discharge a favour upon the consideration of a receiv'd injury; such his inclination, and such his endeavours that he may manifest his desire not only to acknowledge a favour but to requite it. For the man judgeth wrong, who is more solicitous and glad to receive a benefit, than to confer one (*a*). By how much the man is happier who pays, than he that borroweth; so much more joyful ought the man to be who hath discharged a vast debt, incurred by benefits received, than he that lays himself under the greatest obligation in receiving them. For in this also, the ungrateful are deceiv'd, in thinking they have done a great thing, when they have repaid a creditor

creditor somewhat more than his demands; and in supposing that benefits exact no interest. Whereas they certainly encrease by delay of a return: and so much the more is to be paid the longer the payment has been neglected. He is ungrateful who returns a benefit, without some addition, when it is in his power. This therefore is to be taken into the account, when we compare the things received with disbursements.

Every thing, in short, is to be done, that we may appear as grateful as possible. For this is our *own good*: and not, like an act of justice, as is thought, the concern of others. The best part of a benefit returns upon the benefactor. There is no one, who hath done good to another but hath done good to himself. I do not mean that a man having been assisted will be ready to assist, or having been protected will protect, others; or because a good example returns upon him, who sets it, as bad examples generally revert upon the authors; nor does any one pity those, when they suffer injuries, who by their actions have taught others to commit them; but because the value of every virtue subsists within itself. They are not practised with a view to a reward. The reward of a good action, lies in the performance of such an action. I am grateful, not in order to excite others to be more liberal to me, having set such an example, but because it is most agreeable, and very right. I am grateful, not because it is expedient, but because it gives me delight and satisfaction. To convince you of this I assure you, that could I not express my gratitude, otherwise than by a seemingly ungrateful action, I should have recourse to the honest counsel of an upright mind, notwithstanding in so doing I should run the risque of losing a good name. No one seems to have a greater veneration for virtue, no one to be more devoted thereto, than the man who rather than make shipwreck of his conscience is determined to hazard the reputation of a good man. Therefore, as I have before observ'd, thou art grateful, more for thine own good than another's. For nothing but what is ordinary and common happeneth to a man, who only receives what he had given; but to you, somewhat great, and flowing from the most happy temper of the mind, *to have been grateful*. For if the doing evil makes men miserable,



ferable, and virtue renders them happy; and if to be grateful is virtue; though you have done nothing extraordinary, you have attained what is inestimable, the consciousness of a grateful heart, which is not attainable but by a divine and happy disposition.

The contrary affection is for ever attended with extreme infelicity. The ungrateful man will be always miserable: I except not the time present. Let us therefore avoid being ungrateful for our own sake, if not for the sake of others. The least and lightest consequence of wickedness falls upon others, the worst and heaviest part of it stays behind and afflicts the doer. As our *Attalus* was wont to say; *Malitia ipsa maximam partem veneni sui bibit, malignity generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison (f)*. The venom, which serpents throw out to destroy withal, and yet retain without prejudice to themselves, is not like this: for this torments the possessor. The ungrateful man torments and racks himself. He hates the gift he hath accepted, for fear of the obligation of a return; and consequently undervalues it; but exaggerates and magnifies an injury. And what can be more wretched than the man who forgets a benefit, and dwells upon an injury? On the contrary, wisdom extolls a benefit, recommends it to herself, and delights in the daily commemoration of it. The pleasure the wicked enjoy in the reception of a benefit, is but one and short; whereas the pleasure it gives a wise man, is large and perpetual; for he not only feels a delight in receiving, but in having received, which is continual and immortal. He contemns an injury, and forgets it; not through negligence, but wilfully. He takes not things in the worst light: nor does he enquire on whom to lay the blame: but rather imputes the errors and miscarriages of men to misfortune, than to maliciousness. He takes no exceptions either to the words, or to the look of a man. Whatever happens he extenuates by some kind interpretation, and is ever more mindful of a favour than of offence. As far as it is in his power, he fixeth his mind on some former and better object; nor changeth it against those, who have once well deserved: unless the evil far surpasses the former good deeds; and the difference is palpable, though he shuts his eyes; and then goes no farther, than, to appear, after an injury, the

same he was before he receiv'd the benefit. For when the injury is equal to the benefit, there will still remain some spark of benevolence in his mind. As a culprit is acquitted when the opinion of the judges is equally divided: and in all doubtful cases, humanity is always inclined to the merciful side: so the mind of the wise man, where merit is equal to demerit, ceaseth to be really indebted, but ceaseth not to acknowledge an obligation; as one, who after an acquittance in full, still thinks himself in debt.

No one however can be grateful; but who despiseth those things that so greatly affect the vulgar. In order to return an extraordinary favour, you must defy banishment, shed your blood, endure want, and even suffer innocence to be traduced, and subject to the most unworthy reports. It costs a man no small matter to be grateful. But we are apt to think nothing so precious as a benefit when we ask it, and nothing cheaper when we have received it. Do you ask what it is that makes us forgetful of a benefit received? the desire of still receiving more. We reflect not upon what we have obtained, but upon what we still hope to obtain. We are drawn from the right path, by riches, honours, powers and the like: which are dear and precious in our opinion, but in themselves vile and of little value. We know not to estimate things rightly: concerning which we ought not to consult fame and report, but the nature of the things themselves. The things before mention'd have nothing really great in them, to attract our minds, but forasmuch as it is customary to admire them. For, not because they are desirable, are they praised, but because they are praised, they are coveted. And when the error of particulars hath caused a general blindness, to this at the same time may be refer'd any particular error. But as in some things we believe the vulgar, let us take this also upon the same credit, that *nothing is more just and honorable than a grateful mind.*

All cities and nations, in the most remote and barbarous regions, will join to condemn ingratitude. The good and bad all agree in this. There are some who prefer their pleasures: others take more delight in labour and industry; some think pain the greatest of all evils: others scarce

scarce look upon it as an evil; some think riches the most sovereign good, others look upon them as the *root of all evil* in human life; and think that no one can be more happy than the man for whom fortune cannot find out an acceptable gift. Now various as the opinions of men are in these respects; yet all, with *one mouth*, as they say, declare, *that a grateful return is due to the well-deserving*. In this the very rabble, however dissentient in other matters, all agree. And yet we are apt to repay favours with injuries; and the chief reason that any one gives for ingratitude, is, that it was not in his power to be sufficiently grateful. Nay, the madness of mankind is such that it is the most dangerous thing in the world to confer an extraordinary benefit. For, inasmuch as a man thinks it scandalous not to make some return, he wisheth his benefactor out of the world. But whosoever hath been benefited by me, let him enjoy what he hath received. I ask it not again: I insist not upon a requital. There is no hatred more pernicious than that of a man, who is ashamed of not having repaid an obligation.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

(a) *Aberrent—al. non errent,—ut aliquando hæreant.*] *Hæfere omnia tela haud difficili ex propinque in tanta corpora ictu.* *Liv.* l. 27.

— *Pars ad fastigia missas*

*Exultant hæfisse faces,—Stat. Theb.* l. 10.

— *non exiffis.—Gronovius.*

(b) He may return the like favour; yet not make ample amends; for in a favour conferred, other things are to be considered; as *the intention of the mind*; the *propriety of time and place*, &c. as is afterwards observed.

(c) *Epictetus* likewise mentions this among the philosophical paradoxes, and has bestowed a dissertation on the subject, l. 11. c. 22.—*Cic. de Amic. Hoc primum sentio, nisi in bonis amicitiam non esse; Let me premise this, that no friendship can subsist but among the good.* Where by *good*, *Lippius* tells us we must understand *the wise man*. So *Seneca*, de Benef. vii. 12. *Inter sapientes tantum amicitia est; cæteri non magis amici sunt, quàm socii. Friendship is only to be found among the wise; others are to be looked upon rather as companions, than friends.* *Cic. ib. Est autem amicitia nihil aliud nisi omnium divinarum humanarumque rerum, cum benevolentia et caritate consentio. Friendship is nothing, but the complete harmony of all divine and human considerations, with kindness and endearment.* See *Ep.* 5. 9. 35. *Lipf. Manud.* iii. 16.

(d) Then came *Peter* unto him, and said, *Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? 'till seven times?* *Jesus* saith unto him, *I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven.* *Matth.* 18. 21. *Luke* 17. 4.

(e) *It is more blessed to give than to receive.* *Act.* 20. 35.

(f) Thus *Hicrax*, the *Pythagorean*, *Ουτω και πας αδικος, αυτηςτης κακιας πρωτος γευεται, πριν ος αλλος εφίηται.* *Every unjust man has the first taste of his own malignity, before it reaches others.*



## EPISTLE LXXXII.

*On the Study of Philosophy, Virtue, and the Fear of Death.*

I AM no longer, my *Lucilius*, under any great concern for your welfare. What *God* then, you say, do I depend upon for your safety? Why truly on one that deceiveth no man; viz. *A mind, that pursues what is right and fit with pure affection.* Hence the better part of you is in full security. Fortune perhaps may do you some mischief; but what is of much greater moment, I have no fear lest you should prove your own enemy. Go on as you have begun. Fix yourself in such a habit of life as may shew complacency, not effeminate delicacy. I had rather, you should live *ill*, than in soft idleness: by *ill* I mean here, an hard, rough, and laborious life. We often hear the lives of some men praised, (being much envied too) after this sort, such a one lives most *delicately*. Now, what is this but saying *He is a bad man?* For the mind is rendered effeminate by degrees, and soften'd down, as it were, into the likeness of that indolence and idleness wherein it lies buried. And would it not be better for a man to be quite stiff, and senseless? But the delicate are afraid of death, howeverlike it they render life: though I allow there is some difference between repose and the grave. And is it not better, perhaps you will say, so to live, than be tossed about in the whirlpools of officious business? They are indeed alike fatal, both the convulsion of the nerves and the languor of the mind. I think him as truly dead, who lies buried in his perfumes (*a*), as he that is drawn about the streets with a hook (*b*). Retirement without study is death, and the sepulchre of a living man.

Besides, what does it avail a man to have retired? As if the causes of sollicitude and trouble would not follow him, even beyond the seas? What so secret place is there, excludes *the fear of death?* What place  
of

of rest so well guarded as to be raised above the dread of pain and grief? Wherever you hide yourself, human miseries will alarm you. There are many external things which surround us, and either deceive us, or press hard upon us: there are many internal passions which enflame us in the midst of solitude. We must therefore throw ourselves into the arms of philosophy; it is an impregnable wall (*c*), which fortune with all her engines cannot penetrate. The mind that hath once disclaim'd all external things, and is determin'd to quit the field, stands upon an insuperable eminence, protecting itself in its own citadel: while every hostile weapon falls beneath it. Fortune hath not such long hands, as she is generally suppos'd to have; she seizeth on none but such as willingly cleave to her. Let us leap from her as far as we can. But it is the knowledge of self and nature that can enable us to do this. Let a man therefore know and consider, from whence he came: and whither he is going; what is good for him, what the contrary: what to pursue, and what to avoid: what *that* reason is which can distinguish between such things as are desirable, and such as are to be eschewed: and which can assuage the madness of lust, and soften the severity of fear.

There are some indeed who think that even without philosophy, such a mastery is to be gained over the passions; but their security being once put to the trial, they are forced too late to confess the truth. Their big words fail them, when the executioner takes them by the hand, and death stares them in the face. We may justly say to them; *'Twas an easy matter to bid defiance to absent evils: behold the pains now threaten which you boasted were tolerable: behold death, against whom you have often spoke so courageously: the whips jerk; the sword glitters;*

Nunc animis opus, Ænea, nunc pectore firmo.

*Now is the time firm courage to assume. Virg. Æ. 261.*

And nothing but daily meditation can inspire this constancy; if you exercise not the tongue, but the mind; if you are prepared against death; which you cannot be sufficiently exhorted or strengthen'd against; by those who, with certain cavils would fain persuade you, that *Death is no evil.*

And here, *Lucilius*, best of men, I have a mind to ridicule some trifling argumentations among the Greeks, which, as much as you wonder at them, I have not quite discarded: our *Zeno*, for instance, thus argues syllogistically;

*No evil is glorious,  
But Death is glorious;*

Therefore, *Death is no evil.*

You have prevailed, *Zeno*, you have deliver'd me from the fear of death. I shall most willingly stretch out my neck to the sword. Will you not speak more seriously, but make even a dying man to smile? But truly I cannot easily say which I take to be the more silly of the two: he who thought by this question to extinguish the fear of death, or he who pretends to answer it, as if it was at all pertinent to the matter.

Nay, he himself, hath opposed thereto a contrary argument, taken from our placing death among things indifferent, which the *Greeks* call *αδιαφορα*:

*Nothing that is indifferent is glorious:  
But Death is glorious;*

Therefore *Death is not an indifferent thing.*

You see where this question halts, and would impose upon us. *Death in itself* is not *glorious*; but to die bravely is *glorious*. And when he saith, *nothing that is indifferent is glorious*, I grant it, but with this restriction, that nothing is *glorious* but what hath some connection with things indifferent: by *things indifferent*, I mean such, as are neither good nor bad, consider'd in themselves, as sickness, pain, poverty, punishment, death: and I maintain, that none of these things are *glorious*; but may be made so by their connexion. Poverty is not commendable; but it is commendable not to be dejected and bowed down by it: so neither is banishment; but he that is not grieved at suffering it, is praise-worthy. No man praiseth death; but he is justly praised, who is deprived of life, before death could give him any perturbation.

All these things therefore are neither honourable, nor *glorious in themselves*; but whenever virtue joins herself thereto, and hath the management

management of them, they are indeed both honourable and glorious. They are, as it were in common, and have no other difference than what they obtain by their connection with virtue or the contrary disposition. For death which in *Cato* was glorious, was soon after vile and shameful in *Brutus*: I mean *that Brutus (d)*, who when he was about to die, sought all possible means to delay the time; nay he pretended to go aside to ease himself (*e*), and when called forth to die, and commanded to lay his head upon the block; *I will*, says he, *so I may but live*. What madness is it to fly when it is impossible to escape? *I will bow my neck*, says he, *so I may but live*: he had almost said—*even a slave to Anthony*. O worthy man to have thy life given thee! but as I was saying; from hence you may observe, that death, considered in itself, is neither good nor evil; seeing that *Cato* made a glorious use of it; and *Brutus* a most dishonourable one.

Every thing not honourable in itself is ennobled by the accession of virtue. We say such a room is light and magnificent: but how dark and dull is the same by night? It is the day that gives it all its splendour, which the night soon deprives it of: so of those things which we call common and indifferent, as riches, strength, beauty, honours, a kingdom; and on the other hand, banishment, sickness, pain, death, and the like, which we dread more or less, a virtuous or vicious behaviour under them, gives them the title of good or evil. A mass of iron, is neither hot nor cold in itself. It grows hot in the furnace, and is soon made cold by being thrown into the water. Death is honourable, through such means as are honourable, in virtue: and a mind exalting itself above the gifts of fortune. There is also, my *Lucilius*, a great difference even in these common things; for death is not so indifferent a thing, as whether our hair be cut even or not. Death is one of those things, which are not evil, but have the appearance of evil.

There is implanted in every breast a certain self-love, an innate desire of self-preservation, and a dread of dissolution; which threatens to deprive us of many good things, and the enjoyment of such as we have been long accustomed to. This also is what alienates our minds from death; we know the things we enjoy at present; but we know

not what we shall meet with, whither we are going (*f*), and always apt to dread things unknown. Besides, nothing is more natural than the fear of darkness; and this is what death seems to threaten us with. And therefore, however indifferent a thing death may be, yet it is not to be reckon'd among those which may easily be flighted and contemn'd: the mind must be strengthen'd and harden'd by continual exercise against the sight and approach of death; not that it ought to be dreaded so much as it generally is. Many strange things are believ'd concerning it, and many a genius hath been employ'd in encreasing the infamy (*g*). What a terrible description is given of the infernal prison, and the dismal region that labours under perpetual night, where the monstrous keeper of Hell-gates

*Offa super recubans antro femesa cruento.* Virg. 8. 297.

*Æternum latrans exanguis territat umbras.* 6. 401.

*The triple porter of the stygian seat,*

*Now seiz'd with fear forgot his mangled meat—*

*Still may the dog his wandring troops constrain,*

*Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train.* Dryden.

Nay, though you should be persuaded that these are mere fictions and idle stories; and that the dead have nothing to fear, yet very far is this persuasion from taking away all fear; for men are as much afraid of annihilation, as of dwelling in the infernal region. Seeing then that these thoughts often assail us, which long persuasion hath made habitual, to suffer death courageously, cannot but be glorious, and worthy a place amongst the strongest efforts of the human mind. The mind can never rise to virtue, so long as it thinks death an evil: but thither it will rise, if it looks upon death merely as an indifferent thing.

It is not in the nature of things for any one to address with magnanimity what he thinks an evil; slothful and dilatory will be his approach thereto. Now, *that* cannot be glorious, which is done untowardly, and with an unwilling mind. Virtue does nothing by constraint. Add also that nothing can be done decently and well, to which the whole mind hath not bent its strongest application and efforts, and is in no respect whatever repugnant. But when an evil is set before us, it often happens, that the patient suffering of one single evil, shall be swallow'd

up,



up, either in the fear of something worse, or in the hope of some good, which is thought worthy of pursuit. Hence the thoughts of the agent are at variance: and there is something that urgeth him on one hand, to execute his purpose: and on the other hand, what draws him back, and deters him from the suspected peril; therefore, I say, he is distracted in his thoughts: and where this is the case, all glory is lost: for virtue ever performs her resolutions with a steady and constant mind: she is never afraid to enter upon action: Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito (b).

*But thou secure of soul, unbent with woes,*

*The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.* Dryden.

But you cannot go on so boldly, if you think them real evils. This notion therefore must first be rooted out, otherwise suspicion will traverse and stay thy course: or the mind will be forced upon that, which it ought to have undertaken willingly.

The Stoics indeed seem to think the question, as first put by *Zeno*, true; but the other in opposition to it, false and vain. For my part I am not for treating these things *logically*; or having recourse to the knotty quirks of idle sophistry. I think all this kind of business ought to be discarded: wherein he, to whom the question is put, is suspicious of a fallacy, and being brought to confession, answereth one thing, and thinks another. Truth is to be dealt with in a more plain and simple manner; and in order to root out all fear, we must deal more openly and manly. The things which by these sophisters are involv'd in such intricacies, I had rather solve and explain; that I might persuade, and not impose upon, the hearer. When a general is leading an army into the field, there perhaps to die for their wives and children, in what terms will he exhort them! Look upon the *Fabii* (i) transferring the whole war of the republic upon one family. Look upon the *Lacedæmonians* in the streights of *Thermopylæ* (k); without any hopes of victory or a return; when that place seem'd their destin'd grave: what will you alledge in order to intice them to sacrifice themselves for the republic; and rather part from their lives, than their stand? you will say;

*What is evil is not glorious,*

*But Death is glorious*

Therefore *Death is no evil.*

O most powerful harangue! who after this, would scruple to give himself up to the drawn sword, and die upon the spot? But what a noble speech was *that* of *Leonidas*, when he said, *so dine my fellow-soldiers, if ye were to sup in another world*(1) They snapped up their meat; scarcely staid to chew it; nor did any fall from their hands. They went cheerfully to dinner, and to supper both. And how did that brave *Roman* General address his soldiers, whom he ordered to take a certain place, which they could not come at, but by forcing their way through the vast army of their enemies? *There is a necessity, my fellow-warriors, for your going thither, but none for your coming back.* You see how plain and imperious, virtue, or true valour is. What mortal can your circumlocutions make more valiant, more firm, and steady? Such amusements are apt to break the mind, which ought by no means to be contracted and driven into difficulties, at a time, when it ought to be the more enlarged for some great enterprise.

But the fear of death ought to be rooted out not only from the minds of a few hundred, or of an army, but of all men in general. And how will you teach them, that it is not an evil? How will you overcome the prejudices of men, in every age, imbibed from their very infancy? What help will you find? What remedy will you propose for the weakness of human nature? What will you say to animate men so, as to make them rush into the midst of danger? With what harangue will you avert this universal fear? With what strength of reasoning will you dissuade mankind from a persuasion, so universal, and determined against all you can say? Will you study captious words, and form petty questions? Know that mighty monsters are not to be quelled but by mighty weapons. In vain did the *Roman* soldiers discharge their slings and quivers against that large and cruel serpent in *Africa*, which was more terrible to the *Legions* than war itself. Like the *Python* he was invulnerable, when from the vast and solid bulk of his body, the steely weapon, or whatever else was thrown by mortal hand, rebounded; but at length he was crushed by mill-stones<sup>(m)</sup> And do you now throw such petty weapons against death? Will you encounter a lion with a bodkin? They are sharp things which you advance. And what is sharper than the bearded ear of barley? But their own fineness makes some things useless, and ineffectual.



## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) Theognis, v. 1193. Ἀσπалаδοὶ δὲ ταπεινὸν ὁμοίω στρωμα θανάτου.

————— to the dead,

To lie on thorns or tarestry, is the same.

(b) As they treated criminals, both before and after execution.

(c) So *Antisthenes* ap. Laert. Τάχην κατασκευαστίων ἐν τοῖς ἡμῶν ἀγαλωτοῖς λογισμοῖς. For as it was said with great applause on the stage——

—— Si regnum a me Fortuna atque opes

Eripere quivit, at virtutem non quit.

Fortune may rob me of my wealth and throne;

She can no more: still Virtue is my own.

(d) This must be understood of *Decius Brutus*, who, as *Vellius* writes, flying for shelter to the house of one *Capennis*, a nobleman, was there slain by those whom *M. Anthony* sent in pursuit of him. For this contemptuous relation will by no means suit with the story of the famous *Marcus Brutus*, the friend and assassin of *Caesar*. See *Valer. Max.* l. 9. c. c. 13.

(e) For this anecdote we must give credit to *Seneca*, as not related elsewhere. *Lippus* gives you the like story of one *Cneius Carbo*, from *Valer. Max.* l. 19. 13. who mentions the death of *Brutus*, but without this circumstance.

(f) Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown, with restless violence, round about  
The pendant world, or to be worse than worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagines howling!—'tis too horrible.  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear in death.—*Shakesp.* Measure for Measure.

(g) *Plato* also highly inveighs against the poets for making Death, terrible enough in itself, much more terrible by such their fictions and idle stories. *Vid.* de Republ. l. 3.

(h) To which some copies add that unnecessary hemistich——  
Quàm tua te Fortuna finet——not in *Virgil*.

(i) *Fabius* (so called from *fabas*, a *bean*, being the first planter of beans in *Italy*) with his family and children, 300 in number, waged war with the *Veiates*, and were all slain to one man: from whom was descended this noble family down to the celebrated *Fabius Maximus*, Consul with *Julius Caesar*, Ann. M. C. 709.

(k) Thermopylæ] The straits between the mountains of *Thessaly* and *Phocis*; where *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, opposed a vast army of the *Persians*.

(l) As I think it is somewhere said by *Cæsar*, *Fight on, my brave fellow-soldiers, you will either conquer or sup with Jupiter.*

(m) *Ne Python quidem vulnerabilis---al. invulnerabilis---ne pilo quidem vel ne publis---Erasm.* *ne Pythio (i. e. Apollina) Suret.* But I am more apt to think, with *Pincian*, that the whole sentence is not genuine. Or, if I may not be allowed the sense given it in the translation, I should sooner prefer *Erasmus' pilo*, (i. e. *he was invulnerable to the pyke or spear*) than either *Python* or *Pythio*.

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EPISTLE LXXXIII.

*On Drunkenness.*

IT seems you are inquisitive, *Lucilius*, to know how I spend my time, even my whole time; and are pleased to entertain so good an opinion of me as to think, that I desire not to conceal any part of it from you. Indeed we ought so to live, as in the sight of man; and so to employ our thoughts, as if the inmost recesses of our hearts were open to some inspector. They certainly are so: for what avails it to keep any thing secret from man; when we can hide nothing from God! He is intimate to our souls (*a*); and interposeth himself in our common thoughts; so indeed as never absolutely to leave us. I will oblige you therefore in your request, and will transmit to you in writing how I pass my time, and after what method I generally act. I will, forthwith, make some observations on myself; and what is truly useful and of consequence, review the day past.

Nothing contributes more to the making men worse, as to their morals, than their not regarding their past conduct. We think indeed upon what we are about to do; though this but seldom; and what we have done, is entirely forgotten. Good counsel however for the future depends, in a great measure, upon the experience of what is past. This, my *Lucilius*, hath been a complete day with me (*b*): not a person hath broke in upon a moment of it. The whole was divided between my  
couch

couch and reading-desk: very little allowed for exercise of the body: I am oblig'd to old age for this; it puts me to very little trouble in this respect; when I stir, I am soon tired. But this is the common end of exercise, even to the strongest. Would you know, who are my companions (c) herein? One is enough for me, *Eurinus*, an amiable boy not unknown to you. But I must change him. He grows too robust for me. He says indeed, that we are both at the same crisis of age, forasmuch as we are shedding our teeth; but the young rogue runs too fast for me; I can scarce overtake him; and in a few days I shall not be able; so much he gains upon me by daily exercise. In a very short time there is a great distance between two that are travelling different ways. As he is going up, I am going down: and you know how much swifter the one travels than the other. Did I say, I was going down? I was mistaken; for my age is such I am not going, but falling down. But would you know how ended this day's contention between us? why, as seldom it does between two racers, neither of us beat (d).

From this, rather a fatigue, than exercise, I go into the cold bath; I do not mean such as is extremely cold: for I (who took so much delight in bathing and swimming that even on the *Kalends of January*, I would leap into the coldest pond; and as I was wont to begin the new year (e) with reading, writing, or dictating something, as a foretoken of success; so began I to bath, by plunging into spring water) first moved my tent to the river Tyber (f), and afterwards had recourse to the bathing tub: which, as I am yet pretty strong, and would have all things done as should be, the sun alone sufficiently warmeth for me. I spend not however much time in bathing; and after that, I eat a piece of dry bread, or biscuit, and dine without a table; nor have I any occasion to wash my hands after dinner. I sleep a little while: you know my custom: my sleep was always very short; I rest, as it were a while (g); and think it enough not to be broad awake. Sometimes indeed I know that I have slept; but sometimes I only think so. Lo! the noise of the *Circus* is continually buzzing in my ears, and sometimes strikes them with a sudden and universal shout: however it does not chase away my thoughts: nor even interrupt them. I bear the clamour most patiently: and the many voices, that are joined together in one con-

fused sound, are no more to me than the rolling of a wave, or the rustling of wind through a wood; and the like insignificant noises.—And what of all this? why, I will tell you now, what I was meditating upon. For I am still reflecting upon the same to-day as yesterday: *what those wise men could mean, who in some serious matter, used the most trifling and perplexing arguments: which however true were to be suspected of a falsity.*

Zeno, (*b*) for instance, that most extraordinary man and the founder of the bravest and most religious sect, proposed to deter man from drunkenness. And you shall hear in what manner he proves that a good man will never be drunk.

*No one trusts a secret to a drunken man:*

*But a good man is trusted with secrets.*

Therefore, *A good man will not be drunk.* (Ebrius.)

But observe now how you may play upon him with the alike-form'd syllogism: for one of many will serve our present purpose:

*No one commits a secret to one that is asleep,*

*Secrets are committed to good men:*

Therefore, *A good man will not sleep.*

Pofidonius endeavours, as well as he can, to defend our Zeno herein: but, in my opinion, he makes but a poor defence of it. For, he says, that a man may be called *a drunken man* two ways; the one, when he is overcharg'd with wine, and not master of himself; the other, when he is subject to this vice, and only now and then gets drunk. Zeno here means the latter, one that is subject to be drunk, not one that actually is so; and *such a one*, he says, *no one will trust with a secret* lest he should blab in his cups. But this is false. For the former syllogism absolutely includes the man that *is drunk*, not one that may be so: as there is a great difference between (*Ebrium* and *Ebriosum*), *one that is drunk*, and *a drunkard*. For it may be that he who is now drunk, was never so before: and he that is a drunkard may often be sober; therefore by the word, *Ebrius*, I must understand what is generally meant by the same, *one that is drunk*; especially as the word is used, by a man of learning, and profess'd diligence in weighing well his expressions. Add likewise, that Zeno, if he understands him, hath left  
room

room for a fallacy, by using an ambiguous word, which by no means becomes a man, who is in search of truth.

Be this as it will; he could not but know that the major (first) proposition is false, *no one trusts a secret to a drunken man*. For consider how many soldiers, who are none of the soberest people, are trusted with secrets by their general, the tribune or centurion. *Tullius Cimber* was trusted with the secret of a conspiracy against the life of *Cæsar* (I mean *Caius Cæsar*, who having overcome *Pompey* seized upon the government) as well as *Caius Cassius*. *Cassius* had, all his life, drank nothing but water: *Tullius Cimber* was scarce ever sober, and a prattler. He used often to jest upon himself, saying, *How can I carry any one, who cannot carry my wine?* Let any one now name those, whom he thinks worthy to be trusted with a secret, but not with wine. I will give you one example, that recurs to me, before I forget it. For life is best instructed by some famous example; nor need we always have recourse to antiquity. *Lucius Piso* (*i*), The warden of the city, after he was once drunk, spent the greater part of the night in banqueting and riot: and then would he sleep 'till noon the next day, which was generally his morning. Yet was he very diligent in the administration of his office, wherein depended the security and welfare of the city: even the god-like *Augustus* entrusted him with secret orders, when he gave him the government of *Tbrace*, which he had subdued. And *Tiberius*, when he was going into *Campania*, and leaving *Rome*, in suspicion and disgust, yet, I suppose, because drunkenness had no worse an effect upon *Piso*, made *Cossus* (*k*) governor of the city in his absence. Now *Cossus* was a grave and moderate man, but would sometimes get so very drunk as to be carried out of the senate, (when he was come thither from some banquet) overwhelm'd with so found a sleep, that it was impossible to wake him: yet to this man did *Tiberius*, with his own hand, write many things, with which he was afraid to trust his own ministers: and never did a secret, either of a public or private nature, drop from *Cossus*.

Let us hear no more than those frequent declamations,—*the mind has no command of itself, when fetter'd with drunkenness.--As barrels are burst*  
with

*with new wine, and the lees are thrown to the top by fermentation; so when wine boils within a man, and stupefies the brain, whatever secret is hid in the heart, it is thrown up and made public.*--I own this may sometime happen, yet it also happens, that we scruple not to consult even in serious and necessary matters with those, who are given to wine. This is false therefore what is here set forth as an indisputable maxim, that *a secret is never entrusted to a man who is subject to drunkenness*: How much better is it openly and plainly to accuse, and shew forth the vice and folly of it; which even a decent man would avoid, and much more one that is wise and perfect: who is satisfied with quenching his thirst; and who, at a time of mirth, though it be carried to a great height upon some extraordinary occasion, still refrains from drunkenness.

We shall dispute hereafter, whether the mind of a wise man may be disturb'd by too large a dose, and whether he will act as drunken men generally do. In the mean while, if you would prove that a good man ought never to be drunk, what need is there of having recourse to syllogism? Rather shew, how ridiculous and vile a thing it is, for a man to pour down more than he can hold, and not to know the strength of his constitution.--How many things drunken men are apt to do, which when sober they would be ashamed of.--And that drunkenness is nothing else but a voluntary madness.--And, suppose this evil habit to grow upon a man (*I*), can you doubt of its being somewhat more than madness, even rage and fury? The fit is not less though it be shorter.--Declare how *Alexander*, King of *Macedon*, slew at a banquet *Clytus*, his dearest and most faithful friend; but being made conscious of the fact, when sober, he desired to die, and indeed he deserv'd no better (*m*).

Drunkenness heightens and displays every vice. It takes away modesty, the usual restraint upon every bad intention. For many, it is to be feared, abstain from vice, more through the dread of shame, than their own good will. When the strength of wine hath overpower'd the mind, whatever evil lay conceal'd therein, is apt to emerge. For  
drunkenness

drunkenness does not so much create faults as it betrays them; for then it is, that the libidinous stay not for the privacy of a chamber, but as far as they can, indulge their desires without delay: then it is, the debauchée confesseth openly his disease: and the petulant and wanton, give a loose to their vicious inclination: the pride of the insolent, the savageness of the cruel, and the malice of the spiteful, grow stronger hereby: in short, every vice shews itself in its proper colours.

Add that stupidity and ignorance of a man's self; his stammering and unintelligible way of speaking; his eyes see double; the roof seems to shake, and the whole house to run round: the stomach is sick and painful, while the wine is fermenting therein, and preying upon the vitals: however tolerable it may be while there is any strength left in the liquor, what must it be when corrupted by sleep? and what was drunkenness before, is now become an intolerable crudity.

Think also what cruel slaughters public riot and debauch have sometimes occasion'd. This is what hath given up the most fierce and warlike nations into the hands of their enemies; hath broken down walls, that were defended with a most stubborn war for many years: this hath drove into captivity the most brave and resolute contemners of subjection; and hath conquer'd the unconquerable in battle. *Alexander*, whom I before mention'd, and who was carried safe through so many journeys, so many engagements, so many winters, in which he overcame the difficulties of both time and place, through so many rivers whose sources were unknown, and through so many dangerous seas, was at last overthrown by an intemperate draught; and that *Herculean* (n) and fatal cup quite buried him.

What glory is there in being able to hold a great deal? When you have gained the victory; and your fellow-fots, overcome with sleep and nauseousness shall refuse to pledge you any more; when you alone survive the whole company; when you have conquer'd them all with most magnificent valour (o); and you boast that no man can carry so much wine as yourself? Lo! you yourself are overcome by (or cannot carry so much as) an hoghead.

What

What was it else but drunkenness, and the love of *Cleopatra*, no less strong than wine, that destroy'd *Mark Anthony*, (a very great man, and of most noble endowments) and led him into foreign manners, and vices not his own, nor of Roman growth? It was this, that made him an enemy to his country, and his enemies an overmatch for him: this taught him cruelty; when he ordered the heads of the princes of the city to be brought to him at supper; when amidst the most exquisite dainties that luxury could invent, or royal affluence administer, he took pleasure in beholding the scalps and hands of the proscribed; when full of wine, he yet thirsted for blood. It would have been intolerable in him to have done what he did, had he been sober; but how much more intolerable was it for him to do these horrid things in a drunken riot? Cruelty commonly attends upon drunkenness. For the sanity of the mind is hereby disturb'd (*p*) and exasperated. As long diseases make the eyes so weak as not to endure the least glimpse of the sun; so, an habit of drunkenness weakens the mind: for as men are often not masters of themselves, being inured to such vices as are conceived by lavish drinking, they are apt to perpetrate the same without the instigation of wine.

Declare therefore that a wise man ought never to be drunk; show the deformity and indecency of it, not by words only, but from fact, which is very easy to be done. Prove that these which are called pleasures, when they exceed the proper mean, become punishments. For if you will argue that a wise man may perchance be intoxicated with wine, and yet not err, or go astray; you may as well say, that a man will not die, though he hath drank poison;—that opium will not make him sleep; nor *bellebore* purge him.—But when his feet trip, and his tongue falters, why should you think him only half-gone, or fuddled? *He is drunk.*



## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) *Epictetus* to the same purpose (l. 11. c. 8.) *What you would not do before the statue or image of a God, that you dare do, notwithstanding God certainly sees and hears every thought, word and deed. Thou wretch, ignorant of thine own nature, and hateful to the Gods!* But our business is with the holy Scriptures, where this sentiment is so frequently and particularly inculcated. 1 Sam. 16. 7. 1 Kings. 8. 39. 1 Chron. 28. 9. Job, 26. 6. 28. 24. 31. 4. 34. 21. 42. 2. Ps. 7. 9. 44. 21. 139. 4. 11. 12. Prov. 5. 21. 15. 3. Jer. 11. 20. 16. 12. 17. 10. 20. 12. 3. 19. Zeph. 1. 12. Eccles. 17. 19. Luk. 16. 15. Act. 1. 24. 15. 18. 3 Joh. 3. 20. Rev. 2. 25.— See Ep. 41. De Benef. l. 4. c. 8.

(b) *Hodiernus dies solidus est.* Hor. l. 1. 20. nec partem solido demere de die spernit.

Vid. Sidon. Apoll. p. 402.

(c) *Progymnastas*] *Muret.*—Which word is used by *Plato* and *Xenophon*, in the same sense with *Syngymnastas*, i. e. eos qui una cum aliquo exercentur. *Poll.*

(d) *Hieram fecimus*] We both come equally tired to the middle line of the race, which line is called *hierā*; so neither of us beat. By *ισπάρ* (*Subaud. ἀσπάρ*) is meant a vehement and most laborious race, as the mariners say, *facram anchoram*, and the physicians *facram dosin*, *ισπάρ κωπύας*. *Erasm.*

(e) On this day the *Romans* generally began what they intended for the chief employ of the ensuing year, by way of good luck.

Quisq; sua artes ob idam delibat agendo,  
Nec pluraquam solitum testificatur opus. *Ovid.*  
Each gives this day a specimen, in part,  
Whereto he's destin'd to display his art.

(f) As being somewhat warmer than spring water.

(g) *Quasi interjungo*, al. *intervigilo.* They are said, *interjungere*, when on travelling they take off their horses to give them a bait. *Horace* calls it, *iter dividere*,

Hoc iter ignavi dividimus.  
So *Varro*, *Diem dividere*,  
Exarfitque dies, et hora  
*Interjungit equos meridiana.*

*Quidam medio die interjungebant et in pomeridianas horas aliquid levioris operæ distulerunt.* *Sen. de Tranquil.* l. 1.

(h) *Zeno* was owner of a thousand talents, when he came from *Cyprus* into *Greece*; and he used to lend money on ships at an high interest. He kept in short a kind of an insurance-office. He lost this estate perhaps when he said, *Rectè senè agit Fortuna; quæ nos ad philosophiam impellit, I am greatly obliged to Fortune, for reducing me to the study of philosophy.* Afterwards he received great presents from *Antigonus*. So that his great frugality and simplicity of life was the effect of his choice, and not of necessity. *Div. Livy.*—He rejoiced that he had been thrown by shipwreck on the *Athenian* coast, as he owed to the loss of his fortune the acquisition which he made of virtue, wisdom, and immortality.—*Bolingbroke* on *Exile*.

(i) The Emperor *Tiberius*, at the very time he was reforming the manners of the people, gave up one night and one day to drinking and feasting with *Transponus*, *Blotus*, and *Lucius Pifo*, in one of which he gave the province of *Syria* immediately, and to the other the government of the city.

(k) *Lippius* doubts whether this was *Cornelius Cossus*, who was consul under *Augustus*, ann. 752, or his son, consul under *Tiberius*, ann. 778—most probably the latter.

(l) *Extendē in plures dies illum ebrii habitum.* MS. In some copies the word *dies* is wanting, in others it is written in *plures vires*.

(m) *Facinore intellecto mori voluit, certē debuit.* *Muret. al. mori voluit.* Certē eruit omne vitium ebrietas—*al. certē delituit.* And indeed *Alexander* is said to have kept himself many days within, after this fact, discovering hereby how much he was ashamed of it. See *Quint. Curt.*

(n) *Herculeanus scyphus*] *Plutarch*, in his Life of *Alexander* informs us, “that, at an entertainment given by *Medius*, *Alexander* drank all that night and the next day to such excess, as put him into a fever, which seized him, not as some write, after he had drank off *Hercules’ bowl*; nor was he taken with a sudden pain in his back, as if he had been stricken with a lance; (for these are the inventions of some authors, who thought it became them to make the conclusion of so great an action as tragical as they could.) *Aristobulus* tells us that in the rage of his fever and a violent thirst, he took a draught of wine, upon which he fell into a frenzy, and died, *æt. 32.* The large glasses were called *Herculean*, from the use of them, by *Hercules* the *Bœotian*, always used as the *finishing glass* after supper. *Και τοι σκυφον εἶχον αὐτὸ ἐπιδειπνῶν τῶν Ἡρακλέους. Nicet.*

(o) *Hi sunt, quorum laudari audis—inter vina Victorias.* *Sidon. Apoll. l. 5. 7.* Vid. *Not. ubi, D. Ambrosius*, *ibi unusquisque pugnas enarrat suas, ibi fortia facta prædicet, narrat trophæa.* Et, *Polycrat. l. 8. c. 6.* *Sine mensura bibitur ad mensuram, is cæteris prævalet, qui aut gulâ, aut dolo, fraivit aut vicit compôtatores.*

(p) *Violatur—sanitas mentis*] *al. Vallatur.* MS. *Villatur, vilatur, bellatur, bullatur, unde Pincian, belluatur, i. e. in bellæ naturam transit, is made a beast. Lippius, fellatur, aut biliatur. Gronov. libatur, i. e. vexatur, carpitur, vel vexatur, ut mentem vexare mariti. Juv. 6. 610.*

(q) *Plato* (in *Cicerone*) *Σοκράτης ἐν ταῖς ἐνορχήσις, κ. τ. λ.* *Socrates was not fond of drinking at an entertainment, and when obliged by the company, he was generally too strong for them, so that none can say, they ever saw Socrates drunk.*

Not but that, if a wise man should be overtaken, as it was by chance, not by intention, *Lippius* thinks it excusable.

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## EPISTLE LXXXIV.

### *On Reading, and the Study of Wisdom.*

**I** THINK, *Lucilius*, that the little excursions I make in my chariot by way of exercise, are of great service to me, both with regard to my health and studies. You plainly see wherein they are beneficial to my health, forasmuch as the love of learning and constant application there-

But not to digress farther from the business in hand, I say, we ought to imitate bees: and whatever things we have extracted from different books, first, to separate them; for being distinct they are the more easily remember'd; and then to apply ourselves with the utmost care and strength of mind, to transform these various dainties into one dish; that even if it should appear from whence it was taken, it may yet appear a very different thing to that from whence it was taken. This is what we daily see perform'd by nature in our bodies, without any assistance from us. The aliments which we receive into the stomach, so long as they retain their own qualities, and float intire therein, are a load to it; but being digested and changed from what they were, they pass into our substance and blood. We must do the same, by those things, with which we nourish and strengthen the intellectual faculties: we must not keep them intire, as we received them; for so they will not be ours, but we must digest them, or else they will only be a charge upon the memory, without improving the understanding. We must sincerely give our assent to them, and make them our own: that one certain thing may be made of many; as from several figures ariseth one certain number; and one single computation includes many less and different sums.

And this likewise is what the mind must do; it must conceal as much as possible the helps it hath been oblig'd to; and only make shew of what it hath done itself. Should there still remain the resemblance of some one, whom admiration hath fixed deeper in your mind, and made so strong an impression, that you cannot easily quit it: I would have it to be such a resemblance as is that of a son, rather than that of a stupid and lifeless image. And what then? you will say: will it not be known, whose style you imitate; whose arguments, whose sentiments? perhaps not; if you follow some great man; who in his compositions hath not distinguish'd what he hath taken from others, by any particular mark, so as to exhibit a similitude (*d*).

Do you not observe that a choir consists of many voices? yet from all ariseth but one harmonious sound. One voice is treble, another  
bass,

bass, another the mean or tenour; the voices of women are joined to those of men: and the flutes and other instruments are likewise added: yet the tone of no voice or instrument is heard in particular, but they are all happily blended in one: I am speaking of such a choir, or musical performance, as was known to the antient lovers of Music. At the representation of a play we have as many fingers as in the Theatres formerly they had spectators (*e*). And yet when every avenue is filled with fingers, and the whole pit is surrounded with clarinets, and from above in the galleries is heard the sound of the organs, and other wind instruments; even from such dissonant tones ariseth harmony. Thus, I say, I would have it with our minds; there should be many arts, many precepts, the examples of many ages, all lodged therein, and yet all conspiring together to constitute one form, or manner of life. But how is this to be done? why, by care and the steady pursuit of rational principles. If we do nothing but what our reason directs; if we attend to the dictates of this alone; she will say to us; leave those things which you now so greedily pursue; give up riches,—which either endanger, or are a burthen to their owners; renounce the trifling pleasures both of the body and mind; they serve to no other purpose but to lull you into softness and effeminacy: forsake ambition; 'tis a quality, light, inconstant, full of pride and vanity; it knows not where to rest; and is alike troubled in following as in preceding others: it labours under two sorts of envy: and you know how wretched a man must be who is both envied himself and envieth others. Behold those palaces of the great! How are their doors pester'd with the squabbling throng of Leveé-Hunters! what affronts must you submit to, before you gain admittance? and how many more when you have crouded in? pass therefore regardless, by the steps, and lofty terrace (*f*) that leads to the rich man's door; in such their court-yards, you will not only be raised aloft, but stand on slippery ground.

Hither then chuse to direct your course; even to the house of wisdom aiming, at the same time, to enjoy both the most quiet situation and the most noble. Whatever things seem excellent, in worldly affairs, though they are really small and of no account, but in comparison with the  
 most

most vile and abject, yet to attain them is still a difficult and arduous task. The way to the summit of dignity is rough and craggy. But would you climb the Hill of Wisdom, to which I invite you, and to which fortune submits with all her treasures, you shall see all those things, which are in highest estimation lie beneath you, nor shall you complain of having reach'd the top, but by a smooth and easy path.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 15.

(b) See the following as transcribed by *Macrob.* Saturnal. 1.

(c) *Strabo* l. 15. *It is said they extract honey from the reeds, where they have no bees.* But this is to be understood of what we call, by the ARABIC name, saccharum, sugar.

Quique bibunt tenera dulces ab arundine succos. *Luc.* 3. 237.

*Who quaff rich juices from the luscious cane.*

(d) See Sir John Hawkins on Music, vol. iv. p. 272.

(e) (g) In comessationibus nostris] *In our feasts.* But Lipsius thinks it stretching the point a little too far, to say, that *in their feasts they had more fingers, than the ancient theatres had spectators.* He therefore reads it as here translated, in comissionibus nostris sc. ludorum. *Lips.* Epist. Qu. iii. 9.

At tuba comissos medio canit aggere ludos.—*Virg.* iii. 113.

*The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims;*

*And all prepare for the appointed games.* Dryden.

(f) Magno aggestu suspenſa vestibula]—aggestu (Spoliorum sc. quæ postibus affigi solent.) *Lips.* But *Gronovius* more rightly understands it of the structure itself.

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EPISTLE LXXXV.

*Virtue alone sufficient to make Life happy. \**

I HAVE hitherto spared you, *Lucilius*, and not troubled you, with such points as seem'd knotty and difficult; contenting myself with only giving you a taste (a) of the arguments, alledg'd by the *Stoics* to prove, that *virtue alone is sufficient to procure an happy life.* But now you require



quire me to collect whatever traditionary proofs and deductions they have advanc'd, to confirm this their opinion: which, was I to undertake, I should be oblig'd to send you a book, instead of an Epistle. I again and again protest that I am no admirer of such kind of syllogistical reasoning. I am ashamed to enter the lists, in behalf of a cause that concerns both heaven and earth, armed only with a bodkin: as thus:

*He that is prudent is temperate;*

*He that is temperate is constant;*

*He that is constant is undisturb'd;*

*He that is undisturb'd knows no sorrow;*

*He that knows no sorrow, is an happy man;*

Therefore *The prudent man is happy; and prudence alone is sufficient to the attainment of an happy life.*

Now, this collective syllogism (c) is answer'd by some of the Peripatetics in this wise: they conceive, that, when we talk of a man, *undisturb'd, constant and sorrowless, a man is undisturb'd who is disturb'd very seldom, or in a small degree, not one, who is never disturb'd at all: and that a man may be said to be sorrowless, who is so circumstanc'd as in a great measure to be free from sorrow; nor is often, or in any great degree subject to this passion: for, say they, it would be to deny the nature of man, to suppose the mind of any one to be absolutely free from sorrow. They grant that though a wise man may not be overcome with grief and pain, yet it is impossible that he should not feel it.* Such are the allegations of these philosophers, and of all who espouse their sect: They take not away the affections, but only moderate them. But how little honour do we pay the wise man, if we only suppose him stronger than the weakest; merrier than the most disconsolate; more temperate than the libidinous; and greater than the meanest. What if *Ladas (d)* was proud of his own swiftness, when he only compared himself with the lame and weak?

*Illā vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret*

*Gramina, nec cursu teneras læsisset aristas,*

*Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis*

*Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas (e).*

*Laß*

—*Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came—*

*Outstript the winds in speed upon the plain;*

*Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain;*

*And while her course she bends o'er raging waves,*

*Her nimble feet no saucy billow leaves.—Dryden. *Landerdale.**

This is swiftness indeed, consider'd in itself, and not estimated from a comparison with the slow of foot. What if you call him sound who has a slight fever? a gentle fit is by no means sound health. But says the *Peripatetic*, a wise man is said to be undisturb'd; as we say, fruit is not stony, or unkernel'd, (f) not because it has no kernels but because it has only a few, and those not hard. This is false, for in a good man, I do not suppose a diminution of evil, but an entire exemption from it; there ought, I say, to be none: not the least imaginable: for if there be any, they may possibly encrease, and give him trouble. As a large and confirm'd cataract quite blinds the eye, so a small film darkens it. If you allow passions to the wise man, it is possible that reason may not be able to master them, and he may be carried away by them, as with a torrent; especially when you suppose him struggling, not with one passion only, but with a tribe of them: be they as small as they will, the strength of a multitude can do more, than one alone, however great and violent (g). He is covetous, but in a moderate degree; he is ambitious, but not very eager: he is passionate, but soon appeas'd; he is inconstant, but not vague and roving; he is libidinous, but not furious; be it so, he however is more easily managed, who is subject to one vice alone, though entire and in full force, than one, who is subject to every vice, though in a light degree. But in truth, it signifies not how great or little the passion is, when it knows not how to obey, nor will admit any counsel; as no four-legg'd animal, be it wild or ever so domestic and tame, will attend to the voice of reason; it is the nature of them to be deaf to persuasion; so is it with the passions, they will not hear you, however weak they are in degree. Tygers and Lions throw not off entirely their natural fierceness, though they sometimes submit; and when you least expect it, their ferocity, however soften'd for a while, is exasperated.

Moreover

Moreover, if reason prevails, passions will never rise; and where they rise against reason, they will persevere against it. For it is much easier to check their beginning than to restrain their course, when they have once set out. Their mediocrity therefore with regard to passion, is false and useless: it is the same as if we should say a man is *moderately* mad, or *moderately* sick.

Virtue alone is subject to government; and not any evils of the mind; which it is much easier to get rid of, than to govern. Can there be any doubt, that the inveterate, and harden'd vices of the human heart, which we call the diseases of the soul, (*b*), such as covetousness, cruelty, unruliness, impiety, and the like, want moderation? therefore the passions also are immoderate and excessive, for by these are we led to the former. If you give any loose to sorrow, fear, base desire, and other vicious and depraved affections, they are no longer governable. And why? because the things whereby they are provoked and enflamed are without us: therefore they encrease more or less according to the causes of incitement. Fear, for instance, encreaseth, when it beholds the dreaded object either greater than as at first imagin'd, or nearer: desire is more eager, as the object of its hope seems more valuable. If it be not in our power to be absolutely free from passions, neither is it in our power to say how far they will go: if you have once suffer'd them to begin; they will proceed, being urged on by their causes, and will rise in proportion, to any degree whatever. Add then, that how small soever you suppose them, they are liable to be made greater; destructive things never observe a mean. Though slight the beginning of diseases, they grow upon us; and sometimes the least accession of illness, quite sinks the diseased body. What madness is it to think that the ends of such things are in our power, whose beginnings are uncertain? how is it possible for me to put an end to that which it was not in my power to prevent at first? it is much easier to exclude than sup-press an unmanageable guest. *compromise*

Some distinguish after this manner; *a temperate and moderate man is calm in the disposition and habit of his mind; though not so in the event;*



*forasmuch as in his natural temper he is not disturb'd with fear or sorrow; but that many things happen from without, which cannot but give him some perturbation.* Which is as much as to say, that such a one is not a choleric man, though he happens sometimes to be angry; or that he is not timorous, though he is sometimes afraid; i. e. He is free from the malignity, though not from the passion of fear. Now, if this be allow'd, frequency will convert fear to vice; and anger once admitted into the breast will quite dissolve the frame of an impassionate mind. Besides, if a man despiseth not causes from without, and is at any time, afraid, when he ought boldly to advance against the weapons, and fire of an enemy, for his country, his laws, and liberty, he will but faintly set forward, and play the coward in his heart. But a wise man is never so unsettled in his temper.

This too, I think, is further to be observ'd, lest we should confound two things, which ought to be proved severally. It is self-evident, that *what is right and fit is the one only good*; and likewise, *that virtue is sufficient to make a man happy*. Now if that which is right and fit be the only good, it necessarily follows, that virtue is sufficient to render life happy. On the contrary, it does not follow, that, if virtue alone can make a man happy, what is right and fit, is the only good. *Zenocrates* and *Spensippus* think that a man may be happy (*i*) by virtue alone; yet that, what is right and fit is not the only good. *Epicurus*, likewise thinks, if a man be virtuous, he may be happy, but yet that virtue itself sufficeth not to make him so; because the *pleasure*, that ariseth from virtue, and not virtue itself, may make a man happy. An idle distinction! for *Epicurus* himself denies that virtue can ever be without *pleasure*; and if *pleasure* always attends virtue, and is inseparable from it, virtue is then sufficient of itself; for it carries pleasure with it, and without it, it cannot be virtue, though it be said to be alone.

It is also absurd to say, (*with the academics*) that *a man may be happy by virtue alone, and yet not perfectly happy*. For I cannot see how this can be possible. For an happy life contains in itself perfect and insuperable good; and if so, it must be perfectly happy. If the life of the Gods

knows nothing greater or better, and an happy life is a divine life, there is nothing that can exalt it higher. Besides, if an happy life wants nothing, every happy life is perfect; and the same is happy, most happy. Can you doubt that an happy life is the sovereign good? if then it be the sovereign good, it must be supremely happy; being supreme it will admit of no addition, (for what can be higher than the highest?) and such is an happy life, seeing that it wants not the highest good. If you suppose any one still *more* happy, you will make the degrees of *the chief good* innumerable; whereas I mean by the *chief good*, that which hath no degree above it. Or, if you suppose any one *less* happy, it follows, that he will desire the life of one who is more happy than himself; but the happy man prefers not the life of another, whatever it be, to his own. Both these things are incredible; either, that there is something which an happy man wisheth for, more than what he hath; or, that he should not wish for that which is better than what he himself enjoys. For the wiser or more prudent a man is, the more will he extend his views to that which is best; and desire by all means to obtain it. But how is he an happy man, who still desires, or indeed ought to desire, any thing more?

I will shew you from whence proceeds this error, (*in the distinction of happiness*). Men know not that there is but *one* happy life; the quality whereof, not the greatness, constitutes it such. Therefore it is the same thing whether it be long or short (*k*); more diffused, or narrow; distributed in many places, and many parts, or contracted in one. He that judgeth of it by number, measure, or parts, deprives it of its chief excellency. For in what consists the chief excellency of an happy life? In that it is full. The end, suppose, of eating and drinking is satiety; but one eats more, another less; what then? they both are satisfied. One man drinks more, another less; what then? they both have quenched their thirst. One man hath lived many years, another, but few; and what then; if many years made the one no happier than a few years did the other? The man you call *less* happy, is not *truly* happy. This title admits no diminution.

*He that is brave knows no fear;  
He that is without fear, knows no sorrow;  
He that knows no sorrow, is happy.*

Thus argue the Stoics; to which some endeavour to reply, saying, *that it is begging the question to affirm that a brave man knows no fear.* For why? say they, *will not a brave man be afraid of imminent danger? not to fear in such a case is the part of a madman, and of one out of his senses, not of a brave man. He indeed fears, but in a moderate degree, as it is impossible, in such a case, to be absolutely void of fear.* Now they that say this, fall again into the same absurdity, to take the less flagrant vices for virtues. For he that fears indeed, however seldom or in a small degree, is not free from passion, though not greatly troubled therewith. *But is he not afraid of imminent danger?* Yes, I own he is, if they are real evils that he fears; but if he knows them not to be evils, and judgeth rightly, that a base and vile action is the only evil he ought to fear, he will look down upon danger undauntedly, and despise such things as the generality of people are apt to dread: or if it is the part of a fool or a madman not to fear evils, the wiser and more prudent a man is, the more will he be afraid of them.

But, say they, *according to your opinion a wise man will thrust himself into danger.* No; though he will not fear danger, he will avoid it. Caution becomes him, though fear does not. What then? say they; *shall he not fear death, chains, fire, and other hostile darts of malignant fortune?* No; for he knows that these are evils but in appearance only. He looks upon these things as the bugbears of human life. Set before him, captivity, stripes, chains, want; the racking of the limbs, either by disease or violence, and what else of this kind you are pleased to name; he numbers them all in the list of imaginary fears; to be dreaded only by a coward mind.

For can you think *that* an evil, which we must sometimes suffer voluntarily? You ask then *what is evil?* To yield to those things that are commonly called evils; to give up our liberty itself rather than endure them; even that liberty for whose sake we ought to endure every thing. There is an end of liberty, if we despise not those things that bend us to the yoke. These very men would no longer doubt what a valiant man ought to do, if they but knew what true valour is. For,  
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it is not an unadvised rashness, nor a love of danger, nor a thirst after terrible enterprizes; no; it is a science that distinguishes good from evil; it is a noble fortitude, that is ever diligent in self-defence; and at the same time most patiently endureth those things (*l*), if necessarily required, that carry a false appearance of evil. *What then? if the sword be brandished over the head of a brave man; or, if first one, then another part of his body, be pierced through; if his bowels tumble out before him; if, at intervals, to encrease his torment, he is smitten again and again, and the blood is made to flow afresh from the wounds, that are scarce dry; will you say that in such a case a man will not fear, will not feel pain?* There is no doubt but that he feels pain, for no virtue deprives a man of his feeling; but yet he fears not; while with an invincible heart he looks down, as it were, from on high, on his pains. And do you ask, *how his mind is disposed at such a time?* why the same as when they take upon them to exhort and counsel a sick friend.

*What is evil hurts a man, and what hurts a man makes him worse;*

*But pain and poverty make not a man worse;*

*Therefore, Pain and poverty are no evils.*

Thus, again, the Stoics. To which it is answered, that *the major proposition is false: for a thing may hurt a man, and yet not make him worse: storm and tempest hurt the pilot, or master of a ship, but they make him not a worse pilot.* And to this some of our Stoics reply; storm and tempest really make him worse; forasmuch as he cannot effect his purpose, nor hold on his course: he is not made worse as to his skill, but only as to the exertion of it.—To which rejoins the *Peripatetic, Therefore pain, and poverty, and the like, make a wise man the worse; forasmuch though they take not his virtue from him, they hinder the operation of it.*

And this indeed would be saying something, if the state of a pilot, and of a wise man, were alike in all respects. It is not in the purpose of a wise man, to effect that infallibly which he essayeth to do, in the transactions of life; but it is the purpose of a pilot to carry his ship into the designed haven. The Arts are servants, and ought to perform  
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what they promise; but Wisdom is a mistress and governess. The arts administer to life, but wisdom governs it. I think it proper therefore to give a different answer, and affirm, that neither the skill of a pilot is rendered worse by a storm, nor even the administration of it. For why? The pilot did not promise you a prosperous voyage, but only his endeavour for it, by his skill in navigating the ship: and such his skill is more apparent, the more any casual force opposeth it. He that could say, *O Neptune, nunquam hanc navem nisi rectam, O Neptune, the ship was always right (m)*, hath done all that was in the power of art to do. The tempest does not hinder the work of the pilot, though it may prevent success. What then? you will say, *does not such an accident hurt the pilot, which forbids him to reach the designed haven; which renders all his endeavours ineffectual; which carries him back, or despoils him of his implements?* No; it hurts him not as a pilot, any more than as a mariner, and is so far from hindring him, that, as before observed, it shews his skill. For *in a calm*, as they say, *every mariner is a pilot*. The person of a pilot must be considered in two respects; the one, as common with all that are aboard the same ship; and the other as peculiar to himself under the character of a pilot. Now, the storm hurts him as a passenger, but not as a pilot. Besides, the art of a pilot is an external good; it is for the service of the whole crew; as the art of the physician is for the good of his patients. But wisdom is a common good, of service both to the wise man himself and to all that are conversant with him. A pilot therefore may be hurt, whose promised service to others is hindered by a storm; but a wise man is not hurt by poverty, by pain, or other the like storms of life. For he is not prevented in all actions relating to himself, though he may be in such as relate to others: he is always in the sphere of action; and then shews himself greatest, when Fortune the more oppresseth him; then indeed is he employed in the work of wisdom itself, which we before observed to be good; and of consequence both to himself and others.

Moreover, however he may be oppressed himself by cruel necessities, he is not hereby prevented from being serviceable to others. Poverty  
(or.

(or low condition) indeed may disqualify him, for want of opportunity, from teaching what is to be done in the administration of public affairs; but it by no means hinders him from instructing a man how to behave under the like stroke of poverty. Nay, in every part of life he can still find business; so that no fortune, no incumbrance can exclude the action of a wise man: for he does that very thing which restrains him from doing any thing amiss. He is prepared against, and exerts himself in both conditions of life; he moderates the good, and overcomes the bad; he is so disciplined, I say, that he can shew forth his virtue, as well in prosperity as adversity; not regarding the subject of virtue, but virtue itself: therefore neither poverty, nor pain, nor any thing else that usually keeps back the ignorant and unskilful, or drives them headlong, can hinder the progress of the wise man. Do you think him to be pressed down by misfortunes? No; he enjoys them, and turns them to advantage. *Pheidias* could make a statue not only of ivory, but of brass; was you to give him marble, or some viler stuff, he would yet form as complete a statue as could be made of it; so a wise man will display himself, if he may, in the management of wealth; if not, in poverty; in his own country, if he can, if not in banishment; as a general, if such his appointment; if not, as a common soldier; as a sound and hale man, if such his constitution; if not, as weak and infirm. Whatever his condition of life may be, he will do something notable. There are certain men who make it a trade to tame wild beasts, and who make fierce animals, that terrify us at the sight of them, to bear the yoke; nor are they satisfied with making them throw off their savageness, they so tame them, as to make them sociable: the keeper puts his hand into the mouth of lions, and kisseth the tyger: the *Aethiopian* stroller makes the elephant stoop upon his knees, or walk upon ropes (*n*): like these, the wise man hath the art of taming all manner of evils; pain, want, ignominy, a prison, banishment, and the like horrible things, all of which become mild and sufferable, under the management of a wise man.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

\* *Muretus* observes, that much is said concerning this opinion of the Stoics in *Cicero's* books, *de finibus*, and in the fifth of his *Tusculan Questions*; but there is extant a most learned commentary, by *Alexander of Aphrodisia*, a famous Peripatetic, professedly against this magnificent and boastful maxim of the Stoics.

(a) Gustum tibi dare] Euripides. Γεύμα τὴν ὄψην καλῶ.

(b) Quicquid interrogationum, i. e. syllogismorum] Whatever questions, i. e. syllogisms. For such as argued scientifically, as the mathematicians, (saith *Muretus*) laid down their premises in an absolute manner, not concerning themselves whether their antagonist would allow them or not; but such as argued logically, put questions to their antagonist, and used only such positions as were granted them, as *Socrates* frequently does in *Plato*. Hence these *dialectic* syllogisms were called *questions*; wherefore *Lucian*, bantering after his manner, a certain sophister, who attempting to write an history made frequent use of syllogisms, saith ἐν ἀρχῇ μὲν γὰρ εὐθύς ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ περιόδῳ / 9 συνήρτησε τὰς ἀναγινωσκοντας. ἔτα μετὰ μικρὸν ἄλλος συλλογισμὸς, ἔτα ἄλλος, καὶ ὄλος ἐν ἄτακτι σχηματὶ συνήρτησε αὐτῷ τὸ πρῶτον.

(c) Cicero calls these syllogisms, brevia et confectaria Stoicorum, *the briefs and corollaries of the Stoics*.

(d) This word was first restored by *Lipfius*, *Elect.* i. 16. it being commonly read *laudans*.—*Ladas* was the famous running footman of *Alexander*. His name became proverbial, *Lada perniciosior*. *Erasm.* 9, 8, 91.—*Pauper locupletem optare podagram*

*Ne dubitet Ladas*—*Juv.* 13, 96.

*Would starving Ladas, had he time to chuse,*

*And were not frantic, the rich gout refuse?*

(e) *Volcâ de gente Camilla* *Virg.* 7. 803. See also *Virg.* xi. 535, 569.

(f) *Apyrina* vel *Apyrena* *Plin.* 13, 19. as a thing is said to be ἀπυρα, *without feet*, not because it hath no feet, but only such as are remarkably small.

(g) Συμφορτὴ δ' ἀριτὴ πλεῖν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μάλα λυγρῶν. *Il.* v. 237.

*Not vain the weakest if their force unite.* Pope.

Σμικρὰ παλαιὰ σωματ' ἐναζῆροπύ. *Soph.*

*Small inclination lulls old age to sleep.*

(h) See *Ep.* 75.

(i) *Beatum, sed non beatissimum; happy, but not most happy*; and herein, says *Lipfius*, they differ from the Stoic.

(k) *Quicumque fuerunt sapientes, pares erunt et æquales.* *All men truly wise are alike and equal.* *Ep.* 74. *Summum bonum nec infringitur, nec augetur.* *The chief good is neither diminished nor increased, &c.* *Stobæ.* Πάντα τὸν καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθὸν ἀνδρα τέλειον εἶναι, κ. τ. λ. *Every good and wise man is perfect; because he is destitute of no virtue; and therefore the good are altogether alike and always happy.*—*Laudaudaque velle*

*Sit satis et nunquam successu crescit honestum.* *Cato of Lucan.*

*If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,*

*And honesty consists in meaning well;*

*If right be independent of success,*

*And conquest cannot make it more or less.* *Rowe.*

(l) This



(l) This principle is most admirably exemplified in the feigned history and character of *Sir Charles Grandison*, by my late friend *Mr. Richardson*.

————— 'Tis not the appetite  
Of things that carry horror, makes men valiant,  
But patient bearing of afflictions,  
That are necessitated.—*Microsm.* Act i. Sc. 5.

(m) Sic in Telete; καλῶς τὸ τῆ κυβερνήτη, ἀλλ' ἔν γε, ὃ Ποσειδῶν, ἐρθῆν. κ. τ. λ. *So a good man may address Fortune, saying, Do as you will, you shall still find that I am a man, and not a poltroon. Senec. ad Marc. c. 6. nec gubernatoris quidem artem, tranquillum mare, et obsequens ventus ostendit, adversi aliquid occurrat oportet, quod animum probet; A pilot cannot display his art in a calm and favourable wind; he must be tried by a storm, which may be so violent as to overcome his art, without any detriment to his character, as a pilot.*

(n) *The Emperor Galba was advanced into places of trust, before the age appointed by law; during his prætorship, amongst the solemnities and sports called Floralia, he introduced a new kind of entertainment, which was elephants walking upon the rope. Sueton. in Galba, c. 6.*

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EPISTLE LXXXVI.

*On the Luxury of the Times; and of Husbandry with regard to the Olive and Vine.*

I WRITE this, *Lucilius*, from the famous villa of *Scipio Africanus* (a), having first paid my devotions to his memory at the altar (b); which I take to be the sepulchre of that great man (c). Nor did I in the least doubt but that his soul returned to heaven, from whence it came; not because he was the leader of great armies, (for this is no more than what was done by the furious *Cambyses*, and who was sometimes in his rage successful) but for his excellent moderation and piety, which were more admirably conspicuous when he left his country, than when he defended it. Either *Scipio* must be deprived of *Rome*, or *Rome* of liberty (d). *I would by no means, says he, derogate our laws or civil institutes. Let every citizen have an equal right; enjoy without me, O my country, the good turn I have done you; I have been the cause of your liberty; and will give you a proof of it myself; I leave you, since I am greater than is expedient for such an equality to be preserv'd, as I sincerely wish you to enjoy.* How is it possible for me not to admire such great-

ness of soul? He departed into voluntary banishment, and disburthened the city of their apprehensions on his account; for things were come to that pass, that either liberty must injure *Scipio*, or *Scipio* liberty. Neither of which was to be done; he therefore gave place to the laws, and retired to *Linternum*, as willing to ascribe the banishment of himself, as of *Hannibal*, to the commonwealth.

I found this his villa built of square stone, and a wood enclosed with a wall; a turret on each side of the front, by way of bulwark; a large reservoir under the buildings and green walks, sufficient to supply with water a whole army; a bath narrow and somewhat dark after the ancient custom; for our ancestors thought it could not be warm enough, unless it was close.

It was therefore a great pleasure to me to reflect upon the custom and manners of *Scipio* compared with our own. In this little nook was that great man (the dread of *Carthage*, and to whom *Rome* was indebted for having once taken it) used to bathe his body, when fatigued with rustic labours. For he daily exercised himself in husbandry, and tilled the ground with his own hands, as was customary among our forefathers. Under this low and sordid roof stood *Scipio*. He disdained not to tread so vile and mean a floor. But who is there in our time that would condescend to bathe in like manner? A man thinks himself poor and mean, unless the walls are decorated with large and precious embossments (*e*); unless *Alexandrian* marble (*f*) is pointed and inlaid with *Numidian* rough-cast; unless a rich and curiously variegated plastering be spread upon them in picturesque (*b*); unless the roof is covered with glass-work (*i*), unless the *Thasian* stone, once reckoned a scarce and rare ornament even in some temples, now compass about our ponds; where we bathe our bodies, when enfeebled (*k*) with much sweating at some trifling sport; in short, unless the water is conveyed through a silver spout (*l*). I am speaking as yet of common stoves; but what shall I say when I come to speak of the baths of our freed-men? What noble statues! what vast pillars supporting nothing; but placed there for mere ornament, and the vain ostentation  
-of

in a bath. *Poor man!* say they, *he knew not how to live!* He washed not himself in clarified water, but was content with such as was thick, and oftentimes, after a great shower, muddy. Nor did he care whether he so bathed or no; for he came not to wash away ointment and perfume, but sweat. And what do you think some of our young gentlemen will say? why that *they should not have envied Scipio; for he truly lived in banishment who had no taste in bathing.* Nay, to tell you the truth, we did not use to bathe daily. For, as they say, who have written on the antient customs of the city, they daily indeed washed their legs and arms which were made dirty by toil and labour, but they never washed the whole body above once in nine days. No doubt but that hereupon some one will say, *surely our ancestors must have been great slovens.* But if they smelled of any thing, it was of military duty, hard labour, and manliness. For my part I think men are more nasty, and smell worse, since the invention of these fine and clean baths. For what says *Horace* in his description of an infamous young spark, that was remarkable for his delicacy?

*Pastillos Rufillus olet—Rufillus stinks of the washball.*

Take now some *Rufillus*, and smell him: he stinks worse than a goat, or like that *Gorgonius*, whom *Horace* in the same verse sets in opposition to *Rufillus*, (*Gorgonius hircum*)—A man useth not ointment enough now-a-days, unless he be perfumed twice or thrice every day, lest it should soak into his skin, and be lost: nay more, they glory in the smell as if it was natural.

If what I have said, *Lucilius*, seems too severe, you will please to impute it to the villa from whence I am writing; where I have learned from *Ægialus*, a most excellent husband, and who is now in possession of this farm, that a shrub, be it ever so old, may be transplanted. This is necessary, I think, for us old men to learn, since there is scarce any one of us, but who is planting olive-grounds for the use of others. I have seen *Ægialus* in autumn transplant trees of three or four years growth; so that a tree shall give shade to you, which otherwise

*Tarda venit, feris factura nepotibus umbram, ii. 57.*

*The plant which shoots from seed, a sullen tree,  
At leisure grows, for late posterity.* Dryden.

As

As our *Virgil* saith in the *Georgics*, who, by the way, was more concerned to speak what was elegant than what was strictly true; and studied more to delight the reader than instruct the husbandman: for to pass by other things, I shall only take notice of one, which I am this day convinced deserves reprehension:

Vere fabis satio est; tunc te quoque, medica, putres  
Accipiunt fulci; et milio venit annua cura. G. i. 216.

*Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,*

*And millet, rising from your annual toil.* Dryden.

Now whether these things are to be set or sown at the same time of the year, or whether the spring time may be the more proper (*s*), you may judge from hence; it is now about the latter-end of *June*, and this very day did I see men gathering in their beans, and sowing millet. (*s*)

But to return to the olive trees. I have seen them transplanted two different ways; *Ægialus*, having cut off the branches around the trunks of the great trees, so as to reduce them to about a foot in length, hath transplanted the remainder; having also pared the roots, leaving only the head from whence they sprung; and then encompassing this with dung, he set it in a trench sufficiently deep, and not only heaped the earth upon it, but trod and pressed it down; affirming that nothing could be more effectual than thus ramming it close, as it excludes both the cold and wind: it is likewise hereby kept steady, as it permits the growing roots to burgeon and fasten in the earth, which otherwise being tender and having but slight hold, every breath of wind would be apt to tear it up. But before he covers it in, he scrapes the bottom of the trunk, because from every part so bared, the new roots shoot more easily. But you must observe that the trunk above ground ought not to exceed above three or four feet; for it will be soon clothed from the bottom; and not have any part of it scorched or dried, as we see them in some of our old olive-yards. Another way of managing olive-trees was this: they cut off some of the larger branches, that are strongest, yet such whose bark was not yet harden'd, but soft as they generally are in young trees, and then set them as before described. These indeed are slow of growth, but when once they are come a little forward, and have taken root, they are fair and pleasant.

I have

I have often seen an old vine transplanted. They bind up as well as they can the small strings and threads that are about the root, and then spreading the vine more freely under ground, they cover it so, that roots may sprout from the stem itself. And I have seen them not only thus set in *February*, but by that time *March* is over, clinging to and twisting about elms they never knew before. Now all these trees, which are of a larger stem, are best water'd, he says, with cistern water: if so, we have, at any time, rain at our command. I think it not proper to give you any further instructions, lest as *Ægiolus* hath made me his rival, I should make you mine.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 51. (N. i.)

(b) *Manibus ejus, his spirit or genius, et ara*; which others, with *Lipfius*, read *arca, the chest containing his ashes*; on account of his being of the *Cornelian* family. *Plin.* l. 1. In gente *Cornelia* nemo ante *Syllam* Dictatorem traditur crematus, idque voluisse, veritum talionem, fructo *C. Marii* cadavere. In the *Cornelian* family, no one is said to have been burned, before *Sylla* the Dictator, who appointed this for fear of retaliation, having before dug up, and exposed the body of *C. Marius*.

(c) Why *Seneca* should make any doubt of it, arises from its being said by some, that *Scipio* died and was burnt at *Rome*, by others at *Linternum*. *Liv.* 38. *Africanum* alii *Romæ*, alii *Linturni*, et mortuum et sepultum tradunt. *Utrouque* monumenta ostenduntur et statux; his monuments and statues were shown at both places.

(d) Many are the various readings here as usual; but they all tend to the same purpose, viz. that it seemed as if *ισονομία, equity*, could not be maintained at *Rome*, while *Scipio*, by reason of his great actions, and noble spirit, was so adored by the people, that they would not permit him to answer for himself upon the accusations of the *Tribunes* against him.

(e) *Pretiosis orbibus*. So *Juv.* 11, 173. *Lacedæmonium—orbem*.

(f) There were many sorts of marble brought from *Alexandria* and *Egypt*; as the black *Lucullum*, brought to *Rome* by *Lucullus*; the spotted *Ophites*; and the red *Porphyry*; or perhaps it may be a particular sort of marble called the *Alexandrine*.

(g) Vid. *Sidon.* Epist. ii. 2. *Plin.* xxxv. 1.

(h) In *Mosaic* work.

(i) *Stattus* Effulgent cameræ vario fastigia vitro.

The ceilings shine with variegated glass.

(k) *Corpora exinanita*] Epist. 108. *Decoquere corpora, et sudoribus exinanire.—al. corpora exsanata.*

(l) *Argentea Epistomia*; the cocks, through which the water was conveyed into the baths.

*Stattus*—in balneo *Etrusco*.

*Nil ibi plebeium nusquam Tcmesæa notabis*

*Æra, sed argento felix propellitur unda,*

*Argentoque cadit, labrisque nitentibus instat.*

*Nothing was vulgar; nothing seen of brass;*

*Through silver pipes the happy waters pass.*

am ready to prove, that not one of them is false; nor indeed so extraordinary, as it appears at first sight; and this, when you please; nay whether you are pleased or no.—In the mean while let me inform you of what I have learned from this journey: what abundance of superfluous things we make use of, and which we might most judiciously throw aside, since they are such, that if necessity should at any time deprive us of them, we should not be sensible of the loss.

With no more servants than one carriage could hold, and no manner of luggage, not the least thing but what was on our backs, have my friend *Maximus* (*b*) and I spent two most agreeable days. A mattress lies upon the ground, and I upon the mattress. Of two cloaks, one serves for an under-blanket, the other for a coverlid. Our repast was such, that nothing could be spared from it, nor did it take up much time in dressing (*c*). I am satisfied with a few dried figs and dates. When I have any bread, the figs serve me for a dainty dish; when I have no bread, they supply its place (*d*). They make me fancy it to be New-year's day (*e*); which I endeavour to render auspicious and happy, by harbouring good thoughts, and keeping up a greatness of soul; which is never greater, than when it hath withdrawn itself from all external things; and hath obtained for itself peace, by fearing nothing, and wealth by coveting nothing. The vehicle I ride in is plain and of the country-fashion. The mules shew they are alive only by their walking (*f*). The muleteer is without shoes, but not because the weather is warm. And indeed I can scarce prevail upon myself to submit to the being thought the owner of so mean a carriage. I have not as yet thrown off that perverse bashfulness, which is ashamed of doing what is right. For as often as I fall into company with any one who has a more splendid equipage, I cannot help blushing against my will; which is a manifest sign, that those things which I approve and commend, have not as yet got a sure and steady hold \*. He that is ashamed of a mean chariot, would be proud and vain of a rich one. I have made but a small progress in philosophy, since I dare not openly profess frugality, and am under a concern at the opinion of every one that passeth by. Whereas we ought to exclaim against the opinions of  
the

the whole world, saying, “ ye play the fool; ye are mistaken; ye doat  
 “ on vanities; ye esteem no man for what he can call his own; when  
 “ ye come to consider patrimony, ye are most diligent reckoners; and  
 “ rate every one according to their abilities, that ye may know where  
 “ to lend, and where to give: for this also ye set down in the account:  
 “ such a one hath large possessions, but he is greatly in debt; and  
 “ such a one indeed has a very fine house, but he purchased it with  
 “ other people’s money: you will not easily find any one, who shews  
 “ so splendid a retinue; but he does not pay his debts; was he to  
 “ satisfy every creditor, he would not be worth a penny.”

Now this is what ye ought to do with regard to other things; to examine what a man possesseth, that he can properly call his own. You think such a one rich, because he carries a load of plate with him, when he travels; because he hath a landed property in many provinces; because he hath a large rent-roll (*g*); or because he is the landlord of so much ground in the suburbs, as would almost be envied in the deserts of *Apulia*. And after all, he is but a poor man. Why so? because he is in debt. What then, do ye say, does he owe? Why, all that he has; unless you think it makes a difference whether a man borrows from his neighbour, or from Fortune. What avails it, that his mules are so sleek and fat, and all of one colour? or that his chariot is finely carved?

— Instrati ostro alipedes, pictisque tapetis.

Aurca pectoribus demissa monilia pendent;

Tecti auro fulvum mandunt sub dentibus aurum!

*The steeds caparison’d with purple stand,*

*With golden trappings, curious to behold;*

*And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.* Dryden.

These things make not the owner a better man, nor his mules more serviceable.

*Marcus Cato*, the Censor, (whose birth was truly of as great advantage to the *Roman* people, as that of *Scipio*; for as the one waged war against our professed enemies, the other set himself to oppose the depravity



pravity of our morals) *Cato*, I say, generally rode upon a gelding, with his bags (*b*) across, to carry such things as were necessary. O how glad should I have been to have seen him meet in the way one of our foppish cavaliers (*r*) with running footmen and his blacks (*k*), driving a cloud of dust before him! Undoubtedly such a one would appear more spruce and better attended than *Cato*; though at the same time amidst this splendid equipage he greatly doubts whether he shall not let himself out *to engage with men or beasts at the public shows* (*l*). But how did it redound to the honour of that age, that a General, who had triumphed, had been Censor, nay (what is above all) that a *Cato* should be contented with a single horse, and indeed scarce that, for the bags on either side took up part of it? And would you not then prefer this one strong gelding, which *Cato* deigned to curry and rub down with his own hands, to all those plump easy pads, Spanish gennets (*m*), and ambling nags, that are of little other service than for mere show? But I find I should not know when to end this subject, unless I resolved with myself so to do; and shall therefore say no more of these things, which no doubt he foresaw would prove just what they now are, who first called them, impedimenta, *useless incumbrances*.

I will now lay before you, *Lucilius*, a few more questions, as maintained by our sect, in relation to *the sufficiency of virtue to render life happy*. What is good in itself makes men good; as, what is truly good in music, makes a man a good musician. Casual things make not a good man, therefore they cannot be reckoned good. Now in answer to this the Peripatetics say, that *our first proposition is false; forasmuch as that which is good, does not always make men good. There is something good in music, as the flute, the harp, or other instruments adapted to accompany the voice; but none of these things accomplish a musician. Whereunto we reply, you do not rightly understand the question, with regard to what we suppose good in music, for we call not that good in music which helpeth, or instructeth, but what completes the musician; whereas you consider only the instruments belonging to the profession, and not the profession itself. Now whatever is good in the art of music*

music itself, it is that which maketh a good musician. But I will endeavour to make this plainer. That which is good in the art of music, is said to be so in two respects; the one as promoting the effect, the other as assisting the art of the musician. Now the instruments such as the flute, the harp, the organ, belong to the effect, and not to the art itself. For without these a man may be well skilled in music, though without them he cannot display his powers. But good is not alike twofold in man; for good both of the man and of life is still the same good. What may befall the most contemptible and vilest of mankind is not good; but riches may fall to the share of a bawd, or a prize-fighter; riches therefore in themselves are not good.

Again, the Peripatetics say, *our proposition is false*: for in *Grammar, and in the art of physic or of government, we see that good befalleth even those of the lowest rank*. Be it so, these arts profess not any greatness of mind; they rise not above the common pitch; they disdain not casual things; whereas Virtue raiseth a man on high; and even exalts him above all that is dear to mortals; neither anxiously desiring those things that are called good, nor dreading those things that are called evils. *Cbelidon*, one of *Cleopatra's* eunuchs (*n*), possessed a large estate. And it is not long since one *Natalis* (*o*), a man no less wicked than abominably foul-mouthed, was heir to many, and left many heirs. What then, shall we say that money made him pure, and not rather that he polluted money? which so falls upon some, as a piece of silver thrown into the common shore.

Virtue is seated far above these things; she reckons them not among her treasures; but rates every thing as herself is rated, according to its real worth; not judging any of these things good, ~~fall~~ they how or where they will; whereas physic and politics blend these things together, and forbid not their professors the pursuit of them. He that is not a good man, may yet be a physician, a pilot or a Grammarian, as well indeed as a cook. You will not rank him among others, who hath some quality which others have not (*p*). What any man hath in possession, such is the man. The exchequer is rich according to what

it has; yet all that it hath is but adventitious: no one sets any price upon a full bag, but upon what is contained therein. The same happens to the owner of a large estate: it is still but an accession or appendix to the man. Why then is a wise man great? Because he hath a great soul; and not on the account of any external things. It is therefore true, that what may befall even the most contemptible of men, is not to be called good. Accordingly I will not allow freedom from pain and sorrow a good thing; since this is no more than what a grasshopper or a gnat may enjoy. Nor will I affirm that rest, and having nothing to trouble us, are good, since what can be more free from trouble than a worm? Do you ask then what it is that constitutes a wise man? The same that constitutes a God (*g*); you must grant him something divine, heavenly and truly noble. Good falls not to every one's share, nor is indifferent to every possessor. Observe,

Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quod quæque reculat.

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ;

Arborci fœtus alibi; atque injusta virescunt

Gramina, nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores

India mittit ebur, molles sua tura sabæi?

At Chalybes nudi ferrum.—

*The culture suiting to the several kinds*

*Of seeds and plants; and what will thrive, and rise,*

*And what the genius of each soil denies:*

*This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits,*

*Another loads the tree with happy fruits;*

*A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:*

*Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd:*

*India black ebon, and white ivory bears,*

*And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears.—Dryden.*

Now these wares are distributed in different countries, that men might be constrained to traffick; as one wants what another enjoys. The chief good hath also its proper seat. It springeth not where ivory or iron is found. Would you know its situation? It is in the mind. Unless this be pure and holy, it is not fit for the residence of God (*r*).

Good

Good cometh not of evil : riches spring from covetousness : riches therefore are not good. But some one will say, *It is not true that good cometh not of evil ; for money is got by theft or sacrilege. However bad then theft or sacrilege may be, it is therefore bad only as it doth more evil than good ; for it procureth gain, though it be with fear, anxiety, and torment both of body and mind.* Whoever saith this, must admit, that as sacrilege is bad, because it doth many bad things ; so likewise it is good, because it doth some good : but can there be a more monstrous opinion, than to rank sacrilege or theft, or adultery, among good things ? certainly not : yet how many are there who are not ashamed of theft, and even glory in adultery ? for small sacrileges are severely punished, while great procure a triumph (s). Add moreover, that if in any wise sacrilege be good, it must also be a fit and commendable action, for it is a man's own act and deed : but surely this is what no mortal can admit ; therefore I conclude that good cannot come of evil ; for if, as you say, sacrilege is only on this account evil, because it bringeth much evil ; if you remit the punishment, and promise security, it will be altogether good. By no means : for the greatest punishment of evil deeds lies in the deeds themselves. You err, I say, if you put them off to the executioner or the jailer. They are punished immediately, as soon as they are done ; nay, while they are doing. Good therefore springeth not from evil, any more than a fig from an olive-tree. Every leaf and fruit answers its own seed : that which is good cannot degenerate : as what is fit and honourable cannot rise from what is wrong and vile ; so neither can good spring from evil : for fit and good is the same thing (t).

Some of the Stoics answer this as follows : *Suppose money to be good in itself, come how it will ; it follows not that it hath sacrilege in it, though it be taken by sacrilege : as thus, in the same urn are both gold and a viper ; if you take the gold from the urn, it follows not that the urn giveth gold, because it hath a viper ; but it giveth gold, though it also contains a viper. In like manner, gain cometh from sacrilege, not as sacrilege is vile and wicked, but as gain attends it ; as in the urn, the viper is a bad thing, not the gold, which lies with the viper ; so in sacrilege, the heinousness of the fact is bad, but not the gain.* To which it is replied, the cases are by

no means similar; for in the one, I can take the gold without the viper; but in the other, I cannot make gain, without committing sacrilege: this gain is not added to, but mixed and blended with, the guilt.

Again, if, in order to purchase a thing we fall into many evils, that thing cannot be good; but in the pursuit of riches we fall into many evils, therefore riches are not good. But this proposition it is said, hath a twofold meaning; the one is, that in pursuit of riches we run into many evils; but so we do even in the pursuit of virtue; as some in making a voyage, in order to get knowledge, have suffered shipwreck or been taken prisoners. Another meaning is, that thing whereby we fall into mischief cannot be good. But it will not follow from this proposition, that in pursuit of riches and pleasures we must necessarily fall into mischief; or, that, if by riches we fall into evils, therefore riches are not only not good but bad; whereas ye only say they are not good. Moreover it is said, ye cannot but grant that riches have some use; ye reckon them among the advantages of life (*u*), but by the same way of reasoning, they will not be even an advantage, since many inconveniencies flow from them. To this again some make answer, ye are mistaken if ye impute any inconveniencies to riches; they hurt no one. Every one is hurt or prejudiced, either by their own folly or the wickedness of others; just as a sword kills no one of itself, but is the instrument in the hand of him that killeth. Riches therefore of themselves do not hurt a man, though they may prove the cause of his being hurt.

Posidonius, I think, argues better, who saith that, Riches are the cause of evil, not because they do any thing of themselves, but because they invite others thereto (*x*). For the efficient cause, which must necessarily and immediately do hurt, is one thing, and the precedent cause another: Now riches have in them the precedent cause: they puff up the mind, they contract envy, and so far alienate the mind, that the fame of being rich, however it may hurt, delights us. But good things ought to be free from all manner of blame: they are pure; they corrupt not the mind, nor disturb it: they raise indeed and dilate it, but without puffing it up. Things that are good, create confidence, but riches boldness;

ness; the former cause a greatness of soul, but riches insolence. Now insolence is nothing else but the false appearance of such greatness.

From hence then you will say, it is plain that *riches are not only not good, but evil*. They would indeed be evil, if of themselves they were hurtful; if, as I said, they had in them the efficient cause; but they have the precedent cause, and such indeed as not only incites, but forcibly attracts the minds of men; forasmuch as they make a certain shew of goodness very probable and credible to many. And even Virtue hath a precedent cause that induceth envy; for many are envied on account of wisdom, and many on account of justice; but then it hath not this cause in itself, nor the likelihood of it; for, on the contrary, it is more likely that the form, which Virtue sets before the minds of men, should incite love and admiration.

*Pofidonius* saith, the question ought to be thus stated: *Such things as give neither magnanimity, nor confidence, nor security to the mind, are not good*; but riches, health and the like, have not this effect, therefore they are not good. And this argument he further amplifieth in this manner: *such things as give not magnanimity, nor confidence nor security to the mind, but on the contrary create insolence, haughtiness, and arrogance, are evil: but by casual things we are drawn into these vices, therefore casual things are not good*. For the same reason it is said, *that such things are not even convenient*. But the condition of things convenient and of things good, is not the same. A thing is convenient that hath more profit than disadvantage; but good ought to be entirely so, and pure in all respects. For that is not good which profits, but which only profits. Wherefore what is convenient may belong to brute animals, to imperfect men, and to fools. And therefore annoyance may be mixed therewith; but it is called convenient, being estimated by its greater part; whereas good belongeth to the wise man alone, and ought to be inviolate.

Be of good courage, *Lucilius*, I shall start but one difficulty more, though I must own it is an *Herculean* one, not very easy to be determined.

mined. *Good cometh not of evil; but from many poverties (or the poverty of many) are riches derived; therefore riches are not good.* The Stoics acknowledge not the question as thus stated; the Peripatetics both form it in this manner, and likewise solve it. But *Posidonius* saith, that this sophism, which runs through all the schools of the logicians, is thus refuted by *Antipater*. *Poverty is said to be such, not from position (y), but from subtraction, or, as the antients express it, by deprivation: the Greeks say, ΚΑΤΑ ΣΤΡΕΨΗΝ; it is called such, not from what it hath, but from what it hath not. As from many vacuums nothing can be filled; many things, not many wants, make riches.* For poverty is generally misunderstood. That is not poverty which possesseth a few things, but that which possesseth not many. I could express what I mean was there any Latin word to answer the Greek ἀτυχία (z); by which *Antipater* assigneth poverty. But for my own part, I cannot see that poverty is any thing else but the *possession of little*. However no more at present; we shall conclude this matter when we have full leisure to consider what is essential to riches, and what to poverty; when we shall also consider whether it be not better to alleviate poverty, and take superciliousness from riches, than to dispute about words, as if we were fixed in our judgment concerning things.

Let us suppose ourselves called to a public assembly; a law is propounded for abolishing riches. Now shall we either persuade or dissuade, from the foregoing questions? Shall we by these puzzling deductions cause the *Roman* people again to wish for and admire poverty, the source and foundation of their empire? to dread the consequences of their immense wealth? and to reflect upon their having gained it all from conquered nations? That from hence, ambition, bribery, and tumults have crept into the most holy and temperate of all cities? that they make too splendid and luxurious a shew of the spoils of nations? that it is more easy for all nations to retake that from one people, which one people at different times have took from them? It is better to persuade them of these things, and teach them to conquer their affections, rather than pretend to exterminate them entirely by dint of argument. If it be in our power let us speak more boldly; if not, at least more freely and openly.



## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) A paradox, *what is strange but true*. Cleanthes, παραδοξα μὲν ἢ παραλογα. *I have for amusement, says Cicero (Pref. Parad.) digested into common places those topics, which the Stoics, even in their literary retirement, and in their schools, find difficult to prove. Such topics they themselves term paradoxes, on account of their singularity and disagreement with the general sense of mankind. Lips. Manud. iii. 2.*

(b) *Cæsonius Maximus*, a particular and faithful friend, for which he suffered, as mentioned by *Tacitus*, (Annal. 15) and *Martial*, (l. 7. 43) from whom likewise we learn that he was of consular dignity.

Maximus ille tuus, Ovidi, Cæsonius hic est  
Cujus adhuc vultum vivida cera tenet.  
Hunc Nero damnavit, sed tu damnare Neronem  
Ausus es, et profugi, non tua, fata sequi.  
Æquora per Scyllæ magnus comes exfulis isti  
Qui modo nolueras consulis ire comes.  
Si victura meis mandantur nomina chartis  
Et fas est cineri me superesse meo;  
Audiet hæc præfens venturaque turba, fuisse  
Illi te, Senecæ quod fuit ille tuo.

Ib. Ep. 44.

Facundi Senecæ potens amicus,  
Caro proximus, aut prior Sereno,  
Hic est maximus ille quem frequenti  
Felix litera pagina salutat, &c.

(c) Non magis hora paratum fuit] *Muretus* knew not what to make of this expression, and as he found it in one of his books, sine magis hira, he conjectures, sine magiro, *without a cook*, using the Greek word μαγειρο, for a cook, because *Greek* cooks were then as fashionable among the *Romans*, as *French* cooks among the *English*.

(d) Plin. xv. 21. Ficus panis simul et obsonii vicem siccatae implent; utpote cum *Cato* cibaria ruris operariis iusta ceu lege farciens, minui jubeat per fici maturitatem. *Cato de re rusti*. c. 56. Familix cibaria, ubi vineam fodere cæperint, panis pondo v. usque adeo dum ficus esse cæperint. Deinceps ad pondo iv. redito. *Cato shortened the allowance of bread in his family one fifth as soon as figs were in season.*

(e) It was customary to make a present of, and to eat figs on New Year's Day, by way of good luck the ensuing year.

Quid vult palma sibi rugosaque carica, dixi,  
Et data subniveo condita mella cado?  
Omen, ait, causa est ut res sapor ille sequatur  
Et peragat cæptum dulcis ut annus iter. *Ov. Fast. 1.*  
*What mean these dates and wrinkled figs, I said,*  
*And, in white vessels, honey newly made?*  
That with like relish things, said he, may go,  
And the whole year with equal sweetness flow.

(f) Mula vivere se ambulando testantur; i. e. vix vivæ, scarce alive, as lean men are said to be, malè vivi, and vix vivere. So *Lucretius*.

— Vivere non quit præ macie.—

And *Ovid* — Macie quæ malè viva sua est.

So contrary to those mules mentioned afterwards *fleck and fat and of one colour*.

\* i. e. have not obtained credit with me, so as to fix my resolution.

(g) Magnus Calendarii liber.] *Martial*.

Superba densis arca palleat nummis

Centum explicentur paginæ kalendarum.

(h) Hippoperis] which *Horace* calls *Manticam*. S. l. 6. 106.

— Nunc mihi curto ire licet mulo.—

Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.

--- Now on my bob-tail mule I ride;

And with my budget press each galled side.

(i) Troffulis] See Ep. 76.

(k) Ep. 123. Omnes jam sic peregrinantur ut illos præcurrat equitatus, agmen curforum antecedit.

(l) To such extremities had some young gentlemen reduced themselves by their extravagance, as to let themselves out for a gladiator, or a huntsman.

(m) Asturcomibus] *Martial* xiv. 199.

Hic brevis ad numerum rapidos qui colligit unguis

Venit ab auriferis gentibus astur equus.

This nag, which keeps due time in every pace,

From Spain's rich climate boasts his ambling race.

(n) Ex Cleopatraz mollibus] *Livy*, l. 33. Prosequentibus mollibus viris, qui joci causa convivio interfuerant.

(o) Not that *Antorius Natalis*, who in the *Pisonian* conspiracy (*Tac. Annal.* 15) accused *Seneca* himself, for he says *some time ago*, (*nuper*,) perhaps it was his father. L.

(p) Cui contingit habere non quælibet, hunc non quemlibet dixeris] al. cui contigit habere rem non quamlibet, i. e. rem minime vulgarem, πρᾶγμα τι τῶν τυχεύτων, hunc non quemlibet dixeris, i. e. scito ipsum minime vulgarem esse. *Muret*. Cui contingit habere non quælibet, hunc--- Which the old translation renders, *Thou canst not say that a man is all, who hath not the fortune to have all*.

(q) Ep. 31. (N. e.)

(r) If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments and do them, I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people. *Levit.* 26. 3, 12. If thou wert pure and upright, surely God would make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous. *Job*, 8. 6. The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. *1 Sam.* 16. 7. *1 Chron.* 28. 9. God is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity. *Habb.* 1. 13. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. *Matth.* 5. 8.---See Ep. 41. (N. b. c.)

(s) Sacrilegia minuta puniuntur, magna in triumphis feruntur] ut alibi, parvos fures in compedibus, magnos in purpura spectari.

For little villains must submit to fate,

That great ones may enjoy the world in state. *Garth*.

(t) Ye shall know them by their fruit: do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit: a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. *Matth.* 7. 16. 18. A good man

man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of his heart the mouth speaketh. Luke. 6. 44. 46.

(α) Commoda] Ep. 92. τὰ εὐχρηστὰ Stoicorum. Lips. Manud. ii. 22.

(x) So in the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, v. 301.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισι οἶν ἄργυρος

Κακὸν νιμισμ' ἐζέλαστί. κ. τ. λ.

— Gold is the worst of ills

That ever plagued mankind: this wastes our cities,

Drives forth the natives to a foreign soil,

Taints the pure heart, and turns the virtuous mind

To basest deeds; artifices of fraud

Supreme, and source of every wickedness. Franklin.

(γ) Non per positionem] *al.* per possessionem, which *Muretus* approves of, because it follows immediately, paupertas est, non quæ pauca possidet.

(κ) ἀπορία] *al.* ἀνυπαρξια. *l.* ἀνυπαρξια, which *Muretus* thinks more expressive of the sense here than ἀπορας, as this signifies *absolute want of every thing*, and that only a *deficiency*.

## EPISTLE LXXXVIII. \*

## On the Liberal Sciences †.

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, to know my opinion concerning the *Liberal Sciences*: I cannot say that I greatly admire any one of them (*a*), nor reckon any of them among what I call *good*, especially when pursued merely for *lucre* (*b*). They are arts, meritorious, and useful indeed, so far as they prepare, and do not detain and cramp, the genius. For no longer are they to be indulged and dwelt upon, than while the mind is not capable of any thing greater: they are the rudiments, but not the whole exercise of man. They are called *liberal*, you know, because they become a *free* man, and are full worthy the application of a gentleman.

But there is only one study or science that is truly *liberal*, viz. that which gives freedom indeed. And what is that, but *the study of wisdom*, sublime, strong, and manly? All other are trifling and puerile. Can you think there is any thing good in those studies, the professors whereof you sometimes see the vilest and most flagitious of men? In short, they are what we ought not to be continually learning; it is enough to have learned them.

Some have made it a question concerning the *liberal* arts, whether they could make a man *good*; but it is plain they promise no such thing; neither do they at all affect such knowledge. The Grammarian's principal study is to speak accurately; and if he launcheth out any further, it is to have some knowledge in history; and his largest stretch is but a taste in poetry. Now what is there in all these that leads to virtue? The weighing of syllables, and the propriety of words, the remembrance of stories, the scanning of verses, and the laws of poetry? which of these can take away fear, can root out a fond desire, or bridle headstrong lust?

Let us pass on to Geometry, and, if you please, to Music, you will find nothing in either of them that forbids fear, or restrains desire; which passions, unless a man knows how to govern, all other knowledge is but vain.

Let us consider whether the professors of the forementioned qualifications teach virtue, or not; if they do not teach it, they transmit it not; if they do teach it, they are more than what they profess themselves to be; they are philosophers. Would you know how little they are concerned in teaching virtue, only observe what a difference there is in their several studies. But their studies would be alike if they taught the same thing: unless perhaps they persuade you that *Homer* was a philosopher; when by the same arguments they would prove him a philosopher, they deny him to be so (*c*). For one while they make him a *Stoic*, in pursuit of virtue alone (*d*), and flying from pleasures, so as not to be drawn thereby from what is *right and fit*, even  
by

by a promise of immortality: at another time they represent him as an *Epicurean* (*e*); highly extolling the happy state of a peaceful city, whose inhabitants spend their time in songs and banquets: at another time as a *Peripatetic*, allowing three sorts of good (*f*): at another time as an *Academic* or *Sceptic*, affirming all things to be uncertain. Now to me he seems to be none of these in particular, because their several doctrines are all to be found in him; and they are all very different from each other. But let us grant then that *Homer* was a philosopher: undoubtedly it was not the power of versifying that made him a philosopher; let us learn then what it was. To enquire whether *Homer* or *Hesiod* was the elder, or prior in time (*g*), is no more to the purpose, than to know whether *Hecuba* was younger than *Helen* (*h*); and why the former carried not her age so well. And do you think it of any more consequence to know the years of *Patroclus* and *Achilles* (*i*)? Are you curious to know whether *Ulysses* so long wandered in his travels, rather than to take care that we wander not ourselves daily in the road of life? It is all one to me, whether he was tossed about in the straits between *Sicily* and *Italy*, or in some unknown seas: though by the way it seems impossible for him to make so long a voyage, in so narrow a sea, as is supposed (*k*).

It is certainly of more consequence to reflect upon the tempests of the mind that daily toss us, and the iniquity that drives us into all the evils that *Ulysses* suffered (*l*). There is not wanting beauty to captivate our eyes, nor an enemy to take our persons: on this side are many fell monsters that delight in human blood; on that side, are the most insidious blandishments to charm the ear; and all around us are shipwrecks, and a vast variety of calamities. Teach me then how to love my country, my wife, my parents: how in despite of danger, nay, though wrecked, I may reach this happy port by a perseverance in well-doing. Why are you desirous to know, whether *Penelope* was unchaste (*m*), whether she imposed upon the men of that age; and whether she suspected her visitant to be her husband before she knew him? Teach me rather what chastity is; and how great a good; and whether it be placed in the body or in the mind (*n*).

And

And now, as to *Musick* (*o*). Here you teach me how the treble and base agree together; and how from strings of a different tone ariseth harmony. Teach me rather how my mind may agree with itself, and my thoughts be free from jarring discord. You shew me what notes or key are proper to expresse sorrow (*p*); shew me rather how in adversity I may abstain from sighs and groans, and such lamentable sounds.

And then for *Geometry*: it teacheth me to measure large tracts of land; but I had much rather it should teach me how much is sufficient for man. *Arithmetic* teaches me to cast accounts, and to practise my hands in the arts of avarice; rather let it teach me that computations of this kind belong not to the main business of life; and that he is by no means the happier man, whose large patrimony fatigues his steward; nay, let it teach me how many superfluous things he possesseth, whom nothing could make more unhappy, than to be obliged to keep his own accounts. What availeth it me to know how to divide a field into several parts, if I have not the heart to give my brother a share of it? Of what profit is it to me, to know with great exactness, how many square feet are contained in an acre of ground; and also to find out if it be not exactly measured by the perch or pole; if some over-powerful neighbour wrings me with sorrow, having encroached upon what is mine? Do you teach me to keep my own? I had rather learn how, was I to lose the whole, I might still be chearful.

Alas! I am driven, some one will say, from an estate, that was my father's and grandfather's. What then? can you tell me who was in possession of it before your grandfather? I do not say what man, but what people? You entered upon it, not as the lord of it, but as a tenant. Do you ask, whose tenant you are? Why, if things go well with you (*q*), and the inconstancy of human affairs prevent it not, you are tenant to your heir. The lawyers deny, that prescription of use can be pleaded for any thing that is common; now what you possess, is in common; it belongs to mankind.

O the excellency of art! you know how to measure a circle; you can reduce to a square any given figure; you can tell the distances of  
the

the stars; in short, there is nothing that belongs to numbers or figures, but what falls within your art: if then you are so great an artist, measure me the *mind of man*; say how great it is; rather say how little? You know what is a right line; but what availeth this, if you know not what is right in the conduct of life?

I come now to the man who boasteth of his skill in <sup>Astrology</sup> ~~Astronomy~~; who knows

[Frigida Saturni quo sese stella receptet,

Quos ignis cœli Cyllenius erret in orbes. G. I. 337.

*See to what house cold Saturn's beams repair,*

*Or where Cyllenius points his erring star:* Lauderdale.

And what is there in all this, that I should be solicitous to know when *Saturn* and *Mars* are in opposition? or when *Mercury* sets in the evening in the sight of *Saturn*? I would rather know, that, whatever aspects these planets are in, they are still propitious to me, and cannot change their course, to which they are fixed by an immutable decree of the fates: they return according to their stated seasons; they either bring on, or only point out (*r*), and denote, the effects of all things: but whether they are the cause of every thing that happens, what availeth the knowledge of a thing that is immutable; or, whether they only signify and presage such events, of what use is it to provide against what you cannot possibly escape? Whether you know these things, or know them not, they will certainly come to pass.

Si vero solem ad rapidum *Stellasque* sequentes

Ordine respicias, nunquam te craftina fallat

Hora, nec infidiis noctis capiêre serenæ. G. I. 424.

*Observe the daily circle of the sun,*

*And the short year of each revolving moon:*

*By them thou shalt foresee the following day,*

*Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.* Dryden.

I am sufficiently and amply provided against any surprise. But may I not be deceived in to-morrow? certainly I may; for that deceives a man, which happens to him unknowingly. Now, I know not what will *happen*, but I know what may happen. Fortune can do nothing against



against my expectation; I expect all she can do; if any thing be remitted, I take it in good part. The hour deceives me if it favours me; yet even so, it does not altogether deceive me; for as I know all things may happen, I know likewise that they may not happen: I expect therefore good fortune, and am prepared against bad (*s*).

You must bear with me, *Lucilius*, if I am not led in these matters by prescription; if I am somewhat particular in regard to the *liberal Sciences*; for I cannot be persuaded to take painters into the number of their professors, any more than I would statuarys, masons, and other ministers to luxury: I likewise exclude wrestlers; and the whole tribe of those whose art consists in dawbing their limbs with dust and oyl; as well as perfumers, cooks, and others, who study with great ingenuity to serve us in our pleasures. For what pretence, I pray you, have those morning sots (*t*), who fatten the body, but starve the mind, to be called professors of liberal arts? Can gluttony and drunkenness be thought a liberal study fit for youth, whom our ancestors were wont to exercise always in an erect attitude, in throwing darts, tossing the pike, breaking their horses, or handling their arms? They taught their children nothing that was to be learned in an easy and lolling posture. But after all, neither these arts nor the former teach and nourish virtue. For what avails it a man to manage a horse, and break him to the bit, if still he himself is carried away by his unbridled passions? What advantageth it a man to overcome many in wrestling and boxing, if in the mean time he is overcome himself by anger? *What then, are the liberal Sciences of no advantage to us?* Yes, certainly, of great advantage, in all other respects, save in regard to virtue. For low as the mechanic arts are, which are wholly manual, they are most useful instruments, and of great service in life, though they belong not to virtue. *Why then do we instruct children in the liberal Sciences?* not because they instil virtue, but because they prepare the mind for the reception of it (*u*). As the first principles of literature (so called by the ancients) by which children were taught their A, B, C, teach not the liberal arts, but only prepare them for instruction therein; so the liberal arts carry not the mind directly to virtue, but only expand, and make it fit for it.

*Pofidonius*

*Pofidonius* faith, there are four kinds of arts; the mean and vulgar; the vain and sportive; the puerile, and the liberal. The *vulgar* are fuch as employ handicraftsmen in the neceffary occupations of life; in which there is not the leaft pretence to gentility and honour. The vain and sportive are fuch as tend only to the pleafure of the eyes and ears; among thefe you may reckon thofe fubtle engineers, who contrive theatrical machines (*x*) to rife, as it were, of themfelves; and the ftage to widen and enlarge itfelf in all dimensions, without the leaft noife; with other fuch curious and unexperienced entertainments; fuch as feparating the parts that were joined together; or things that were far afunder, uniting of their own accord; or fome lofty pyramid finking gradually down into its bafe; all which things ftrike the eyes of the unskilful; and feem, as they know not the caufe of them, instantaneous miracles. The *puerile*, but fuch as have the appearance of *liberal*, are thofe which the Greeks call  $\gamma\gamma\upsilon\lambda\iota\sigma\tau\iota$ . and we *liberales*; but the only true *liberal*, or, if I may fo fpeak, *free* arts, are fuch as are wholly employed in the purfuit of virtue.

It is likewife faid, that *as fome part of philofophy is called Natural; another part Moral; and another Rational; fo this whole company of liberal arts claim to themfelves a place in philofophy.* When we come to *natural questions*, we have recourfe to the testimony of geometry; but does it therefore follow that it is part of that fcience which it affifteth? Many things affift us, and yet are not part of us; nay, if they were really part of us, they would not affift us; as meat is an help to the body, yet it is no part of it. Geometry hath certainly its peculiar ufe, and is fo far neceffary to philofophy as the artift is to that: but neither is he a part of geometry, nor geometry of philofophy.

Moreover, each profefion hath its proper fphere; the philofopher ftudies and knows the caufes of natural things; the numbers and meafures of which the geometrician is hunting after and computing. The philofopher knows the formation of the heavenly bodies, their nature, and feveral powers; while the mathematician calculates their appearances, their motion direct and retrograde, their rifing and fetting, and

seeming stationary, though they are all in perpetual motion: the philosopher knows the reason of the appearances of images in a glass; the geometrician can tell you the proper distance of the object from the glass, and what sort of glass will reflect such an image. The philosopher will prove the sun to be a very large body; the mathematician will tell you how large it is; but then he proceeds upon use and practice; and in order thereto, you must grant him certain principles and maxims: but the science that depends upon so precarious a foundation cannot be called sure and perfect. Philosophy never begs the question, it asks no *foreign* assistance, but raiseth the whole work itself from the foundation. Mathematics, if I may so speak, is a superficial art; the foundation on which it is built is not its own; it is obliged to other principles, whereby it proceeds to higher matters. Could it indeed reach truth of itself; could it comprehend the nature of the whole world; I should say that it contributed much to the improvement of our minds; which, by being conversant in heavenly matters, grow enlarged, and are still acquiring new knowledge. But there is only one thing which perfects the mind, and that is, the immutable knowledge of *good* and *evil*, which belongs to philosophy alone; no other art concerns itself with this distinction.

To run over a few particular virtues;—*Fortitude* is a contemner of such things as men are generally afraid of; it despiseth, provokes, and breaks the force of such terrors as are apt to enslave the mind, And how in any wise is this virtue strengthened and confirmed by the *liberal arts*? *Fidelity*, the most sacred good of the human breast, cannot be compelled to deceive, by any necessity; cannot be corrupted by any reward, how great soever; *burn, saith she, smite, kill, I will not betray my friend; the more severely torture endeavours to come at any secret, the more closely will I keep it.* Do the *liberal Sciences* ever instill such courage? *Temperance* restrains our pleasures; some she utterly detests and abhors; other some she dispenseth with, having reduced them to a proper mean, and never pursues them merely for pleasure's sake. *Humility* forbids a man to be haughty towards his companions, or covetous: in words, in deeds, in affections she sheweth herself gentle and con-

descending

descending unto all; she judgeth not ill of any man; and delights in that as her own chief good, which is likely to promote the good of others. Do the *liberal Sciences* teach such good qualities? No; no more than they do simplicity, modesty, frugality, and good œconomy; no more than they do *clemency*; which is as sparing of another's blood as of her own; and knows that man is not to be treated by man prodigally or cruelly.

*But when you affirm, it is said, that without the liberal Sciences a man cannot reach virtue; how can you deny that they contribute to virtue?* Why, because neither without food can a man arrive at virtue, and yet food belongeth not to virtue. Timber of itself contributes nothing to a ship, though without timber a ship cannot be built. There is no reason, I say, to think, that a thing should be made by that, without which it cannot be made. It may indeed be said, that without *the liberal Arts* a man may arrive at virtue: for though virtue be a thing to be learned, yet it is not learned merely by these sciences. And why should I not think that a man may become a wise man, though he knows not his letters; since wisdom consists not in the knowledge of letters? It is conversant about things, not about words; and I know not whether that may not prove the more faithful memory, which depends upon its own intrinsic strength (*y*).

Wisdom is very powerful and extensive; it requires a large space to range in; it must study all things both divine and human; things past, and to come; transitory, and eternal; and even Time itself: concerning which alone, consider how many questions may be started; as first, *whether any thing be self-existent*; and next, *whether any thing was before Time; if Time began with the world; or whether before the world had being, because there must have been something, there was not also Time* (*x*). Innumerable are also the questions concerning the soul; as, *whence it is* (*aa*); *of what quality; when it begins to be; and how long it shall continue in being; whether it be subject to transmigration; and, still changing its habitation, passeth from one form of living creatures into another; whether it performs no more than one service, and being set free wanders about the universe; whether it be a body, or not; what it will be employed upon when it ceaseth*

to act in conjunction with the body; how it will use its liberty when it hath escaped from this prison; whether it will forget all that is past, and there begin to know herself, when, dislodged from this body, she seats herself on high. Thus, how great part soever of things, or human or divine, you at present comprehend, you will still find matter enough to employ and fatigue the mind in the search of farther truths.

That things therefore so many and of so great consequence may find place for their reception, it is necessary that all that are superfluous should be removed from the mind. Virtue cannot endure to be straiten'd; she is so great as to require boundless room: let all things therefore be expell'd; and the whole mind laid open for the reception of her alone. But so far as there is a certain delight in the knowledge of many arts; let so much of them be retained as may be thought necessary. If you think a man worthy of reproof who spends his money in superfluities, and is proud of adorning his house with the most pompous furniture; will you not also think him blameable, who is busied in filling his head with a lumber of useless knowledge? To desire to know more than is requisite for a man to know, is a sort of intemperance.

Besides this eager pursuit of the liberal arts is apt to make a man troublesome, verbose, impertinent, self-conceited, and therefore disdainful to learn things necessary, being already overstocked with superfluities. *Didymus* the Grammarian is said to have wrote 4000 books (*bb*); how wretched must a man have been only to have read so many trifling things? for, in these books, great enquiry is made after the country of *Homer*; who was the true mother of *Æneas* (*cc*); whether *Anacreon* was more sottish than amorous; whether *Sappho* was a prostitute; and other the like trifles; which, if a man knew them, he would not be sorry to forget. Go now, O man, and deny, that *life is long*.

But to come to our own sect: I will shew you, *Lucilius*, that even here many things are to be rooted out; many to be cut down as it were with an axe. With how great loss of time, with how much impertinence, and plague to the ears of other men, have some laboured to obtain

obtain that empty commendation, *O what a learned man!* We ought rather to be content with that more simple and plain one, *O what a good man!* If such then our duty, shall I peruse the annals of all nations; in search of the man who first wrote verses? Shall I pretend to reckon up, though I have no records, the time between *Orpheus* and *Homer*? Shall I review the critical remarks of *Aristarchus* wherein he takes upon him to censure the verses of others? and wear out an age in counting syllables? Shall I for ever be poring over the dust of Geometricians (*dd*)? Shall I be so regardless of that wholesome precept, *Tempori parce, husband well your time?* Must I know all these things? What then can I pardonably be ignorant of (*ee*)?

*Appian*, the Grammarian, who in the time of *Caius Cæsar*, was carried about all *Greece*, and was every where honoured with the title of a *second Homer*, said, that *Homer*, after he had composed the *Odyssees* and *Iliad*, added to the latter, which treats of the *Trojan* war, the beginning, as it now stands; and in order to prove this, he alledged, that *Homer* had designedly began the first line with two letters that pointed out the number of both books (*ff*). Such then are the trifles which a man must know, who is ambitious of knowing many things.

But think now, my friend, how much time you may be deprived of by a bad state of health; how much must be taken up with necessary business, public, private, daily; and how much by sleep; measure the days of man; they are not sufficient for so many things; I am speaking of the *liberal studies*; but among the philosophers themselves how many things are superfluous! and how great is their idle waste of time! for they also have condescended to the weighing of syllables, and to the peculiar uses of conjunctions and prepositions, so as even to envy both the Grammarians and Geometricians: and whatever they found superfluous in the schools of these they have transplanted into their own. Hence it is they knew better how to speak than to live. Learn now, *O Lucilius*, what great mischief may accrue from too much subtlety; and how great an enemy it is to truth!

*Protagoras*

*Protagoras* (gg) saith, that upon every subject men may argue indifferently pro and con; even though the subject be, whether every thing is disputable on each side of the question. *Nauphbanes* (bb) saith that nothing can be said more to be, than not to be. *Parmenides* (ii) saith, that all we see, is nothing upon the whole. *Zeno of Elea* cuts short the question, and affirms, that nothing is. Of much the same opinion are the *Megarensians* (kk), the *Eretricians* (ll), and *Academics*, who have introduced a new sort of knowledge, to know nothing (mm): now you may fling all these into the common stock of those who profess the liberal arts; as those professors teach me a knowledge of little or no profit to me; these philosophers rob me of the hopes of knowing any thing at all: it is better however I think to know what is superfluous, than to know nothing. The former holds out no light to direct me in the way to truth, but these quite put out my eyes. If I believe *Protagoras*, there is nothing in the nature of things but what is doubtful; if *Nauphbanes*, this one thing only is certain, that nothing is certain: if *Parmenides*, there is but one thing: if *Zenon*, there is not even one. What then are we? and what are all things that surround, nourish, and sustain us? The whole nature of things is but a shadow, vain and deceitful. Indeed I cannot easily say, whether I am more angry at those, who would have us to know nothing; or those, who have not left us so much as this, to know nothing.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

\* In some books this Epistle is styled, *L. Annæi Senecæ Liber de septem artibus Liberalibus*, as if it was a separate treatise; but long as it is (and indeed there are some longer) *Lippius* persists in ranging it among the Epistles.

† The Romans called those the liberal studies, or sciences, which the Greeks called *ελευθερια μαθηματα*, i. e. *certain exercises*, which almost all gentlemen of birth and fortune were used to employ themselves in, not in order to make themselves thorough masters therein, but only to acquire such a smattering and taste in them, as might become their gentility, and without which they would make but a poor figure in life. They therefore were first taught *Grammar*, in order to form a just expression and propriety in speech. From hence they passed on to the reading the *Historians* and *Poets*: nor was it thought less necessary to instruct them in *Arithmetic*, *Geometry*; *Musick*: some were likewise taught *Painting*; they had also their several (*Angels*' or) masters, to teach them to wrestle, to ride, and to perform other manly exercises of the body. Concerning these studies therefore

therefore *Seneca*, in this most excellent Epistle, pronounceth in general, that not one of them is to be pursued merely upon its own account; and they are only useful forasmuch as they are subservient to qualify and prepare the minds of young men, as yet not capable of more weighty or solid matters for the study and acquisition of *wisdom*; which, and only which, among them all, deserves to be called *liberal*; as being that alone which is of sufficient force to deliver man, from the vilest of all slavery, even that of sin and lust. M.

Fundamenta, quibus nixatur vita salusque.

————— Such the foundation, such the end

On which the life and health of man depend.

(a) Nullum suspicio.] This he speaks as a Stoic. So *Zeno*, (which many object to him) τὴν ἐγκυκλίον παιδείαν ἀχρηστον ἀποφανεν, declares the cycle of literature useless. And principally the *Cynics*, according to *Laertes*, decried the same, παραϊτύνται τὰ ἐγκυκλια μαθηματα. This however is speaking comparatively; letters indeed considered in themselves are little more than mere amusement, for, says *Seneca* (De Brev. Vit. c. 14.) cujus errores minuent! cujus cupiditates premunt, quem fortiozem, quem justiozem, quem liberaliozem facient, whose errors will they lessen, whose passions will they check, whom will they make more brave, more just, more liberal? Sed

— Non animum metu,

Non mortis laqueis expedient caput. Hor. Od. iii. 24. 8.

— Not all thy wealth shall save

Thy mind from fear, or body from the grave. Creech.

But after all, says *Clemens*, unless wisdom is protected by the fence of philosophy, and erudition, it will be exposed to the snares and insults of sophistry. And *Justin*, Philosophy is a truly great and noble possession, venerable in the sight of God, forasmuch as it leadeth us to him, and fixeth the mind there. Happy and blessed are they whose minds are so fixed!

(b) Quod in res exit] *Muretus* says he knows not what to make of this expression: and as to what follows, meritoria artificia, he reads militaria. He might as well, I think, read mercatoria, as being somewhat nearer the original.

(c) Many of the ancients had such a veneration for *Homer*, that they would have it thought, all philosophy, and every tenet of the philosophers flowed originally from him. But *Seneca* maintains that this very argument proves *Homer* to be no philosopher, because the first seeds of opinions so widely different in themselves, are found scattered in his works. *Muret*.

Certainly a Philosopher, says *Lipfius*, if there ever was one, Basil. Πῶσα μὲν ἡ ποίησις τῷ Ὅμηρῳ ἀρετῆς ἐστὶν ἰπαινεῖς, κ. τ. λ. The whole poetry of *Homer* is in praise of virtue, unless what is added for the sake of grace and ornament. Vid. *Lipf.* Manud. l. 7.

(d) For, because *Ulysses* sets so high a value upon his own country, rocky and barren as it was, as not to be diverted from the desire and love of it, by the promise of immortality from *Circè* and *Calypso*; this they interpret, as that by the name of *Ithaca* you are to understand *Virtue*, for whose sake alone all other things are to be despised by a wise man. *Muret*.

But *Homer* goes still further, as if the possession of virtue was nothing, unless it was brought forth into action, as when *Patroclus* chiding *Achilles*, calls him Λιπαρῆτι.

Μὴ ἐμὲ γυνεῖός γε λαβὼι χόλοισι, ἐν σὺ φυλάσσει,

Λιπαρῆτι.---Π. 16. 30.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave,

O great in vain! unprofitably brave!

Thy country slighted in her last distress,

What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress? Pope.

Vid. *Plutarch.* de *Homero*, 6. 76.



(c) As when he introduced *Ulysses* saying,

Ου γὰρ εὐχόμετι τι φημι τέλος χαριεστερον εἶναι. κ. τ. λ. *Od.* 9. 5.  
*How sweet the producs of a peaceful reign!*  
*The heaven-taught poet and enchanting strain!*  
*The well fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,*  
*A land rejoicing, and a people blest!*  
*How goodly seems it ever to employ*  
*Man's social days in union and in joy!*  
*The plenteous board high-beap'd with cakes divine,*  
*And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!* Pope.

But particularly the description of one of the cities on the shield of *Achilles*. *Il.* 18.

*Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,*  
*And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite,---*  
*Along the streets the new-made brides are led,*  
*With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:*  
*The youthful dancers, in a circle bound*  
*To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound, &c.*

(f) Allowing three sorts of good, as comprized in the description of *Mercury*---

Οἷος δὴ σὺ δέμας καὶ εἶδος ἀγήνης,  
 Περυσταί τε γούρ, μακαρῶν δ' ἔξ' ἐσσι τοκίων. *Il.* α. 377.  
*A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,*  
*He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line.* Pope.

But as the word *tria* is wanting in some copies, it may be understood of wealth, prosperity, and other good things of life of which *Homer* says the Gods are the givers, *δοτῆρας εἰσιν*. See *Ep.* 66.

(g) Some suppose *Homer* to be the elder, as *Philoborus*, *Xenophanes*, and *Plutarch*. (*Consol.* ad *Apoll.*) Others give the seniority to *Hesiod*, as *Accius*, the poet, and *Ephorus*, the historian. But *Varro* seems to determine it, saying, non esse dubium quin aliquo tempore eodem vixerint; vel *Homerum* aliquanto antiquiorem, *that they lived much about the same time*, (*A. M.* 3000), or *that Homer was somewhat the elder of the two*. *Agell.* iii. 11. xvii. 21.

(h) *Muretus* supposeth, that *Helen* was much older than *Hecuba*, but that she carried her age better, because she was the daughter of *Jupiter*.

(i) *Patroclus* is generally thought to have been the younger; but see *Politian*. *Miscell.* c. 45.

(k) Some therefore have fancied that he wandered in the *Atlantic Ocean*. But certainly there is no need to be scrupulously inquisitive concerning such things as are manifestly fabulous. *Agellius* alludes to this question, (*l.* 14. c. 6.) where he introduces one of his servants disputing, whether *Ulysses* wandered, *ἐν τῇ ἐσῶ θαλάσῃ κ. τ. λ.* in the *Mediterranean*, according to *Aristarchus*, or in the *Ocean*, according to *Crates*.

(l) In like manner *Diogenes* is said to have reproved the *Grammarians*; forasmuch as they were solicitous to know what evils *Ulysses* suffered, but were negligent of their own.

(m) Sunt enim qui dicant, eam omnibus porcis fecisse copiam sui, atque ex illo promiscuo coitu natum *Pana*. At alii hunc ipsum capripedem Deum natum ex *Penelopa* et *Mercurio* in hircum converso, egregiam mulieris pudicitiam! quæ cum se a virorum consortio puram integramque servaret, ad hirci, belli videlicet et suaveolentis animalis concubitu non abhorruerit. *Muret.*

(n) Undoubtedly in the mind, nec oppresso corpore amittitur, *August.* (*de liv. Dei.* l. 17. *Vis* aliena pudicitiam non excutit, et si pudorem incutit.

(o) *Diogenes* saith of musicians, τὸς μουσικὸς μὲν ἐν τῇ λύρᾳ χορδὰς ἀρμόττειν, ἀναρμόστα δὲ ἔχειν τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς ἠθῆ. *That they kept the strings of their harps in tune, but neglected to tune their souls to good morals,*

- (p) Modi flebiles] *Softly sweet in Lydian measure.* Dryden's Ode.  
 (q) i. e. if you are happy in having an heir to your mind.  
 (r) Effectus rerum omnium aut movent aut notant] Vid. *Lips.* Philol. ii. 13.  
 (s) In Anthologia.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν, ἃ δὲ παθεῖν,  
 Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν, καλὸν ἦν πρὸ μαθεῖν·  
 Ἐἰ δὲ δὲ παθεῖν, ἃ δὲ ἦν μαθεῖν  
 Τὸ δὲ μαθεῖν; χρῆ γὰρ παθεῖν.  
*It avails nothing, or to know,  
 Or not, what we must undergo;  
 Since, for whate'er we must endure,  
 Sweet patience is the only cure.*

- (t) Jejunii vomitoris] See Epist. 122.  
 (u) Philo, Ὡσπερ ἐν οἰκειᾷς ἀυλοῖσι προκεισται; *As the vestibule to a house, and suburbs to a city, such are the liberal arts to virtue; they are the way that leads to it.*

(x) Pegmata per se surgentia] Augustin de Civ. Dei, c. 24. Ad quàm stupenda opera industria humana pervenit? quæ in theatro mirabilia spectantibus audientibus incredibilia facienda et exhibenda molita est! Crescebant in sublima Pegmata,

Et crescunt mediâ pegmata celsa viâ. *Martial.*

Subsidebant eadem. *Claudian.*

Mobile ponderibus descendat Pegma reductis.  
 Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammæ  
 Scena rotet, vanos effingat mulciber orbis  
 Per tabulas impunè vagus: pictæque citato  
 Ludant igne trabes, et non permiffâ moræri  
 Fida per innocuos errent incendia turres.

Apuleius l. x. Jamque totâ suave fragrante caveâ montem illum ligneum terræ vorago decepit. Machinatores fabricarum astutiâ unius conversionis, multa et varia pariter administrant. *Id.* Vid. *Lips.* de Amphitheatro, c. 22. *Philand.* in Vitruv. l. 9. *Sueton.* in Nero.

(y) It was thought by many of the antients that letters rather hurt than profit the memory; forasmuch as trusting to these, men are less diligent in fixing in their minds such things as they learn; as *Dictionaries*, &c. are apt to make schoolboys more careless and idle. Whereupon *Thamas*, king of Egypt, when *Theuth* the inventor of letters called them an help and sure remedy for the memory, thus refutes him, Καὶ νυν σὺ πατήρ ὦν γραμμάτων, --- οὐκ ἐστὶ μνήμη, ἀλλ' ὑπομνήσιας φαρμακὸν εὔρεται. --- *ap.* Plato in Phædr. *The inventor of letters hath found out an help or remedy, not of memory, but of reminiscence.* And, *Cæsar*, de Bell. Gallico, l. 6. c. 8. *Cæsar* tells us that the Druids instructed their pupils in the Greek tongue; for two reasons, first, that their learning might not become common and vulgar; and, 2dly, that scholars might not trust so much to their writings as to their memory; as it happened for the most part, that men rely upon the trust of books and papers, and in the mean time omit the benefit of good remembrance.

(z) Negamns, ubi fola principia sunt, tempus esse. Non habet tempus æternitas, omne enim tempus ipsa est. *Tertullian.* See Epp. i. 49. 117. *Lips.* Physiol. ii. 24.

(aa) *Whence it is*, the soul was held by most of the antient philosophers, especially by the *Pythagoreans* and the *Stoics*, to be a discerped part of the divine essence. *Cicero* represents it, as acknowledged by the best and wisest men, that our souls are emanations from the universal mind; and consequently immortal; and this conviction, says he, arises within me, from reflecting, that considering the mighty quickness with which the human soul is endowed, its vast collection of past, and provision for

future events; the variety of the Arts, and the importance of the Sciences, with all its numerous inventions; I say, considering all this, it is impossible for that nature, that is the receptacle of so many different properties, to be mortal. Cic. de Sen. c. 21. Subject to transmigration. See Epist. 65. (N. k) Ovid introduces Pythagoras as delivering his doctrine to the people of Crotona.

Morte carent animæ, semperque priore relicta

Sede novis domibus vivunt, habitentque receptæ. Met. xv. 156.

— Our souls their antient houses leave,

To live in new, which them, as guests, receive.

— She seats herself on high. Socrates, in Plato, says many excellent things concerning the happiness to be enjoyed in a future state; he talks of its going, after its departure hence, into a place like itself, noble, pure, invisible, to a wise and good God, whither, says he, if it pleases God, I shall soon go. And particularly, that the soul which gives itself up to the study of wisdom and philosophy, and lives abstracted from the body, goes at death to that which is like itself, divine, immortal, wise, to which when it arrives it shall be happy, freed from error, ignorance, fears, disorderly love, and other human evils, and lives, as it is said of the initiated, the rest of its life with the Gods.—Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God. Matth. v. 8. The righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father. xiii. 43.

(bb) Suidas says 3500, and that on account of his laborious works he was called χαλκευτερος, Ironsider. He lived in the time of Cicero and Augustus.

(cc) Venus being generally supposed his mother.

(dd) In geometriæ pulvere] So pulvis eruditus, in Cicero; i. e. the dust wherein the geometers were used to draw their figures.

(ee) Ep. i. Hæc sciam? et quid ignorem? i. e. as it is impossible for a man to know all things, there must be some things, which if I am obliged to know, I cannot conceive what those things be; which it is pardonable not to know.—Muretus, Hæc sciam, ut quid—Erasmus et quid si—Stephanus, et quid sim.—So the old translation, shall I know these things, and be ignorant of myself? Lipsius, et quid ignorem? Juretus, without an interrogation, nec sciam quid ignorem, i. e. I am not concerned at not knowing many things which it is better to be ignorant of than to know.

(ff) MHVII—M. 40. H. 8. i. e. 48.

(gg) Protagoras, a scholar of Democritus, and the son of Menander, the richest man in Thrace, who entertained Xerxes in his expedition against Greece; for which bounty the magi or wise men that were with Xerxes, instructed his son, Protagoras, in all their learning, which they could not have done but by permission of the King.

(hh) Nauphanes, a follower of Democritus; abused by Epicurus with all manner of contumely. Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 26.

(ii) Parmenides, a philosopher of Elis, scholar and friend of Xenophon. He is mentioned by Plato, who hath also wrote a dialogue (concerning ideas) in his name. He is supposed to be the first who took notice of Lucifer and Hesperus, the Morning and Evening Star being the same.

(kk) The people of Megara, a city of Achaia, between Athens and the isthmus of Corinth. The birth-place of Euclid. It still retains the name.

(ll) Eretrici] So called from Eretria, a city in the isle Eubœa, the birth-place of Menodæmus, their founder.—al. Cretici. Pincian. ridiculously enough; Critici, i. e. judiciales.

(mm) A sect of philosophers, who followed the doctrine of Socrates and Plato, as to the uncertainty of knowledge, and the incomprehensibility of truth. Among the antients they were called Academici; but since the restoration of learning they have assumed the denomination of Platonists.

## EPISTLE

## E P I S T L E LXXXIX.

*The Distinction between Wisdom and Philosophy.*

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, to have philosophy rightly distinguished, and its vast body disposed into members: this is certainly of consequence, and very necessary for a man who aspires after wisdom; for by the parts we are more easily led to a knowledge of the whole. I could wish therefore the whole of philosophy was presented to our view in like manner as the face of the universe, exhibiting a sight like that of the world; it would surely transport mankind with admiration of its beauty; and draw them off from those things which they now think great, merely through ignorance of what is really so. But because this is not to be expected, we must rest satisfied with beholding her under the same obscurity as we do the mysteries of the world.

The mind indeed of a philosopher comprehends the whole frame thereof, and passeth over it not less swiftly, than the eye over the visible heavens. But to us, who have as yet great darkness to break through, and whose sight faileth even in things that are near at hand, as we are not capable of receiving the whole, the parts separately considered are much more intelligible. I will endeavour therefore to grant your request; and will divide philosophy into parts, not into scraps; for it will be more proper to divide, than to hack it; since it is as difficult to comprehend the smallest things as the largest. It is usual therefore to divide a people into tribes, and an army into companies; whatever is very extraordinary, either in size or quantity, is much better known, I say, when divided into parts; provided they are not too numerous, or too small. Divisions too minute render a thing as intricate, as if no division had been made at all: subdivisions, as it were, to the least particle of dust, only create confusion.

First then I will shew you, *Lucilius*, according to your desire, the distinction that is to be made between *Wisdom* and *Philosophy* (a). *Wisdom* is the perfect good of the human mind; *Philosophy* is the love and affectation of *Wisdom*; she points out the way thereto: the word *Philosophy* discovers plainly enough what it is, and from whence it has its name; *Wisdom* is by some defined, *the knowledge of things divine and human*; by others, *the knowledge of things divine and human, with their causes*: but this addition seems to me superfluous, forasmuch as the *causes* are parts of things human and divine. *Philosophy* likewise hath been defined different ways; some have called it, *the study of virtue* (b); others, *the study of the mind's improvement*; and others still, *an earnest desire of, or an inclination to, right reason*.

From whence it is plain there is a difference between *Philosophy* and *Wisdom*; for it is impossible the thing affecting should be the same with the thing affected. As then there is a great difference between avarice and wealth; inasmuch as that covets, and this is coveted; so is there between *Philosophy* and *Wisdom*; as this is the effect and reward of the other; the one is the road, the other the end of the journey. *Wisdom* is what the Greeks call  $\sigma\phi\alpha$ , *Sophia*; the Romans likewise adopted the same word; and still make use of it in *Philosophia*. This is manifest from some antient comedies, and the inscription on the monument of *Dossennus* (c).

Hospes resiste, et *sophiam* Dossenni lege.

Stay, stranger, and learn the wisdom of *Dossennus*.

Some indeed of our sect have thought, that though *Philosophy* be *the study of virtue*, and *this* the thing sought after, and *that* what seeks, yet they are so closely connected, as not to be divided; since neither is *Philosophy* without virtue, nor virtue without *Philosophy*. *Philosophy* is the study of virtue, but by the means of *Virtue* itself; as there cannot be virtue but what delights in itself, nor a desire of virtue but by virtue itself: for, it is not here, as when any thing is aimed at from afar, the person who takes aim is in one place, and the thing aimed at in another; nor as the ways that lead to a city, and are without; since the way to virtue is in and through itself; *Philosophy* and virtue therefore coincide.

Again;

Again; many and very principal authors have divided Philosophy into three parts (*d*), *moral*, *natural* and *rational*, or discursive. The *first* frames and sets in order the mind: the *second* searches into the nature of things; and the *third* studies the propriety of words, the structure and manner of reasoning, so as not to be imposed upon by falsehood for truth. But there are those who are pleased to divide Philosophy, some into fewer, and some into more parts; some (for instance the *Aristotelians*) have added a fourth branch, the *civil*, or public; because it is engaged in a peculiar exercise, and employed upon a different subject: and some have added to these another division, which the Greeks call *ο.κονομικὴν*, *æconomical*, or the art of managing family affairs. Some have likewise assigned a place to the different kinds and occupations of life: but there are none of all these but what come under the first division, *Moral Philosophy*.

On the other hand the *Epicureans* rejected the third branch (*e*), and only retained the two former, *Moral* and *Natural*; and being constrained in the examination of things to discern antiquities, and to discover the falsities, that are often concealed under the appearance of truth, they have given another name to the *rational*, and assigned it a place under the title of *judicial* and *regular* (*f*), but they still look upon it only as an appendix to *natural* Philosophy. The *Cyrenaics* take away both *natural* and *rational*; contenting themselves with *moral* only; but they introduce, what they before rejected, in another way: for, they divide *moral* Philosophy into five parts; one relating to things to be pursued or avoided; a second, concerning the passions and affections; a third, concerning actions; a fourth, concerning causes; and a fifth concerning arguments: but the causes of things belong to *natural*; arguments to *rational*; and actions to *moral* Philosophy. *Aristo* of *Cbios* (*g*) maintained that *natural* and *rational* Philosophy were not only superfluous but contrary; (Sc. to *Wisdom and Virtue*) and the *moral*, which was the only one he allowed, he greatly maimed; forasmuch as he abolished that part which relates to *admonitions* (*b*), saying, that *this belonged rather to the Pedagogue than to the Philosopher*; as if the wise man was any thing else than the *instructor* of mankind.

Concluding

Concluding therefore *Philosophy* to be rightly divided into three parts, we will begin with the *moral*. Now, *moral Philosophy* may likewise be divided into three parts; the first relates to diligence in giving suum cuique, every one their own; and estimating every thing according to its true worth. A very useful part indeed! For what can be more necessary than to set a due value upon things? The second regards power, or a desire to act; the third actions. By the first, you are taught to judge of things according to quantity or quality; by the second, to direct the affections, and moderate their impulse: and by the third, to suit your endeavours to the action; that in all things you may be consistent. Whatever is wanting of these three, the loss of it will disorder the rest. For what signifies it to be able to estimate all things rightly, if you have no command of yourself? Or what avails it to restrain the vehemence of desire, and to have the affections under command, if, as things may require, you know not the proper time, when, or what, or where, or how to act? For it is one thing to know the dignity and value of things, and another, to know times and seasons; and another, to restrain the vehemence of desire, so as to go calmly, and not rush precipitately, upon action. Life therefore is then consistent with itself, when the effort and the action agree together. An effort proceedeth from the dignity of things, and is either remis or more earnest, according to the worthiness of the object pursued.

2. *Natural Philosophy* is twofold; as it relates to things corporeal, or incorporeal; and these again are divided, as I may so speak, into their several degrees. The part that relates to body, first considers the things that make or engender; and next the things that are made or engendered. Now, the elements are supposed to be made, or to receive being from another. Element is considered by some as a single topic; by others, as a subject divided into matter, and a *cause* moving all things, even the elements themselves (*i*).

3. And now as to the division of *rational Philosophy*. Every speech is either a continued one, or divided into question and answer: this they

they call *διαλεκτικὴ*, *dialectic*, or the art of logic; and the other, *ρητορικὴ*, *rhetorical*. Rhetoric is concerned about the sense and construction of words; logic, or the dialectic, is divided into two parts, *viz.* words, and their significations; i. e. into things which are spoken of, and the expression in which they are delivered. And then follows too great a description to be discussed at present; so here I shall conclude the subject,

—— Et summa sequar fastigia rerum,

*And treat on things of higher consequence;*

Otherwise was I to enter on all the divisions and subdivisions it would swell this Epistle into a large volume of questions (*k*). I would not however deter you, *Lucilius*, from reading those things, provided you immediately refer whatever you read to the improvement of *morals*. Study principally to correct these: stir up in you whatever seems languid; bind up the loose; check the stubborn; and thwart, as much as you can, your own irregular desires, and those of the public; and should the world say, *Will you be always in the same strain of reproof?* make answer, *It is for me rather to say, Will ye be always giving the same offence? ye would have the remedies cease, while the malady still continues: it behoves me so much the more to speak; and, because ye are obstinate, to persevere in my reproof. A medicine begins to take effect, when a distempered body is sensible of pain, at being touched: refractory as ye are, I will still utter such things as, I think, will profit you; with words perhaps that may sometimes prove not very smooth and agreeable: and, because ye do not chuse to bear them severally, and in private, I thus exhort you publickly, and in general.*

“ How far will ye extend the bounds of your possessions? A large  
 “ tract of land, sufficient heretofore for a whole nation, is scarce wide  
 “ enough now for a single Lord! How far will ye enlarge your  
 “ arable, not content with the tillage of whole provinces, which ye  
 “ hold only as a single farm? Famous streams running through pri-  
 “ vate grounds, and great rivers, the boundaries formerly of great  
 “ nations, from their fountain head to their mouth are yours: and  
 “ even this is not enough, unless you gird the seas within your estates;  
 “ unless



“ unless your bailiff extends his authority beyond the *Adriatic*, the  
 “ *Ionian*, and *Ægean* seas. Nay, unless the islands, the seat of some  
 “ great generals, be reckoned as insignificant trifles. But go on;  
 “ extend your possessions as far as ye please; call it only a country  
 “ farm, which was once an empire; make all you can get your own;  
 “ there will still be something left for others.”

A word or two now with you, whose luxury is as extensive as the  
 avarice of the former. I ask you, “ whether you intend to leave no  
 “ lake, but what the tops of your villas hang over? No river, whose  
 “ banks are not covered with your magnificent buildings? Shall  
 “ wherever any vein of warm water springs up, new baths be erected  
 “ to indulge you in luxury? Wherever the winding shore forms itself  
 “ into a bay will ye lay a foundation for building; and not content  
 “ with the firm ground, unless it be of your own making, drive the  
 “ seas before you, by flinging into it numberless loads of rubbish (*!*)?  
 “ But know, that splendid and pompous as your houses are, in various  
 “ places; some raised on mountains, for a wide prospect over sea and  
 “ land; and others on the plain, to the height of mountains; build,  
 “ I say, as many as ye will, and as great; ye are still, severally confi-  
 “ dered, but as a single person, and a little, a very little, body. Of  
 “ what use are many stately bedchambers? you yourself can lie but in  
 “ one; and where you are not, that cannot be called *your's*.”

Lastly, I address myself to you, whose throat is so deep and insatiable,  
 that every sea and every land must be ransacked for your provision.  
 “ Hence, with great toil and trouble, hooks, and snares, and va-  
 “ rious kinds of nets, are continually made use of in pursuit of prey.  
 “ No living animal can have peace, but such as ye are already glutted  
 “ with. How little can you relish of those banquets, prepared as they  
 “ are by so many hands, and at so great an expence, when ye sit down  
 “ to them, with a mouth already palled with the like dainties? How  
 “ little of that wild boar, which was taken with so much hazard, can  
 “ the master eat, with a queasy and loathing stomach? How few of  
 “ those shell-fish, brought from afar, can the mouth that never thinks

“ it has enough, devour? How wretched are ye not to know, that  
 “ *your eye, as they say, is bigger than your belly!*”

Let such be your discourse to others; and while you speak, *Lucilius*, attend to what you say: and so write, that what you have written, you may read with pleasure. Refer all to *Morality*, and to calming the rage of the headstrong passions. Study not still to know more, but, from what you know, to be a better man.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) They are generally confounded by the philosophers; as when *Plato* says, Ἡ δὲ γὰρ φιλοσοφία, κτήσις ἐπιστήμης, Philosophy is the acquisition of Wisdom: and *Aristotle*, ἐπιστήμη τῆς ἀληθείας, the knowledge of Truth.—*Clemens Alexandrinus*, more agreeable to our author, *As the Liberal Sciences refer to Philosophy, which is their mistress, so does Philosophy herself to Wisdom.* And he adds, εἰ γὰρ ἡ μὲν φιλοσοφία, ἐπιτηδεύσις, ἡ σοφία δὲ, ἐπιστήμη θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων, Philosophy is study and meditation; but Wisdom the knowledge of things divine and human; and their causes. *Plutarch*, Οἱ μὲν Στωϊκοὶ ἔφασαν, σοφίαν εἶναι θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων ἐπιστήμην, *The Stoics said, that Wisdom was the knowledge of things divine and human.* Where we may observe, he with *Seneca* omits the causes. See other definitions, *Lips.* Physiol. p. 698.

(b) Many excellent passages, to this purpose, we meet with in *Cicero's Tusculan Disputations*: Philosophy is the culture of the mind, and plucketh up vice by the roots; it is the medicine of the soul, and healeth the minds of men; that from thence, if we would be good and happy, we may draw all proper helps and assistances for leading virtuous and happy lives.—O Philosophy, thou guide of life! the searcher out of virtue, and expeller of vice! what should we be, nay, what would human life be without thee! Thou calledst us together into social life; to thee we owe the invention of laws! thou teacher of manners and discipline! From thee we beg assistance: and one day spent according to thy precepts is preferable to an immortality spent in sin.—Some of the moderns have come little behind the ancients, in the admiration they have expressed for the Heathen moral Philosophy. See *Leland*, vol. ii. p. 72.

(c) *Fabius Dorsennus*, Ἄ. *Dorsennas*, a writer of comedies, (Atellanarum sc. fabularum)

Quantus sit Dorsennus edacibus in parafitis. *Horr.* Ep. ii. 1. 173.

How great is Dorsenn when he writes

Of all-devouring parasites!

See *Plin.* xiv. 13. where you will find some quotations from him.

(d) There is the same division in *Macrobius*, (Somn. Scip.) but differently explained: *Moralis*, quæ docet morum elimatam perfectionem; *Naturalis*, quæ de divinis corporibus disputat; *Rationalis*, cum de incorporibus sermo est, quæ mens sola complectitur, &c. l. ii. Moral, which teacheth the perfection of moral behaviour; Natural, which treats of the heavenly bodies; and Rational, concerning things incorporeal, which the mind only can comprehend.

(e) As superfluous] *Laertius*, τὴν διαλεξιμὴν ὡς παρήκουσαν ἀποδοκιμαζουσι.

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(f) *Al.*

(f) *Μ. τὸ κατηχητικόν, canonical.]* And this, as it forms, and prepares the mind, is said to be, *περὶ κριτηρίων, καὶ ἀρχῆς, καὶ στοιχειώτατων, Of the criterion, beginning and elementary. Vid. Laert.* in Epicurus.

(g) He was cotemporary with *Zeno*, and one of the disciples of the founder of the *Stoical sect*. He published several philosophical treatises, by which he acquired the reputation of an agreeable and elegant, rather than of a solid and judicious writer. See *Melmoth*, on *Cicero's Cato*, N. 5.

*Laertius* says of him, *τὸν τε φυσικὸν τεκνὸν καὶ τὸν λογικὸν ἀνέρει, λεγὼν τὸν μὲν εἶναι ὑπὲρ ἡμᾶς, τὸν δὲ ἴσθαι πρὸς ἡμᾶς.* He took away from the common division, *both the natural and the rational part, saying, this was far above us, and that nothing to us.*

(b) *Sc. τὴν παρασκευατικὴν.* See Ep. 94.

(i) i. e. God; or, as the *Stoics* speak sometimes, *His Reason*, or *Wisdom*: and by *elements*, we understand, the first and constituent principles of things, as derived from him.

(k) *Lipsius* observes that in some books, this is the beginning of another Epistle.

(l) *Hor. Carm. iii. 1. 34.*

*Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt  
Iactis in altum molibus. Huc frequens  
Cæmenta remittit redemptor  
Cum famulis, dominusque terræ  
Fastidiosus.*

*The fish that in the ocean rang'd*

*Perceive their territories chang'd.*

*The moles thrown in extend the shore;*

*The Lord grown weary of the land,*

*Now builds upon the settled sand,*

*And scorns the bounds that Nature fix'd before.*

*Sallust. Bell. Cat. Quid ea memorem, quæ nisi his qui videre, nemini credibilia sunt? A privatis compluribus subversos montes, maria confrata, &c. What need I mention other things, that will hardly meet with credit from those who have been eyewitnesses of their truth? such as levelling hills and mountains, and raising palaces in the sea itself by private men for the purposes of pleasure, &c. See also Suetonius in Caligula, c. 37.*

*Petronius, l. ii.*

————— *Aspice latè*

*Luxuriam spoliatorum, et censum in damna furentem.*

*Edificant auro sedesque ad sidera mittunt.*

*Expelluntur aquæ faxis; mare nascitur arvis,*

*Et permutatâ rerum statione rebellant.*

*See, all around luxurious trophies lie,*

*And their decreasing wealth now ill supply.*

*Here golden piles the azure skies invade,*

*There in the sea encroaching moles are made —*

*Inverted Nature's injur'd laws they wrong —*

*Hor. Carm. ii. 18. 20. Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges*

*Summovere littora,*

*Parum locuples continente ripâ.*

*The moles and thy encroaching mounds*

*Remove the floods to straiter bounds;*

*For greedy you would seem but poor,*

*Confid' by Nature's narrow shores. Creech.*

But

But as some read in *Seneca*, *arva*, instead of *maria*, we may apply the words that follow in *Horace*:

Quid quod usque proximos  
 Revellis agri terminos, et ultra  
 Limites clientium  
 Sals avarus?—

*Nay more, you pass the sacred bounds,  
 And seize your meaner client's grounds;  
 No fence too high, no ditch too deep,  
 For wealthy injury to leap. Id.*

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EPISTLE XC.

*On Philosophy, and the Invention of Arts.*

WHO can doubt, my *Lucilius*, but that it is from the blessing and gift of the immortal Gods that we live; but from *Philosophy* that we live well (*a*)? that consequently we owe more to this than to the Gods; inasmuch as a good life is better than mere existence. Undoubtedly we ought to think so, unless Philosophy itself might be also thought the gift of the Gods (*b*), the knowledge whereof they have given to no one, but the ability of acquirement to all. For if they had vouchsafed this as a common good, and we had been all born good, wisdom would have lost what is of greatest account therein, *that it is not to be reckoned among casual things*: for it hath this most precious and noble quality, that it comes not accidentally; that every one owes it to himself, an acquisition not to be sought for elsewhere\*. What would there be in Philosophy worthy admiration, if it was holden of the donor? One of her principal offices is to search out truth, in things both divine and human: justice, piety, religion, and the whole train of virtues, that are in perfect union with one another, are all attendant upon her: she teacheth us to worship God, and to love our neighbour (*c*); that government is the prerogative of heaven †; and the social virtues necessary upon earth; which for some time remained

pure and inviolate, before covetousness distracted society; and introduced poverty even among those whom she had most enriched: for they ceased to possess all things, when they began to call any thing their own.

But the first men and their immediate descendants followed Nature; pure and uncorrupt; and held the same both for their leader and the law; by an orderly submission of the worse to the better: for this was ever the rule of simple Nature. In the brute creation the strongest and most fierce generally preside; nor does a bull of a cowardly spirit ever lead the herd; but he that is master over the rest by his strength and magnitude; as among elephants the tallest; so among men the best was chief: according to the endowments of the mind a ruler was chosen. Exquisitely happy then must the people have been, among whom none could obtain power but he that was a good man: for he may do whatever he pleases, who thinks he can do no more than what he ought to do. *Poseidonius* therefore judgeth, that wise men only ruled in the age that was called *the golden*. These tied down the hands of the populace to good behaviour; and even defended the weak from the more strong. They persuaded to good, and dissuaded from evil (*d*); shewing what things were useful and profitable, and what the contrary. By their prudence they took care that nothing should be wanting to their subjects: by their fortitude they encreased and enriched their people: to rule was not looked upon as a lordship, but as an office; not to tyrannize, but to be the ministers of God (*e*). No one therefore was ambitious to try his power over those who had raised him to that power; nor was there any inclination to do an injury; nor any cause for it; while the due administration of government challenged due obedience; and a King could threaten nothing more grievous to the disobedient than that he would leave the kingdom.

But when, vices having crept in, Kings were obliged to shew their authority, then was there a necessity for making penal laws, which the wise men were at first the authors of: as *Solon*, who founded the *Athenian* state on the laws of equity, was numbered among the seven  
sages,

sages, remarkable for their wisdom in that age (*f*). And had *Lycurgus* been then living, he had justly been reputed the eighth in that sacred order. The laws also of *Zaleneus* and of *Charondas* (*g*) are highly commended: and these men learned the statutes, (which they published and established throughout *Sicily*, then in a flourishing state, and which through *Italy* passed into *Greece*) not at the bar, nor in the courts of law, but in the silent and sacred school of *Pythagoras*.

Hitherto then I agree with *Pofidonius* (*b*), but I deny that those arts which are in daily use for the necessaries of life, were the invention of Philosophy; nor will I give so great an honour to the workshop. He saith indeed that Philosophy taught men when they were scattered up and down, and lived in cottages, and in hollow rocks, and in the trunks of decayed trees, to build houses: but I can no more think that Philosophy taught them to build houses upon houses, and turrets upon turrets, than that it instructed them in making stews and fishponds; to the intent that the gormandizing throat might not run any hazard in stormy weather; and that, let the sea rage as it will, luxury might still have its quiet waters, wherein to fatten fish of every kind.

And what do you say, that Philosophy taught the use of locks and keys! Pray what can be a greater sign of timid avarice? Or was it Philosophy that formed these lofty geometrical roofs to the great danger of the inhabitants? as if it was not sufficient to meet with a chance covering; and natural for man, without any art or difficulty, to find rest for himself in some proper habitation? Believe me, *Lucilius*, the happy age before mentioned, knew not either masons or carpenters; whose art in squaring and sawing timber by the line, so as to make a beam of just proportion, sprung up with the luxury of after-ages.

(*Nam primis cuneis sciendebant fissile lignum.*) Virg. G. i. 146.

*Then saws were tooth'd and sounding axes made,*

*(For wedges first did yielding wood invade.)* Dryden.

For they had no banqueting-houses for the entertainment of numerous guests (*i*); nor to this use were whole pines and fir-trees dragged along the trembling streets (*k*) in a long train of carriages, in order to form

therewith large cielings, decorated with maffey gold; two forked sticks at some little distance, with poles across, supported the roofs of their little tenements; which being covered with dry sticks and leaves plaistered together, and laid sloping, proved sufficient to throw off a shower of rain, was it ever so great; and under these roofs they lived in peace and security. Thatch covered men that were free, but slavery now dwells under marble and gold.

I likewise differ from *Posidonius*, in that he thought all working tools made of iron the invention of wise men: for he might as well call them wise by whose invention men first began:

*Tum lequeis captare feros, et fallere visco*

*Inventum, et magnis canibus circumdare saltus. Virg. G. i. 140.*

*Thus toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found;*

*While deep-mouth'd dogs the forest-walks surround. Dryden.*

For 't was the cunning and sagacity, not the wisdom of man, that first found out these things. I also dissent from him in supposing they were wise men, who found out the several metals, iron and brass; when the earth being accidentally heated with fires enkindled in the woods, melted the ore, and by pouring it forth, discovered the veins of those metals that lay nearest the surface: such men as honour these things, generally find them out.

Nor does that seem so subtle a question to me as to *Posidonius*;— whether the hammer or the pincers were first in use. Some one no doubt of ingenuity and acute parts, though not very great and sublime, found out these things, and whatever else was to be sought for, with a body bowed to the ground, and a groveling mind. A wise man took not so much pains to live: no wonder, since even in this age he desires to be as easy-as possible. How, I pray you, is it consistent, to admire both *Diogenes* and *Talus* (1)? which of them, think ye, was the wiser man? He that invented the saw; or he that, upon seeing a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand, immediately took his cup out of his pouch and brake it, thus reproving himself; *How long, foolish man as I was,*  
*have*

*have I carried about me a superfluous burthen? I am speaking of that Diogenes, who, folding himself double, lived in a tub.*

And which, at this day, do you think the wiser man; him, who contrived to raise to a great height, and sprinkle around saffron or rose-water from hidden pipes (*m*), and to fill the canals with a sudden flow of water, and again to empty them; and so to couch together the changeable roofs of our banqueting houses (*n*), that one scene may succeed another; and a new cieling appear upon every change of the dishes: or him, who can demonstrate to himself and others, that Nature requires nothing of us that is hard and difficult; that we can very well live without masons, and be clothed without trafficking with the Indians for silk; and have every thing that is necessary for the uses of life, were we content with such things as the earth produceth on its surface? which things, if mankind would give their attention to, we should find there would be no more need of cooks than of a standing army.

They were certainly wise men, or something like it, who were not over-anxious with regard to the care and protection of the body. Necessary things cost but little trouble; men must labour for dainties; you will not want artificers if you follow Nature: she would not have us embarrassed: she can easily equip us with every thing we want. Wintry cold is certainly intolerable to our naked body: what then? cannot the skins of wild beasts or other animals defend us from it? do not some nations cover their bodies with the inner barks of trees, and others dress themselves with the feathers of birds (*o*), sown together? Do not great part of the *Scythians* cloath themselves with the skins of foxes and ermins (*p*), soft to the touch, and impenetrable to the winds? And what if there is need of a thicker shade to repel the heat of the summer's sun; has not length of time or other accidents scooped out caves and places fit for a cool retirement? And have not men wove hurdles of twigs, and plastered them with vile clay; and also with straw and reeds made coverings for their cottages, wherein they have passed their winters dry and secure? Do not the *Syrtic* people (*q*) live in holes dug under ground, where nothing else could defend them from



from the excessive heat of the sun? Nature was never so cruel to man, that, seeing she had provided an easy means of life for all other creatures, man alone should not be able to live, were it not for the invention of so many arts as are now in use; none of which she absolutely demands of us; nor in order to prolong life need there any thing be sought, with care and difficulty. Necessaries are provided for us at our birth; all difficulties arise from a disdain of things every-where to be obtained. Houses, clothing, medicine, food, and what are now thought a weighty concern, were obvious, freely given, or procured with little pains. For what necessity required, was the measure of all things. We ourselves made them rare and precious, and not to be obtained but by extraordinary arts. Nature is sufficient for her own demands. Luxury is a revolt from Nature. She is daily provoking herself with new temptations; and in so many ages hath been still encreasing, and assisting every vice with her ingenious fancies. At first she began to desire superfluities, and then contraries; and at last hath entirely devoted the mind (*r*) to the body, and commanded it to serve the lusts thereof.

All those arts wherein cities are exercised, and so busily employed, carry on the affairs of the body; which formerly was treated only as a servant; but now is waited on as an imperious Lord (*s*). Hence the many shops of weavers and smiths; hence your perfumers; and a tribe of dancing-masters to teach the body a soft and delicate motion; and of singing-masters to modulate the voice into quavers and loose airs. The natural mean, which bounded all desires with a supply of necessaries, is quite forsaken. It is now thought clownishness and miserable, to wish for no more than is enough. It is incredible, *Lucilius*, to think easily how a few soft and sweet words can draw even great men from the truth of things. Behold *Pofidonius*, who, it must be owned, hath contributed much to Philosophy, yet how does he trifle when he is describing, first, how some threads may be hard-ipun, and other some drawn out fine from the soft and loosened tow; and then how a web of cloth may be stretched in the loom by hanging weights thereon; and how the woof is woven in to take off the roughness of the threads used.

in the shuttle, and then with the flay to make them unite and thicken the cloth! He was pleased also to say, that the whole art of weaving was the invention of *wise men*, forgetting that more subtile way, which was afterwards found out, wherein

Tela jugo <sup>vi</sup> juncta est, stamen secernit <sup>h</sup> arundo:

Inferitur medium radii subtemen acutis,

Quod lato <sup>PAV</sup> foriunt infecti pectine dentes (*t*).

*The web inwraps the beam, the reed divides,*

*While through the widening space the shuttle glides;*

*Which the swift hand receives; then pois'd with lead*

*The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted thread.* Sewell.

What if he had seen the weaving of our days; whereby they make our apparel so very fine that it conceals nothing beneath it. I do not say that it is no covering to the body, but it does not even hide our shame (*u*).

He then passeth on to the husbandman; nor less elegantly describes the soil, as torn up, and renewed by the plough (*x*), that the loosen'd earth may the more easily permit the roots to shoot out; and then he describes the manner of sowing several sorts of seeds, and of plucking up the weeds by hand, that no casual and wild plants may choak the corn. This he likewise attributes to the invention of the wise men; as if in our days there are not many things invented by our farmers to render the ground more fertile.

And not contented with these arts alone, he thrusts the wise man into the bakehouse; and tells you that from an imitation of Nature, he first began to make bread. For observing, says he, that whenever grain is put into the mouth, by joining the hard teeth together, it is broken in pieces, and what escapes this pressure is gathered and put under it again by the tongue; and then it is mingled with spittle, to pass the more glibly down the throat; and when it comes into the stomach it is there digested, by the natural heat of the maw; and at last is converted into nutriment, and the substance of the body. The wise man, he saith, observing this operation of Nature, first placed

one rough stone upon another, to resemble teeth, the upper part of which, being immoveable, expects the motion of the other, and then, by these rubbing together, the grain between them is broken, and well pounded, 'till it is reduced to meal; this he then sprinkled with water, and by kneading it into dough, made bread thereof: which at first they baked under warm ashes, or upon a hot tile or stone; and after this ovens were invented, and other kinds of stoves, to be heated, as would best serve the turn.

It is a wonder he did not tell us that the shoemaker's art was also owing to the *wise men* (*y*); all these things indeed were the invention of Reason, but not of philosophic Reason: they are the invention of man, but not of a *wise man*, any more than ships: in which men pass over great rivers, and even the sea itself; the sails being fitted to receive the force of the winds, and rudders being joined to the stern of the ship, which turn it either one way or the other. And this was learned from observing how fish guide themselves by their tails, and by the least motion thereof give a direction to their swiftness.

All these things, saith *Pofidonius*, were invented by some *wise man*, but being too low for himself to be concerned with, he left the working part to meaner heads. But in truth these things were invented by none other men than such as are living at this day, and who busy themselves therein. We know that in our time many inventions have been first published; for instance, the windows made of fine transparent tiles (*x*); also hanging baths (*aa*); and pipes, of stoves, so concealed in the walls as to spread an equal heat through every part of the room: not to mention several works in marble, by which our temples, and even our houses are so finely decorated: or the huge piles of stone (pillars) which being made round and smooth form our portico's, and support such spacious buildings as will contain a multitude of people: nor need I mention the cyphers and characters (*bb*) whereby a man can take down a whole oration, be it ever so swiftly pronounced, and with his hand keep pace with the speaker's tongue. These are, or may be, the invention of the meanest slaves.

True

True wisdom sitteth aloft, and instructeth not the hand, but the mind. Would you know what is of her invention, and what her work? Not the unseemly motions of the body in dancing; not the flute or the trumpet, through which the breath passing or held, gives the tone of a voice; not weapons, nor walls, or the art of war; she contrives things of more use and consequence; she loves peace, and invites mankind to amity; she is not, I say, the author of instruments even for necessary uses; she forms the life and manners; and hath indeed all the other arts in subjection. For as life, so all the ornaments of life are subservient to her: but her chief end is *bleffedness*; thither she leads; thither she opens to us the way. She sheweth us what is truly evil, and what only seems so; she roots out vanity from the mind, and implanteth solid greatness: all that is arrogant and pompous without foundation, she entirely suppresseth; nor suffers men to be ignorant of the difference between grandeur and a proud appearance; she giveth the knowledge of all Nature, and particularly of herself: she also teacheth who, and what the gods are, the infernal, the household, the guardian (*ce*); and what those ever-living souls, that are admitted in the second rank of deities (*dd*); where they dwell (*ee*); how employed (*ff*); what their power, and their will.

These are the first principles, or grounds, wherein she instructs her pupils; and by which no private hallowed place, but this universe, the great temple of all the gods (*gg*), is open to them; the true images whereof, and true representations, she discovers to the eyes of the understanding; those of the body being too dull to discern such a great and noble object. She then goes back to the beginning of things, and sheweth eternal wisdom diffused throughout the whole, and the power of every seed forming its own particular body (*bb*). She next enquireth into the nature of the soul; from whence it was derived, where it subsists, how long, and into how many parts to be distinguished (*ii*). And thus she passeth on from things corporeal, to things incorporeal, examining the truth and all the arguments relating thereto. After this she points out the ambiguities concerning life and

death (*kk*); for on both these topics many false things are often blended with truth.

But to return: it was not, as *Pofidonius* thinks, that the *wife man* withdrew himself from the forementioned arts: he was never in the least concerned with them; for he would not think any thing worthy his invention, that he did not think worthy of perpetual use; he would never admit what was to be dismissed. *Anacharfis*, he tells us, invented the potters wheel (*ll*), by the turning whereof vessels were differently fashioned: and because mention is made in *Homer* of the potter's wheel, he had rather the verses should be thought spurious, than his story. I will not contend whether *Anacharfis* was the author of this wheel or not: but supposing he was, a wise man then invented it, but not as being a *wife man*; since wise men do many things as men, not as being wise. Suppose a *wife man* could outrun all his cotemporaries; this would not be owing to his wisdom but to his agility, and swiftness of foot. I could wish *Pofidonius* was now to see some of our glass-makers, who with their breath alone fashion glass into diverse shapes, which is more than an artist could do with the most industrious and careful hand. And these things were found out, long since a *wife man* was to be found among us.

*Democritus*, he saith, is reported to be the inventor of an arch, or vaulted roof; when two stones inclining gradually to one another, are pinned together by another stone between them, that binds upon them both. But this I take to be false, as there must have been bridges and gateways, whose upper part generally forms an arch, long before the time of *Democritus*. It must be remembered too, that the same *Democritus* is said to have found the way of softening ivory (*mm*); and by a certain degree of heat, to change a pebble into an emerald; which art is made use of in colouring bricks and stones to this day. But however I say a *wife man* may find out these things, the invention is not owing to him merely as a *wife man*; for a wise man does many things, which a blockhead may perform as well, or better, and with more expedition.

Do

Do you ask me then, what I take to be the investigation of a wise man, and what accordingly he hath published to the world? *First*, the true nature of things; which he looked not upon, as other animals do, with eyes too weak and dull for divine matters: *next*, the law of life, which he directed to the good of the whole; and not only taught us to know, but to imitate *the Gods* (*nn*); and to receive all accidents with as much æquanimity as if they were ordered by the will of heaven (*oo*). He forbade us to be carried away with false opinions (*pp*): he hath weighed every thing in the balance, and estimates them truly according to their worth. He hath condemned all pleasures that are bought with repentance; he hath recommended what is good (*qq*), as what will always please; and made it manifest, that he is the happiest man who is happy in himself alone; and he the most powerful, who hath power over, and can command, himself.

I am not speaking of that philosophy (*the Epicurean*) which looked upon a man, as a citizen, suppose, of the world, unconcerned for his own country; and who discharged the Gods of any concern with human affairs, and who made pleasure a virtue; but of that philosophy (*sc. the Stoic*) which thinks nothing good but what is fit and honourable; which is not to be corrupted by the gifts of man or fortune; and whose principal value consists in not being to be bought by any thing how valuable soever. Now, I do not think this Philosophy was extant in the first rude age of the world, when as yet all arts were wanting, and men were continually learning the usefulness of things from the use itself; as, before those happy times, when the benefits of Nature lay in common, and were used promiscuously; nor had avarice and luxury disunited mortals, and made them prey upon one another, there were no *wise men*, though in many respects they acted as such. The state however of mankind was such, that I know of none to be more admired: nor, if God permitted man to form, as he would, terrestrial things, and to establish such manners, as he pleased, among the nations, would he approve of any thing more than what is said to be found among those, with whom

— Nulli subigebant arva coloni  
 Nec signare quidem, aut partiri limite campum,  
 Fas erat; in medium quærebant, ipsaque tellus  
 Omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat.

*Ere this no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,  
 Which only turf and greens for altars found;  
 No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds  
 Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds;  
 But all was common, and the fruitful earth  
 Was free to give her unexpected birth. Dryden.*

What could be happier than the race of man? They enjoyed all Nature in common; she as a kind parent was the protectress of all men; and gave them secure possession of the public wealth. Why should not I think them the richest of all people, among whom there was not to be found one poor man? But avarice soon broke in upon the world under this happy disposition; and while she endeavoured to appropriate something to her own use, she hereby made every thing the property of others; and being reduced into narrow straits, from unmeasurable grandeur she introduced poverty; and, from coveting many things, lost all. Though now therefore she would fain recover her pretended rights (*ss*), and repair her losses;—though she is still adding field to field, and continually driving her neighbours from their possessions, either by force or purchase;—though she extends her lands to an equality with provinces;—and though it requires a long journey to go over all that she can call her own; yet no enlargement of our bounds whatever, can bring us back to the state we were in before: having done all we can, we shall indeed possess much, but then we were in possession of all,

The earth itself was the more fruitful without any laborious tillage, and bountiful enough for the use of a people not given to plunder. Whatever Nature brought forth, they took not more pleasure in enjoying, than in shewing it to their brethren: nor could any one have either too much or too little, when every one was satisfied with their

own share. The stronger man had not yet laid his hands upon the weak and feeble; nor had the covetous man, by hoarding treasure, excluded others even from necessaries: every one had the same concern for his neighbour as for himself: war was not heard of; nor were any hands stained with human blood: all hatred and animosity was exercised on wild beasts alone. The peasants whom some thick wood protected from the scorching rays of the sun, and who lived safe from the inclemency of showers and wintry storms under the covering of their homely cottages, passed their nights in tranquillity without a sigh or groan; while anxiety and trouble disturb *us* under a purple covering, and keep us waking with the sharpest stings; the hard ground lulled *them* in soft repose (*tt*). They had no carved roofs hanging over their heads; but often lying in the open air they were canopied by the stars, and saw (what a glorious sight in the night-time!) the heavens rolling along, and carrying on their great work in silence.

Nor did the prospect of this their large and most beautiful mansion less entertain them by day than by night. What a pleasure must it have been to see the *signs*, some declining from the middle part of the heavens, and others rising from their secret places! How could it but delight them to wander among miracles scattered every where so thick! whereas *ye* now tremble at the least crack or noise in the house; and fly away astonished at an accidental sound behind your pictures. They had no houses as large as a city (*uu*); but lived in the free and open air; the shade of some rock or tree, clear fountains, and rivers, not made with labour, or conveyed through pipes, but gently flowing, of themselves, through meadows not adorned with artificial beauty, and amidst these a little tenement built by some rustic hand; these were the sweet blessings they enjoyed; this the dwelling-place assigned by Nature, the inhabitants whereof were in no fear, either from it, or for it; whereas great part of our fear now ariseth merely from our houses.

But excellent as their life was and void of all deceit, they were not however *the wise men* (*xx*); because this title relates to a perfect work: nevertheless I would not deny they were men of a noble spirit; and, if  
I may



I may so speak, the immediate offspring of the gods (*yy*). Nor is there any doubt but that the world, as yet under no decay, produced better things than now. But however they might have stronger natural parts, and were better made and disposed for labour; yet their judgment was not complete and perfect in all things: for Virtue is not the gift of Nature; it is really an art or science to become *good*. They indeed sought not gold, or silver, or precious stones in the bowels of the earth; they likewise spared many animals (*zz*); so far were they from seeing one man kill another in cool blood, without fear, and by way of pastime. Their garments were not as yet dyed with any colour, nor embroidered with gold; for gold in those days was not seen above the earth. What then? they were innocent through ignorance; and there is a great difference between a man's being unwilling to sin, and being a stranger to it. They really wanted justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude; 'tis true there was some things in this rude state of Nature that resembled these Virtues; but Virtue belongeth not to a mind, that hath not been taught, and instructed, and brought to perfection by continual exercise. To this indeed we are born, but born without it: and in the best of men without study and application, there is a capacity for Virtue, but not Virtue itself.

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) And for this reason *Aristotle* says we owe more to the philosophers, than to our parents, τὰς μὲν γὰρ τῷ ζῆν, τὰς δὲ τῷ κελῷς ζῆν παρασχέδω.—The Christian acknowledgeth an higher obligation, viz. The *grace of God*. i. Cor. 15, 10. But *by the grace of God I am what I am. And his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain: but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me.*

(b) *Philosophia* verò, omnium mater artium, quid est aliud nisi ut *Plato* ait, *donum*, ut ego inventum, deorum? *What is philosophy, but as Plato calls it the gift; and I, says Cicero, the invention of the Gods?* (*Tusc. Disp.* i. 26.) The same, (*de leg.* i. 22.) *Nihil a Diis immortalibus uberius, nihil florentius, nihil præstabilius hominum vitæ datum est. Nothing more excellent, more beautiful, more useful, more profitable was ever given by the immortal Gods for the benefit of human life. Plato (in his Timæus) carries it farther, for he says not only that no greater good ever was given, but ever will be given by the favour and bounty of the Gods to the human race; thus translated by Cicero—Quo bono nullum optabilius nullum præstantius, neque datum est immortalium Deorum concessu atque munere, neque dabitur. (Fragm. de Univ. c. 14.) See Leland, i. p. 231,*

• See (N. a.)

(c) This

(c) This is likewise a summary of Christian Philosophy; for *on the love of God and our neighbour hang all the law and the Prophets.* Matth. 22. 40. And it is the principal command of the Apostles, *to fear God, and to love our brethren.* i. Pet. 2. 17. *The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.* Ex. 15. 18. Pf. x. 16. cxlv. 13.

(d) So the Prophet *Ishaiab, Cease to do evil, learn to do well.* i. 16. *Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.* Rom. 12. 9. And the Apostle *St. Peter, Eschew evil, and do good.* i. 3. 11.

(e) Officium erat imperare non regnum] *For he (a ruler) is the Minister of God to thee for good.* Rom. xiv. 4.

(f) About the time of *Jofias, K. of Judah, A. M. 3310.*—Their names, *Thales, Solon, Periander, Cleobulus, Chilo, Bias, Pittacus.*

(g) *Many learned and good men (καλῶς καὶ ἀγαθῶς) hath Italy produced, particularly the lawgivers, Zaleucus and Charondas.* They are likewise mentioned together in *Cic. de Leg. 1. 22.* For part of their history, see *Val. Max. 6. 5.*

*Zaleucus, (the Locrian, who may be regarded as having been a wise philosopher as well as a law-giver, in his celebrated proœmium or preface to his laws) saith, that all men ought first to be persuaded of the existence of the Gods, especially when they look up to heaven, and contemplate the world, and the orderly and beautiful disposition of things—And that they ought to worship and honour them as the authors of all the real good things that befall us.* See *Leland, i. p. 78.*

(h) What *Cicero* saith of philosophy he took from *Pofidonius*: *Tu eas inter se primò domicilliis, deinde conjugiiis, tum literarum et vocum communionem junxisti.* *It was philosophy that first taught mankind to provide themselves with proper habitations and to unite in the bonds of wedlock and freedom of conversation.*

Sed nemora atque cavos montes, sylvasque colebant,  
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbresque cœlesti.  
Nec commune bonum poterant spectare, nec ullis  
Moribus inter se scibant nec legibus uti.—  
Inde casas, postquam ac pelles, ignemque parârunt  
Et mulier conjuncta viro concessit in unum.—  
Tum genus humanum primùm mollescere cœpit. *Lucret. 5. 953.*

*They know no use of fire to dress their food,  
No clothes, but wander'd naked in the wood;  
They liv'd, to shady groves and caves confin'd;  
Meer shelter from the cold, the heat, the wind.  
No fix'd society, no steady laws,*

*No public good was sought, no common cause:—*

*But when they built their huts, and fire began,  
And skins of murther'd beasts gave clothes to man;  
When male with female join'd in chaste embrace,  
Enjoy'd sweetest love, and saw a num'rous race,  
Then man grew soft, the temper of his mind*

*Was chang'd from rough to mild, from fierce to kind.* *Creech.*

(i) Cœnationi epulum] *Lipsius* conjectures *populum*; so, *Seneca*; Ep. 115. *Capacem populi cœnationem.*

(k) *Vicis intrementibus*] So *Juvenal*, lii. 254.

— modo longa coruscant

Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinam

Plaustra vehunt, nutant altè, populoque miuantur.

*Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons born,*

*Stretch'd at their length beyond their carriage lie;*

*That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.* Dryden.

(l) The invention of the saw is given by fòmè to *Dædalus*, *Plin.* 7. 57. *Fabricam materiariam* Dædalus (invenit) et in eâ ferram, asciam, *the saw, the ax, &c.* Others give it *Talus*, as *Isidor.* 19. *Origen.* 19. *Hyginus*, Fab. 174, and particularly *Diodorus Sic.* 1. 4. So *Ovid*, but without naming him,

Ille etiam medio spinas in pifce notatas

Traxit in exemplum: ferroque incidit acuto

Perpetuus dentes, et ferræ repperit usum.—

Dædalus invidit sacrâque ex arce Minervæ

Præcipitem mittit, lapsum mentitus.—

*He marks the bones which in the fish he spies,*

*Where rows of dents appear of equal size.*

*Then dents, like those, in harden'd steel he makes,*

*And hence the saw its first foundation takes.*

*But Dædalus his skill with envy views,*

*And with inhuman rage his death pursues;*

*From off Minerva's tow'r he threw the youth,*

*And with a lye conceal'd the fatal truth.*

Not so the master of the youth, who built the beautiful tower of *Bray* (in *Berkshire*) who (by tradition) through envy, flung himself from the top of the said tower.

(m) *Quest. Nat.* 1. ii. Nunquid dubitas quin sparsio illa, quæ ex fundamentis mediæ arææ crescens, in summam altitudinem Amphitheatri pervenit, cum intentione aquæ fiat?—That this extravagant sprinkling, or *sweet-scented shower* was made of wine, wherein *saffron* was particularly infused, and other perfumes, we learn from *Apuleius*, 1. x. Tunc de summo montis cacumine per quandam latentem fistulam in excelsum prorumpit vino crocus diluto, sparsimque defluens pascentes circa capellas odorato perpluit imbre.—*Martial*, v. 26.

Hoc rogo, non melius, quam rubro pulpita nimbo

Spargere, et effuso permaduisse croco?

*Is not this better in a trifling age,*

*Than with sweet water to perfume the stage?*

And not only from pipes but from the statues themselves oozed this sort of perfume.

Utque solet pariter totis effundere signis

Corycii pressura croci: sic omnia membra

Emifere simul rutilum pro sanguine virus. *Lucan.* 9. 808.

*And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet,*

*In the full Theatre's capacious seat,*

*At once by secret pipes and channels fed,*

*Rich tinctures gush from ev'ry antique head;*

*At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,  
And rain their odours on the crowd below.*—Rowe.

Vid Lipf. de Amphitheat. p. 1034.

(n) Which (says *Suetonius*, in his life of *Nero*, c. 31.) were whirled round, vice mundi, like the world. *Lampridius* makes mention of the same in his life of *Heliogabalus*, who sifted some of his parasites with violets and roses, before they could get up again. Oppressit in tricliniis versatilibus parafitos suos violis et floribus, sic ut animam aliqui efflaverint, cum eripi ad summam non possent. *Fulv. Ursin.* in Append. Ciacconii de Triclinio.

(o) As *Philocletes* says (in *Attlo*, ap. *Cic.*)

Configo tardus celeres, stans, volatiles,  
Pro veste pennis membra textis contegens.  
*The winged tribe fall wounded at my feet,  
Whose painted feathers my warm vest complete.*

As we hear and read of the wild *Indians*.

(p) *Tergis vulpium ac murium*] The antients understood by the word *Mus*, not only that little domestic animals we call a mouse, but all the wild ones of a small kind, as *ferret*, *weasel*, *ermis*, and the like. See *Turneb. Adv.* 15. 23.

So *Justin.* l. 2. speaking likewise of *Scythians*, says, not knowing the use of wool, they were clothed with the like skins; Lanæque usus, ac vestium, ignotus; et quæquam continuis frigoribus urentur, pellibus tamen ferinis aut murinis vestiuntur. Of old, the heroes were clothed in skins, as *Diomedes*, in *Homer*, Il. x. 177.

Ὡς φασὶ ὁ δ' ἀμφ' ὀμίσσον ἰδ' ἔσαστο δ' ἔρμα λείοντος  
\*Αἰθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδῆνικας.—

*This said, the hero o'er his shoulders hung  
A lion's spoils that to his ankles hung.* Pope.

— Ad *Scythiæ* proceres regesque *Getarum*  
Respice, queis ostro contempto et vellere ferum,  
Eximius decor est tergis horrere ferarum.—*Prosper. de Provid.*  
*The Scythian kings despis'd their golden vests,  
More nobly clad in skins of frightful beasts.*

(q) *Syrticæ gentes*, a people of *Africa*.

(r) What *Seneca* here calls the *mind*, the *Apostle* calls the *Spirit*.

(s) Let not sin reign in your mortal body that ye should serve the lusts thereof. *Rom.* vi. 12. *Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey.* *Ib.* 16. See *Ep.* 92.

(t) In *Ovid.* (*Met.* 6. 55.)

Quod digiti expediunt, atque inter stamina duærum  
Percussæ feriunt insecti pectine dentes.

Quod lato feriunt, al. *fariunt*, unde etiam *pariunt*. *Lipf.*

(u) *Sen.* de *Benef.* 7. 9. video sericas vestes, si vestes vocandæ sunt, in quibus nihil est quo defendi aut corpus, aut denique pudor possit; quibus sumptis mulier parum liquida, nudam se non esse jurabit;—et *pater ejus.* *Controv.* 7. 2. Ut adultera tenui veste perspicua sit; et nihil in corpore uxoris suæ plus maritus quàm quilibet alienus agnoverit.

(x) i. e. ploughed a second time, and sometimes a third.—*Columella.* Arationem iteratio sequitur ut vevactum resolvatur in pulverem.

(y) And why not? says *Lipſius*. Si dives ſapiens eſt  
 Et futor bonus, et—non noſtri quid pater ille  
 Chryſippus dicat? Sapiens crepidas ſibi nunquam,  
 Nec ſoleas fecit: futor tamen eſt ſapiens. Quo?  
 Ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque  
 Optimus eſt modulator.—

— Sapiens operis ſic optimus omnis

Eſt opifex.—Hor. Sat. l. iii. 125.

But what *Chryſippus* ſaid thou doſt not know;

No wiſe man yet did ever make a ſhoe:

And yet the cobbler's a wiſe man. How ſo?

Why, as *Hermogenes*, though he hold his tongue,

Is ſkill'd in muſic, and can ſet a ſong. *Creech*.

But in *Apuleius*, l. 11. it is ſaid of one *Hippias*, that every thing he had was of his own manufacture. Omnia quæ ſecum habebat nihil eorum emerat, ſed ſuis ſibi manibus confece- rat. And indeed I had a neighbour, Mr. *Eldridge*, of the ſame taſte and ingenuity; nay, and who even bound his own books; the whole apparatus for this I purchaſed at his death; but never found time or thought it worth while to make uſe of them.

(x) Ut [ſpeculariorum uſum,—perlucente teſtâ] *Plin.* Epift. ii. 17. Nam ſpecularibus—muniantur.—The *ſpecularia* of the ancients answered the effects of our glaſs windows. The *lapis ſpecularis* was a tranſparent ſtone which *Pliny* the elder tells us was originally found in the fartheſt parts of *Spain*. The nature of the ſtone, according to that hiſtorian, was remarkable. Humorem hunc terræ quidam autumant cryſtalli modo glaciari: ſome philoſophers are of opinion that the lapis ſpecularis is a certain juice of the earth, which congeals after the manner of cryſtal. *Orrery*.

(aa) *Plin.* ix. 59. *Sergius Orata* primus invenit penſiles balneas;—*Sergius Orata* firſt invented bathing baths, which ſoon grew into vogue. Penſilium balnearum uſu ad infinitum blandiente, ib. xxvi. 3.

(bb) The writing of ſhort-hand. See *Lipſ.* Epift. ad Belg. 27. Cent. 1.

(cc) *Lares et Genii*] Ghoſts, or ſouls diveſted of the human body, were in the old Latin called *Lemures*; Ex his *Lamuribus*, inquit *Apuleius*, qui poſteriorum ſuorum curam fortitus, pacato et quieto numine domum poſſidet, Lar dicitur familiaris. And of theſe (*Lemures*) the one, who out of regard to poſterity, takes upon him to order the family in peace and quietneſs, with divine authority, is called *Lar familiaris*, and in the plural *Lares*.

Et vigilant noſtrâ ſemper in æde *Lares*. *Ovid*.

Suppoſed of ſo great power as to drive *Hannibal* from *Rome*.

*Hannibalemque Lares Romanâ ſede fugantes*. *Prop.* 33.

The *Genii*, ſuppoſed the protecting power of men; alſo of places and things. With regard to man, ſays *Mtander*,

Ἄπαντι δαίμων ἀνδρὶ συμπαράσται

Ἐνδύς γιγνομένη μουσαγωγὸς τῷ βίῳ.

A genius thus attends on every man,

His kind inſtructor, ſoon as life began.

*Hefiod.*

Τὸ μὲν δαίμονες εἰσὶ Διὸς μεγάλης διὰ βλάτης

Ἐαδλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φυλάκας θνητῶν ἀνδρῶπων.

To man, these Genii ministers of heav'n  
As faithful guardians here on earth are giv'n.

Homer Od. p. 486.

Καὶ τὰ θεοὶ ξεινασθ' ἐκότες ἀλλοδοποῖσιν,  
Παντῶσι τελοδογτὲς ἐπισρωφωσι πόλιναι,  
'Ανδρῶπων ὕβριντα καὶ ἐνομιμῶν ἐφορῶντες.

— In this low disguise,

Wanders, perhaps, some inmate of the skies.  
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign  
In forms like these to round the earth and main,  
Just and unjust recording in their mind,  
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind. Pope.

There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My Genius is rebuked; as it is said  
Antony's was by Cæsar's.—Shakspear—

• See the foregoing Note; and *Lips. Physiol.* p. 886.

(dd) In secundam numinum formam.—*al. nominum, al. hominum.* *Erasmus* reads it secundum numinum formam, i. e. more numinum, without the preposition, *in*. As when the body perisheth, the better part remains, or a nobler form is given:) understanding it of human souls, as possessing a lower degree of immortality than the Deity: because they began *to be*, though they never cease to be.

(ee) Ubi consistant] sc. circa limum ætherem, et lunæ cœlum. *Lips.*—So *Lucan ix.*

Quodque patet terras inter cœlique meatus,  
Semidei manes habitant: quos ignea virtus  
Innocuos vitâ patientes ætheris imi  
Fecit, et æternos animam collegit in orbes.

Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height  
Where Cynthia drives around her silver light,  
Their happy seats the demigods possess,  
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss:  
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,  
Worthy that lower heaven, and stars to grace,  
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.

Which Stoical opinion *Cicero* has more fully expressed, in *Tusc. Disp. i.* Necessè est animus, quo nihil velocius, &c. The soul, than which nothing is swifter, should it remain uncorrupt, and without alteration, must necessarily be carried with that velocity, as to penetrate and divide all the region, where clouds, and rain, and wind, are formed; and having passed this region, it falls in with, and perceives, a nature like its own—where it rests, and endeavours no higher flight.

(ff) *Sen. ad Polyb. 38.*—nunc liberè vagatur, et omnia ferum naturæ bonæ, cum, summa voluptate perspicit—*ad Marc. c. 25.* In arcana naturæ penetrat, et scrutatur cœlestium causas, et in profunda terrarum permittere aciem juvat: it extends its view through all nature, from the skies to the deep below.

(gg) *Sen. (de Benef. 7. 7.)* Totum mundum deorum templum, solum quidem amplitudine illorum ac magnificentia dignum. *Cic. Somn. Scip.*—Homines tuentur illum globum quem in templo.

templo hoc medium, qui terra dicitur. *The condition of man's existence is, that he garrison that globe which you see in the middle of this temple, and which is called the earth.* Upon this Macrobius observes, that every one who is admitted into this temple, (i. e. every mortal) ought to live as righteous, as if he were a priest, in the said temple. Quidquid humano aspectui subjicitur templum ejus vocavit, qui sola mente concipitur, ut qui hæc veneratur ut templa, cultum tamen maximum debeat conditori: sciatque quisquis in usum templi hujus inducitur, ritu sibi vivendum sacerdotis. *Pbile Judæus, — ἵσθι θεὸς νομίζων τῶν συμπαντῶν χρῆν κοσμοῦ ἄρται, κ. τ. λ. That every one ought to think the universe the Temple of God; forasmuch as it has a sextry, i. e. the purest part of the nature of things, Heaven: its ornaments, the stars; its priests, the Angels, and ministers of his power.* For, says Cicero (Stoically speaking, De Nat. Dear. ii.) Nihil omnium rerum melius est mundo, nihil præstabilius, nihil pulchrius: nec solum nihil est sed ne cogitari quidem quidquam melius potest. *Certainly there is nothing better, more excellent, or more beautiful than the world, nor can we conceive any thing to excel it.*

(bb) There are seven different ways of accounting for the origin of mankind. 1. By *Prometheus*, with clay, and fire stole from heaven; and after a deluge repaired by his son *Deucalion*, poetical and merely fabulous. 2. According to *Anaximander the Milesian*, they were formed of water and mud, but were only fish at first, and afterwards turned into men. 3. *Empedocles* supposes them born of the earth, but only part at a time, and to grow as a blite or beat. 4. *Democritus* supposes they rise in and from the ground, like worms, entirely of themselves. Democritus ait homines vermiculorum modo, effusos de terrâ, nullo autore, nullâque ratione. *Lactant. vii. 7.*—5. *Epicurus*,

Haud, ut opinor, enim mortalia secla supernè

Aurea de cœlo demisit funis in arva.

Sed genuit tellus eadem, quæ nunc alit ex sc. *Lucret. ii. 1153.*

*For who can think these pygmies fram'd above,*

*The little business of some meddling Jove?*

*And thence to people this inferior ball,*

*By Homer's golden chain let gently fall?*

*Nor did they rise from the rough seas, but earth,*

*To what she now supports, at first gave birth. Creech.*

Crescebant uteri terræ radicibus apti

Quos ubi tempore maturo patefecerat ætas

Infantum, &c. V. Gob.

*Next beasts, and thoughtful man receiv'd their birth:*

*For then much rural beat in mother earth,*

*Much moisture lay; and where fit place was found*

*There wombs were form'd and fasten'd to the ground.*

*In these the yet imperfect embryos lay,*

*T'rough these when grown mature they forc'd their way,*

*Broke forth from night, and saw the chearful day.*

The sixth opinion was that of the Stoics, (so very near the truth) that they were born of God. Cic. (de Leg. 1.)

Hoc animal providum, sagax, multiplex, quem vocamus

Hominem, præclarâ quadam conditione generatum esse

Summo Deo.—So *Ovid. Met. i. 76.*

Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altæ

Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset

Natus

Natus homo est, sive hunc *divino semine* fecit  
 Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo  
 Sive recens tellus, seductaque nuper ab alto  
 Æthere, cognati retinebat femina cœli.

*A nobler creature yet was undefign'd,  
 Of bigger pow'rs, and more exalted mind;  
 Of thought capacious, whose imperial sway  
 The lower mate creation must obey:  
 Then man was made, whose animated frame  
 Or God inform'd with a celestial flame,  
 Or earth from purer heaven but lately freed,  
 Retains some particles of kindred seed;  
 And on the noble work was then impress'd,  
 The Godhead's image in the soul express'd.* Sewell.

The last opinion was that of the vulgar, that men sprung out of the ground, like mushrooms, first in *Arcadia*, and elsewhere. All which serve to enhance the value of *divine revelation*; and to make us the more thankful to God, for the advantages we enjoy by the Gospel, both for religious and moral improvement.

(ii.) *Tertullian* (de Anima, c. 14.) says, *The soul is divided by Plato and Pythagoras into two parts; the rational, and irrational; or, more accurately, into three, by dividing the latter into the irascible and concupiscible: Aristotle into five, Panætius into six; Soranus into seven; Chrysippus, and most of the Stoics into eight: by adding to the five senses, says Varro, (sextam quâ cogitamus, septimam quâ progeneramus, octavam, quâ vocem emittimus) the powers, cogitative, procreative, and vocal. The Stoics (ap. Stobæ.) make one, the principal, (ἡγεμονικόν) the governing power, the rest ministerial. See Ep. 92. Lips. Physiol. iii. 17.*

(kk) Nam vita videtur nobis quod mortis est, et contra. Lips. ——— As in a violent fit of sickness at *Eton*, in 1724, I designed the following for part of my epitaph. —

March 18, 1702.

*Ut moriar fuit illa dies mihi janua vitæ,*

*Ut vivam, hæcce (cùm Deus voluerit.) Dies janua mortis erat.*

(ll) *Anacharsis*, a philosopher of *Scythia*, which being looked upon as somewhat extraordinary, it became proverbial. *Anacharsis inter Scythas. Cicero* gives him a great character for *sobriety and temperance. Sobrius, continens, abstinens, et temperans, (Tusc. 5.)* Being asked whether there were any musicians in *Scythia*? *No*, said he; *neither have they any vines.* Being asked likewise, whether they had any Gods? *yes*, said he; *and they understand the speech of mortals.* — Endeavouring to introduce the *Athenian laws*, he was ordered to be shot with an arrow, by his brother, then king of the place.

*Strabo* reproves *Euphorus* for giving the invention of the *pottery wheel* to *Anacharsis*, as mention is made of it in *Homer. Il. Σ. 600.*

— Ὡς ὅτε τις τροχὸν ἀρμενον ἐν παλαμῶνι

Ἐζόμενος κεραμεὺς περιστραταίει θερσίην.

*As when the potter sitting on the ground,*

*Forms a new vessel as the wheel whirls round.*

(mm) This likewise, as *Lipsius* observes, is a mistake, as ivory by way of ornament is mentioned more than once by *Homer. Il. δ. 141.*



Ὡς δ' ὅτι τίς τ' ελεφαντα γυνὴ φοιτῶσι μίσην.—

*As when some stately trappings are decreed*

*To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,*

*A nymph, in Caira, or Mæonia bred,*

*Stains the pure ivory with a lively red.*

Διπλοτὴν (ελισσιν) ελιγφαστι καὶ ἀργυρῶν.—Od. τ. 56.

*An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd.* Pope.

(nn) *Nec nosse tantum sed sequi docuit Deos]* So our Saviour, *Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect.* Matth. v. 48.

(oo) *Et accidentia non aliter excipere, quàm impetrata]* Perhaps it may be rendered, *to perform all occasional duties, as if they were positive commands.*

(pp) So the Apostle to the Galatians; *That ye henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of false doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.* 4. 14. And to the Hebrews, *Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines.*—13. 9.

(qq) *Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.* 1. Thess. 5. 21.

(rr) For Epicurus discharged his followers from having any thing to do with the Republic: *they were to live to themselves alone.*

(ss) *Licet itaque velit nunc concurrere, et reparare quod perdidit] al. concurrere, f. convertere. Lips. f. conquirere. Gronov.* But I take *concurrere* here in the law-sense, *to pretend a right to the same thing as another doth.*

(tt) *Mollem fomnum illis dura tellus dabit]* ad aquam. *Lips. at quàm mallem. Gronov.*  
— Certior fomnus premit

*Secura duro membra versantem toro.*—Sen. in Hippolyto,

*In a hard bed a sounder sleep invades*

*The tired limbs.*

(uu) Vid. *Lips.* in admirandis.

(xx) Vid. *Lips.* Manud. ii. 8. 5.

(yy) *For we are also his offspring.* Act. xvii. 28. *Omnes si ad primam originem revocentur, a Diis sunt.* Sen. Ep. 44. *Denique cœlesti sumus omnes semine nati.* Lucr. ii. 989.

*Lastly we all from seed celestial rise,*

*Which heaven, our common parent, still supplies.* Creech.

(zz) *Parabantque adhuc mutis animalibus]* By the word *mutis*, *Lipsius* understands *fish*, and saith, *that the first slaughter of living creatures for food was made of fish.* But *Gronovius* justly wonders at this mistake, and asketh, *whether Seneca can possibly mean fish, by the word mutis in Ep. 92. excedit ex hoc animalium numero, pulcherrimo, ac diis secundo, mutis aggregetur animal pabulo lætum?* But not only *Seneca* but the most approved authors use the word *mutum* for *brutum*. And here it is undoubtedly to be understood of all *animals* whatever, in opposition to men. *al. multis animalibus.* MSS.

## E P I S T L E XCI.

*Of natural Evils; and the Uncertainty of human Affairs.*

OUR friend *Liberalis* (*a*) is at present full of grief, having heard of the terrible fire that hath destroyed our colony at *Lyons* (*b*). This is an accident which would move any one, and much more a man, than whom no one better loves his country. He had recourse therefore to his firmness of mind, which he hath always exercised with regard to any thing that was to be feared: but I do not wonder that he was in no fear of this unexpected, I might say unheard-of evil. For I know not where to find an example of the like. Fire indeed hath damaged many cities, but not, as I can remember, utterly destroyed one: for even where an enemy hath set fire to a town, some houses have been left standing; and though it may rekindle in different places, it seldom hath made such an entire devastation as to leave nothing to the weapons of war.

In the most dreadful and destructive earthquakes it seldom happens that whole towns are swallowed up; nor did I ever hear of such a malicious fire as to leave nothing for a second to prey upon. But it hath so happened here, that in one night have been destroyed many beautiful and stately buildings, and other works; any one of which alone might have served as a sufficient ornament for a city; and more mischief hath been done in the time of peace, than could have been dreaded in the day of battle. Who could believe it, that at a time when war had every where ceased, and the blessing of security was spread throughout the earth, *Lyons*, the glory of *Gall*, should be lost in ruin? Fortune hath generally reminded those, whom she intended publickly to afflict, to dread their danger: every great event hath given time for ruin: but where there was the space only of one night, between its being one of the noblest cities, and not so much as the appearance of a city; in short,

it was scarce so long in perishing, as I have been in relating the dreadful accident.

Now these things greatly afflict the generous mind of *Liberals*, firm and steady as it is against any accident that may befall himself. And indeed there is reason for it. Unexpected accidents are apt to strike deepest. Novelty adds weight to calamity; nor is there any mortal but who is more afflicted at what falls upon him by surprize. Nothing therefore should come upon us unexpectedly. The mind ought to be prepared not only against what usually happens, but against whatever may happen. What is there that *Fortune* cannot throw down when she pleases, from its most flourishing state? and which she will not more readily attack and more violently shake, the more specious and splendid it is in appearance? What is arduous or difficult to her? she does not assault us always in the same manner, nor exert all her strength at once. Sometimes she sets us to oppose ourselves: at another time depending upon her own strength, she finds out dangers for us which we cannot account for: all times are alike to her. We are never safe. Even in the midst of our pleasures she giveth cause to mourn. War is stirred up in the calm of peace; and the means of security converted into fear. Our friend becomes a foe; and our companion a cruel adversary \*. The serenity of summer is often changed into sudden tempests, and more violent than wintry storms. Without an enemy we suffer hostilities; and too great prosperity hath proved its own ruin, when other causes have been wanting. Diseases fall upon the most temperate; a consumption seizeth upon the most robust constitution. The innocent suffer punishment; and uproar disturbs the most retired. Chance is continually making choice of some new evil to remind us of her power, as if we had forgot it. Whatever by a long continuance of much labour, and the kind favour of Providence, hath been scraped together and raised on high, is scattered and demolished in one day: nay, he that saith a day (c) and not rather an hour, a moment, sufficeth for the overthrow of empires, assigneth too long a time to the more speedy progress of human calamities.

It would be some comfort to us, in our infirm and uncertain state of things, if they could be repaired as easily, and soon, as they are destroyed. But now, alas! improvements are slowly made (*d*), while destruction comes on again. Not any thing, either public or private, is firm and stable. Men and cities are alike the sport of fate. Amidst the most pleasing scenes terror breaks in; and when there is no cause of trouble and confusion from without, evils rush in upon us from whence we least expected them. Kingdoms that have stood the brunt both of foreign and civil wars, have without any opposition fell to ruin. What commonwealth could ever support its own happiness?

All things therefore are to be reflected on, and the mind strengthened against whatever accident may possibly happen. Think upon exile, war, torture, diseases, shipwrecks (*e*). Chance may snatch you from your country, or your country from you. She may throw you into solitude, or make desolate this very place where the multitude is stifled with thronging. The whole state of human affairs must be placed before our eyes; and we must conceive in our minds not only what frequently happens, but what may happen extraordinarily, if we would not be surpris'd, and stupefied with any unusual accident, as being new and strange. Fortune must be considered in all her mischiefs. How often have the cities of *Achaia* and *Asia* been thrown down by earthquakes? how many towns in *Syria*? how many have been swallowed up in *Macedonia*? How often hath destruction been spread through the island *Cyprus*? how often hath *Paphos* been buried in its ruins? how often do we hear of the destruction of whole cities; and how small a part of the world are we among whom these rumours are spread?

Let us rise up therefore, and stand firm against all casualties: and whatever happens, let us think that rumour hath exaggerated the evil. A city is burned, that was very rich and the ornament of all the neighbouring provinces, though built upon one hill (*f*), and that none of the highest: and time shall erase the very marks of all those cities that are now called magnificent and noble. See you not that the very founda-

dations of the most famous cities in *Greece* are quite destroyed, and that nothing is left whereby to conjecture there ever were such cities? Time not only overthrows the works of mens hands, and the wonders of human art and industry; even the tops of mountains have mouldered away, and whole regions became a desert. Places that were far distant from the sea have been overwhelmed with a sudden inundation; and fire hath quite consumed the hills, from whence it before gave only a splendid flame; and in times past hath eaten away the loftiest promontories, once a joyful sight to the fatigued mariners; and reduced the highest landmarks to a bank of sand.

Seeing then that the works of Nature herself are often thus destroyed, we ought to bear with æquanimity the ruin of a city. All things are frail and perishable, and must one day come to decay: whether it be that the winds, pent up beneath the earth, have by a sudden blast, or their own internal strength, thrown off the weight that before pressed them down; or the force of the waters in secret places hath made its way through all opposition; or the violence of flames have rent the closures of the earth; or age, against which nothing is safe, hath gradually wore it away; or whether the unwholesomeness of the air hath driven away the people, and infection even poisoned a desert, it would be endless to recount the many ways whereby Fate hastens on destruction. But this one thing I know, that all the works of mortals are subject to, and condemned by, mortality; and that we live in a state wherein all things around us must one day inevitably perish.

These then and the like reflections I often advance, in order to comfort our friend *Liberals*, whose breast, I say, is inflamed with inexpressible love of his country, and of this city in particular; which perhaps is now destroyed, that it may be rebuilt in a nobler taste. Injuries have often made way for better fortune; and many things have fallen only to rise higher and greater. *Timagenes* (*g*) no well-wisher to the prosperity of the city, was wont to say, that he should be sorry if Rome was destroyed by fire, for he well knew that it would rise again in greater splendour than before. And with regard to the city now lost,  
it

it is probable that all men will endeavour, that greater and more lasting buildings may be erected, than what they have lost. May they be lasting indeed, and built under more happy auspices! For, scarce an hundred years have passed, since this colony was first founded; (which is not the extremest age of man himself) under the conduct of *Plancus (b)*, and by reason of its agreeable situation, it soon grew very populous; and yet hath suffered the most grievous calamities within the age of man.

Let the mind therefore be taught to understand, and patiently to bear, whatever may be its lot; and let it know, there is nothing beyond the daring of Fortune. That she hath the same power over kingdoms themselves, as over the rulers thereof. We are to repine at none of these things; we have entered upon a world, where we live subject to these conditions. Are you not pleased with it? *Regret not the being taken out of it (i)*. You might well be angry, was any thing to happen *particularly* to you. But if the same necessity binds both high and low, you have nothing to do but to reconcile yourself to *Fate*, by whom all things are determined (*to their proper end.*) There is no need to measure man by his tomb, or by those monuments that are spread on each side the road of an unequal size. The grave sets all men upon this level. We are born unequal, but we die equal.

The same I say of cities, as of the inhabitants thereof. *Ardea (k)* hath been taken as well as *Rome*. The supreme Author of mankind hath not distinguished us in our birth and nobility, but during life. When we come to the end of all mortal things, *Be gone*, saith he, *Ambition; and let there be the same law to all things that tread the earth.* We are alike born to variety of suffering: no one is more frail than another; no one more sure of seeing to-morrow's sun.

*Alexander*, king of *Macedonia*, wretch as he was, begun to learn geometry, that he might know how little the earth was, of which he possessed so small a part: I call him wretched, because he ought to have known from hence, that he had no title to the surname of *Great*;  
for

for what can be called *Great* in so small a space? The things taught him were subtle, and not to be learned but by close attention, and constant application, not such as a madman could well comprehend; whose thoughts were intent upon plunder; and roving beyond the ocean. *Teach me, saith he, easy things.* To which his tutor replied, *These things are the same to all: every one finds in them the like difficulty.* Suppose now, *Lucilius*, Nature to say the same thing to you. The things whereof you complain are the same to all men: she admits, no one on easier terms: but every one that pleases may make them easier. Do you ask how? by *æquanimity*.

You must necessarily feel pain, be hungry, and thirst, and grow old; and though a longer time be given you among men, you must one day be sick, and die. Yet there is no necessity for believing all that is said by those who are continually buzzing about you with complaints. None of these things are properly evils; none intolerable, or even hard to be borne. They became dreadful by prejudice and common consent. Ye are as afraid of death, as of a false report. But what can be more ridiculous than to be afraid of mere words? Our *Demetrius* used pleasantly to say, *that the reports of the ignorant were to him like breaking wind.* *What is it to me,* he said, *whether the sound comes from above or below? (l)* How absurd is it to be afraid of infamy from infamous men? And as you are causelessly afraid of what fame says of you, so are ye of those things which ye would never have feared, had not fame or report commanded ye so to do. What detriment can a good man receive from being scandalized by malicious tongues? for even Death is alike scandalized. No one of those who accuse him, speaks from experience. In the mean time we should not condemn what we do not know. But this you know, that it hath proved a great benefit to many in delivering them from tortures, from want, from complaints, from punishment, from anxiety. We are subject to the power of no one, when it is in the power of death to deliver us (m).

ANN O-

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) *Æbutius Liberalis*, to whom *Seneca* inscribed his book (*de beneficiis*) of benefits.

(b) Tacit. Ann. l. 16. To the inhabitants of Lyons, as a relief for their late calamity by fire, the Emperor presented 100,000 crowns, to repair the damages of the city.

\* As in *David's* complaint—*Yea, my own familiar friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lift up his heel against me.* Pf. xli. 9.

(c) *Euripides* Phan. 561. Ὀ δὲ ὄλκος ἢ ἐσθλαίος ἀλλ' ἔφημερος  
Wealth is the unstable blessing of a day

So *Diphilus* (ap. *Stobz.*) Ἀποδοκίτων ἕδην ἀνθρώποις πάθος.

Ἐφημερος γὰρ τὰς τύχας κινήμεθα.

There is no evil, while we sojourn here,  
But what poor mortals daily have to fear.

Καὶ μὴν ἕνα ἡμέραν

Τὸν μὲν καθεύδον ἡμεῖς, τὸν δ' ἄρα.

one day serves

Some to depress, and others to exalt.

(d) *Incrementa lente.*] Tacitus (in *Agricola*) Naturā infirmitatis humanæ, tardiora sunt remedia quam mala; et ut corpora lentè augeantur, cito extinguuntur: sic ingenia facilius opprefertis, quàm recreaveris. Such is the frailty of man, and its effects, that much more slow is the progress of the remedies than of the evils, and as human bodies attain their growth by degrees, and are subject to be destroyed in an instant; so it is much easier to suppress than to revive the efforts of genius and study. Gordon.

(e) War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,

Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart

Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.

Want and incurable disease, (fell pair!)

On hapless multitudes remorseless seize,

At once, and make a refuge of the grave. Young.

(f) Alluding to the seven hills, on which Rome was built.

(g) A Rhetorician and Historian of Alexandria. He was brought captive to Rome by *Gabinus*, under *Pompey* the Great; and redeemed by *Faustus*, the son of *Sylla*; but was expelled the city on account of his malevolent tongue; though *Ammian* speaks well of him. He died in his exile.

Repet Hiarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua.

But *Pincian* supposes that *Seneca* meant this of the Emperor *Caligula*, who, as *Suetonius* reports, was most inveterate against the prosperity of Rome.

(h) A *Planco* deducta] So *Lipsius*; which from among the various readings seems to be right. For, according to *Eusebius*, *Munacius Plancus*, Ciceronis discipulus, orator habetur insignis; qui cum Galliam comatam regeret, Lugdunum condidit; *Munacius Plancus*, a disciple of Cicero, was esteemed an excellent orator; who when he commanded in Gaul (beyond the Alps) founded the city Lyons. An. U. C. 811.

(i). Non placet ꝑ. quacunq; vis exi.] This also is an expression which I thought myself obliged not to translate literally; it being a doctrine totally repugnant to the Christian; and indeed to what

*Seneca*



*Seneca* hath advanced elsewhere, and particularly in the foregoing sentence; where he says, *the mind ought to be made sensible of the infirmities of human nature, and the unsteady course of things, that so it might patiently endure whatever may be its lot.*

(k) Once a city in *Italy*, where *Tyrinus*, king of the *Rastlians*, kept his court.

(l) And our facetious *Tom Brown*, in the same strain speaks of death itself; which, however false the logic, or impolite the terms, is so much to our purpose, that the reader, I hope, will excuse my transcribing it, as it is not every one that has read, or will read, *Tom Brown*.

*If man must die as oft as breath departs,*

*Then he must often die, who often ——— :*

*And if to die, is but to lose one's breath,*

*Then Death's a ———, and so a ——— for Death.*

(m) That is (not I own what *Seneca* means by, *cum mors in nostrâ potestate sit*, but) as I would understand it; *No power on earth can hurt us, but for a short time; seeing that Death must come, which, when Providence thinks proper, will deliver us out of all our trouble.*

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## EPISTLE XCII.

### *The Difference between exhortatory and dogmatical Philosophy.*

THAT part of philosophy, *Lucilius*, which adapts proper precepts to particular persons, and forms not the man in general, but directs the husband how he ought to behave himself towards his wife; the father how he ought to educate his children; the mother how to govern his servants, and the like; some are so very fond of, as to reject all other parts as useless and extravagant, as if any one could teach particulars, who was not master of the whole Duty of Man in the conduct of life.

But *Aristo*, the Stoic, on the contrary, thinks this but a trivial part of philosophy, as not reaching the heart of man: and affirms that part (*the dogmatical*) to be the more profitable; and that the axioms or decrees of philosophy are what constitute the chief good; which part of philosophy when a man hath sufficiently learned and understood, he needs nothing more, by way of instruction, throughout the whole business of life. As he that learns to throw a dart, takes a fit stand for  
aim,

aim, and forms his hand to a proper direction of whatever he throws from it; and when by instruction and practice he hath made himself a master in this art, he useth it as he pleases; for he hath learned not to hit this or that thing in particular, but whatever he thinks proper to hit; so he that instructeth himself in the whole duty of life, needs no particular admonition; being taught in general, not how to live, with regard to his wife or his children, but *to live well*, which includes every relative obligation. *Cleantes* likewise allows the *Parænetic* Philosophy, or knowledge of particulars to be in some measure profitable; but weak and defective; unless as it flows from the universal understanding of the principles, and decrees of philosophy.

Here then is started a question or two; whether this *preceptive* philosophy be useful, or not useful; whether alone it can make a good man; i. e. whether it be superfluous itself, or so important as to render all other parts of philosophy superfluous? They who maintain it to be superfluous, argue thus; If any thing placed before the eyes obstructs the sight, the impediment must be removed, or else it is to no purpose *to bid a man walk to such a place, or to reach such a thing with his hand*. In like manner, when any thing so darkens the mind as to prevent an insight into the whole order of duty, it is in vain to direct a man, saying, *thus you shall live with your father, or thus with your wife*; for precepts avail nothing, so long as ignorance and error cloud the understanding; these must be removed, and every requisition of duty will be manifest. Otherwise, you teach him what a sensible man ought to do, but do not make him so; you shew one that is poor how to act the rich man, which it is impossible for him to do so long as he continues poor; you bid the hungry man behave himself as with a full stomach; whereas you ought first to satisfy the painful cravings within (a).

Now I will maintain the same concerning all manner of vice: these must be removed, or, so long as these remain, precepts will have no effect: unless all such false opinions, as we generally labour under, are expelled, the covetous man will not hear how he may put his money

to a right use; nor the timorous, how he may contemn danger. You must make the one understand that money is neither good nor bad in itself; and that rich men are sometimes miserable, and persuade the other, that such things as men are most apt to dread, are by no means so terrible as common fame reports them; no, not even pain and death: that oftentimes in death, which by the law of Nature we must one day undergo, is to be found great comfort, *that it comes but once*. And as for pain, resolution of mind, which makes every burthen the lighter, the more stubbornly and contemptuously it is endured, will prove a certain remedy: that, one excellent quality of pain is, it must not be very great, if yet it may be encreased;—and if it be great indeed, it cannot last much longer\*:—that all things therefore, which the necessity of the world brings upon us, are to be endured with courage and patience.

When by these and the like axioms a man is brought to a thorough sense of his condition, and is perfectly assured that the happiness of life consists not in being pleasurable, but in its correspondency with nature; when he shall be enamoured with virtue, as the chief good of man; and fly from turpitude, as the only evil; looking upon all other things, as riches, honour, health, strength, power and dominion, with indifference, as being neither good nor bad in themselves: he will no longer want a monitor to instruct him in particulars, saying, *thus you must walk; thus you must sup; such a behaviour becomes a man; and such is proper for the fair sex; thus should a married man act, and thus a bachelor*: for they who most industriously offer their prescriptions, follow them not always themselves: they are nothing more than what the pedagogue teacheth his scholar, and the grandmother her darling: and you shall often hear the most choleric man in the world proving that it is not a right thing to be passionate; nay, were you to go into any of our schools, you would find that the lofty precepts of the philosophers, pronounced with a supercilious air, are nothing more than the usual lessons given to children.

And, after all, are the precepts given manifest or doubtful? if manifest, they need no teacher; if doubtful, they can gain the philosopher:  
but

but little credit from his audience. The giving therefore such particular precepts is superfluous. Or, *take it thus*; if what you propose to teach or advise be ambiguous or obscure, you must explain, and prove it, by dint of argument; and if you prevail, such proofs and arguments are what do the business, and are sufficient of themselves, without the particular precept: *thus use your friend; thus a fellow-citizen; thus a companion*: but why? because *it is just*. Common-place then, relating to justice, will teach me all these things. Hence I find that equity is to be pursued upon its own account; that we are not to be compelled thereto by fear; nor bribed by reward: that he is not a just man who approves of any particular in this virtue, but the virtue itself. When I am persuaded, and have imbibed this principle, what signify those particular precepts towards the edification of one thoroughly instructed before? To give precepts to the knowing, is superfluous, and too much; to give them to those who know nothing, is by no means enough; for they are not only to be told what they are to do, but why they are to do so.

Again; are these precepts necessary for one who hath true notions of good and evil; or for one who hath them not? He that hath them not, will never be moved by any thing you can say to him; having his ears prejudiced with such common notions, as militate against your admonitions; and he that forms a right judgment of what he ought to avoid, and what to pursue, knows already how to act under every circumstance, without further instructions from you. All this part of philosophy therefore may well be spared.

There are two errors, to which is owing the commission of evil; either the mind hath contracted a malignity from false opinions; or, if not already infected, it hath a propensity thereto; and by this wrong bias, under some specious resemblance of truth, is soon corrupted: it behoveth us therefore to cure the sick mind, and purge it from every vicious principle; or, if it be free, and as yet only prone to evil, to pre-engage it as soon as possible before it comes to an ill habit. Now

in both these cases the solemn decrees of philosophy will sufficiently enable us; when the manner of giving precept upon precept would avail nothing.

Besides, were we to give precepts to every individual, the labour would be infinite: for we must give one sort to the usurer; another to the husbandman; another to the merchant; another to such as dangle after the favour of princes, or of great men; another to those who make their court to their equals; and another to those who are obsequious to their superiors: in matrimony you must teach a man how to behave to his wife, whom he married a virgin; and how to a widow; how to one who brought him a large fortune; and to one whom *be thought sufficiently portioned with virtue and good sense*. And think you not some difference is to be made between a barren and a fruitful woman; between one advanced in years and a mere girl; between a mother and a step-dame? the different sorts are inconceivable; yet every individual requires a particular charge. But the laws or decrees of philosophy are brief, and contain every obligation.

Add now, that the precepts of a wise man ought to be limited and certain; if infinite, they pertain not to wisdom; for wisdom knoweth the bounds of all things: therefore is this preceptive part of philosophy, to be rejected; because what it promiseth to few it cannot make good to all; but wisdom extends to all.

All the difference between the common madness of the world (*b*) and of such as are delivered into the hands of the physician, is, the one sort labours under a disease, the other under false opinions. The one hath drawn the causes of his frenzy from an indisposition of the body, the other is the sickness of the mind. Should any one pretend to prescribe to the madman, *how he ought to speak, how to walk, how to behave himself in public, and how in private*, such a doctor would be thought not less mad than his patient. No; the black bilious humour must first be purged off, and the very cause of the disease removed; and in like manner must we proceed with any other frenzy of the mind;

this must first be discussed and driven away; or otherwise all manner of precepts and admonitions will at present have no effect.—So far *Aristo*, whom we propose to answer in every particular.

And first, in regard to the eye, it is said, *if any thing obstructs the sight, it must be removed*. I own that in this case there is no need of precepts to make a man see; but of medicines proper to clear the sight, by removing the film or suffusion, or whatever else obstructs it: for by nature we see; and whoever removes any obstacle, restores the eye to its proper use. But nature points not out the obligation of every duty. Besides, he that is cured of a suffusion in the eye, though he immediately recovers sight himself, cannot give it to others; whereas he that is cured of any malignity of mind, may possibly cure others. There is no need of any exhortation or advice to understand the qualities of colours: the eye will customarily distinguish white from black without a teacher; but the mind wants many precepts before it can see the fitness of every action in life. Howbeit, the physician not only cures the diseased eye, but also gives his advice, saying to his patient, *you must not expose the eye as yet to too glaring a light, but must proceed from darkness to a gloomy shade; and then venture further, 'till by degrees you accustom it to endure broad day-light: you must not study immediately after dinner, nor impose a duty upon the eye when swollen or watery (c)*. Keep also the wind or wintery cold from beating on your face; with the like admonitions, that are as requisite and useful as medicine itself. Thus I say physicians think it necessary to add good advice to their prescriptions:

But *error* is said to be the cause of sin; and that precepts are of little avail, either in removing this, or in conquering false opinions concerning good and evil. I grant that precepts are not effectual of themselves to drive a perverse opinion from the understanding; yet it does not follow but that in some measure they may prove useful: for first, they undoubtedly refresh the memory; and, secondly, as they bring us to a distinct view of the parts, which we saw but confusedly in the whole.

Your

You might as well say, that all manner of consolation and exhortation are superfluous: but as these are not superfluous, so neither are admonitions.

*It is ridiculous, saith Aristo, to prescribe to a sick man what to do as if he was well; you must first restore him to health, without which all precepts are to no purpose.* But are not some things alike common both to the sick and well, of which they ought to be reminded; as, *not to eat voraciously; not to use immoderate exercise?* So the poor and the rich have alike some common precepts: *cure men of avarice, he saith, and you will have no reason to admonish either the rich or poor, when once the desires subside:* but it is one thing not to covet money, and another to know how to use it. The covetous know no measure in their desires of it; and such as are not covetous, may not know the right use of it.

*Take away error, saith he, and all precepts are superfluous.* This is false; for suppose avarice relaxed, luxury restrained, rashness curbed, and idleness spurred on; nay even all vices removed; yet have we still to learn what we ought to do, and in what manner.

*Admonitions, he saith, will have no effect when applied to enormous vices.* Medicines indeed heal not incurable diseases; yet are they to be applied, if not by way of remedy, at least in order to mitigate and assuage the pain. Not all the power of philosophy, applied to this one purpose, can totally eradicate from the mind an inveterate and stubborn evil; yet it will not follow that such application does good in no respect, because not in all.

*Of what advantage is it, says he, to point out things already manifest?* It may be of very great advantage; for sometimes, though we know a thing, yet for want of due attention we regard it not. Admonition perhaps availeth not in its design; yet it makes the mind more intent, excites diligence, refreshes the memory, and suffers not a thing to be lost. We pass regardless by many things that are before our eyes. To admonish, is a kind of exhortation; the mind also sometimes pretends  
not

not to comprehend things that are evident: it is necessary therefore sometimes to inculcate the knowledge even of such things as are best known.

It will not be amiss here to take notice of the reproof of *Calvus* to *Vatinius*, factum esse ambitum, scitis; et hoc vos scire, omnes sciunt, *you know there has been bribery in the case, and all men know that you know it.* You know that the duties of friendship are ever to be religiously observed; but you observe them not. You know that it is unfair for a man to require chastity in his wife; when he himself is continually hunting after, and corrupting the wives of other men; and you know, that as she ought to have nothing to do with an adulterer, so ought you to have nothing to do with a strumpet (*d*): but you regard it not. Therefore it is necessary that you sometimes should have your memory refreshed; for it ought not to be lulled asleep, but kept awake and of use. Whatever is salutary and requisite must frequently be brought before and impressed upon it. That what is proper may not only be known to us, but worked into an habit. Add also, that things, how plain and manifest soever, may yet be made still plainer and more manifest.

*If things, saith he, are doubtful, there is a necessity for proofs and arguments; consequently these are what do the business, and not precepts.* Now besides that even without proofs the very authority of the adviser goes a great way in the credit of the advice, as the opinions of men learned in the law are accepted, without their giving a reason for them, the prescriptions themselves, and the manner wherein they are delivered, are sometimes of great weight: as when intermixed with poetry, or contracted into a short and solid sentence in prose, like those of *Cato*: *Emas non quod opus est, sed quod necesse est; buy not every thing you want, but only what is necessary.* *Quod non opus est, asse carum est; what you really do not want, is dear at a farthing (e),* or, those admirable sentences, delivered by some oracle, or of like authority;



rity; *χρησθε καιρος, husband well your time (f)*; *γνωσι σεαυτου, know thyself (g)*.  
Will you insist upon a reason, when any one reminds you of the following?

*Injuriarum remedium est oblivio.*

*Forgetfulness is injury's best cure (h).*

*Fortes fortuna adjuvat.*

*Fortune promotes the brave (i).*

*Piger ipse sibi obstat.*

*The idle stand in their own way (k).*

Such sentences as these want no advocate. They touch the passions; and let Nature exert her own power they cannot but do good. Our minds carry in them the seeds of what is *right and fit*, which are stirred up by admonition, as a spark of fire, being assisted by an agreeable blast, bursts forth into a flame. Virtue rouseth herself, when touched or shaken. Besides, many things lie dormant in our minds, and quite disregarded, 'till being quickened by admonitions, they begin to shew their worth: and there are other scattered here and there, which the understanding, not properly exercised, cannot recollect; and therefore are they to be got together, and set in one view, that they may be more effectual, and ease the burthened mind. Or, if precepts are of no use, all discipline and instruction are to be exterminated, and we must be content with rude Nature alone: but they who say this seem not to know that some men have quick and lively parts, and others are dull and stupid; as one man is much more ingenious than another. But the natural powers of the mind are nourished, and grow stronger by precepts; from whence he adds new opinions to such as were innate, and learns to correct every vicious principle.

*If any one, it is said, knows not the decrees of philosophy, how will admonitions profit him, when tied and bound by his sins? Why, in this, to loose him from them. Forasmuch as his natural disposition towards goodness is not totally extinguished, but only obscured and oppressed, it sometime endeavours to raise and exert itself against evil; and being so happy as to meet with a guide, and to be assisted with good counsel, soon grows stronger, and recovers itself; provided it be not so thoroughly infected with the contagion of sin, as to be quite mortified (l).*

For

For in such a case, I own, that not even discipline, supported by all the powers of philosophy, would be able to restore it. Besides, what difference is there between the decrees and the precepts of philosophy, except that the former are general and the latter special? they both give directions, but the former in the gross, and these in particulars.

*If any one, it is said, knows what is fit and right from the decrees, all admonition is superfluous.* By no means; for learned as you suppose a man therein, there are many things which he ought to do, for which he does not thoroughly perceive the obligation; as we are not only hindered by the passions from doing those things, which we approve, and know to be good; but by not being able to find out what every exigency may require of us as a duty; our minds are sometimes so very sedate and composed, as not to exert themselves in looking after the way of duty, which admonition points out to us.

*Expel, saith he, all false opinions concerning good and evil; and in their stead place such as are true and just; and admonition will have nothing left to do.* The mind undoubtedly is governed, and rightly ordered by these means, but not by these only. For though what is good and what is evil may be gathered from arguments; yet precepts have their several provinces, and prudence and justice consist of particular offices; and all offices are directed by precepts. Besides the judgment itself concerning good and evil is confirmed by the execution of offices, to which we are induced by precepts. For they agree with each other; neither can general precepts go before, but the particular will follow them, and still keep their rank; which shews that the general will always take the lead.

*Precepts, saith he, are infinite.* This is likewise false: for they are not infinite concerning the greatest and most momentous affairs; though there is some small difference made in them by the different exigencies of circumstance, time and place.

No one, he saith, pretends to cure madness by precepts; and therefore not the malignity of the mind. The case is not the same; for if you take away madness the patient is restored to health; but if we have excluded some false opinions, it does not follow all the agenda (things not to be omitted) are clearly seen: or, if this did follow, yet admonition will strengthen and confirm the moral sense of good and evil. It is likewise false, that precepts have no effect with madmen: for though of themselves they cannot cure, yet they aid and assist therein; as menaces and chastisement have been of use in restraining the sallies of some madmen. I am speaking only of those madmen, whose senses are shattered, but not entirely lost.

But laws, it is rejoined, make not men do always what is right, and what are these but precepts, mixed with threatenings? Yes; there is this difference between them: first, laws do not always persuade, because they threaten; but precepts pretend not to compel any one, they only intreat. And 2dly, laws deter us from doing evil, but precepts exhort us to do what is right. Add hereunto, that laws also promote good morals: forasmuch as they do not only command, but instruct. Herein then I differ from *Pofidonius*; I approve not of the Prefaces to *Plato's* book of laws (*m*); for a law ought to be very short, that it may be the more easily comprehended and received by the unskilful: it should bear the resemblance of a divine oracle. It should command, and not dispute. Nothing seems to me more insipid and impertinent than a long preamble to a law. Advise me, tell me at once, what you would have me do. I listen, not in order to learn, but to obey. Laws then have their use; since it is observable that in governments where there are bad ordnances there are worse morals.

Laws however, it will be said, prevail not with every one. True; neither doth philosophy itself; yet it is not upon this account useles and ineffectual in forming aright the minds of men. And what also is philosophy, but the law of life? But were we to suppose the laws of no use or profit, it does not follow that admonitions are likewise useles: you might as well deny that there is any use in consolations, exhortations,

tions, dissuasion; reproof, and commendation: for all these are different kinds of admonition, by which we attain to a perfect state of mind. Nothing is more apt to invest the mind with virtue; to fix the wavering; to strengthen the weak; to recall the viciously-inclined, and confirm them in all goodness than the conversation of good men: for it descends by degrees into the heart; and to be often seen, and often heard, hath the same effect as precepts. Nay, the bare meeting with a wise man hath its use; there is something to be learned from a great and a good man, even though he were silent. I cannot indeed so well express the particular good to be found therein, as that I have really found it from experience. There are some animalcules, as *Phædon* observes, that are scarcely perceptible when they bite you; and so very fine and sharp their sting, that you scarce can feel it; a swelling however shews that you have been stung, though no wound appear therein. The like will happen to you in the conversation of wise men; you will not perhaps be apprehensive how, or in what manner they have done you good, but you will certainly find they have done you good.

*But what is all this, it will be said, to the purpose?* I will tell you: good precepts, if well attended to, will, in all probability, have the like effect with good examples. *Pythagoras* saith (*n*) that the mind and thoughts of those who enter the temple and see before them the awful images of the Gods, are differently affected from those who attend the voice of some oracle at the door. But who will deny, that even the most illiterate are powerfully smitten with certain precepts, of few words indeed, but of great weight; as

Nihil nimis. (*o*)

*Nothing too much.*

Avarus animus nullo satiatur lucro.

*No gain can satisfy the covetous (p).*

Ab alio expectes alteri quod feceris.

*Do as you would have others do unto you (q).*

When we hear such sentences as these, we are immediately struck with their force and propriety, without being permitted in the least to doubt or dispute their authority. And why? because truth is persuasive with-

out any further argument. If reverence then to either persons or things can restrain the mind, and check us in our vicious courses, why should not admonition do the same, though we make use only of bare precepts? But it must be owned, that such admonition is more prevalent, and strikes deeper, which adds a reason for what it commands, and shews for what, and wherefore such a thing is to be done, and also what profit will accrue to the doer from a ready and dutiful obedience. If authority can prevail, so will admonition: but authority oftentimes prevails, and consequently admonition.

Virtue is divided into two parts (*r*), the contemplation of truth and action: good institution teacheth contemplation, admonition action; and upright actions exercise and display virtue. If a man can do good by persuasion, he can also by giving good advice; therefore if acting uprightly be necessary to virtue, and admonition points out the fitness of action, then is admonition also necessary. Two things greatly contribute to strengthen the mind; assurance of the truth, and confidence therein; both which are greatly owing to admonition: for we trust to it; and when we do so, the mind is elevated, and full of confidence: admonition therefore is not superfluous.

*Marcus Agrippa*, a man of great understanding, who alone was happy, for the public good, among all those whom the civil wars had rendered famous and powerful, was wont to say, that he was much indebted to that sentence, *Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabuntur*; *by concord small things increase, and by discord the greatest fall into ruin*; and that from hence he became an affectionate brother, and a faithful friend. If then such sentences, familiarly entertained in the mind, form it aright; why should not this part of philosophy, consisting of the like sentences, have the same effect? Part of virtue consists in discipline, or theory, and part in the exercise or practice of it. A man must first learn, and then confirm what he hath learned, by actions: and if so, not only the general decrees of philosophy are profitable, but also the particular precepts, which restrain and bind our affections, as by a solemn edict (*s*).

*Philosophy,*

*Philosophy*, it is said, is divided into two things; knowledge, and an habit of the mind (*t*): for he that hath learned it, and perceives what is to be done and what to be avoided, is not completely a wise man, until his mind be transformed, as it were, into those things which he hath learned: the third part therefore which consists of precepts, being composed of the former two, is superfluous; because the other two suffice to accomplish virtue. On this account then all consolation would be superfluous; for this likewise consists of the two things before mentioned; as also exhortation, persuasion, and even argumentation, for this also proceeds from the habit of a mind well composed, and established in goodness. But notwithstanding these proceed from a habit of mind, yet the best habit of mind is formed from the other (precepts) as well as from these.

Besides, all that hath been hitherto advanced relates to a man completely perfect, and who hath reached the summit of human felicity: but to this men generally make but slow advances: in the mean time the way of righteousness is to be shewn to the man, who is as yet imperfect, but who is continually making some further progress: wisdom perhaps may present herself at last to such a one without the help of admonition, when she hath brought him to such a pass, that he cannot be moved to do any thing but what is right. It is necessary however that some one should conduct weaker minds, saying, *you must avoid this; you must do that.*

Moreover, was a man to wait the time, when of himself he may know his duty, he may chance to wander, and by wandering in error be hindered from arriving at such a state as can possibly give him complacency and content. He must therefore be governed, until he is capable of governing himself. Children are taught by rule; their fingers are held and directed by another hand, and carried through the several figures and proportions of letters; then they are ordered to imitate some copy, and from thence learn to settle their hand or manner of writing. In like manner our mind is assisted, while led and instructed  
by

by rule and precept.—And thus have I endeavoured to prove that the preceptive part of philosophy is by no means superfluous.

But it is further ask'd, whether *this alone is sufficient to make a man truly wise?* We shall answer this question another day: in the meanwhile, omitting other arguments, is it not evident that we stand in need of some advocate or tutor, at least to countermand the common precepts of the world? Scarce any word comes to our ears but what is prejudicial to us: they hurt us, who bless and wish us well; and they hurt us, who malign and curse us: for the imprecations of these strike us into a panic; and the affection of the other prompts us to ill, by wishing us all worldly prosperity; forasmuch as it drives us to a distant good, uncertain and erroneous; when we may enjoy happiness at home.

It is almost impossible to walk uprightly; our parents nay our servants entice us to ill: nor does any one err to his own prejudice alone; but spreads folly among his neighbours, and catcheth it likewise in his turn from them: from whence the vices of the common people become general; for they communicate them from one to another, and in making others worse they become so themselves; they learn all manner of evil, and then teach it; from whence comes that monstrous pile of iniquity, whereby every one becomes as wise as his neighbour in the knowledge and practice of sin.

It is necessary therefore we should have some tutor to check us now and then; to chase away idle rumours (*u*), and gainsay the flatteries of the common people. For it is a mistake to think that vices are born with us (*x*); they steal upon us, and are engrafted into us as we grow up. Therefore by frequent admonitions we must repel those false opinions that are for ever ringing in our ears. Nature obligeth us to no sin whatever; she brought us forth sound and free; nothing that might incite our avarice hath she placed in open sight; gold and silver she hath put under our feet, that we might press and trample upon them; and whatever else there may be, for which we are pressed and trampled upon

upon ourselves: she hath given us a countenance erect towards heaven (*y*), that we might look up and behold her great and wonderful works: as, the rising and setting of the sun, the swift motion of the voluble world, that by day gives a delightful view of the things on earth, and by night displays the glittering splendour of the heavens; the progression of the stars, seeming slow, when compared with the rapid course of other bodies; and yet exceeding swift, if we consider the vast spaces they travel over with incessant velocity; the eclipses also of the sun and moon, when in opposition; these and many other the like wonderful phenomena, whether they proceed in a regular course, or break forth suddenly from some hidden cause, as the nightly streams of fire, and the flashes of lightning (*meteors*) from the opening heavens, without any stroke or sound of thunder; the beams also, and pillars, and other various appearances of flames: these, I say, Nature hath placed visibly above our heads; but gold and silver, and iron (*x*), (which on their account knows no rest) hath she hid in the earth, as being dangerous things for us to be trusted withal: we brought them to light, only to scramble and fight for them: we ourselves took the pains to dig up from the very bowels of the earth, both the causes and instruments of our dangers: we have trusted our misery to fortune; and are not ashamed to hold those things in the highest estimation, which lie buried in the lowest depth of the earth. Would you know how false a glare it is, which dazzleth your eyes? Believe me, nothing can be more abject and vile than these things are, while sunk and involved in their native soil. For why? when they are first drawn from the mines in the ore, nothing can be more ill-favoured, 'till they are worked into form, and purged from the dross: only behold the workman, by whose hands this sterile and shapeless kind of earth is refined: you see how they are besmeared with dirt and smoke; but these things rather defile the mind than the body; and there is more sordid baseness in the possessor of them, than in the refiner.

It is necessary therefore that men should be admonished, and have some counsellors of a good understanding and sound judgment, that they may hear the voice of truth amidst so great confusion, and such a  
jargon



jargon of falsties: and what shall that voice utter? Why, such good and wholesome counsel as may open your ears, when deafened by so many vain and ambitious clamours, that are every where poured forth around you. Let it inform you, that *there is no reason for you to envy those whom the vulgar call great and happy*; or, that *vain applause should shake and disturb the sweet composure of a sound mind*; or, that *a man clothed in purple, and stalking along with the ensigns of authority carried before him, should make you disdain your tranquillity of soul*; or that *you should think him a greater and more happy man, to whom every one gives way, than yourself, whom the beadle drives out of the way before him*. If you likewise would exercise a power, that may be profitable to yourself, and hurtful to no one, drive vice from thee.

There are many who set fire to cities, and throw down towns that have stood safe and impregnable many ages; who raise platforms as high as castles, and overturn walls of an immense height, with battering rams and other engines of war; there are many who have drove armies before them, and pressing hard upon the flying enemies, and covered with the blood of nations, have made their way to the great ocean; and yet these mighty conquerors have been conquered by loose desires. No one could withstand them, when rushing on in full career; neither could they themselves withstand the temptations of ambition and cruelty: while they seemed to be driving others, they were driven themselves.

A strange madness drove unhappy *Alexander* upon plundering divers countries; and still ranging into unknown regions. For can you think the man in his senses, who first began upon the destruction of *Greece*, and seized upon every thing that was valuable therein: he enslaved *Sparta*, and made *Athens* silent: and not contented with the spoils of many cities, which his father *Philip* had either conquered or bought, he fell upon other unprovoked, and carried his arms throughout the known world; nor was he ever tired with acts of cruelty; imitating herein the wild beasts, who generally tear more than they can devour. He had now contracted many cities into one; both

the *Greeks* and *Persians* dread his power, and the nations that were free under *Darius* submit to his yoke; yet he still pusheth on, and would fain extend his conquest beyond the rising or setting sun; he cannot bear to be confined by the pillars of *Bacchus* (in the east), or of *Hercules* (in the west). He endeavours to force Nature herself; he hath no mind to march; yet will not stay in any place; as restless as an heavy weight, which thrown down an hill, will not rest 'till it comes to the bottom.

So neither did reason or virtue instigate *Cneius Pompey* to wage either foreign or domestic wars; but mad with the love of false greatness at one time, he marched his army into *Spain*, and against *Sertorius*; at another time he took upon him to humble the pirates, and scour the seas: such were his pretexts to keep up an army, and maintain his power. What drew him into *Africa*, what into the North, what against *Mitbridates*, and into *Armenia*, and every corner of *Asia*? What, but an insatiable thirst of greatness, when no one but himself thought he could be greater?

And what provoked *Caius Cæsar* to ruin himself and the commonwealth? Glory, ambition, and an unmeasurable desire of pre-eminence. He could not endure to have one master; though the Republic was contentedly subject to the dominion of two (Consuls.) Or, think you, that it was a virtuous principle, that pushed on *Caius Marius*, who was *once* Consul (for he was *once* duly elected, the other six times he gained his point by bribes or force of arms †) to undergo so many perils, when he slaughtered the *Cimbrians* and *Germans*; and pursued *Jugurtha* through the deserts of *Africa*? No; *Marius* led an army; but ambition led *Marius*.

These men when they shook all things, were themselves miserably shaken; like whirlwinds that envelope the things they seize upon, but are themselves tossed about, and rush with the greater force, being under no command. And therefore when these heroes have cruelly injured many, they themselves feel the pernicious violence wherewith

they inflicted others. There is no reason you should think any one happy in the unhappiness of his fellow-creatures.

All these examples, which we daily see, and hear of, are to be kept in memory; and our hearts, full of evil surmises, are to be cleansed. Virtue must disengage us from our present employ, and take its due place in the mind, in order to extirpate all pleasing lyes against the truth; to separate us from the common people, (to whom we give too much credit) and to confirm us in sincere and just opinions. For this is wisdom; to return to Nature, and to be restored to the happy state from whence public errors had drove us.

It is a great step toward health and soundness, to have forsaken the counsellors of folly, and to have fled from the common people, who are daily corrupting one another. That you may know this to be true, behold how differently men live in public and in private: yet it is not solitude that teacheth simplicity and innocence; nor does a country-life of itself make us more frugal and temperate; but it is the having no witness or spectator which makes many vices, that have no other aim but to be seen and admired, subsist of themselves. Who would be cloathed in purple was there no one to gaze upon him? who in private would have dainties served up to him in a golden dish? who, when lying under the shade of a green tree in some rural spot, would display the pomp of luxury? No man is very spruce and sumptuous when by himself, or even in the presence of two or three servants or familiars, but according to the number and quality of his visitants, makes he a shew of his costly vanities. So that the chief instigation to all those things we are so foolishly mad after, is, the testimony of such as know and admire us: take away the witness, and you will abolish those fond desires. Ambition, luxury and pride, require a public stage: you will certainly cure them, if you will but conceal them.

And therefore, if we reside in a noisy populous city, it would be requisite to have always a monitor at our elbow; who, in opposition to flatterers, and such as commend a large estate, should rather praise the

man who is contented with a little, and who measures his wealth by the good uses he makes of it: against those, who extol favour and power, let him recommend retirement, when devoted to the study of literature; and a mind withdrawn from external things, to reflect upon its own real and proper good. Let him shew how these great men, who in vulgar estimation are accounted happy, tremble and are astonished at their envied height; and have a very different opinion of themselves, from what others entertain of them: that what seems a lofty feat to others, seems to them but a steep and broken rock: therefore are they spiritless, and shudder with fear when they look down from this dangerous precipice of greatness: they suspect a thousand accidents to which their slippery situation is subject: then they dread what they so greatly courted: and the prosperity which hath made them troublesome and injurious to others, lays an heavier burthen upon themselves: then they extol a calm retirement, and the sweet liberty of being their own masters: splendour grows distasteful to them, and they gladly seek a discharge from their high offices: then at length you shall see them play the philosophers through fear, and take good counsel from their wretched situation: for these two things seem inconsistent with each other, *a good fortune*, and *a sound mind*: as we are generally more wise in adversity; but prosperity is apt to blind the judgment, and warp us in our duty.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

\* *Muretus* in his preamble to this Epistle observes that as *Aristo* maintained the *decretal* or dogmatical philosophy; *Seneca* defends the *exhortatory* or preceptive: but particularly, that from a diligent perusal of this Epistle may be learned what is the true meaning of that obscure sentence in the first book of *Tully's Offices*, *Omnis de officio duplex est, quæritio*; every question relating to duty is twofold, i. e. either particular or general: which none of the expositors or commentators seem to have hit upon before.

(a) This is somewhat like what *St. James* saith; *If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food; and one of you say unto him, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?* ii. 5. 6.

† See Epp. 24. 30. 78.

(b) The Stoics supposed all men to be mad except their wise man, though they drank not ellibore nor applied themselves to a physician. Of which sort of madness *Horace* speaketh, when he saith,

Insanire putas solennia me; neque rides;  
Nec medici credis, nec curatoris egere. Ep. i. 1. 101.

*You count me mad in fashion, you forbear  
To laugh, nor think I want a doctor's care,  
Or guardian from the Prætor.*—Creech.

See the fourth Paradox of Tully, (omnes stultos insanire, *that every fool is a madman*) which is supposed to be addressed to Clodius, who had driven Tully into exile.

(c) Non est quod plenis ac tumentibus impere:] Suetonius (in Tiberio;) contentis ac tumentibus oculis profequi. *To fix or strain the eyes, says Lipsius, as in love or devotion.*

(d) Laſtant. l. 6. c. 23. Servando igitur ab utroque fides alteri est, imò exemplo continentie docenda uxor, ut se castè gerat, iniquum est enim ut ipse exigas quod præstare ipse non possis. *Fidelity therefore in the married state is respectively required from both parties: without which the rational and moral human species could be retained with no rules of order, becoming their nature; no decency; but a variable, unsettled, roving appetite, would soon gain the transcendency over reason, and introduce universal confusion. Marriage was therefore rendered holy and honourable by a particular sanction of the all-wise, omnipotent Creator.*

*Marriage, thou eafest, safest, happiest state!*

*Let debauchees and drunkards thee prophane:—*

(What follows I cannot recollect, nor whose lines they are.)

(e) By not observing these two precepts of Cato, I believe many have been imposed upon under the specious pretence of *buying bargains*. Our English proverbs are—*Good cheap is dear. A good bargain is a pickpurse.* The French say, *Bon marchè tire s' argent hors de bourse.* As I saw an old gentlewoman buy a parcel of *balots* which she would not taste, and even abominated; because they were offered at a penny cheaper than the usual price.

(f) This precept Clemens of Alexandria interprets two ways; either, *because life is short, and therefore ought not to be spent in vain or idle amusements*; or, *that we ought to be careful in our daily expences, lest we should live so long as to want necessaries.* See Ep. i. (N. a.)

*Take Time while Time is, for Time will away.* Scotch Proverb.

(g) 'Tis true, as Seneca says, *such sentences as these want no advocate*: yet, as the different usage and application of them may be acceptable to some sort of readers, I shall further observe, that *this* is the first of the three sentences which Plato saith were fixed upon the doors of the *Delphic Oracle*, as seeming worthy to have come from God. Among the proverbial sentences is this verse:

Τὸ γινῶθι σεαυτὸν πανταχῶς ἐστὶ χρῆσιμον.

Nomus Marcellus quotes a satire by Varro under this title;

γινῶθι σεαυτὸν—Famâ celebrata per orbem

Littera, cognosci quæ sibi quemque jubet.

Juvenal saith it came down from heaven,—e cœlo descendit. But Ovid gives it to Pythagoras; Socrates the Platonic, to Apollo. Diogenes gives it to Thales; Antisthenes to Pbenomœ the Sybil; but that Chilo made use of it. Thales being asked, τί ἐστὶ δύσκολον; *what is a difficult thing?* answered, *to know one's self.* τί εύκολον; *what an easy thing?* ἀλλῶ ὑπυτιδεῖσθαι, *to give advice to another.* Cicero, (Tusc. Qu. l. 26.) Nimirum hanc habet vim præceptum Apollonis, quo monet, *ut se quisque noscat, &c.* This, doubtless, is the meaning of the precept of Apollo, which advises every one to know himself. I do not apprehend his intention to have been, *that we should inform ourselves of our stature and make; nor do I address myself to your body; when therefore he saith know yourself, he saith this, inform yourself of the nature of your soul, for the body is but a kind of vessel or receptacle of the soul. Whatever your soul doth, is your own act.* To know the soul then, unless it had been divine, would not have been a precept of that excellent wisdom, as to be attributed to a God. And elsewhere, *we must not think this precept given only to lessen our pride, but also to make us understand our own good.*

Tecum habita, et nôris quàm sit tibi curta supellex. Perf. iv. 57.

*Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,*

*But what thou art, and find the beggar there.* Dryden.

Teipsum concute.—Hor. S. l. 3. 35.

*Examine then thyself with strictest care.*

Macrobius tells us of one, who consulting the oracle, asked, *by what means he might attain happiness?* it was answered, *Know thyself.* But this answer was supposed to have been given to *Craesus.* Somewhat like it is that of *Antiphanes.*

Εἰ θνητός εἶ, εἰλίτιστε, θνητὰ τὰ φέρονται.

*As thou art mortal, think of mortal things.*

Some give it to *Homer* as the grand source of all wisdom and learning. From *Hector's* declining to fight with *Ajax*, knowing him to be a better man,

Αἶαντος δ' ἔλεεινε μάχην τελεμονιάδαο.

*Ajax he spurs thro' all the dire debate,*

*And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.* Pope.

This admirable sentence however is bantered by the comic poet *Menander*;

Κατὰ πολλ' ἀρ' ἐστὶν ἡ καλῶς εἰρημόνοιο,

Ἦ, γινῶθι σαυτὸν, χρησιμώτερον γὰρ ἦν

Τὸ γινῶθι τὸς ἄλλους.

*Talk not of that fam'd sentence, Know thyself,*

*'Twere better far a man should know the world.*

(b) Magni est animi injurias oblivisci. Cic. (de Orat.) *It shows greatness of mind to forget an injury.* Delle ingiurie il remedio a lui scordarsi. Ital.

Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas

Ultio——Juv. xiii. 191.

*Revenge betrays a weak and little mind.*

(i) Fortes enim non modo fortuna adjuvat, ut est in veteri proverbio, sed multo magis ratio. Cic. (Tusc. Q. ii.) *It is not Fortune alone that assists and advanceth the brave, but Reason; which, by certain precepts, as it were, confirms even courage itself.*

Audentes fortesque Deus juvat. Ovid.

—— Audaces adjuvat ipsa Venus. Id.

*A saint heart never won fair lady.* Prov.

Or as the French say, *Le couïard n' aura belle amie.*

Ἄλλ' οἱ μὲν ἀθυμῶντες ἀνδρες ὑπότι τροπᾶιον ἐστήσαντο.

—— Timidi nunquam statuere tropæa.

*No trophies ever grac'd a coward's name.*

Πρὸς σοφίαν μὲν ἔχειν τολμάν μάλ' αὐτὸν ἐστὶ,

Χωρίς δ' ἐ, ἐλαττωρὴ, καὶ κακότητα φέρει.

*Unless to wisdom fortitude is join'd,*

*Losses ensue, and fortune proves unkind.*

(k) So Gronovius, that it may seem an Hemistic.

al. piger sibi——ipse obstat.

*Idle folks have the most labour.* Prov.

*Idleness is the key of beggary.*

*Idleness turns the edge of wit.*

*Idle folks want no excuse.*

Desuetudo omnibus pigritiam, pigritia veterum parit. *Apul.*

*Disuse begets idleness, and idleness a lethargy.*

(l) Si tamen illam diutina pestis non infecit, nec enecuit—(*sic serè omn.*) but *Muretus* from *Pincian* reads it, si tamen illam diutina pestis infecit nec enecuit, *provided the contagion of sin, which hath so long infected it, had not quite destroyed it.* *Gronovius* prefers the former, because *Seneca* useth the word *infeci*, in a stronger sense, than merely a slight and easily-curable disorder. Ep. 59. Diu in istis vitiis jacuimus; elui difficile est; non enim inquinati fumus sed *infeciti*. Ep. 71. Animum non coloravit sed *infecit*.

(m) But as *Seneca*, saith *Muretus*, differs from *Pofidonius*, so I must beg leave to differ from *Seneca*: for I think the prefaces to the laws of *Plato* are admirable; first, on account of the love of virtue, which is so eminently displayed therein: and, secondly, that where this prevails not, the minds of men are to be drawn off from sin and wickedness by the fear of punishments, under the sanctions subjoined to those prefaces. Be this as it will, nothing, I think, can be more just than what *Seneca* here saith, with regard to the brevity of laws; and nothing more applicable to our due observance of the positive laws of God, in the Christian scheme, than his; none, dic quid me velis fecisse: non disco, sed pareo. *Tell me what you would have me do; I am all obedience.* God hath told us what we ought to do, and what to believe; and if through the weakness of our understandings we cannot in some cases see the reason of such a law; or, where the sublimity of the subject will admit of no greater clearness, give a reason of the things we believe; yet we may give a good reason for our belief in those things: *It is the word and will of God, therefore we believe; we believe, and therefore we obey.* M.

(n) Cicero, (ii. de leg.) Et illud benè dictum est a Pythagora, doctissimo viro, tum maximi et pietatem et religionem versari in animis, cum rebus divinis operam daremus. *That the time when men are most honest, is, when they present themselves before the Gods.* This is mentioned likewise by *Plutarch*. De Superst. p. 169. De Def. Orac. p. 447.

(o) Gr. μὴ ἐν ἀγῶν. Gall. Affez y a si trop n' y a. Ital. L'abondanza delle cose ingenera fastidio. And our English proverb, *Too much of one thing is good for nothing.*

*Diogenes* ascribes it to *Pythagoras*; *Aristotle* to *Bias*; others to *Tbales*, and others to *Solon*; and some ascribe it, as the *nosce teipsum*, to *Homer* from *Od.* o. 69.

— νειμίσσωμαι δὲ καὶ ἄλλῳ

Ἀνδρὶ ξενοδοκῶ, ὅς κ' ἔξοχα μὲν φιλοῖσιν,  
Ἐξοχα δ' ἐχθαιρῶσιν ἀμείνω δ' αἰσιμα πάντα.

*For oft in others freely I reprove  
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love:*

*Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,  
And both the golden mean alike condemn.* Pope.

Παντῶν μὲν κοροῖσι, καὶ ὕπνῳ καὶ φιλότῃτος  
Μολπῆς τῷ γκυκερῆς, καὶ ἀμυμονος ἰρχήθμοιον. Π. v. 637.

*The best of things beyond their measure cloy;  
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;*

*The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire;  
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.* Pope.

Τυδεῖδῃ, μὴτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἰνεε, μὴτε τι νοῖκε. Π. κ. 249.  
*Be not too lavish, or in praise or blame.*

But I had rather saith *Erasmus* give it to *Hesiod*.

Μετρα φυλασσεσθαι: καιρὸς δ' ἐπι πᾶσιν ἄριστος.

*Pindar*

*Pindar* in imitation of the foregoing lines from *Homer* ;

Κόρον δ' ἄλκι καὶ μέλι, καὶ  
τὰ τεργν' ἀνδ' ἀφροδίσιαι.

*Pindar* in *Plutarch*, σοφοὶ δὲ καὶ τὸ, μηδὲν ἄγαν, ἔπος περισως ἀίνισαν.—*As if the wise men had extolled above measure that saying, too much of nothing.*

Παντῶν μέτρον ἄριστον—*Phocylides.*  
*The mean of every thing is best.*

*Sophocles* in *Electra*. Μηδ' οἷς ἐχθάρεις  
ὑπεράχθεο μήτ' ἐπιλάθου.

— *Patient submit ; nor let thy rage*  
*Too far transport thee, nor oblivion drown*  
*The just remembrance of thy matchless woes.* *Franklin.*

*Euripides Hippol.* 264.

ἔτω τὸ λίαν γ' ἦσσαν ἐπαινω  
τῷ μηδὲν ἄγαν---  
Καὶ ξυμφησσι σοφοὶ μοι.  
*Too much of any thing is sure amiss ;*  
*Since all philosophers agree in this.*

*Alphæus*, *Anthol.* l. 1. c. 12. τὸ μηδὲν γὰρ ἄγαν, ἄγαν με τερπει<sup>ο</sup>

*Athenæus*, l. 1. Πασας δ' ἐκκραδίας ἀνίας ἀνδρῶν ἀλαπαζει  
Πινόμενος κατὰ μέτρον ὑπὲρ μέτρον δὲ χερσίων.  
*A cheerful glass revives the drooping soul ;*  
*Not so, o'ercharg'd, with the unmeasur'd bowl.*

*Plin.* l. 11. Perniciosissimum autem est in omni quidem vita quod nimium est.—*In every circumstance of life too much of any thing is dangerous.*

*Quintilian* (l. 12. c. 6.) writes, modum in pronunciatione regnare, quemadmodum in cæteris omnibus, *that a mean is to be observed in pronunciation as in all other things.*

*Plautus*, in *Pænulo*, Modus omnibus in rebus,---est optimus.

Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines.  
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum. *Hor.* S. l. 1.  
*In every thing observe the golden mean,*  
*Virtue within fix'd bounds is only seen.* *Shard.*  
Virtus est medium vitiorum utrinque redactum. *Id.* Ep. i. 18.  
*On each extreme a different vice is seen,*  
*For virtue's throne is seated in the mean.* *Id.*

Lastly *Plutarch*, in the life of *Camillus* teacheth, that true piety consists in the mean between *Atheism* and *Superstition*.

(*p*) The same with *Horace* ; Semper avarus eget.—*Ep.* i. 2. 5.

*See the pale miser, (who intensely pries*  
*On untouch'd bags with over watchful eyes,*  
*Nor dares to use the wealth his labour won,)*  
*Create the very want he means to shun.* *Anon.*

(*q*) *With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you.* Therefore, *whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them, for this is the Law and the Prophets.* *Matth.* vi. 2. 12.

(*r*) The contemplative and the active. So *Philosophy* ; *Ep.* 95. See *Lips.* *Manud.* *Diff.* ii. 5.

(*s*) Alluding



(s) Alluding to the customs of the times when the Princes or Governors published the edicts, for the admonition, correction, and compulsion of the people. See *Lips. ad Tacit. Ann. l. 3.*

(t) i. e. knowledge of what is contained in the decrees; and an habit obtained, by that means, of doing what is right.

(u) Abigatque rumores] The edition of *Muretus* reads it *tumores*, perhaps by the error of the press; though it hath its meaning; to pluck down our pride.

(x) This is what the *Stoics* absolutely deny, and maintain that men are all naturally born good, but that from our communication with a corrupt world the innate sparks of virtue are extinguished, and the contrary vices arise, and are confirmed. Cicero (de Leg. i.) Justos quidem Naturâ nos esse factos, tantum autem esse corruptelam malæ consuetudinis, ut ab eâ tanquam igniculi extinguantur a Naturâ dati, exorianturque et confirmantur vitia contraria.

Not so the *Academics*, who maintain, with *Apuleius*, in a Platonic sense, Hominem ob stirpe ipsa neque absolutè bonum, nec malum nasci, sed ad utrumque proclive ingenium esse. Habere quidem femina quædam utrarumque rerum, cum nascendi origine copulata, quæ educationis disciplina in alteram debeant partem emicare. That man is not born absolutely either good or bad; that he has certain innate qualities, which from discipline and instruction, or the want of it, are inclined to either side. If virtue, says *Galen*, comes by nature, and depravity from sentiment and example; tell me who corrupted the first man, when as yet, it is supposed, there was no malignity in the world? They could not but have it from themselves. It is said that this argument converted *Posidonius* from *Stoicism*, and inclined him to think with the *Academics*.

*Horace* speaks more agreeably with the *Christian* scheme, when he says, Nemo vitii sine nascitur.

So *Demosthenes*, μεθ' ἐν ἀμαρτυρῶν ἐστὶ θεῶν, the Gods alone are free from all sin. And *Propertius*,  
Unicuique dedit vitium Natura creato.

Nature in every breast implanted vice.

Undoubtedly, let some affected disputants argue as they please. Every man is sensible of that depravity, or proneness to evil, which deviating from original righteousness, and being repugnant to the law of God, hath of itself the nature of sin; and is therefore by *Divines* called original sin.

(y) Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque videre  
Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. Ov. Met. i. 88.  
Hence, while his fellow-creatures of the earth,  
Prone to the ground their sight, betray their birth:  
Man of erected frame looks up on high,  
Heav'nward he casts his elevated eye,  
And grows familiar with his native sky.

*Cicero* (de Leg. i. 9.) Cum cætera animalia abjecisset ad partum, solum hominem erexit ad cœli cognitionem. *Id.* (de Nat. Deor.) Qui Deus) constituit eos (homines) humo excitatos, celsos, et erectos constituit ut Deorum cognitionem cœlum intuentes capere possint. Sunt enim ex terra homines, non ut incolæ et habitatores, sed quasi spectatores superarum rerum atque cœlestium, quorum spectaculum ad nullum aliud genus animantium pertinet. He (the God of Nature) hath made us of a stature tall and upright, that beholding the heavens we might arrive to the knowledge of the Gods; for we are not simply to dwell here as inhabitants of the earth, but to contemplate the heavens, and the stars; a privilege not granted to any other kind of animated beings.—*Xenophon* has used the same argument to shew the wisdom of the Deity in the constitution of man, as he hath other arguments similar to what are used by the *Stoic*, soon after in his Examination into the Senses. (N.)

(z) *Seneca* (de Benef. vii. 10.) Video ferrum ex iisdem tenebris esse prolatum, quibus aurum et argentum; ne aut instrumentum in cædes mutuas decisset, aut præmium: I observe that iron is produced from the same seat of darkness as are gold and silver, that there may not be wanting an instrument for murder, or a reward for the same.

— nec bella fuerunt  
Faginus adstabat cùm scyphus ante dapes.

— *Then wars began,  
When the gold cup expell'd the beechen can.*

So *Romeo* to the Apothecary :

*There is thy gold; worse poison to men's soul,  
Than these poor compounds, which thou dar'st not sell.  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.*

† This *Lipsius* does not allow, if you except the two last; as the foregoing honours were conferred upon him in his absence.

## EPISTLE XCIII.

*Of Examples, or Characters.\**

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, that I would consider of what I told you in my last, should be deferred to another day (*a*); and to let you know whether I thought that part of philosophy, which the *Greeks* call παρανετική, and we (præceptiva) *preceptive*, or exhortatory, sufficient to make a man perfectly wise. I know you would not take it amiss should I refuse you. I therefore renew my promise, notwithstanding that proverbial form of speech—*postea noli rogare, quod impetrare nolueris*—*Ask not again for what you wish not to obtain.* For it is no uncommon thing to ask with earnestness, what if offered we should refuse: now, whether this is owing to levity, or sauciness, the best way of punishing it is by a ready compliance.

We would fain seem, I say, to desire many things, which, in reality, we are averse to. A certain Author produced a large history, wrote in small characters and closely folded up, which when he had read great part of, *I will give over*, said he, *if you please.* *No, no; read on, read on;* cry the audience, who had much rather he should hold his tongue. Thus we often wish for one thing and pray for another; and speak not the truth to the Gods themselves: but the

Gods either hear us not, or have mercy upon us! But, for my part, I shall have no mercy on you, *Lucilius*, intending to discharge my duty, and to trouble you with another long Epistle; which if you read and cannot relish it, say, *Ego mihi hoc contraxi, I have brought this upon myself*; and reckon yourself among those whom a costly wife, gained by assiduous courtship, is continually tormenting; among those who enjoy not the wealth, amassed with great toil and labour—among those, whom honours, obtained by all that art or industry can do, rack with disquiet—or other coiners of their own wretchedness. But omitting any further preamble, I now come to the point in hand.

*An happy life, they say, consists in fit and just actions; therefore precepts are sufficient to make life happy. I deny the minor proposition: precepts do not always incite fit actions; unless attended to with an obsequious disposition of the mind. Sometimes they are applied in vain; when the understanding is prejudiced by false opinions. And again, if men happen to do right, they do not always know it (b): for it is not every one, unless they are tutored from the beginning, and fashioned in all points of reason, that can be perfect in every rule of decency; knowing what they ought to do, how much, in what relation, and in what manner; wherefore they cannot in every action pursue virtue, at least not constantly, nor designedly: they will often look back and hesitate.*

*If fit and just actions, it is said, spring from precepts, then are precepts sufficient to make life happy: but the one is true, consequently the other. To this we answer, just and fit actions arise from maxims and general rules, and not from precepts only.*

*Again it is said, if other arts are contented with precepts, so is wisdom, or the art of life. But a man is made a pilot, by such instructions as these: thus you must steer; thus strike sail; thus use a favourable wind; thus a contrary one; thus make a doubtful or cross wind serve your turn: and so in other arts are men tutored by precepts; cannot then such as teach the art of living, pursue the same method with the like effect? No; all these*

these arts are employed in, or relate only to, the means of life, and not to the whole life: and therefore many things from without may restrain and impede them, as hope, desire, fear, and the like: but wisdom, which professeth the art of life, cannot be prevented from exercising herself at all times: for she shakes off all impediments, and manageth all opposition.

Would you know wherein the condition of this differs from all other arts (c)? Know, that in these it is more excuseable to err by choice than accidentally; but in this there cannot be a greater crime than to sin voluntarily. I will explain what I mean: a grammarian is not ashamed of a solecism, when he commits it knowingly; but would blush at one committed through ignorance, or carelessness: a physician, if he perceives not that his patient grows worse, is more in fault with regard to his art, than one who perceives the defect, yet pretends not to know it. But in that art of life a wilful error is the more criminal.

Add now, that most of these arts, I might say all that are truly liberal, have their general maxims, and not precepts only. As in physic, for instance, there is one sect that follows *Hippocrates*, another sect *Asclepiades*, another *Themison*. Besides, there is no contemplative art but what hath its decrees, which the Greeks call *δωγματα*, and we *decrees*, *maxims*, or *axioms*; such as you will find in geometry or astronomy. But philosophy is both contemplative and active. She meditates, and also sets her hand to work. You are mistaken, if you think she is only engaged in terrestrial affairs. She aspireth much higher. *I range, saith she, the universe; nor am satisfied with the conversation of mortals, in order either to persuade or dissuade them; sublime matters, far above your reach, invite me:*

Nam tibi de summa tali ratione Deumque,  
Differere incipiam, et rerum primordia pandem  
Unde omnis natura creet res, auctet, alatque,  
Quoque eadem rursus natura perempta resolvat.   Lucr. l. 50.

*I treat of things abstruse, the Deity,  
The vast and steady motions of the sky;*

*The rise of things; how curious Nature joins  
 The various seeds, and in one mass combines  
 The jarring principles; what new supplies  
 Bring nourishment and strength; how she unties  
 The Gordian knot, and the poor compound dies.* Creech.

As saith *Lucretius*: it follows therefore that being contemplative, she hath also her maxims and decrees. Besides that no one can do what he ought to do, unless a reason be pointed out to him; whereby he may punctually discharge every office in life; which it is impossible for him to do, who hath received nothing but mere precepts; the precepts being distributed in parcels are but weak in themselves, and if I may so speak, without root, and a solid foundation: decrees and certain maxims are what must protect us, and maintain our security and peace; and which comprehend all life, and all nature. There is the same difference between the *decrees* and *precepts* of philosophy, as there is between letters and whole sentences; these depend upon the former which gave rise both to them, and to every thing of the like kind.

*The antient wisdom, it is said, taught by precept nothing more than what was to be done and what was to be avoided; and yet men were far better in those days than they are now: as soon as learning began to flourish, good men grew scarce. For that simple and open virtue is now turned into obscure and subtle science. We learn rather to dispute, than to live. Undoubtedly, as you say, that antient wisdom was in the beginning rude and single, no less than other arts, that in process of time grew more refined and polished. But there was no need of such choice remedies as are now presented: wickedness was not grown to such a height, nor had it spread so wide: simple remedies were applied to simple vices. But now there is a necessity for stronger battlements, and more laboured fortifications, as the mischiefs that assault us are grown so much stronger and more powerful.*

Physic formerly was nothing more than skill in the virtues of some few herbs whereby the flowing blood might be stanch'd, and wounds clos'd by degrees; but now it is become an extensive study, and consists

in a surprizing multiplicity of prescriptions. No wonder it had so little to do in those antient times, when the bodies of men were hale and robust, and their diet plain and easy, uncorrupted by art and delicacies; which in aftertimes began to be sought for, not in order to satisfy hunger, but to provoke it; and a thousand high-seasoned sauces were invented to raise an appetite; so that meats which before sustained, and proved wholesome nourishment to those who wanted them, serve now only to overload the full stomach. Hence proceed paleness, and trembling of the nerves relaxed by wine; and a more miserable leanness, caused rather by crudities than hunger; hence such a tottering gait, and perpetual stumbling, as if men were always drunk; hence the small vessels of the cuticle are filled with water, and the belly distended, being accustomed to be crammed with more than it can well hold; hence the black jaundice; the wan countenance of such as are in a deep consumption; the crooked fingers from the stiffness of the joints; the unfeeling apoplexy, and the evershaking palsy. What need I mention the swimming of the head; the torment both of the eyes and ears; the acute pains of the raging brain; the passages of the body afflicted with ulcers; besides numberless sorts of fevers, some high and violent, others creeping on by slow degrees; others seizing us with horror and great shaking of the limbs; with a thousand other distempers, the just plagues of luxury and intemperance?

The antients were free from these dreadful evils; who had not as yet debauched themselves with the most delicate viands; who were their own masters, and their own servants: they harden'd their bodies with toil and useful labour; and when tired with running, or hunting, or tilling the ground, they sat down to such a repast, as would not have been relished, had they not been hungry. There was no need therefore in those days of shops full of drugs, nor of so many instruments, gallipots and boxes. Simple was their health, from a simple cause; but variety of dishes introduced a variety of diseases (*d*). Only observe what a strange mixture of things, luxury, having ravaged both the land and sea, hath provided for the swallow of one gormandizing throat. Things of such different qualities can never agree, in, or with  
the

the stomach: it is impossible they should digest, as one thing prevents another. No wonder then that uncertain and various diseases should arise from such discordant meats; and that humours, collected from such opposite parts of nature, and now conjoined in one, should redound as they do; for as we live by no rule, we sicken by none.

The greatest physician, and founder of the profession, observed, that *women never shed their hair, nor were ever lame with the gout: but now are they both gouty and bald.* The nature of women however is not changed, but the manner of life: for by taking the same liberties with men, they have subjected themselves to the same disorders; they keep as bad hours (*e*); they drink as deep; and challenge them as well in the use of oyl, as of strong wine; they alike eat without an appetite; and are not ashamed of discharging an overloaded stomach by the mouth (*f*); they likewise make their teeth chatter with ice, by way of cooling and refreshing the overheated liver; nor in any lustful action will they suffer men to surpass them; may all the Gods and Goddesses confound them for their abominable practices! What wonder is it then that the greatest physician and most experienced naturalist, should be liable to a mistake, since we now see women afflicted both with the gout and baldness? They have lost the privilege of their sex by their vices, and, having thrown aside the woman, subjected themselves to the diseases of debauchees.

The antient physicians knew not to prescribe frequent eating, or to drench the flagging veins with wine; they knew not the art of cupping or scarifying; or to ease a chronic disorder by bathing or sweating; they knew not, by binding the legs and arms to recall the vital heat from the central parts to the extreme. There was no need of consultations, or to hunt after various kinds of remedies, when the dangers of their patients were few, and in a narrow compass. But now, alas! to what a degree are disorders multiplied! Such is the interest we pay for the irrational and inordinate pleasures that we indulge ourselves in!

But



But do you wonder that diseases multiply? Count the cooks. All study is given over; the professors of the liberal arts sit in some lonely corner without an audience; the schools of rhetoric and philosophy are quite deserted; while the taverns and cook-shops are full: what a crowd of young fellows surround the hearth of some spendthrift? I pass by the troops of poor boys, natives or foreign, distinguished by their nation, and complexions, and ranged according to their size, their age, and even their hair, those who have lank and straight locks not being admitted among the curled: I omit likewise the crew of bakers and confectioners, and other serving men whose business it is, at a sign given (*g*), to bring in the supper. Good gods! what a number of men does one belly employ!

But can you think those mushrooms (a tasteful poyson) do not secretly and gradually operate, though no bad effect is immediately perceived from them? Do you think that the summer-ice does not chill, and by degrees make the liver callous? or that those oysters, a most inert kind of flesh in itself, being fattened with mud, engender not viscous and muddy humours? or that soy (*b*), or the pickle made of the gravy of unwholesome fish, does not burn up the entrails with its saline and poysonous particles? or that those strong soups which are swallowed down hot from the fire, can without doing any prejudice, be extinguished in the bowels? How filthy and pestilent are their belches! How do they loth themselves, while disgorging their last surfeit! Know, that such eatables as the luxurious are now fond of, may putrefy, but digest not.

I remember to have heard of a famous dish (*i*), into which a lickerish glutton, hastening his own destruction, was wont to gather all the dainties that were used to be served up at the tables of great men; all kinds of shell-fish, cockles, muscles, and oysters with their beards cut off, are intermixed with sea-urchins (*k*), and poulets crimped and boned; no one can now eat of a single dish (*l*), they must all be mingled together, and such an hotch-potch prepared for supper, as we may suppose made in the belly after a full meal. For my part, I expect



soon that the victuals will be served up already chewed: for there is but little difference in having things so mangled and mashed together, and having a cook perform the office of our teeth.

It is thought tedious to indulge the taste with one thing after another; all things must be set on together and disguised with one flavour: it would be too much trouble to reach out the hand for any particular thing; every thing must come on at once: the garnishing of many dishes must unite, and be blended together; and let those, who say that all this is by way of grandeur and ostentation, know, that the same excesses are committed not only in public but in private. Tho' a man sups alone, upon one mess of soup, it is compounded of various ingredients, that used to serve for so many dishes; but now there must be no difference between oysters and muscles; and sea-crabs must be mixed, and cooked up with mullets; so that the sight of it, if thrown up again, could not be more confused, (*as I before observed*). Now, as these viands are thus mixed and confounded, no single disorder can be supposed to arise therefrom, but several, unaccountable, different, and multiplied diseases, against which physic hath begun to arm herself, with many remedies founded on observations and experiments.

The same I say of philosophy—it was once of a more simple nature, among those whose sins were not so enormous, but curable with slight and easy remedies. Against such a degeneracy and corruption of manners as now reigns, every thing is to be tried; and I wish that even so, this dreadful malady may be overcome. We play the madmen not only in private, but in public: we forbid homicide, and single slaughters; but wars, and the slaughter of nations, seem most glorious mischief. Neither avarice nor cruelty know any bounds; these however when exercised by stealth, as it were, and by single persons, are less hurtful and less monstrous: but what shall we say when by the decrees of the senate, and edicts of the Government, those heinous offences are committed and publickly commanded, which are condemned in the practice of a private man? as such things when committed by the soldiery are applauded, for which other men would suffer death? Ought not  
men,

men, the mildest of animals by nature, to be ashamed of rejoicing in the blood of one another; and not only in waging *unnecessary* wars, but delivering them down for posterity to carry on; when dumb and savage beasts have peace among themselves? Against so potent and general a madness philosophy is obliged to take more pains, and to assume to herself strength in proportion to the strength of those against whom it is applied.

It was an easy matter in former days to chide an accidental sot, and reprove such as luxuriously coveted mere dainty food; the mind was easily brought back to frugality, that had wandered but a little way therefrom:

Nunc manibus rapidis opus est, nunc arte magistrâ.

Virg. E. 442.

——— *But now there's need*

*Of forceful strength, and well-experienced art.*

Pleasure is fought out in every quarter: no vice keeps within its own sphere. Luxury runs headlong into avarice; justice and honesty are quite forgot; nothing is thought base and scandalous where the gain is sweet: man, that sacred animal, (*m*), *man*, I say is killed in mere jest and sport; and whom it was thought impiety to instruct in the science of defence, is now exposed naked and unarmed, as if it was a pleasing spectacle only to see him butchered (*♂*).

In this perversity therefore of manners, something stronger than usual is required to throw off the inveterate evil; we must apply decrees and maxims; that the received persuasion of false opinions may first be rooted out: to these if we add precepts, consolations, and exhortations, they will probably prevail; they are ineffectual of themselves; if we would set men free from their bonds, and deliver them from the entanglement of evil; we must inform them what is evil, and what is good; they must be taught that all things, except virtue, are liable to a change of appellation, being sometimes good and sometimes bad: as the first bond of a soldier is the military oath, to follow his standard, and to think it a sin to desert; every thing else is easily

obtained, and the word of command readily obeyed, by all such as know themselves bound by this obligation; so among those whom you would conduct to an happy life, the first foundation must be laid in virtue. Let them reverence her to a degree of superstition; let them love her, and resolve rather to die than live without her.

*But have not some without such discipline, and curious instructions proved good men, and made great proficiency in the school of virtue, while obedient only to bare precepts? No doubt of it; but this hath been owing to an happy disposition and good natural parts, which in a moment apprehended their duty in the salutary pursuit of what is right and fit. For, as the immortal Gods never learned virtue, nor had any need to learn it, being by nature perfectly good; so, some men, being endowed with an excellent genius, give due attention to the lectures of morality, and as soon as they hear of virtue, readily embrace her. From whence some naturally catch at every thing that is good, and without culture bring forth fruit: whereas it requires great pains to rub off the rust from the minds of those who are dull of apprehension, or have long laboured under some evil habit: but how necessary the *maxims* of philosophy are, as well in bringing to perfection such as are prone to good, as in assisting the weaker, and dispossessing them of prejudice, and false opinions, you will learn from what follows.*

There are certain inclinations within, which make us slow and lazy in some affairs, and light and rash in other: nor can this rashness be restrained, nor this sluggishness enlivened, unless the causes of them are first cut off, viz. *false admiration* and *false fear*: so long as these possess the mind, you may tell a man what duty he owes his father, what to his children, what to friends and what to strangers; but avarice will turn his endeavours another way: he will know, that he ought to fight for his country, but fear will dissuade him: he will know, that without grudging, he must do all he can, to serve a friend, but ease and pleasure will forbid him: he will know, that it is a most grievous injury to a wife, to keep a mistress, but heedless lust will incite him. It will avail nothing therefore to give precepts, unless  
every

every bar to such precepts be first removed; no more than it will to lay arms before a soldier, or to put them into his hands, so long as his hands are tied, and he cannot, or will not, use them.

That the mind may duly attend to the *precepts* given, it must first be free. Suppose any one to do a right thing, he will not do so continually, nor act uniformly; because he knows not a reason for it. Some things may happen to be right, either by chance or custom, but he still wants a rule whereby to square his actions, and to have assurance that they are right: you can never depend upon a man, from his being casually good, that he will always continue so. Besides, *precepts* perhaps will inform you what you ought to do, but not the manner of doing it; and without this, they will not bend to virtue.

*But a man that follows good advice, will certainly do what he ought to do.* I grant it; but this is not enough, because a deed is praiseworthy not merely in itself; but in the manner how, or why, it is done. What can be more scandalous than to spend at one supper a knight's yearly revenue (2000*l*s. *Sterling!*) what more worthy censorial reprehension, than for a man thus to treat, or, in the language of a debauché, joyously indulge himself? Yet there have been men, otherwise of a frugal temper, who, on some extraordinary occasion, have made an entertainment which cost 30000 sesterces. Now if such a sum was expended merely by way of feasting and gluttony, nothing could be more scandalous; but if it was in honour of some great personage, and a noble assembly, it may well escape censure; for then it is not extravagant luxury, but a grand and solemn treat. / (n)

*Tiberius Cæsar* ordered that a mullet of an extraordinary size, (why should I not mention the weight, to make gluttons gape? it weighed four pounds and an half,) which was sent him for a present, to be carried into the market, and sold, saying, *I should be much mistaken, my friends, if either Appius or P. Octavius buy not this fish.* The thing fell out beyond his expectation: these very two men bid upon one another for it: *Octavius* got it, and not only the fish, but great glory

(20) among his companions, for having bought a fish for 5000 sesterces, which *Cæsar* had sold, and *Apicius* could not buy: now it was shameful in *Octavius* to buy it at such a price; but not in the person who bought it for a present to *Tiberius*, whatever it cost him; though I do not think it altogether excusable; it was vanity that made him admire a thing which he thought worthy *Cæsar*.

Again; a man, suppose, is sitting by a sick friend; this is certainly a kind office; but if he sits there, in order to be appointed his heir, he is then a mere vulture, waiting for carrion (*o*). Thus the same thing may be both vile and honest, according to circumstances; it is of great moment therefore, why, or in what manner a thing is done: but all things will be done decently, if we abide by the fitness of action; and judge this principle, and what flows therefrom to be the *only good* in human affairs; all other things being good only for a time, and with regard to circumstances. Therefore some firm persuasion concerning the *whole of life*, must be implanted in the mind; and this is what I call a *philosophical decree*. Such as this persuasion is, such will our thoughts and actions be; and on our thoughts and actions depends the just conduct of life.

It is not enough, for one who intends to form the whole aright, to give direction in particulars. *Marcus Brutus* in his book Περὶ Καθικόντων, of offices (*p*), gives many precepts, to parents, to children, to brethren; but no one can follow these as he ought, unless there be some rule to go by; some foundation to build upon: we must propose some end, as *the principal good*, at which we must aim strenuously, by addressing generally, every thought, word, and action thereto, as the mariner steers his course by a certain star. Life without a fixed view is loose and vague. If then such a view or principle is to be fixed, *decrees* will soon discover how necessary they are. I think you will grant this, that nothing can be more shameful, than to see a man doubtful, irresolute, timorous; now setting his foot backward, and now forward; and this must be our case continually, unless those impediments are  
rooted



rooted out, which tie down, and cramp the understanding, not suffering us to exert the whole man.

We are usually told, how the Gods are to be worshipped: we are forbid to light our lamps on the Sabbath-day (*q*), because the Gods want no light, nor are men themselves delighted with smoke. Let us likewise forbid the morning salutations (*r*), and sitting at the Temple (before the doors are opened) to receive ceremonial compliments. These are vain allurements, that please human ambition. He who knows God, serveth and honoureth *him*. Let us forbid the bringing linnen, and flesh-brushes and combs to *Jupiter*, or the holding out a mirror to *Juno* (*s*). God wants not such services, nor requires at his altars such idle ministers. For why? He himself ministreth to man; he is every where present and easy of access to all (*t*); a man may be taught how to behave himself at sacrifices and in public worship, without any curious and troublesome superstition; but he will never be perfect in religious duty, 'till he hath conceived in his mind a right notion of God; as the possessor, and giver, of all things, and who freely and graciously bestows inestimable benefits upon us (*u*). And from whence ariseth this affection for man? What induceth the Almighty thus to pour his benefits upon us? Nature, (or *his own goodness*.) The man is mistaken who thinks the Gods afflict any one willingly (*x*). They cannot; they neither can *do*, nor receive an injury. (For there is a connection between doing and suffering harm.) That supreme and most excellent Nature which hath exempted them from danger, hath likewise rendered them not dangerous to their creature, man.

Now the first step to the right worshipping of God, is, to believe *there is a God* (*y*). And next, to ascribe unto him all Majesty and all Goodness (*z*), without which true Majesty cannot subsist; to know likewise, that it is he who governs the world, and presides over the universe as his own, who hath taken mankind in general under his protection; and on some is pleased to bestow particular favour (*aa*). *He* can neither *do*, nor suffer evil. God however is sometimes pleased to

chastise, and lay heavy penalties upon some persons under the appearance of some good (*bb*). But would you be happy in his favour? be a good man (*cc*). To be a good man, and to honour God as you ought, is to endeavour as much as possible to imitate him in all things.

Another question is, how we must behave ourselves towards man? And how do we behave? What precepts do we give in this respect? To abstain from shedding human blood? But what a small thing is it not to hurt him, to whom we ought to do all the good that lies in our power? It is indeed praise-worthy for men to be kindly affectioned, one towards another (*dd*). Shall we then direct a man to reach out his hand to the shipwreck'd; to shew the wandering traveller his way; and to divide our bread with the hungry (*ee*)? Yes, certainly. But every thing that he ought to do, or avoid doing, may be comprehended in a few words; when, *to follow Nature*, may be looked upon as a complete direction and rule of human duty: all that you see, (the heavens and the earth wherein are contained all things, both human and divine) is *one*. We are members of this great body (*ff*): we are all akin by Nature, who hath formed us of the same elements, and placed us here together for the same end: she hath implanted in us mutual affection, and made us sociable (*gg*); she hath commanded justice and equity; by her appointment it is more wretched to do an injury than to suffer one (*bb*); and by her command the hand is ever ready to assist our brother. That excellent verse (of *Terence*) should ever be in our breast and in our mouth;

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto (*ii*):

*I am a man, and, as such, concern'd*

*In every business that relates to man.*

We must consider that we are born, for the good of the whole: human society resembles a vaulted roof of stone, which would soon fall, unless prevented by one stone supporting another (*kk*).

Having thus considered our duty with regard both to God and man, let us see how we are to act with regard to things. *Precepts* would be entirely superfluous, unless it were premised what opinion we ought to

have of every thing, as of poverty, riches, glory, ignominy, our own country, and banishment. We must weigh each particular severally, without any regard to common report, and duly examine what they really are, and not what they are called.

To pass on to the consideration of virtues. Some one perhaps will direct us, highly to esteem Providence; cordially to embrace friendship; to love temperance, and that, if possible, we should more strictly adhere to justice than to any of the rest. But all this would be to little purpose, if we knew not what *virtue* is; whether there be one or more; whether they are separable, or indissolubly connected together (*//*); whether he that hath one virtue, hath all the rest, or what is the difference between them. There is no need for a smith to be inquisitive after the origin of his art, or of what use it is, any more than for a player of pantomimes to make the like enquiries concerning the art of dancing. Such occupations are fully comprehended in the knowledge of the art itself; they need nothing more, for they appertain not to the whole of life. But *virtue* is the knowledge of other things as well as of herself: we must learn from her what the *will* is, or ought to be. An action can never be fit and right where the will is not so; for on the will depends the action.

Again, the will can never be right, unless the habit or disposition of the mind be so; for from this proceeds the will; the disposition of the mind cannot be in its best state unless it perceives the whole duty of life, knows how to judge of things, and can reduce them all to truth. None but such as have a steady and immutable judgment can enjoy true tranquillity: other men fall now and then, and again recover themselves; and are continually fluctuating between desire and aversion. Now the reason of this is, that, being led by common report, that most uncertain guide, they are confident in nothing. Would you always will the same thing? you must always will that which is right and according to the truth of things (*mm.*) But no one can come at truth without certain maxims and decrees which comprehend the whole of life.

Good



Good and evil, honourable and base, just and unjust, pious and impious, all virtues and their uses, the possession of all conveniencies (*ux*), esteem, dignity, health, strength, beauty, sagacity, and wit, all these things require such a one as can truly judge of them, and rate them according to their merit, or demerit. For you are often mistaken, and estimate things at more than their real value; nay, you are so far deceived that those things, which are generally esteemed at the highest rate, as riches, favour, power, are intrinsically of little or no worth at all. Now this you cannot know unless you inspect the nature of things, and observe the decree itself, whereby all things are comparatively valuable: as the leaves of trees cannot live of themselves, but require a branch whereon to stick, and receive therefrom their proper sap and nutriment; so precepts while single, wither away and die; they require to be fixed and supported by the mother-root (*oo*).

Besides, they who would discard *decrees*, seem not to know, that they confirm them by the very reasons they give for discarding them. For they say, that *life being sufficiently displayed and tutored by precepts, the decrees or maxims of wisdom are therefore superfluous*: but even this assertion is itself a *decree*; just as were I to say, *that we ought to give over precepts, and apply ourselves only to decrees*; in the very article by which I deny the use of precepts, I should offer a precept myself.

There are some things which require only the simple admonition of philosophy; other things require proof; and there are some so very intricate and confused, that with the greatest subtilty, diligence and application, a man can scarce come at the true sense and meaning of them. If proofs then are necessary, so are decrees, which are founded upon truth collected from arguments. Some things are clear and manifest; other things dark and obscure; the former are such as are comprehended by the senses and memory; the latter such as lie beyond their reach: but reason is not satisfied with the things that are manifest; the greater and more beautiful part thereof is employed on things that are hidden: now hidden things require proof, and proof cannot be without decrees; decrees therefore are necessary.

Again,

Again, *the persuasion or apprehension of certain things, without which persuasion the mind would be ever wavering and unsteady, is what forms common sense, and perfects the same.* Decrees are therefore necessary; inasmuch as they endow the mind with a steady, and inflexible judgment. Lastly, when we exhort a man to hold his friend as dear to him as his ownself; and to think that it is possible to make a friend of an enemy (*pp*); that he may encrease the affections of the former, and moderate the aversion of the latter, we add hereunto, that *this is just, and fit, and honourable.* But in the reason of our decrees are this justice and honesty comprised; therefore is reason necessary, and consequently the decrees.

But let us join both *precepts* and *decrees* together; for without the root the branches are fruitless; and even the roots are aided and assisted by the branches they themselves produced. No one can be ignorant of the usefulness of the hands; they do their work openly; but the heart, whereby they live, from whence they receive both power and motion, lies hidden in secret: I may say the same of precepts, they are open, and plain to view; but the decrees of wisdom are hidden. As in sacreds none know the mysterious parts but such as have been initiated; so in philosophy, her mysteries are unfolded to none but to such as are admitted into her sanctuary (*qq*).

But precepts, and the like, are also known to the vulgar and profane. *Posidonius* not only judgeth *preception* (for I know not why I should not use the word) but also persuasion, consolation, and exhortation necessary. To these he adds *an enquiry into causes*, which I see not why I may not call (*ætiologiam*), *ætiology*, since the Grammarians, the professed guardians of the Latin tongue, make use of it in their own right. *Posidonius*, I say, affirms that profit may be received from *the description of every virtue*, and this he calls *ætiology*; others call it *τῶν ἀρετῶν χαρακτήρις*, *characteristics*, that give the signs or marks of every vice and virtue, whereby such things as seem alike are distinguishable.

This then hath the same force as precepts; for he that gives precepts, saith, *you must do so and so, if you would be temperate*; and he that draws a character, saith, *he is a temperate man, who takes care to do, or to avoid such and such things*. Nor is there any other difference between them, than that one gives the precepts, the other the example, of virtue. Now, these descriptions, or to use the term of the publicans) (rr) εικονισμῶν, *signatures*, (or samples) I own are borrowed from use and experience. Let us propose what is commendable, and we shall find those who will follow it. You think it requisite when you would buy an horse, that some one should acquaint you with the marks that promise a good one, lest you should be bit, and put off with an arrant jade; how much more useful is it to know the signs of an excellent understanding, which are transferable from one man to another?

Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis  
 Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit.  
 Primus inire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces  
 Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponto.  
 Nec vanos horret strepitus; illi ardua cervix,  
 Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga,  
 Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.—

— tum si qua sonum procul arma dedere  
 Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,  
 Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem. G. iii. 75-

*The colt that for the field of battle is design'd,  
 By sure presages shews his generous kind,  
 Of able body, sound of limb and wind;  
 Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight,  
 His motions easy, prancing in his gait;  
 The first to lead the way to tempt the flood,  
 To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood;  
 Dauntless at empty noises, lofty neck'd,  
 Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd;*

— when he hears from far  
*The sprightly trumpet, and the shouts of war,*

*Pricks*

*to report  
 as it were*

*Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,  
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight.* Dryden.

While our *Virgil* is here describing an horse, he gives you an excellent description of a brave man; at least for my part I should desire no better: was I to draw *Cato* fearless and intrepid amid the clashing noise of civil discord, and marching foremost to invade an army that had took possession of the *Alps*, and opposing himself to all the dangers of a civil war; I should paint him in the same colours, with such a fierceness of look, and in such an attitude. Surely no man could do more than he did, when he made head at the same time both against *Cæsar* and *Pompey*; and while some espoused *Cæsar's* party, and others *Pompey's*, he challenged them both, and shewed them, that the poor commonwealth had yet one party left. But it is too little to say of *Cato*,

—— nec vanos horret strepitus;

—— nor trembles at empty noises:

for why? he was not afraid of true alarms, nor the real approach of his enemy: when in defiance of ten legions, besides the auxiliaries from *Gaul*, and other nations, intermixed with the *Romans*, he spake freely, and aloud exhorted his countrymen to maintain their *liberty*; and to try all means, even to the death itself, rather than to lose it; at least that it was more honourable to fall into slavery by constraint, and the chance of war, than calmly and voluntarily to receive the yoke. What vigour! what a noble spirit! what confidence in the midst of such hurry and public confusion! He knew himself to be but one, and of too little consequence to be concerned for; and that the question was not, *whether Cato should be free, but whether he should live among a free people*. From hence sprang that contempt of danger and of death. While I am admiring this great man's invincible constancy, which he still preserved, though his country was ruin'd, I cannot help saying with *Virgil*,—

Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.

*His big-swoln muscles shew his lofty spirit.*

It will be of use not only to declare who are usually good men, their shape and lineaments, but who have been such, and to describe their actions, or whatever else rendered them famous in their generation; as

that last and glorious wound of *Cato's*, through which in the arms of liberty he dismissed his indignant soul. The wisdom of *Lælius*, and his cordial amity with *Scipio*; the excellent deeds of *Cato* the Cenfor, both at home and abroad; the couches of *Tubero* (*tt*), made of plain wood, and set in open view, and covered with goat-skins instead of an embroidered counterpane; and the earthen vessels set before the guests, at a solemn banquet in *Jupiter's* chapel; what was this but to consecrate poverty in the *capitol*? Had we no other great action of this man, to rank him with the *Catos*, was not this enough? This was a censure, a tacit reproof, not a banquet. O how little do these men of our times, who are so fond of *glory*, know what it means, and how to be attained? The people in *Tubero's* days saw the furniture of many noblemen, but admired only *his*: all *their* gold and silver hath been broken and melted down a thousand times, but these earthen vessels of *Tubero* shall last for ever.

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

\* This Epistle is an appendix to the foregoing, setting forth, that neither the preceptive nor dogmatical philosophy are sufficient of themselves; but that examples or characters after the manner of *Theophrastus* have their use, and consequently lay claim to recommendation.

It will be proper to observe here, that, in determining characters among the ancients, it is neither just nor candid to examine them by those rules of moral conduct which if known were at least not admitted, with the same purity and extent, to which they have since been refined and enlarged, by the clearer discoveries and stronger authority of divine Revelation. *Melmoth* *Lælius*, p. 173.

(a) Ut id quod in diem suum dixeram debere referri representem.] *Lijfius* (Elet. c. 26) reads it, quod in diem dixeram debere representem; the rest he rejects as being injudiciously inserted. *In diem debere*, and *representare*, are opposite terms, borrowed from the law, relating to pecuniary matters; as if *Seneca* should say, metaphorically, *You desire, Lucilius, that I would make my appearance, and pay the money down, and not set another day.*

(b) At least they do not know the reason of the fitness and propriety of the action; and herein, saith *Muretus*, the Stoics seem to judge rightly: but it is very absurd to say as some of them do, that a man from being very miserable may become happy, and yet not in the least be sensible of the change.

(c) See Aristotle's *Ethic.* l. 2.

(d) *Plutarch*, (*Sympos.* viii. 9. 'Tis rational to conclude that all diseases that rise from want, heat or cold, bear the same date with our bodies; but afterward, over-eating, luxury, and surfeiting encouraged by ease and plenty, raised bad and superfluous juices, and these brought various new diseases, and their perpetual complications and mixtures still create more.

(e) Non

(e) Non minus pervigilant] Some copies read, *pervigilantur*, from whence *Pincian.* conjectures *pugillantur*, as *Juvenal* makes mention of women-boxers—

Endromidas Tyrias, et femineum ceroma

Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali? Juv. vi. 245.

*They turn viragos too, the wrestlers toil*

*They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil.* Dryden.

And *Terence* alludes to them when he says, si qua est paulo habitior, pugilem esse aiunt; and if she is a little plumper than ordinarily, they say she is a bruiser.

(f) Et vinum omne vomitu remetiuntur] So *Martial*, Data vina remensus.

Nec cœnat prius aut recumbit ante

Quàm septem vomuit meri deunces.

Juv. 6. 424.—tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum

Oenophorum sitiens, plenâ quod tenditur urnâ

Admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter

Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,

Dum redit, et terram loto ferit intestino,

Marmoribus rivi properant aut lata falernum

Pelvis olet. Nam sic tanquam alta in dolia longus

Deciderit serpens, bibit, et vomit. Ergo maritus

Nauseat, atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.

*At length she comes, all'flush'd, but ere she sup,*

*Swallows a swinging preparation cup,*

*And then to clear the stomach spews it up.*

*The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,*

*And the sour savour nauseates every nose.*

*She drinks again; again she spews a lake:*

*Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:*

*But mutters many a curse against his wife,*

*And damns himself for chusing such a life.* Dryden.

And these preparatory doies are what *Plutarch* reckons among the causes of so many new and strange diseases. This abominable custom, as *Lipsius* observes, began and came into fashion in the time of *Pompey*; when *Asclepiades*, the physician was living, who very justly condemned it. *Plin.* c. xxvi. c. 3. *Damavit merito et vomitiones, tunc supr. modum frequentes.* As does *Celsus*, (l. 1. c. 3.) *Qui istud luxuriæ causâ fieri non oportere constat; interdum valetudinis causâ rectè fieri experimentis credit.*

(g) *De brev. Vit.* c. 12. Quanta celeritate, signo dato, glabri ad ministeria discurrant.

*With what speed, at a sign given, do they attend their several offices bareheaded?*

(h) Sociorum garum, pretiosam malorum piscium ianem] N. *Lipsius* rejects the word, *malorum.* *Plin.* l. 31. f. 43. *Garum* conficiebatur ex puice, quem Græci *Garon* vocabant,—nunc *scombro* pisce laudatissimum, et quamvis nunc ex inuito genere piscium fiat, nomen tamen pristinum retinet, a quo initium sumpsit.— *Sociorum* dict. quod a sociis P. R. nempe Hispanis Romanam deferretur; vel a societate publicanorum qui vectigal *garo* impositum exigent: (N. in loc.) vel quia in sodalitatibus et conviviis eo uterentur. (*Voss.*)

*Pliny* says it was made of (*Scombri*, ad nihil aliud utiles) *Tunny fish*, good for nothing else. Be that as it will, it was in high vogue, as we learn from *Martial*:

Sec

Sed coquus ingentem piperis consumit acervum,  
 Addit et arcano mixta Falerna garo. l. 7. Ep. 26.  
 Exspirantis adhuc scombri de sanguine primo  
 Accipe sacrosum, munera cara, garum. l. 13. Ep. 102.  
*al. fastosum, munera rara, garum.*

Hor. f. ii. 8. 46.—Garum de fuccis piscis iberi.  
*Wine five years old, and Caviare I join.*

See Hadr. Jun. Animadv. l. 6. c. 17. Rhodig. Ant. Lect. l. 30. c. 25.

(i) Some refer this to a dish of *Æsop's*, and indeed *Pincian* inserts his name, *Quondam Æsopi nobilem patinam*, but this *Lipsius* does not approve of; for the dish here spoken of consists of fish, but *Æsop's* was of *ferul*. (Plin. x. 51.) This *Æsop* was an excellent player of tragedies, cotemporary with *Cicero*, and very rich, but a most extravagant glutton. And he had as extravagant a son, taken notice of by *Horace*, l. 11. 3. 239. *Seneca* therefore alludes to some one else. And I will venture to say that my neighbour, the late Mr. *Quin*, the comedian, did not deserve all that is said of him on this account.

(k) *Veneriæ, sphondyliques*] Plin. ix. 52. *Navigant ex his veneriæ præbentesque concavam sui partem, et auræ opponentes per summa æquorum velificant.*

Plin. l. 32. f. 53. *Spondylus*. N. Gr. *σπώνδυλος*. Athenæ. l. 3. p. 87. *Macrobius*, l. 2. c. 9. makes mention of them in a *pontifical* feast. *Martial*. l. 7. Ep. 19.

*Rosos tepenti spondylos sinu condit.*

See *Kendelit*. de Test. l. 1. c. 40.

(l) I have chiefly followed *Gronovius* in order to give the words another turn from what follows, as *piget esse singula*, would be much the same with *grave est luxuriari per singula*, though I must own that *Seneca* frequently repeats the same meaning under different expressions; so that one would often think, as here, that some gloss had crept into the text.

(m) *Homo sacra res*.] Alluding to that proverbial saying, *Homo homini Deus*. Gr. *ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου δαίμων*, applicable in many cases of beneficence, but never more justly than to the honest, intelligent, and consequently successful physician. Was I to mention the names of *Heberden* and *Baker*, I am sure every one would accept it but themselves.

(n) See Ep. 7. f. *Tricies H. S.*] which if only *millia* be understood, it is about 2141. 2 s. 6 d. if *centena millia* 214121. 10 s. the old English translation renders it 75000 crowns. *infr.* *Quinque mill.* H. S. which is about 35. 13 s. 9 d. the old English translation about 200 crowns.

(o) *Catullus*. *Suscitata cano vulturium capite.*

*Martial*. *Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver.*

(p) Which *Cicero* entitles, *de virtute*; *Pincian*. *de officio*.

(q) It was usual to light up lamps not only in honour of the gods, but of some great personage, or on some extraordinary occurrence.

*Herodis venere dies, unclaque fenestrâ  
 Dispositæ pinguem nebulam, vomere lucernæ.*—Perf. N. 181.

*When flow'rs as e brew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,*

*And windows with illuminations grac'd,*

*On Herod's day:—Dryden.*

*Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos.*

*Et matutinis operitur festa lucernis.* Juv. xii. 91.

*All's right; my portal shines with verdant bays,*

*And consecrated tapers early blaze.* Power.

(r) *Apul.*

(r) Apul. Met. l. 11. Rebus ritè consummatis inchoatæ lucis salutationibus religiosi primam nunciantes horam perstrepunt. *Arnob.* l. 7.

Quid sibi volunt excitationes illæ quas canitis matutinis

Ad tibiam vocibus? *Prudentius.*

Mane salutatum concurritur, omnis adorat

Pubes.—

Vid. *Scal.* ad Tibull. i. 1. *Briffon.* de Form. l. 6.

It will not, I hope, be taken amiss if I apply this prohibition and censure from *Seneca* to the absurd, not to say impious, salutations that we frequently see in our churches, even in the midst of the most solemn parts of divine worship. Deum colit, qui novit, *He who knoweth, and considereth what God is, will worship him aright*, will have more respect to the solemn business he is engaged in, than to be guilty of such fashionable foibles.

(s) Apul. xi. De pompa *Isais*, Alicæ, quæ nitentibus speculis pone tergum reversis fiententi deæ obvium commonstrarent obsequium. *Agust.* de Cic. Dei, sunt quæ Junoni ac Minervæ capillos disponant, non tantum simulacro, stantes, digitos movent ornantium modo. Sunt quæ speculum teneant. *Tertull.* de Jejun. Qui in idolis comendis et ornandis, et ad singulas horas salutandis adulantur, *Curationem faceræ* dicuntur.

(t) Omnibus inque locis ades omni tempore, præsens

Deditus in partes omnes; tamen omnis ubique

Integer usque manes.—Vida. H. Deo. 204.

*Since in all parts of the unbounded space,*

*Thy presence dwells; for God fills every place.*

*And what beyond these worlds hath its abode,*

*Is all but the immensity of God:*

*Thy nature still, howe'er diffus'd it be,*

*Is ever uniform, entire and free. M.*

*For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* Matth. 8. 20. Gen. 28. 16. Job. 9. 11, 12. 139.

(u) *Thine, O Lord, saith David, is the greatness, the power and the victory, and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of thee; and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength to all,* i. Chron. xxix. 11, 12.

(x) *He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.* Sam. 3, 33.—*The Lord is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* ii. Pet. 3. 9.—*As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turns from his way and live: Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* Ezek. 33, 11.

(y) *Primus est deorum cultus, Deos credere.*] I have generally kept to *Seneca's* use of the singular or plural number when speaking of the Deity; but here, I think, I might be allowed to change the plural to the singular as he had just before used the singular, in saying almost the same thing, Deum colit, qui novit.

So the Apostle: *Without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek him.* Heb. 11. 6. Doubtless, it is an indisputable condition to the serving God, to believe there is a God to be served: and none are more zealous for his service than those who are most persuaded of his existence. M.

(z) *The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.* Ps. 33. 5. *And the Lord passed by before him*  
and



and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. Exod. 34. 6. i. Chron. 16. 34. Nahum, 1. 7. Matth. 20. 15.

(aa) Seneca here among other requisites towards the right worshipping of God, makes this one, to believe a Providence, and that the Providence of God is as general as his creation, governing all things by the same infinite power by which they were made: which is consonant to the whole tenour of Scripture. See Deut. 11. 14. Prov. 16. 33. Matth. 6. 28. 10. 30.

Cicero was a strenuous advocate for Providence; I assert, says he, (de Nat. Deor. 1. 2.) *that the universe, with all its parts, was originally constituted, and hath without any discontinuance been ever governed by the Providence of the Gods.* "This argument the Stoics generally divide into three parts: 1st, The existence of the Gods being once known, it must follow that the world is governed by their wisdom. 2dly, As every thing is under an intelligent nature which hath produced that beautiful order in the world, it is evident that it is formed of animating principles. The 3d is deduced from those glorious works which we behold in the heavens and the earth." But the notion of a Providence seems first to have been entertained by the Egyptians, whom, (as I have observed in my notes on Vida's hymns) Arnobius makes to reason thus: *Providence is so essential to a Prince, that he cannot be ever called a Prince without it, (as Seneca says above, sine bonitate nulla majestas est,) and the more august a prince is, the more perfect ought his providential care to be: God therefore being the greatest and most august of all Princes, to him must belong the most perfect providence.* But we must observe that Seneca likewise requires a belief in a special or singular providence; as when Job says of himself, *Thou hast granted me life and favour: and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.* Job, 10. 12. Or as God himself saith unto Moses, *I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.* Rom. 9. 15.

(bb) Hi nec dant malum, nec habent—ceterum castigant,—et aliquando specie boni puniunt. *al. spe boni.---al. specie mali.*] If *hi* in the foregoing sentence relates to the immediate antecedent, as I have rendered it, I should prefer *specie boni*; but if it agrees with *Dii*, I should rather have read it *specie mali*, in this sense, *Hi nec dant malum, nec habent, The Gods neither afflict with evil nor have any themselves*; (but this is much the same with what is said before, *nec accipere injuriam queunt, nec faciunt*) though the punishment which they sometimes inflict on man, hath the appearance of evil.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty. Job, 5. 17. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Heb. 12. 6. Prov. 3. 11. Rev. 3. 19.

(cc) Satis Deos coluit quisquis imitatus est.] That all worship, all religion, consists in the imitation of God, is an extraordinary sentence in the mouth of an Heathen, among whom the Gods were supposed to act such things which a wise man would abhor to think. But Seneca had higher notions of the Deity, and here affirms little less than what is consonant to the sound doctrine of Christianity. That the person who does his best endeavour to imitate God, and who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness; he reaps the benefit of every divine attribute; and loses his own sufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection. Be ye therefore perfect, saith our Lord, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect. Matth. 5. 48. See Ep. 90.

(dd) Ye have heard that it was said of old time, Thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment; but I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment. Matth. 5. 21. And the Apostle exhorts us, to be kindly affectioned one to another: Recompense, saith he, no man evil for evil: if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Rom. 12. 10.---20.

(ee) Thus the prophet *Isaiab*, in the name of the Lord, *Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry; and that thou bring the poor to thine house; when thou seeest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou bide not thyself from thine own flesh? And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as noon-day.* Il. 58. 6---10. Deut. 15. 7. Ezek. 18. 7. Matth. 25. 35.

(ff) And thus argues *St. Paul*. *As we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we being many are one body, and every one members one of another.* Rom. 12. 5. And again more fully, *As in the body natural the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the feet, I have no need of you; so in the great body of mankind, all the members, even the parts that seem more feeble, are necessary, and have their office, that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another; and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.* i. Cor. 12. 12.---26.

(gg) *Put ye on, therefore, saith the Apostle, bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering—but above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.* Col. 3. 12---14.

(bb) *It is better, saith St. Peter, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than evil doing.* i. Pet. 3. 17. And *Blessed are ye, saith our Lord, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.* Matth. 5. 11. 12.

(ii) *Terence, Heauton. Act. 1. sc. 1.* *Cicero* applies this excellent sentence, as the voice of nature, to the practice of all social virtues, saying, *est enim difficilis cura rerum alienarum quam Terentianus ille Chremes, humani nihil a se alienum putet.*

And yet this very *Chremes*, this man of universal benevolence, is the same person who commands his wife to expose his new-born daughter, and flies into a passion with her, for having committed that hard task to another, by which means the infant escaped death: *si meum imperium exequi voluisses, interemptum oportuit: and he likewise characterises such who had any remains of this natural instinct as persons, qui neque jus, neque bonum, atque æquum sciunt, who know not either justice or equity: such were the sentiments published with applause on the Roman theatre. And it appears from our Author so late as his own time, that it was usual to destroy weak and deformed children. Portentosos fœtus extinguimus.* *Sen. de Ira, l. 1. c. 15.*

(kk) The Apostle makes use of much the same metaphor, *Ephes. 2. 19 --22.* *Know therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, and are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Corner Stone: in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy Temple in the Lord. From whom (saith he in another place) the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth. according to the effectual working of the measure in every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying itself in love.* *Ephes. 4. 16.*

(ll) *Ambros.* *Virtutes individuales esse, sed opinione vulgi sejunctas.—Connexæ sibi sunt concatenatæque virtutes ut qui unam habet, plures habere videatur.* *Gregor.* *Una virtus sine aliis, aut omnino nulla est aut imperfecta.* *Apuleius* imperfectas virtutes semet comitari negat, eas vero quæ perfectæ sunt, individuales sibi, et inter se connexas esse. The reason given is, that *where there is any one perfect virtue, (and of such the Stoics always speak) there is reason also perfect; which cannot be, unless it extends its force and influence to all other virtues.* So *Cicero* (*de Fin. 5. cum sic copulatæ connexæque sint virtutes, ut omnes omnium participes sint, nec alia ab alia possit separari,*

tam proprium suum cujusque munus est; ut fortitudo in laboribus periculisque cernatur; temperantia in voluptatibus, prudentia in dilectis. *The union and blending of the virtues, however is distinguished by a certain philosophical way of reasoning; for when they are so joined and connected that they all partake of one another, and are inseparable, yet each of them has its proper function. Thus courage discovers itself in toils and dangers; Temperance in neglecting pleasures; Prudence, in distinguishing things good and evil: Justice, in giving every one his own. See Ep. 67.*

(mm) The Apostle to the same purpose, *Let us walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called. Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man: that we henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive: but, speaking the truth in love, may in all things grow up into him, which is the head, even Christ. Ephes. 4. 1--15.*

And again, *Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines; for it is a good thing to have the heart established with grace. Heb. 13. 9.*

(nn) So the Stoics call all external, otherwise good things.

(oo) So our Lord to his Disciples, *As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; but severed from me, ye can do nothing: if a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered. John, 15. 1--6.*

(pp) *If thine enemy hunger, saith St. Paul, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Rom. xii. 20. from Prov. 25. 21. compared with ii. Kings, 6. 22.*

(qq) Like this is what St. Paul saith to the Corinthians, *We speak wisdom among them that are perfect, yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, who come to nought; but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God had ordained before the world unto our glory. i. Cor. 2. 6.*

(rr) The Receivers or Farmers of the customs or public revenues.

(ss) *Per quod liber amisit animum] al. Libertas. So the old translation, Through the which Liberty herself lost her existence.*

(tt) *Tubero. Vid. Ep. 98.*

## EPISTLE XCIV.

### *On Contentment and Magnanimity.*

**STILL, Lucilius,** are you forgetful, and still complaining; and seem not to understand, that there is nothing evil in these worldly affairs, but what you make so yourself; by being thus displeas'd and ever querulous. For my part, I think there is nothing that can be called  
miserable

miserable in man, unless he thinks there is something miserable in the *nature of things*. I would quarrel with myself, if I thought there was any thing that I could not endure. Am I sick? It is part of my destiny. Is my family afflicted? am I hard pressed by the usurer? does my house crack? losses, wounds, difficulties, fears, do they all assault me? It is nothing more than what is common in the world: nay, further, *it must be so*. These things therefore cannot be said to *happen*, they are *decreed*.

If you will believe me, *Lucilius*, I will lay open to you my inmost thoughts and affections. Thus then, when any thing seems adverse or hard to me, do I behave myself: I obey not God forcibly, but willingly; I follow him, not from necessity, but with all my mind and all my soul (*a*). Nothing can befall me that I will receive, either with an heavy heart, or a sorrowful countenance. There is no kind of tribute but what I will pay readily; considering that all we either mourn or fear is but the tribute we owe to Nature for our existence. It is in vain either to expect an exemption from these things, or to ask it (*b*). Are you racked with pains in the bladder? have you had continual losses?—I will go further: are you in fear of your life? And did you not know that you wished for these things when you wished for old age (*c*)? All these things as necessarily attend a long life, as in a long journey we must expect dust, and dirt, and showers.

*But you would fain live, you say, and yet be free from all these inconveniencies.* Such an effeminate declaration by no means become a man. I would fain see how you would take this wish of mine, which I protest I make, not only with a great, but good, intention; *may neither Gods nor Goddesses permit Fortune to indulge you in ease and pleasure.* Put to yourself this question, whether, if God was pleased to favour you with your choice, you had rather live in the shambles than in a camp. Know, *Lucilius*, that life is a warfare (*d*): such men therefore who are ordered from place to place; who undergo all manner of

difficulties in the execution of the most dangerous commissions; **these** are your brave men, and chiefs in an army: while they who enjoy public ease at the expence of others labours, are mere poltrons (*e*) who buy their safety with disgrace.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) This is true wisdom, the principal doctrine of the Stoics, and confirmed throughout the whole tenour of the Gospel. "He is but a bad soldier, who fights and marches on with reluctance; we must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to flink out of the part assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things; whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all; as *Cleantes* did in those excellent lines which are going to lose part of their grace and energy by my translation of them. *Bolingbroke*. (See the original Epistle, 107, N. f.)

*Parent of Nature, master of the world,  
Where'er thy providence directs, behold  
My steps with cheerful resignation turn.  
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.  
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear,  
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?*

— Thus let us speak, thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure, the orders of Providence; and instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for that of correcting our Maker. *Id.*—See also *Adams* on Suicide, p. 176.

(*b*) "This established course of things it is not in our power to change: but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude; and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature; who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order: let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen; (or, as *Mr. Pope* expresses it, *whatever is, is right*;) and never to be so foolish as to expostulate with Nature."

The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter; and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us. *Id.*

(*c*) Γῆρας ἐπ' ἂν μὲν ἀτῆ, πᾶς ἔυχεται, ἢν δ' ἐπιέλῃ,  
Μίμνεται· ἔστι δ' ἀπὸ χροῖσσαν ἐφελόμενον.  
*All wish for age, but when it comes, they cry,  
They have enough, and rather wish to die.*  
Ἐἴ τις γηρασας ζῆν ἔυχεται, ἀξίος ἐστὶ  
Γηράσκειν πολλῶν ἐν ἐτέων δεκάδαις.

(*d*) This allusion is common in scripture. *I have fought a good fight, saith St. Paul; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.* ii. Tim. 4. 7. *This charge I commit with thee, son Timothy, that thou mayest war a good warfare.* i. Tim. 1. 18.

(*e*) Turdilli sunt, tuti contumeliæ causa.—*Al.* Turburilla sunt. *Pincian.* Tubilinæ, the name of a Goddess amongst the ancients. *Lips.* Turdi sunt. From one *Turdus*, a man of so infamous a character, that his name became a proverb.—*Seneca*, the father, makes mention of him, in l. 9. *Centrov.* 4.—*Turdilli, Onfils*; or some such birds, that are safe in being despicable.

## EPISTLE XCV.

*The Wicked never secure.*

YOU are mistaken, *Lucilius*, if you think luxury, disorderly behaviour, and other indecencies, which men are apt to lay to the charge of their own times, the peculiar vices of this age (*a*). There is no age exempt from them: but it is man that is in fault, not the age. And if once we begin to examine into the licentiousness of certain times, I am ashamed to say, that nothing could be more notorious, than the crimes that were committed in the face of *Cato*.

Would any one think that money should be employed in that solemn trial, when *Clodius* was accused of adultery, committed in disguise with the wife of *Cæsar*; and of violating the holy rites, instituted for the good of the people (*b*); at what time men are so far from being admitted, that the very pictures of any male animal were covered (*c*)? But the Judges took money; nay, what is much worse, they exacted, by way of fees, the violation of matrons and young noblemen. There was less heinousness in the crime, than in the absolution of it. The accused of adultery divided with his Judges his sinful sport; nor was he secure until he had involved his Judges in the same guilt with himself.

Such were the transactions in the trial of *Clodius*, wherein *Cato*, if nothing more, was summoned to give evidence. But because the thing exceeds all belief, I will give you the very words of *Cicero*; *Accersivit ad se, promisit, intercessit, dedit, jam verò, (O Dii boni, rem perditam!) etiam noctes certarum mulierum, atque adolescentulorum nobilium perductiones, nonnullis iudicibus pro mercedis cumulo fuerunt. Calvus, the manager for Clodius, called the Judges to him: he made them large promises, he entreated, he gave them money; but now, (O ye Gods,) what abominable wickedness! some of the Judges, by way of a blessing,*

*a blessing, above their fee, were to be introduced by night to the enjoyment of certain women of quality and young noblemen. There was no room to complain of the fee, be it what it will, since it was attended with such a blessing, as, would you have the wife of that severe old fellow, (Cato, suppose?) I will procure her for you. Or do you prefer the wife of that rich man (Crassus?) you shall enjoy her. And when you yourself have committed adultery, condemn it, if you can. Yes, that beautiful lady, if you desire her, shall be at your service; I promise you a night with her, when you please; you shall be sure to have her during the adjournment of the trials. It is more to procure and distribute adulteries, than to commit them: the former consists in summoning the matrons, and artfully taking them off their guard; the latter in freely abusing them. These Judges however of Clodius, demanded of the senate protection and a guard, which they had no need of, as they had no design to condemn him; but they obtained it: whereupon when they had acquitted him, Catulus said smartly to one of them, Quid vos præsidium a nobis petebatis? To what intent do you ask a guard? was you afraid any one should take the bribe from you, which you had just received?*

Amidst all these jokes the adulterer was acquitted, even before the trial; and his pimp taken no notice of during the process; who indeed escaped sentence, which he more deserved than the other. Can you think then any age more corrupt in morals than this; when lust could not be restrained by holy ceremonies, nor public justice? when in that very enquiry, which was extraordinarily debated in the senate, greater villainy was committed than in the matter in question? The enquiry was, whether a man, after committing adultery, could live safe in Rome? and it appeared, that *without committing adultery* he could not be safe.

Such were the transactions in the time of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*; nay, in the time of *Cicero* and *Cato*, even that *Cato*, in whose presence the people dared not to demand the celebration of the sports called *Floralia* (*d*). Think you, then, men were more severe with regard to what they saw, than in the courts of judicature? No; such excesses have happened,  
and



and will happen. The licentiousness of critics is sometimes restrained by fear and discipline, but never subsides of itself. There is no reason therefore you should think, that in our time *only*, the laws have little credit, and licentiousness the fashion. For my part, I think our youth are not so profligate as at the time when the person accused of adultery denied the fact to his judges, and the judges confessed, or exposed their guilt to him. When whoredoms were committed in order to qualify such as were to try the cause; and when *Clodius*, (becoming gracious by those very crimes that rendered him guilty) instead of proper allegations, and proving his innocence, turned procurer for his judges. Would any one believe this, that he who was accused of one criminal fact, should get acquitted by committing more? Every age will have a *Clodius*, but not every age a *Cato*.

We are all prone to evil, because herein we seldom want either a leader or a companion: not but that the business goes on without either a companion or a leader. Men are not only prone, but run headlong into evil: and what renders many incurable is, that artificers are ashamed of any errors in their professions, but men delight in the errors of life. A pilot rejoiceth not in the wreck of his ship, nor a physician in the death of his patient, nor an orator in losing his client's cause: but, on the contrary, men take pleasure and even glory in their sins. One man, for instance, triumphs in committing adultery, especially if with great difficulty he obtained the favour; another, in overreaching, and pilfering from, his neighbour: nor does the sin ever displease them, provided they have the good fortune to escape punishment.

Now this is owing to the prevalency of bad custom. For, observe, that you may know, there is still a sense of good, left even in minds that are most corrupt; and that men, however negligent, are not quite void of shame; almost all dissemble their crimes: and, when they have succeeded, they enjoy the fruits of their actions, but at the same time endeavour to conceal the actions themselves. Whereas a good conscience desires to appear openly, and *to be seen of men*; nay wickedness



is afraid of darkness itself. I think it therefore elegantly said by *Epicurus*, *Potest nocenti contingere ut lateat, latendi fides non potest; a guilty person may possibly lie concealed, but he cannot trust to it; or perhaps you may think it better expressed in this manner: Ideo non prodest latere peccantibus, quia latendi etiam si felicitatem habent, fiduciam non habent: it is of little avail for a sinner to hide himself, for let him hide himself as he will, he can never be assured of peace and security.*

Thus it is; *wickedness may be safe, but it never can be secure.* And I cannot think this assertion anywise repugnant to the doctrine of our sect (*e.*) And why? because the first and greatest punishment of offenders is in the offence itself: nor does any wickedness, though fortune may adorn it with her choicest gifts, nay, though she may defend and protect it, go unpunished. Because the punishment, I say, of wickedness is in wickedness itself: nevertheless both the one and the other are still pressed upon and followed with this secondary chastisement, a continual dread, and diffidence of security.

And why should I desire to deliver wickedness from this certain punishment? why should I not leave a mind so engaged still in suspense? We must dissent indeed from *Epicurus*, when he saith (*f*), *nothing is just by nature; and that crimes are avoided, because fear is not to be avoided:* but herein we must agree with him, that *evil deeds are scourged by conscience, and the greatest part of her torture consists in that anxiety which presseth upon and wrings her, because she can put no confidence in any thing that promiseth her security.* For thus *Epicurus* argues, we naturally abhor villainy, because no one is so safe as to be out of the reach of fear; good fortune delivers many from punishment, but no one from the fear of it; because there is implanted in us an aversion to whatever is condemned by nature: therefore there can be no surety of concealment, even to those who endeavour to conceal themselves; since conscience accuseth them, and betrayeth them to themselves. It is the property of guilt to tremble. It would be bad for us indeed, forasmuch as many crimes escape the law, the Judge, and penal statutes, if these natural and grievous punishments were not immediately inflicted; and fear supplied not the place of a beadle.

A N-

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) Et alia quæ objecit suis quisque temporibus.] So *Hesiod*, the most antient author of that fiction, relating to the four ages of the world, complains of his being born in the *iron* age, the worst of the four.

Μικέτ' ἔπει τ' ἀφελλον ἐγὼ πεμπήσοι μετ᾽ ἄναι  
 Ἀνδράσιν, ἀλλ' ἢ πρόθεε θανείν, ἢ ἑπτα γενέσθαι,  
 Νῦν γὰρ δὴ γένος ἐστὶ σιδήρεον. Hes. ε. 172.  
 Of public vice now reigns such ample store,  
 Would I had ne'er been born, or born before!  
 This surely is the iron age.——

(b) “ This feast, or sacrifice, was made to *her* whom the Romans called *Bona Dea*, the good Goddess, the Greeks *Gynacæa*; and it being celebrated only by women, *Clodius*, being a handsome young man, took on him the disguise of a singing girl, in order to carry on an intrigue with *Pompeia Cæsar's* wife; but being discovered, he was brought to trial, when *Cæsar* himself appeared, and to the surprize of every one declared, *he had nothing to charge him with. Why then,* said the accusers, *have you divorced your wife?* *Because,* says he, *it is enough for Cæsar's wife to be suspected.* So *Clodius* got clear of the judgment, most of the judges giving their opinion in a confused manner, upon several causes at the same time, that they might not be in danger from the people in condemning him; (for in opposition to the nobility they all took his part) nor in disgrace with the nobility by acquitting him.” So far *Plutarch* in his *Life of Cæsar*.

And *Cicero* in his *Epistle to Atticus*, (l. 1. Ep. 15.) concerning this affair, says, “ Our illustrious *Arcopagites* called out that they would not assemble, unless a guard was appointed them. This matter was debated, and only one member was found who did not desire the guard. The affair was then carried before the Senate, where it was granted in a most formal, honourable manner: the judges were commended, the providing a guard was committed to the magistrates, nor was there a man found who imagined that *Clodius* would stand his trial. Twenty-one of the judges were determined against him, though they were threatened with the greatest dangers. But thirty-one of them obeyed the calls of hunger rather than of honour.”

(c) So *Juvenal* speaking of this very affair, l. 6. 336.

—— ubi velari pictura jubetur  
 Quæcunque alterius sexus imitata figuram est.  
 And ev'n male pictures modestly are veil'd.

(d) At what time the more celebrated courtisans dance naked. The learned are agreed that the vulgar notion of *Flora* the strumpet, is purely a fiction of *Lactantius*; from whom it was taken. *Flora* appears to have been a *Sabine* goddess, and the *Ludi Florales* to have been instituted A. U. C. 613. The main part of the ceremony was managed by a company of lewd strumpets, who ran up and down naked. However the wisest and gravest *Romans* were not for discontinuing this custom, though the most indecent imaginable. For *Cato* when he was present at these games, and saw the people ashamed to let the maids strip while he was there, immediately went out of the theatre, to let the ceremony have its course. *Liv. xxv. Kennet.*

(e) i. e. Stoicism. The Stoics maintained that virtue and vice were to be followed or eschewed, merely upon their own account; whereas the *Epicureans* had respect to reward and punishment.

(f) Epicurus adds, τὴν ἀδικίαν ὃ καθ' ἑαυτὴν κακόν, κ. τ. λ. *Injustice is not an evil in itself, but in the fear and suspicion of being discovered.* On the contrary the Stoics (Cic. de Fin. l. 3.) *minimè vero probatur huic disciplinæ (Stoicæ) aut amicitiam aut iustitiam, ob utilitates adscisci aut probari, jus autem, quod ita dici appellarique possit, id esse natura, alienumque a sapiente, non modo injuriam cuiquam facere verùm etiam nocere.*

*There absolutely could be no such things as justice or friendship, unless they were cultivated for themselves. As to what is termed right, the Stoics hold it to be Nature itself; and that it is inconsistent with the character of a wise man to do an injury, nay, the least prejudice to any person.*

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### EPISTLE XCVI.

*All Happiness from within; in this transitory State of Things.*

NEVER think a man happy, *Lucilius*, whose happiness is in suspense. He depends on frailty, who rejoiceth in an adventitious good. Such joy will pass away as lightly as it came: but the joy that ariseth from within, is faithful, is firm; it continually grows stronger, and holds out to the last \*. Other things which the vulgar admire are only good for a time. What then is there no pleasure or profit in them? who denies it (a)? but it must be when they depend upon *us*, and not we upon *them*. All things within the power of fortune may thus be made fruitful and pleasant to us; if he that possesseth them is master also of himself; and subjects not himself to his possessions.

For they are mistaken, my *Lucilius*, who think that what fortune can give us is either good or bad. She gives us indeed the material part of good and evil; and to her we owe the beginning of those incidents, which in the issue may prove either happy or unhappy for us. But the mind is stronger than any fortune; it conducteth its own affairs, right or wrong; and is itself the cause of its own happiness or misery. A bad mind turns every thing to bad; even such things as have the appearance of good: but the man of an upright and pure mind corrects the depravity of fortune; and softens, by the art of patience, every hard and disagreeable condition. The same likewise receives prosperity with gratitude and moderation; and adversity with constancy and courage. Who although he is prudent, although he is so judicious in his transactions, as never to engage in any enterprize

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beyond

beyond his strength; yet never can attain that entire good, which is placed beyond the threats of fortune, unless he is fixed, and steady against all uncertainties.

Whether, *Lucilius*, you will be pleased to observe other men, (for in such a case we are apt to judge more freely) or to consider yourself, without prejudice or partiality; you will perceive, and confess, that none of these things, which are esteemed so precious and desirable, are truly useful; unless you will arm yourself against the levity of chance, and the uncertainty of things depending thereon; unless you frequently, and without murmuring and repining at any loss, can say, *Dii aliter visum est*,—(*I might think perhaps I deserved better fortune, but*) *the Gods thought otherwise* (*b*). Or to give you a verse of a more strong and just expression; say this, when any thing happens contrary to expectation, *Dii melius* (*c*). *The Gods know better*, (what is good for us than we do ourselves). A mind thus composed no accident can injure; and thus will a mind be composed, if a man reflects upon the variety of contingencies in human affairs, before he is made sensible of them; if he enjoys his children, his wife, his estate, as if he was not always to enjoy them; and if he could not be made more wretched upon this account, was he obliged to part from them. *That* mind alone is wretched, which is ever anxious concerning what may happen; which is miserable before real misery reacheth it, and in continual dread lest those things which it now delights in should not continue to the end of life: for such a one can never be at rest; and, in expectation of some future evil, will lose the enjoyment of the present good.

There is but little difference between grieving for a thing lost, and the fear of losing any thing. Not that I hereby, *Lucilius*, recommend negligence or carelessness: no; do your endeavour to avoid such things as are to be dreaded; do all that can be done by prudence and forecast (*d*); consider well what may hurt you: nothing can be more serviceable to this purpose than a reasonable confidence, and a mind resolutely steeled with patience. The man is secure against the power of fortune, who is determined to be submissive. Tranquillity excludes all manner of

tumult. Besides, nothing can be more miserable, nothing more ridiculous, than to be always in fear: what madness is it for a man to anticipate his misfortunes!

Lastly, to include in a few words my sentiments on this subject, and to describe these over-busy-bodies, and self-tormentors, let me observe, they are as impatient and intemperate, when what they expected comes upon them, as they were before. He certainly grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary: for, by the same infirmity, that he does not expect sorrow, he knows not how to consider it rightly; and by the same unreasonableness, he not only fancies that his felicity will be lasting, but that whatever good hath befallen him, it must necessarily encrease: and forgetful of the grand machine (*f*), whereby all things are tossed and scattered about, he promiseth to himself alone stability in casual things. *Metrodorus* therefore seems to speak excellently well in that Epistle where he comforts his sister upon the death of her son, a child of a charming disposition, saying,

Mortale est omne mortalium bonum (*g*),

*Mortal is every good of mortal men.*

He is speaking of those goods which men so greatly affect and readily pursue: for the *true good* never dies: it is sure, and everlasting, *wisdom and virtue* (*b*). This is the only good to mortals; but so unreasonable are they, so forgetful of what they are; and whither they are going; nay, whither every day pusheth them on; that they wonder and are amazed at losing any thing, though it is certain they must one day lose all.

Whatever it is that you call yourself master of, you may have it indeed, but it is not thine. Nothing can be firm to an infirm creature; nothing eternal and unperishable to frail mortals on this side the grave. It is as necessary that all worldly goods should perish, as at any time be lost. And this, if rightly understood, would prove a comfortable inducement to us to part, with a steady mind, from what we knew we must necessarily lose.

What remedy then shall we find out against these losses? Why, this; that we still keep in memory the things that are lost, and suffer not the fruits we received from them to perish with them. *To have*, may be taken from us; but *to have had*, never. He is very ungrateful, who when he hath lost any thing, supposeth that he owes no thanks for the enjoyment of it. Chance may rob us of a thing, yet leave us the benefit of it; unless we lose this too by an unreasonable desire and longing after it.

Say moreover to thyself; there are none of all these things that seem so terrible, but what are conquerable. There are many who have overcome each particular, as, *Mucius*, fire; *Regulus*, torture; *Socrates*, poyson; *Cato*, death, by his own sword. Let us also endeavour at some glorious victory. Again,—those things which under a specious shew of happiness allure the vulgar, have been often, and by many despised. *Fabricius (i)*, when general in chief, despised riches; and, when censor, condemned them. *Tubero (k)* adjudged poverty worthy of himself and the capitol; when, at a solemn feast, using earthen vessels, he shewed that men ought to be contented with these things wherewith the Gods themselves disdained not to be served. *Sextius* the elder, a man every way qualified for a statesman, when offered the senatorial robe by *Julius Cæsar*, would not accept it, for he well knew that what was given him, might be taken from him. Let us likewise assume this noble spirit, and prove as exemplary to others, as these have been to us. Why do we draw back? Why do we despair? What has been may be. Let us only make pure the mind, and follow nature; (*m*) for whoever swerves from following her, must fear, must desire, and be a slave to casualties. We may return to the right way, we may recover ourselves, if we please. Let us then endeavour it, that we may patiently bear whatever may afflict the body, and say to Fortune, *Cum viro tibi negotium est, quære quem vincas*; you have now got a man to deal with; look out elsewhere for one whom you may conquer (*n*).

By these and the like speeches, is assuaged the virulence of that ulcer, which I heartily wish eased, and if not cured, made supportable,

able, that I may grow old under it. Not that I am greatly affected in this matter: our present question is concerning our loss of a most excellent *old man* (*o*); for he truly may be said to be full of days, who desires no more should be added to his life, for his own sake, but for theirs to whom he may be serviceable. He acts generously in that he still lives. Some men would not so long have endured their pains, but he thinks it as scandalous to fly to death as to fly from it. *But supposing him otherwise persuaded, shall he not go?* Why not; if he can be no longer of service to any one; if he can do nothing more than attend upon his pain? But this, my *Lucilius*, is to put philosophy into practice, and to be exercised in the truth; to shew how a prudent man can fortify his mind against death, and against pain, when either that approacheth, or this oppresseth him. What is to be done, must be learned from the doer of it.

Thus far then we have argued, whether it be possible to resist pain; and whether death, how near soever, can make a great mind stoop and tremble. And what need is there of many words? The thing speaks itself. Let us observe this, that neither death makes such a one more courageous and strong against pain, nor pain against death: he arms himself against both, and puts his confidence therein. Neither thro' hopes of death, does he more patiently endure pain; nor does the irksomeness of pain make him die more willingly: he bears the one, and waits the other (*p*).

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

\* Those indeed who have no internal resource of happiness will find themselves uneasy in every stage of human life: but to him who is accustomed to derive all his felicity from within himself, no state will appear as a real evil into which we are conducted by the common and regular course of Nature. *Melm.*

(a) See Ep. 23.—*For every creature of God is good, and not to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving.* i. Tim. 44.

(b) This is spoken of *Ripheus*, a just and good man, whose hard fate *Aeneas* is lamenting; and thinking that he deserved much better, he checks himself with this excellent reflection, *that it was the will of the Gods that he should suffer with the rest.* Cato, p. 8.

“ Vain men! how seldom do we know what to wish, or pray for! When we pray against misfortunes, and when we fear them most, we want them most. It was for this reason *Pythagoras* forbade

bade his disciples to ask any thing particular of God; the shortest and the best prayer we can make to him, who knows our wants, and our ignorance in asking, is this, *Thy will be done.* Bolingbroke on Exile.

The Christian on the like occasion is taught and commanded, by our Lord himself to say, *O Father of Heaven, thy will be done.* Matth. 6. 10, Luke, 11. 2.

(c) *Ovid.* Met. ix. 496.—*Dii melius—The Gods forbid.*—Sewell.

(d) So the charge of our Lord to his Disciples, *Be ye as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves.* Matth. 10. 16.

(e) *Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* Matth. 6. 34.

And St. Paul, *I would have you without carefulness.* i. Cor. 7. 32.

(f) *Obliti hujus petauri, quo humana jactantur. Pincian al. hujus peccati,—al. obliti facti quo—*

*An magis oblectant animum jactata petaurō*

*Corpora—Mart.*

*Ad numeros etiam ille ciet cognata per artem*

*Corpora, quæ valido saliant excussa petaurō,*

*Alternosque cient motus: elatus et ille*

*Nunc jacet, atque hujus casu suspenditur ille.*

*To these join those, who from an engine tost,*

*Pierce through the air, and in the clouds are lost;*

*Or poise on timber, where by turns they rise,*

*And sink, and mount each other to the skies.*

(g) *Muret.* observes that *Mitrodorus* borrowed this sentence from *Euripides*—*Θυτῶν δὲ θυτῶν δὲ δάκρυα.*

(b) Like the Christian charity, *it never faileth.* i. Cor. 13. 8. Or, like the word of God, *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.* Matth. 24. 25.

(i) *Fabricius* was in the highest veneration among the *Romans*, as a man of virtue, and a good soldier, but extremely poor. Being sent ambassador to *Pyrrhus*, *Pyrrhus* received him with great kindness, and pressed him in private to accept of a handsome present in gold, not to engage him in any thing dishonourable, but as a pledge of friendship and hospitality. *Fabricius* however would not accept it upon any terms. See *Plutarch.* Life of *Pyrrhus.*

(k) *Elius Tubero*, the very best of men, and who above all the *Romans* knew how to support his poverty with magnificence. *Id.* in the Life of *Emilius.* See Ep. 95.

(l) See Ep. 59.

(m) The nature of man as it now is cannot justly be set up as a proper rule or standard of virtue, but must itself be regulated by an higher cause, by which we are to judge of its rectitude, and of its corruptions and defects; and therefore the ablest of the Stoics in judging of what is according to nature, were for considering the nature of man as in a conformity to the law of reason and the nature of the whole. But this way of talking seems not well fitted to furnish us with clear notions; and only serves to enhance our obligation to the Almighty for the further discovery of his will in his Holy word.

(n) In order to which great end, it is necessary we should stand watchful as sentinels, to discover the secret wiles and open attacks of this capricious goddess, before they reach us. When she falls upon us unexpected, it is hard to resist, but those who wait for her will repel her with ease.

“ I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to Fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous



treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed them so that she might snatch them away, but she could not *tear* them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he that hath been deceived by good.—If we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be of proof against the dangers of both these states; and having explored our strength we shall be sure of it. For in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune." *Bolingbroke* on Exile.

(o) There being no mention made before of any person to whom these words are referable, *Muret.* concludes that this Epistle is imperfect, (as certainly it is) and that much is wanting at the beginning. *Lipsius* thinks the same; but makes a doubt whether the person here alluded to may not be the *Marullus* mentioned in the next Epistle.

(p) Hunc fert, illam expectat] Whatever *Seneca* may have said elsewhere seemingly in favour of suicide, is sufficiently confuted by the example here recommended, which breathes the pure and sound doctrine of Christianity.

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## EPISTLE XCVII.

*Consolatory, on the Death of a Son.*

I HAVE sent you, *Lucilius*, the Epistle I wrote to *Marullus* on the death of his young son; for whom I was told he indulged an unmanly sorrow; and therefore I have swerved from my usual style as not thinking that he ought to be treated gently, when more worthy of reproof than consolation. To one indeed afflicted with a deeper wound than he knows how to bear, it is proper to give way a little: let him satiate himself; at least let him give vent to the sigh, and gushing tear: but let such as take upon them to weep at every trifling accident, be chastised, and taught to know, that even tears have their folly.

— Do you expect comfort? No: I shall rather reprove you. Are you so effeminately moved at the death of your son; what would you have done if you had lost a *friend*? Your son is departed, a child, an infant, in whom you could place no certain hope: nothing then is lost but a little time. We are too apt to seek occasions of sorrow, and unjustly to complain of Fortune; as if she would not give us, at some time or other, just causes of complaint. Truly I thought your mind strong  
enough

enough to support real afflictions, and consequently would despise such shadows of evil, at which men grieve merely for custom sake (*a*). Had you even lost a friend, (which surely is the greatest of all losses) you ought rather to rejoice in having had such a friend, than to mourn for having lost him. But few, alas! take any account of what courtesies they have received, or what favours they have formerly enjoyed. This evil then, among many other, attends upon sorrow; it is not only superfluous, but ungrateful.

And is it then all in vain, that you once had a friend? Is it nothing that you lived so many years in strict amity; and a social communication of improvements in study? Hast thou buried friendship too with thy friend? Or, if he was not serviceable to you, while living, why should you grieve at having lost him? Believe me, great part of those whom we loved, though chance hath taken them from us, still remains with us. The time passed is all our own; nor can any thing be more safe and surely ours, than what hath been. But we are indeed ungrateful for what is past, through the hopes of what is to come; as if this too, were we to succeed herein, would not soon come under the same predicament. He sets too narrow bounds on the enjoyment of life, who only rejoiceth in the present. Both the things that are to come, and the things that are past have their endearments; the former from expectation, the latter from memory: but those are still depending, and may not happen, whereas these cannot but have been. What madness is it therefore to forego that which is most certain! Let us acquiesce in those things which we have tasted; unless we entrusted them to so leaky a bosom as transmits every thing that it receives.

There are innumerable instances of those who have lost their young children without a tear: who returned from the funeral rites to the senate-house, or some public office, and were taken up with their proper regards; and that wisely too: for, 1st, it is in vain to grieve where grief can do no good: 2dly, it is unjust to complain of that happening to one, which happens unto all; and, lastly, it is a folly to lament and mourn, when there is so little difference between the person lost and

the friend that loseth him. We ought therefore to be of a more equal and steady mind, because we must certainly follow those we have lost.

Consider the celerity of most rapid Time: think on the short race we so swiftly run: observe the whole assembly of mankind, all going the same way; and separated by the shortest intervals, however long they seem. He whom we thought dead, is only gone before us: what then can be greater folly, than to bewail him who hath just stepped before you, when you yourself are travelling the same road? It is ridiculous to mourn, that an accident hath happened, which a man could not but know must one day happen: or, he must be very ignorant indeed, and impose upon himself, who knows not that man carries the seeds of death about him. It is to mourn a thing, which he allows could not be otherwise than as it is. Whoever complains at the death of any one, complains of his having been born. The same conditions bind all men. Every one that is born must die. We are distinguished I say by small intervals, but are all equal in death. The space between our first and our last day is various and uncertain: if you consider the *troubles* of life; even the life of a boy is long: if the *velocity* of it, the life of an old man is short. There is nothing that is not uncertain, deceitful, and variable as the weather. All things are tossed to and fro, and are transferable to their contraries, at the command of fortune. And in such a rotation of human affairs, there is nothing certain, I say, but death: and yet all men complain of that in which alone no one is deceived.

But *be died a child!* Perhaps it may be the better for him. But I am not as yet speaking of an early death. Let us consider the old man; and how little hath he exceeded the infant! Set before your view the ample round of Time; reflect upon the ages past and to come; and then compare with Time's immensity the space we call *the age of man*, so shall you see how little a thing it is that we so earnestly covet, and would fain extend. Consider likewise how much of this little is taken up with tears, with troubles, with the wishing for death before it comes: how much is tortured with a bad state of health, and with fear;  
how



how many years are spent in childhood, in ignorance, and unprofitable studies! almost half of it is lost in sleep. Add hereunto labour, sorrows, perils, and the like; and you will find that in the longest life, little of it can properly be called *living*. And who will not grant it better, *soon* to return from whence we came, and to end our journey without fatigue?

Life in itself is neither good nor evil; though both good and evil dwell therein; so that your child hath lost nothing but the chance of falling into evil. He might indeed have proved decent and prudent; he might possibly, under your inspection, have been formed to good; yet, (what is more justly to be feared) notwithstanding all your care, he might have proved as bad as many other. Behold those young rakes, whom, though born of a noble family, luxury and intemperance have reduced to the constitution of a prize-fighter! Look upon those, who contaminate themselves with abominable lusts for hire! who scarce pass a day without being drunk, or committing some flagitious crime; and you will think it evident that more was to be feared than hoped for. You ought not therefore to provoke sorrow; and, by repining at small inconveniencies, accumulate real grief.

Do I then exhort you to strive and exert yourself? No, my friend, I should be ashamed to have so mean an opinion of you, as to think there was any necessity for summoning all your virtue to your aid in so trifling an affair. This is no cause of grief, it is only a slight sting, which you yourself have made painful. Philosophy *truly* hath been of great service to you, if you strenuously bewail the loss of a child, who was better known to his nurse than to his father!

But do I then recommend a flinty heart? would I have you look up cheerfully at the funeral of your son? nor suffer your mind to shrink at so great a loss? No; this would be inhumanity, not virtue, to behold the dead, with the same delighted eye we do the living, relation; or not to be moved at the first forcible separation in a family. And what if I was to forbid lamentation? There are some things not in our power; tears will flow from the most stubborn eyes; and thus, tears plentifully

shed, often ease the heart. What must we then do?—why, permit them, but force them not. Let them drop as long as they spring from affection; but not so long as custom or imitation may require. Let us not add to our sorrow, nor increase it by the example of others. An ostentation of grief demands more than grief itself. Who is it that indulgeth sorrow, while alone? The deep groan is uttered, to be heard. In private your mourners are calm and easy; but at the sight of any one, they burst into tears (*k*). Then it is they tear the hair, and beat the breast, which they might have done much more freely, when there was no one to forbid them. Then they wish for death themselves; and flounce upon the couch: but let the company depart, and their grief is over.

In this as well as in other excesses, we are wont to follow bad examples; and regard not what best becomes us, but what is customary on the like occasion. We lose sight of nature, and addict ourselves to the fashion of the vulgar; no proper guide in any respect, but in this, of all other, the most inconstant. Do they see any one bearing themselves up against affliction, they call him impious and cruel-hearted; do they see him dejected and overcome with sorrow, while hanging over the deceased, they call him weak and effeminate. We must reduce them all things to the standard of reason; but nothing can be more ridiculous than to make a parade of sorrow; and to seek approbation from a flood of tears; which I consider, with regard to a wise man in two respects, sometimes as issuing forcibly, and sometimes as flowing by permission. I will shew you the difference.

When some menger strikes us with the disagreeable news of a departed friend; or, when a body is torn from our embrace to be laid on the funeral pile, a natural necessity excites our tears: the spirit of man, being smitten by a sudden impulse, as it shakes the whole frame, so it spareth not the eyes, pressing out and extorting the ever-ready fluid. Such tears as these start involuntarily. There are other, to which we willingly give vent, when put in mind of some dear friend we have lost; and there is indeed something sweet in such an indulgence of sorrow:  
when



when we reflect upon their affability, chearful conversation, kind affection, and duteous piety, so that the eyes discharge as it were a flood of joy. These we indulge, and by the other we are overcome.

There is no manner of reason then, that you should either restrain, or pour forth tears, on account of visiters with their compliments of condolance. They flow not, nor cease to flow disgracefully, provided there is no feigning nor affectation in the case. Let them start if they will; it is no more than what may happen to men most moderate and composed. Nay, they have flowed, even whilst reason hath kept up her authority; with such moderation however, that both humanity and dignity were preserved. We may obey nature, I say, herein, and still maintain sedateness and gravity. I have seen those who looked venerable at the funeral of a relation: while in their countenance love sat enthroned; without exhibiting the least ostentation of mourning. There was nothing but what arose from pure affection. Such a decency is there in sorrow, which is always to be observed and kept up by a wise man: and as in other things, so in tears, there is a proper boundary: whereas among the imprudent, as their joy, so their grief, generally knows no bounds.

Receive then such things as necessarily happen with an equal temper. What is there incredible? what is there that is new and strange, in this affair? How many yet daily find employ for the undertakers? How many are the dissections (c)? How many will grieve upon the same account with you? As often then as you think on your deceased child, think him also to have been born a mortal creature; to whom as nothing certain was promised, fortune did not think herself obliged to carry him on to old age, but dismissed him at her pleasure. Speak of him however as often as you please; and celebrate his memory (d) as long as it is agreeable; for no one delights to converse with a sorrowful person, much less with sorrow itself. Do you recollect any witty sayings, any jests which you once heard with pleasure, repeat them often, and constantly affirm, that you doubt not, but he would have fulfilled the hopes your fatherly affection entertained of him. To forget a relation;  
to

to bury the memory of him in his grave, to weep most profusely, and yet be sparingly mindful of him, is the part of a ridiculous and inhuman disposition. Thus the birds and beasts love their young, with a strong, and almost outrageous affection for a time; but being lost, or parted from them, all affection is extinguished. This becomes not a wife man. Let him persevere in the remembrance of a departed friend, but cease to mourn.

I can by no means approve of what *Metrodorus* saith;—*esse aliquam cognatam tristitiæ voluptatem; hanc ipsam captendam in ejus modi tempore; there is a certain pleasure allied to grief, which, at such a time, is to be coveted and embraced.* I have subscribed the words of *Metrodorus (f)*, and doubt not the censure you will pass upon them. For, what can be more base, than to affect a pleasure in grief itself? nay, to seek delight in tears and mourning? These are the men who object against us, as being too rigid, and defame our precepts as hard and cruel, in that we affirm, that grief is not to be admitted into the mind, or soon expelled. But which do you think the more incredible, or the more inhuman, for a man not to be sensible of grief at the loss of a friend, or to expect pleasure in the depth of sorrow? What we prescribe is just and right; when affection hath poured forth some tears, and hath, as I may say, eased the eye of its load, the mind is no longer to be given up to sorrow. And what say you? Why, that *there is a pleasure mixed with grief itself*; as when we dry up a boy's tears with a cake, and stop the crying of infants with the milky treat. Nor even when the child is on the funeral pile, or this friend is expiring, will you permit pleasure to cease; but would fain tickle and flatter sorrow itself. But which of the two is more fit and decent; either that sorrow should be removed from the mind; or pleasure admitted thereto? admitted, did I say? nay, it is expected, and sought after even in grief itself.

*There is a certain pleasure, saith Metrodorus, allied to sorrow. We (Stoics) indeed might say this; but not you, (an Epicurean). For as you acknowledge but one good, which is pleasure; and but one evil,*



which is pain and sorrow, what affinity can there be between good and evil (*g*)? or if there was, we should now especially find it out; and now see, if ever, whether in grief itself there is any thing pleasing and delightful. Certain remedies there are, which are salutary and of good effect to some parts of the body; but being lothsome, and not very decent, cannot fitly be applied to other parts; and what might prove of service at one time without putting modesty to the blush, may at another time, in case of a wound, be not so fit or decent. Are you not ashamed to think of healing or assuaging grief by the pleasure that is supposed to attend it? It is a wound, that requires the application of a severer remedy. Rather apply this reflection thereto; that no sense of pain can reach the dead; if it can, the person is not dead. Nothing, I say, can hurt him who is no where, who is nothing: if he can be hurt, he is still living. And which do you think the worse, either that he is no more, or that he is still in being? Certainly in that he is no more, no torment can affect him: for what feeling can he have, who is not? nor yet in that he still is; for he hath got over the greatest danger, which is death, by being no more.

This likewise we may urge to one who mourns and repines at the death of a young child. We are all, with respect to the shortness of life, compared with the immense circle of Time, both old and young upon the same level. So small a portion of the many ages past is ours; that we cannot but call it the least imaginable; though however little it be, it is still something. The time we live, I say, is next to nothing; though such is our folly, to enlarge and stretch it out, as a matter of great consequence.

Thus have I wrote to you, not as if you had expected from me so late consolation; for I doubt not but that you have reflected before upon all that you have read; but in order to reprove you for that delay, short as it was, in which you seemed to depart from your usual judgment; and in conclusion exhort you, to buoy up your mind against any stroke of fortune, and prevent by forecast all her darts; not as what may possibly be aimed at you, but as what you certainly will one day feel.

A N N O-



## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) *Moris causâ*] al. *amoris* And so the old French translation, *a cause de l'amour, qui est la plus grande playe de toutes.*

(b) *Clarius cum audiuntur, gemunt*] So, *Martial*;  
*Amisum non stet, cum sola est, Gallia patrem,*  
*Si quis adest, iustæ profiliunt lacrymæ.*  
*Thus Gallia mourns; the ever ready tear*  
*Starts from the eye when any friend is near;*  
*But when alone, sad as she was before,*  
*Sorrow subsides, and grief is heard no more. M.*

*Quam multis vitalia cruantur*, (for the improvement, suppose, of the young surgeon.) So *Erasmus*, al. *emuntur*, al. *emittunt*.—*Gruter*. suspects some defect here, but despairs of curing it. *Lipfius* says, he should not have disapproved of *cruantur*, in the sense *Erasmus* received it, (ut possint condiri) if *Seneca* had wrote in *Egypt*, where it was usual to embalm the dead, and not at *Rome*, where there was no such custom. He therefore conjectures—*Quam multi vitam alii emittunt*—but waving all these, says *Gronovius*, *I think the reading according to Erasmus is right*: but he takes it in another sense, not as relating to embalming, but to some violent operation in physic or surgery; as *Seneca* writes elsewhere—*Lacerationes medicorum esse vivis legentium, et totas in viscera manus demittentium. Sen. Consol. ad Marc. 22.* I have taken them in another sense, which I think the words will bear; but after all should chuse the reading of *Lipfius*, because the plainest, *Quam multi vitam alii amittunt; we daily see funeral after funeral.*

(d) *Ὠφείλα δὲ τοῖς ἀφθνημένοις, ἢ διὰ τῆς ἀγαθῆς μνήμης τιμῆ, κ. τ. λ. Plutarch. Consol. ad Apoll.* 'Tis the duty we owe a deceased friend to keep him in pious memory. No good man requires tedious groans, but hymns and praises; not grief, but a commendable remembrance. *Fœminis lugere honestum est, viris meminisse. Tacitus.* It is for women to weep and bewail a deceased friend; it better becomes men to keep a respectful memory of him.

(e) Vid. *Aristot. Rhet. i. 11.*—  
*Fleque meos casus, est quædam, flere, voluptas. Ovid.*  
*Bewail my lot; 'twill give you some relief;*  
*A certain pleasure oft attends on grief.*  
 ——— *Tunc flere, et scindere vestes*  
*Fataque, et injustos rabidis pulsare querelis*  
*Cœlicolas, solamen erat.—Statius, in Priscillam.*  
*It was a consolation, to complain*  
*Of unjust heav'n, and mourn a rabid strain.*

*Apul. l. 6. inextricabilis periculi mole obruta, lacrymarum etiam extremo solatio carebat. Pœcat. in Paneg. Theodosii.*—Est aliquid calamitatum delinimentum, dedisse lacrymas malis, et pectus laxasse suspiriis. *D. Ambros, de obitu Valentiniani*, pascunt frequenter lacrymæ, et mentem allevant, fletus refrigerant pectus, et mœstum solantur affectum.—Est enim piis affectibus quædam etiam flendi voluptas, et plerumque gravis evaporat dolor.

Nam miseris nec flere quidem aut lenire dolorem  
 Colloquiis impunè licet. *Claud. in Rufin, l. 1.*

*No harder lot can misery attend,  
Than not to weep, or not enjoy a friend.*

But how great is *Shakeſpear* in this reſpect, when he deſcribes *Conſtance* lamenting her princely ſon *Arthur*!

“ Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;  
“ Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
“ Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
“ Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
“ Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
“ Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief——  
“ O my dear boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!  
“ My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
“ My widow’s comfort, and my ſorrow’s cure!”

(f) The words are wanted in all the copies but two, which *Eraſmus* ſays he ſaw; but the letters or characters were ſuch that he could not read or make any ſenſe of them, worth tranſcribing.

(g) For what communion hath righteouſneſs with unrighteouſneſs, and what communion hath light with darkneſs? ii. Cor. 6. 14.

## EPISTLE C.

*On the Writings of Fabian\*.*

YOU are pleaſed to inform me, *Lucilius*, that you have read with eagerneſs the books of *Caius Fabian*, which are entitled, *Civilium (a)* of *Politics*, and that they did not answer your expectation; and then, as if you had forgot you was talking of a *Philosopher*, you cenſure his compoſition. Suppoſe it to be as you ſay, and that he pours forth his words, unweighed (b), there is ſometimes a grace in this manner, and a peculiar excellency in an eaſy flowing ſtyle. For I think there is a great difference between *ruſhing* and *flowing*. So in the works I am ſpeaking of, *Fabian* ſeems not lavishly to waſte his words, but to pour them forth with fluency. He is prolix indeed, but without diſorder and confuſion. This he himſelf confeſſeth and declares, that his ſtyle is by no means affected, or laboured, but ſuch however as might be known to be his. He pretended not to compoſe words, but to reform manners. He wrote not to pleaſe the ear, but to inſtruct the heart.

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Befides,

Besides, in his manner of writing, you have not time to examine particulars, but are smitten at once with the whole: though seldom such things as please at the first stroke will bear retailing, and the being scanned at the fingers ends. It is however of no little consequence to take the eye at first sight; though a diligent examination may possibly find out some things to be carped at, and disputed. If you ask my opinion, I think he is a greater man who hath seized upon our approbation, than one that hath merely deserved it: and I know too that he is more secure, and may more boldly promise his writings perpetuity. A laboured discourse becomes not a philosopher. When will he prove resolute and constant; or when make trial of his abilities, who is timorously concerned for the accuracy of expression?

*Fabian* was not negligent in his discourse, but sure: you will therefore find nothing in him low and mean: his words though chosen, are not affected; and though brilliant, yet are not unnatural, or inverted, as the manner of some is in this age. Nay, where they are common, not to say vulgar, they have an honest and noble meaning; not forced upon the sentence, but gravely and judiciously introduced. We shall see how little is pared too close; how little is too stiff; and how little wants polishing according to the present taste. When you take a view, I say, of the whole building at once, you will find it nowhere narrow or slight; though I must own there is no variegated marble, nor are the roofs interwoven with curious fretwork (*c*), nor is there a butler's hall; (*d*); or whatever else luxury, not contented with any simple decorations, hath invented and jumbled together in building. It is what is commonly called a *good house* (*e*).

Add this likewise, that all men are not agreed with regard to composition. Some would have the rough style made smoother; and others are so fond of the harsh and rugged, that if by chance they meet with a clause of a smooth and easy cast, they purposely strike it out; or make it break off abruptly, so as not to answer expectation. Read *Cicero*. His style is uniform: he keeps due measure: it is neatly worked up: soft and delicate, without trifling and effeminacy. On the other hand,

the style of *Asinius Pollio* is uneven, ever skipping, and starting, leaving his reader in the lurch, when he least expected it. In a word, every sentence of *Cicero* is complete; but *Pollio* drops us at once; except in a few sentences which are closed exactly in the same manner and form of expression.

Moreover, *Lucilius*, you are pleased to say, that *Fabian* appears to you every where low and groveling; whereas I think he by no means deserves this censure. What you object to, is not low and mean, but easy and pleasing; adapted to the tenor of a calm and composed mind; not rugged or waving, but every where smooth and plain. Though I grant he wants the spirit and fire of an orator, and those points and smart strokes that you require. But view, I say, the whole body, and you will find, if it be not very spruce, it is decent.

But you likewise say, *it wants dignity*. Pray tell me, whom you will prefer to *Fabian*? *Cicero*? who has wrote almost as many books on philosophical subjects as *Fabian*? If you do, I yield. But he is no little man, who is not much less than the greatest. Or, do you prefer to him *Asinius Pollio*? Again I yield: but in answer, beg leave to say, that a man must be allowed excellency, who, in so great a point as eloquence, hath but two before him. Or do you name *Livy*? for he not only wrote dialogues, which might be called philosophical, as well as historical, but several books that professedly treat of philosophy. And to him too I give place. But consider how many he must excel, who is excelled himself but by *three*, and these three the most eloquent.

But still there is something wanting in him. However elate his discourse it is not strong: and though abundantly flowing, it is never violent or rapid; and however pure, not sufficiently clear. You desire, you say, something sharp and severe against vice; something high-spirited and bold against dangers; something proud and haughty against fortune; a strong invective against ambition. You would have luxury reprimanded, lust disgraced, impatience bridled in: *I would have something*, say you, *rhetorically smart, tragically sublime, and something plain*

*and familiar as comedy.* Would you then have him fit down to so trifling an affair as the study of words? He devoted himself to the greatness of things, and draws eloquence after him as a shadow, being intent on more weighty affairs. I do not pretend to say that every sentence is exactly turned, and closely connected; nor will every word strike and rouse the reader. This I confess; that many periods run on without exhibiting any thing remarkably striking; and sometime will slip away unnoticed; but depend upon it you will every where find some new light; and however long he detains you, you will not think him tedious.

Lastly, he hath this further excellency; that he will convince you he wrote as he thought, and believed himself what he affirmed; you will find that his chief intent was, to let you know what pleased *him*, not what might please and flatter *you*. All that he says leads to perfection, and a good understanding. He seeks not applause. And such I may venture to say are his writings; though I trust more herein to my memory, than to reading what I have by me; and the chief tenor of it remains with me; not from any late conversation particularly, but summarily, as is usual, from an old acquaintance. When I had the pleasure of hearing him, such at least seemed his discourse, if not swelling it was full, and such as was proper to incite the minds of well-disposed youth, and allure them to walk in his steps; not without hopes of bringing them to perfection. And this I take to be the most effectual method of instruction. For a master rather frightens his pupils, who hath only inspired them with a desire of imitation, but gave them no hopes of success. In short, *Fabian* perhaps might abound in words, and is not to be commended for every particular; yet upon the whole he is very magnificent.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

• Caius Fabianus Papinius, an eloquent *Roman* orator, mentioned by *Pliny*, 36. 15.

(a) Civiliū] *al.* artium civilium, *al.* artium et vilium. *al.* artium culium. *al.* archiniliū. From which *Lipsius* suspects some Greek word, *f. αἰτιῶν φυσικῶν*, as it is cited under this title by *Charisius*, *Causarum naturalium, of natural causes*.

(b) Et effundi verba, non fingi] *al.* figi.---*inf.* non effundere, sed fundere. *Pincian*, non fundere sed effundere---because it follows, *adò larga est*; and soon after, *nec torrens, quamvis effusa sit*.---From these expressions, *non effundere sed fundere*.---Electa verba, sed non captata,---nec contra naturam suam posita, splendida tamen.---Nec depressa, sed plana,---effusa sed non rapida, &c. One would think that Sir *John Denham* had this Epistle in view, when he wrote those celebrated lines, wishing his style to flow, as it certainly does, like the river he is describing.

*T'bo' deep, yet clear; t'bo' gentle, yet not dull;*

*Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.*

(c) Nec concifura laquearium cubiculis interfluentium. *Lips.* Elect. i. 15. *al.* nec concifura aquarum a cuniculis---*al.* a cubiculis---*Erasmus* only leaves out the preposition. If so, the luxury here pointed at, is their having small reservoirs of water under the table in their summer-houses, wherein you may see the fish playing, suppose like our *gold fish*.

(d) Nec pauperis cella] *Erasmus* will not allow *pauperis* to be the genuine word; but he offers no other. *Muret.* thinks the same, and leaves, as he found it. But *Oppopæus* affirms the common reading to be right from the like expression in Ep. 18. *Nec pauperis cellas, et quicquid aliud est, per quod luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit.* So *Sen. Rhetor.* Ex cella migrabit in cubiculum dominæ suæ. *Controv.* vi. 7. The meaning then is, in carrying on the metaphor, that it was not so grand a house, as to have peculiar offices, or halls, for the servants.

(e) Quod dici solet, domus recta est.] *al.* tecta. Recta domus a Seneca dicitur, quæ nimio luxu corrupta non est, neque laquearibus et marmoribus pellucet, neque eleganti tectorio, aut lacunari perpolita est: sed laudabilem quandam mediocritatem ostendit. *Turneb.* Adv. l. 26. c. 12. Sic *rectus* apparatus, Ep. 111. *recto* vivere, Ep. 123. *Hor. S. l. 2. de parabili suo venere, candida rectaque sit.* *Plin.* Ep. 9. 26. Dixi de quodam oratore seculi nostri *recto* quidem et sano, sed parum grandi, et ornato, ut opinor, aptè; nihil peccat, nisi quod nihil peccat. In my opinion *I judged right of a certain orator of our times, who is just and exact, but not elevated and graceful, when I declared, he has but one error, he never errs.* *Orrery.*

## EPISTLE CI.

*Reflections on the Uncertainty of human Affairs; occasioned by the Death of Cornelius Senecio.*

**E**VERY day, every hour, *Lucilius*, certifies us that we are **nothing**; and, by some new argument, admonisheth us, while forgetful of our frailty; and then sets us upon thinking on death and eternity. Would you know what I mean by this preface, I will tell you.

You knew *Cornelius Senecio*, a Roman knight, eminent and courteous, who had raised himself from a small beginning to an ample fortune; and was now in a fair way to be what he pleased. For dignity is more easily advanced, than raised at first. Money also meets with many difficulties and impediments ere it can reach the poor man (*a*). *Senecio* as he aspired to wealth, took the two most effectual methods to obtain it; being industrious to get, and prudent to save; either of which are sufficient to enrich a man. This good man wonderfully frugal, and as careful of his constitution as of his estate, after a visit to me, as usual, in the morning, went and sat the whole day by a friend who lay desperately sick; and in the evening, having made a chearful supper, was seized with a violent disorder, the quinsy, which strangled him, and narrow as the passage was, set his soul at liberty.

And so within a few hours after having performed all the duties of a sound and able man, he died; even he, who was transacting money-affairs both by sea and land; who applying himself to public business, left no kind of profit unpursued, in the very height of his success, and when money came pouring in from every quarter, was unhappily snatched away.—

Iniere nunc, melibæe, pyros; pone ordine vites. Virg.E. l. 74.

*Now graft your trees, my friend, and prune your vines.*

**How**

How ridiculous is it to promise ourselves a long life, when we are not certain of to-morrow? O! what folly is it, to stretch out and enlarge our distant hopes! saying, *I will buy; I will build (b); I will give credit; I will call in my debts; I will sue for honours; and when I have had enough of public business, I will retire, and indulge my weary age, in repose and quiet.* Believe me, all things are doubtful and uncertain, even to the most happy. No one ought to promise himself any thing that is to come. Nay, sometimes what we have got, slips through our hands (*c*), and casualty cuts the cord that was our surest hold.

Time rolls on indeed by a stated law, and makes many revolutions by a determined ordinance; but it is dark and obscure to us. And when a thing is certain to nature, but uncertain to me, what am I the better for it? We propose long voyages and a tour through many distant nations, and after that to return to our own country: or, we design ourselves for the field, and dream on the slow-coming rewards of the laborious camp (*d*), gradual commissions, and the passing through many posts of honour, 'till we reach the highest: while in the mean time death is waiting at our elbow, which, because it is seldom thought on, but when happening to another, we are now and then to be reminded of mortality by such examples; notwithstanding they stick by us no longer than while we are wondering at them.

But what can be more absurd than to wonder at such a thing happening to-day, which might happen every day? Our life is limited by the inexorable necessity of fate, though none of us know how near we are to our end. Let us therefore so dispose our minds, as if this day were to be our last. Let us defer nothing. Let us daily make even with life. The greatest and most common default in life is that it is imperfect; and yet amendment is still put off from one day to another. He that daily sets his last hand to the duties of life, stands in no need of further time.

But



But from this indigence, this want of time, ariseth fear; and an earnest desire of longer life still preys upon the mind. Whereas nothing can be more miserable than to live in continual doubt of what may happen (*e*). The mind that is continually reflecting upon how great, or what, our future fortune may be, is racked with inexplicable fear. By what method then shall we avoid this perplexity? Why by this only, *if our life be not prolonged in fancy, but stands collected in itself*. For he can have no dependence on the time to come, who makes not a good use of the present. But when I have once discharged the debt I owe myself, the mind becomes easy, and assuredly knows that there is little or no difference between a day and an age: and then, as from on high, looks down with contempt on the days or things to come; and with great complacency reflects on the course of time.

For why should the variety of accidents, or the inconstancy of fortune, give him any disturbance, who is constant and fixed against all contingencies? Therefore, my *Lucilius*, make haste to live; and think every day a life. He that forms himself upon this plan, and who hath looked upon every day as his whole life, is always secure. They who live upon distant hopes not only lose the time present, but undergo the anxiety of desire, and the miserable apprehension of death, which makes every thing miserable. Hence sprung that ridiculous wish of *Mecænas*, wherein he is contented to be weak, deformed, or to suffer the most acute pains that life can suffer, provided it were prolonged amidst these evils;

Debilem facito manu;  
 Debilem pede, coxa;  
 Tuber adstrue gibberum;  
 Lubricos quate dentes;  
 Vita dum superest, bene est:  
 Hanc mihi, vel acutam,  
 Si das, sustineo crucem.

*Did*

*Did Nature me unkindly treat;  
 Distorted both my hands and feet;  
 A hump unnatural on my back;  
 My loosen'd teeth of jetty black;  
 Or was I tortur'd with sharp pain,  
 In every muscle, every vein;  
 All this, and more, I would endure,  
 Of life's enjoyment still secure. M.*

What would have been extreme misery, should it have seized upon him, is here wished for; and a lingering punishment desired, as if it were life. But how contemptible must we think a man, who would wish to live, though he were tied to a gibbet? *Yes, saith he, render me as weak as you please, so long as life remains in my broken and helpless body; disfigure me, provided this monstrous and deformed body may lengthen my life a few days; nay nail me to the cross, and torture me with the sharpest pains, provided I can feel them.* Such a desire has he to enrage his wound, and to hang stretched out on the cross, so long as he can defer that, which is the remedy of all evils, and the end of his punishment; and to have breath, so as to be ever dying, yet not die. Now, what can we wish worse for such a man, than that the Gods would hear his prayer? What could *Mecænas* mean by that his shameful and effeminate poetry? What by such a scandalous covenant with senseless fear? What by such a cowardly begging of life? Do you think *Virgil* ever recited that verse to him—

*Usque adeone mori miserum est?*

*Is it then so hard to die?*

He wisheth for the worst of evils; and desires such pains, as are most grievous to be endured, may be prolonged: and what the recompence? a longer life. But what sort of life would this be? only to be long in dying.

Can it be possible there should be found a man, who had rather pine away in torment, die piecemeal, and pour out his soul, as it were, drop by drop, than breathe it out at once? who being brought to the fatal

tree, already weak, deformed, distorted and afflicted with many other infirmities no less mortal than the cross itself, would wish to drag on a life loaded with so many pains? Deny now, if you can, that we owe Nature any thanks for this, among other her benefits, *that we must necessarily die.*

Many however are still ready to make worse covenants than this: they will betray a friend, so that they might preserve their own wretched lives, and prostitute their own children, for the poor benefit of seeing the light; which serves but to disclose their heinous crimes. We must shake off this fond desire of life, and learn that it is of little or no consequence, *when we suffer, what we must one day suffer; that it is of greater moment to live well, than to live long; and that oftentimes it is living well, not to live long.*

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Pecunia circa paupertatem plurimam moram habet, dum ex illa ereptat—*al. plurimum amorum*—which will not admit, I think, of any meaning except it be, that *the money is sweeter, and better loved which is got by a poor man.* Pincian reads it, plurimam molem—no doubt the sense is the same with that in Juv. 3. 164.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat

Res angusta domi.—

*Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie*

*Plung'd in the depths of helpless poverty.* Dryden.

So when *Lampis*, a rich merchant, was asked how he got his vast fortune, he answered, *the greatest part of my wealth I got soon, and with ease, but slowly and with great pains the small part I began upon.* See *Plut. Mor.* in the dissertation, *Whether aged men are fit for public offices.*

(b) *And he said, This will I do, I will pull down my barns, and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits, and my goods; and I will say to my soul, thou hast much goods, laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose will these things be?* Luke, 12. 20.

(c) Id quoque quod tenetur per manus exit] So. *Curt.* vii. 8. Fortunam tuam pressis manibus tene, lubrica est, nec invita teneri potest. *Having got Fortune in your hands, hold her fast, she is slippery, and not easily detained against her will.*

(d) Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus

Adferat—

*That ev'n the sixtieth year to you may bring*

*The eagle, and rich ensigns of a King.*

(e) Nihil

(e) Nihil est miserius dubitatione venientium—*al.* vehementer irruentium—*Pincian.* f. volventium five volutantium, *as it follows*, Quomodo effugiemus hanc volutionem.—Quantum fit quod restat, aut quale collecta mens inexplicabili formidine agitur.—*Pincian.* non collecta, *vel* incollecta.—*Lipfius*, aut quale collectu, mens.—*Gronov.* aut quale coniectantes.—*Seneca* in *Thyeste*,

Anxius sceptrum tenet, et moventes  
Cuncta divinat, matuitque casus.

*With great anxiety he rules the state,  
And all the ills forebodes of adverse fate. M.*

(f) On this great theme kind nature keeps her school;  
To teach her sons herself: each night we die,  
Each day are born anew: *each day a life*;  
And shall we kill each day?—*Young.*

(g) So, *Achilles* to *Ulysses* in *Homer.* Od. λ. 490.

Βυλόμην κ' ἐπακμρός τῶν θητίεσμεν ἀλλῶ  
Ἀδρι παρ' ἀκλήρω ὃ μὴ βίστο; πολὺς εἶπ  
'Ἡ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμίμινε πν ἀνάσσειν.

*Rather I chuse laboriously to bear  
A twight of woes, and breathe the vital air;  
A slave to some poor hind who soils for bread,  
Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead. Pope.*

And *Euripides* in *Iphigenia*,

Τὸ φῶς τὸ δ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἥδιον εἰπεῖν  
Life is sweet.

Τὰ νίρθε δ' ἕδεις μαίνεται δ' ὅς ἐυχεται  
Θανεῖν κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖστον ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς.

*Below we're nothing; better 'tis to breathe  
A wretched life, than lie renown'd in death. M.*

*Epicurus* in *Laertius*—τὸν σοφὸν καὶ πρῶτόντα τὰς δόξαις, μεθεξὲν τῷ βίῳ. *The wise man, though he were blind, would still wish to live; which Lipfius supposes Seneca to have had in view.*

The foregoing lines were thus parodied in a newspaper, *March* 14, 1782.

Aye, tye my hands up if you will,  
Pass vote on vote, and bill on bill,  
Expose me to the worst disgraces;  
Though all my slippery friends grow slack,  
And *Charles F.* ride upon my back,  
I care not, so I keep my places.

## EPISTLE CII.

*On Renown after Death; and the Immortality of the Soul.*

AS a man seems troublesome who wakes another out of an agreeable dream; for he deprives him of a pleasure, which however false it may be, yet it hath the effect of truth: so your Epistle, *Lucilius*, did me an injury, in that it took me off from a very proper meditation, wherein I was engaged, and should have gone further, had I not been prevented thereby.

I was delighting myself with an enquiry into *the Immortality of the soul*; nay more, with a firm belief of it. For I was easily induced to give credit to the opinions of some great men; though I must own they seemed rather to promise this great truth, than to prove it (*a*). However I gave myself up to this so great hope: I began to disdain myself, and despise the concerns of life; even the remains of my yet unbroken age, being about to launch into that immeasurable time, and take possession of eternity; when I was suddenly awakened by the receipt of your Epistle, and so lost the sweet reverie, which I will try to recover, and redeem, as soon as I have dispatched this my present engagement to you.

You deny, it seems, that I was explicit enough with regard to the whole question in my former Epistle, wherein I endeavoured to prove, what most of our sect (the *Stoics*) agree in, that *the praise wherewith a man is honoured after death, is a real good*. For you say I have not fully answered this objection, *No good can arise from things distant; but praise is distant*. What you require, *Lucilius*, is indeed part of the question, but more properly to be debated in another place; and therefore I not only deferred this, but other things appertaining thereto. For, as you know, there are rational or logical questions intermixed with *moral*, I thought proper to treat only of the latter, as, *whether*

*it was foolish and vain to transport our thoughts beyond the grave; whether all good dies with us; and nothing of the man remaineth, who is himself nothing! or whether we can receive any fruits from those things (whatever they be) which we shall be partakers of hereafter, before we actually enjoy them (c)?* Now as all these questions relate to *morals*, they are therefore ranged in their proper place. But what logicians object against the foregoing opinion is to be distinguished from these, and therefore is set apart. At your request however I will examine into all that they affirm to the purpose, and then answer their objections. Yet unless I premise a few things, my refutations will not so easily be understood.

Know then that some bodies are continuous (*d*) and uniform, as man; other bodies are compounded, as a ship, an house, and every thing, the different parts whereof are joined, and united in one body: others again consist of things distinct from each other, and whose several members still remain separate, as an army, a people, a senate. For however the individuals, which constitute these bodies, are conjoined, either by law or duty, yet are they, in nature, distinct; and each a several body. Well then, to come to the point.

We suppose, *it cannot be a good, which depends upon things distinct: for one good must be ruled and governed by one and the same spirit (e); there can be but one principal of one good (f).* This is self-evident; as you will find upon reflection, if you at any time desire a proof of it. In the mean while, we lay down certain positions, whereon to fix the thread of our discourse (*g*).

You say then, that “*nothing can be good, which consists of or depends on things distinct.* Now this praise or *renown*, that we are speaking of, is the favourable opinion of good men. For as fame is not the esteem of one man; nor infamy the malignant report of one; so *renown* consists not in the approbation of *one* good man (*b*). Many men, famous and excellent in themselves, must agree therein, before it can be called *renown*. This therefore consisting in and depending upon the judgment of divers persons (i. e. such as are distinct) cannot be a good.”

*Renown*

“ *Renown* (it is further said) is *praise of good men given to good men.*  
 “ Praise is a speech, and speech is a voice, signifying something; but  
 “ mere voice, though it be that of a good man, is not *good*; nor is  
 “ every thing that a good man does, alike good; for he sometimes  
 “ applauds, and sometimes condemns. But no one can say, that either  
 “ his clapping his hands, or hissing, though he may approve and ad-  
 “ mire all that is done, is of any more real consequence than if he had  
 “ sneezed or coughed; therefore his praise or *renown* is not a good. In  
 “ a word tell us, if you please, whether it be the good of the person  
 “ who praiseth, or of him who is praised? If you say it belongs to  
 “ the latter, it is no less ridiculous than to say, that another man’s  
 “ health is mine. But to praise a worthy man is a just action; so that  
 “ it is the good of the former, or the person who praiseth, and not of  
 “ the person who is praised.” Now this is begging the question; but  
 I will cursorily answer the particulars.

First, it is still made a question *whether any good can arise from things*  
*distinct*; and each side of the question hath its party, and reasons to sup-  
 port it. Secondly, this praise or *renown* requires not the suffrages of  
 many; it may rest satisfied with the judgment of one great and good  
 man: for one good man is a competent judge of all other good men.  
*What then* (it is urged) *shall fame be the esteem of one man, and infamy the*  
*malicious report of one only? Glory* (say they) *we understand to be more*  
*widely diffused, as it requires the consent of many (i).* But the condition  
 is not the same in both cases. Because, if a good man thinks well of  
 me, I am as happy therein, as if all men were to think the same. A  
 right judgment is the same in all, as in one, and as they judge alike, they  
 cannot disagree in their opinions concerning my deserts. Therefore  
 what one hath said, imports as much as if they all had spoke, as they  
 cannot but think the same thing. But then as to *glory* and *fame*, the  
 opinion of one is not sufficient. In the former case, the opinion of one  
 would be the opinion of all, because if all were asked it would be the  
 same; but in the latter, divers men have divers judgments, and their  
 affections also are different. When all things in this world are doubt-  
 ful, light, and to be suspected, do you think that all men can be of one  
 mind?

mind? The opinion of one man is not always the same. Truth indeed is always pleasing to good men; and the force and colour of truth is always the same. But there are those who delight in, and give their assent to, falsities; and in falsities there can be no constancy, they are ever varying, and discordant.

But *praise* (they say) is *nothing more than voice, and mere voice cannot be a good*. When men say that *renown* is the praise that is given to good men, by such as are good themselves, they allude not to the mere sound of words, but to the sense and meaning. For though a good man should hold his peace, and yet should think any one worthy praise, such a one is praised thereby.

Besides, *praise* is one thing, and *praising* another: this indeed requires the voice. In speaking of a funeral oration we say not (*funeris laus*) *praise*, but (*laudatio*) *praising*: the business whereof consists in elocution. But when we say such a one is worthy praise, we do not promise him the favourable report of men, but their judgment. Therefore praise is the approbation of one who thinks rightly, and who, though he be silent, yet praiseth the good man in his heart. For praise (as I said) is referred to the heart, not to the words, which express the praise conceived, and usher it into public notice. He sufficiently praises a man, who thinks him praiseworthy. When our tragic poet (*k*) saith

Magnificum esse laudari a laudato viro;  
'Tis great by the praiseworthy to be prais'd.

And when as ancient a poet says

Laus alit artes, *Praise cherisheth the arts* (*l*).

He does not say *praising* which is a sort of flattery, that rather spoils and corrupts them. For nothing hath done more prejudice to eloquence, and the like arts adapted to the ear, than popular applause. Fame requires the public voice; renown doth not: for it repeats not words, being satisfied with the judgments of men. It is accomplished, not only among those who are silent, but even those who oppose it. I will shew the difference between *renown* and glory. Glory consists in



the judgment of many, but true praise or *renown* in the judgment of good men only.

*But whose good, it is asked, is renown, i. e. the praise given to good men, by good men themselves? Is it the good of him that is praised, or of him that praiseth?* Of both; it is mine who am praised; forasmuch as nature hath created me a lover and a friend to all mankind: I both rejoice in having done good myself, and in having met with grateful interpreters of such my actions, as tend to virtue. It is indeed the good of many in that they are grateful, but it is mine also: for I am of such an happy disposition as to look upon the good of others as my own; especially the good of those to which I have in anywise been instrumental. And it is the good of him that praiseth me, because it is an act of virtue; and every act of virtue is good. But this good he could not have enjoyed, were I not what I am. Therefore worthy praise is the good both of the giver and of the receiver, as the passing a just sentence is the good of the judge, and of the party in whose favour the sentence is given. Or can you doubt but that justice is the good both of the creditor and debtor, in the payment of a debt? Now to praise a worthy man is justice: praise therefore is the common good, both of him that praiseth, and of him that is praised.

And thus, I think, I have sufficiently answered these cavillers. But we ought not designedly to sow subtleties, and draw down philosophy from the extensive throne of her majesty into narrow straits. How much better is it to walk in the plain and direct way, than to pretend to find out bye-paths, 'till we lose ourselves therein, and are constrained to return back again, after much pain and labour? neither indeed are these scholastic disputations any thing more, than the sport of men artfully endeavouring to beguile one another. Say rather how natural it is, and much more commendable in a man to stretch out his mind, as far as it can reach, into immensity.

The soul of man is great, and generous, admitting no other bounds to be set to her, than what are common with God. *First, she acknowledgeth*

ledgeth not any terrestrial city, as *Ephesus*, or *Alexandria*, or if there be any more populous, and whose buildings are more beautiful and of larger extent. No; she claims for her country the universe; the whole convex, wherein are included the lands and the seas; wherein the air expending itself between the earth and the heavens, conjoins them both; and wherein are placed the inferior deities, intentive to execute their commissions. Nor, *secondly*, does she suffer herself to be confined to any number of years. *All years, says she, are mine.* No age is locked up from the penetration of learned men; no time so distant, or dark, that is not pervious to thought.

When the day shall come that will separate this composition, human and divine, I will leave this body here, where I found it, and return to the Gods (*m*); not that I am altogether absent from them even now; though detained from superior happiness, by this heavy earthly clog (*n*). This short stay in mortal life, is but the prelude to a better, and more lasting life above (*o*). As we are detained nine months in our mother's womb, which prepares us not for itself, to dwell always therein, but for that place whereunto we are sent, as soon as we are fit to breathe the vital air, and strong enough to bear the light; so, in that space of time, which reacheth from infancy to old age inclusive, we aspire after another birth as from the womb of Nature; another beginning, another state of things expects us. We cannot as yet reach heaven, 'till duly qualified by this interval.

Look then with an intrepid eye upon that determined happy hour. It is not the last to the soul, if it be to the body. Whatever things are spread around thee, look upon them only as the furniture of an inn. We must leave them and go on. Nature throws us out of the world, as she threw us into it. We can carry nothing away with us, as we brought with us nothing into it (*p*). Nay even great part of that which attended us when we came into the world, must be thrown off. This skin, which Nature threw over us as a veil, must be stripped off: our flesh, and our blood, that so wonderfully circulates through every part of it, must be dispersed; as also the solids, the bones and nerves,

which supported the fluids and weaker parts. This day, which men are apt to dread as their last, is but the birth-day of an-eternity (*q*)-

Be resigned then, and willingly lay your burthen down. Why do you delay, as if this was the first time that you departed from a body, wherein you were enclosed? Still you hesitate, and are reluctant; and it was not without great pain, and labour your mother was delivered of thee. You sigh and cry; thus didst thou weep (as it is usual) when a little infant \*: at such a time excusable indeed, when you came into the world a mere novice, ignorant of every thing, and when taken out of a warm and soft bed, a freer air blew fresh upon you; and when you was as yet so tender as not to bear the touch of the hard hand, and so great a stranger as to be amazed at every thing you saw around, and knew them not. But now, it can be no new thing to you, to be separated from that, which was a part of you before: throw off then willingly this superfluous part; and patiently quit the body, which you have so long inhabited: why are you so sorrowful? was it to be torn in pieces, or drowned, or burned, there is nothing in all this but what is common.

The cawl, or covering of new-born infants soon wasteth away and perisheth: so will those worldly goods with which you are so enamoured: they are but the outward coverings wherein you are enwrapped. The day will come that shall unfold them and give you liberty, delivering you from this filthy apartment wherein you are now quartered. Even now desert it as much as possible, and soar aloft; estrang'd even from those things, which seem most necessary and dear to you. Meditate something more noble and sublime (*r*); that blessed day, suppose, when the mysteries of Nature shall be revealed to you; this darkness be dispersed; and the light shall break in upon you on every side. Imagine with yourself how great that brightness is, where so many stars intermingle their glorious beams; a light so serene and clear, that not the least shadow of darkness shall rest upon it (*s*); all heaven shines out with equal splendor; day and night have their turns only on this earthly globe, and the airy regions round about.

You will then say, you lived in darkness before: when you shall behold the full glories of that light, which now thou seest dimly (*t*), through the narrow circles of the eyes, and yet at so great a distance as to fill the mind with admiration and astonishment. How then will it amaze you, when, I say, you shall behold that divine light in its full spread of glory in heaven? Such a reflection as this cannot but raise the mind above every mean thought, and deter us from every vile and cruel practice. It informs us the Gods are witnesses of all our actions: (*u*) it commands us, to make ourselves acceptable to them; to prepare ourselves for communion with them; and have always eternity in view; (*x*) which whoever hath any conception of, he dreads no enemies; he hears the trumpet's sound undismayed; nor can all the threats in the world terrify his manly soul: for why should he be afraid of any thing (*y*)? What can deter him from the punctual discharge of every duty, who dies in this hope? When even the man, who thinks that the soul subsists no longer than while it is imprisoned in the body, and at its departure hence is entirely dissipated and dissolved, yet ceaseth not to endeavour to make himself useful, and to live in some measure after death? For though he be taken from our sight (*z*), yet

Multa viri virtus animo multusque recurfat

Gentis honos.—*Virg.* iv. 3.

*The hero's valour, acts, and birth, occur*

*To the attentive mind—*

Think how profitable good examples are; and you will find, that the remembrance of great personages is no less serviceable, and useful, than their presence.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

\* I know not where *Seneca*, in all his writings, has a better claim to the title given him, by Pope *Linus*, *Augustin*, and others of *almost a Christian*, than in this excellent epistle.

(a) *Seneca* (as Dr. *Leland* observes) seems to have been strangely unsettled in his notions with regard to the immortality of the soul, and a future state. Sometimes however he speaks in a clear and noble manner of the happiness of souls after death, when freed from the incumbrance of the body, and received into the place or region of departed souls. *Consol. ad Ep. 6. c. 28. ad Marc. c. 25.* See also *Epp. 63. 76.* And in this epistle it cannot but be acknowledged that he has some sublime thoughts on this subject. See *Lips. Physiol. iii. 11.*

(b) As *Solomon* saith, *I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous to me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.* *Ecclef. ii. 17.*

(c) An ex eo, quodcunque erit, sensuri sumus aliquid fructus antequam percepi possit. *al. antequam aliquis fructus percipi, aut peti possit. al. an ex eo quod cum erit sensuri non sumus antequam—Pincian. an ex eo, quod cum erit sensuri non sumus, aliquid fructus, percipi possit, i. e. whether any profit can accrue to us, from that, be it what it will, which we shall not be sensible of. Gruter. antequam sit, aliquis—i. e. whether we can receive any profit from a posthumous fame, which when we shall have, we shall not be sensible of, being dead, before such fame can be. Gronovius only omits the particle quam, and understands it thus, whether such things as shall be said of us when we are not sensible of them, being thought upon while we are here, can be of any service to us.—Lipsius reads it, quod tum erit, aut equando aliquid fructus, i. e. immediately, or after (what has since been called) purgatory.*

(d) So *Plutarch* (in præcept. connub. 31.) Τῶν σωμάτων φιλόσοφοι τὰ μὲν ἐκ διαστάτων λέγουσι εἶναι, κ. τ. λ. *Philosophers assert that of bodies which consist of several parts, some are composed of parts distinct and separate as a fleet, an army: others of contiguous parts as a house, as a ship; and others of parts united at the first conception, equally partaking of life and motion, and growing together as are the bodies of all living creatures.* Vid. *Sen. Nat. Qu. ii. 2.*

(e) Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; for by one spirit are we baptized into one body. *i. Cor. 4. 13.* I beseech you, saith *St. Paul*, that ye walk worthy the vocation wherewith ye are called—endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: there is one God, and one Spirit, even as ye are called, in one hope of your calling. One God, and father of us all. *Ephes. iv. 1. 6.*

(f) Τὸ ἡγμονικόν.

(g) Quo nostra tela nitatur. *Muret.* Cui nostra tela innitatur. Sentit enim assumendum aliquid per se notum, ad futuram argumentationis; quemadmodum tela substernitur stamen. *Erasmus. al. in nostra tela mittuntur.* From whence *Pincian* reads it, quia in nos tela mittuntur, in this sense, which, I think, is not to be rejected, *In the mean while we must give you the objections that are thrown out against us.*

(h) *Sidon. Carm. 24.* Hic si te probat, omnibus placebis.

(i) *Pbilo Judæus*, on the words, *E-vigilavit Noë, ὁ δ' ἄφρονος οὐκ ἐπιδόξος, ἀλλὰ ἐκκληῆς, κ. τ. λ.* *The wise man is not glorious, but renowned, and enjoys praise, not adulterated by flattery, but established in truth.*

(k) *Lipsius* gives this verse to *Nævius*, who in *Cicero* (*Ep. Fam. xv. 6.*) *Lætus sum laudari me (inquit Hæctor) abs te, pater, laudato viro.* See the *Spectator*, No. 108.

(l) So, *Erasmus. al. Laus alterius. al. laus a literis.* From *Cicero.* Honor alit artes,—and *Ovid*, *Laudataque virtus crescit, The more 'tis prais'd, the more will virtue thrive.*

(m) *Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.* Eccles. xii. 7.—iii. 20. 21.

(n) *We are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord; (for we walk by faith, not by sight) we are confident I say, and willing to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord; wherefore we labour, that whether present, or absent, we may be accepted of him.* ii. Cor. v. 6—9. See Ep. 65.

(o) Some notion and belief of the immortality of the soul and a future state obtained among mankind from the most antient time, and spread generally among the nations: not originally as the mere effect of human wisdom and reasoning, but as derived by a most antient tradition from the earliest ages, and probably made a part of the primitive religion, communicated by divine revelation to the first parents of the human race. The belief of it was countenanced and encouraged by the wisest legislators; but was much weakened by the disputes of the philosophers; and the general corruption of manners: from whence is justly inferred *the necessity of a divine revelation*, to assure mankind of the truth of this important article. Ita quicquid est istud quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vivit, quod viget, cæleste ac divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est. *Whatever thing is in us, which perceives, which understands, which lives, which has a force and vigour of its own, is celestial and divine; and for that reason must necessarily be eternal.* See N. q.

(p) *Be not then afraid, when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth, he shall carry nothing away with him; his glory shall not descend after him.* Ps. xlix. 16. *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return.* Job. 1. 21. *For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.* i. Tim. 6. 7.

(q) Dies iste quem tanquam extremum reformidas æterni natalis est. I have observed in N. o, that the belief of the immortality of the soul was much weakened by the disputes of the philosophers; when they who professed to believe it, often spoke of it with great doubt and uncertainty, or argued for it upon insufficient grounds. Thus *Seneca*, notwithstanding the clear and sublime sentence before us, yet in this very Epistle represents it as a kind of pleasing dream, and as an opinion embraced by great men, very agreeable indeed, but which they *promised rather than proved.* See also Epp. 69. 76. Lips. Physiol. iii. 11. Leland, vol. ii. p. 3. c. 3.

\* *I myself am a mortal man, like to all, and the offspring of him that was first made of the earth.—And when I was born, I drew in the common air and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature; and the first voice that I uttered was crying, as all others do; I was nursed in swadling clothes, and that with cares. For there is no king that had any other beginning of birth.* Wisd. viii. 1—5.

(r) Aliquid altius sublimiusque meditare] *Set your affections on things above.* Col. 3. 2. See Epp. 58. 65.

(s) So St. *John*, speaking of the new *Jerusalem*, *And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it: and the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it: and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.* Rev. 21. 23. 25.

(t) *For now we shall see as through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.* i. Cor. 13. 12. See Epp. 79. 93.

(u) The almighty Agent that created the universe must necessarily know all things that are, and all the powers and faculties of them, and consequently all that they can or ever will produce. He must thoroughly comprehend what is best and properest in every one of the infinitely possible cases, and methods of disposing things; how to order and direct the respective means, to bring about what is best and fittest to be done; and this is what we call *infinite knowledge*, or *omni-science*.

—What



— What can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient? Milton, x. 5.

(x) *Set your affections on things above. Col. 3. 2. See Ep. 79. 93. Ye were some time darknesſe, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as the children of light; proving what is acceptable to the Lord: and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darknesſe. Ephes. v. 8. 11. I beſeech you, brethren, for the mercies of the Lord, that you preſerve your bodies a living ſacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reaſonable ſervice; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good, and acceptable and perfect will of God. Rom. xii. 1. 2.*

(y) *Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye ſhall fear. Fear him which after he hath killed hath power to caſt into hell. Luk. 12. 5. Matth. 10. 28.*

(z) *In the fight of the unwiſe they ſeemed to die, and their departure is taken for miſery; and their going from us to be utter deſtruction; but they are in peace. For though they be periſhed in the fight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. Wiſd. iii. 2.*

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### EPISTLE CIII.\*

*The Duty of Man, with regard to Caution, and a Knowledge of the World.*

**W**HY, *Lucilius*, with fear and trembling, do you regard thoſe things, that may poſſibly happen, and perhaps may never happen; I mean, fire, the fall of a houſe, and the like casualties, which are incident to us, but await us not? Rather inſpect, and avoid, if poſſible, ſuch things as lie upon the catch, and ſeize us unawares. Casualties are rare, though ſometimes grievous indeed; ſuch as ſhipwreck, or the being overturned in a chariot: but man is every day in danger from man his fellow-creature (*a*). Be prepared againſt this, and contemplate with open eyes; for no evil is more frequent, none more pertinacious, none more ſoothing: the tempeſt lours before it riſeth; our houſes crack before they fall; and ſmoke bewrays the kindling flame. But deſtruction from man comes on a ſudden, and is the more cloſely and diligently concealed, the nearer it approacheth. You will be deceived,

ceived, if you trust to the countenances of all you meet: some have the appearance indeed of men, but the hearts of wild beasts (*b*). Except that the onset of these is more violent, and pernicious, being made without distinction on the first they meet, whom nature suffers them not to pass by: for 'tis necessity alone that sets them upon doing mischief. They are compelled to fight, either through hunger or fear: whereas man, unprovoked, takes a pleasure in destroying man.

But at the same time that you reflect upon what danger is to be expected from man, think also upon what is *the duty of man*. Consider the former to avoid being hurt, and the latter that you may do no hurt. Rejoice at the success of every one, and be grieved at their misfortunes: ever mindful of what you ought to do, and what to leave undone (*c*). And what will be the consequence of living in this manner? Why, it will not indeed certainly prevent you from being injured, but it will certainly prevent you from being deceived. Make your retreat however as soon as possible into the courts of Philosophy. She will protect you in her bosom. In her sanctuary you will be safe; at least much safer than at present. Men jostle one another, only when walking together; and as to philosophy, pride not yourself thereon: many have suffered from their insolent and disdainful behaviour in this respect. Let it expel your own vices, and not upbraid those of other men. Nor be singularly averse to the manners and fashions of the public (*d*); nor so act as to seem to condemn every thing but what comes from yourself. A man may be wise without such pomp and shew as to raise jealousy and envy in others.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

\* Some have thought this epistle nothing more than an appendix to the foregoing: but Lipsius approves not of this opinion.

(\*) Homo homini lupus. *Plaut. Anacharsis*, the Scythian, being asked, τί ἐστὶ τὸ πολεμίου ἀνθρώπου, what is hostile to man? answered, ἑαυτοῦ, man himself.

(b) As David saith, they gather themselves together, they hide themselves and mark my steps, when they lay wait for my soul. Ps. 56. 6. My soul is among lions, and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even among the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword. Ps. 57. 4. Preserve me, O Lord, from the violent man, who imagine mischief in their hearts; they have



have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders poison is under their lips. Pf. 140. 1. There is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness, their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter with their tongues. Pf. 59. They come to you in sheeps cloathing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Matth. vii. 15.

Hominum effigies habent, animos ferarum, nisi quod illarum perniciosior est primus incurfus, quos transire non queunt. *Lipfius* (Elect. l. c. 16.) reads it, *primis*.—*Pincian*. quos transire non querunt. i. e. only the first assault of wild beasts is dangerous and destructive; they return not upon whom they have passed by. *Gronovius*, nisi quod illorum, sc. hominum, i. e. men differ from wild beasts but in this, that their first onset is generally more dangerous and destructive, because it is made on those, who are not upon their guard, and who seek not to avoid them the first time, as they do the attack of wild beasts. Quos transire non querunt, nempe illi, qui obvios sunt habituri. This defect of a nominative case, he shews to be frequent in his note on *Sen. de ira* l. 2. 12. Mentior nisi adhuc querit ascendere. *Ovid. Met.* xi. 754. Et si descendere ad ipsum ordine perpetuo queris. So that according to *Gronovius* we may render it thus; except that the first attack of men is the more pernicious in that we seek not to avoid them. But I have followed *Lipfius*, as I think the reading more plain and natural.

*Epiæetus* *Diff.* i. c. 3. observes that some men are like wolves, false, treacherous, hurtful; others like lions, wild, fierce, cruel: and most men like foxes, sly and fraudulent.

*Lycurgus*, an antient poet, says,

Φῆυ πῶς πονηρόν ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπων φύσις  
 Τὸ συναλοῖ· ἔ γάρ ἄν ποτ' ἐδεδῆν νόμος  
 Οἷσι τὶ τῶν ἄλλων διαφέρειν θηρίων  
 Ἄνθρωπον, ἐδὲ μικρὸν ἀλλὰ ἤμιατι·  
 Πλαγί' ἐστὶ τ' ἄλλα, τῷτο δ' ἑρῶδεν θήριον.  
 How great the sinfulness of man! the cause  
 Of such a vast variety of laws!  
 The difference 'tween man and beast; no more,  
 Than, that on two legs walks, and this on four.

(c) He that will love life, and see good days, let him eschew evil, and do good, let him seek peace, and ensue it. Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good? But if you suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye. i. Pet. 3. 8—17.

It is remarkable that the precepts here given by *Seneca* are the very same with those of *St. Paul* to the Romans, and follow almost in the same order: Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one towards another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men. Rom. xii. 15—18. See also Prov. iii. 7. xx. 22. If. xii. 21. i. Theff. v. 15. Heb. xii. 14. which seems, in some measure, to confirm what I have elsewhere observed, that they were in some sort known to each other.

(d) So in a fragment of *Cicero's*; *Philosophie* quidem præcepta noscenda, vivendum autem civiliter. 'Tis necessary indeed to know the precepts of philosophy, though a man lives in the common way.

(e) He that, &c.

## EPISTLE CIV.

*On Travelling.*

I HAVE fled, *Lucilius*, to my seat at *Nomentum* (*a*): from what, think you? from the city? No; from a fever, that I found creeping upon me, nay that had actually laid hold upon me, as I thought; I therefore ordered my chariot to be got ready immediately, though my wife, *Paulina*, was against my moving. But the physicians assuring me that the symptoms were strong upon me, as my pulse kept not its due motion in the arteries, but was high and irregular, I insisted upon going, and repeated the words of my Lord *Gullio*; who being in *Achaia*, and finding a shivering come upon him, immediately took ship, saying, *it was not a natural disease of the body, but accidental from the bad air of the place.*

This I told my *Paulina*, who always wishes me to take care of my health; and as I know her life is wrapt up in mine, it is for her good I consult my own. And though old age hath hardened and fortified me in many respects, I put it not to the trial: remembering that in this old person of mine there lives a much younger in participation of it, or for whom it is indulged; and therefore, as I cannot require or expect from her that she should love me, if possible, better than she does (*b*); she may well require this from me, that I should love, and take better care of myself than usual. It is reasonable to indulge all just and pure affections: and sometimes, if urgent causes require it, our breath, in honour to, and for the service of our friends, must be retained, and kept in, as it were, with the teeth; because a good man is bound to live, not only so long as it liketh him; but so long as he ought, and can possibly live, for the service of others (*c*).

The man who thinks that his wife or his friend is not of such consequence that he should wish to continue in life for their sakes, and not

rather die when he pleases, is a coxcomb. Let the soul have so much command over herself, when the service of a friend or relation requires it, as not only to be unwilling to depart, but, even when it is upon the wing, to return, if possible, to their assistance. It shews a nobleness of soul, thus to return again, as it were, to life, for the benefit of our relations; as many great men have done.

And this also I think a point of great humanity, for a man more industriously to keep up his old age; (the chief benefit whereof is the more prudent care of a man's self, and a more orderly and manly use of life;) particularly if he knows it can be agreeable, useful, and desirable to those about him. This affair also carries with it no small joy or recompence; for what can be more delightful than for a man to be so dear to his wife, as to make him more dear to himself? My *Paulina* therefore may think herself obliged not only to *her* fear and concern, but to mine also.—But to return :

Would you know what success my determination of going into the country met with? No sooner had I got out of the foggy air of the city, (and the stink of the smoke from so many kitchen fires, which being stirred send forth whatever poisonous vapours were contained therein, so as almost to choak us,) than I found an alteration for the better: how much more then must you think my health restored, when I reached my delightful vineyards (*d*)? As let loose into good pasture, I rushed upon my food with an eager appetite; and am perfectly recovered: the listlessness that attends a weak and crazy constitution is gone off; and my whole mind is again intent upon study.

The place however that a man is in, contributes very little to the study of philosophy, unless the mind assists itself; which can even give itself privacy in the midst of business and company. But he that chuseth his country-seat, only by way of idle retirement, will every where find enough to perplex and disturb him. For it is said that *Socrates*, when a person was complaining to him that he had received very little benefit from travelling, made this reply: *I do not wonder at*  
*it,*

*it, since you travelled with yourself\**. O how happy would many a man be, if they could but throw off themselves! The chief adversaries that trouble, corrupt, and terrify them, are themselves. What avails it to travel over the seas, or to travel from city to city? If you would avoid that which most torments you, it is not your going to another place that will do it, but your being another man. Suppose you were to come to *Athens* or to *Rhodes*; it is nothing to the purpose what the manners are of the inhabitants, you bring your own thither.

You will think riches the only thing that can make a man happy. Poverty then will be sure to rack you, and (what is most miserable) even false poverty. For though you possess much, yet because another hath more, you will think you want at least as much as that wherein he exceeds you. Or do you think that happiness consists in honours? How will it torment you to see such a one made *Consul*; and much more to see another rechosen! It will sting you to see another's name oftener than your own in the *fasti*, or *public register*. Nay, so blind and mad will be your ambition, that if there is any one before you, you will think no one behind you. You will fancy death to be the greatest of all evils, when it has no other evil in it than to be feared before it comes; not only danger will affright you, but even the suspicion of danger. Vain shadows will scare thee.

For what will it profit you,

——— Evasisse tot urbes

Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes;

*Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,*

*And left so many Grecian towns behind;* Dryden—

when peace itself, instead of comfort shall administer fear? You will give no credit to, nor put your trust in, things most safe and sure; when once the mind is disturbed, and having got an habit of heedless timidity, you are no longer able to provide for your own safety; for you will not shun, but fly from the stroke: and we are always most exposed to danger, when we have turned our backs.

If you think it a most grievous affliction to lose any one you love; know, that this is as ridiculous as to weep, that the leaves of fine sha-

dowing trees that adorn your houses are fallen. Whatever else you delight in, hath its time to flourish, and alike decays (*c.*) Time and Death shake off one thing after another. But as the loss of the leaves is easy to be borne, because they shall one day bud forth again; so likewise is the loss even of those whom you loved, and thought the delight of your life. Because, though they themselves return not again, yet the loss of them may be repaired by associating, suppose, with others. *But these are not the same.* True; neither will you be the same. Every day, every hour makes a change in you: but in others the alteration is more visible: here indeed it is not perceivable, because not so public and open: others are snatched away from us, but we steal as it were from ourselves. You will not reflect on these things, nor apply a remedy to these wounds in time; but are continually sowing the seeds of perplexity and trouble, by hoping some things, and despairing of others: If you are wise you will join these two together; and never hope, so as to think you cannot be disappointed; nor so despair, as to leave no room for hope. But to return:

Wherein can travelling be of any service merely as travelling! It will not of itself moderate pleasures, refrain desires, pacify anger, break the untameable power of love, root out any evil habit from the mind, endow it with sound judgment, and dispel error. In short, men that go out fools, will return the same, if not worse; on whom travelling hath no other effect, than for a while to amuse them with some novelty; as children are apt to admire every thing which they never saw before. And as to inconstancy of mind, this roving from place to place rather encreases it, which was bad enough before; and renders it more light and wavering. Hence you often see men passing from a place, at which they before most earnestly desired to arrive; and like birds of passage flock away faster than they came.

But travel, you will say, furnishes a man with the knowledge of nations; shews him mountains of different forms, desert plains, valleys watered with everlasting rills; rivers of an extraordinary nature, full worthy observation; as the *Nile* in *Egypt*, which flows highest in the  
summer

Summer season; or the *Tigris* in *Asia*, which at certain places is lost, and running far under ground, appears again, in its full magnitude; or the *Meander*, the sportful theme of all the poets, with all its turnings and windings; when, seeming to leave its own channel, it approaches the bed of some neighbouring flood, but before it has joined it, returns back, forming as it were a circle.—It may be so: but how seldom does all this make a traveller the better or a wiser man? We must be employed in study, and converse with such authors as are the masters of wisdom; that we may not only learn such things as have been already found out, but find out other ourselves of the like importance.

This it is that will raise our minds from miserable servitude to a most happy state of liberty. So long as you know not what is to be avoided, and what pursued; what is necessary, what superfluous; and what is just, fit and decent; it will not be travelling, but wandering. Such an excursion will prove but of little advantage to you; since you travel with the same affections attending you, and your vices consequently follow you. Did I say *follow*? I wish they did, or that they were further from you. You do not lead, but carry them. Hence it is that go where you will they weigh you down, and wring you with the same distresses.

Medicine is requisite for a sick man, not a journey. Hath any one broke his leg, or put out his shoulder, he does not enquire after his chariot, or a ship, but looks out for a skilful surgeon, to set the broken bone, or reduce the dislocated joint. Why then should you think a mind, put out of frame, and so miserably shattered, can be cured merely by change of place? No; this is too great an evil to be repaired by an airing.

Travelling, of itself, makes not either a physician, or an orator. No art is to be learned from the place only. How then can wisdom, the chief of all, be picked up in travelling? Believe me, was there any sort of journey that could set a man out of the reach of desire, anger, fear;



fear; all mankind would travel, and flock to the happy place. So long will evils press upon and tear you, though wandering both by sea and land, as you carry about you the causes of such evils. Are you surprized then at finding no benefit? How can you find benefit, when those very affections still attend you, which you seek to fly from?— First, amend thyself; throw off your burthen: at least reduce your fond desires within moderate bounds; root out all wickedness from thine heart; and if you would have a pleasant journey, heal your inseparable companion, Avarice will certainly not leave you, so long as you cohabit with an avaritious and fordid temper: pride will not forsake you, so long as you converse with one that is proud; nor will you lay aside cruelty, while accompanied by an executioner; as fellowship with adulterers will blow up the lustful flame. If you would be free from vice, depart as far as possible from all vicious examples.

The covetous, the debauchée, the cruel, the knavish, (enemies that will certainly wound you grievously, whenever they make their attack) are even now much nearer than you imagine, they are within thee. Address yourself therefore to better examples (*f*). Live with the *Cato's*, with *Lælius*, with *Tubero*; or if you chuse to converse with *Greeks*, live with *Socrates* or *Zeno*; the one will teach you how to die when necessity requires it; the other, before necessity compels you (*g*): or live with *Chrysippus*, or *Posidonius*; these will instruct you in affairs both human and divine. These will command you to put this knowledge in practice, and not only to talk elegantly, and with a delicate flow of words please the ears of an audience, but strengthen the mind, and fortify it against the frowns of the world. For the only quiet haven in this fluctuating and stormy life, is, for a man to contemn casualties, to stand resolutely fixed, to receive the arrows of fortune with an open breast, and not cowardly to hide himself, or turn his back.

Nature hath formed us great, and valiant. And as to some animals she hath given a fierce and cruel disposition; and to other, subtlety and cunning; and to other, cautious timidity; so hath she given to man a  
glorious

glorious and lofty spirit, that puts him upon searching where he may live most justly and decently, not where most safely; resembling the great world; which he follows, and emulates, as far as human ability will permit. He displays himself at all times; he offers himself as in a theatre, to be gazed at and applauded (*b*). He is lord of all, and above all, earthly things; and therefore he scorns to yield to any incident tamely; or to think it too heavy for him to bear; nor can any thing make him stoop, or give up the dignity of man; not even

Terribiles visu formæ, letumque labosque. Virg. 6. 277.

*Things dreadful to behold, turmoil and death;*

if he can but look on them with a steady eye, and pierce the gloomy darkness that surrounds them. Many things that strike a terror by night, prove trifles, and a mere jest by day; even the before-mentioned

Terribiles visu formæ, letumque, labosque.

Thus excellently wrote our *Virgil*: he does not assert these to be dreadful (*re*) in reality, but (*visu*) in aspect, i. e. (*videri*) to seem (*non esse*) not to be so in fact. For what is there in these things so terrible as vulgar report makes them? What is there, I pray you, *Lucilius*, that should make a hero dread labour, or a mortal man death?

'Tis true, I often meet with those who think every thing impossible which they cannot do; and complain of our talking big, and requiring more than human nature can do: but I have a better opinion of them than they have of themselves; I think they *can* do what is required, but they *will* not. In short, who hath ever failed in his endeavours? Every thing is found much easier upon trial. Not because they are difficult, we dare not attempt them; but because we dare not attempt them they are so difficult; and if you desire an example, I will give you one.

Look on *Socrates*, the most patient man in the world (*i*), amidst a variety of sufferings, and heavy laden with all manner of affliction; invincible by poverty, which was rendered much more grievous by domestic ills; invincible by the laborious task of the field, while a soldier; as well as by the many evils that exercised him at home;

whether



whether you regard the savage temper, or petulant tongue of his wife; or his intractable children, who took after their mother, without the least spice of the father in them.

Thus was he either engaged in war, or under the dominion of a tyrant; or if at liberty at home, it proved more severe than either war or tyrants. Twenty-seven years (*k*) he bore arms, and no sooner were they laid down but the government became subject to thirty tyrants, most of whom were his professed enemies. At last an accusation is brought against him, of the most heinous crimes, (being indicted of the violation of the religious rites, and the corruption of youth) (*l*), committed against the Gods, the Magistrates, and his Country: and the issue of this was, a prison and poison. All these trials however moved not the firm mind of *Socrates*, so much as to make him change his countenance. This singular, wonderful, and most laudable spirit, did he keep up to the very last; nor could any one say that they ever saw him either more chearful, or more melancholy; such an equal temper did he preserve in all this inequality of fortune.

Would you have another example? Consider the late *Marcus Cato*, whom fortune harrassed, if possible, with more inveterate and stubborn rancour. He opposed her however in all places, and at all times, particularly in death: shewing, that a brave man can either live or die, in spite of fortune. His whole life was spent either in the actual broils of civil war, or in such troublous times as are usual before it breaks out. And therefore you may say, that *Cato* lived in a state of servitude, as well as *Socrates*; unless you think *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, and *Crassius*, were friends to, and confederates in the maintenance of, Liberty. No one ever saw any change in *Cato*, whatever change was in the government: in every station and in all occurrences, he continued still the same; in the pratorship; in a repulse; under an accusation; in the province; in the senate; in the army; in death.

Lastly, in that tottering condition of the commonwealth; when there stood on one side *Cæsar*, supported with ten legions of the bravest  
 3 veterans;

veterans; and depending on his alliances with many foreign nations: *Pompey* on the other side, alone, and sufficient to withstand the opposition. And while some volunteers followed *Cæsar*, and others *Pompey*; *Cato* alone raised a party for the commonwealth. If you form in your mind a right conception of those times, you will find on the one hand (for *Cæsar*) the busy mob, and plebeians, always fond of novelty, and a change of government; and on the other (for *Pompey*) the Nobles and Knights, or whoever bore office sacred or civil, in the state; while between them, only two were left destitute, the *Commonwealth* and *Cato*. You will be amazed, I say, when you observe

Atridem, Priamumque, et sævum ambobus Achillem,  
Atrides, Priam, and against them both,  
*The fierce Achilles—*

For he condemns them both; he disarms them both; affirming this to be his determination, If *Cæsar* prevailed, he would die; if *Pompey*, he would depart, self-banished from *Rome*. What now had he to fear, who, whether he conquered, or was conqueror, had decreed to himself *that*, which the most exasperated enemy could but inflict upon him? and accordingly he died by his own decree.

Hence you see, *what fatigue it is possible for man to bear*: *Cato* led his army on foot through the deserts of *Africa*: *that he can endure thirst*; when *Cato*, on the barren and sun-burnt hills, (dragging along the remains of a conquered army, that had no need of any baggage to load them, nor indeed had they any) suffered the want of water, though sweating in armour; and when by chance they met with a small current, he was the last who drank (*m*). Or, *that honours and infamy are to be alike contemned*, when, on the same day that *Cato* was denied the consulship, he diverted himself at tennis (*n*), in the *campus Martius* (*the field of Mars*). Or, *that the power of superiors is not always to be dreaded*. He opposed and provoked at the same time both *Cæsar* and *Pompey*; when no one dared to offend the one, unless it were to ingratiate himself with the other. Or, *that death may as well be despised as banishment*; when he pronounced against himself banishment, and death, and was never disengaged from war. It is possible therefore for

a man to attain such strength of mind, as to bear up against these and the like evils, so that it be free, and not voluntarily submissive to the yoke.

But *first*, for this great purpose, all pleasures must be renounced; they weaken and effeminate the mind; are always importunate, and so mean as to sue to Fortune. *2dly*, Riches are likewise to be contemned; they are the chief instruments of slavery. Gold and silver, and whatever else adorns or loads the houses of the happy great, is to be rejected. Mortifications must be undergone for the attainment of liberty; it is not to be purchased for nothing: if you have any real value for it, you will esteem very thing else but in a low degree (*o*).

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Where he had a country-seat and vineyard. See Ep. cx. Columella, iii. 3.

(*b*) Ut me fortius amet—*Pincian*, ut se fortius amet, because otherwise, says he, the sense would be deficient. I cannot think so.

*Seneca* argues that because *Paulina* cannot love him, better than she does, he ought in justice to her, to love himself better. Besides, she shewed much greater love for *Seneca* than for herself, when some time after she voluntarily submitted to undergo the same fate with her husband; and accordingly had her veins opened at the same instant that his were; but her death was prevented by an order from *Nero*. See Pref. *Tacit.* annal. 15.

(*c*) *Lipsius* here refers the reader to *Cicero* (de fin. iii.) Sæpe officium est sapientis, desciscere a vita, cum sit beatissimus, si id opportunè facere possit.—(Which is thus rendered by *Guthrie*)—It is often the duty of a wise man to leave life, though possessed of perfect happiness, if it is proper for him to do it, which propriety is to be measured by the opportunity he has of living agreeably to nature. But what says *Seneca*?—Cum bono viro vivendum sit non quamdiu juvat, sed quamdiu oportet.] This, I think, is another very remarkable passage against whatever *Seneca* hath elsewhere advanced in favour of suicide. A good man, says he, thinks not his life at his own disposal, but will live; quamdiu oportet; i. e. till it please God to call him hence.

(*d*) Which he took so much delight in as to manage them himself, and even to dig. *Natural Quæst.* iii. 7.

(*e*) Quicquid te delectat, æquè viget, ut videras, dum vireret. Utique aliud alio die casus excutiet. *Lipsius*.—Which he thus explains: As the trees though stripped of their foliage still live, as much as when they were green and flourishing; so our friends, when absent and invisible to us, are still alive.—This *Gronovius* absolutely rejects, and insists upon, Quicquid te delectavit ac tenuit, ut videras, dum vicerat, ubique aliud—ut i. e. simul, vel simul atque; (ut vidi, ut perii. *Virg.*) i. e. Whatever hath delighted, as soon as you have seen it, in its flourishing state, some accident or other will deprive you of it.—*Pincian*: Æque viret. Vivunt dum virent. Utique alium—much in the same sense that I have translated it.—al. Æquè videt, (al. vide) ut videras,—which it is impossible,

ble, I think, to make sense of.—*Erasmus*, *Æquè viget, dum ut videras, dum viveret. Sentit enim nobis vivere quiquid delectat. At delectat etiam memoria rerum bonarum.*—Tout ce qui te plait, est encore en la même vigueur, qu' il étoit quand tu le voyois verdir. *Vet. Gall.*

(f) *Muret.* observes that this precept is taken from that when *Zeno* enquired of the oracle what were the means of living most worthily and happily, he received for answer, *εὐ συγχρητίζοντο τοῖς νεκροῖς.* *By conversing with the dead.* Whereupon he spent the rest of his life in study, and reading ancient authors.

(g) *Zeno* was ninety-eight years old, when, coming from the public schools, he struck his foot against a stone, and tripping, fell upon the ground with one hand; whereupon he repeated these words of *Euripides*, *ἔρχομαι τι μὲν ἔστι;* *I am coming, why in such haste to call me?* and went home and destroyed himself.—May we not say, notwithstanding the great encomiums bestowed upon him, that he was in his dotage? See *Ep.* 107. and the Index.

(b) *Laudari et aspici credit.*—*Pincian. gestit.*—*Lipfius* and *Gruter.* quærit. *Gronovius* approves of *credit*, which he thus explains: *He acts as they do, who are animated by the presence of those whom they revere, and study to please. He thinks himself upon a stage, where the eyes of every one are upon him.* So *Cæsar*, (*de Gall.* l. 3.) *reliquum erat certamen positum in virtute, qua nostri milites facile superfunt, atque eo magis, quod in conspectu Cæsarum, atque omnis exercitus res gerebatur.*—*The rest of the engagement was carried on with great valour, in which our troops have easily the pre-eminence, and the more so, as the affair was transacted in the sight of Cæsar and the whole army.* *Curt.* l. 9. *Ubi cumque pugnabo, in theatro terrarum orbis esse me credam. I will behave myself as upon the theatre of the world.*

(i) *Perfœcium senem;* the same word is used in *Ep.* 53.

(k) And some months. For so long lasted the *Peloponnesian* war.

(l) So in *Tertullian's* Apology. *Lego partem sententiæ Atticæ in Socratem corruptorem adolescentium pronuntiatam. Sen. de Tranquill.* c. 15. *Cum pueris ludere Seneca non crubescibat.* *Vid. Sidon.* l. 3. *Ep.* 3.

(m) *Novissimus* [bi.] So *Lucan.* 9. 595.

Ultimus hauritor aquæ, cum tandem fonte reporto

Indigna conater latices potare juventus,

Stans, dum lixa bibat.

*Sparing of sleep still for the rest he awakes,*

*And at the fountain, lust, his thirst he slakes:*

*Whene'er by chance some living spring is found,*

*He stands, and sees the cooling draughts go round.*

*Stays 'till the last and meanest drudge is past,*

*And 'till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste. Rowe.*

“ Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,

Great and majestic in his griefs like *Cato*?

Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!

How does he rise against a load of woes,

And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!—

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;

Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,

Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night

On the first friendly bank he throws him down,

Or refts his head upon a rock 'till morn :  
 And if the following day he chance to find  
 A new repaft, or an untasted fpring,  
 Bleffes his ftars, and thinks it luxury. *Cato.*

(n) See Ep. 71.

(o) And let me perifh but in *Cato's* judgment,  
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
 Is worth a whole eternity of bondage. *Cato.*

### EPISTLE CV.

*Certain Precepts, with regard to Happinefs and Security, in the Conduct  
 of Life.*

**G**IVE me leave, *Lucilius*, to point out a few things which, if duly  
 obferved, will render your life more fecure, and I am fure you will  
 give the fame attention, at leaft to thefe precepts, as if I had directed  
 you what to do, in order to preferve your health in the bad air about  
*Ardea.*

Confider what thofe things are, which generally incite and provoke  
 men to ruin one another; and you will find them to be, *Hope, Envy,*  
*Hatred, Fear, Contempt.* Of all thefe *contempt* is fo much the lighteft,  
 that many have skulked beneath it by way of fafeguard (*a*); for whom  
 a man contemneth, he may kick at perhaps, but paffeth him by. No  
 man hurts a contemptible perfon frowardly, or purpofely. In a battle,  
 the man that is prostrate is paffed over; he only is attacked who ftands  
 his ground.

You will frustrate the *hope* of the wicked, if you have nothing to  
 provoke their greedy and lawlefs appetite; if you have nothing, I fay,  
 that is very remarkable: for whatever is extraordinary, however little  
 known, is moftly coveted.

And

And thus may you prevent *envy*; if you live without pomp and parade; if you talk not of your wealth and endowments, but can enjoy them with self-complacency.

You will prevent *hatred*, by giving no offence, by provoking no one designedly, or wantonly, and living peaceably with all men, as common sense shall direct you. Many have been in great danger from *hatred*; though some have experienced it without a profest enemy.

*Not to be feared*, a moderate fortune and mildness of temper will prove the surest means: when men shall know you to be one, when they may in some measure offend with impunity, being easily pacified, and most assuredly reconciled. But *to be feared*, is as dangerous and troublesome at home as abroad; whether it be by servants or children. There is no one but who hath sufficient power, if they please, to hurt you. Add therefore, that he who is *feared*, hath reason also to *fear*. No one who is dreaded can assure himself of security.

Lastly, as to *contempt*, he hath the management of it in his own power, who hath brought it upon himself; who is despised because he regarded it not, rather than because he deserved it. To prevent the inconvenience whereof, let a man study the *liberal sciences*, and procure friendship with those who have an interest with men in power: to whom it will be proper to make application; though not so to involve and engage yourself, as to make the remedy worse than the disease. Yet nothing will be of more service herein, than not to be over-busy and talkative, conversing chiefly with yourself.

There is a certain pleasure in talking, which steals upon a man, and flatters him; and often, like a cup too much, or love, is apt to disclose the secrets of the heart. There is scarce any one but will tell again, what he hath heard, though but seldom the whole of what he heard. And who relates the matter, will likewise declare his author. All men have some one or other, whom they think they can trust with what they themselves have been entrusted. Hence pretending to set a watch  
upon



upon their lips, and to be contented with the attention of one only, they make the people privy to all they know (*b*); so that what before was a secret, is made a common report.

The best means however of security is to do no ill. Passionate men lead a confused and troublesome sort of life. They necessarily fear a return of what mischief they do, and are at no time free therefrom. They tremble as soon as they have done it, and are ever after in suspense (*c*). Conscience will not suffer them to rest; and often sets them upon an enquiry into themselves (*d*). He is punished who only expects punishment; and he who hath deserved punishment, expects it. An evil conscience may sometimes think itself safe, but never secure (*e*). For a criminal, though not immediately apprehended, must think himself liable thereto. Even his dreams disturb him: and when he hears the crime mentioned accidentally, his own guilt stares him in the face: he never supposes it sufficiently obliterated, or closely enough concealed from the world. Let the guilty then escape as they will for the present, they can put no confidence therein.

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *A: Brutus* (in *Livy*) *Neque in animo suo quidquam regi timendum, neque in fortuna concupiscendum relinquere statuit, contemptuque tutus esse, ubi in jure parum præsidii esset. He was determined to leave nothing upon his mind that could affect the state, or was subject to the caprice of fortune, choosing to be safe, from contempt, where there was no dependence upon legal right*

(*b*) *Or, being contented to tell his story but to one person, he will make the people that one. Or, Ut garrulilatam suam custodiat, et contentus sit unius auribus, populum faciet. He will suppress the people can help their prattling, and be contented with telling their story, each to one person. I know not what else to make of this passage, for I think Pincian's reading scarce admissible; poculum, instead of populum, i. e. A man will prattle to one or more according to what he has drunk.*

(*c*) *The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. Ps. 57. 20.—The Heathens were sensible of these horrors of conscience as well as Christians. Dii demum! quam malè est extra legem viventibus! quod semel meruerunt, semper expectant. Petron. in Claud. Ruffin. ii. Good God! how miserable it is to live uninfluenced by law! The punishment which they have deserved they always dread.*

*Quid demens manifesta negas? en pectus inultæ*

*Deformant maculæ vitiisque inolevit imago*

*Nec sese commissa tegunt. Claud. ii. 504.*

*Wouldst thou deny what is so manifest?*

*Thy guilty stains are openly imprest,*

*And every secret vice stands full confessed. Mclampus, p. 197.*

EPISTLE

## EPISTLE CVI.

• *Whether Good be a Body* \*.

I HAVE been more tardy, I confess, than usual, *Lucilius*, in not answering your Epistle; not because I was too busily employed: I scorn such an excuse, for I have leisure enough; as every one may have if they please. A man is not always engaged in business; but some create it to themselves: nay, and place great part of their happiness therein. Why then, you will say, did I not answer your request sooner (a)? Why to tell you the truth, it has some connexion with my present purpose; as you know I am determined to comprize the whole of *moral philosophy*, and to explain every question relating thereto. (b) Therefore I was some time in doubt, whether I should put you off for the present, 'till this subject would have its proper place, or in the mean time give you something extraordinary for your satisfaction. But it seemed more kind and humane not to detain one longer, who came so far. Therefore I have selected the following from the series of those questions, which depend upon one another, and will send you some other, of my own accord, to prevent your request. Do you ask what these questions are? Why, truly, such as there is more pleasure and curiosity in knowing, than profit, as in this before us—*Whether Good be a body*.

Now I affirm it to be a *body*; because it acts. *Good* acts upon the mind or soul; and in some measure forms and governs it, which are the properties of *body*. Even the good of the body, is a body, and therefore so is that of the soul: for this likewise is a body. The good of man must necessarily be a body, forasmuch as man is bodily, or hath a body. I am greatly mistaken, if those things which nourish the body, and either preserve or restore health, are not also bodies, and therefore every *good* that is his, is body. I cannot think that you will  
doubt,



doubt, whether the *affections* (to throw in here another thing not contained in the question) are bodies; such as *anger, love, sorrow*. If you doubt it, consider whether they do not alter our countenances, contract and dilate the brow, raise a blush, or make us look pale. And do you think that such visible marks can be impressed upon the body by what is not a *body* itself? If the *affections* then are body, so are also the diseases of the mind, as *avarice, cruelty, habitual vices*, or such as are grown quite incurable; and also malice, or a wicked heart, with the several species of it, as malignity, envy, pride. As these then are bodies, so is *good*. First, because it is contrary to these; and, secondly, because it exhibits the like signs, and has the same effect. See you not what fierceness fortitude gives the eye? How intent is prudence! how modest and still is reverence and devotion! how serene is joy! how rigorous is severity! how careless and remiss is mirth (*c*)! Therefore they are bodies, I say, which alter the colour and habit of bodies, and exercise dominion over them.

Now all these virtues I have mentioned are good, and whatever proceedeth from them. Can you doubt, whether that, by which a thing is touched, is body?

Tangere enim, et tangi, nisi corpus, nulla potest res.

— now whatso'er does touch,

Or tend to touch, is body, —

as *Lucretius* saith. But all these things could not have such an effect upon the body, did they not touch it; therefore they are bodies.

Further, what hath power of compelling, of forcing, of restraining, of commanding, is body. And doth not fear restrain? boldness impell? fortitude incite, and give vehemence? Does not moderation recall, and curb in? Does not joy elate, and sorrow cast down? In short, whatever we do, we do by command of virtue or vice. And what commands the body, must be a *body*; so likewise what gives strength and force to body, must be *body*. Good of the body is bodily, or hath a body; the good of man is also the good of a body, therefore it hath a body.

Thus far then in answer to your question. And now I will say to myself what I suppose will be your reply: this is mere playing at tables; our subtlety is spent in mere trifles. These things make not a man good, however learned they may make him. Wisdom is more plain and open; nay, more simple. There needs not much learning, to form a good understanding and a sound conscience. But as we waste other things, in vanities and superfluities, so do we philosophy itself. There is excess and intemperance in literature, as well as in other articles. We learn not what belongs to life, but what belongs to the schools.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

\* Many opinions of the Stoics, as *Erasmus* observes, were solid and of great moment, (as is manifest from these Epistles) but some remarkably vain and ridiculous. Of the latter sort is the question before us, which *Seneca* touches, as they say, *with a light finger*. From this question however, as from false premises follow false conclusions, they proceed so far as to affirm, that not only virtues and vices, and all the affections of the mind were *bodies*; but that they were *living animals*, and revered as such. Of which folly and absurdity, see more in Ep. 113.

(a) Quare non rescriberem tibi, de quo quærebatur] *Muret.* al. *ei*, de quo—which *Gronovius* abides by, saying he sees no reason why we should not as well say, rescribere rei, as *ad rem*. Sen. Pref. 3 Excerpt.—Illius orationes non legunt, nisi eas quibus *Cestius* rescripserit.

(b) *Lactantius* mentions these books, but alas! they are not extant—an irreparable loss!

(c) What vigour is given to the eye by fortitude? what steadiness by wisdom? What modesty, what stillness, it puts on in the expression of awful respect! How is it brightened by joy! how fixed by severity! how relaxed by mirth! *Webb* on painting, p. 136.

## E P I S T L E CVII.

*On Patience in all the Accidents of Life.*

WHY, *Lucilius*, what is become of your prudence? where is your wonted subtlety of discernment? where thy magnanimity? Can such trifles move thee? Your servants, it seems, took the opportunity while you was busy, to run away. If these your *friends* (for so our *Epicurus*

was pleased to call them) have deceived you, the damage is but small. They are gone, who often interrupted you in your business; and being troublesome to *you*, made *you* so to others. Nothing of this kind is unusual, or not to be expected. It is as ridiculous to be offended and troubled at such an accident, as it would be to complain of being besprinkled, or bespattered with dirt as you walk the streets.

The condition of life is the same with being in a public bath, in a crowd, or on a journey. Some one will intrude upon us, and accidents will happen. To *live*, a man must not be over-nice or delicate. You are entered upon a long journey; you must necessarily sometimes slip, jostle, fall, be weary, 'till you cry out, *O death!* that is, you must finish your journey (*b*). In some place perhaps you will leave a companion, bury another, and be afraid of another: such continual inconveniences will you meet with in the road of life. But the mind must be prepared against these things; it should know, that it is come to a place where

Luctus, et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ,  
 Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus. *Virg. 6. 275.*  
*Revengeful cares and fullen sorrows dwell*  
*And pale diseases, and repining age,*  
*Want, fear, and famine unresisted rage.* Dryden.

These are the attendants on life: you cannot escape them, though you may despise them: you certainly will despise them, if you often reflect upon them, and presuppose their certain attack. There is no one but who receives, more courageously, such things, to which he hath long reconciled his mind; and who opposeth more boldly those adversities which he made familiar to him by reflection. But on the contrary, when a man is unprepared the lightest accidents surprisè and terrify him: we must therefore take care that none may happen to us unexpectedly; and as all things are the more grievous on the account of novelty, the serious meditation here recommended, will cause that nothing shall happen to you, as to a mere novice.

Have

Have your servants left you? and is that all? Some have robbed their master; others have vilified him; others have betrayed him; others have trampled upon him; some have made an attempt on their master's life by poison; others by a false accusation; others have murdered him. These, and all other mischiefs you can imagine, have happened to many, and will happen again. Many and various are the arrows that are aimed at us; some are sticking in us; others, upon the wing, will soon reach us; others, about to pierce our neighbours, will lay us under some uneasiness, as if they were levelled at ourselves; yet let us not wonder at these things, to which we were born incident; and of which no one therefore has reason to complain: because all men have their share; yes, I say, an equal share: for what a man hath escaped, he was as liable to suffer, as they that suffered. A law is equal and just that is made for all, though all meet not with the same treatment.

Let equity then be the ruling principles of our mind; and let us pay the tribute of mortality without murmur and complaint. Winter brings on the cold, and we shiver: summer restores the heat, and we sweat. The inclemency of the weather, and a bad air try the constitution; and we are sick. A wild beast by chance may meet us; or man, more dangerous than wild beasts, fall upon us. Some are lost by water; some by fire: and this state of things it is not in the power of man to alter.

But this we can do; we can assume a mind that is great and good, which will enable us patiently to bear all casualties, and go hand in hand with Nature; by whose command it is that so many changes and revolutions happen in this her kingdom. Clear weather succeeds the clouds; and when the seas have awhile been calm, fresh storms arise: different winds blow in their turns: day succeeds night: part of the heavens rise above, and part sink beneath the horizon (*c*). The eternity of things is made up of contraries. Let us apply our mind to their law (*d*). Let us for ever follow and obey it; concluding, that *whatever is, is right* (*e*). So that we ought by no means to censure and chide Nature.

The best way is to endure what we cannot prevent, or amend; and without murmuring hold communion with God; by whose providence all things are directed. He is but a bad soldier who follows his captain grumbling and fighting. Wherefore let us receive his commands with earnestness and alacrity; nor think of deserting our course in this beautiful round of things, the work of God; though whatever we suffer be interwoven in it. And thus let us address the Almighty, *who guides and directs this vast machine*; as our *Cleantes* teacheth us in those elegant verses, which, after the manner of the most eloquent *Cicero*, I have endeavoured to translate, in the Latin language: if they please you, well; if not, let it suffice for me to have followed the great *Cicero*.

Duc me, parens, celsique dominator poli,  
 Quocunque placuit: nulla parendi mora est.  
 Assum integer: fac nolle: comitabor gemens.  
 Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.  
 Malusque patiar, quod pati licuit bono (*f*).

*Father of heav'n, and ruler of the skies!*  
 (*Tby works all glorious, and tby thoughts all wise!*)  
 Lead me where'er you please; without delay,  
 Prompt, and alert, tby summons I obey.  
 Were I unwilling, still I must go on,  
 And follow thee, with many a sigh and groan.  
 With gentle hand Fate leads the willing mind,  
 But drags along the stubborn, and the blind.  
 Thus more severely shall I feel the load,  
 That presseth lightly on the just and good.

Thus let us live; thus let us pray, that death may ever find us willing and alert to go. This is true magnanimity, which resigns itself to God. On the contrary, he is of a low and degenerate mind, who is reluctant, who is so vain, as to find fault with the dispensations of Providence; and presumes rather to censure and amend the *Gods*, than himself.

thus transported, may be so ordered, as not to hinder you in your respective progress.

All sciences are not to be received at random, nor rushed upon at once. From particulars we must learn the whole. Every one must suit their burthen to their strength †: nor must we involve ourselves in more business than we know how to go through with. You must not drink of this stream as much as you please, but as much as you can hold. Yet never fear; you shall hold as much as you can desire. The more the mind receives, the more it expands itself. This is what our master *Attalus* taught us, when we besieged, as it were, his school, coming first, and going away the last: nay, teasing and provoking him to some dispute, as we walked along, when he was not prepared for us, but met us accidentally. *Both he that teacheth, saith he, and he that learneth should have the same point in view, ut ille prodesse velit, hic proficere: they must both intend profit; the one by giving good instruction, the other by receiving it.*

He that attends the schools of philosophers should daily carry away with him some improvement. He should return home more wise, or better disposed to wisdom. And so indeed will he return; for such is the power of philosophy, that she not only improves the student, but the conversant. He that walketh in the sun will be tanned, though he did not walk there for that purpose. A man who hath set some time in a perfumer's shop, will carry away with him the scent of the place; so they who attend philosophers, must certainly reap some benefit, let them be as negligent as they please: but observe, I say negligent, not repugnant. What then? have we not known some who for many years attended on philosophy, without being in the least tinged therewith? Certainly; and even such as seemed so very constant and industrious, that we might call them not the disciples, but the inmates, of philosophy. But the misfortune is, some come only to *bear*, not to learn, as they attend the theatre for pleasure's sake; to delight the ear with some speech, or a sweet tone of voice, or a diverting story, exhibited in comedy. Such you will find great part of an audience, who make the philosophical schools but a place of idle resort: they come not thither

3

in



precepts are thus agreeably expressed in verse, they descend the readier into the hearts even of the unskilful. For (according to *Cleantes*) as our breath gives a more clear and shrill sound when driven through the passage of a trumpet, it finds a large vent at the end: so our understandings are rendered more clear, when confined to the strict laws of a verse. The same things are heard with less attention, and affect us less, when delivered in prose or common discourse, than when decorated with poetical numbers; and good sense, pointed, and contracted within certain feet or measure, is darted, as it were an arrow from a strong arm.

Many things have been said with regard to the contempt of money, and in long harangues are we taught, that men should think true riches to consist in the virtues of the mind, not in patrimony;—that he is wealthy who adapts his disposition to his circumstances; and with a little makes himself rich by content:—yet our minds, I say, are more affected when we hear such admonitions in verse, as,

*Is minimo eget mortalis, qui minimum cupit.*

*He wants but little, who but little covets.*

*Quod vult habet, qui velle quod satis est potest. Publ. Syrus.*

*He hath his wish, who wisheth but enough.*

When we hear these and the like sentences we are brought to the confession of truth. For they who think nothing enough, admire them, and will even exclaim against money.

Now, whenever you perceive this affection, urge it, press it home; persecute your audience with this topic; laying aside all ambiguities and syllogisms, and cavils, and other whimsies of an idle brain (*e*). Speak boldly against avarice, against luxury: and when you perceive that you have in some measure prevailed, and moved their hearts, prosecute the subject with more vehemence: it is almost incredible what good effect such a discourse will have, being intended as a remedy, and wholly designed for the good of the hearers. For, tender minds are soon worked up to a sense, and the love, of what is good and right.

Truth

Truth lays her hand upon the docil, and such as are but slightly corrupted, when she meets with an able advocate.

For my own part, when I have heard *Attalus*, inveighing against the vices, the errors and the evils of life, I could not help pitying the errors of mankind, and looking upon *Attalus* as a man sublime, and far exalted above the common pitch of mortals. He said indeed of himself *that he was a king (f)*. But to me he seemed somewhat more, who dared, and justly too, even censure kings. But when he began to recommend poverty, and to shew, whatever exceeded necessary use, was all a mere superfluous load, and an heavy weight upon the bearer; I many times wished to depart from the schools a poor man. When he began to traduce our pleasures, to praise chastity of body, a sober table, a pure mind, untainted, not only by unlawful pleasures, but by unnecessary and vain amusements, I required nothing more to set bounds to gluttony and every irregular appetite. Some of these instructions made a deep impression upon me, for I aimed at every thing with great earnestness: but being drawn off from these lectures, to lead the life of a citizen, rather than a philosopher's, I preserved but a few extracts from so fair and good a beginning.

From hence however I took my leave of oysters and mushrooms; for these are not food, but only serve to provoke the appetite of those, who are full, to eat more; they are things which slip down easily and are as easily returned; which is an acceptable pleasure to gluttony, and such as love to cram themselves with more than they can hold. Hence too I abstained from all manner of ointments and perfumes, because the best smell of the body is none at all (*g*). And hence my stomach is never indulged with wine; and all my life-time I have disdained warm bathing, supposing it to be a too delicate and useless custom to seeth the body, and weaken the solids by extravagant sweating. Some other resolutions indeed I have been obliged to break; yet so as still to preserve moderation in those things wherein I proposed abstinence; and indeed such moderation as is next to abstinence, if not more difficult:



because some things are more easily expelled totally from the inclination, than kept in due measure.

But since I have begun to tell you with how much more earnestness I applied myself to philosophy, when a young man, than now when I am old, I shall not be ashamed to confess to you, what affection for *Pythagoras Sotion* (*b*) inspired me with. He taught me, why *Pythagoras* abstained from animal food (*i*), and why after him *Sextius*: their reasons were different, but, of both, very great. *Sextius* thought, that there was food enough for man in the world without shedding blood; and that the taking pleasure in butchering helpless animals, only inspired men with cruelty: he added hereunto, that luxury was not to be encouraged; and supposed that variety of meats, and particularly such as are foreign to our constitutions, are by no means a preservative of health, but the contrary. Whereas *Pythagoras* held that there was a sort of relationship among all animals, and a certain intercourse, whereby they passed out of one form into another. No soul either of man or beast (if you believe him) perisheth; nor indeed ceaseth any longer than while it is transmigrating into another body. And that after many revolutions and changes from one sort of body to another, it returns again to man. In the mean while this opinion had no small effect, in making men dread wickedness, and especially parricide: since it is possible they might unknowingly light upon the soul of a parent, and with knife and teeth violate the body wherein was lodged some kindred spirit.

When *Sotion* had explained to me these things, and confirmed them by his arguments; *Do you not think*, said he, *that souls are distributed from one body to another; and that it is only this transmigration which we call death? Do you not believe that in those animals, wild or tame, or that dwell in the great deep, the souls, that were once in man, still survive? Do you not believe, that nothing in this world perisheth, but only changeth its place and form? and that not only the celestial bodies make their several circuits, but that animals, and their souls likewise, have their revolutions? Many great men have believed these things. Suspend therefore for a while*  
 3 your

*your judgment; and weigh every thing diligently. If these things be true, to abstain from shedding of blood is innocence; if false, frugality. And as some check to cruelty, I only ask you to abstain from what is the food of lions and vultures.*—Prevailed upon by these instructions, I began to abstain from eating flesh, and at the year's end, such abstinence became not only easy to me, but pleasant (*k*): I fancied my spirit more alert and free than it was before; nor to this day can I pretend either to affirm or deny it.

But you will ask, perhaps, how I came to discontinue this way of life? My youth fell out in the reign of *Tiberius Cæsar*, at what time the sacreds of some foreign nations were banished *Rome* (*l*); and among other superstitions, this was alledged as one, *the abstaining from the flesh of certain animals* (*m*). At request therefore of my father, who was no great admirer of philosophy (*n*), but hated reproach, I returned to the eating flesh as usual: nor had he much difficulty in persuading me to eat better suppers. And as *Attalus* was wont to recommend a hard bed, which sunk not with the weight of the body, such I use to this day; in which, when I rise you cannot see the least impression.

These things I have related to you, *Lucilius*, to shew you, how readily and earnestly youth attend to the knowledge and practice of what is good; if there is any one to instruct them, any one to push them on: but on the one hand, there is generally a great defect or fault in the instructor, who teaches them rather how to dispute, than how to live; (*o*) and, on the other, in the scholars, who bring with them to their master the design of having their tongue or wit polished, and not the mind. From whence, what before was philosophy, is now become philology.

Now, it is of great moment to examine what end we pursue, or with what design we engage in any business. He that sets up for a Grammarian, and examines *Virgil*, does not read that excellent hemistich,——*fugit irreparabile tempus.* G. iii. 284.

*Time flies irrevocable,*

M m 2:

with

with an intention to make the following reflection; *we must watch (p)*, unless we mend our speed we shall be left behind: the swift day drives us on, and is driven itself: we are imperceptibly hurried away (q): we postpone every thing, and are slow and lazy, while every thing about us is posting away with great rapidity: but that he may observe, when Virgil is speaking of the swiftness of time he always useth the word, fugit, *he flies*;

so      Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
           Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,  
           Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.  
*In youth alone unhappy mortals live;*  
*But, ah! the best of days are fugitive:*  
*Discolour'd sickness, anxious labours come,*  
*Disconsolate age, and death's inexorable doom.*

He who applies himself to philosophy, makes such remarks too on these words, as best suit his profession. Virgil, he observes, never saith, dies ire, *the day passeth*, but, fugere, *it flies*; which is the swiftest kind of speed: and that our best days (or prime of life) are first torn from us. Why cease we then to incite and spur ourselves on, that if possible we may equal the velocity of the swiftest thing in the world (r)? Our better days fly off, the worse succeed. As the contents of a vessel, when poured out, flow purest at first, while the more heavy and turbid particles subside, and thicken at the bottom; so is it in our life; the best of it comes first; and this we generally permit others to draw off, while we reserve the dregs for our own use †. But let this be fixed in our mind, and received with as much satisfaction as if it came from an oracle,

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
 Prima fugit.—

Why the best (of days?) because the remainder is uncertain. Why the best? because, when young, we are more apt to learn; we can apply the easy, and as yet tractable, mind, to the knowledge of good: and because this time of life is fittest for labour, to exercise either the faculties of the soul in study, or the strength of the body in useful toil. The remainder is more sluggish and feeble, as being nearer the end. We must therefore bend our whole mind thereto; and, omitting almost all diversion, labour this one point: lest, too late, to our confusion, we come to understand



derstand the celerity of fleeting time, which it is not in the power of man to keep back.

Let every first, as undoubtedly the best, day, give us satisfaction and be made our own. Let us seize it as it flies (*s*). This is what he does not think of, who reads these lines of *Virgil* with a Grammarian's eye, that therefore every first day is the best, because *diseases succeed*, because *old age presseth hard upon us*, and percheth over the head of such as still think themselves young (*t*). He only observes, *that Virgil always joins together diseases and old age*; and well he may; for old age is itself an incurable disease. Moreover, he observes, that *Virgil* gives old age the epithet, *tristis, disconsolate*,

— Subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus.

Nor need you wonder, that every one collects from the same materials what is most suitable to his particular inclination. In the same meadow the ox seeks grass, the dog a hare, and the stork a lizard. When the Philologist, the Grammarian, and the Philosopher take in hand the books of *Cicero*, de Republica, *of a Republic*, each one hath a different pursuit. The Philosopher wonders that so much could be said *against strict justice*. The Philologist remarks, that among the *Roman* kings, there were two, for the one of whom there is no father to be found, nor for the other any mother. For it is still doubted who was the mother of *Servius*; nor is there any mention made of the father of *Ancus*, who is always styled *Numa's* grandson (*u*). He likewise observes that the person we call *Dictator*, and read of him in history under this title, was antiently called *Magister Populi, the People's Magistrate*; as it stands at this day in the books of the *Augurs*; and as a further proof, he observes, that from hence comes the title of *Magister Equitum, the Master of the Horse, (or, Premier Knight)*. With the like sagacity he observes that at the death of *Romulus*, there was an eclipse (*x*): and that an appeal even from Kings has been made to the people (*y*): and this some think may be proved from the *pontifical* books, and the historian *Fenestella*. The Grammarian in explaining the same books observes, in his Commentaries, that *Cicero* first used the word *reapse*, i. e. *reipsa*; and also *seipse*, i. e. *se ipse*. And then he passeth on to those things,

wherein

wherein the custom of the age hath made any alteration; as when *Cicero* saith, *Quoniam sumus ab ipsa calce ejus interpellatione revocati*, (*because by his importunity we are called back again from the very goal*) what the antients called, *calcem*, in the *Circus*, we now call *cretam* ( $\alpha$ ), (*the chalk*). And then he collects some verses from old *Ennius*, and particularly those relating to *Africanus*,

— Cui nemo civis neque hostis

Quivit pro factis reddere opræpretium (*aa*).

Wherein he remarks that *Ennius* useth the word *opera* for *auxilium*, saying, *that neither friend nor enemy could give any assistance to Scipio*. And he thinks himself extremely happy in having found out from whence *Virgil* took——*Quem super ingens*

*Porta tonat cœli. G. iii. 261.*

*When o'er his head the rattling thunder roll'd.*

This, saith he, *Virgil* stole from *Ennius*, and *Ennius* from *Homer* (*bb*): for this epigram is preserved in the same books of *Cicero*:

*Si fas endo plagas cœlestum ascendere cuiquam,*

*Mi soli cœli maxima porta patet;*

*If to ascend the skies to me were giv'n,*

*I might expect the widest gate of heav'n.*

But lest I should fall myself into pedantry, or prattling philosophy, while I have greater things in view, let me conclude with this caution, that both the reading and the hearing philosophers must be made subservient to the purposes of an happy life; that we are not to catch at old or new-coined words, or extravagant metaphors, and rhetorical flourishes of speech; but to observe such precepts as may prove of use, and remark such noble and manly sentences as may be afterwards transferred to things. Let us so learn, that words may become works.

But I think none deserve worse at the hands of all mankind, than those who teach philosophy merely as a venal trade (*cc*): who live not, as they instruct other people to live, but exhibit sad examples of the unprofitableness of their doctrine, being guilty themselves of every vice, they so severely inveigh against in others. Such a preceptor seems to  
me

me of no greater use to mankind, than a pilot, who is sea-sick or drunk in a storm. The rudder must be held with a strict hand, the waves beating so strongly against it; we must hale in the sail, and wrestle, as it were, with the sea itself. Of what service can a pilot be at such a time, who is so sick, as scarce to be in his senses? With how much stronger a tempest, alas! is our life tossed, than any ship can be! there is no time to prattle, but to direct and manage wisely.

Besides, all that these men can pretend to say, and proudly boast among their *profound* audience, the people, is not their own. *Plato, Zeno, Chryippus, Posidonius*, and many other the like learned men, have said and re-said the same things before. But I will shew you how they prove what they say to be their own: *let them live up to what they preach (dd)*.

Having now said all that I intended, I should apply myself, *Lucilius*, to answer your request, but that I think proper to refer you to another Epistle, wherein you may expect the discussion of all you ask; lest at present you should apply an ear already tired, to what will require the most curious and attentive.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

\* Vid. *Plutarch. Mor. Fol. p. 22. Epp. 51. 83.*

† Sumite materiam, vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent  
Quid valeant humeri—Hor. A. P. 39.  
*Ye writers, try the vigour of your muse,  
And what her strength will bear, and what refuse,  
And after that, an equal subject chuse—Creech.*

(a) *They speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray, and hear the Prophet. And they come unto thee, according to the coming of the people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them. For with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And lo! they are to them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but do them not. Ezek. xxxi. 11. 30.*

(b) The statue of *Rhea* called likewise *Ops, Cybele, the mother of the Gods, &c.* was brought from *Pessinus*, on the borders of *Phrygia*, to *Rome*, by *Scipio Nasica*; and was there highly honoured, and worshipped, with the sound of the drum, pipe, and cymbals; at what time, the priests, and others hired

hired for the purpose, threw themselves into all manner of antic postures. Ὀσπερ γὰρ εἰ τῷ φρυγίᾳ ἀυλῆς ἀΐοντες κ. τ. λ. *Lucian in Nigrino.* Vid. Brodæ, Miscell. l. v. c. 13.

(c) See the parable of the Sower, Matth. 13.

(d) Ep. 95. Omnibus Natura dedit fundamenta semenque virtutum, &c. *Cic. de Fin. v. 15.* Est enim natura sic generata vis hominis, ut ad omnem virtutem percipiendam facta videatur, &c. *The strength of reason in man is so formed, as to be fitted for the perception of every virtue; therefore young children, without any instruction, are affected by the resemblance of those virtues, which they had the seeds of within themselves, because these are the elements of their nature; and as they increase, virtue proceeds to its perfection.* Vid. Lips. Manud. ii. 10.

(e) So St. Paul to Timothy, *Preach the word, be instant, in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering, and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts, shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears: and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.* ii. Tim. iv. 2—5.

(f) This is a noted paradox of the Stoics. *Cic. de Fin. l. 3.* Quam magnifica, quam constans conficitur persona sapientis! &c. *How magnificent, how uniform, is the whole character of a wise man! who after reason has told him, that what is virtuous can alone be good, is necessarily happy, and in reality possesses all those qualifications which are scoffed by the foolish: such a one has a better right to the title of king, than Tarquin had, who could neither govern himself nor others. And thus Seneca the tragedian of one, that is free from vice, nor subject to the dread of casualties, or of death itself.*

Rex est qui posuit metus,  
Et diri mala pectoris;  
Qui tuto positus loco  
Infra se videt omnia;  
Occurritque suo libens  
Fato, nec queritur mori.

*He is a King, whose mind is clear  
From every ill, and knows not fear;  
Who seated high, as on a throne,  
Upon the busy world looks down;  
Nor dreads a change of mortal state,  
But willingly submits to fate. M.*

Which however does not escape the ridicule of Horace, as an Epicurean.

Ad summam sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,  
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,  
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est. Ep. i. i. 106.  
*In fine, the sage, we see, is far above  
All earthly Kings, and only less than Jove;  
Is blest with honour, freedom, beauty, wealth,  
And (from the phsyic free) with perfect health. Shard.*

Vid. Lips. Manud. iii. 13.

(g) Ecastor, mulier rectè olet ubi nihil olet. *Plaut. Mostell.*

Esse quid hoc dicam, quod olent tua Basia Myrrham,  
Quodque tibi est nunquam non alienus odor:  
Hoc mihi suspectum est, quod oles bene, posthume, semper,  
Posthume, non bene olet, qui bene semper olet. *Mart. ii. 12.*

“ Thus at life’s latest eve we keep in store  
 “ One disappointment sure, to crown the rest,  
 “ The disappointment of a promis’d hour.” *Young.*

§ See Ep. i.

(v) “ To-day is yesterday return’d ; return’d  
 “ Full power’d to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn ;  
 “ And reinstate us on the rock of peace.

“ Let it not share its predecessor’s fate. *Id.*  
 (f) “ ——— Fresh hopes are hourly sown  
 “ In furrow’d brows. So gentle life’s descent,  
 “ We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.  
 “ We take fair days in winter for the spring ;  
 “ And turn our blessings into bane.—Since oft  
 “ Man must compute that age he cannot feel,  
 “ He scarce believes he’s older for his years. *Id.*

(g) The son of *Numa* was so eclipsed in the splendor of his father, that his name is lost.

(x) *Olim deficere sol hominibus extinguique vitus est, cum Romuli animus, &c. Cic. Fragm.*  
*vid. Patric. p. 19.*

(y) As *M. Fabius* said to his son, *videro, cessurufne provocationi sis, cui rex Romanus Tullus Hostilius cessit ; I shall then see whether you submit to an appeal from the people, as did the Roman king Tullus Hostilius. Liv. viii. 33.*

(z) *Cretam*] So *Muret.* Est et vilissima, (de *Creta* loquitur) qua circum præducere ad victoriam notam, pedesque venalium trans mare advectorum denotare instituerunt majores. *Plin. xxxv. 17. ad. Metam. Vid. Patric. in Fragm. Cic. p. 14. Septem stadia quadrigæ currunt quorum finis est creta. Isidor. 18. 34.*

(aa) Sic *f. Ennius.* Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civis nec hostis—*Scipio* says of himself,  
 Ab sole exoriente supra *Mæotis* paludes  
 Nemo est, qui factis me exuperare queat.  
 Si fas cædendo cœlestia scandere cuiquam est,  
 Mi soli——

*Vid. LaBant. i. i. Patric. in Fragm. Cic. Turneb. in Cic. de Leg. ii. 22. Ib. Opæpretium, i. e. operæ. Opera, for auxilium, as is frequent in the comedies. Da mihi hanc operam. De ma- tibus favour.*

(bb) Πρωτην δὲ πύλην πολυπύχης Ὀυλυμπίου. Ὁ. 411.

*Through the first gates of the wide-spreading heav’ns.*

(cc) Hear ye this, ye Christian preachers! yes, let us hear it and blush at this too just reproof from an Heathen. Ever mindful of our *Homer’s* description of a good parson.

*But Chrystys love, and his Apostles twelve,*

*He taught, but first he follow’d it himself.* *Chaucer.*



## EPISTLE CIX.

*No one so wise but he may be improved.*

YOU desire to know, *Lucilius*, whether the wisdom of a wise man is improveable: we say, a wise man is replete with all good, and hath attained to fullness of perfection: how then, it is asked, can any one be serviceable to him, who hath already attained every good? I will tell you. Good men edify one another in the exercise of their virtues, and in maintaining the dignity of wisdom. And herein one man requires the assistance of another, with whom he may converse in friendly debate. As practice improves the strength and skill of the wrestler, and keeps in the hand of the musician, who is master of the chords; so must the wise man be exercised in the practice of virtues: and after the same manner that he excites himself to action, is he excited by another wise man. But

*Wherein, you say, can a wise man profit a wise man?* Why, he will animate him, and give him an opportunity of displaying his virtues. Besides, he will express his own thoughts, and probably inform him of some new discoveries; for there will be always something remaining for a wise man to find out, and in the searching whereof he may employ his mind. A bad man generally hurts his companion; in that he makes him worse, by raising his passions, instilling false fears, flattering his chagrin, and commending his pleasures. And then take evil men most pains, when they communicate their vices to one another, and enter into combinations of mischief. On the contrary, the good will ever benefit the good, in that his conversation will inspire joy, and strengthen his confidence; and from the sight of mutual complacency the pleasure of both will be heightened. Moreover, as before observed, he will still communicate the knowledge of something new; for a wise man is not supposed to know all things; and though he knew them, yet perhaps some one may find out a shorter way, and point out a more compendious method of compassing the whole work.

A wise man will be of service to a wise man, not only by his own strength and powers, but even by those of him whom he assists. He indeed being left to himself is able to maintain his own part, and discharge his duty: he will exert his own speed: yet nevertheless he that only encourageth another in running, assists him. Nor does a wise man only benefit another, but likewise himself. You will say perhaps, *let a man suspend his own natural powers, and he does nothing.* You might as well say there is no sweetness in honey. For he that eateth it, must be so qualified in tongue and palate, as to relish, and not be offended at, the taste of it. For to the sick, such may be the nature of the disease, as to make honey seem bitter. Each of them therefore must be such, as that the one is qualified to instruct, and the other to receive instruction.

But you reply, *As it is in vain to heat a thing that is extremely hot, so is it to pretend to add goodness to one who is superlatively good. Does the husbandman who thoroughly understands his business go to another for instruction? Or does a soldier, when sufficiently equipped for battle, require more arms? Therefore neither does the wise man ask any thing, for he is already sufficiently instructed, and sufficiently armed against the perils of life. He that is excessively hot, need not any thing more to warm him: the heat is sufficient for itself.* Now to this I answer,

First, the things here compared by no means agree. For heat is simply one thing; but there are various ways of benefiting one another. And then heat, as heat, is not necessarily assisted by any accession of heat: but the wise man cannot maintain and keep up the spirit of his mind, unless he admits some friends like himself, with whom he may communicate his virtues. Add now, that there is a certain friendship and connection between all virtues; he therefore is of service, who loves the virtues of other men that are like his own; and in his turn exhibits his own to be esteemed and beloved by them. Like things give delight; especially if they are just; and men know how both to approve and be approved. None but a wise man can skilfully move the mind of a wise man; as nothing but man can rationally move man.

As



As there is need therefore of reason to move and incite reason, so is there of perfect reason to incite perfect reason.

They are said to profit a man, who give or procure for him money, favour, safety, and the like things, that are estimable and necessary for the uses of life; and herein even a fool may profit a wise man: but to be of real benefit, is for a man to move the mind of another according to the nature and fitness of things; either by his own virtue, or by the virtue of the person moved; and this cannot be done without the good even of the person who confers the benefit; for it is necessary that in exercising another's virtue, he must exercise his own.

But waving these things which are undoubtedly the *chief good*, or efficient of the same, a wise man may nevertheless profit a wise man in other respects; for only to meet with a wise man is of itself a desirable thing to another; because good naturally delighteth itself in good (*a*), and consequently every good man is as pleased with a good man as with himself.

But I must necessarily, for argument's sake, pass from this to another question; for it is asked, *whether a wise man will deliberate upon asking the opinion of another concerning his duty in civil and domestic (if I may so say) mortal affairs?* Undoubtedly, as, in this respect, there is as much need of the counsel of another, as there is occasionally of a physician, of a pilot, of an advocate or proctor: therefore a wise man may be of service to a wise man, in that he will counsel and persuade him; but it is in those great and divine things before spoken of, wherein he will particularly assist him, by conferring on the *reason of things*, and by communicating their minds and thoughts to each other.

Moreover, it is agreeable to Nature or the fitness of things, to embrace our friends with sincerity, and to rejoice as much in *their* good actions as in our own; or else we should be wanting in that virtue, which in exercising itself grows splendid by use. Now, virtue persuades us to settle and dispose well of things present; to consult and  
pro-

vide for the future; to deliberate and apply the mind to study, with care and diligence: but much easier will a man do all this, and unfold his faculties, who hath taken to himself a proper friend: he therefore looks out for one that is perfect; or at least who hath made such proficiency as to be almost perfect; and herein will such a one assist him, by the rules of common prudence.

It is said, that *men generally see more in other men's affairs than in their own*; and this certainly happens to those who are blinded by *self-love*, and who, through a suspicion of danger, see not their own interest: when a man is more secure and fearless he will become wiser. But yet there are some things, which even wise men can see better in others than in themselves. Besides, a wise man will cause another to will, or not will the same thing (*b*), which is ever of the greatest consequence, most delightful, just and proper. In the discharge of duty an excellent work! they will always draw together.

Thus then, I hope, I have fully answered your request, though this matter is discussed in its proper place; and comprized in those books wherein I have considered the whole of moral philosophy. But after all, *Lucilius*, think upon what I have often said to you, that in these matters we do nothing more than exercise our ingenuity. For I must repeat it again, and suppose you here to say, “Of what real service are these dry subjects? Will they make a man stronger, more just, or more temperate? I am not at leisure to be exercised in these superficial matters; I as yet want a physician. Why do you teach me an unprofitable science? You promised me great things, but entertain me with trifles. You undertook to make me intrepid, though swords were flourished over my head; nay, though a dagger was pointed to my throat. You said I should be secure, though fire raged around me; and my little bark were by a sudden whirlwind hurried into the wide and boisterous ocean: make good your promise; teach me to contemn pleasure, to despise glory; and then, afterwards, if you please, instruct me, to solve the most intricate questions; to distinguish ambiguities, to investigate things dark and obscure; at present, I shall be content with learning what is necessary.”

A N N O-

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) Ὅτι δὲ τὸν ὅμοιον ἀγεί θείδς ὡς τὸν ὅμοιον. Od. p. 218.  
*Heav'n with a secret principle endu'd*  
*Mankind to seek their own similitude.* Pope.  
 Τίτιξ μὲν τῆτιγι φίλος, μυρμακι δὲ μυρμαξ. Theocr. 9.  
*To grasshoppers the grasshoppers are friends,*  
*And ant on ant for mutual aid depends.*  
 Ἀσὶ κολοῖδς πρὸς κολοῖδν ἰζάνει. Prov.  
 Γερῶν γερῶντι γλῶτταν ἠδίσταν ἔχει  
 Πᾶς παιδί, καὶ γυνακὶ προσοφορὸν γυνή,  
 Νοσῶν τ' ἀνδρ νοσῶντι. κ. α. λ. ap. Plut.

Lat. Pares cum paribus. Æqualis æqualem delectat. *Erasm.* l. ii. 20.  
 Simile gaudet simili. Ib. 21. Cascus cascum ducit, &c.  
 Indica Tigris agit rabida cum tygride pacem  
 Perpetuam. Sævis inter se convenit uris. Juv. xv. 263.  
*Tyger with tyger, bear with bear you'll find,*  
*In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.* Tate.

And yet, says *Martial*,

Uxor pessima pessimus maritus [  
 Miror non bene convenire vobis.  
*Bad husband and bad wife! 'tis strange to me,*  
*That two, so much alike, cannot agree.*

The *Italians* say, Ogni simile appetisce il suo simile. The *French*, Chescun cherche son semblable, or, demande sa forte. The *English*, Like will to like, (as the devil said to the collier.)—  
 King *Harry* (V.) loved a man, &c.

(b) *Minutius* in Octavio, ut et in ludicris et feriis pari mecum voluntate concineret, eadem vellet et nollet crederes unam mentem in duobus fuisse divisam. Vid. *Sidon.* *Apoll.* v. 9.

## EPISTLE CX.

*On the Contempt of Riches.*

**I**SALUTE thee, *Lucilius*, from my country-seat at *Nomentum*; and charge thee to keep thy mind ever pure; i. e. to have the Gods propitious to you; as they are ever kind to those, who are kind to themselves.

selves. Set aside however that opinion at present, which many are so fond of, *that every one hath his guardian God attending him (a)*, not indeed any principal God, but one of inferior note, from among those, whom *Ovid* styles *de plebe Deos, plebeian Gods*. But nevertheless remember, that our ancestors, who were of this opinion, were *Stoics*. For to every person, male and female, they allotted (his) *Genius* or (her) *Juno*. We shall hereafter see, whether the Gods are so much at leisure as to attend on the affairs of every individual; in the mean time, know, that whether we are assigned to a several *Genius*, or quite neglected and given up to *Fortune*, you can wish no one a greater mischief than for him to be his own enemy: nor is there any need of execrating a man, whom you justly think deserving a punishment; or wishing the Gods incensed against him; for they certainly are so, though he seems promoted by their favour.

Apply your usual diligence, and consider well what things *really* are, and not what they are called; and you will find that more evils come upon us to which we have been accessory ourselves (*b*), than what happen merely by accident. For how often hath that which was called a calamity proved the cause and source of happiness \*? How often hath what hath been received with congratulation and joy, built its seat on a precipice! and hath raised one, who was eminent before, still higher, as if he was to abide there, from whence he need dread no fall? But suppose he were to fall; such fall, if you consider the end, beyond which Nature hath no further power to cast us down, hath no evil in it. The end of all things is at hand (*c*): the time, I say, is near; even that which shall eject the happy, and deliver the wretched. And both these we are apt to stretch in fancy, and lengthen out, either through hope or fear. But if you are wise, *Lucilius*, measure all things by the condition of human life. Contract into a narrow sphere, both that which gives you joy and that which creates fear (*d*). It is of consequence to rejoice in nothing long, that you may fear nothing long.

But why do I throw out such hard strictures on this evil? There is no reason you should think any thing to be feared; they are all vain things



things that move and surprize us ; none of us have examined into what is truth. But we teach one another to fear. No one has the courage to set about a thing that gives him perturbation ; or to examine well into the grounds of his fear. Therefore things false and vain, gain credit ; because they are not disproved, nor their vanity discovered. Whereas were we to open our eyes, and take a diligent view of things, we should see how transitory, how uncertain, how harmless, those are, we are so much afraid of. Such is the confusion of our minds, as is described by *Lucretius* :

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis  
In tenebris metuunt, sic nos in luce timemus. II. 53.

— as children are surpriz'd with dread,  
And tremble in the dark ; so riper years  
Ev'n in broad day-light are surpriz'd with fears ;  
And shake at shadows, fanciful and vain,  
As those that in the breast of children reign. Dryden.

Well then, are we not more foolish than children, *we, who are afraid even in the light* ? But it is false, *Lucilius*, we are not afraid in the light ; we have ourselves spread darkness around us (*e*) ; we can see nothing ; either what is hurtful or what is expedient for us. All our life-time we are continually stumbling ; ye we stop not for this, nor walk more circumspectly (*f*). Now, you see what a mad thing it is to run headlong in the dark ; yet truly this is what we do, that we may be still further off when we are recalled : and know not whither we are carried ; yet we persevere with speed in our respective journey.

However, if we please, we may obtain light ; and there is but one way to be happy in this blessing : which is, by the study of philosophy, i. e. of things human and divine ;—so that a man be not sprinkled only therewith, but is dipped in and seasoned ;—and if, knowing these things, he reflects often upon them, and reminds himself of them ;—if he enquires into, and can rightly distinguish, good and evil ; to which often is ascribed a false title ;—if he seeks to know what is right and fit, and what the contrary ;—but particularly, what is *providence*. Not that the sagacity of human understanding rests here : it is desirous

to look beyond this world; to know its several motions; from whence it first sprung, and to what period this vast velocity is hastening. But alas! we have drawn off our minds from this divine contemplation; to set them upon things low and mean; to be slaves to avarice; and having thrown aside all useful reflections on the works of creation, their boundaries, and the almighty rulers and governors of the universe; we pry into the bowels of the earth, to learn what evils we may dig from thence, not contented with such things as are offered to our view. For whatever was for our good, our God and Father hath graciously set before us (*b*). He hath not expected our laborious search after it; having been pleased to offer it freely: but what might hurt us, he hath buried very deep. We cannot complain therefore of any thing but ourselves. Those things, which Nature had hid from us and forbidden, as tending to our destruction, we have brought into light ourselves. We have devoted the mind to pleasure: the indulgence whereof is the foundation and source of all evils. We have given ourselves up to ambition, and fame, and other affections as vain and fruitless.

*What then do I exhort you to do? nothing new or strange. Our evils are not so new as to require new remedies. All that I ask of you, is, that you would consider, and weigh well what is necessary and what is superfluous: necessary things are every where obvious (*i*); but superfluities require the constant labours of our whole mind and body. But you desire not, you say, rich beds trimmed with gold, or furniture adorned with jewels. It may be so; there is no reason you should commend yourself for this: for what virtue is there in contemning such things as are not necessary? Then it is that you may command yourself, when you can despise even necessaries: it is no great thing that you can live contented without a noble and royal equipage; that you desire no wild boars of a thousand weight on the side-table; nor a dish of the tongues of redwings, and other prodigies of luxury, that disdain whole animals, and only select the nicer bits.*

Then it is I shall admire you, when you disdain not the coarsest bread; when you are persuaded, that herbs and vegetables, in case of necessity,



necessity, were not provided only for the beasts of the field, but for the nourishment of man; when you shall know, that the young shoots, or top twigs of trees can fill the belly; which we now store with so many precious things, as if it were a treasure-house to preserve them. Whereas we need not be over-nice in filling it, it being nothing to the purpose what it receives, since whatever it be, it cannot long keep it. And yet you take pleasure in seeing a course of many dishes, to supply which both sea and land have been ransacked: some animals are the more grateful, if brought young and fresh to the table; others that have been long fed and crammed, so as to melt as it were in their own fat; nay, the artificial favour of them delights thee. But verily these meats, so anxiously sought after, and so variously and highly seasoned, when swallowed down, turn all to the same filth. Would you despise the pleasure of dainty eating, only view it in its last stage.

I remember to have heard my tutor, *Attalus*, make the following harangue with great applause: “ Riches, said he, have a long while  
 “ imposed upon me. I was amazed, when, in one place, or another,  
 “ I saw their glittering splendor. I concluded, what I did not see  
 “ was alike rich and beautiful with what was exhibited to view. But  
 “ in a late pageant I saw the whole wealth of the city, gold and silver,  
 “ finely embossed; jewels of various dies and of an exquisite water;  
 “ and the richest apparel, brought not only from beyond our own  
 “ territories, but from beyond the confines of our most distant enemies.  
 “ On one hand, a tribe of boys, fair and comely, both in shape and  
 “ dress; on the other, a range of beautiful women; with many other  
 “ things, which the fortune of the greatest empire displayed, as recon-  
 “ noitring at once all her treasures. *And what is all this*, said I to  
 “ myself, *but to provoke the sensual appetites of man, forward enough of*  
 “ *themselves? What means all this pomp of money? We are surely*  
 “ *assembled here to learn covetousness.* But, in truth, I carried away  
 “ with me less desire for it, than I had entertained before. I despised  
 “ riches, not because they are superfluous; but because they are trifles.  
 “ Saw you not, that in a few hours time, the whole train, though  
 “ marching slow and in orderly ranks, passed by? And shall that

“ take up our whole life, which we should have thought long and tedious if it had taken up the whole day ?”——*He likewise added,*  
 “ Riches really seem to me as superfluous to the possessors as to the spectators. This then is what I say to myself, whenever such a gaudy scene dazzles mine eyes ; when I behold a fine house, a spruce train of servants, or a litter supported by handsome strong-back’d lacqueys (*l*) : *what do you wonder at ? why are you amazed ? it is all pomp : these things are made a shew of, they are not possessed, they please a moment, and pass by.* Turn yourself rather to true riches ; learn to be content with a little, and with a truly great and noble spirit. cry out, *Give me water, give me a barley cake, and I will not envy Jupiter his happiness.* No ; even if these things are wanting. It is scandalous to place the happiness of life in gold and silver ; it is no less so to place it in water and barley-bread. *But what shall I do if I have not these ? Is there any remedy against extreme want and penury ?* Yes, hunger will soon put an end to hunger (*m*). Otherwise where would be the difference between being a slave to great or little things ? It is no matter how great the thing is, that fortune hath denied us ; if we must depend upon the pleasure of another for even this our water and barley-bread (*n*). He only is free ; not over whom Fortune hath the least power, but over whom she hath no power at all. Thus it is then : you must covet nothing, if you would rival *Jupiter*, who hath nothing to ask.”

Thus spake *Attalus* to us ; and Nature saith the same to all mankind. Which words if you frequently revolve in your mind, you will certainly make yourself not seemingly, but really, happy : and in effect you will think yourself so ; let others think as they please.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) See Epp. 25. 93. The antients called them *θεύρατοι δαίμονες*, *Gods of an inferior class*; nay, they even supposed them mortal. But the general opinion was, that the beings they called *Genii* or *Dæmons* were certain spirits that administered, under the Supreme Being, the affairs of men, taking care of the virtuous, and punishing the bad, and sometimes communicating with the best; as particularly, the genius of *Socrates* always warned him of approaching dangers, and taught him to avoid them. *Plutarch*.

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum  
 Naturæ Deus humanæ mortalis in unum——  
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater.  
*That Genius only knows, who's pleas'd to wait  
 On each man's natal star, and guide his fate:  
 An arbitrary God, whose smile or frown  
 Makes This a Gentleman, and That a Clown.*

They rather, says *Marst.* assigned a *Genius* to a man, and a *Juno* to a woman; as in *Tibullus* one swears to her lover,

Perque tuos oculos, per *Geniumque* rogo.

And he again to her;

Hæc per sancta tuæ *Junonis* numina juro;

As in *Petronius*—*Quirtilla* cursing herself, says,

*Junonem* meam iratam habeam.

“ And the tame demon that should guard my throne,

“ Shrinks at a *Genius* greater than his own.” *Shakspear.*

So *Macbeth*, speaking of *Macduff*,

—— There is none but he

Whose being I do fear: and under him

My *Genius* is rebuk'd; as it is said

*Antony's* was by *Cæsar*. Id.

Vid. *Erasm.* Adagi i. 1. 72. *Lips.* Manud. 11. 19.

(b) This reminds me of an epitaph which I wrote many years ago upon a young gentleman; but it was thought too true for an epitaph, and therefore not accepted.

*Here lies friend ——, whose death this truth confess'd,*

*That mortals seldom know when they are blest'd;*

*Because he had no enemies, he tried*

*To be his own: so drunk, fell sick, and died.*

This likewise puts me in mind of what I have heard or read of a poor man, who, in Queen *Mary's* days, as he was drawn upon a sledge to execution on account of his religion, the sledge broke and fractured his leg; upon which he was compassionately carried into an house, and within a few days Queen *Mary* died, and his life was saved.

(c) *The end of all things is at hand, be ye sober therefore, and watch unto prayer.* i. Pet. 4. 7.

(d) Let us turn our endeavours towards such remedies, as prudence and philosophy are found

to preserve to us. And according to their advice, pack up our hopes and fears into as narrow a room as we can possibly, by which we shall render the last more portable, and the first less tedious.

Osborne. Advice to his Son.

(e) Omnia nobis tenebras fecimus.] Nothing is more frequent than the use of this metaphor in Scripture, but full to our purpose is, *Ye were some time darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. All things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light; for whatsoever doth make manifest, is light. Wherefore he saith (Is. 60. 1.) Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. Ephes. v. 8. 14. I send thee, (Paul) to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light. Act. 26. 18. Rom. 13. 12. i. Tim. 5. 5. i. John, 2. 8.*

(f) Nec-circumspectius pedem ponimus] See then that ye walk more circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time. Ephes. v. 15. Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time. Col. iv. 5,

(g) See Fitzosborne, Letter 48.

(b) So Moses, in the name of the Lord, *I have set before thee this day life and good. It is not hid-den from thee; neither is it far off. It is not in heav'n, that thou shouldst say, who shall go up for us into heav'n, and bring it us? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, who shall go over the sea, and bring it unto us? But the word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. Deut. 30. 11---15. See also Rom. x. 6---8.*

(i) See Ep. 18.

(h) Linguaꝝ phœnicopterorum] Whatever bird it was, Muret. observes, that Apicius (that master of gluttony and dissoluteness) recommended the tongue of it as a most dainty morsel. *Sueton. in Vitell. c. 13.*

Dat mihi penna rubens nomen: sed lingua gulosis

Nostra sapit, quid si garrula lingua foret!

Gluttons have borrow'd this my name from Greek;

My tongue a dainty bit! oh, could I speak!

(j) It is observable that litters were not used by way of state, before the time of *Julius Cæsar*, but only for travelling. *Suetonius* mentions it as a particular privilege granted to one *Harpocrates*, the being carried about the city in a litter, in the time of *Claudius Cæsar*: he also observes that they were not allowed to ladies of an easy fame, in the time of *Domitian*. See *Lips. Fleet. i. 19.*

(m) This, with *Attalus'* leave, seems a very hard lesson, and somewhat like what the old nurse said to her child: *lie still, child, you will die presently.* But his argument is, that we should not be over-anxious even for necessaries; and much less purchase them at the expence of liberty.

(n) See Ep. xxv. (N. d. e.) *Ælian Var. Hist. iv. 13.*

## EPISTLE CXI.

*On idle Cavils.*

YOU desire to know, *Lucilius*, by what word we express in *Latin*, what the *Greeks* called σοφισματ, *sophisms*. I know of none who have expressed it properly, though some have attempted it; and the reason of this is, being averse to, and not using the thing itself, we made no account of the name. Yet that seems to me the most expressive which is made by *Cicero* (*a*). He calls them cavillationes, *cavils*; which whoever applies himself to, he forgeth indeed subtle questions; but makes no advance in the better conduct of life: nor is made thereby more strong, more temperate, or more elate. Whereas he, who hath sought his remedy against the evils of life in philosophy, becomes magnanimous, full of confidence, insuperable; and seems the greater, the nearer you approach him; like a mountain, the height whereof is not very apparent when viewed at a distance, but when you come near it seems to reach the skies.

Such, my *Lucilius*, is a philosopher, when a philosopher indeed; according to the truth of things, and not a counterfeit by art. He stands on an eminence, is admirable, upright and truly great. He does not strut, and walk on tiptoe, like those who help their height by some shift, and would fain seem taller than they are; but is contented with his natural stature. And why should he not be content; since he is too tall for Fortune to lay her hand upon him; and is therefore above all worldly affairs? In every state or condition he is consistent with himself, and the same man; whether his life runs smoothly on with a prosperous gale, or whether it be tossed by the boisterous waves of adversity.

Now such constancy can never be procured by the *cavils* before-mentioned. The mind plays with these things, without receiving any

benefit from them. It is to dethrone philosophy, and reduce her to the common level. However you may sometimes amuse yourself with them, but it must be, when you intend to trifle and do nothing. But let me give you this caution; they have one bad quality attending them; they are too apt to allure the mind with a certain delight, and induce it, by a specious appearance of subtlety, to fix itself upon them; when we have so much business of the greatest importance upon our hands; when scarce our whole life is sufficient to learn this one thing, *a contempt of life*. But *what of governing it*, you say? This, *Lucilius*, is the second work we have to do; for no one can manage, or govern it well, who hath not first despised it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Cavillationes*, the word indeed is used by *Cicero*, but not in this sense, rather signifying *quipis*, *witticisms*, and the like.

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EPISTLE CXII.

*Old Sinners very difficult to be reformed.*

**I**NDEED, *Lucilius*, I desire, as much as you, to instruct our old friend. But he is too tough and stubborn for me, or rather, I should say, what is more troublesome, he is too tender and delicate, his constitution having been broke by a constant and evil habit. I will give you an example from my own experience. Every vine is not fit for grafting: if it be old and worm-eaten; or if it be weak and slender, it will not receive the scyon, or not nourish it; it will not take with it, and communicate its nature and quality. We are used therefore to cut it off just above ground, in order that if it fails, a second experiment may

may be made by setting it again in the earth. The person you write about, and are concerned for, hath not strength; he hath so long indulged himself in vice, that at the same time he both withers away, and hardens. He cannot close with reason, nor indeed give it entertainment.

*But he is desirous, you say. Do not think so. I will not say that he tells you a lie; he only thinks he is desirous. He is at present sick of luxury; but he will soon return to it again. He says indeed he is offended at his own life. I do not deny it; for who is not offended at it? There are men, who have both hated and loved their life at the same time (a). We will therefore then give you our opinion, when he hath given us full assurance, that he really detests luxury and all manner of excess; at present we are not clear in this point.*

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

(a) Dr. Young hath beautifully expressed this but on another occasion.  
 " Life we think long and short; Death seek and shun;  
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,  
 United jar, and yet are loth to part." N. T. 11.

## E P I S T L E CXIII.

*A trifling Question, Whether Virtues and Vices are Animals \*.*

YOU desire me, *Lucilius*, to give you my opinion of that question, so bandied about among the Stoics: *whether justice, fortitude, prudence, and other virtues, are animals.* It is from such questions as these, my dear friend, that we are thought to exercise our wits to very little purpose; and to waste our time in idle and useless disquisitions. However, I will endeavour to oblige you with an answer, and explain what some

among the *Greeks* (*a*) have understood of this affair; though I must own myself not of their opinion. The reasons that induced the antients to receive it, are the following:

It is manifest, say they, that (*animus*) *the soul* is an animal, seeing that it is the efficient cause of life in us; and that animals borrow their name from it (*b*). And virtue is nothing else but the *soul*, under such a modification, and therefore it is an animal. Besides virtue acts, but nothing can act without impulse or motion; and if it hath motion, which indeed properly belongs to animals, it is therefore an animal. If virtue, it is likewise said, is an animal, it is an animal through virtue; for why? it contains itself. As a wise man does all things by, or thro' virtue; so does virtue all things by itself: and therefore it is urged, that all arts are animals, all the objects of thought, and whatever is comprehended in the mind. From whence it follows, that millions of animals dwell in the narrow compass of the human breast; and all of us are so many animals, or contain so many animals.

In answer to this, let me observe, *though every one of the things alledged be an animal, they are not many animals.* And this I will explain to you, if you will hear me, with your usual attention and acuteness.

Every particular animal must have a particular substance: but all these supposed animals have one soul, or are contained in one soul, therefore they can be but one; they cannot be many. I am an animal; I am also a man; yet you will not say that I am *two*. And why? because they must be separable: the one, I say, must be deducible from the other, or else they cannot be two. *Every unit, however multiplied in itself, hath still but one nature, and is therefore one (c).* My soul is an animal, and I am an animal; yet we are not two; because, my soul is a part of myself. A thing is to be numbered by itself, when it subsists by itself; but when it is part of another, it cannot seem a different thing from that: because a different, or another thing, must be what is, properly, wholly and absolutely within itself.

I told



I told you, that I professed myself of a different opinion from those who held this question in the affirmative. My reason is, because, according to this opinion, not only all *virtues* will be animals, but all other affections, and even the *vices* of the mind, as *anger*, *fear*, *grief*, *jealousy*; nay, further, all *opinions* and all *thoughts* will be animals: which by no means is to be admitted. For, not every thing that is done by, or belongs to, man, is a man.

*What is justice?* they say. *It is the soul, considered in such a respect, and if the soul is an animal, so is justice.* No; for justice is but a mode, or certain power of the soul. One and the same soul is convertible into various forms; but it is not so often another animal, as it was pleased to act differently; nor is whatever it does, an animal. If *justice* be an animal; if *fortitude*, and the other virtues be animals; do they sometimes cease to be animals that they may begin again? or are they always animals? They can never cease to be virtues; therefore there are many: nay, numberless animals in the one soul. No, say they, *they are not many, because they are connected in one; and are parts or members of one.* We suppose therefore the soul to resemble the hydra, that hath many heads, each of which fights, and does mischief of itself. What then? none of these heads is of itself an animal: but the *hydra* itself is one animal. No one will say that the lion in the *chimæra*† is an animal; nor the dragon an animal: these are but parts of her, and parts are not animals.

But from whence do you conclude *justice* to be an animal? *Because it acts and does good; and what acts and does good, must have power and motion, and what hath power and motion is an animal.* True, if this was its own power and motion, but it is not its own; it is the power and motion of the soul. Every animal, 'till it dies, is what it was at first; man, 'till he dies, is man; so an horse or a dog; for these cannot be any thing else than what they are. Let us then, for argument sake, suppose *justice*, i. e. the *soul* under such a modification, to be an animal; *fortitude* then is likewise an animal, it being the soul under such a modification. *But what soul?* That which before was *justice*: it is con-

tained in the former animal: it cannot pass into, or belong to, another: it must continue there where it began first to be.

Moreover, it cannot be one soul of two animals, much less of more than two. If then justice, fortitude, temperance, and other virtues, are all animals, how will they have but one soul? They must each have a separate soul or they will not be animals. One body cannot be the body of many animals: this they themselves allow. Let us ask then, what is the body of justice? *The soul.* And what is the body of fortitude? the same soul. But two bodies cannot have the same soul. *But the same soul, they say, puts on the habit of justice, or of fortitude or of temperance.* This might be, if at the time it was justice, it was not fortitude; or when fortitude, not temperance: but all the virtues happen to dwell together: yet how should these be different animals, when there is but one soul, which can constitute but one animal?

Moreover, no animal can be part of another animal; but justice is part of the soul, therefore it is not an animal. But, methinks, I am wasting time and labour, in proving a thing so manifest to all. We ought rather to be angry, than dispute with a man who will not allow, that *no part of an animal can be part of another.* Look around; view the several bodies of men; there is not one of them but hath its own peculiar colour, form, and proportion. And this among other things always strikes me with admiration, at the infinite wisdom of our great Creator, that in such a vast variety of beings, he hath made no two exactly alike (*d*). Even in those things which seem most alike, when compared, and curiously inspected, there will be found a difference. What a great and beautiful variety is there in leaves and flowers, every one distinguished by its own marks and qualities! So likewise in the different sorts of animals, in none of which there is an exact likeness, not even in those of the same kind. So hath the great Maker of all things ordered it, that, as being different beings, they should be dissimilar in form and proportion.

*But*

*But the virtues, you say, are alike.* Yes; and therefore they are not animals. Every animal acts of itself; but virtue does nothing of itself, but in communion with man. Again, all animals are either rational, as man, and the Gods; or irrational, as the beasts: suppose then the virtues were rational, yet they are neither men nor gods; therefore they are not animals. Every rational animal does nothing but when incited by some specious view; from this impulse it contracts a power; and this power is confirmed by *assent*: (I will explain what I mean by *assent*. It behoves me to walk; accordingly I walk; having first consulted with myself, and approved my own opinion: or it behoves me to sit, accordingly I sit.) But this *assent* or self-will is not in virtue. For take prudence by way of example (*e*); it behoves me, I say, to walk; now this belongs not to its nature: for prudence looks not out for itself, but for him whose it is: it can neither walk nor sit; therefore hath not in itself the power of assent; and what hath not assent is not an animal.

*If virtue be an animal, it is a rational animal, but it is not rational, therefore not an animal.* If every virtue be an animal and every virtue is good, then every good is an animal. This our Stoics avow. To save a father is good; to speak wisely in the senate is good, and to decree justly, is good: therefore to save a father, is an animal; a wise speech is an animal; and so far will this matter go, that it is impossible to refrain from laughing. Prudently to be silent, and to sup well, is good; therefore to be silent, or to eat a good supper, is an animal.

I must divert myself a little more with these fooleries, these subtle triflings. If justice and fortitude be animals, they are certainly terrestrial. Now every terrestrial animal is subject to cold, hunger, thirst; therefore justice is cold, fortitude is hungry, and clemency thirsteth. Why should I not ask them further, what is the shape of these animals? Is it that of a man, or of an horse, or of a wild beast? If they suppose it *round*, as they suppose God (*f*), I would ask whether avarice, luxury, and madness, are equally round? for these likewise they suppose to be animals. Having given them this rotundity, I would further ask them  
whether

whether prudent walking be an animal or not; but on their principle they cannot deny it: they must acknowledge that walking is an animal, and indeed round and complete (*g*).

But that you may not think me a deserter, and here speak without book and authority, know, that there was a dispute between *Cleanthes* and *Chrysippus* upon this very point of walking: they could by no means agree. *Cleanthes* saith, that there is a spirit that acts from the *principal*, or superior and governing part of the soul, quite down to the feet. *Chrysippus*, that it is this very principal itself that acts (*b*). Why may not every one therefore after the example of *Chrysippus* maintain his own opinion, and laugh, if he pleases, at the supposed infinity of animals, which the whole world could not contain?

*But the virtues, they say, are not many animals, but yet are animals; for as a man may be both an orator and a poet and yet be but one man; so these virtues are animals though not many animals: the same mind is just, and prudent, and brave, as it respectively bears itself with regard to each virtue.* Here then let us end the dispute: I join issue with them; for at present I allow the soul to be an animal, referring what I have to say on this matter to another opportunity: but I deny that every *action of it is an animal*: for otherwise all words will be animals, and all verses; for if a prudent speech be good, and every good an animal, then is speech an animal. So a prudent verse is good: but every good is an animal, therefore every verse is an animal: therefore

Arna virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris (Virg. l. 1.)  
is an animal, which they cannot say is round; because it hath six feet. Really this is such fine spinning, that the more I consider it the more I laugh: especially when I fancy a solecism, a barbarism, and a syllogism, are animals; and, painter like, assign to each of them a several face, which I think best suits them. Yet these are the things, *Lucilius*, which we so earnestly dispute upon with knitted brows, and a wrinkled forehead. I cannot here say with *Cæcilius*, O tristes ineptiæ (*i*), *wretched trifling! ridiculæ sunt; it is rather ridiculous.*

La

Let us therefore treat of something useful and salutary, and investigate the way that leads to virtue: teach me not that fortitude is an animal, but that no animal (at least man) can be happy without fortitude; i. e. unless he be strong and resolute against all casualties, and by serious meditation hath, in some measure, quelled all accidents, before they reach him. What is *fortitude*? the impregnable fortress of human imbecility: so that whosoever is surrounded by it, he stands secure in the siege of life: for he makes use of, and depends upon, his own strength and weapons. I will here transcribe an excellent sentence from our *Pofidonius*; Non est quod unquam fortunæ armis putes te esse tutum, tuis pugna contra ipsam, fortuita non arment; *Never trust to, or think yourself safe, in the defensive arms of Fortune, but oppose her with your own; Chance provides us none.* Therefore, however armed we may be against our enemies, we are still unarmed against Fortune.

*Alexander* indeed spoiled and put to flight the *Persians*, the *Hyrca-nians*, the *Indians*, and every nation eastward to the great ocean. But he himself having slain one friend (*Clitus*) and lost another (*Hephestion*) lay in darkness; at one time detesting his cruel and wicked action, at another time his loss. The conqueror of many nations was overcome himself by anger, and sorrow. For such was his ambition, he had rather have all things under his command than his passions. O, how blind, how erroneous are men, who desire to extend their dominion beyond the seas, and think themselves happy, if, by the assistance of their soldiery, they can be masters of many provinces; and add continually thereto; ignorant at the same time of what is truly a great and godlike kingdom. *To command ourselves*, is the greatest empire in the world.

Teach me, what a sacred thing is *justice*; which always regards the good of another asking nothing for herself, but self-exercise. She must have no connection with ambition and glory; but rest satisfied with self-complacency. Let a man persuade himself above all things, that it behoves him to be just, without hope or desire of a recompence. Nor is this enough; let him further persuade himself, that he must

voluntarily incline to this the fairest of all virtues; so that all his thoughts be as averse as possible, from any private advantage (*k*). You must not think that the reward of any just action is greater than the action itself. This too, be sure to fix in your mind, what I before hinted, that it is nothing to the purpose, how many are privy to, or witnesses of, your just and righteous dealing. They who are desirous to have their virtues blazoned abroad, labour not for virtue, but *fame*. You would fain have the honour of being thought a just man; but indeed it may so happen, that justice may be attended with infamy; and then, if you are wise, you will take delight in triumphing over unjust disgrace.

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

\* Unless we had manifest testimonies of it, (as *Muret*. observes) we could scarce think it credible, that any so ridiculous an opinion should have been started as that which here *Seneca* laughs at, and confutes. For what can be more absurd than to suppose that not only the *soul* is an *animal*; (if so, it must then have another soul to animate it, and that another, and so on for ever) but that all virtues, vices, thoughts, and affections, are *animals*. Yet this opinion, ridiculous and absurd as it is, was held and maintained for truth, by the principal masters among the *Stoics*, those severe censors, those long-bearded doctors, those props and supporters of wisdom. Nor did they stop here, but supposed that *quality*, *quantity*, *figure*, and the like were all *animals*. This then is the folly which *Seneca* endeavours to confute in this Epistle: and concludes admirably in praise of *justice*; and with cautioning his reader against wasting his time in the foregoing trifles. There is also extant a short commentary among the *νοσηριων* of *Galen*, wherein this very opinion is ridiculed and condemned. The title of it is, Ὅτι οἱ πῶβητες ἀτάματα.

(a) Phæcasiatum palliatumque; wearing white shoes and a cloak, particularly the *Greek* philosophers, as distinguished from the *Roman* sandals and gown. Phæcasiatorum vetera ornamenta decorum. *Juv.* iii. 218.

(b) The word *animalis* comes from *anima*; and that from *animus*; as *agna* from *agnus*. The difference between *animus* and *anima*, though not always observed, seems to be that by *anima* they understood that power of the soul which giveth *life* and *sensibility*: and by *animus*, that which giveth *understanding*, *wisdom*, and the like.

(c) This, I think, may, in some measure, be applied to the great mystery that *faith* requires us to believe in the Christian scheme, *I and my father are one*. *John*, x. 30.

† The *Hydra* and *Chimera*, two poetical monsters; the former, a serpent in the garden of the *Hesperides*:

*Mighty in bulk, and terrible in look:*

*That arm'd with scales, and in a dreadful fold,*

*Wain'd round the tree, and watch'd the growing cold.* *Creech* *Lucretius*, 5. 35.

The

The latter was supposed to have,

— *A lion's head, a serpent's tail,  
A goat, the middle of the fancied frame,  
And still with scorching nostrils breathing flame.* Ib. 5. 960.

(d) This indeed is (as *Lipſius* observes, *mirandum, ſtupendum, divinum*) *wonderful, amazing, divine*. The late ingenious Mr. *Hogarth*, in his *Analysis of Beauty* hath applied the like obſervation to the *human face*; which he calls a *composed variety*; for a variety uncomposed and without deſign is confuſion and deformity. p. 17.

(e) *Putā enim prudentiam animal eſſe. Muret.* *Putā animal prudentiam eſſe*; but this is to ſuppoſe the thing in queſtion: *Gronovius* therefore reads with the MSS. *putā prudentiam eſſe, i. e. faciamus periculum in prudentia*.

(f) *Seneca* here ſeems to be witty upon his brethren the *Stoics*, with whom the *world* was both an *animal* and *God*. Concerning which *Varro* ſaith, *Quomodo poteſt rotundus eſſe, ſine capite, ſine præputio*. But *Plato* likewise was of this opinion; yet in *Timæus* he writes, *that it wants ears and eyes and feet, becauſe God wanteth not any instruments of this kind, as compelling and continuing all things in himſelf*. And to this both *Varro* and *Seneca* ſeem to allude. *Genil.* l. 2. *Parerg.*

(g) In the ſenſe of *Horace*; *totus, teres, atque rotundus.* S. 11. 7.

(h) This *principal* or governing part of the ſoul, ſome (*Ariſtotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Hippocrates*) place, *εν τῇ ἡμετέρῃ σφαίρῳ· δὲ κεφαλῇ, in the head*; but the *Stoics* (*Empedocles, Parmenides, and Democritus*) place it *in the heart*.—Thus *Auſonius*;

*Mens quæ cœleſti ſenſu rigat emeritum cor:  
Cor vegetum, mundi inſtar habens, animæ vigor ac viſ.*

So the *Epicureans*, *Lucret.* iii. 139.

*Sed caput eſſe quaſi et dominari in corpore toto  
Conſilium quod nos animum mentemque vocamus;  
Idque ſitum mediâ regione in pectoris hæret.*

— *I muſt affirm the ſoul and mind  
Make up one ſingle nature cloſely join'd:  
But yet the mind's the head, and ruling part,  
Call'd Reaſon, and 'tis ſeated in the heart.* Creech.

(i) *O triftes ineptias] Turpe eſt difficile habere nugas,  
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum.* *Martial.*

(k) Like the ſummary of all *Chriſtian virtues*, *Charity, it ſeeketh not her own.* i. Cor. 13.

## EPISTLE CXIV.

*On Language, Style, and Composition.*

YOU are pleaſed to aſk me, *Lucilius*, how it comes to paſs that at certain times the public language becomes corrupt; and whence it is that the minds of men are ſo fickle, and inclined to error; as at one

time to delight in pompous, swelling expressions, and at another, the speech is so frittered into quavers, that when they talk, you would rather think they were singing: why, at one time, bold and extravagant periods have been in vogue; and, at another, broken sentences, so very concise, that much more is understood than expressed; and why, in another age the use of metaphors, and other figures of speech, by too frequent use, have been most immoderately abused. The reason is this, which you have often heard, and which is become proverbial among the *Greeks*, *Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita, as is the life of a man, such is his discourse* (a). As then the behaviour and actions of a man are, for the most part, answerable to their discourse, so the common dialect is oftentimes an imitation, or the result of public manners. —When a government hath lost all regard to discipline, and given itself up to delicacies, it betrays its luxurious disposition by ribaldry and wantonness of speech; I mean not of one or two particulars, but as it is received and approved in general.

The soul and the understanding are seldom of two different colours: if that be sound, sedate, grave, and temperate; this likewise will be moderate and sober: but where that is corrupt and vitiated, this also is affected. See you not, when the soul languisheth, how listless the body is? the limbs become feeble, and the feet drag heavily along: that, if it be effeminate, the little mincing step discovers the infirmity; whereas when it is vigorous and active, the step is more free and bold: or, if it be mad, or what is akin to madness, if it be passionate, how turbulent is every motion! Men in such a state, never walk, but are hurried along; so affected is the understanding by the disposition of the soul: nor can it be otherwise; since it wholly depends upon, and is blended with it; it is entirely formed by this, ever obeys it, and seeks no other law of action, but what this commands.

The manner of *Mecænas'* living is too notorious than, at this time, to need a description. How prettily he walk'd! how delicate he was! how desirous to be gaped upon! how unwilling to conceal any of his foibles! Well then; and was not his discourse as dissolute as his life?

Yes;



Yes; he had as much affectation and vanity in his speech, as in his dress, his equipage, his house, and his wife. He was indeed a man of great abilities (*b*), had he properly applied them; had he not studied an obscurity of style, though at the same time it seemed to flow with an air of elocution. You will find him therefore talking like a drunken man, intricate, and roving from one idea to another, and taking amazing liberties. I will give you a specimen, (from his book *de cultu suo*.)

— Quid purius (*c*)

Amne, sylvisque ripa comantibus,  
 Vides ut alveum lintribus arent (*d*)  
 Versoque vado remi iciant hortos!  
 Quid si quis fœminæ cirro crispatæ  
 Labris columbatur incipitque  
 Suspirans, cervice et lapsæ fanatur. —  
 More tyranni irremediabilis  
 Rimantur factio, epulis lagenâque  
 Tentant domos, et sæpe mortem exigunt,  
 Geniumque festo vix suo testem.  
 Tenuis cerei fila et crepacem molam  
 Focum mater aut uxor investiunt.

*What can be purer than the running stream  
 Whose banks with a leafy coverture are skreen'd?  
 See how they plough the channel with their skiffs,  
 And row o'er the reflected gardens! —  
 What if some pretty damsel, twists and curls  
 Her jetty locks, and with her pouting lips  
 Bills like a dove, and now begins to sigh,  
 That none are smitten with her beauteous bloom! —  
 Tyrants implacable, and their fell faction  
 Pry into ev'ry corner of the house,  
 For some rich flaggon, or such delicacies  
 As they can find; and oftentimes exact  
 Death of the owners —  
 The Genius scarce is witness to his own feast,*

*When by the glimmering of a slender taper,  
The mother, or the wife, invest the hearth,  
Loud-cracking with the salt-besprinkled meal.—*

When you read such affected and hyperbolic stuff, do you not immediately conclude, that it must come *from one*, who always goes about the city in a loose robe (*e*)? For even when he was *Regent* in the absence of *Augustus*, he gave orders in a dishabille: *from one*, who in the palace, in the forum, in the tribunal, and in every public assembly, appeared with his face muffled, so that nothing could be seen but his ears. Like a runaway, as represented in a comedy (*f*): *from one*, who, (during the tumult of a civil war, when the whole city was alarmed, and even in arms) walked carelessly about the streets, attended with only two eunuchs, better men however than himself: *from one*, who a thousand times married his wife (*g*).—The foregoing expressions, so wretchedly constructed, so ungrammatical, and negligently thrown out, repugnant to every manner of writing, shew that his morals were not less strange, depraved, and singular.

He was remarkable indeed and highly commended for his tenderness and good-nature. He made no use of the sword, and abstained from shedding blood: nor in any other respect did he take an unpermitted liberty. And yet this esteem and praise he himself entirely spoiled by that monstrous affectation of delicacy in his discourse. For he appeared from hence to be a meer *Fribble*, rather than mild. Such obscurities in expression, such uncouth words; the meaning of them sometimes great and sublime, but quite enervated in the delivery, plainly shew to any one that observes them, that the man's head was certainly turned by too great a flow of happiness; which indeed is sometimes the fault of the man, and not seldom of the times.

Where the happiness of a state hath universally spread around the principles of luxury; men first begin to be more curious in dress and outward ornament; next, extravagant expence and care are bestowed upon their houses, in order to make them as airy as their country-seats;

seats; that their walls may shine with the richest marble from foreign countries; that the roofs may be embellished with gold; and the splendor of the pavement be answerable to that of their ceilings: after this they are exceeding nice in their furniture. From hence they proceed to set out their tables magnificently with the most costly dishes; and commendation is sought from novelties, and the changing of antient customs, that such things as were used to be served up first, should now come in the last course (*b*): and such as were presented to the guests at coming in, are now reserved for their going away.

When the mind has got an habit of disdainning things in common use, and looking upon them as mean and vile, it then seeks out for new language also; and brings into play again such words as are antique and obsolete; or coining new ones, introduceth strange uncouth terms, or wrest such as are known, to another meaning. Any word newly come in vogue is esteemed elegant, and metaphors every day grow more bold and frequent. Some are very concise in their expressions, and expect to be admired for leaving the hearer in suspense: others are as much too prolix, spinning out their meaning to an intolerable length. Some men are cautious of falling into vice, (as they generally do, who intend any thing great) but at the same time love the vice itself. Whenever therefore you find men delight in loose discourse, you may be assured they are not sound in their morals. As the luxury of entertainment, and expensive dress, are a certain sign that the state is decaying; so a licentiousness of speech, if frequent, shews also, that the minds of the people, that delight in such conversation, are in a bad way.

You ought not to wonder, that this corruption of language is received as well by the great vulgar as the small; for they differ not in judgment but in dress and fortune. This is rather what you should wonder at, that they not only praise what is vicious, but the vices themselves. For this is usual: there was no wit passing, however loose and sarcastical, but what easily obtained pardon (*i*). Point me out any man you please, of note and reputation, and I will tell you, wherein, the age he lived in, winked at his foibles, or knowingly dissembled them. I will give  
you

you some, I say, of the greatest renown, who have been reputed most excellent men, and proposed as admirable examples; whom yet if a man presumes to examine and censure, he will quite demolish them; for so many vices are blended with their virtues, that it will be difficult to separate them.

Add now, that *language hath no certain criterion*: the custom and fashions of the place, which are perpetually changing, make likewise a change in the language: many affect to borrow words from another age; they speak in the antient style of the *twelve tables*. *Gracchus*, and *Crassus*, and *Curio* of a later date, are too polite and modern for them. They go back as far as *Appius* and *Coruncanus* (*k*). Some, on the other hand, while they approve of nothing but what is trivial and in common use, fall into meannesses: both of them faulty, in a different way; as much indeed as if they were to use in their discourse, the most pompous, high-sounding, and poetical expressions, in order to avoid the more necessary and common words; the one I say is as faulty as the other. The one dresses himself like a coxcomb; the other like a slave: the one picks the hair from the legs; the other not so much as from the arm-pits.

Let us pass on now to composition. What a number of faults could I here point out to you? Some approve of a rough and crabbed style; whatever sentence flows in a smooth and more pleasing strain, they purposely fling it out. They would have no period without its ruggedness. They think it manly and strong, when it strikes the ear with an unequal sound. Of others, it cannot be called composition but modulation, so soft and soothing is the strain. And why need I mention that sort of composition, in which some principal words are postponed, and come creeping in at the end of a sentence? Or that which is smooth throughout, and clear in the close, like *Cicero's* ending with a gentle cadence, and answering his usual manner and measure? Sentences in general are not only faulty, when they are either weak and puerile, or so bold and luscious as not to preserve decency and modesty; but if they are too  
florid,

florid, or too soft and sweet, without any point or design, they are nothing more than mere sound.

Now these are the faults which are introduced by some one who is reputed eloquent: whereupon others imitate him, and so on, from one to another. Hence, *Sallust* being in vogue, curt sentences, unexpected cadences, and obscure brevity, were reckoned beauties. *Arruntius*, a man of uncommon frugality, who wrote the history of the *Punic* wars, was a follower of *Sallust*, and became eminent in that mode of writing. *Sallust* hath somewhere this expression, exercitum argento facit, *by silver* he made *an army*, i. e. he raised an army by bounty-money. *Arruntius* began to be fond of this expression; and therefore used it in almost every page. He says in one place, Fugam nostri fecere, *Our men made a flight*: in another, Hiero rex Syracusanorum bellum fecit, *Hiero, king of Syracuse, made war*. In another, Quæ audita Panormitanos dedere Romanis fecere, *Which things being heard, made the Panormitans surrender to the Romans*. I had a mind to give you this taste of him; but his whole book is composed in this manner.

Such words as are very rare in *Sallust* are frequent in *Arruntius*, and used perpetually, even when there is not the least occasion for them. *Sallust* fell upon them accidentally, but *Arruntius* sought them. And you see the consequence, when any one takes an error for his model. *Sallust* had said, Aquis hiemantibus, *the waters being wintry*; upon this, *Arrunteus*, in his first book of the *Punic* war, is pleased to say, Repente tempestas hiemavit, *on a sudden the storm wintered*: and in another place when he would tell you that it was a cold year, he saith, totus hiemavit annus, *the whole year was winter*. And again, Inde sexaginta onerararias, leves præter militem, et necessarios nautarum, *hiemante Aquilone, misit, From thence, beside the soldiery, and necessary mariners, he sent away sixty merchantmen, during the winter of the north wind*. In short, he thrusts this word in, where-ever he has an opportunity. *Sallust* somewhere says, Inter arma civilia æqui boni fumus petit, *Even amid civil broils he seeks the glories of a good and just man*. *Arruntius* could not refrain from laying hold of these words, and forthwith

inserts in his first book, *ingentes esse famas de Regulo, great were the glories of Regulus.*

These however and the like quaint expressions, that are picked up by imitation, are not signs of a luxurious fancy, or a corrupt mind; for they must be proper, and naturally his own, from whence to judge of an author's affections. The speech of a passionate man is passionate, and the more violent according as he is irritated: as the speech of a fribble is delicate and flowing: as you may observe in those, who pluck out what beard they have with knippers, or here and there a hair; or who shave the lip close, and let the rest grow as it can; who chuse their cloaks of some odd colour, and are very conspicuous for the richness of their gowns; and who desire that nothing they do should pass unseen; they invite and provoke every one to turn their eyes upon them, and care not how much you censure or laugh at them, if you vouchsafe to see them.

Such then is *Mecænas*, and such his style, as it is of all those who err not accidentally, but knowingly and willingly. Now this arises from a great defect of the mind. As in drunkenness the tongue falters not, 'till such time as the mind is overpowered by its load, and reason is overfet or quite lost: so this manner of speech (what is it else but drunkenness?) is never impertinent, 'till the mind fails. This therefore must first be cured; as it is from this that sense and words flow; and from this the habit, the countenance, the gait: so long as the mind continues sound, the speech is robust, strong, and manly; if this be dejected, all its dependents sink at once.

—— Rege incolumi mens omnibus una est,

*Amisso rupère fidem.—Virg. G. iv. 212. (Speaking of bees)*

*While he (the King) survives, in concord and content,*

*The commons live, by no divisions rent;*

*But the great monarch, Death, dissolves the government. Dryden.* }

The mind, or soul, is our king within, while he is safe and well, the rest continue dutiful: they submit, and obey: when he wavers ever so little, the rest fluctuate in doubt; and when he gives himself up to pleasure,

pleasure, his every art and action are enfeebled, and all his efforts loose and languid.

To go on with the metaphor—Our soul is sometimes a king, and sometimes a tyrant: a king, when he observes what is right and fit; takes due care of the body committed to his charge, and commands nothing that is base, nothing that is mean: but when he is passionate, covetous, or over-nice, he assumes a dire and detestable name, even that of tyrant. Then do the unruly passions seize him, and sollicit him incessantly; rejoicing at first in their triumph; as a people are apt to do, when they think themselves happy in some largess from a tyrant, designing to enslave them; and, being already full, accept of more than they can digest. But when the disease hath more and more consumed his strength, and a relish for pleasure hath sunk deep into his marrow and nerves; elevated at the sight of those things, which his over-eagerness, and too fond desires render him unfit for, instead of enjoying them himself, he is contented with seeing others enjoy them; he stands pimp to the lust of others; and is only a witness of those delights, amid which he is starved by too great plenty. Nor is it so grateful to abound in worldly pleasure, as irksome, that he is not able to swallow down so great a preparation of dainties, or wallow with his troop of bawds and harlots: it grieves him to be deprived of the greatest part of his supposed felicity by the narrow receptacle of the body.

But is not this madness, my *Lucilius*, that not a man of us thinks himself mortal, or reflects on his infirmities. Nay, that he does not know, he is but *one*. Behold our smoking kitchens, and the sweating cooks running from fire to fire: could you imagine that it was for one belly, that provisions are making with so great a bustle? Behold our cellars and store-houses, full of the vintages of many years! Would you think that it was for one paunch that the wines of so many consuls reigns, and of so many different climates, are stored up for the same purpose? Behold in how many places the earth is broken up! how many thousand husbandmen are employed in digging and ploughing! Would you think that it is for one belly that men sow both in *Africa*

and *Syria*? Believe me, we should be more healthful, and keep our desires within proper bounds, were each of us to reckon himself but *one*; and at the same time to take dimensions of his body; and learn that it cannot receive much, or retain it long. Nothing however can contribute more to temperance and moderation in all things, than frequent reflection on the brevity and uncertainty of life. Whatsoever you do, think on mortality.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) So, *Plato*, "Ὅτις ὁ λόγος τοιοῦτος ὁ τρόπος. And *Solon*, τὴν λογὴν εἰδῶλον εἶναι τῶν ἔργων. And yet *Erasmus* says he knows not what this proverb is in *Greek*, unless it be

Ἄνδρες χαρακτὴρ ἐκ λόγου γυμνάζεται

*Euripides*, much to the same purpose, μωρὰ γὰρ μωρὸς λευεῖ. *Solomon* frequently, the tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness. *Prov.* 15. 2. The heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness. xii. 23.

(b) *Sen. Ep.* 19. *Fitzosborne's Lett.*

(c) I have given you the words as they stand in *Muretus's* edition; but to extract a seeming meaning from such nonsense, I have translated them from conjecture and the various readings—al. quid turpius.—Remittant hortos, al. remigant.—Colubatur—laxâ feratur al. ferantur.—Nemo tyranni al. nemore, ne more.—They are supposed to be (imperfect) hendecasyllables: and the sense, relating to some tyrant's behaviour.—

(d) As in *Virgil*, viii. 96.—Viridesque secat placido æquore silvas,  
— and cut reflected forests on the waves. *Lauderdale.*

Alike bold, Ἀλιμενὸν διδέρει ἀυλάκα τεμναν. *Aristoph.* Av. 1400.  
Cutting the shoreless furrows of the air.

(e) Improbe, quid tandem tunicæ nocuere solutæ?  
Aut tibi ventosi quid nocuere sinus?

(f) As it was usual for the fribbles of that age to cover their heads with their gown to keep off the sun.

Ut isti Græci palliati capite aperto qui ambulant. *Plaut. Curc.*

And *Plutarch* censuring the freed man of *Pompey*, says, Domino stante accumbebat εχεν δὲ αὐτὸν κατὰ τῆς κερκαλῆς τὸ ἱμῶσιον. And *Petronius* describing *Trimalchio*; Pallio coccino adrasum incluserat caput, we could not refrain from laughing, when we saw his bald pate peeping out of a scarlet mantle. See *Lips.* Amphitheat. xx.

(g) *Terentia*—Somewhat hyperbolic; from their perpetual quarrels and divorces.

(b) This *Martial* observes with regard to lettuce, or a salad:  
Cludere quæ mensas lætuca solebat avorum,  
Dic mihi, cur nostras inchoat illa dapes?  
The salad now comes first; in ages past,  
Our ancestors reserv'd it to the last.

*Plutarch*, (*Sympol.* viii. 9.) recounting the causes of new diseases alledges this as one; the cus-  
toms



toms of the antients being more wholesome. Τὴν ταξιάν. τ. λ. *The change of order in our feeding has a great influence on the alteration of our bodies; the cold courses, as they were called, formerly consisting of oysters, lobsters, sallad, and the like, now make the first course, whereas they were formerly the last.* I know not but that I may observe the reverse of our English pudding.

(i) See *Webb*, on painting, p. 66.

(k) *Appius Claudius*, Consul. U. C. 489.—*Coruncanus*, the first who from a Plebeian was made *Pontifex Max.* U. C. 489. Liv. Id.

Si tibi vetu'atis tantus est amor, pari studio in verba prisca redeamus, quibus *Salii* canunt, et auguras aves consulunt, et Decemviri tabulas condiderunt. Jamdudum his renuntiatum est, et successio temporum placita priora mutavit. Symmach. iii. 44. *If you have such an affection for antiquity, let us return to the old language, in which the Salii sung their hymns, the Augurs consulted the birds, and the Decemviri formed the twelve tables. These have long since been renounced; and a succession of ages hath changed the old decrees.*

(l) *Atque ita hircum olet.* *Lipsius.*

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## EPISTLE CXV.

*On the same. And the Beauty of Virtue.*

I WOULD not have you, my *Lucilius*, too curious and solicitous concerning style and composition. Many things of much greater importance call for your attention. Consider rather the *matter* than the manner of your writing. I could wish that you were more employed in thinking than in scribbling; especially if you so think, that you may apply your thoughts more and more to your own good; and seal, as it were, the substance of them on your heart (*a*).

Know that when you see or hear a laboured and over-nice discourse, that the mind of the author is taken up with trifles and vanity. The truly great man is more remis and free; in whatever he is pleased to utter you will find more of confidence and solidity, than careful curiosity. You have seen and you know, many smart fellows, whose beards and locks are dressed with the nicest art, as if just taken out of a band-box (*b*). From such, you can expect nothing that is manly, nothing solid. Speech is the image of the mind (*c*): if it be clipped and

trimmed (*d*) very spruce, depend upon it the mind is not sincere and sound. Spruceness and affectation are not manly accomplishments. Could we inspect the soul of a good man, how fair, how beautiful, holy, magnificent, and pleasing would it appear! Justice shining here, and there Fortitude! here Temperance, and there Prudence! Besides these, Frugality, Contenance, Forbearance, and Liberty, and Courteousness, and (who would think it?) Humanity, *that* so rare and the choicest good in man, would then shine in their full lustre. And then, O ye Gods! what grace, what weight and authority, would discretion and elegance, that most eminent qualification! add unto the rest? No one would think him amiable, but who at the same time thought him venerable.

And was any one to view this image, in yet an higher and more brilliant light than all worldly glories can give, would he not stand aghast and surprized, as at the sight of some deity, and tacitly pray, that he might behold him with impunity (*e*)? And then invited by the benignity of her (*virtue's*) aspect, kneel down and adore her; and having contemplated, and for some time considered the same, as rising far above the measure of such things as the sight of mortals is used to; her eyes sparkling with a mild indeed, but yet a living flame, would he not with awe and reverence break out, in those words of *Virgil*.

O quàm te memorem, Virgo! namque haud tibi vultus  
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat.—

Sis felix, nostrumque leves quæcunque laborem.—

*O virgin, or what other name you bear*

*Above that style; O more than mortal fair!*

*Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!—*

*Let not in vain an humble suppliant pray.—*

She will be propitious and assist us, if we duly honour her. But she is not honoured by the slaughtering of bulls (*f*), nor by the richest offering of gold and silver, or by gifts casts into the treasury; but by a pious will, and integrity of heart. Every one I say would be transported with the love of her, were they to behold her in her genuine beauty. But alas! many things now stand in our way, and either  
dazzle

dazzle our eyes with too great splendor, or retain them still in darkness. But as the sight is wont to be cleared and sharpened by certain medicines; so were we to clear from the sight of the mind all impediments, we should be able to behold *naked virtue* in all her charms; though tabernacled in the body; nay, though poverty, meanness of condition, and even infamy, stood between us: we should behold, I say, her incomparable beauty, though cloathed in rags. As on the contrary, we should see iniquity, and the foul rust of a cankered mind (*g*); though beaming around with the splendid rays of wealth, and though our eyes are dazzled with the false light of power and honours.

Then shall we understand on what contemptible things we bestow our admiration; like children, who think glaring trifles of great value, and prefer their penny bracelets and toys to the love of either fathers or brothers. What difference is there, as *Aristo* says, between them and us, unless that we are more expensively silly, in being mad after pictures and statues? *They* are pleased with the shells and little stones of various colours that are found on the sea-shore; and *we* with the variegated marble pillars, whether brought from *Sandy Egypt* or the deserts of *Africa*, they form a grand portico, or support a capacious room for banqueting. But herein surely we are the more ridiculous; since when we so greatly admire the walls inlaid with plates of marble, we know what is behind them, and what they serve to hide; and thus it is that we impose upon our eyes: for when we spread the leafy gold upon our houses, what is it but a mere counterfeit that so delights us; since we know that beneath this shew of gold is concealed vile and worm-eaten wood? Nor are our walls and ceilings only thus thinly ornamented; but all that state in which you see the great and noble so proudly strut, is nothing more than *gilded happiness* (*b*). Look within, and you will learn that misery and vileness lie concealed beneath this gawdy shew of dignity (*i*).

It is this very thing, gold, that first raised so many judges and magistrates; and still governs them with its bewitching charms: this, which from the time it first grew into request, hath banished all true worth  
and

and honour. Both as buyers and sellers, we regard not how good a thing is, but what it will fetch upon sale. Profit is all; incited by this we are both pious and impious; we follow what is right and fit, so long as there are any hopes of gaining thereby, but are easily drawn into vice, when it promiseth a greater advantage. Our parents originally instilled into us a veneration for gold and silver. And this principle, being sowed in our minds when young, strikes a deep root, and grows up with us: and then, all the world, in other respects of different opinions, agree herein: this they are ever gaping after themselves; this they wish for to all their relatives; and this, as the greatest of all human things, when they would appear grateful, they consecrate and offer up to the Gods. In short, the manners of men are such, that poverty is a cursed disgrace, and consequently despised by the rich, and hateful to the poor.

To this besides are added the ingenious labours of the poets, who are for ever inflaming this affection in us, by recommending riches as the only ornament and honour of life. According to them it seems, that the immortal Gods cannot bestow greater blessings, nor have greater themselves:

Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis  
 Clara micante auro.---(Ov. Met. ii. 1.)  
*The sun's bright palace on high columns rais'd,  
 With burnish'd gold, and flaming rubies blaz'd.*

And behold his chariot,

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ  
 Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo. (107.)  
*A golden axle did the work uphold,  
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold:  
 The spokes in rows of silver.---Sewell.*

Lastly, the age they would have thought to be the best and happiest, is styled *the Golden*. Nor are there wanting those among the tragic poets, who barter innocence, health and reputation, for gold.

(k) Sine me vocari pessimum, ut dives vocer.  
 An dives omnes quærimus; nemo an bonus.

Non

Non quare, et unde; quid habeat, tantum rogant.  
 Ubique tanti quisque, quantum habuit, fuit.  
 Quid habere nobis turpe fit, quæris? nihil.  
 Aut dives opto vivere, aut pauper mori.  
 Bene moritur, qui dum moritur, lucrum facit.  
 Pecunia ingens generis humani bonum.  
 Cui non voluptas matris, aut blandæ potest  
 Par esse prolis, non facer meritis parens.  
 Tam dulce si quid Veneris in vultu micat  
 Meritò illa amores cœlitum atque hominum movet.

*Let me be rich, and call me what you please.--*

*But is he rich? all cry. Not, is he good?*

*They ask not, why? or whence? but what he has.*

*Esteem in all, is measur'd by the purse.*

*Say, what 'tis scandalous to have? why, nothing.*

*If rich, I wish to live; if poor, to die.*

*'Tis he dies well, who can enrich his heir.*

*Money's the greatest blessing man can have.*

- *Not the sweet pleasure that a mother feels,  
 Or children give, or a deserving fire;  
 Nor ev'n the sparkling beauty of the fair,  
 Can rival this delight of gods and men.*

When the latter part of these verses were recited in a tragedy of *Euripides*, the whole audience rose up tumultuously; and with great resentment condemned the actor, author, and poetry. But *Euripides* sprung upon the stage, and humbly begged their patience, 'till they should see the catastrophe of the wretch who had made this extraordinary speech. It was *Bellerophons* (V.) (1), who here, from poetical justice, met with that condign punishment, which every guilty wretch feels in his own breast. For avarice never escapes with impunity.——O what floods of tears, what incessant toil does she exact from her devoteés! How miserable does she make those who only live in expectation! How much more miserable those, who have obtained their fondest wishes? For behold! what anxieties and daily cares attend on men, according to their several possessions! Money is often possessed with greater torment

than that by which it was acquired, What bitter sighs do their losses create? which heavy as they fell upon them, still feel heavier. Lastly, though fortune should take nothing from them, whatever she denies them further, is deemed a loss.

*But all men think such a one happy, they call him rich, and wish themselves in his condition.* It may be so. What then? Do you think any one can be in a worse condition, than the man who is envied by others, and wretched in himself? I only wish that all who are greedy of wealth, would seriously and honestly confer with the rich themselves. I wish that all who gape after titles and honours would consult the ambitious; and such as have reached the first state of dignity! Truly, I believe, they would change their minds; as the great themselves do, who are still hunting after something, and condemning what they before admired. For no one is contented with his own happiness, tho' it flows in upon him to his wish. Still do they complain of their wrong designs, and unhappy success, and had much rather be what they were before.

Therefore it is philosophy alone that can give this truly valuable blessing; *to do nothing that requires repentance.* And this solid happiness, which no tempest can shake, is not to be conferred, by the study of apt and well-chosen words, or a sweet fluency of discourse: let it flow as it will, so that the mind be calm and composed; so long as this continues truly great, and firm in its own consequence, neglectful of the opinion of others; and enjoys complacency in those very things, that to others are displeasing. Such a one estimates his proficiency in life by his conduct; and rightly judgeth that his knowledge is to be valued according to his not knowing, either how to covet, or how to fear.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) Et veluti signes] So the Greeks, ἐσημαίνεν.—τὰ μαθηματα δι' ἀπλότητα τῶν ψυχῶν εἰς χάθος ἐσημαίνόμενα. *Basil.* The *Latins* say *ponere signa*.

— Non est mihi tempus aventi

Ponere signa novis præceptis.—*Hor.* S. ii. 4. 1.

*I have not leisure now, to mark new rules.*

(b) De capulâ totos] *Lipsius*. al. tortos. *Scaliger* reads it, Descapulatos, and applies it to those who affect a loose robe, or undress.

Effluit effuso queis toga laxa sinu. *Tibull.* 1.

*Malthinus* tunicis demissis ambulat. *Hor.* S. i. 2. 25.

— *Walks with his gown below his heels.*

(c) Oratio vultus est animi.] Much the same with what he had said in the foregoing Epistle, Talis est oratio, qualis vita. So *Democritus* ap. *Laert.* calls, *speech*, εἶδωλον τῆς βίης, than which says *Erasmus* nothing can be more just. *Man is known by his speech as brazen vessels by their ringing.* And to this *Perfius* alludes,

— Sonat vitium percussa malignè

Respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo. iii. 21.

*A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found,*

'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound. *Dryden.*

There is another sentence in *Latin* to the same purpose.

Tale ingenium, qualis oratio. See *Erasm.* p. 1456.

To which *Terence* alludes.—Nam mihi quale ingenium habeas, fuit indicium oratio. *Heauton.* We say in English, *speech is the picture of the mind.*

(d) Si circumtonsa est] *Varro* in *Fragm.* Alii sunt circumtonsi et torti atque unctuli, ut mangonis videantur esse servi; others are so trimmed and curled, that you would take them for the slaves upon sale.

(e) Ut fas sit vidisse] So in *Livy*, l. 1. *Proculus*, at the sight of *Romulus*, (supposed to have been made a God) venerebundus adstitit, precibus petens, ut contra intueri fas esset. It was the general opinion of all nations that no one can see God; according to that of the Evangelist—*No man hath seen God at any time.*

In a Note (in my translation) of *Vida's* hymns, (published in 1725) I have observed, That when the *Sbechinah*, or divine glory filled the tabernacle, *Moses* could not enter therein but upon peril of his life. *Exod.* xl. 35. Nor could the Priests afterwards enter the temple that was built by *Solomon*, when the glory of the Lord had filled that house. ii. *Chron.* vii. 1. We understand therefore by his appearance to *Jacob*, *Moses*, &c. *Gen.* xxxii. 30. *Exod.* xxiv. 20, &c. that somewhat was obvious to their senses that plainly discovered the more immediate presence of God; so that they could no more doubt of it, than of one talking with them face to face; not that there was any similitude, whereby idolatry might pretend to represent him. *Deut.* iv. 15. *Job*, iv. 16. i. *John*, iv. 12.

(f) So the Prophet *Isaiab*, *To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord; I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs, or of he goats, &c. Wash ye, make ye clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the*

fatherless, plead for the widow.—Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If. i. 11—20. In burnt-offerings and sacrifices thou hast had no pleasure. Heb. x. 6. See i. Sam. xv. 22. Pf. xl. 6. li. 16. If. lxvi. 3. Heb. xv. 6. Matth. xii. 7.

(g) *Æruginosi animi veterum*] al. *ærumnosi*. But *Gronovius* asks what connection there can be between *malitiam*, and *ærumnosi*, *iniquity*, and *the being unfortunate*? They are *ærumnosi*, who undergo great hardships, which they did not deserve, as *Hercules*, *Ulysses*, *Regulus*; let the paradoxical *Stoics* dispute what they please, concerning the last. This word, *ærumnosus*, belongs to Fortune, not to any fault or vice in the man. He therefore reads *æruginosi*, and supports it from the following:

— Hic nigræ succus loliginis, hæc est

*Ærugo* mera.—Hor. S. l. 4. 100.

— Envy's weed

*Thus shoots unseen, and choaks fair friendship's seed.* Duncomb.

— Hæc animos ærugo—

Cum semel imbuerit—Hor. A. P. 331.

*When this base rust hath crusted o'er their souls.* Creech.

— miserâque ærugine captus

*Adlatras nomen*—*Mart.* ii. 61.

(b) *Bracteata felicitas*] *Vett. Gloss.* *Bratteam, seu Bracteam, tenuem auri argenticque laminam; a thin plate of gold or silver.* *Bracteatum lacunar.* *Sidon.* i. 10. *Mentis aureæ dictum bracteatum.* *Plin. Paneg*—*Vid. Juret, ad Symm.* l. i. Ep. 16.

(i) Alluding to what King *Antigonus* said to a certain woman admiring his felicity, *O mulier si scias quantum mali sub fascia ista (diademate) lateat, nec humi jacentem tollas: O woman, if thou didst know what afflictions lie under this diadem, you would not stoop to take it off the ground.*

(k) *Sine me vocari.*]—*Gronovius* reads it, *sino me*, as

— *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.*

*Ipsè domi.* Hor. S. i. 1. 66.

*Let the poor fools hiss me, wherever I come,*

*I bless myself, to see my bags at home.* Creech.

These verses are said to be taken from different places, the latter from the Greek of *Euripides*: ap. *Stob. Serm.* 89.

— ὦ χρυσὲ, δεξιόμα κάλλιστον εροῶις,

ὧς εἰδὲ μητρὴν ἠδονας τοιαύτης ἔχει

οὐ καὶ δὲς ἀνθρώποισι, ἔ φίλος πατρὸς,

εἰ δ' ἢ Κυπρίαι ταιῦτον ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀρᾷ

οὐ θαῦμα ἔρωτες μυρίας αὐτὴν τραπείν.

*Pecunia, &c.*

(l) *Lipsius* observes, that if *Seneca* means here the poet's *Bellerophon*, (*Hor. Od.* iii. 7. 15.) he cannot see what *gold* has to do in the case. *Bellerophon* was punished for his pride and ambition.



that we should affect the same for pleasure's sake, but only that this accession might render such things as we cannot possibly live without, more grateful and acceptable to us. But when pleasure challengeth reception in her own right(*c*), it is then luxury. Therefore let us resist the affections at their first intrusion (*d*); for, as I before observed, they are much easier rejected at first than when left to themselves to depart. *Permit me, you say, to grieve in some measure, and in some measure to fear.* But such measure soon becomes unreasonable: nor can you check it when you please. It may be safe indeed for a *wise* man not to set a guard upon himself: he can restrain both his tears and his joy when he pleases: but because it is not so easy for us to return when we will, it is much better not to set forward.

*Panætius (e)*, I think, gave an elegant and just answer to a young man, who enquired of him, *whether it was proper for a wise man to be in love.* “As concerning a wise man, said he, we will consider that another time; but as for you and me, who are very far from deserving that title, I think it would be better for us, as yet, not to venture upon an affair so turbulent, so unmanageable, so liable to enslave us to the will of another, and despicable to itself. If the beloved object shews us a particular regard, we are immediately more inflamed with her tenderness and good-nature; if she despises us, we are fired with indignation and pride. The love that is too gracious is as hurtful as that which is too rigid and severe. We are entangled by favour; and must have a strong contention with disdain. Conscious therefore of our own weakness, let us desist a while, and be quiet, nor trust our infirm mind to wine, or beauty, or flattery, or any the like attractive charm.” What *Panætius* here saith with regard to *love*, I think applicable to all other affections. Let us avoid, as much as we can, walking on slippery ground: we stand not oversteady on the more firm and dry.

I know, *Lucilius*, you will here again retort upon us the common outcry against the *Stoics*. *You promise us too great things which are unattainable: you command impossibilities. We are at best but poor and infirm mortals.*

mortals. *This self-denial therefore is too hard a lesson for us (f). We will, we must, grieve a little: we must correct, but it shall be moderately: we must be sometime angry, but we will be appeased again.* But do you know why the things commanded seem impossible? I will tell you. It is because we think them so: but truly, they are not so in fact. We defend our vices, because we love them. And we had rather find out some excuse for them than shake them off. Nature hath given us sufficient strength, if we would exert ourselves in the use of it (g): if we would collect our forces, and employ them wholly for ourselves, at least not, as usual, against ourselves. We pretend we cannot, but the truth is, we will not.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) *The will*, -according to the Stoics, is good, and reckoned among their *ευπαθείαι*, pleasurable habits.

(b) *Quasi naturali principio*] Seneca says, quasi, as it were, for if it was truly natural, it would be good.

(c) Not as accessory, but principal; not as a servant, but as mistress.

(d) *Intrantibus resistamas*] Sen. de Ira. i. 7. 8. Optimum itaque quidam putant temperare iram, non tollere. Optimum est primum irritamentum protinus spernere, ipsisque repugnare feminibus, et dare operam ne incidamus in iram, nam si cœperit ferre transversos difficilis ad salutem recursus est.—In primis, inquam, sinibus hostis arcendus est, nam cum intravit et portis se intulit, modum a captivis non accipit. *An enemy is to be driven from the gates as soon as possible, for when they are once entered, they will make their own terms with the captives.* Vid. Stobæ. Serm. i. Agell. xix. 12. Aristot. Ethic. ii. iii.

(e) A most eminent and respectable professor of Stoicism at Athens, to whose writings Cicero acknowledges himself much indebted, in composing his admirable treatise of *Moral Duties*. Melm. Dæl. p. 107. See Ep. 33. N. a.

(f) Hard as it is, this undoubtedly is the Christian's lesson. *Then said Jesus to his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.* Matt. xvi. 24. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

(g) *Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God. Who is able to make all grace abound towards you; that ye always having a sufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work.* ii. Cor. iii. 5. ix. 8. *And the Lord said unto me, faith the same Apostle, my grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.* ii. Cor. xii. 9.

## EPISTLE CXVII.

*A trifling Question; whether, since Wisdom is good, it is good to be wise?*

YOU certainly, *Lucilius*, will create much trouble both to yourself and me; and, while you do not intend it, draw me into strife and debate; by posing me with such questions, as I cannot answer in the negative, without disobliging some of our own sect; nor in the affirmative with a safe conscience.

You desire to know my opinion concerning that decree of the *Stoics*, *that wisdom is a good, but to be wise is not*. I will first explain to you what the *Stoics* mean by this assertion, and then freely give you my opinion. It is maintained by some of us, that *good* is a *body*; because what is good, must act in some sort; and what acts is a *body*. Good profiteth, but in order to profit, something must be done, and consequently whatever doth it is somewhat, i. e. a *body*. Now wisdom they say is good; it necessarily follows therefore that we must also call it *bodily*, or such thing as hath a *body*. But *to be wise*, they range not under the same predicament. It is incorporeal, and merely accidental to something else, i. e. to wisdom; therefore of itself it doth nothing, nor profiteth. *Why then*, say they, *do we not affirm, that it is good to be wise?* We do affirm as much, only we refer it to that whereon it depends, i. e. to wisdom itself.

Hear then what is said by some in answer to this; before I begin to recede (*a*), and enlist myself in the opposite party. *By the same means*, say they, *neither to live happily is good*; for whether they will or no, they must answer upon their own principles, *that an happy life is good, but to live happily, is not*. It is further urged by some in this manner. *Would you be wise? if so, to be wise is a desirable thing, and nothing can be desirable but what is good*. Here then they are obliged to change their terms, and to sling in a syllable which our language will not admit:

*what*

*what is good, say they, is desirable, but what is only contingent to good, is to desirable; which, when we have attained good, is not required merely as good, but as an accession to the good required.* I am not of the same opinion, and cannot but think the abettors of it in the wrong; forasmuch as they are tied down to their first point, and it is not lawful in disputations to change the terms.

It is usual to allow a *presumptive argument*, and to look upon that as truth, which seems so to all men: as for instance; *that there are gods.* (*b*) This we esteem as such; as it is a general opinion, implanted in the minds of all men; nor is there any nation so abandoned, as not to believe it. When we dispute likewise concerning *the immortality of the soul*; it is no small argument with us, that all men agree in fearing, or reverencing the *infernal deities*. Here then I make use of the same common persuasion; you will find no one who does not think that *both wisdom and to be wise are good*. I will not however do, as the custom is of those gladiators, who being overcome, in their last extremity appeal to the people. We will begin again to fight with our own weapons.

What is accidental to man is *without* the man, to whom it is accidental, or *within*: if within him, it is then a body, as much as that is, to which it is accidental; for nothing can happen to a man without touching him, and what toucheth, is body. If what happens be *without*, after it hath happened, it retires, and what retires, hath motion; and what hath motion, is body. You perhaps may expect me to say, that the course is not one thing, and the running another; nor heat one thing, and to be hot another: nor light one thing, and to be illumined another. I grant that these things are not strictly the same; yet neither are they of a different class. If health be a thing indifferent, so is likewise to be well: if beauty be indifferent, so is it to be beautiful. If justice be good, it is also good to be just. If villainy be bad, it is also bad to be villainous; as truly, as if blear eyes are a misfortune, it is also a misfortune to be blear-eyed. This is plain, forasmuch as the one thing cannot be without the other. To be wise,

is.

is wisdom; and wisdom is, to be wise. So that it is so far from being doubted, whether as one is, such is the other, that most men think them one and the same thing.

But this I would ask further. Since all things are, good or bad, or indifferent, among which do you rank *the being wise*? They (the *Stoics*) deny it to be good: but it cannot be bad; it follows then that it must be indifferent. But we call those things mean or indifferent, which may happen as well to a bad as to a good man; as money, beauty, nobility. Whereas this, the *being wise*, cannot happen, or be assigned, but to a good man: therefore it is not indifferent: and it cannot indeed be bad, because it cannot happen, or be assigned, to a bad man: therefore it is good. *But it is nothing more*, they say, *than an accident to wisdom*. Is this then which you call *being wise*, what makes, or is made, wisdom? Be it either active or passive, it is still a body: for that which makes, and that which is made, is a body; and if it be a body it is good; for this was all that you suppose wanting to it, to prevent its being a good; that it was not a body.

The *Peripatetics* hold, that there is no difference between *wisdom* and *being wise*; because the one is included in the other. For do you think that any one can *be wise*, but he that *hath wisdom*? or that any one can have wisdom, without being wise? The ancient Logicians first made a distinction between them; and were followed herein by the *Stoics*. What this is I will now inform you.

A field is one thing, and to *have* a field, another. For why? to *have* a field relates to the possessor, and not to the field: so *wisdom* is one thing, and *to be wise* another. I suppose you will grant these to be two things, the possessor, and the thing possessed. Wisdom is possessed; he that is wise possesseth it. *Wisdom* is, a perfect mind, or what contains the highest and chief good, it being the whole art of life. What then is *to be wise*? We cannot say that it is a perfect mind, but that it is contingent to some one having a perfect mind; so that the one

is

is itself an upright mind; the other, as it were, the *having* an upright mind.

*There are*, it is likewise said, *different natures of bodies*: as this is a man, and this a horse: and these natures are attended with motions of minds declarative of bodies: and these motions have severally something proper, and distinguishable from the bodies themselves: as, *I see Cato walking*. This the sense of seeing discovers to me, and my mind believes it. It is a body that I see, on which both mine eye and my mind are fixed. I say afterwards, *Cato walketh*. I am not speaking now of body, but of something relative thereto; which some call a *dialectical*, some a *declarative*, and some a *dogmatical* proposition. So, when I mention *wisdom*, I understand thereby a body; but when I say, *he is wise*, I mean something *relative* to body. Now there is a great difference between the one and the other. Let us suppose then, for the present, these are two things; (for as yet I do not declare my own opinion) what hinders that a thing, though it may be different, may yet be good? I before observed, that a field is one thing, and to have a field, another. For the possessor, and the thing possessed, are different in nature: this is land, that is man. But in the two things we are disputing about, there is no such difference, as they are both of the same nature; he that possesseth wisdom, and the wisdom possessed.

Besides, in the former case, what is had, and he that hath it, are different; but in this, what is had, and what hath it, are the same. The field is possessed by right, wisdom by nature; that may be alienated, and delivered up to another; but this departs not from its owner. It is not therefore consonant to reason, to compare things that are disparate. I was saying, they might be two things, and yet either of them good; and you grant that wisdom and a wise man are two things, and either of them good. As then *wisdom* is good, and also *the having wisdom*; nothing hinders but that *wisdom* is the same, and also *to have wisdom*, i. e. to be wise. For to this end I would be a wise man, *that I may be wise*. What then? Is not *this* good, without which neither is *that* good? You most assuredly say, that wisdom, if not given for



use, is by no means acceptable. What then is the use of wisdom? *To be wise*: this is what is most precious and estimable herein: take away this, and you will render it a vain, superfluous thing. If torment be an evil, to be tormented also must be an evil; inasmuch that if that were no evil, neither would the consequence of it be so.

*Wisdom* is the habit of a perfect mind; *to be wise* is the use and application of such an habit. How then can the use of it not be good, when without the use it cannot be good itself? I ask again, *is wisdom desirable*? You grant it. And is *the use of it desirable*? It is likewise granted; for you say, you would not accept it, if denied the use of it. What is desirable is good; to be wise, is the use of wisdom; as the use of elocution is to speak, and of the eye to see; so, I say, to be wise, is the use of wisdom; but the use of wisdom is desirable, therefore to be wise is desirable; and if desirable, it is good.

I have more than once condemned myself for imitating those I censure, and wasting words upon what is self-evident. Who can doubt but that if extreme heat be an evil, to be extremely hot is the same; and that if cold be an evil, so is it, to be cold; and if life be good, to live is also good. All these trifling questions about wisdom are certainly not comprehended in wisdom's self. But it is still our duty to abide with her; or if we have a mind to make an excursion, she hath a large and copious field for us to rove in. Let us enquire into the nature of the Gods; what feeds the stars, and gives divers motions to the planets; and whether our bodies are affected according to these their motions; or whether they have an influence on the minds and bodies of all; whether the things we call casual, are linked together in a certain chain of causes; or that nothing happens in this world instantaneous, or without the direction of Providence. These things however tend but little to the reformation of manners, yet they raise the mind; and lift it up to the greatness of those things it is employed about; whereas the foregoing disputes, and the like, lessen and depress the mind; and are so far from sharpening it, as you suppose, that they rather dull and debase it.

Why,

Why, I pray you, do we spend our care and diligence, so necessarily required and due to affairs of greater consequence, on what, for any thing we know, may be false, and certainly is useless? What will it profit me to know, whether *wisdom* is one thing, and *to be wise* another? At all adventures I will stand the chance of this my wish—may *wisdom* be *your* lot, and *to be wise, mine*; and I doubt not but we shall fare alike. Or rather, shew me the way to attain knowledge in the following particulars:—tell me what I am to avoid, and what to pursue—by what studies I may strengthen, and fix the, as yet, wavering mind—and how I may disengage myself from those vices that turn and drive me from the right way—and how I may relieve those calamities that have broken in upon me, or those that I have unwarily rushed upon myself.—Instruct me how I may bear adversity without sighing; or prosperity without making others sigh.—How not to live in anxiety, concerning the last and necessary end of life, but to fly to it, when *proper*, as to a sure refuge. Nothing, in my mind, seems more absurd and mean, than *to wish* for death. For if you would live, why do you wish to die? if you would not live, why do you ask the Gods for what they gave you at your birth? As it was then decreed that you should one day die, whether you will or no; (*to be willing*) to die is always in your own power; the one is imposed upon you by necessity, the other is left to your approbation.

In my reading I have met with a principle, ridiculous enough in these days, though wrote by a man, otherwise very learned and eloquent; Ita, inquit, moriar quamprimum, *Let me, says he, die as soon may be.* (e). Fond man! you desire what is your own. *Let me die as soon as may be.* Perhaps when you say this, you are grown old and foolish; otherwise what should prevent you? No one detains thee. Go off as you please. Choose some proper instrument of nature for this purpose. Now these are the elements whereby this lower world is maintained, water, earth, air, and these are not more the means of life than they are the ways of death. *Let me die as soon as may be.* How *soon* would you have it be? What day do you assign to this word *soon*? it may possibly happen sooner than you desire. These then are the words of a weak



mind catching at mercy and a longer life, in this seeming detestation of it. He hath no mind to die, who wisheth for it. Ask of the Gods, if you please, life, and health : but if you had rather die, the fruit or effect of death is to cease from wishing.

Let these things, my *Lucilius*, employ our meditations, in order to form our minds thereto. This is *wisdom*; this is *to be wise*; *to meditate on life and death*; not to debate on subtle trifles with idle disputations. So many questions of great importance hath Fortune proposed to you, which remain as yet unresolved. At present you only cavil. But how ridiculous is it to stand flourishing your sword, when the trumpet calls you to battle? Throw aside these sportive weapons, these daggers of lath. There is need of the sword, and to engage in earnest. Tell me by what means no sorrow shall afflict, no fear disturb, the mind—by what means I may discharge my breast of this heavy load of secret desires. Something must be done.

What say you? *Wisdom* is good; *to be wise* is not good? Be it so, if you please. Let us deny, *that to be wise is good*; to the end that we may draw into contempt this whole study, as being a vain and superfluous employ. And what if you should know, that *this* likewise is made a question; *Whether future wisdom be a good?* But what doubt, I pray you, can there be, that the barns feel not the load of a *future* crop; and that childhood is not sensible of the strength and vigour of youth? Health *to come* profits not the man who is sick at present, any more than the rest, that is to follow many hard and painful labours, refresheth a man at the time of his running or wrestling. Who knows not that *what is to come*, is not good upon this very account, because it *is yet to come*? What is good also profiteth; but nothing profiteth that is not present; and if it profiteth not, neither is it good; and if it profiteth, it profiteth instantly. *I shall hereafter be wise*; this then will be good when it shall come to pass; in the mean while it is nothing.

A thing must first be, before it acts: for how, I beseech you, can that be good, which is as yet nothing? And how can I better prove to you,  
that

that a thing is not yet, than by saying, *it is to come*? For 'tis manifest, that what is still coming, is not yet come. The spring is coming on, I know it therefore to be as yet winter. Summer will follow; it is not therefore yet summer. In short, I say, the best argument to prove that a thing is not present, is, that it is yet to come.

I shall be wise, I hope; but in the mean time, I am not wise. The time is to come when I shall be wise, from whence you may easily understand, that as yet I am not wise. I cannot have that good and this misfortune at the same time. These two things do not coincide, nor can good and evil dwell together.

But let us give over these imaginary trifles, and hasten to what may turn to our advantage. No parent who is going under great concern to fetch a midwife for his daughter, will stop by the way to read the play-bills (*f*). No one who is informed that his house is on fire, will stand studying, in a game at chess, how to deliver his king out of check. But from all parts news is continually flying about that one's house is in flames; one's children in danger, our city besieged, and our goods plundered: add to these, shipwrecks, earthquakes, and whatever else is terrible to man. Distracted among all these calamities, are you at leisure to attend to such things only that amuse the mind? Are you solicitous to enquire what is the difference between *wisdom* and *the being wise*? Do you employ yourself in continually making and solving riddles, while matters of so great weight are impendent? Nature hath not so liberally and prodigally bestowed the gift of *Time* upon us, as to have given us any to throw away. And yet you see how much of it is lost, even by the most careful and diligent. Sicknefs, either our own, or of some friend, robs us of a great part: another part is taken up with necessary affairs; and another with the demands of the public: and sleep divides with us almost the whole of life.

Of the time then, at best, so very short and rapid, carrying us away with it, shall we delight in losing the greater part, and throwing it away idly? Add hereunto, that the mind is too apt rather to amuse,

than

than to heal itself; and that philosophy is made use of as pastime, rather than as a remedy. I know not what difference there may be, between *wisdom*, and *the being wise*; but this I know, that it is of no consequence to me, whether I know these things or not. Tell me, when I have learned the difference between *wisdom* and *being wise*, whether I shall be wise myself. Why else do you detain me upon the words rather than the works of wisdom? Make me more brave, more secure; make me a match for Fortune, or rather her superior. I may be superior to her if I put in practice all I learn.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Secedere*. Figuratively, from their changing their places in the Senate by permission of the Consul.

(b) *Expetendum*, inquit, quod bonum est; *adexpetendum* quod bono contingit. *Expectandum* vocat *αἰρετων*, *adexpectandum* nova voce *προαίρετων*, i. e. quendam quasi *προδουκων τῷ αἰρετῷ*. And many such words, saith *Muret*. have the Stoics coined without any necessity for them. It is observable, that in our ancient language the syllable is often used by way of augment. as, *to-partid*, Chaucer's *Knights' Tale*. v. 763. *to-brostin*, ib. 1833.

(c) *Cicero* in the very period wherein he gives us the names of several ancient Atheists, makes the belief of a God natural to all men. *Quo omnes*, says he, *naturâ duce vehimur*. But see *Locke's* essay, l. 1. c. 4. where this argument for the being of a God, from the universal consent of mankind, is fully disprov'd. See *Cic. Tusc. Qu. i. 16*.

(d) *Quomodo ultimum et necessarium vitæ terminum non expectem, sed ipsemet, cum visum fuerit, profugiam*. These words, like some other before taken notice of, required softening; in order to adapt them to a Christian ear: which never can be reconciled to such horrid doctrine as is here exhibited in the usual rant of Stoicism: and which *Seneca* himself never vouchsafed to follow, but by compulsion of the cruel tyrant *Nero*. This benefit however we receive from it, that it enhanceth the value of the Gospel, and serves as a foil to set off the purer light, which by the blessing of God we Christians enjoy.—*Ut quandoque moriaris etiam invito positum est, ut cum voles, in tua manu est. Ib. It is appointed for all men once to die, therefore saith Seneca, die when you please*. No; let us remember what follows the like sentence in *Paul's* Epistle to the *Hebrews*, (9. 2.) and after this the judgment. So shall we be safe from giving attention to so rash a precept from an Heathen; or from one much worse, and more contemptible, a renegado Christian.

(e) We know not whose words they are, but they seem spoken by one, who on the bed of sickness had resigned himself to patience; yet, as it is very natural, *wisbed to die*: and however they may be condemned by a Stoic, there was wanting but a word or two more (*God willing*) to render them truly Christian.

The most desirable manner of yielding up our lives is,—when Nature thinks proper to destroy the work of her own hand, as the artist who constructed the machine is best qualified to take it to pieces. In short, an old man should neither be anxious to preserve the small portion of life which remains

remains to him; nor forward to resign it without a just cause. It was one of the prohibitions of *Pythagoras*, not to quit our post of life, without being authorised by the Commander who placed us in it, i. e. without the permission of the Supreme Being. *Cato. Melm. 109.*

(f) *Dictum et ludorum ordinem perlegit.* It was customary among the *Romans* to give out bills, shewing what day the gladiators were to fight, and how they were matched; and this they called *pronuntiare munus*. *Munus populi pronuntiavit in filix memoriam. Sueton. in Jul. Vid. Lips. l. c. 18. Saturn. Serm.*

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EPISTLE CXVIII.

*An Enquiry into what is the true Good.*

YOU require me, *Lucilius*, to write oftener. Were we to reckon, I believe, you would find yourself in my debt. It was our agreement indeed, that you should write first, and expect an answer from me: but I will not insist upon it: I know you are to be trusted, and therefore will pay you beforehand (a). Nor yet will I do as the most eloquent *Cicero* desires his friend *Atticus* to do; that if nothing material occurred, he would write any thing that came uppermost. I shall never want matter, though I pass over those things with which *Cicero* fills his Epistles; as, what candidate was hard drove; who engageth with his own or with foreign forces—who stands for the consulship, upon the favour and authority of *Cæsar* or of *Pompey*; or upon his own art and strength:—and how hard an usurer is *Cecilius*, of whom a neighbour cannot borrow money under cent. per cent. No; it is better for us to treat of our own failures than those of other men; to examine ourselves; and consider how many things we are candidates for without having a single vote.

This, my *Lucilius*, is excellent; this the way to live secure and free; to sue neither for place nor pension; and to let Fortune keep her court-days to herself. How pleasant is it, think you, when the tribes are assembled,

fembled, and the candidates for an office are buſily employed in paying court to their well-wiſhers; while one promiſeth money; another ſues by his agent; another ſqueezes and kiſſes the hands of thoſe, whom, when he is choſe, he ſcorns to touch; and all ſtand in ſuſpenſe, expecting the voice of the cryer, or returning-officer! How pleaſant is it, I ſay, at ſuch a time to be entirely diſengaged, and unconcerned, as a ſpectator of the *fair*, without buying or ſelling! How much greater pleaſure does ſuch a one enjoy, who, without care or concern, beholds not only theſe mobbing elections of prætors, and conſuls, but thoſe great aſſemblies (*b*) in which ſome are canvaffing for anniverſary honours; others perpetual power: ſome are praying for happy ſucceſs in war, and a triumph; others are intent upon riches: others on matrimony and children: others on the welfare of themſelves and their relations! How great is the mind that can prevail upon itſelf to aſk *nothing*? to ſue and cringe to no man; and to ſay to Fortune, *Begone, I have no buſineſs with you; I ſhall not put myſelf into your power; I know by your means Cato is rejected, and Vatinius choſen; I have nothing to aſk of you.* This is to humble Fortune indeed, by depriving her of all authority.

Let us then entertain each other with theſe reflections, and perpetually dwell upon this ſubject, while we ſee ſo many thouſands involve themſelves in difficulties and diſquietude; who, in the purſuit of ruin, are ſtill running from one miſchief into another; and now ſeek that which they ſoon will fly from and deteſt. For where is the man, who thinks even *that* enough, when he hath obtained it, which before ſeemed too much for him to aſk or wiſh for? Felicity is not, as men are apt to think, covetous, but mean; and therefore ſatiſfieth not. You fancy perhaps ſome things great, becauſe you are not acquainted with them, but the man who hath attained them is of a contrary opinion: I belie him, if he does not yet ſtudy to riſe. What you ſuppoſe the ſummit, is but a degree or ſtep towards it. And the reaſon why men run into this error, is, they know not *truth*: being deceived by common opinion, they are carried away with the *appearance* of good; and at laſt find, when, after much toil and labour, they have

have gained their end, that what they pursued is evil or vain, or greatly short of what they expected: and the greater part admire such things as certainly deceive them at one time or another, and commonly take what is *great* to be *good*. Lest therefore we should fall into the like mistake, let us enquire what is *good*.

Various have been the interpretations hereof: some have defined it one way, some another, under different expressions. As, some define it thus, *Good is that which invites and attracts the mind of man*. But to this it is immediately objected, *And what if that which invites a man, invites him to his ruin?* You know that many evils are very attractive. Truth and verisimilitude differ in this: what is good is annexed to truth; for it is not good, unless it be true. But what invites and engages by its appearance, is verisimilar, wheedles, sollicits, attracts.—Or, some thus define it; *Good is that which incites a longing after it, or influenceth the mind with a tendency thereto*. But to this is made the same objection: for many things influence the mind, which things are pursued, to the great detriment of the pursuer.—They define it better therefore, who say, *Good is that which influenceth the mind according to the nature and fitness of things*; and is then to be sought after, when it becomes worthy our search, and is truly decent and honourable. For this is by all means desirable. And here I am called upon to shew the difference between bonum and honestum, *what is good*, and what is *fit and decent*.

They seem indeed inseparable, for nothing can be good, but what in some measure is right and fit: and what is right and fit must also be good. What then, you will ask, is the difference between them? Why, the honestum (*what is right and fit*) is that perfect good which completes the happiness of life, and by communion therewith other things become good. This is what I mean: some things are neither good nor evil in themselves, as *warfare, embassy, jurisdiction*; but when these offices are justly executed they begin to be good, and become really so from being indifferent. Bonum, *good*, therefore ariseth from a communion with fitness. But honestum, *fit and right*, is good on its own



account. Good floweth from the fitness of things, but the fitness of things is good of itself. What is good might have been bad, and what is right and fit cannot be otherwise than good.

Others again define it thus : *Good is that which is according to Nature.* Observe what I say, what is good is also according to nature. But it does not follow that what is according to nature is also good. Many things are agreeable to nature, and yet of so little consequence as not to deserve the name of *good* ; for they are light and contemptible : whereas not the least good is contemptible. So long as there is any littleness in it, it is not good ; and when it begins to be good, it is no longer little. *How then shall we know when a thing is good ?* when it is perfectly agreeable and consonant to nature. *You own, you say, that what is good is according to Nature : this is a necessary property : yet you affirm that some things may be according to Nature ; and yet not be good. How then can the former be good, and these not so ? How do they attain another property or quality, when the same excellence, the being agreeable to Nature, is common to both ?* Why, from their magnitude or greatness. Nor is it new or strange, that things should alter their properties by increase or growth. One that was an infant, is now a young man : and hath other inclinations. He was before irrational, but now is rational. Some things grow not only greater by increase, but are totally changed.

But, it is said, *A thing is still what it was, notwithstanding any increase. Whether you fill a pitcher or a tub with wine, it makes no difference ; the wine is still the same. A small or a large quantity of honey have both the same taste.* These examples suit not the purpose. For in these the same quality, however they are increased in quantity, still remains : but as some things, though amplified in kind, still keep the same property ; there are other, which after many additions, the last quite alters, and impresseth thereon a new and different condition from that wherein it was before. Thus one stone will make an arch ; I mean that which is wedged in between the reclining sides, and binds them together. Now why is this last addition, though a small one, of so great consequence ? not because it increaseth, but because it fills, or completes the work.

Some things also in their process throw off their pristine form, and take a new one. As, when the mind hath long been musing upon and pursuing a subject till it is quite wearied with the greatness of it; that now begins to be thought another thing, and is called *infinite*, which at first appeared, though great, yet *finite*. In like manner when we have found a difficulty in cutting a thing, this difficulty increasing upon us, we pronounce it impossible to be cut: and so from a thing which is hard to be moved, we pass on to what is immovable. In the same way of reasoning, something that was agreeable to nature, is by an additional greatness transferred into another property or quality, and becomes thereby *truly good*.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

(a) In antecessum dabo. A *ferensic* term, or what is used by the bankers and scriveners. Ep. vii. In antecessum accipe. *Quintilian*. Quod apud mercatores solet, in antecessum dedi. *I gave earnest*.

(b) Throughout the world, wherein Fortune presides.

## E P I S T L E CXIX.

*On Riches and Contentment.*

AS often as I find any thing, I stay not 'till you cry, *half is mine (a)*, I offer it myself. Do you ask what I have found? Hold up your lap: 'tis all solid gain. I will tell you how to grow rich at once, which I know you would be glad to learn: and you are in the right. I will shew you then a most compendious way to attain great affluence; yet you must be obliged to some creditor, with whom you may negotiate this affair; I say you must necessarily run in debt. Yet I would not have you borrow by your solicitor, or any intercessor, nor shall your name stand in any broker's books. I have got a creditor for you. According to the recommendation of *Cato (b)*, you shall borrow of yourself. *Quantumcumque est, satis erit, si quidquid deerit, id a nobis petierimus. Whatever little we have 'twill be enough, if what is still wanting we can borrow of ourselves.*



For there is little or no difference, *Lucilius*, between not wanting a thing, and having it. The effect is the same in both; you will no longer be in pain. Not that I command you to deny Nature any thing she properly asks. She is stubborn, and not easily to be overcome. She demands her own. But I would have you know, that what exceeds the call of nature is precarious, and unnecessary. I am hungry; and must therefore eat; but whether it be the common sort of bread, or made of the finest wheat-flour, is of no concern to Nature; she does not desire any otherwise to please the belly, than by filling it. I am thirsty, and whether I drink of the next pool (*c*), or of such water as is mixed with snow, in order to give it a coolness not its own, it is the same to nature. She desires nothing more than to quench her thirst; it matters not whether it be out of a cup made of gold, or of crystal, or of the *Chalcedonian* pebble, or a plain earthen mug (*d*), or from the hollow of the hand. Fix thine eye upon the end or design of all things, and you will disdain superfluities. Hunger calls upon me; I therefore reach out my hand to the next thing I meet with that is eatable. Hunger will make me relish it, be it what it will; an hungry stomach disdains not any thing.

If you ask now what it is that hath so delighted me; it is this, which I think an excellent sentence, *sapiens, divitiarum naturalium est quæstor acerrimus*, *the wise man is a most diligent searcher after natural riches*. But *this*, you say, is *setting before me an empty platter*. *What can this mean? I was preparing my bags, and considering in what sea I should first make my trading voyage, what public business I should take in hand, or what wares I should send for. This is deceiving me; to teach me to be poor, when you promised me riches*. Do you then think the man poor, who wants nothing? *But this*, you say, *he owes to himself, and the benefit of his patience, not to Fortune*. Well; and do you therefore think him not rich, because his riches, such as they are, can never forsake him? Tell me, which you had rather have? much, or a sufficient competency? He that hath much desireth more; which is an argument that he hath not enough: he that thinks he hath enough, hath attained what the rich man never can, the end of his wishes (\*).

Or

Or do you think them no riches, for which a man is in no danger of being proscribed? or because they are not enough to tempt a bad son or wife to prepare poison for their father or husband? because they are safe in time of war, or in peace at their own disposal? Because it is neither dangerous to enjoy them, nor does it require much labour to dispose of them?

Or do you think a man hath but little, who hath just enough to keep him from being cold, or hungry, or thirsty? *Jupiter* himself hath not more. It is never little, which is enough. *Alexander of Macedon*, after he had conquered *Darius* and the *Indians*, was still poor. He was still seeking somewhat more, which he might call his own: he searcheth out unknown seas: he sends a fresh fleet into the ocean: and, if I may say it, he breaks through the barriers of the known world. What Nature is satisfied with, satisfies not man. There are those who still desire something, when they have got every thing. So great is the blindness of our minds; and so forgetful is every one of their beginning, when they see themselves advanced; that he, who was but now master of a little nook in *Greece*, and that controvertible, is soon after grieved, that, being checked in his career by the far distant end of the world, he must now return through that world he has made his own. Money never made any one rich. On the contrary, it only makes the possessor more covetous and needy. Do you ask the cause of this? The more a man hath, the more he thinks it possible to have.

Upon the whole, set before me one of those whose name may be joined with that of *Crassus*, or *Licinus* (*e*); and let him set down his revenues, and take into the account not only what he hath, but what he hopes to have. Yet even such a one, if you will believe *me*, is poor; or, if you will believe *yourself*, he may be so. Whereas the man who hath so composed and formed himself to that which Nature alone requires of him, is not only out of the reach, or sense of poverty, but also exempt from the dread of it. But that you may know how difficult a thing it is for a man to straiten himself within the measure of Nature, even he, whom we supposed to live according to Nature, and whom  
you.

you call poor, hath still something that is superfluous. But riches attract and blind the common people; when they see large sums of money expended in any house; or the house adorned with gold; or if the family be comely in body, and splendid in apparel; the happiness of such a family exists in ostentation and outward shew; but the man whom we have withdrawn, both from the eye of the people, and the reach of fortune, is happy within himself. For as to those, whom poverty hath seized upon, under the false name of riches, they have riches, as we are said to *have* an ague, when the ague *hath* us. As we ought therefore to say, an ague hath hold of such a one, in like manner we should say, riches hath hold of him.

There is nothing therefore I would sooner remind you of than this, which but few or none sufficiently observe: *that you measure all things by pure natural desires, which are easily satisfied, or with very little.* Only be careful to keep your desires clear from vice. You enquire perhaps, what sort of table I would keep, what plate, and how many spruce servants in livery I would have attend dinner? Know then, that Nature requireth nothing more than meat and drink;

Nam tibi cùm fauces urit fitis, aurea quæris  
Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia, præter  
Pavonem rhombumque?—*Hor. S. i. 2. 115.*

*When thirsty is the throat, and calls for ease,  
Will nothing but a golden goblet please?  
Or when, with hunger pinch'd, you fain would eat,  
Will nothing satisfy but dainty meat,  
An ortelan, or turbot?—*

Hunger is not ambitious. It is well content when satisfied; nor regardeth much by what means. Such torments belong to wretched luxury: which though glutted, is continually seeking to get an appetite; not to fill the belly, but to stuff it: and how to recover the thirst that hath been quenched by the first draught. *Horace* therefore hath elegantly denied that it at all concerns the thirsty, in what glass, or with what delicate hand they are served with water. For if you think it of

any

any consequence, how frizzled and curled the page is (*f*), and how clear the glass, you are not dry.

Among other favours, this particular one is bestowed on us by Nature, that she hath removed all disdain from necessity. Superfluities alone require choice. *Such a thing does not become me, this is not elegant, and that offends the eyes.* The will of the Creator of the world, who hath prescribed to us the rules of life, is, that we study to preserve ourselves, and not to be over-nice and delicate. All things that tend to our health and preservation are ready and at hand. Delicacies are not provided but with care and trouble. Let us then make use of, and thankfully enjoy, this estimable bounty of Nature; and think, that in nothing she hath more obliged us, than, in that whatever is necessarily wanted, or desired, it is accepted without disdain.

## ANNOTATIONS, &amp;c.

(a) In commune] It was proverbial among the *Greeks*, when any one found a thing, for another who was present, to say *κοινὸς Ἑρμῆς*, *communis Mercurius*: forasmuch as *Mercury* was supposed to preside over the highway or common road, and the thing so found was called *Ἑρμαῖον*, *Mercurial*, —as we say, *balves*.

(b) Catonianum illud] *Lipfius* and *Pincian* read it, *Hecatonianum*; as frequent mention is made by *Seneca* of *Hecaton*, the philosopher.

(c) So *Propertius*,

*Ipsa petita lacu nunc mihi dulcis aqua est.*  
*Ev'n from a pool the water now seems sweet.*

(d) *Tiburtinus calix*.

(\*) Content, thou best of friends! for thou  
In our necessities art so.  
Midst all our ills a blessing still in store,  
Joy to the rich, and riches to the poor. ———  
Content, the good and golden mean,  
The safe estate that fits between  
The sordid poor, and miserable great,  
The humble tenant of a rural seat.  
In vain we wealth and treasure heap;  
He 'midst his thousand kingdoms still is poor,  
That for another crown does weep:  
'Tis only he is rich who wishes for no more. Dryd. *Misc.* ii. p. 83.

(e) These

(e) These two names are likewise mentioned together in *Perfius*, ii. 36.

Tunc manibus quatit, et spem macram supplice voto  
Nunc Licini in campos nunc Crassi mittit in ædes.

*Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r,  
That heav'n would make him some rich miser's heir,  
Of Licinus, or Crassus.—*

Dispositis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem  
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet—Juv. xiv. 305.

*Rich Licinus's servants ready stand,  
Each with a water-bucket in his hand,  
Keeping a guard for fear of fire all night—Dryden.*

In Sidonius, Ep. v. 7. we have his Epitaph :

Marmoreo hoc tumulo Licinus jacet; at Cato nullo.  
Pompeius parvo. Credimus esse Deos?

He is also mentioned in the following Epistle.

(f) *Such a one as Horace describes*, Od. ii. 5. 23.

Discrimen obscurum, solutis  
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.

*So smooth his doubtful cheeks appear,  
So loose, so girlish flows his hair.*

## EPISTLE CXX.

*From whence we learn the Knowledge of Good.*

**I**FIND, my *Lucilius*, that your Epistle, after wandering through many petty questions, at last fixed upon one, which you desire me to explain: *from whence do we receive the first notices, or ideas, of Good and Right?* These two things, in the opinion of some, are very different; but we *Stoics* only suppose them subject to a slight distinction. What I mean is this: some think a thing *good* from its being useful; they give this title therefore to *riches, an horse, wine, shoes, &c.* So low do they degrade the name of *good*, making it applicable to servile uses. And they suppose *that* to be *right*, which consists in the discharge of any just duty: as, in the pious care of an aged father; assisting a friend in adversity; a brave and bold expedition; or in passing a prudent

dent and merciful sentence. Now we (Stoics) suppose *good* and *right* to be two things indeed, but of the same import. *Nothing is good but what is right; and what is right, is also good.* I think it unnecessary to add the difference between them, having so often taken notice of it. I shall only observe, that nothing seems *good* to us, which may be made a bad use of. And you see how many make a bad use of riches, nobility, strength, and the like. I therefore now return to the question proposed, *How we come to the first knowledge of Good and Right?*

Nature could not teach us this. She hath sown in our minds the seeds of knowledge, but not implanted knowledge itself. Some affirm that we fall upon this knowledge accidentally; but it is incredible that any one should have met by chance with the idea or image of virtue. We rather think it gathered from observation and reflection; and that from comparing such things with themselves as have been well experienced, the understanding formed from hence its judgment of what is *good* and *right*, by *analogy* \*. For since the Latins have adopted this word, and made it a free denizen of *Rome*, I think it by no means to be rejected, or returned to its native country, *Greece*; it is to be accepted therefore, not as a stranger and newly-received word, but as if it were in common use.

To explain then what is meant by the word (*analogy*). We know that sanity or health is a quality belonging to the body; from hence we infer a like quality belonging to the soul: we know that strength and vigour are properties of the body: from whence we presume the soul to be endowed with the like properties. We have been amazed at some generous, humane, brave actions; hence we began to admire them, as so many perfections: but these however have been traversed with many failings, which the glare and splendor of some notable action concealed from us; we therefore pretended not to see them. Nature commands us to magnify deeds that are praise-worthy; whereupon glory is generally carried beyond truth. From hence we took the idea of some extraordinary *good*.



*Fabricius* refused the gold of King *Pyrrhus*, and judged it greater than a kingdom, that he was able to contemn the riches of a King (*a*). The same hero, when a physician made him an offer to poison *Pyrrhus*, advised the King to be upon his guard against treachery. Now it was the same greatness of soul, that scorned to be overcome with gold, or to overcome his adversary by poison. We therefore justly admired this great man, who was not to be prevailed upon by the promises of a King, nor by any that were treacherously made against a King. So resolutely fixed was he on setting a good example: and what is most difficult, he preserved his innocence, in war. He thought a man might be guilty of baseness even towards his profest enemies; and in the extreme poverty, wherein he gloried, detested riches no less than poison. *Live*, said he, *Pyrrhus*, *by my courtesy, and rejoice at what you was so much displeas'd before, that Fabricius was not to be corrupted.*

*Horatius Cocles*, with his single arm, kept the narrow pass of the bridge, and ordered it to be pulled down behind to prevent the passage of the enemy: and so long did he maintain his post against the assailants, 'till he heard the downfall of the props and timbers; and looking behind and seeing his purpose affected, so as at his own peril to stop the peril of his country, *Now follow*, said he, *who will; this is the way I go.* And thereupon immediately flung himself into the river; and being not less sollicitous in the rapid stream to preserve his arms than his life, with this honourable and victorious load upon him, he got to land as safe as if he had returned by the bridge (*b*). These and the like actions give us an idea of valour and magnanimity.

I will add what perhaps may seem strange to you. Evil things have sometimes given us the idea of good. And what is most *right and fit* hath appeared from the contrary. For there are you know certain vices, which border upon, or have the resemblance of, virtues, so that even in the most vile and base men, there is sometimes the appearance of goodness. Thus the prodigal man counterfeits the liberal; whereas there is a great difference between a man's knowing how to give, and not knowing how to keep, his money. There are many, I say, *Lucilius*,  
who

who do not give, but throw it away. I do not call him a liberal man, who is angry, as it were, with his money. In like manner, carelessness assumes the air of ease and freedom; and rashness, of fortitude. Now this resemblance hath obliged us to examine things carefully, and to distinguish such as resemble one another indeed in appearance, but in fact are widely different. While we respect those whom some noble exploit hath rendered famous, we begin to remark that such a one hath executed an enterprize with nobleness of spirit and great resolution; yet it was but once. We see him brave in war, in the forum a coward: bearing poverty with manliness and courage; but scandal and infamy with a poor and abject mind. We have therefore praised the particular deed, but despised the man.

We have seen another person courteous to his friends; moderate towards his enemies; and both in public and private life, behaving himself soberly and righteously; not wanting patience, in what he was bound to suffer; nor prudence in what he was to perform: we have seen him, when it was a time to give, distributing his bounty with a full hand; and when labour was required of him, how resolute! industrious, subject to command, relieving the weariness of his body with constancy, and firmness of mind. He was moreover always the same, consistent with himself in every action; and not only good by intention and design, but happily arrived to such an habit, as not only to do what was right, but to be capable of doing nothing but what was right.

From whence then we learn that in such a one virtue is perfect; and this we divide into several parts: seeing that desires are to be restrained; fear to be repressed; requisite actions to be foreseen; and their several duties paid to every one (*c*): from hence we learned temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, and gave to each their particular office. And from whence did we learn virtue? It was displayed in the order, decency, constancy and uniformity, that such a one observed in all his actions; and particularly in that greatness of soul which exalted itself above all the rest. Hence appeared that blessed state of life, which



ever flows in a prosperous and happy course (*d*), dependent entirely upon itself. And what we further collect from hence is, that this perfect man, this adept in virtue, never cursed Fortune; was never cast down by any accident, and looking upon himself as a soldier and citizen of the world, underwent all labours as patiently as if they were enjoined him by the command of his superiors. Whatever happened to him he received it, not with discontent, as an accidental evil, but as his destined lot in life. *This, saith he, be it what it will, is my portion. It is hard: it is indeed severe; but we must bear it, and do the best we can.*

He necessarily appeared therefore, in all respects, a great man; from whom no disasters could ever distort a sigh or groan; who never complained of his fate: he gave to many a taste of his goodness, which shone as a light in a dark place (*e*); turning the inclinations and affections of every one towards him, being mild and gracious, and alike just in all affairs both human and divine. His mind was perfect, being advanced to that height, above which there is nothing but the mind of God. A part whereof condescended to dwell even in this mortal breast (*f*); which is never more divine, than when it reflects upon its own mortality; and knows that man was born to this end; that he must one day part with life; and that this body is not a fixed habitation, but an inn; and indeed an inn, where we must make but a short stay; and must certainly leave it, at the pleasure or displeasure of our host.

It is a very strong argument with me, dear *Lucilius*, that the soul is derived from some higher source, when it looks upon all earthly things, wherewith at present it is conversant, as mean and vile; and is under no dread to leave them. For he knows whither he is going, who recollects from whence he came. See we not how many things incommode and trouble us; and how irksome this body is to us? Sometimes we complain of the bowels, sometimes of the head, sometimes of the breast and throat; at one time the nerves, at another our feet rack us; to-day a lowness of spirit; to-morrow a violent cold; sometimes too much blood; sometimes too little; thus are we tossed about, and at last obliged

to go off. This is what generally happens to those who live in a tenement not their own. Yet though such a weak and putrid body be our portion, we yet lay schemes for eternity; and as far as human life can be extended, so far do we stretch our hopes; never satisfied. But what can be more ridiculous? What thing contenteth us, who must die soon, nay, who daily draw near our end; and every hour drives us on whence we shall surely fall.

Observe then in what our minds are involved! That which I said must be a great part of it already gone: for the time we have spent is not as it was before we lived (*g*). We greatly err in this, since each of the foregoing contributes as much to our weariness. It is not this last step that hath tired us when we dream of death, but that which makes us know and confess that we are tired. The last day of our life, the former advanced towards it. Death cuts us not off at once, but only crops us continually (*b*). A great soul therefore, conscious of a better state in reversion, and a more exalted condition, endeavours indeed, in the station wherein it is placed, to demean itself industriously and honestly; but it looks upon none of those things that surround it, as its own property; but as things lent us for a while, and useth them accordingly, as a stranger, and one that is hastening to another abode (*i*).

Now when we see a man acting with such constancy and integrity, it cannot but present us with the distinguishing marks of an uncommon understanding; something, I say, above the common standard of human nature; especially, if as I before observed, this greatness is attended with the manifestation of truth. Truth ever keeps the same steady course. Things false and counterfeit last not, being ever subject to change. Thus some men are at one time *Vatinius*'s, at another time *Cato*'s; one while they think *Curius* not severe; nor *Fabricius* poor enough: they will scarcely allow *Tubero* to be frugal, and sufficiently content with his little: and at another time they challenge *Licinius* in wealth, *Apicius* in luxury, and *Mecænas* in the most elegant delights.

Nothing

Nothing can be a greater sign of a bad disordered mind, than this restlessness, this continual agitation, between the diffimulation of virtue, and the love of vice :

— habebat sæpe ducentos

Sæpe decem servos ; modò reges atque tetrarchas,  
 Omnia magna loquens ; modò sit mihi mensa tripes, et  
 Concha falis puri ; et toga quæ defendere frigus  
 Quamvis crassa, queat ; decies centena dedisses  
 Huic parco paucis contento : quinque diebus,  
 Nil erat in loculo.—Hor. Sat. i. 3. 11.

*Sometimes two hundred slaves compose his train,  
 And sometimes ten. Now, in a pompous strain,  
 Of kings and heroes he would brag ; and soon  
 Lower his style to a more humble boon ;  
 A three-legg'd table, and of salt one shell,  
 And a coarse gown the weather to repell ;  
 Yet in five days, so frugally content,  
 Had he a million, it would all be spent. Duncomb.*

There are many such as *Horace* hath here described ; so wavering, so unlike to, and inconsistent with themselves. Did I say many ? nay, almost all men have this foible. There is scarce any one but who changeth his opinion, and his wishes : at one time he thinks himself happy in a wife ; at another time he prefers a mistress : he will now be master, and soon after stoop to be an officious humble servant ; at one time he shews away in the greatest splendour, so as to create envy ; at another time he subsides, and lowers himself beneath the most abject of mortals : at one time he is profusely generous ; at another time he scrapes together all he can get. Nothing sure can discover a weak and imprudent mind more than such demeanor ; where one action is perpetually thwarting another, and (than which I think nothing can be more vile) the man is altogether inconsistent with himself.

Think it a great virtue, my *Lucilius*, to act uniformly. Now none but a wise man appears always one and the same. The rest are daily  
 putting

putting on new shapes. One while you would think us very frugal and grave; at another time, prodigal and vain. We frequently change our masques, and put on a very different one from that we pulled off. Exact this therefore of thyself, having fixed upon a certain rule of life, maintain it to thy last breath. Endeavour to deserve praise, at least to make it known who you are, by an uniformity of action: for it may sometimes be said of the man you saw yesterday, *who is this man?* so great an alteration hath one day made in him.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

(\*) Things that come not within the scrutiny of human senses, as the virtue of the loadstone, &c. cannot be examined by them, or be attested by any body; and therefore can appear more or less probable only as they more or less agree to truths that are established in our minds; and as they hold proportion to other parts of our knowledge and approbation. *Analogy* in these matters is the only help we have, and 'tis from that alone we draw all our grounds of probability. See *Locke*, p. 285.

(a) See *Plutarch*. in the Life of *Pyrrhus*.

(b) *Id.* in the Life of *Poplicola*.

(c) The like charge is given us by St. Paul, *To render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour.* Rom. xiii. 7. And here I cannot but recommend to the Reader's notice that most excellent sermon of my good and ever-memorable master Dr. *Snape* on this text.

(d) i. e. the *Euphrosia* of the Stoics.

(e) As St. Peter saith of *the most sure word of prophecy, wherewith ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place.* ii. Pet. 1. 19. And St. *John* of our Saviour—*In him was life, and this life was the light of men, and the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not.* John, i. 45.

(f) For *who hath known, saith St. Paul, the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.* Phil. ii. 5. *Know you not yourselves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates? ii. Cor. 13. 5. And of his fullness have we all received.* John i. 16.

(g) The bell strikes one.—If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they? With the years beyond the Flood. *Young*. N. T.

(b) *Carpit nos illa non corripit*] The old translation renders it, *Death swallows us indeed, but doth not devour us.* *Cellu nous avalle, mais ne nous devore pas.*

Is Death at distance? No: he has been on thee;

And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow. *Id.*

Each *moment* has its fickle, emulous

Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep

Strikes

Strikes empires from the root: each *moment* plays  
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere  
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss. *Id.*

(i) *These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things, declare plainly they seek a country: and truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, i. e. an heavenly. Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city. Heb. ii. 13. 6. Dearly beloved, faith St. Peter, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul. i. Pet. ii. 11. And St. Paul, This I say, brethren, the time is short, it remaineth that ye use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away. i. Cor. 7. 31. See Epp. 58, 74, 98.*

“The *Egyptians* in general, according to *Deodorus*, held the present life to be of small account; but the glory of a life to come hereafter, acquired by virtue, to be the highest object of their ambition. They looked upon our houses here but as *inns*, where we are to bait but a little while.” Nay, *Macrobius* assures us, *Animarum originem manare de caelo inter rectè philosophantes indubitatae constat esse sententiae. Somn. Scip. l. 1. It was the undoubted opinion of the best philosophers, that our souls were derived to us from heaven.*

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## EPISTLE CXXI.

*Whether every Creature is sensible of his own Constitution.*

I KNOW you will chide me, *Lucilius*, when I explain to you the petty question, which I have been so long musing upon this very day. And again you will cry out, *what avails this towards reforming our morals?* But exclaim as you please, when I have called to my assistance those eminent Stoics, *Posidonius* and *Archidemus* (a); let them argue the point with you: what I would ask is, *whether any thing that relates to morality does not tend to create good manners?* When we consider the different engagements and pursuits of man, we find that one thing tends to his nourishment, another to exercise, another to dress, another to instruction, another to pleasure and delight. All these, I say, belong to him, yet not all of them make him a better man. So with regard

to morals; some things affect him in one way, some in another; some correct and regulate mankind; other things point out their nature and origin.

And when I am enquiring after the reason why *Nature* first made man, and gave him the pre-eminence over all other animals; do you think that such an enquiry bears no relation to *manners*? if you do, you are mistaken; for how will you know what manners best suit a man, unless you first find out what path it is best for man to pursue? unless you inspect his very nature. Then indeed you will understand what you are to do, and what to avoid; when you have thoroughly learned what you owe to your nature and constitution as man.

*I would fain learn, you say, how to covet less, and less to fear: root out all superstition from me; teach me, that what is called felicity, is light and vain; and that by the accession of one syllable, it becomes the reverse, infelicity.* Know then, I will some day gratify your request, by exhorting to the practice of virtue and scorning vice: and though some perhaps may think me too severe in this respect, I will steadily persist in persecuting iniquity, bridling in the most refractory affections, restraining such pleasures as necessarily end in pain and sorrow, and in thwarting every idle wish. For why? we have often wished for the greatest of evils; and have received that with joy and congratulation, against which we afterwards so bitterly exclaim (*b*). In the mean while permit me to discuss a few things, however wide they may seem from this purpose.

The question was, *whether all animals have a certain sense of their condition or constitution (c)*. And that they have such a sense, is chiefly manifest from their so aptly and expeditiously moving their limbs, as if they had been particularly instructed and bred up therein. There is a certain agility in all their different parts; as the artist useth his tools with ease and readiness; and the pilot knows to steer his ship: and the painter, having set before him many various colours picks out, or forms, that which he thinks will give the best likeness; and with a



quick eye and ready hand passeth between the pallet and the image represented. So ready and nimble is an animal in the use of each several motion. We are apt to admire just actors, in that their hand is expressive of every affection; and a proper attitude and gesticulation attend on the different flow of words; what these do by art, animals do by nature. None of them find any difficulty in moving their limbs; nor hesitate in the use of them. They come into life with this knowledge; and are born, as it were, with such particular instructions.

But it is said, *that animals move their limbs in such an apt manner, because if they were to move them otherwise it would give them pain.* According to this opinion then they act by compulsion; 'tis not the *will*, but *fear* that directs them to a proper motion. But this is false; they are slow upon compulsion: agility is a voluntary motion; and so far is the fear of pain from inciting thereto, that they will endeavour at their motion, though they suffer pain by it. Thus an infant, who is learning to use his feet and to stand upright, as soon as he begins to try his strength, falls down, and not without tears riseth again as often, 'till by frequent exercise and much pain he hath attained the habit Nature designed him. Some animals of a very hard back being turned thereon, will twist themselves, and throw out their feet and scramble with them, 'till they are replaced in their proper position. The tortoise, for instance, when laid upon his back, is not supposed to feel much pain, yet through desire of his natural posture, he is restless, and struggles, nor will cease his endeavours 'till he hath recovered his feet. There is in every animal therefore a sense of their constitution; and from hence proceeds the prompt use of their limbs; nor can we have any greater sign that they came into life with this knowledge, than that no animal is ignorant in the use of his body.

*Constitution, it is said, as you define it, is the governing principle of the mind, under such a modification with regard to the body. But as this is so perplexed and subtle, and what you yourselves scarce know how to express; how shall an infant understand it! All animals should have been logicians, that they might comprehend this definition, which is obscure and unintelligible*

*unintelligible to a great part of the better learned among yourselves.* There would be some force in this objection, if we should allow that the animals themselves understand this definition of constitution. But constitution itself is much easier understood from Nature than it can be from any definition or expression (*d*). The infant knows not what is meant by the word *constitution*, but he well knows his own; neither does he know what an animal is, but he perceives himself to be an animal; and also understands in the gross, summarily, and obscurely, his own constitution.

We likewise know that we have a *soul*: but what the soul is, where it is, of what quality, and from whence it is, we know not (*e*). The same sense that we have of the soul, though we know not its nature and situation; such a sense have all animals of their constitution. For they must necessarily be sensible of that, by which they are sensible of other things; they must needs be sensible of that, which they obey; and by which they are governed: there is not one of us, but who knows there is somewhat within him, that stirs up his powers to action; but what it is he knows not. As infants, so likewise other animals, have a certain sense of their principal part, though it be not clear enough, nor so express, as to form a just notion of it.

*You say, it is objected again, that every animal is at first reconciled to his constitution; but that the constitution of man is rational; and therefore is man reconciled to himself, not as merely to an animal, but as to a rational animal; for in that is man dear to himself, as being man; how then can an infant be reconciled to a rational constitution, when as yet he is not rational?* Every age of life hath its own constitution. There is one constitution to infants, another to youth, and another to old age, and all are reconciled to their present condition. An infant hath no teeth, he does well without them: he cuts his teeth: this condition agreeth likewise with his age: as that herb, which in a little time will become bread-corn, hath one state, when tender and scarce rising above the furrow; another when it is grown up; and though the stalk indeed be slender, yet it is strong enough to bear its weight; another when it begins to change  
Y y 2
colour,



colour, and ripen for the barn; in whatever state it is, it maintains the same, and in all respects is accommodated thereto. Thus I say there is an age peculiar to infants, another to children, another to youth, and another to maturity; yet I am still the same person I was, when a boy, when a young man. So though the constitution of every man is continually changing, there is the same respect and agreeableness in every change: for it is not the boy, nor the young, nor the old man, that Nature recommends to my care, but myself (*f*). Therefore the infant is reconciled to that constitution which he then hath as an infant, not to that which he shall hereafter have when a young man. Neither, though some greater and better state may remain, into which he shall one day pass, is not this also in which he was born suitable to Nature.

At first, every animal is reconciled and a friend to *self*. For there must be some quality to which other qualities may be referred. I seek pleasure. For whom? Myself. Therefore I take care of myself. I fly from danger? For whose sake? My own. Therefore am I cautious. If then I am directed by self-preservation; self-preservation must be before all things. And this we see in all living creatures; nor is it ingrafted in, but born with us. Nature bringeth forth her young, and would preserve them: and, because the nearer our defence is the more safe we are, she hath committed the charge of every one to himself; and therefore, as I have said elsewhere, young animals as soon as they come from their dam, or see the light, know immediately what is hurtful to them; and fly from those things that threaten death. Nay such as are in danger from birds of prey, are afraid even of the shadow of those birds when flying over them. No animal comes into life without the fear of death.

It is asked indeed, *how an animal, just brought forth, can understand what is either salutary or destructive?* But first the question is, whether he does understand this, not how he understands it? And that they have such understanding is manifest from this, *they will do nothing more than what they so understand.* Why does not the hen fly from the peacock or the goose, when she flies from the hawk with all speed, a much  
less

less bird, and not known to her before? Why are chickens afraid of a cat, but not of a dog? It is plain they know what will hurt them, without having learned this from experience: for they are afraid before they have made any trial of their danger. And then that you may not think this happens by chance, they neither are afraid of other things than what they have cause to fear, nor do they ever forget that such are their enemies. Their flight from what is pernicious is ever answerable to this their defensive care and diligence.

Besides, the longer they live, they are not less afraid; from whence it is apparent that this comes not by custom, but from the natural love of their own welfare. What custom teacheth is learned slowly, by degrees, and in various ways: but whatever Nature proposes comes alike to all, and at once. If you desire to know, I will tell you, how every living creature comes to the knowledge of what will prove destructive to him. He perceives himself to consist of flesh, and consequently knows whereby flesh may be cut, or burned, or bruised. Such animals then as are armed for mischief, he concludes to be his enemies, and of an hostile disposition. There is a connexion between these things. For as every animal is at once endowed with the sense of self-preservation, such things as tend thereto they readily perceive, and dread what is like to be hurtful.

Now this dread of, and rejecting, contraries is natural; and what Nature directs, is done, without forecast, without deliberation. See you not with what art and subtlety the bees form their little cells (*g*)? what amazing concord there is between them in dividing the labours of the day! See you not that no art of man can imitate the curious texture of the spider's web (*b*)! What pains does she take in the just disposition of the threads! some are woven in a strait line by way of foundation; others are entwisted circularly, and growing still finer but closer spread, are a net to catch flies, her destined prey. Now this art is innate, not taught her, and therefore none of these animals are more learned than others of the same kind. Every spider of the kind spins a  
like

like web; and every cell in the honeycomb is formed with the like angles.

Whatever is taught by art is uncertain and unequal: but what Nature teacheth is always uniform; and nothing hath she taught more certainly than self-defence, and skill in self-preservation. Animals begin to live and to learn at the same time; nor is it any wonder that, that instruction should be born with them, without which they would have been born in vain. Nature hath given them this knowledge, as the first means of preserving in them a constant agreement with, and love of their own condition. They could not possibly be safe, unless they had an inclination so to be: nor would this alone have been of service to them, but without this nothing else could.

Lastly therefore let me observe that you will find in none of them a contempt, nor even a disregard, of *self*. For even such as are dumb, and brutes indeed, though in other things they are quite stupid, are cunning enough to get their living: and you will see even those, which are altogether useless and unprofitable to others, are yet never wanting to themselves.

#### ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Archidemus*, an eminent leader among the Stoics. *Cicero* likewise mentions him with *Antipater*. Vid. *Lipf. Manud.* l. 12.

(b) *Nos plerumque id votis expetimus, quod non impetrasse melius foret, &c.* Val. Max. vii. 2.

——— *Quid enim ratione timemus,  
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te  
Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti?  
Evertère domos totas optantibus ipsis  
Dii faciles.*— *Juv.* x. 6.

*How void of reason are our hopes and fears!  
What in the conduct of our life appears  
So well dispos'd, so luckily begun,  
But when we have our wish, we wish undone?  
Whole houses of their whole desires possess,  
Are often ruin'd at their own request.* Dryden.

(c) *Tib*

(c) Τὴν δὲ πρῶτον ὁρίσασθαι, ποῦσιν τὸ ζῶν ἴσχυεν ἐπὶ τὸ τυχεῖν ἑαυτῶν.—*Laert.*—Placet iis quorum ratio mihi probatur, simul atque natum sit animal, ipsum sibi conciliari et commendari ad se conservandum et ad suum statum, et ad ea quæ sunt conservantia ejus status diligenda.—alienari autem ab interitu, iisque rebus quæ interitum videantur asserre. *Cic. de Fin. 3. 5. The philosophers, whose system I approve of, are of opinion, that as soon as any creature is born, (for here we must commence our disputation) it has an affection for itself; it endeavours its own preservation and well-being; and is impelled to the love of every thing that can contribute thereto. At the same time it abhors dissolution, and whatever may seem to threaten the same.*

(d) *We should know very little indeed, saith GALEN, did we know no more than what we could give a just definition of.*

(e) There was a strange diversity of opinions among the antient philosophers about the nature of the human soul. The most eminent of them however, from the time of *Pythagoras*, maintained, that it is a portion of the divine essence. See *Leland ii. 1. 280.*

(f) *Self*, is that conscious thinking thing, (whatever substance made up of, whether spiritual or material, simple or compounded it matters not) which is sensible, or conscious of pleasure and pain, capable of happiness or misery, and so is concerned for *itself* as far as that consciousness extends. *Locke, p. 292.*

(g) “ See what bright strokes of architecture shine  
Through the whole frame, what beauty, what design!  
Each odorif’rous cell, and waxen tow’r,  
The yellow pillage of the rifled flow’r,  
Has twice three sides, the only figure fit  
To which the lab’rers may their stores commit  
Without the loss of matter, or of room,  
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.” *Anon.*

(b) I cannot here but pay my respects to the memory of *Dr. Littleton*, my late most worthy friend, whose elegant poem on a *spider*, is in the hands of every one.

*Insidious, restless, watchful, spider, &c.*

## E P I S T L E CXXII.

*On Extravagance, and irregular Living.*

THE days, *Lucilius*, are now upon the decline: they are grown indeed somewhat shorter, yet are still long enough to give a man sufficient time for business; if he would rise, as I may say, with the day itself, but to some other purpose, than merely to give the usual salutation. But it is scandalous to lie dozing when the sun is risen, and not to be thoroughly

thoroughly awake 'till noon : and yet this is what some call rising early. For there are those who invert the order of night and day, and who never open their eyes, still heavy with yesternight's debauch, 'till night returns again. They seem to be in the state of those, whom Nature, as *Virgil* saith, hath placed opposite to us, with their feet to our feet.

Nosque ubi primus equis oriens effulsit, anhelis,  
Illic fera rubens accendit lumina vesper. G. i. 250.

*Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,  
She lights the downward beam, and rises there ;*

*And when on us she breathes the living light,*

*Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.* Dryden.

It is not that their region or country is opposite and contrary to that of other men, but their life. There are oftentimes *antipodes* in the same city ; who, as *Marcus Cato* (*a*) observes, never saw the sun, either rising or setting.

Think you that those men know how to live, who know not when they live? And yet they fear death, though they bury themselves alive, and are as ominous, if you chance to meet them, as the night-raven. Although they spend their darkness in wine and perfume ; although they spin out the whole time of their intemperate vigils in banqueting, and variety of luxurious dishes ; they *feast* not, but are solemnizing their own funerals (*b*). The obsequies of the dead indeed are wont to be celebrated in the *day-time*, and are soon over : but no day is long enough for him that liveth, and worketh as he ought. We must stretch out the narrow span of life ; the duty and sign whereof consist in action. We must even contract the night, and transfer part of it to the day. Birds that are cooped up for a feast, that by sitting still they may grow fat, are generally kept in the dark : so of those men, who lie all day long without any exercise, a swelling is apt to invade the sluggish body ; a lazy fatness seizeth all their limbs ; and having dedicated themselves to darkness, they grow filthy and ill-favoured. Their soddish countenance looks as suspicious as of those who labour under some disease ; they are of an ashy colour, languid and faint ; and tho' still active, their flesh seems already corrupted. This however, I may say,

say, is but the least of evils that attends such irregularities, since a far greater darkness involves the mind; it is quite stupid; it is so very dark, it envies the blind. Who but such men as these could ever think that the eyes were given us to be used in darkness!

Do you ask whence proceeds this depravity of mind, that loaths the day, and is for turning the whole of life into night? Know that all vices are repugnant and contrary to Nature: they all desert the order and fitness of things. It is the very design of luxury to rejoice in perverseness; and not only to depart from what is right, but to fly from it as far as possible. Do they not seem to live contrary to Nature, who drink fasting (*c*), who pour down wine into their empty veins, and go drunk to dinner? yet such is the common excess of youth, who affect in this way to try their strength. Upon the very threshold of the bath they strip and drink; nay, they quaff down bumpers, and every now and then wipe off the sweat occasioned by their frequent and hot draughts. To drink only after meals is too vulgar a thing for men of taste; let your country-folk, and men who know not true pleasure, follow rules; our gallants delight not in that wine which swims harmless upon their food, and has a free and easy access to the nerves: no drunkenness is so agreeable, as that which is got upon an empty stomach.

Do they not seem to live contrary to Nature, who change habits with women, and study to preserve a young bloom on a wrinkled forehead? What can be more horrid, or more wretched? They would fain never be man, that they may not leave off their boyish tricks: and when their sex ought to rescue them from contumely and disgrace, not age itself can discharge them.

Live they not contrary to Nature who covet a rose in winter? and who by the nourishment of warm water and a proper heat of air, force the lily and other spring flowers, to bloom in the depth of winter?

Live they not contrary to Nature, who plant orchards on their turrets, (*d*), so that trees may wave over the tops of their houses; and strike

their roots in those places, which it would have been presumption to pretend to reach with their highest boughs?

Live they not contrary to Nature, who lay the foundation of their baths in the sea; nor think they can swim delicately unless the warm water likewise be ruffled with billows?

Thus having resolved to will nothing but what is contrary to the custom of Nature, they at last entirely revolt from her. “ *Is it day-* “ *light?* It is time then to go to sleep (*e*). *Is it night?* Let us now “ take our usual exercise: let us get into our chariots, pay our visits, “ and so to dinner. But lo! the morning approaches; it is now sup- “ per-time. It is not for us to act as the common people do. It is “ mean to live in the ordinary and vulgar way. Let the poor wretches “ enjoy the whole day to themselves; so we have but an early hour in “ the morning to go to bed.”

For my part I cannot but rank such extravagant fops among the dead. For how like a funeral is it, and a sorrowful one too, to live thus by the light of torches and flambeaux? I remember not long ago, there were many who lived such a sort of life, among whom was *Atticus Buta*, a Prætorian, who after he had spent a large estate, and was complaining of his poverty to *Tiberius*, received this answer, *you are too late awakened*. *Montanus Julius (f)*, a tolerable poet, but well known, by having been a favourite, though afterwards in disgrace, with *Tiberius*, was one day reciting his poetry; and as he was fond of using the words *ortus* and *occasus*, (*east* and *west*, or *morning* and *evening*) when a friend of his complained that he had detained him a whole day, and that it was very unreasonable to expect a man should attend so long to hear his compositions; one *Natta Pinarius (g)* said pleasantly enough, *For my part, I think a man cannot use him more courteously than I do; for I am willing to bear him, ab ortu ad occasum* (alluding to the words only.) But when he was reciting these verses,

Incipit ardentem Phœbus producere flammam,  
Spergere se rubicunda dies, jam tristis hirundo

Argutis

Argutis reditura cibos immittere nidis

Incipit, et molli partitos ore ministrat.

*Phœbus begins to shew his sultry flame,*

*And ruddy morn to spread around the same;*

*With various food the swallow treats her young,*

*And lulls them with her melancholy song.*

*Varus* a Roman knight, a companion of *Lucius Vicinius*, and an excellent smell-feast, making himself every where welcome by his witty, and often bitter jests, cried out,

*And Buta now prepares for sleep.*

And when he repeated these lines,

Jam sua pastores stabulis armenta locarunt,

Jam dare sopitis nox nigra silentia terris

Incipit.—

*The shepherds to the fold their flocks had led,*

*And silent darkness o'er the world was spread:*

cried the same *Varus*, what does *Montanus* say? *It is now night; I will go then, and give good-morrow to Buta.* Nothing was more notorious than this life which *Buta* led, so contrary to all rule; and in which many, as I said, indulged themselves at that time.

Now the reason of men's living in this preposterous manner, is, not because they think the night itself hath any thing more pleasing in it; but because nothing delights them that is obvious and common; and because light is generally burthensome to a bad conscience; and because they who value every thing, according to the price it bears, be it great or small, disdain the light, which costs them nothing.

Moreover these luxurious gentlemen desire to be talked of as long as they live; if nothing is said of them, they think they lose their labour, and live to no purpose; accordingly they are angry with themselves, if they have done nothing to raise a report. Many devour all their goods; others waste them upon harlots. To gain any credit among them, a man must not only commit some lascivious, but some notable folly. In a city so busily employed as this, a common sin will not be thought a story worth telling.



I have heard *Albinovanus*, (an excellent story-teller) (*b*) say, that he lived but a few doors from *Spurius Papinius*, who was one of these night-owls. Sometimes, said he, about the third hour of the night I have heard the twang of whips (*i*). I ask what is the matter? and I am told, *that Papinius is calling his servants to account*. About the sixth hour of the night, I hear a loud bawling: *what is this for?* I say. *Why, Papinius is only exercising his voice*. About the eighth hour of the night, I hear the rattling of wheels; and, when I ask what it means, am told, that *Papinius is going to take the air*. Towards break of day the whole house is in an uproar; the pages are called, and the butlers and the cooks are running up and down; *what now?* says I. *Papinius is just come out of the bath, and calls for some broth and mulled wine*. *What? and did his suppers exceed the expences of the day?* No; for notwithstanding all this he lived very frugally: *he spent nothing, but the night*. Therefore to some who called *Papinius* a sordid and covetous wretch, said *Albinovanus*, you may as well call him *lychnobius*, a lamplighter.

You must not wonder, *Lucilius*, that you find so many peculiarities in vice. Vice hath various and innumerable appearances; the several kinds of it cannot be comprehended. The observance of what is *right* is simple and uniform; but *wrong* is manifold, and puts on whatever shape you please. The same may be said of the manners of those who follow Nature: they are always free and easy, and scarce ever know any difference: but the depraved, and such as turn aside therefrom, not only differ from other mortals, but even among themselves.

The principal cause however of this disease, seems to be the disdain of common life; as they distinguish themselves from others by their dress, by the elegance of their entertainments, and by the smartness of their equipage; so would they likewise differ from them in the observation and disposal of time. They scorn to sin in a low and customary manner, who expect *infamy* for their reward (*k*). And this is what they all ambitiously covet; who live, as I may say, *retrograde*. But let us, my *Lucilius*, maintain the life which *Nature* prescribes, nor ever decline

decline from it: to those who follow her all things are easy, and readily provided; but to those who are continually thwarting her, life is nothing else but *rowing against the stream*.

## A N N O T A T I O N S, &amp;c.

(a) *Lipfius* does not recollect this to be said any where by *Cato*, but that *Cicero* makes mention of such pots; qui solem, ut aiunt, nec occidentem unquam viderint, nec orientem, &c. who are carried away from their meals, and cram themselves next day, over yesterday's crudities, who boast of never having seen the sun rising or setting, and who are beggars, having spent their patrimony. Cic. de Fin. U. 8.

(b) *Iusta sibi faciunt*] See Ep. xii. *Pincian* reads it *busta*. They are digging their own graves.

(c) *Plutarch*. *Quæst. Conviv.* 8. 9.

(d) *Seneca Frag.* in *Thyeste*,—nulla culminibus meis  
Imposita nutat sylva.

*Nor on my housetop nods a sylvan scene.*

*Sen. Controv.* v. 5. Aiunt in summis culminibus mentita nemora et navigalium piscinarum freta. They have not only groves on the top of their houses but even fishponds.

(e) So *Tacitus* speaking of *Petronius*—*Illi dies per somnum, nox officiis et oblectamentis vitæ tranfigebatur.* He passed his days in sleep, and his nights in the duties and recreations of life. And *Lampridius* of *Heliogabalus*, *Trajecit et dierum actus noctibus et nocturnos diebus, estimans hoc inter instrumenta luxuriæ; ita ut tero de somno surgeret, et salutari inciperet, mane autem dormire inceptaret.* He transferred the proper actions of the day to night, and of the night to day, looking upon this as an instance of luxury; so that he would rise from sleep expecting a salutation, and in the morning fall asleep. So *Horace* speaking of one *Tegellius*,

— Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum

Mane, diem totum stertebat.—S. i. 3. 17.

All night he drank, and then all day would snore,

No mortal from himself could differ more. *Duncomb*.

(f) *Seneca*, the father, likewise mentions him, *Controv.* i. 7. *Montanus Julius*, qui comes fuit, quique egregius poeta) as an agreeable companion and an excellent poet. He wrote both Heroic Poems and Elegies, according to *Ovid.* de Pont. 1. 4.

Quique vel imparibus numeris, Montane, vel æquis

Sufficis, et gemino carmine nomen habes.

(g) He is mentioned by *Tacitus*, l. 5. as one of the clients of *Sejanus*.

(b) And also a poet.

(i) Et cædens longi relegit transacta diurni.

Et cædit donec lassis cædentibus, exi,

Intonet horrendum, jam cognitione peractâ. *Juv.* vi. 484.

Casts up the day's account, and still beats on;

Tir'd out at length, with an outrageous tone

She bids them, in the Devil's name, begone. *Dryden*.

(h) So *Tacitus* most elegantly of *Messalina*, the wife of *Nero*. Nomen tamen matrimonii concusivis, ob magnitudinem infamæ, cujus apud prodigos, novissima voluptas est.

## E P I S T L E

## EPISTLE CXXIII.

*On Luxury.*

**T**IRED, *Lucilius*, with a disagreeable rather than a long journey, I came to my house at *Alba* late at night. I found nothing ready, but myself. I stretched therefore my weariness on the couch; and began to reflect with myself; that nothing is grievous, but what may be endured with patience; nothing intolerable, but what we make so by discontent. *My baker has got no bread; but the porter has got some; as likewise the farmers and the ploughmen. Yes, coarse bread! Stay a little, and you will think it fine enough; hunger will soon render it as soft and delicate, as what is made of the finest wheat-flower. We should not eat therefore 'till this incites us. Well then I will wait, and not eat before I can get white bread, or can relish brown.*

It is very necessary to accustom ourselves to live upon a little. Many difficulties, both with regard to time and place, intervene, and hinder the rich and great themselves from their usual repast (*a*): no one can have at all times what he pleases: but it is always in a man's power to have no mind to that which he knows he cannot have, and cheerfully to make use of what he has. A great part of liberty consists in an orderly good-tempered appetite, that can brook a delay, and even contumely. You cannot imagine what great pleasure I take in finding that my weariness can cure itself: I want not unction nor a bath: I ask no other remedy but that of time: for, what labour hath contracted, rest will soon disperse; and a supper at such a time, whatever it may be, will be more delicious than a public feast in the capitol (*b*).

I have sometimes made trial of my mind, by way of surprize; as it is then more sincerely and truly made. For when the mind is prepared and hath enjoined itself patience, it will not so easily appear how strong

and firm it is. Those are the surest proofs of it that are made *extempore*: when it looks upon an inconvenience, not only with an equal, but with a pleasant eye; falls not into a passion, nor is litigious: when it supplies itself, with what might have been expected, only by not desiring it; and thinks that somewhat indeed is wanting to habit and custom, but nothing absolutely to itself. There are many things, which we knew not to be superfluous before we wanted them; for we used them, not because we had need of them, but because we had them. And how many things do we seek to get, only because others have them, and especially some of our acquaintance?

It must be reckoned among the causes of our evils that we live by example. Neither are we governed by reason, but led away by custom. If such a thing is done but by few, we regard it not; nor think of following them therein; but when it becomes the fashion, we cannot but follow it; as if it were the more fit because more frequent; and error, when 'tis become public, usurps the place of right. Men cannot travel now but with a troop of *Numidian* horse (*c*), or a string of running footmen, before them. It is thought scandalous to have no one to clear the way; and not to shew by a great dust they raise, that a gentleman is coming. All have now their mules to carry their glasses, made of crystal and transparent pebble, cut by the hands of the greatest artists. All have the faces of their minions masked, lest the sun or the cold should hurt their tender skin. It is thought a shame there should be any among this tribe, whose face is not so fair as to need no paint (*d*).

Now these are the men, *Lucilius*, with whom we must avoid all conference. These are they who teach vice, and propagate it from one to another. They have been thought the worst of men who only carry tales from one to another; but these men carry vices. Indeed the conversation of such men is exceedingly hurtful; for though it may not affect us at first, yet it will leave certain seeds in the mind, which, even when we have shook off these our companions, will abide with us, to our great detriment. As when we have heard a concert of music,

music, we carry away the modulation and sweetness of an air, that engages our thoughts, nor will suffer us to give attention to any thing more serious; so the voice of flatterers, and of such as commend vice, stays longer with us than the time we give it hearing; nor is it an easy matter to shake off from the fond mind the pleasing sound: it pursues us; will not forsake us; and at times will interfere do what we can. We must shut our ears therefore to frivolous discourse; and indeed to the first attack of such men; for, when once they have made a beginning, and find free admission, they soon grow bolder, and at length come to the following language:

“ *Virtue, Philosophy, and Justice!* what are they but mere empty  
 “ sounds! Our only happiness consists in *good living!* to do every  
 “ thing we please; and to enjoy one’s patrimony. This is to live;  
 “ this is to remember that we are mortal: the day fleets from us, and  
 “ life irrecoverably passeth away (*e*). Why should we scruple to em-  
 “ brace every delight, and to treat life with those pleasures it cannot  
 “ always enjoy; but now can, and even demands them? What avails  
 “ it to stretch our frugality even beyond the grave? and now to deny  
 “ ourselves those things which death will soon deprive us of? What  
 “ a poor wretch art thou, who hast no mistress? and no minion for a  
 “ mistress to envy! How ridiculous is it to walk the streets sober,  
 “ and to sup so early and frugally as if you were to make a diary for the  
 “ approbation of a father! This is not to live for yourself, but for  
 “ another! What madness is it for a man to solicit for his heir! and  
 “ to deny himself every thing, that the prospect of a large legacy, or  
 “ an inheritance may make your friend your enemy! For, the more  
 “ he is to receive, the sooner will he desire, and rejoice in your death.  
 “ Value not a rush those severe and supercilious censurers of other  
 “ men’s lives, and enemies to their own; those public pedagogues,  
 “ who would fain govern the world! Despise them we say, and make  
 “ no scruple to prefer mirth, and good living, to the empty name of  
 “ a good man.”

Sueh

Such harangues as these are to be dreaded, as the voice of the *Sirens* whom *Ulysses* would not venture to hear; before he had bound himself to the main-mast. They are altogether as prevalent; they draw us from our country, our parents, our friends, our virtue: and basely inveigle those wretches that listen to them into a scandalous life. How much better is it to walk in the strait path, and to attain this happy end, to think those things alone delightful, which are fit and honourable? And this we should certainly attain, if we suppose and sincerely reflect on two sorts of things, those that have sufficient charms to incite us, or those that are attended with horror. By the former I mean *riches, pleasures, beauty, ambition*, and the like pleasing, sweetly-soothing baits; while such as drive us from them with abhorrence, are *ignominy, hard-living, labour, pain and death*. We must therefore be well exercised that we fear not these, nor covet the former. We must fight contrariwise, retreat from those that invite us to them, and make head against those that press upon us. See you not how different is the attitude of those, who ascend or descend an hill? They that go down a steep place bend their bodies backward; they that go up stoop forwards. For if when you descend you stoop forwards, or in ascending lean backwards, this, my *Lucilius*, would be to favour and assist the precipice. Now, we descend into pleasures, but climb up against adversity and hardships: here then must we stoop forward our bodies, and in the former case lean them back, restraining them with all our might.

But think not that these are the only men whose discourse is pernicious to us, while they recommend pleasure, and instil a dread of pain; which is terrible enough in itself. No, there are others whom I think as prejudicial; I mean those who under a pretence of affecting *Stoicism* exhort to vice: for, this is their boast: *that the lover is the only wise and learned man; and that he is most wise, who hath the most skill in drinking and feasting. Let us enquire then, say they, to what age young men are amiable.*—No; let us give up those vices to the *Greeks*; and rather attend to the following instructions: *No one is casually good: virtue is to be learned: pleasure is a low and mean engagement; to be held in no esteem; common with dumb animals; the lowest and most contemptible*

have recourse thereto; glory is something vain, volatile, and more inconstant than the winds; poverty is no real burthen, but to those who repugn it; death is no evil; why do you complain? This is the most just and equal law to all mankind: superstition is a mad error (f); it fears those, who ought most to be beloved; and abuseth those it worshipping: for what difference is there whether you deny the Gods, or scandalize them? These are the things, Lucilius, that are to be learned; nay, they are to be learned, as we say, by heart. Philosophy should never suggest any excuses for vice; the sick man can have but little hopes of recovery, to whom his physician recommends intemperance.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) A diebus optantem: *al. a diis. al. a diu optatis. al. octavam*, referring to the hour of supper:

Exul ab octava Marius bibit, et fruitur diis  
 Iratis; at tu victrix provincia ploras.  
*Marius his sine begs off, contemns his infamy,  
 Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk at three.  
 Enjoys his exile, and condemn'd in vain,  
 Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain.* Dryden.

(b) Cœna Diali] *al. adjiciali, five adiciali.* Ep. 95.

(c) Numidarum equitatus] So in Ep. 87. *Cursorum, et Numidas, et multum ante se pulveris agentem.*

(d) Desideret medicamentum] So *Juvenal*, of women:

Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur  
 Tot medicaminibus, coctæque filiginis offas  
 Accipit, et madidæ, facies dicetur an ulcus? *Juv. vi. 470.*  
*But hadst thou seen her plaster'd up, before,  
 'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.* Dryden.

(e) Una felicitas est, bona vita, facere omnia libere] This is another passage in full agreement with that of St. Paul, *come let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.* i. Cor. xi. 32. which in my paraphrase of that admirable chapter runs thus:

*Come, let us swim in pleasure; swim at large;  
 Eat, drink, and with variety of sport,  
 Indulge the taste of lustful appetite.  
 For why? To-morrow the eclipse of life  
 Shall cover us with an eternal shade;  
 The common period of all earthly beings.*

Where I observe that this is no *Sacenic* proverb, properly so called as some take it; because no people

people were more sober and frugal than the *Lacedæmonians*. — St. Paul certainly took it from If. xxii. 13. but to a different end, &c.

(f) Error infans, *al* infantis, a *childish error*. “ Superstition is a very dangerous weapon, that cuts with two edges; for while it fills with some false fears, the absurdity of those fears drives others into infidelity. Superstition built the *Pagan* hell and *elysum*, and infidelity, not content with pulling down the superstructure, erased the very foundations. The extreme errors are, superstition, which realizes the fire and the worm; and infidelity, which, laughing at these, overlooks the analogy. *Malampus*, p. 207.

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E P I S T L E CXXIV.

*Against the Epicureans, that Good consists in Reason and not in Sense.*

POSSUM multa tibi veterum præcepta referre,  
Ni refugis, testisque piget cognoscere curas.

*I many solid precepts could rebearse,*

*Would you attend to the instructive verse.*

But you, I know, *Lucilius*, will attend; nor are you disgusted at the most subtle question. Such is your elegance of taste, not to delight only in what is great. And this I likewise approve in you, that you reduce all things to some use and profit; and then only are offended, when a subject is not argued with the nicest subtlety imaginable: which indeed is not what I shall now pretend to. The plain question is, *whether good is comprehended by sense, or the understanding*. And as an adjunct to this, it is said, *that neither infants nor brute animals are capable of it*.

The *Epicureans*, who set pleasure in the highest place, affirm *good to be sensual*: but we *Stoics*, on the other hand, who attribute it to the mind, suppose it *intellectual*. If the senses were the sole judges of good, we should reject no sort of pleasure; for there is no pleasure but what is alluring and delightful: and, on the contrary, we should undergo no pain willingly; as there is none but what offends the senses.



Besides, they would by no means deserve blame or censure, who are too fond of pleasure, and who live in the utmost dread of pain; whereas we condemn those, who devote themselves to lust and gluttony; and despise those, who dare not engage in any manly exercise for fear of pain. For, how do they sin, or do wrong, who act in obedience to the senses, supposing these to be the judges of good and evil; for to these you have given the power of determining what you shall fly from, or what pursue? But surely *reason* should preside in this affair; which as it ought to determine concerning *life, virtue, and the fitness of things*; so likewise concerning *good and evil*: for otherwise, according to these men, pre-eminence is given to the baser part to judge of the better; if good must be judged of by the *senses*, dull and stupid as they are, and much more imperfect in man than in other animals. What if any one had a mind to discern minute things not with his eye, but his touch? Surely to discern good from evil, no penetration can be more sharp and exact for this purpose than the sight of the eyes. You see then how ignorant of truth they are, and how disrespectfully they trample upon things high and sublime, who make the *touch* the judge of good and evil.

But it is said, *that as every science and every art must have something that is manifest, and comprehended by sense, from whence it may be derived and encrease; so an happy life takes its source and foundation from such things as are manifest and fall under the apprehension of sense.* Well then, you say, an happy life takes its beginning from things manifest; and we say, that such things are happy, or create happiness, which are according to nature. And what is according to nature appears clearly, and at first sight, as whatever is perfect and entire. *What then is according to nature?* Why, it is that which befaller him, who is just born: I do not call it actually good, but the beginning of good. Whereas you attribute pleasure as the chief good to infancy; as if a child began to have that from its birth, which he obtaineth only when a complete man. This is to set the top of the tree, where should be the root. If any one should say that an infant, while it lies in its mother's womb, of an uncertain sex, tender, imperfect, and unshapen, is already  
in

in possession of good he would certainly seem to be mistaken. But how little difference is there between him who hath just entered upon life, and him, who is as yet a latent burthen in the womb? Both of them as to any understanding of good and evil, are alike mature; because an infant is no more capable of good than a tree, or a brute animal. And why is not a tree or a brute animal capable of good? Because they want reason: and upon the same account infants are not capable; for they as yet want reason.

Some animals are irrational; some not as yet rational, and some rational, but imperfectly: in none of these dwells *good*. It is an attendant upon reason. What difference then is there between the things before-mentioned? Good can never be in what is irrational; in what is not yet rational, good is not yet; and in what is imperfect, good may hereafter be, but is not now. What I mean, *Lucilius*, is this: good is not found in every natural body; nor in every age of life; and is as far from belonging to infancy, as the last is from the first; or perfection from a beginning: therefore much less in a body, scarcely formed in the womb, or whatever prior state it may be in. Again, speaking of the good of a tree or plant; you will not say that it is in the first leaf that buddeth forth; or that the good of wheat is in the tender blade, or in the soft ear that first springs from the stalk; but in the grain, when the summer and due maturity hath hardened it. As nothing in nature exhibits good before it is in perfection, so the good of man is not in man 'till reason is become perfect in him. Now what this good is I will tell you: *it is a mind upright and free, subjecting other things to itself, itself to nothing*. Infancy therefore is not capable of this good; neither can the child, the boy, or youth itself expect it, but unjustly and in vain. And happy is the old age, that hath attained it by long study and application, when it becomes a real and intellectual good.

*You allow, it is said, some good to be in trees and in herbs; why not then in infants? True good is neither in trees nor in brute animals; the good in them is only a precarious good, by concession. And what is that? you say. Why it is that which is consonant to the nature of*

every thing. Good can by no means be assigned to brute animals; it is of a more noble and happy nature. There can be no good, but where there is reason.

There are four several natures: that of a tree, that of a beast, that of a man, and that of God. The former two, being both irrational, have much the same nature. The other two have different natures, the one being immortal, the other mortal. The nature then of one, i. e. *of God*, is perfect good in itself; and care and diligence in the other, i. e. in man, hath made also his (respectively) perfect. Other things are said to be perfect in their nature, but not truly perfect, forasmuch as they want reason. For that, in short, is perfect, which is perfect according to universal nature; but universal nature is rational; other things however may be perfect in their kind.

In what there cannot be a blessed life, neither can be that by which a blessed life is effected; there is not in a brute animal that whereby a blessed life is effected, therefore in a brute animal good is not. A brute animal indeed comprehends things present by sensation; and remembers things past, when the sense is awakened thereto by something present. As a horse remembers the road when he is put into it; but it is not to be supposed that in the stable he remembers any thing of the road, though he treads it every day (*a*). The third degree of time, I mean the time to come, appertaineth not to brute beasts. How then can the nature of those things seem perfect, which have not the use of perfect time? For time is divided into three parts, past, present, and future: that only which is shortest, and is passing, i. e. the present, is given to the knowledge of animals; very rare is the remembrance of the past, nor ever recovered, but by the intervention of something present. The good therefore of a perfect nature cannot be in a nature that is imperfect; or if it naturally hath good, it is of the same sort that plants also have.

Nor do I deny but that brute animals are carried with a strong force and impulse towards those things that seem agreeable to nature; but then

then it is in a confused and disorderly manner; but there can never be any disorder or confusion in *good*. *Why then, say you, are brute animals moved confusedly and disorderly?* I said this upon a supposition, that their nature was capable of order; they are now moved according to nature. For that is confused, which may not be so at another time; and that not at ease, which at another time may be secure. Vice is in none, but where also there may be virtue. The motion then in brute beasts is such as is according to their nature. But not to detain you too long, suppose a brute animal to have some good, some virtue, something perfect; what then? It is not absolutely good, nor virtue, nor perfection; for these privileges belong only to rational animals, to whom it is given to know, *wherefore, how far, and in what manner*. So that *good* is in nothing but where there is *reason*.

You ask, *whereunto tends this discourse, and wherein will it profit the mind?* I will tell you; it both exercises and sharpens it: and, as the mind must be employed some way or other (*b*), detains it in a fit employ: it is of service likewise in preventing it from pursuing its natural tendency to ill. But give me leave further to say, that I cannot possibly confer a greater benefit upon you, than by pointing out to you your own good, by distinguishing you from brute beasts, and placing you in communion with God.

Why then, I say, do you take so much pains in nourishing and exercising the strength of your body; as if this was to be boasted of? Nature hath given this in greater perfection to savage beasts. Why so careful to heighten and preserve beauty? When you have done all you can, many animals will excell you herein. Why do you trim your hair with so great diligence and art? Whether you let it flow at full length, like the *Partbians*, or tie it up in a knot like the *Germans*, or frizzle and spread it wide, like the *Scythians*; every horse shall toss about a thicker and more flowing mane; and the lion shall look more formidably noble: and whatever swiftness you pretend to, you are no match for the little hare.

Would

Would you then laying aside these qualifications, in which you are necessarily excelled, as they are foreign to you, return to your own proper good? Know, it is this: *a mind or soul truly reformed, and comparatively pure as God is pure*: advancing itself above all earthly things, and reckoning nothing its own from without. Thou art a rational animal; and what is the good within thee? Perfect reason. Do all you can then to advance this, and carry it to the highest perfection, its proper end. Then think yourself happy, when all joy and satisfaction arise from yourself; when in all those things that men so greedily catch at, so fondly wish for, and so carefully guard, you can find nothing, which, I do not say, you had rather have, but which you at all desire. I will conclude with this short rule, whereby you may examine yourself, and know whether you are as yet perfect. Thou shalt possess the proper good, when thou shalt know and understand, *infelicissimos esse felices, that they are most unhappy, who are happy (c)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) If brutes have any *ideas* at all, and are not bare machines (as some would have them) we cannot deny them to have some *reason*. It seems as evident to me that they do some of them in certain instances reason, as that they have *sense*; but it is only in particular *ideas*, just as they received them from their senses. *Locke*, p. 121.

There is a gradation or scale of ascent of the principle of action among creatures in proportion to their perfection, with regard to the motion of their bodies. But men have further a power of directing arbitrarily their perceptive capacity to, and throughout their past perceptions, which brutes have not: and therefore cannot properly be called thinking creatures. And this is the specific difference betwixt rational and irrational beings, as this power is the foundation of the rational nature. See *Baxter* on *Locke*, p. 79, &c. *Brown* on the understanding, p. 173.

(b) That there are *ideas*, some or other always present in the mind of a waking man, every one's experience convinces him: though the mind employs itself about them with several degrees of attention, &c. *Locke*, p. 184.

(c) Or it may be rendered, that *the most unhappy are happy*, if they discharge to the best of their power the respective duties of life.

T H E E N D.





