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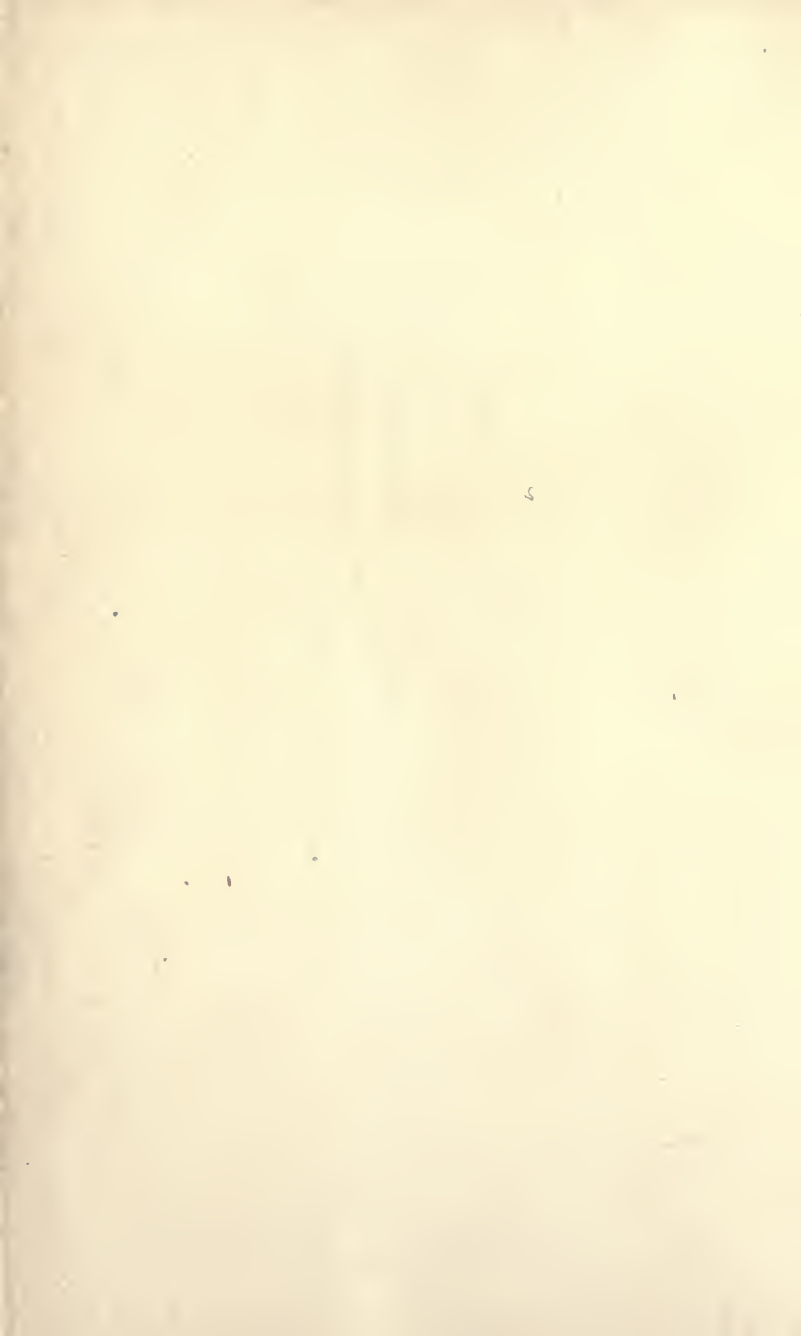
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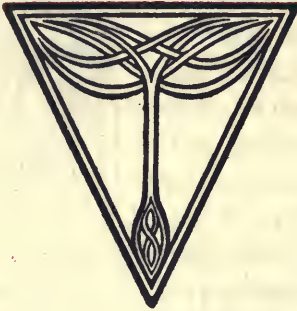
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BY

ABRAHAM COWLEY



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ESSAYS

E7
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1. Of Liberty.



THE Liberty of a people consists in being governed by Laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private man in being Master of his own Time and Actions, as far as may consist with the Laws of God and of his Country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions is such a Fundamental Priviledge of humane Na-

ture, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the Rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the same God to whom we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him as a small Quit-Rent in acknowledgement of his Title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This Birth-right of mankind above all other Creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for Bread and Broth; but the greatest part of men make such a Bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as Thamer did with Judah, instead of a Kid, the necessary Provis-

ions of human life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great dealers in this World may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous, and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of Argumentation. Let us first consider the Ambitious, and those both in their progress to Greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Salust says, *Dominationis in alios servitium suum Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay so great a price as their own Servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time, they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst in the race of Glory, no not like Atlanta for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a man stop himself

if he would when he's in this Career. Fertur equis Auriga, neque audit Currus habenas.

Pray let us consider but a little, what mean servile things men do for this imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief Men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves for the obtaining of a Praetorship, or the Consular dignity? they put on the habit of Suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the Tribes to beg Voices, they flattered the poorest Artisons, and carried a Nomenclator with them to whisper in their ear every mans name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand and kiss'd the cheek of every popular Tradesman: they stood all day at every Market in the publick places to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they imploy'd all their friends to

solicite for them; they kept open Tables in every street, they distributed Wine and Bread and Money, even to the vilest of the people. En Romanos rerum dominos! Behold the Masters of the World begging from door to door. This particular humble way to greatness is now out of fashion, but yet every Ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman Candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend, and flatter, and adore many Beasts, though not the Beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants, to be a public Bawd, to provide Whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts, and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thou-

sands of examples for the same thing) give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero gives of this noble Slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the Rule of their life and Actions. This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes that looked like the beauty of great Virtues, his intimate conversation was with the worst of Men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any Monster in Nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons? Who more a favourite to the most Infamous? Who, sometimes appear'd a braver champion, who at other times, a bolder enemy to

his Country? Who more dissolute in his pleasures? Who more patient in his toils? Who more rapacious in robbing? Who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, The Arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money and his interest, and his industry; and if need were not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature, and lavec with every Wind, to live severely with the Melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious; with this variety and multiplicity of his Nature, as he had made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless

of all Nations, so by the artificial simulation of some Virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity; neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many Vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.

I see, methinks, the Character of an Anti-Paul, who became all things to all Men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend Caesar was a little after him. And the ways of Caesar to compass the same ends (I mean to the Civil War, which was but another manner of setting his Country on Fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust Dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Salust therefore who was well acquainted with them both, and

with many such like Gentlemen of his time, says, That it is the nature of Ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit, &c.*) to make men Lyars and Cheaters, to hide the truth in their Breasts, and shew like Juglers, another thing in their Mouths to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own Interest, and to make a good Countenance without the help of good Will. And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces men to say what they have no mind to? I have wondred at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopyrus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven Grandees of Persia, and the Son of Megabibus, who had freed before his Country from an ignoble Servitude, slit his own Nose and Lips, cut off his own Ears, scourged and wounded his whole Body, that he might, under

pretence of having been mangled so inhumanely by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians) and get into the command of it, by the recommendation of Socruel a sufferance and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falsehood, that they might have cut off his Hands too, and whipt him back again. But the Design succeeded, he betrayed the City, and was made Governor of it. What brutish Master ever punished his offending Slave with so little mercy as Ambition did this Zopyrus? and yet how many are there in all Nations who imitate him in some degree for a less reward? who though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment, of some Honour (as they call it) yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized? But you may say, Though these be the most or-

dinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little trodden paths too, through which some Men find a Passage by virtuous Industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then that Industry must be such, as cannot consist with Liberty, though it may with Honesty.

Thou'rt Careful, Frugal, Painful; we commend a Servant so, but not a Friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this Ascent, but we are Epicures and Lords when once we are gotten up into the High Places. This is but a short Apprentiship, after which, we are made free of Royal Company. If we fall in love with any beauteous Women, we must be content that they would be our Mistresses whilst we woo them; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall be the Masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of Greatness; we enter into

the Bonds of it like those of Matrimony; we are bewitch'd with the outward and printed Beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know it's true nature and interior Inconveniencies. A great Fortune (says Seneca) is a great servitude. But many are of that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope untruly) even to that Patron of Liberty, his friend Cicero. We fear (says he to Atticus) Death, and Banishment, and Poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils, and if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if anything indeed ought to be called honourable, in so base and contumelious a condition. This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest Commonwealth: but with us generally, no condition passes for ser-

vitude, that is accompanied with great Riches and Honors, and with the service of many Inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium. For if a Groom serve a Gentleman in his Chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; the Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much Servants one as the other: the circumstantial difference of the one getting only his Bread and Wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous Estate, is no more intrinsical to this matter than the difference between a plain, a rich, and a gaudy Livery. I do not say, That he who sells his whole Time, and his own Will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser Merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds, but I will swear they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that Estate to which he was born. But this Dependance upon Superiours

is but one chain of the Lovers of Power, Armatorum Trecenta Perithoam cohibent catenae. Let's begin with him by break of day: For by that time he's besieged by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Antichambers (all the Outworks) possess'd by the Enemy, as soon as his Chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the Guard for Entrance. This is so essential a part of Greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen Favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to what he please all the morning. There are some who rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms fill'd up every day with murmuring and cursing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the Great man, or the Great mans, who waits every day to speak with all

the company. *Aliena negotia centum per caput & circumsaliunt latus*, A hundred businesses of other men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and strike him in the Face like Dors. Let's contemplate him a little at another special Scene of Glory, and that is, his Table. Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature; the Earth affords him her best Metals for his dishes, her best Vegetables and Animals for his Food; the Air and Sea supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes: and a great many men who look like Masters, attend upon him, and yet when all this is done, even all this is but a *Tabl'd Host*, 'tis crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdensome sort of Guests, the Endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect, every body commends his Meat, that is his Money; every body admires

the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his Clark of the Kitchen or his Cook; every body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know, why the honest Inn-keeper, who provides a publick Table for his Profit, should be but of a mean Profession; and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince? You'll say, because one sells and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speaks) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom? There is always, and everywhere some restraint upon him. He's guarded with Crowds, and shackled with Formalities. The half Hat, the whole Hat; the half Smile, the whole Smile, the Nod, the Embrace, the Positive parting with a little Bow, the Comparative at the middle of the room, the Superlative at the

door; and if the Person be Pan huper sebastus, there's a Huper - superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the Stairs, or to the very Gate: as if there were such Rules set to these Leviathians as are to the Sea, Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur haec inter miseros Lux, Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently? he never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless like a Funeral, he have a train to follow him, as if, like the dead Corps, he would not stir, till the Bearers were all ready. My life, (says Horace) speaking to one of those Magnificos, is a great deal more easie and commodious than thine; In that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wondred at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being mist. 'Tis an unpleasant constraint to

be always under the sight and observation, and censure of others: as there may be vanity in it, so methinks, there should be vexation too of Spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at Dinner, and take notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater, and more Lordly, than the multitude of Domestique Servants; but even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them (as many men are) the trouble and care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a Schoolmaster to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most Honourable in a Commonwealth, yet certainly all his Fasces, and Tyrannical Authority over so many boys, take away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of Greatness, I shake but a few of their outward Chains, their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the Et caetera of their passions, which are the secret, but constant Tyrants and Tortures of their Life I omit here, because though they be symptomes most frequent and violent in this Disease, yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life it self. But the Ambitious man, though he be so many ways a Slave (O toties servus!) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himself a real Prince in his Masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his Spectators: He's a slave in Saturnalibus. The Covetous Man is a downright Servant, a Draught Horse, without Bells, or Feathers; ad Metalla damnatus, a man condemned to work in Mines, which is the lowest

and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his Misery, a worker there for he knows not whom. He heapeth up Riches, and he knows not who shall enjoy them. 'Tis only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy Slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths and Board-wages; *Uncitum vix demenso de suo suum defraudans Genium comparcit miser;* He defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius; He cheats himself for Money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it as evident to every mans sight, as well as judgment. It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a Servant: What can be more the life of a Freeman, or as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I'll tell you who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman: Not he who blindly follows all

his pleasures (the very name of Followers is servile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindred by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horse. The voluptuous Men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Lustful and Luxurious, who are both servants of the Belly; the other whom we spoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were *κακὰ θηρία*, Evil wild Beasts, these are *γαστέρες ἀργαί*, Slow Bellies, as our Translation renders it; but the word *ἀργαί* (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of Quick or Diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be applyed to these men. Metrodorus said, That he had learnt

ἀληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his Belly just Thanks for all his Pleasures: This by the Calumniators of Epicurus his Philosophy was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings: which according to my charitable understanding may admit a very virtuous Sense, which is, That he thanked his own Belly for that moderation in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happiness in this World. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great Triumviri of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean villian, like Lepidus: the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony. Quisnam igitur Liber? Sapiens sibi qui Imperiosus: Not Oenomaus, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck, but the Man

Who governs his own course with steady
Hand,
Who does Himself with Sovereign Pow'r
Command:
Whom neither Death nor Poverty does
fright,
Who stands not aukwardly in his own light
Against the Truth; who can when
Pleasures knock
Loud at his door, keep from the bolt and lock:
Who can, though Honour at his Gate
should stay
In all her Masking Cloaths send her away
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to Play.

This, I confess is a Freeman: but it may be said, That many persons are so shackled by their Fortune, that they are hindred from enjoyment of that Manumission which they have obtained from Virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel the weight of this objection: All I can answer to it, is, That we must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavors, and when all that is done, be contented with the Length of that Line

which is allow'd us. If you ask me what condition of Life I think most allow'd; I should pitch upon that sort of People whom King James was wont to call the Happiest of our Nation, the Men placed in the Country by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate Plenty, without any just Argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many Relations, and with so much knowledge, and love of Piety and Philosophy (that is, of the study of Gods laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without Business, and never to be Melancholy, though without Sin and Vanity.

2. Of Solitude.



NUNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus, is now become a very vulgar saying. Every Man, and almost every Boy for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the Excellent Scipio, who was without question a most Eloquent and Witty person, as well as the most Wise, most Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all Mankind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it

by Solitude than by Company. And to shew that he spoke not this loosly, or out of vanity, after he had made Rome Mistress of almost the whole World, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house in the middle of a Wood near Linternum, passed the remainder of his Glorious life no less Gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration, and among other things described his Baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, Poor Scipio understood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the credit of Retreat? and happy had it been for Hannibal, if Adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montague, That Ambition it self might teach us to

love Solitude, there's nothing that does so much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its Elbows free; it detests to have a Company on either side, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, I, and Ushers too before it. But the greatest part of Men are so far from the opinion of that Noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company they're like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the Wind of other Men's breath, and have no Oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in humane Nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the World, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a Mistress, all other persons are importunate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and die with her alone.

Sic ego secretis possim bene vivere silvis,
Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requires, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee forever I in Woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has
prest :

Thou from all shades the darkness canst
exclude,
And from a Desart banish solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind as Catullus expresses towards one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour.

Odi et Amo, quanam id faciam ratione requiris?

Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior,

I Hate, and yet I love thee too ;
How can that be ? I know not how ;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the World, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the World, though he have never so much understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the World to see the vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possest of any Lust or Passions, a man had better be in a Fair, than in a Wood alone. They may like petty Thieves cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company, but like Robbers they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of Parricides among the Romans, to be sow'd into a

Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first work therefore that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself while his Affections are tyed to things without Himself? In the second place he must learn the Art, and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking depends upon much practice; and Cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now because the Soul of Man is not by its own Nature or observation furnisht with sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to Learning and Books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the Love of Letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day we

shall only complain of the shortness our whole Life.

O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wise!

The first Minister of State has not so much business in publick, as a wise man has in private; if the one have little leasure to be alone, the other has less leasure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often; That a man does not know how to pass his Time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by Methusalem in the Nine hundred sixty ninth year of his Life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any Science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you'll say is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the employments or di-

vertisements that arrive from Letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the People, who have business enough in the necessary Provisions for Life) it is truly a great shame both to his Parents and Himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious Art will stop up all those gaps of our Time, either Musick, or Painting, or Designing, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardening, or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his affections upon Poetry (which I do not advise him to immoderately) that will overdo it, no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

3. Of Obscurity.



AM neque Divitibus con-
tingunt gaudia solis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus
moriensque Fefellit.

God made not pleasures
only for the Rich,

Nor have those Men without their share
too liv'd,
Who both in Life and Death the World de-
ceiv'd.

This seems a strange Sentence thus
litterally Translated, and looks as if it
were in vindication of the Men of bus-
iness (for who else can deceive the
World?) whereas it is in commendation

of those who live and die so obscurely that the World takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the World, and in another place uses the same phrase.

The secret Tracks of the deceiving Life. It is very elegant in Latine, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense, and therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well.

Or from a Life, led as it were by stealth.

Yet we say in our Language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived, and we may say well enough out of the same Author,

Sometimes with Sleep, sometimes with
Wine we strive

The cares of Life and Troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the World, but deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our Life till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal Peri-

od, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, Bene qui latuit, bene vixit, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a truth, the World (I'll swear) is sufficiently deceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is, in incognitio. What a brave privilege is it to be free from all Contentions, from all Envyng or being Envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is in my mind a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together in places where they are by no body known, nor know any Body. It was the case of Aeneas and his Achates, when they walkt invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage, Venus her self
A vail of thickned air around them cast, (past.
That none might know, or see them as they
The common story of Demosthenes's

confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a Tanker-woman say as he past, This is That Demosthenes, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I my self have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any) but I am so far from finding it any pleasure that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get as it were out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to Athens no body there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus, after whose death, making in one of his Letters a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talk'd of

and talking Country in the World, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterwards, there were no two Names of Men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the Invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a Quotidian Ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank has it more than the best Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief Justice of a City. Every Creature has it both of Nature and Art if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that Eucephalus, or This is that Incitatus, when they were led prancing through the streets, as This is that Alexander, or

This is that Domitian; and truly for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more Honourable Beast than his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it is the shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and like that of S. Peter cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of Cato and Aristides, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives: what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not Philosophy meerly notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the conversation

of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the World besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in, (for I would not have him so much as cry in the Exit.) This innocent Deceiver of the World, as Horace calls him, this *Muta Persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his Farce very well.

4. Of Avarice.



HERE are two sorts of Avarice, the one is but of a Bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious Appetite of Gain; not for his own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unsatiabable desire of Riches, not for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy Ostrich,

which devours any Metal, but 'tis with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excern it; The second is like the foolish Chough, which loves to steal Money only to hide it. The first does much harm to Mankind, and a little good to some few: The second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his actions: The second can give no reason or colour, not to the Devil himself, for what he does; He is a slave to Mammon without wages: The first makes a shift to be beloved; I, and envyed too by some People: The second is the universal object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especially by the Poets, who have pursued it with Stories and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions; and moved, as we say, every Stone to fling at it: Among all which, I do not remember

a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovids.

Desunt Luxuriae Multa, Avaritiae Omnia.
Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus:
Poverty wants Some, Luxury Many,
Avarice All Things.

Some body says of a Virtuous and Wise Man, that having Nothing, he has All: this is just his Antipode, who, having All things, yet has Nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Audivi eos Amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse.* They're the fondest Lovers, but impotent to Enjoy.

And oh, what Mans condition can be worse Than his, whom Plenty starves, and Blessings cursel

The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any Law made

against him: Against him, do I say? I mean, for him; as there are publick Provisions made for all other Mad-men; it is very reasonable that the King should appoint some Persons (and I think the Courtiers would not be against this Proposition) to manage his Estate during his Life, (for his Heirs commonly need not that care) and out of it to make it their business to see that he should not want Alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggars, but have no care at all of these really Poor men, who are (methinks) to be respectfully treated in regard of their quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choakt with the superabundance of the Matter; too much Plenty impoverishes me as it does them.

5. Of Procrastination.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.



AM glad that you approve and applaud my design, of withdrawing my self from all tumult and business of the World; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those Studies, to which Nature had so Motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune like a Step-mother has so long detained me. But nevertheless, (you say) which But is *Aerugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon; but, (you say) you would

advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *Cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond forty. The seeking for a Fortune then, is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one, if a man fling two Sixes and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of Fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have remedy by cutting them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus, who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) a bountiful person, to recommend to him who had made so many

Rich, one Pythocles, a Friend of his, whom he desired might be made a Rich Man too: But I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most Gentleman manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his desires. The sum of this is, That for the certain hopes of some conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary, especially when the use of those things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered. Nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the Light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandele*, The Play is not worth the expence of the Candle:

after having been long tost in a tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus.* A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner, and lost his Life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Perriwig: He would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony and Gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the World, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred Gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer Horace's advice before yours. *Sapere aude, Incipe.* Begin, the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the Journey. Varro teaches us that Latin prov.

erb, Portam Itinere longissimam esse:
But to return to Horace,

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a Rivers bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopt him,
 should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

Caesar (the man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever in a journey he was to cross any River, he never went one Foot out of his way for a bridge, or a Foord or a Ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some boats come by to transport you, stay till a bridge be built for you; You had even as good stay till the River be quite past. Persius (who you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you

cannot understand him, and whom therefore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd expression of these Procrastinators, which methinks is full of Fancy.

Our Yesterdays Tomorrow now is gone,
And still a new Tomorrow does come on,
We by Tomorrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate* and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your new Latine Sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this subject, I should over-whelm you, but I leave those as *Triarii* for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good friend, and so, Vale.

Tomorrow you will Live, you always cry;
In what far Country does this Morrow lye?
Tomorrow I will live, the Fool does say;
Today it self's too late, the Wise liv'd Yesterday.

Initials by Peter Verburg. The portrait on India paper is from an old engraving by W. Faithorne. The edition consists of 110 copies on Bachelor paper, printed by Everett Lee Millard.





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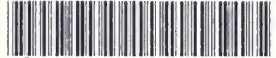


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