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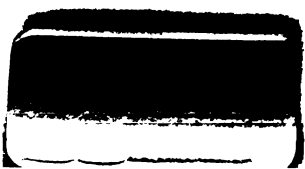


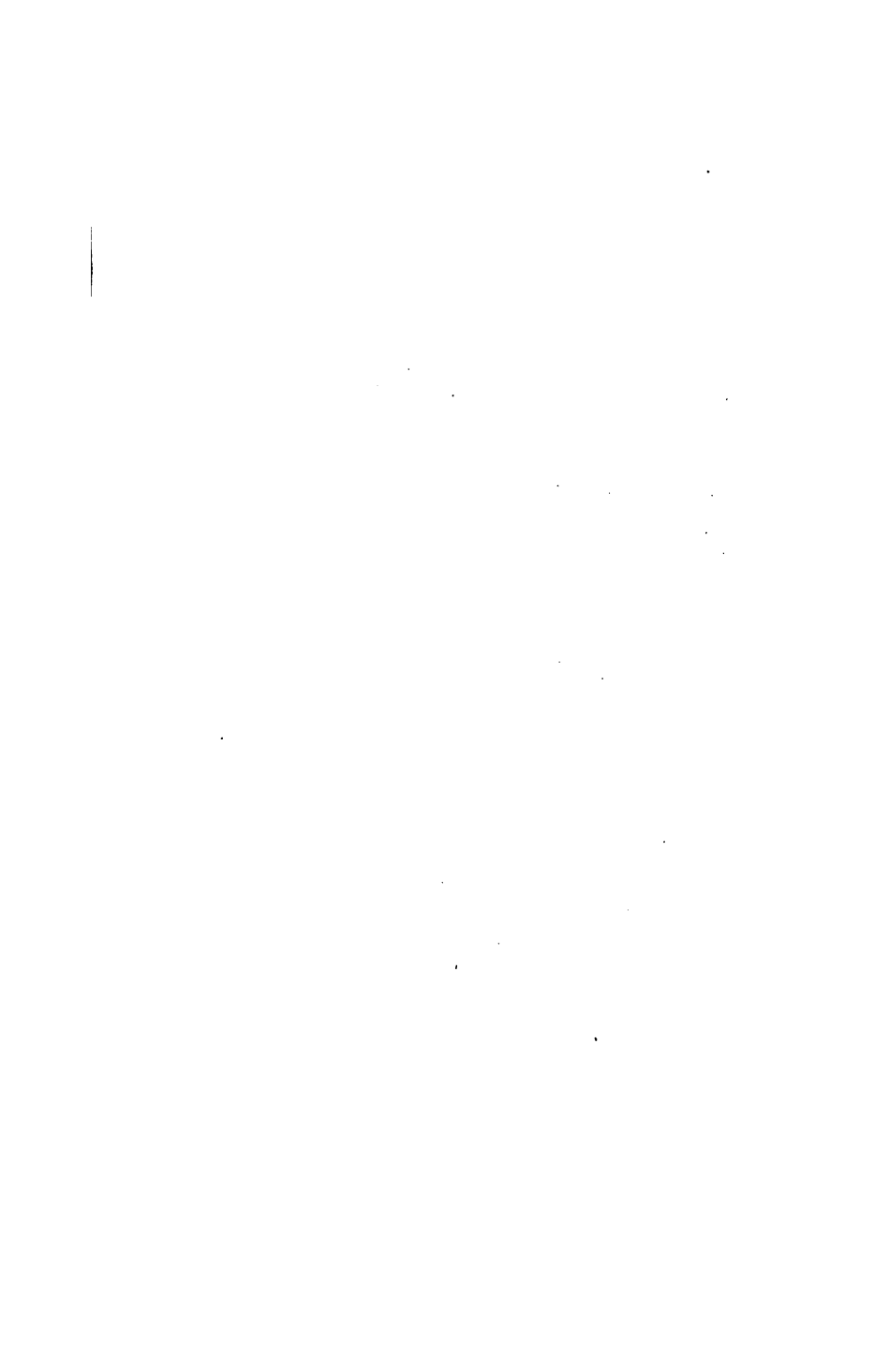
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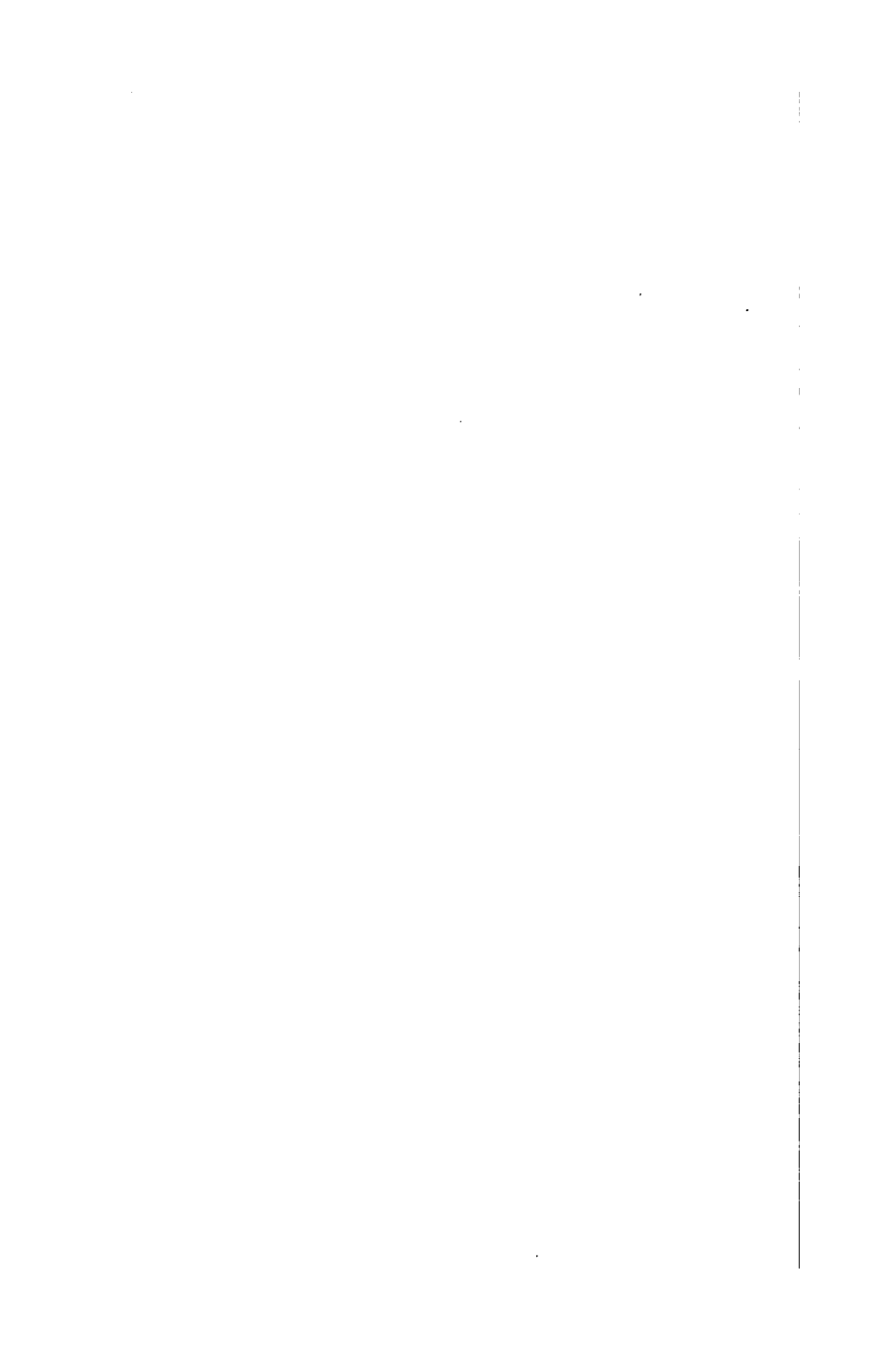


ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS









BJ
1131
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2

THE
Learned Man

Defended and Reform'd.

*A Discourse of singular Politeness, and
Elocution; seasonably asserting the Right
of the Muses; in opposition to the many Enc-
mies which in this Age Learning meets with,
and more especially those two IGNO-*

RANCE and VICE.

In two Parts.

Written in Italian by the happy Pen of P. Daniel

BARTOLUS, S. J.

Bartolus Daniello

Englished by *Thomas Salusbury.*

*Scientia est de numero bonorum honorabilium. Aristot. l. 1.
De Anima.*

*Scio neminem posse bene vivere sine Sapientia studio. Se-
neca Epist. ad Luci.*

*Pulchrum est in omni Artium genere excere. Sabellic. lib.
10. de cultu & fructu Philos.*

VVith two Tables; one General; the
other Alphabetical.

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. and W. Leybourn, and are to be sold by
Thomas Dring at the George in Fleetstreet near
St. Dunstons Church, 1660.

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B293

TO HIS
EXCELLENCIE

GEORGE MONKE,

Captain General of all the
Armies of England, Scotland
and *Ireland*; one of the Gener-
als of the Naval Forces of
this Nation; Major General
of the City of *London*, and an
Honourable Member of the
Council of State, &c.

Great SIR,



Grandure of it self is
Honourable, and
Learning in it selfe
Venerable; but when
they both con-center in one
person they are highly Admira-
ble. Dignity single; faith the

A 2

Fa-

416409

The Epistle

^a *Quanto
grandior, tanto
vanior. S. Aug.
in P. sal. 36.*

^b *Beatam vitam
sapientia per-
fectam effecit.
Seneca Epist.
ad Lucium.*

*Nullus est, cui
sapientia magis
conveniat, quam
principi, cuius
doctrina omni-
bus debet pro-
desse subjectis.
Vegetius pref.
l. 1. de re mili-
tari.*

*Ego eos amo
(dixit Sig. sm.
Imp.) quos vir-
tutibus & do-
ctrina ceteros
antecellere vi-
deo. Baptist.*

*Ignor. In tota
re militari nihil
utilius, nihil
clarius Duce e-
rudito. Guil. 52.
Lisburcensis lib.
35.*

*e Plin. Nat.
Hist. l. 7. c. 37.*

^a *Father, The greater it is, the
Vainer: Learning alone, expe-
rience proves to be obnoxious,
to every Calpestation: But in
their happy Conjunction, this
receives Protection from that,
and that derives ^bPerfection from
this. And as the Ancients did
Honour to the one in Hercules,
so to the other in ^cHypocrates;
whom the Proto-Aristocratia of
Athens worshipped as Hercules:
But never could we find a wor-
thier Subject wherein to Honour
both, than your Excellency.*

*Tis you (Brave Sir) tis you I
say that have Moraliz'd the La-
bours of the Poets Hercules;
strangling the Dragons of Ty-
ranny, and Heresie, if not in
your, yet their Infancy. For
your Glory, My Lord, was re-
serv'd*

Dedicatory.

serv'd the Decollating those
Hydra's, whose Heads, were
but multiplied by the oppositi-
on of others: Cauterizing their
Courages by severe and reason-
able Proclamations. You it is,
that (in this resembling also
our other *Champion* of your *Au-*
spitious Name) have remov'd
that *Dragon* of *Armed Villany*
which watcht our *Hesperidean*
Garden of Parliament, and kept
that *Golden Branch* under *Re-*
straint, which promised us the
Elizean Joyes of Peace. Your
Heroick Arm hath un-kennel'd
those ^d *Sons of Vulcan*, *Men of* ^d *cæcus*.
Iron, whose sly and crafty con-
veyance rendred their *Foot-*
steppes inscrutable, till your
Excellency trace't them upon
their *Retrogradations*. In short,

The Epistle

your Lordships Valour hath
flea'd the *Nemean Lyon*, slain
the *Erymanthean Boar*, dislodg'd
the *Men-devouring Dionedes*,
strangled *Antheus*; in their Mo-
rals of *Usurpation*, *Cruelty*, *Op-
pression*, and *Covetousnesse*, which
upon your *Herculean Atchieve-
ments* have lost their strength:
to conclude, 'tis your invincible
Fortitude, hath rescued *Theseus*
and *Alcestes*, *Nobility* and *Inno-
cence*, from Hell, in delivering
many *Gallant* and unjustly-im-
prisoned *Gentlemen* from their
Chaines: And assisted *Atlas*, in
helping our *Patriots* to support
the *Globe of Government*. But
yet, most *Generous Heroe*, give me
leave humbly to remember you,
that, if my *Mythology* can count
twelve, the number of your

La-

Dedictory.

Labours are not compleat,
whilst the *Angean Stables* are ^d Such for-
uncleaned, and *Hellish Cerberus* holds on his yelping. These ^{reigne. Prote-}
two taken away, *Mercury* the ^{stants call our}
Rewarder of Hero's, and *Pa-* ^{Chutches}
tron of Scholars, shall *Crown* ^{as now abused.}
your *Valiant Temples* with the ^{Dr. Bergier en}
Panegyricks of Learned Pens, ^{Histoire Pres-}
taken from his *Wing*: and this ^{by.}
being too small a *Compensation* ^{c Pindar. in 6.}
for your *Complicated Conquests*, ^{Olymp.}
you shall (as ^f *Cicero* affirms of ^{In Orat. pro}
Alcides) by your *Arms scale* ^{Muran.}
Heaven.

And if *Hyppocrates* had the
Honour of an *Hercules* for clear-
ing his Country of a general
Contagion, none will deny you
the Honour of an *Hyppocrates*,
whilst your *Prudence* hath re-
triv'd our *Religion*, and *Learn-*
ing,

The Epistle

ing, *Liberties* and *Proprieties* from the most apparent *Ruin* that ever threatned them: Therein shewing that your *Victorious Hand* is as dexterous in *Acts of Beneficence*, as terrible in *Deeds of Justice*.

This glorious *One*, of *Redeeming* your *Country* from the vilest of *Slavery*, that ever a *Warre* undertaken for *Freedom* cajoul'd men into, is every way so *Stupendious*, that, leaving the *Story* of it to *Enrich Volumes*, I shall only hint that you *Timed* it, when we were on the point of *Rivetting* our *Chains* to perpetuity, and when we were like those *Wretches* under the *Tyranny* of *Marganore* divinely described by *Ariosto*.

Ma

Dedicatory.

Ma il popolo faceva come è più fanno,
Ch'vbediscon più a quei, che più in
odio hanno, &c.

h Ariosto l. 37.
Stanza 22. del
suo Orlando.

In English thus.

*The Vulgar Rout, led by example, pay
Observance blind to such as most they hate;
And let the Tyrant at his pleasure stay,
Banish, Degrade of Honour, Sequestrate;
Cause none for fear dares to his friend im-
part*

*How much the common Ruin grieves his
heart.*

*But vengeance though it in it's pace be slow,
Paves home at last with so much heavier
blow.*

And for the Manner, it's best
represented by Loyal ⁱ Hushai,
temporizing with Absalom; ⁱ 1 Sam. 17. 32
& c. 27. 5.
whereby you have happily fru-
strated the Councils of Achito-
pbel, who sullenly retyred, de-
serting his Machivilianismes.

And so victorious hath your
Ex-

The Epistle

Excellency been with a handful of Men (animated by a *Righteous Cause*) against a Potent Enemy, that, as if their power had been given them for an *Accession* to your *Glory*, you have most justly merited with all sober *Christians* the great *Title* of *Orthodox Athenasius*; who was *Mallens Heraticorum*, and are become *Herculem Fannaticorum*.

f Theodoret.
g Salus populi
suprema lex est.
of which Doct.
Sanderfon
hath lately
writ at large.
h Tolle iura
Imperatorum,
quis audet di-
cere, hac villa
est mea, meus est
iste servus, mea
est hac domus?
D; August. in
S. Joannem.
i Principatus,
quem metus ex-
tortit, & si a-
ctibus, vel mo-
ribus non offen-
dat: ipsius ta-
men invidi sui
est perniciosus
exemplo. Leo in
Decret.

There rests no more, unlesse I may crave leave humbly to inculcate against that common *Maxime*, which mistaken, hath wrought us so much confusion; That, in the great work (you are upon) of setting our *Peace*, *Prerogative* is the best securer of *Propriety*. And that *Pope* was herein infallible; who maintains

(as

Dedicatory.

(as also * all that speak thereof) that Authority cannot be *Just*, if *Illicitly* acquired. And also humbly to beg, as your *Defence* of ¹ *Religion*; so your *Countenance* for ^m *Learning*; than which there cannot be a more *Noble* and certain way to *Aggrandize* you. And because some are perswaded that the *Muses* agree not with *Mars*; let me *only* name unto you for a confutation of them, such *Honourable Princes*, and great *Captains*, as *Alexander*, *Hannibal*, and *Cæsar* abroad; *Attilius*, *Beau-Clerk*, *Edward 3^d*, *Humph. D. of Gloucester*, at home, whose *Literature* is as famous as their *Valour*; and *that* as great, as can be parallel'd in any who ever.

But

k Greg. Magn. in Moral. Tho. Aquin. in lib. de Regimine Principum. Anton. in Summ. part. 3 Canon. Ecclesiast. Distinct. 8. in cap. quo iure. l. Boni Principi est ac religioſos & ecclesias contritas atque concissas restaurare, novasque adificare, & Dei sacerdotes honorare atque tueri. Marcell. in Decret. m Reges cum Philosophos in honore habent, & se, & illos ornant. Plutarch. ad Principem invidit.

The Epistle, &c.

But herein to say more, would be to entrench upon the *Design* of my *Author*; whose *Vindication of Learning*, as I have been able to Transcribe it, I humbly lay at your *Lordships Feet*: Promising to my *Ambition* no other in so high a *Dedication*, than a welcome reception, with such whose Eyes greedily are drawn by any thing, which is *inscribed* with your *Honourable Name*; which haply for any desert of it's own in this Age (so uncharitable to *Learning*) it might not otherwise find.

Now, *My Lord*, if I have herein been too *Free* with your *Modesty*, or too *Sawcy* with your *Merits*, I appeal to your *Clemency*, and plead that my *Crime* is an *Effect* of your *Lordships Vertues*, of which no man is a more obsequious Admirer, than

My Lord,

Your Excellencies most
humble Servant,

Thomas Salusbury.

TO THE
WORSHIPFUL
WILLIAM PRINNE
ESQUIRE,

*A Bencher of the Honorable Society of
Lincolns-Inn.*

HONOURED SIR,

IF the Roman Fortitude of *Laetius* who
in a Syrian disguise, did in the than *De-*
bauched Senate complain of Tyranny
(*Parto quirites libertatem perdidimus*) hath
merited such applauds of a worthy Patriot;
what *English-man* can without unpardon-
able Ingratitude forget to Honour Mr. PRINNE
as *Pater Patriæ* for his *Couragious, Publick,*
and *Constant* asserting of our *Religion, Laws,*
and *Liberties*; and giving us in the blackest
night of Tyranny a *Dedalian Clue* whereby to
extricate our selves when to most Mens
thoughts we were irrevocably lost? No,
SIR, Your *Numerous and Nervous, Large,*
and *Learned Volumes* (which who can rec-
kon) have been so succesful in their *Refu-*
tation of Etrours, Reformatton of Viced, Regula-
tion of Disorders, Restamation of Parliaments,
and *Laws*; that I must in Justice joyn you
with

To the Reader.

than this Innocent Handmaid) with so much
sublety in our Climat oppose; thus Retaliating
upon them, their Learned Suicide of Learn-
ing, with this Jesuitical Refutation of English
Jesuitism.

Thus for the first Part, the second, which tendeth
to the Reformation of Scholars, I shall not
speak of, least I seem to question their Appre-
hension; but only commend it to their Practice
as well as Reading.

I am now too nearly related to the Book, to
enter into any particular commendation of it: yet
such is its esteem in the Italian Tongue, that
several promised it in ours: more especially one,
a Gentleman of known Parts, who at his Re-
creative hours, during his Residence with
the Character of a Publick Minister in Italy,
had taught it English; but that being several
years since, and upon exact enquiry not hearing
farther of it, I have at last set it before thee:
Not so quaintly dressed, perhaps, as it might have
been; but with as much conformity to the Ori-
ginal Sense, as could be given to it, by

T. S.

Lennox



Learned Men defended.

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Learned Men not less Happy for being disrespected
by the Grandees of the World. pag. 1

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Learned

To the Reader.

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All works some fault derive from Adams first offence,
 And these in this correct, as those that change the sense.

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The



The Introduction.

THe Calumnies of the Ignorant, and the Vices of the Learned; these are the two Clouds that Eclipse the Glory of Learning, and bereave this bright Sun of the World of its splendor. The Ignorant hate Learning and cannot comprehend it; and because they cannot comprehend it, they therefore hate it: for if Owles had eyes, with which to look stedfastly on the Sun, they would be no longer Owles but Eagles.

The others, ill using Learning, like as certain Malignant Stars that employ the light as a conveyor of mortal Influences, they render odious to the World, the most goodly and innocent thing of the World. Thus the integrity of Learning appears not so amiable, as it might, whilst some Mens Judgments, without all Judgment deem her Criminal, and others Faulty, to such as have not good Eyes; represent her Culpable.

Wherefore then may it not be lawfull for a man, (I say not endued with Wit, which is not so much required, but onely with common Reason) for the vindication of Innocent Learning, to do as that Great
Anax

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Anaxagoras, which was no lesse solicitous for the Honour, then acquainted with Courses of the Sun; who when it chanced to be in Eclips, and the Ignorant Vulgar exclaimed at it, pointing to the Sun with his finger, he in scorne convinc'd them of their blindnesse, telling them that, that unlooked for symptome of sudden obscurity was not as they believed an Eclips of the Sun, but of their Eyes, which in the Moons shadow as in a little night became dark. The Sun which is the Fountain of all the Worlds Light, can never be exhausted of Light, can never lose it; since it hath it not as infused, but as consubstantiated. Unde verò, si quæ obscuritas Litterarum, saith that brave Orator, nisi quia vel obtrectationibus imperitorum, vel abutentium vitio splendor eis intercipitur?

But because that that, which may be spoken on this Subject for the necessity of the Cause (seeing its defended by it self) is little more than nothing; and that which may be said for the capacity of the Argument is infinite, I, who have tied my self not so much to matter as to time, have thereupon said only so much as my Idlenesse hath given me leave, which had borrowed little more then the two hottest months of a Summer from my other affairs, to employ them in this rather Divertisement for my self, then Advertisement for others. Howbeit, I wish that this little be not superfluous; in regard, that of that which is ill spoken, every little, is not only much, but too much.



PART I

*Learned men not lesse happy, for
being disrespected by the Gran-
dees of the World.*

The Misadventure,

(not to say with others, the
Destiny) of unhappy Vertue,
proved and condoled in all
Ages, is that she cannot find in all this
great Theater of the World a place
worthy of her merit, or a nich fit for her
Statue. Those Golden Ages are past,
when Royal Crowns were exposed to
sale to him that bid most; and opprest the
heads of those that stood for them; When
the fillets of Imperial Diadems did not
serve to bind in the brains of fools, (as it
now oft happeneth,) but to honour the
merit, and crown the prudence of the
B wise

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wife. The Walls, Foundations, and remains of the ruines of that famous Temple of *Honour*, into which the entrance was only through the Door of *Desert*, are now-a-dayes demolished, and interr'd in rubbish, that there doth not remain to memory so much as the place where it stood; nor the hope of raising it from the contempt of its present ruines, to the glory of its palled grandure. Therefore though now Vertue striveth to ascend, it doth not increase at all: like certain stars near the Antartick Pole, which having had sixty ages of continual revolution, yet have reaped so little profit from their tedious travaile, as that they have not attained to so much as a visible Ascension above our Horizon. The Mountains which are gravid with Golden Ore, use not to afford either Groves for delight, or herbs for food: Naught appears upon them but barren cinders, and sterile sands; through which as bones, they discover huge stones, possessing a certain shameful nudity, so that it would reflect as a disgrace upon other Hills embroidered with herbs, and beautified with trees, to be put in competition with them. This

Wisdom happy.

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is the miserable lot of Vertue in the World. By its Golden veins inclosed in its bowels, it is rendred as poor without, as it is rich within. And yet she proveth this verity, that Vertue and Nakednesse are Twins, born together at one birth, in the Terrestrial Paradise, and were never since separated and divided from one another. The Garments of the body are more honoured than the vertuous habits of the minde; it profiteth not to have Sapience and Goodnesse in the brest as orient pearls, for if your poor clothes make you seem a contemptible shell of Mother-pearl, there's few will look on you, and fewer esteem you:

All this holdeth true aswell in Learning as in Vertue; for it also, as born under the same Ascendant, hath it for its fate: To it all favours are Retrograde, all Benefactors absent, all the Aspects full of disrespect; and the course of Fortune every way unfortunate.

Now-a-dayes^{te} is reputed amongst Miracles; for a *Dionysius* to become Driver of his Royal Chariot, to carry *Plato* upon the high way into *Syracusa*; and pride himself in the glory of the fact, as if he

*Allan
Lib. 4.
Var. Hist
stor.*

had guided the Chariot of the Moon, or carried the Sunne in triumph. An *Alexander Severus* to cover a *Alpian* Professor of the Law with his Royal Mantle, and to make his Imperial Purple a Robe to honour, and a shield to defend him. A *Justician*, a *Sigismond* Emperours, and some others like them, to make their Courts Academies, and to frequent Academies as their Courts; holding dear the mortal life of those, from whom they receive in recompence, an immortal life of their Name and Glory to Posterity.

These once so fruitful trees, are now become barren; affording neither fruit to feed them, nor shadow to comfort them, in the Courts of Princes, more than in the Cave of *Aolus*; there are kept under lock and key those *Zephirusses* fathers of Fecundity, and Winds proper to the Golden age; nor only is the Custom lost, that *Penes Sapientis Regnum sit*, which *Posidonius* said, had been used ~~per~~ *illo faculo, quod aurum perhibetur*, but moreover also, that *Penes Reges sint Sapientes*. Nor because the Books of learned men chance sometimes to be read of Grandees, and exact from them prayse and commendation

Sereca
Epist. 9. ○

tion, must it therefore follow that the civil entertainment and honours they meet withal, should reflect on the Authors; which is just as *Lactantius* saith in another case: They adore the Images of the Gods, but care not for the Artificers that engraved them, they offer gifts to the Statues, and exact tribute of the Statuary's, they honour the Stones as Divinities, and trample on those that formed them, as if they were Stones: *Simulachra Deorum venerantur, fabros qui illa facere contemnant. Quid inter se tam contrarium, quam statuarium despiciere, statuam adorare? & eum ne in convivium quidem admittere qui tibi Deos faciat?* De Orig. error c. 2. ex Senec.

Fortunate Princes (saith a great Duke of *Millan*) have Nets of Gold and Purple, wherewith they fish for men of great wisdom and worth, which are the preciouslest pearls that Heaven can bestow on Mortals; they have wealth where with to purchase Wits excellent in every Profession of Learning, a Merchandise only worthy of Princes.

Famous is the foolishnesse of a poor rich man, who knowing himself to be an Owle, and desiring to become an Eagle,

gave a great summe of money for the
Lanthorn by whose divine light *Epictetus*
watching, became a Sunne of Moral
Prudence. A Lanthorn its true, might
give light to the paper, but not to the un-
standing, might give light to the eyes,
but with what profit to the Student if the
mind be blind? Living Scholars are li-
ving Lanthorns, by the beams of whose
radient lustre are discovered the features
of *Rallas*, Conservatrix of States, and Pa-
tronesse of Princes: These are the eyes of
which that is verified, which was falsely
reported of those of the *Gorgons*, that they
could lend them to one another; and with
these a blind Prince may become a Hun-
dred-eyed-*Argos*, all eye: Nor ought they
to be lesse, if the Aphorisme hold true
in peace, which is read in *Vigetius*, con-
cerning matters of Warre. *Neque quen-*
quam magis decet, vel meliora scire, vel plu-
ra quàm principem, cujus doctrina omnibus po-
test prodesse subjectis.

Proem
Lib. 1.

Before that King *Dionysius* would under-
stand this, more for scorn then curiosity,
he demanded of *Aristippus* whence it was
that Phylosophers went to rich mens hou-
ses to beg a livelihood, and the rich
went

went not to the houses of Phylosophers to get Wisdom; and had this no lesse true, then ready answer: Because poor Phylosophers know what they stand in need of, and ignorant rich men do not.

*Laert. in
Arist.*

That men of great learning are not born, but only as the Phoenix, one in five hundred years; that there are not some who enrich the World with new inventions in Letters and Arts; is not because the Ages are grown barren, or the places unfruitful in Wits: The fault lyeth in great part upon them who open not the Port to them that would launch out, nor shew the lure to him that flyeth, for there wants not some Minds with great Wings, and Wits with large Sails. He had proved the same who said,

*The Roets and the Studios are few; (lack,
And when these beasts both food and Cover
They then their place of feeding do renew.*

That there are not some with the noise of whose great Wisdom, Fame should make the World ring, and strike it into dumb astonishment, it is the fault of great men, which contrive not their

Lib. 5.
cap. 3.

Theaters with that advice, which *Vstru-
vius* gave, where he counselleth that
above all things, they have regard to the
building of the Theater, where **Comedies**
are acted, and Musick recited so,
that it be not deaf, and by that means the
Musicians and Comedians unprofitably
spend their voice and pains. O how ma-
ny like to cold and livelesse vapours, as-
cend not a foot from the earth, which if
they should meet with a beneficent Sunne
that might infuse heat into their labours
and advance them, would shine like so
many Stars: For the Vines fruitfulnessse
is in great part to be acknowledged to pro-
ceed from the support of the **slane** on
which it resteth.

To passe the terms of ordinary in any
profession; and to attein to those of ex-
cellent, is a task hard enough to require,
and long enough to take up our whole
lives; Now what wonder is it, if there
be none that will spend so much to gain
nothing, consuming thir lives, and yet to
get no more than a sufficiency where-
with to maintein them alive.

Well-rigged-vessels farre excel others
in velocity; and being well calked, surpasse
them-

themselves; so that those which before moved dully, and as it were against their wills, are now so yarre, that they rather seem to flie, then fail. Favours infuse wit even into the ingenious themselves; and where the fraught is a Golden Fleece, the Oares, as it was with *Argo*, move alone.

Finally, for Students to be forced to dispute every day with poverty, to contrast every hour with her miseries, to divide their thoughts into a thousand several places, whither their necessities call them; these are thorns, in which Learning makes not her nest. He that will have his bees gather honey, must not expose them to the violence of the winds: for where these have too much power, those have none at all. In their flight from their hive to the flowers, and from one flower to another, in their return with the prey the winds if impetuous, drive them out of their way, and transport them elsewhere. Such are the thoughts of Scholars, for where other cares distract them, they can perfect no excellent work they undertake.

And to say the truth, how can these two consist together, to perplex the brain
about

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about maintenance, and imploy it in study? Therefore well said he who ever he was, and it holds not true of Poets only, but of all the Learned.

*Softness, sweet food, and temperate gales
of air,*

*The Swans desire; And none with pinching
care*

*Come near Parnassus, and who still do
chaunt*

On nothing but their destiny and want,

*Loose time and speech, and so grow hoarse
at last; &c.*

Plutar.

Demosthenes told the *Athenians* that it was an indecent sight to see the sacred *Gally Pualos* formerly used only in the interests of Religion, and to wait the Priests to the sacrifices of *Delphos*, now profaned with vile employments, they using it to carry wood and beasts; at which the very winds murmur, that drive it against their wills; and the Seas sob to see it so changed from what it formerly was, and now ought to be. But are there not things now-a-days little lesse indecent, that a soul of a sublime understanding, and

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and elevated intellectuals, sent into the World for universal benefit, and more revered by heaven, than known by the Earth, is forced to employ himself in an unworthy Trade, to purchase a subsistence; spending his nobler thoughts to make provision against nakedness, thirst, cold, and famine.

The thoughts of such wander so from the course of their begun speculations, breaking off where necessity importunately calleth them, that they either very much lose the thread of their design, or else arrive not half way to their Journeys end; like that nimble footed *Atalanta*, which by going too much out of the way to take up *Hippomanes Golden Balls*, was cast so farre behind, as that he was farre out-gone in the end.

Præterita est virgo ducit sua præmia victor. Metam.

Hence the Satyrical Poet was so displeas'd with the House of *Nomitor*, and under this name with all the Courts of his time, seeing that beasts had place and being where men, and (if it be lawful to say it,) more than men found it not; for
there

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there wanted not meat to fill the paunch
of a voracious Lion day by day, and yet
there was not bread to satisfie the hun-
ger of one meager Poet.

Juven.
Sat. 7.

— *Non deficit illi.*

*Unde emeret multa pascendum carne Leonem
Jam domitum. Constat leviori bellua sumptu
Nimirum, & capiunt plus intestina Poete.*

That Courts become Temples where
in Fools are adored, and Buffoons ho-
noured, whiles the Learned in the mean-
time are banished; what is this but onely
to give to beasts all the Stars from the
more bright to the lesse clear, and to di-
stribute the ample Canopy of Heaven a-
mongst them; thence burying the *Elyzians*
under ground, and make them border on
Hell; So that a Scorpion, a Dogge, a
Hydra, a Goat, a Bull, are advanced o-
ver the heads of all with names of Cele-
stial Signes, and an *Achilles*, an *Orpheus*,
and all the Chorus of Demi-gods are pla-
ced under feet; The Beasts to be gilded
with the light of Sols rayes, the men to
be smeared by the smoak of *Pluto's* King-
dom. Seeing the head, the Seat of the un-

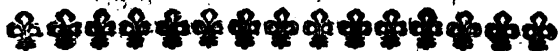
understanding, and therefore only worthy of a Crown, was placed by Nature above all the other members; that so they all as vassals should support it their King: Now, how is it, that the feet are exalted aloft, and the head laid in the dust? That there should be some who in a brave, as out of a super-humane Verrue, bear like the famous *Milo*, a great Oxe upon their shoulders, whilst in the mean-time poor *Cleantes* that he might live like a man, was forc't to labour like a beast?

But having designed to begin this Tractate from the peculiar felicity of a Scholar, shewing that even then when he wants all things, he is satisfied and happy only in himself, and (as *Seneca* calls him) a little *Jupiter*; what have I done hitherto exaggerating in the parsimonious unworthinesse of such as do not relieve and respect him, the need he stands in of relief and respect? Howbeit I have thereby more discovered the crime of such who regard him not, then any misery in him through his being disregarded. For (to conclude) Gold, although digged from the dirt and stones, amongst which it lies buried in the mines, would appear
more

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more splendid; yet he is infinitely more the loser, who doth not dig and make it his own, then it by being undiscovered and un-appropriated. And again, in the crime of them that esteem not the Learned, their merit is proved, since their advancement is demerited, and the not honouring them is a crime.

Now let us see how a learned man may find within himself the lively source of that famous Nectar of the Gods; which having only in it self all other tastes, he need not seek, nor enjoy any other. This is the Essay of Understanding, the which how copious it is, although it may be manifested in the subject of all the Sciences, (but you may esteem that too prolix and troublesome;) I have thought good for a taste of the rest, to glance at it in one alone, not of the best, but of the most familiar; and it is the knowledge and contemplation of the Heavens, a part of Nature; if we stand upon the judgement of the Eye, the most ample and amiable; if of the Mind, not the last amongst the best.



An Essay of Understanding Displayed for a taste of the other Sciences, in the onely Contemplation of the Heavens.

HHe common Assertion of the two most renowned Schools of Pythagoras and Plato is, That the Celestial Spheres increasing one above another with measures of Harmonical proportion, in the revolutions that they make, compose the Consort of a most perfect Musick. Macrobius renderth the reason drawn from the natural principles of Sound; and thence he concludes: *Ex his inexpugnabili ratione collectum est Musicos sonos de Sphaerarum Coelestium conversione procedere, quia & Sonum ex motu fieri necesse est, & Ratio quae divinis in est, sit sono causa modularum.* Nor because that our eares are not Judges of such Musick, ought we therefore to doubt, or to deny it, forasmuch as that melodious sound in its arrival at the Elements, is by the noise of their discordant jarring,

lost

Plutarc.
de Musica.

Lib. 2.
de Som.
Scip. ca. 1

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lost and drown'd, and there most, where
the noise is loudest. And well was it said
elsewhere :

*Th' Heavens not mute, as is believ'd by some,
But we are deaf; and to our ears doth come
The Earths harsh croaking, which the same doth
Amongst whose dissonants in vain we hope (Stop,
T' aspire to th' Heavenly Harps sweet harmony,
Touch't by the hand of Delos Diety.*

If it were not as *Philo* advertiseth, that
God reserving for us to a better time, so
sweet a gust of Musick, had with a parti-
cular Providence, in such manner by it
deafned, and dislocated our audible facul-
ties, otherwise suspended, extacis'd, and
ravished out of our selves by the harmony
of those most Regular Bodies, we should
not only grow carelesse of cultivating the
earth, and remisse in the affairs of civil
life, but in the end forget our selves: Cæ-

Philo. *lum* (saith he) *perpetuo consentu suorum mo-
tuum reddit harmoniam suavissimam, quæ si
posset ad nostras aures pervenire in nobis excita-
ret in sanos sui amores, & desideria, quibus
stimulati rerum ad victum necessariarum obli-
visceremur, non pasti cibo potuque, sed velut
immortalitatis candidati.* But

But to say the truth, to comprehend in the Heavens, the melody of a ravishing harmony, and to enjoy therewith above; a delightful to make one almost Angelical, it is not necessary to desire that the Musick of those harmonical Spheres (Spheres they are called by them who will not grant that they be, as notwithstanding they are all one sole and liquid Heaven) do approach the ears. Nevertheless our mind may be thereby blessed; following with the flight of its thoughts, not as some do Poetry, a lying Inventor of fables, which leading us through the vasts of Heaven, saith to us, here Phaeton more bold then cautious.

*Aufus aeternis agitare currus,
Immemor metæ juvenis paternæ,
Quos polo sparsit furiosus ignis,
Ipse recepit.*

Seneca.

Here fell *Vulcan*, and the measuring with one irregular step all the voyage from heaven to earth, by great chance, cost him no more then the wrenching of a foot. This slippery part of Heaven, is the great breach which the Giants of *Flegra* did make in the battery they gave to the stars.

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stars, when the earth of thunder-stricken became thunder-striker. Here is *Hercules*, here *Prometheus*, here *Bellerophon*, and I know not who: But that part of the more Noble Sciences, (which is the true Interpreter of mysteries, and Secretary of the most hidden things of the heavens,) which doth unvail the eyes, and make them see how they be in a masse so vast, and yet so light in motion; in influences so discordant, and yet in the maintenance of nature so united; in the revolutions they make some so slow, and others so swift, and yet all to the time, and almost in one and the same dance accord, in obedience to the first mover so strict, and in the liberty of their proper motions so free, so splendid, and so profound, so uniform, and so various; so majestick, and so amiable. Violent with so many Laws, buffered with so much quietnesse; in the measure of times, in the succession of daies, in the changes of seasons, so consensual. He who hath eyes to see so much, he it is that knows how to make a Ladder to climb to the sight of much more; He who by the long chain of these coelestial natures (of which the last link is fastned to the foot of the Throne of *Jove*) can climb
 even

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even to the Archetype forms, and to the Ideas of the first mind, from whose invariable design are took the weights, numbers and measures, as instruments of the work of this great order of Nature: He which knows how to understand the high Wisdom of him, who in such variety of mutations, keeps steadfast the course of an immutable Providence, while he knew how to give an occult order to the manifest disorder of so many effects, concatenating them with indissoluble knots to his intended ends: So that those which seem casual events of chance, are excursions of a most regular Providence, he that hath a sight for objects of so high a cognition, is he not with it alone more blessed than others in all their sensual enjoyments? That great Platonick *Philo Alexandrinus* gave credit to it, when he said for proof of it. *Vagata (meus) circa stellarum tum fixarum,*

In Cosmopæia.

tum erraticarum cursus, & choreas juxta Musica præcepta absolutissimus, trahitur amore sapientie se deducens, atque ita emergens super omnem sensibilem essentiam, demum intelligibilis desiderio corripitur. Illic conspicata exemplaria, ideasque rerum, quas vidit, sensibilibus, ad eximias illas pulchritudines, æbrietate quadam sobria captus, tanquam Corybantes

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lymphatur, alio plena amore longe meliore, quo ad summum fastigium ad ducta rerum intelligibilitum, ad ipsum Magnum Regem tendere videtur.

To whom these shall seem rather flourishes of art, then real verity, and being un-experienced, should be so much the lesse credible. I know not how to give a better answer then that which was merited from *Nicostratus*, by a man little knowing, and lesse credulous of the beauty of a picture. *Zeuxis* that Son of Painters, which did not give so much light to the picture illustrating it, as shadow to the picture his emulators, obscuring them, drew in a thin vail the face of an *Helen*, with so noble workmanship, that the exemplar was out-done by the copy, and true *Helen* seemed to yeild to her self painted; for if the real one drew a *Paris* from *Troy* to ravish her, the counterfeit drew all *Greece* to admire her. *Nicostratus* meeting with this picture (he himself also being a Painter of no mean rank) at the first look, as if he had beheld not the head of *Helen*, but of *Medusa*, was metamorphiz'd into a stone, and with mutual deceit, *Helen* seemed to be as much alive in her picture, as *Nicostratus* seemed dead in his amazement; insomuch as a simple clown,

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clown, a blunt dolt, a man wanting eyes looking upon *Nicostratus*, which ingraven in an act of astonishment seemed a Statue looking on a picture, accosted him, and almost shaking him out of his dumps, asked him, *Quid tantum in Helena illa stuperet.* He asked too many questions in one word. But as he had not good eyes to see *Helena*, so he had no doct'c ears to hear *Nicostratum*: Therefore the Painter turning himself, and between compassionating it, and disdainning him, looking on him; This saith he, Is not a picture for Owls. Pluck out those ignorant eyes you have, and I will lend you mine; and if now you be an Owl without eyes, you will then desire to be an *Argus* all eyes. *Nos in terrogaret me, si meos oculos haberet.*

Behold, the very same falls out to him who wondereth, how in beholding that goodly face of Nature, the Heavens, in which God, as much as the matter was capable, did design, (copying them from himself,) lineaments of so rare beauties; we can find matter of such delight, as to swallow our wits, extacise our thoughts, and blesse our minds. All behold Heaven, but all understand it not; and between him that understandeth it, and him

that doth not, there is the same difference that is between two, of which one, in a writing in Arabick, ruled with gold, and written with azure, sees nothing but the workmanship of well-composed characters; the other moreover doth read the periods, and understand the sense, so that the least of the pleasure that he enjoys, is that of the eyes.

But although the gust of the understanding is as the sweetnesse of honey, which to perswade, the endeavours of a long discourse are not so efficacious, as the simple proof of tasting one drop; nevertheless, I think good to make you hear most moral *Seneca*, where he declareth, what was the content which he found in contemplating the Heavens, whilst he conceiveth there above spirits, contempters of the world; spirits more than humane. Hear him:

Prefat.
l. 1. nat.
quest.

Imagine (saith he) that you were ascended to the highest sphere of the Heavens, so that you saw *Saturn*, *Jupiter* and *Mars*, turn themselves in their several Revolutions, and under them each of the other Planets to run their periods. There you behold the immensurable masse of bodies, the unparallel'd velocity of their course,

course, the numberlesse number of the stars, which here scarce seems sparks to you, and there, are worlds of light, and no lesse then so many Suns. Thence with eyes sated with the greatnesse of those spaces, and of the mass of those vast bodies, look down to this center of the World, and seek about it for the earth. If you were able to see it, it would appear so little to one that looks upon it from the stars, that it would be necessary that you sharpen your quickest eye, and you would desire that sottie Syderial Nuntio would help your sight. What from hence below seemed the smallest of the starres, so that the dubious eye knew not if he saw it, or thought he saw it: such from thence above the earth appeareth to you, so that at such a sight you would say, That then below, which I scarce perceive; which I scarce discern with my eye, is that the earth? Is that that point divided into so many Provinces, subdivided into so many Kingdomes, for which we rob one another, for to get which, are invented in so great abundance, both Arts and Arms to kill one another? sieges, assaults, conflagrations, batteries, pitcht fields; subversions of whole Nations made in a little
C 4 time;

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time, which so oft hath made Widow'd Nature weep, infecting the ayr with the stench of the putrified carkasses, and sometimes damming up rivers, sometimes vermiliating the Sea with great numbers of dead men, with great abundance of humane bloud.

Hear ye the incredible wonders of humane madnesse; Our vastest desires are lost in a point. What, said I in a point? in the least particle of a point. What would the Ants do more if they had reason? Would not also they sub-divide a handful of earth into many Provinces? Would they not set their obstinate bounds so, that they would not yield in the least to thundring *Jupiter* himself? Would they not found in a spot of ground a Kingdome, in a little field a great Monarchy; a little rivolet of water would be to them a *Nile*, a ditch they would call an Ocean, a stone as big as ones hand, they would stile a great rock, a Farm would be no lesse than a World: They would also raise Bulwarks and Curtains to secure their States, they would leavy Armies in hopes of new conquests, and we should see in the space of two foot of ground, squadrons march in order, with colours display'd against the
black

black Ants, as enemies, charging them with boldness, jostling them, routing them, and some to return, the day being won, victorious; others either to surrender upon articles, or flying, hide themselves, or dying, hide the fury of their enraged enemies, and become booty. Such a war between twenty or more thousands of Ants, undertaken to dispute the pretensions to a handful of earth, only to think of it would make us laugh; and we, what other do, we do, sub-dividing a point into so many Kingdomes, and destroying one another to enlarge them? Let the *Ister* be the confines of *Dacia*, *Strimon* of *Thracia*, the *Rhene* of *Germany*, the *Parthians*, let them be bounded by *Euphrates*, the *Sarmatians* by *Danubius*, let the *Pirreanean Moustains* divide *France* and *Spain*, the *Alps* *Italy*. *Formicarum iste discursus est in angusto laborantium.*

(bounds,

You chalk out Kingdomes, and assign them
 And measures, by the marks of blood and wounds;
 And yet herein you greatest folly show,
 In that by griping much, you let all go.
 The whole world's ev'ry mans, and who so cares
 To appropriate any part, divides and shares.
 What all was his. All men one household be:

All's

The First Part.

*All's but one house, from th' Center to the Sky,
And in this house w' have all propriety.*

Come and see from hence above your earth, look out for your Kingdomes, and treasure how much that is from whence you take the titles of Grandees. See you your small particle of a point; if a point may admit of being seen? And is this that which makes you go so stately? Come up to the starres, not to see only, but to possesse; if you will, a Kingdome equal to your desire of raigning: Nor shall you have any to strive with about bounds, possessing all; nor shall you need to fear that any will thrust you out of it, since that being possesst by many, yet it can be taken from none. Thus, *Juvat inter sidera virgatem divitum pavimenta videre, Et totum tam auro suo terram.* What greater enjoyment, then to gain so generous spirits, and so noble intelligences? *Alexander* accustomed to the great victories of *Asia*, when he received advice from *Greece* of some Martial act, or conquest, (which was at most of a Castle, or of some petty City) he was wont to say, That he thought he heard the news of the military succeses between the frogs and the mice of *Homer*:

O how much lesse do things appear that are beheld from a high place! How do they abate, which here below seem so great, if they be beheld from the starres! And how much do we enjoy, perceiving the thoughts to enlarge, and the mind encrease, even to make us contemn that, which others like slaves adore!

That which the good *Seneca* teacheth us to do, the great *Anaxagoras* had done long before, who desiring only to see the heavens, for the contemplation of which he was said to be born, left his country, as a Sepulchre of living men; and because the earth should not take away the sight of the heavens, he lived in the fields poor, and without covert. What said he, *Poor and Harbourlesse?* He enjoyed more, in seeing over his head the beautiful Canopy of the serene Azures of heaven, in seeing himself crowned with a world of starres, which did revolve about him, and in that the Sun gilded with his light, the raggednesse of his poor garmments; and in that the heavens sent him advice of all news, than if he had been clad in purple, and his head crowned, and he attended with the vassalage of all the earth. And therefore *Hic cernit astrorum, quibus im-*

Seneca.
mensi Ibid.

*mensi corporis, pulchritudo distinguitur, populum non convocat, his Clasmeneans scorned him, as ridiculous, and rejected him, as savage; but he opposed the honours of the heavens to the derisions of the vulgar, he cared not so much to be seen in the earth by men, as he did rejoyce to see the starres in heaven, and to be interchangeably seen by them, with that courteous eye, with which Sinesius said of himself; *Me stelba etiam ipse benigne, identidem de spectare videntur, quem in vastissima regione solum cum scientia sui inspectorem intuentur.**

*Epis. 102
a l. 101.
Phylemon.*

That which I have hitherto spoke of the contemplation of heaven, an object of a part of the Natural Sciences, to prove that Understanding is a certain beatitude of so excellent a rase, that it inchanterh the senses, and takes away what ever desires are of an order interiour to the mind; I would have to be understood of the other so numerous, so noble, and so vast subjects, of most pleasant cognitions, of which the ingenuity of the learned is capable, brought into the world (saith Pythagoras recited by Sinesius) as Spectators in a Theater of alwayes new, and wholly noble wonders. *Ita Pathagoras Samius, Sapientem nihil*

*Sinesius
de Pro-
vi. subino*

Wisdom happy.

29

*nihil aliud esse ait, quàm eorum, quæ sunt, fi-
untque spectatorem. Proinde enim in Mundum,
ac in sacrum quoddam certamen introductum
esse, ut iis, quæ ibidem sunt, spectator intersit.*

But if from the gust of speculation the use of learning be called back to the practice of living, Scholars would be much more severe and grave; and I confesse (as all the wise are of opinion) to tearm that learned man wise, whose mind a long and right understanding hath refined, and whose reason it hath purged from the filth of those sensual basenesses, and terrene vilenesses of those affections which in us favour of brutish, so that prosperous or adverse thar occurrences be, he weigheth them in the balance of reason for what they are; it would be no hard matter for me, leading you through some of the more dreaded miseries, to make you see such a man superiour to them, then to shew the loftiest starres to be as far from eclipses, as they are distant from the shadows of the earth.

Sapience



Sapience happy, although in misery. The Wise poor man.

POVERTY is a single name, but not a single misery, and one that's understanding its cyphets, in this only word knows how to read a whole Iliad of evils. The Poet with the title of *Turpis Egestus*, placed it together with other monsters at the gate of hell; nor did he any injury to it, forasmuch as it brings with it sufficient matter for a whole hell of misery, to those houses of which it keepeth the door. Famine within, eats the bowels alive; Nakednesse without, ignominiously discovers the flesh; Shame suffers it not to appear in publique; Necessity permits it not to keep in secret; if bashfulnesse makes it silent, it endureth a thousand hardships; if it beg an almes, as vile, it finds no credit. The evils it suffereth are so much the greater, by how much the lesse others commiserate them. But of as many griefs as this complicated misery is pregnant with, there is not a worse
speci-

Wisdom happy,

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pecially to a man of sublime wit, or noble extraction, than the becoming Subjects of scorn and derision.

*Vil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

This is the blackest shadow that follows it, this is the heaviest chain it drags after it: And how many which appeared as trees without leaves, unbecomingly naked, have made choice of obscurity, judging death lesse insufferable than ignominy.

Now this tormenting and deformed Langman, (that might there be so manyuries in hell, would make the fourth) who would believe it, when its joyned with Learning and Sapience; like a dissonant Diatesseron, which united to the Diapason, rendereth the sweetest of all harmonies, becomes lovely and pleasing beyond measure.

Poverty with Sapience (saith the Stoick philosophizing) is a divine composition, which hath all, and hath nothing, yea, can give that, without which nothing is possessed, therefore alone is all things, I mean Sapience. And is not this the condition of the gods?

Resnice

*The 4,
which
with the
5 makes
an 8.*

Seneca
de tran-
quil. c. 8:

*Respice enim mandam: Nudos videtis Deos,
Omnia dantes, nihil habentes.*

What can he desire more in the world, who philosophying, better than possessing, hath made the world his patrimony? The things which are so much ours as Fortune and chance left them us, are more others than our own, more lent than posselt, and make us no more happy than the image of a man makes the Statue. To know the world, saith *Manilius*, this is to possesse it: in such sort, that to every *Deme- trius* which shall ask us; *Quid capta Patria superferret nobis?* We may with the same *Mogarenfis* answer, *Nullam vido qui res meas auferret.*

To Pilgrims, not only a little sufficeth, but much is troublesome. To a man whose thoughts are not confined between his own walls, as the center is included in the circumference, but alwayes with the Wings of the Mind displayed, and addressed thither where the desire of knowing new things calls him, whereby he becomes a stranger, not only to his home but also to himself, and is rather where he is not, than where he dwells; Can it be

a dishonour or prejudice to him to want that, which, as a Pilgrim, would be as well of impediment, as of weight? From whence Seneca formeth the Aphorism: *Si vis vacare animo, aut pauper sis oportet, aut pauperi similis.*

Epist. 17

But behold an Eloquent Platonick, who, whether by way of reproof or derision, I know not, was opposed with a publique accusation, how that Poverty was either dishonourable, or culpable. If thou (answered he to the Accuser) wert as much a Phylosopher as thou art a rich man, thou wouldest understand that I being poor am the rich man, and thou being rich art the poor man. *Namq; is plurimum habet qui minimum desiderat: habet enim quantum vult qui vult minimum, & idcirco divitiæ non melius in fundo, & in fœnore, quam in ipso hominis estimantur animo.* In the Sea of this life the tempests and billows, contrast not those that are full freight, to keep them from their Port, but them that sail unladen. This simple coat that covers me, or this plain staff I lean on, render they me contemptible? Tell me what more had Hercules, son of Jove, Conquerour of the World, and a Demi-god? *Ipse Hercules illustrator, Orbis, purgator fœderum, gentium dominus: is inquam*

Apuleius
Apol. 12
prosus

The First Part.

he covered himself, more to conceal his
-nakedness; then to reveal himself to be
a Philosopher, lived in the earth like a
Jupiter in heaven, more rich with the
touch he had not, then Alexander with that
all which he possesseth. *Et Alexander pro-*
pter infinitos mundos ab Anaxagoras, auditos,
tum Crates, per, & pallidus infructus vitam
tanquam festivitatem quandam per jocum, &
visum ageret.

Plutar.
de tran-
quill. a-
nimi.

Would you know justly how to de-
scribe that famous Diogenes, which drew
to him, (not so much to visit as to admire
him) Alexander, by whom he was sought to,
and for whom he did not care. *Supra enim*
eminere visus est; infra quem omnia jacebant.
You shall take from *Claudio*, a symbolical
image, but which more lively will defi-
gure him, then if *Apollo* himself had
drawn him.

Seneca
de bonof.
l. 5. c. 4.

Lapis est cognomine Adages,
Discolor, obscurus, vilis. Non ille reperam
Cesariem regum, non candida Virginis ornata
Colla; nec insigni splendet per cingula morsus
Sed nova si nigri videat miracula Saxi;
Tunc superat pulchros cubens, & quidquid tibi,
Indus littoribus rubra scrutatur arena.

Claudio
de Mag-
neco.

His hispid beard, uncombed hair, his
de-

defiled visage, his ragged cloaths, his ridiculous clownish manners, his extreme poverty, did they not make him seem like a stunted, black, heavy, ill-shapt piece of stone? Moreover, a Tub was his house, yet, was to him as if he had all the world, because of all the world he would have no more than that. He turned it at his pleasure, scoffing at the celestial Spheres, and Fortunes wheel; because neither these with their periods, nor this with its precipitations could oppose the revolutions of his Tub; nor either the heavens give any good to him that covets nothing, or fortune take it from him that being naked can be spoiled of nothing. But in a man so ill accounted, and so ill lodged, whence such virtue, and one so potent, (I will say) magnificent, that he, obscure and he garbly, could draw to him the most illustrious and most wealthy Monarch of the World, thanks Philosophy, that in *Diogenes*, as a Sun covered with a cloud, or a *Venus* clothed like a Satyre, shined forth so, as to be able to allure such a King, and wrap him into admiration, and obsequie of a ragged beggar.

What thought *Diogenes* be a beggar? Let his riches be put in balance to counterpoise that

The First Part.

he covered himself; more to conceal his nakedness; then to reveal himself to be a Philosopher, lived in the earth like a Jupiter in heaven, more rich with the much he had not, then Alexander with that all which he possesseth. *Flat Alexander propter infinitos mundos ab Anaxagoras, auditos, cum Crates, pera, & pallio, infructuosam vitam tanquam festivitatem quandam per jocum, & risum ageret.*

*Plutar.
de tran-
quill. a-
nimi.*

Would you know justly how to describe that famous Diogenes, which drew to him; (not so much to visit as to admire him) Alexander, by whom he was fought to, and for whom he did not care. *Supra enim eminentre visus est; infra quem omnia jacebant.* You shall take from *Claudio*, a symbolical image, but which more lively will defigure him, then if *Apelles* himself had drawn him.

*Seneca
de benef.
l. 5. c. 4.*

*Claudio
de Mag-
neto.*

*Lapis est cognomine Adaphes,
Discolor, obscurus, vilis. Non ille reperam
Cesariem regum, non candida Virginis ornata
Colla; nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu
Sed nova si nigri videas miracula Saxi;
Tunc superat pulchros cubas, & quidquid Eon,
Indos litoribus rubra scrutatur arena.*

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de-

deformed visage, his ragged cloaths, his rude and clownish manners, his extreme poverty, did they not make him seem like a naked, black, heavy, ill-shapt piece of stone? Moreover, a Tub was his house, & yet, was to him as if he had all the world, because of all the world he would have no more than that. He turned it at his pleasure, scoffing at the celestial Spheres, and Fortunes wheel, because neither these with their periods, nor this with its precipices, could oppose the revolutions of his Tub, nor either the heavens give any good to him that covets nothing, or fortune take it from him that being naked can be spoiled of nothing. But in a man so ill accounted, and so ill lodged, whence such virtue, and one so potent, (I will say) magnificent, that he, obscure and beggarly, could draw to him the most illustrious and most wealthy Monarch of the World, thanks Philosophy, that in *Diogenes*, as a Sun covered with a cloud, or a *Kent* clothed like a Satyre, shined forth so, as to be able to allure such a King, and wrap him into admiration, and obsequie of a ragged beggar.

What thought *Diogenes* be a beggar? Let his riches be put in balance to counterpoise that

The First Part!

that of the richest Alexander. Diogenes
all that the *Macedon* offered him, accepted
nothing, because he needed nothing. *Alexander*,
who wanted even that which he
had, because he wanted what he would,
desired to be transformed into, and to be-
come Diogenes. Therefore Diogenes; *Multo*
potentior multo locupletior fuit, omnia tunc pos-
sidente Alexandro. Plus enim erat quod hic
nollet accipere quam quod hic posset dare.

Therefore Learning and contented po-
verty, in whom they do unite, compose
that happy temper of the Golden Age,
when free from all fear of losse, every one
lived pleased with that which was his,
namely, content with himself, and so far
rich as he needed nothing; namely, desi-
red not riches. Thus *Alemon* and *Crater*,
two friends, two Philosophers, two beg-
gars, were by *Archeilaus* for their honour
called *Reliques of the Golden Age*. And be-
tween others riches and their own pover-
ty, they lived like that friend of *Sardica*:
Non tanquam contempssissent omnia, sed tan-
quam aliis habenda, permisissent.

The rich are not so blinded with the
splendor of their gold, that they see not at
least in part the worth of these goods. A
poor learned man appeareth among rich
ideors,

Wisdom happy

23

deots, as rags among silks, frieze amongst purple, the meagernesse of a face consumed by study, and made pale with looks, amongst plump and ruddy faces; Those look on themselves as sheep covered with golden wooll, and the other as a great god among the ancients, graven in a homely stone, or imprinted in clay, but therefore no lesse honourable, than if they were cast in gold, and in-laid with pearl.

That adventurous Ship, which first of all past the large Straights of *Megallanes*, which steered it, environed all the earth, whence it was called *Victory*: returning into *Europe*, and drawn into the Port, was beheld by all as the second *Argo*, of the World. Those ribs which had been of proof against the batteries of storms, of till-then-unseen Oceans, those faithful sails at the encounter of strange winds, that rudder, that mast, those sail-yards, in fine, all its parts were judged worthy of the noblest stars in heaven: since she had overcome the elements, and made conquest not of a fleece, but world of gold, Nor did her being in part defaced with weakened mast, dislocated yards, disarmed sides, tattered sails, faine poup, render her lesse valuable and beautiful.

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B. 10
A

The First Part.

The other ships well rigg'd, behold her with a certain envy, and those impressions which the tempests and the long voyage had made in her, as scars in a Martial Captain, they esteemed more honourable, then that beauty with which they were adorned. To her they struck sail, vailed yards, bowed Ancients, they full of merchandise, and rich with gold, the Victory empty, shattered, disfigured, they adored as their Mistresse. Behold, the condition of a poor Scholar in the midst of many rich Ignorants; they have, although many times they know not that they have it, an Envie of the internal riches, of which they are wholly wanting, and do look on that poor man as rich. *Ulland autem tam ingentium opum, tam magna Potentia voluptas, quam spectare homines veteres, & senes, & totius orbis gratia subnixos, in summa omnium rerum abundantia consistentes, id quod optimum sit, se non habere?* Now if the rich be trees, with a great grove of branches dispersed in every part, comely, and leafie: a poor learned man is a leafless trunk, and half naked; but what then?

*Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
Eximias veteres populi, sacratâq; gestans*

Dono

Wisdom Happy.

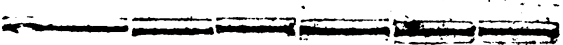
*Non adhaerens, nec iam validis radicibus haerens
Pondusque suus est, ramosq; per aera ramis
Effundens, truncato, non frondibus efficit umbram.
Sed quumvis primo mater casura sub Enro,
Tet ceterum syriae firmo se robore tollant
Sola ramentis calitur.*

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THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE SEVEN
 SAGES WHOSE WISDOM WAS
 THE FOUNDATION OF THE
 WORLD.

The Wise Exile.

THose Ancient Sages; Masters
 of *Sapience*, which alive, had *Greece*
 dead, had all the World for Au-
 ditors, left us for an infallible maxime, to
 the end the mind learn to *Phylosophize*,
 and not erre; it's needful, the feet go
 wandring through many Lands. We may
 strein to the riches of *Sapience*; but no o-
 ther way but by going to the Sages; in ma-
 ny places; and begging it. Truth (said
 they) a Native of Heaven, is a Pilgrim on
 Earth, and is found no way but by Pere-
 grination: He that seeks it, doth as the
 rivers, which encrease the more, the fur-
 ther they go; so that they which at their
 fountains were scarce little brooks, in di-
 lating themselves, become little lesse than
 Seas. The vapours of the earth, would
 they ever assume the form of starres; if
 leaving the country where they were all
 dirt, they should not run after the Sun,
 and make themselves much more happy
 in being Pilgrims in heaven; than if they
 were

were Citizens on earth? Men are not as
 Plants which have the greatest virtu-
 ties, when they are in their own houses;
 yea, it happens many times, that ones
 own country prooveth a step-mother, and
 a forraign land the mother, in fashion of
 certain plants, which from their Native
 Soile, where they were nourished with ve-
 rious Stimulours, transported to a strange
 climate, in the remove they lose their
 power of hurting, and find together with
 a painlesse soile, the virtue of whole-
 some Aliment. A mans own country
 ought to be to a wife man, as the Horizon
 to the stars; for birth, nor for Sepulchre;
 to take hence the first light, and as the
Armenians apt to climb to other
 places, even to find the most high and
 splendid noon-tide which it makes on
 earth.

Thus these Sages understood it, and ac-
 cording to their knowledge practising,
 searcht out of the name of the Heavens,
 which have rest in motion; whence with
 tedious voyages, they ran where in some
 new Academy of the learned they might
 discover the gain of Wisdom. Their life
 was, as *Sinofus* speaks, a perpetual going
 & hunting, sometimes in *Greece*, sometimes

The First Part

pendicular over that Kingdom: This is the language either of *Sabines*, which love their country as a stable, because they lead the lives of animals, or of fools; like so that simple *Athenian*, which said the Moon of *Athens* was fuller than that of *Corinth*: Whereas it was not that the Moon was more full, but his head more empty. *Es hoc idem* (I shall say with *Platarch*) *accidit nobis, cum extra Patriam constituti eret, artem, potum debet confideramus, quasi aliquid eis deest carum, quibus, in patria fruebamus.*

De exilio.

Ruine the country of *Stilone*, in common tears he alone is merry, and in a universal loss secure: And going thence alone, and naked, carrieth with him all that's his, because he carrieth himself; but himself wise and learned. *Sapientem autem, saith Antisthenes, etiam si omnia desint, solus sufficit sibi.*

Laert. in Antist.

Let the *Chaconians*, as we said above, banish the great *Anaxagoras*, and as unworthy of the name of *Citizen*, forbid him the City. He grieves not, as if his departure were from his country, but his prison, and excluded from a corner of the earth, which was too narrow for his great soul, he pointed as heaven for his country,

Ulysses's Speech

try, will therefore see his Fellow Citizens:
Where ever his good helms is covered with
the faire roof of heauen, for that he desires
not to haue left his heeles, but to haue equi-
ly changed them. *Quid enim, refera quare
diuersa parte transfugis: Nilles quidem, et lo-
cus, et fortuna, et collectus tunc uidet. Cuius
unusquisq; sibi animum assignat, in cogitatione
sua exanimi mundi parte transfugit: non ali-
ud quam sibi: et unius exemplum, et alii in ali-
um, et aliam transfugit: regit. Let the
theatres moue transfuges, because he hath
never a house in the World, but all the
World is his home; and he shall laugh at
them as *Quis quae castra, sine domibus non-
quam sunt. He shall live in the champaign,
as the Semi-gods in the Elysian fields, in
which**

*Petrarch
ibid.*

*100
101*

Nath' certadomus.

Let Diogenes thrust out of Sinage, he
will be as thankful to his banishers, as
Theseus to Minotules his Deliverer, when he
ferchd him by force from that unhappy
stone, on which his punishment was in-
graven;

Sedes, eternam q; Sedes.
And

The First Part.

And from that loathsome idleness, which alone sufficed to him for a great Hell, instating him in his Primitive Liberty: Let the scoffers jeer his Exile, he will answer, My Citizens have condetained me to go out of *Sinope*, and I have condemned them to stay there. The Wise man knew, that they were more Exiles, because banished from all the rest of the World, they were confined to one City, then he, which excluded from one City, had all the World for his country. Being far from *Sinope*, he beheld it as he that cast away in a sudden tempest at Sea, and driven by the waves to a rock, sees from those cliffs, others shipwracks, and calling his misfortunes felicities, desireth not the Ocean which tosseth them, but abhorreth it; nor doth he envie such who perish in it, but pittie them.

Would you see a picture, or rather only a rough draught of the hand of the worthiest *Seneca*, which sets out the life the state, the employments, the ordinary pastimes of the greatest part of men in their Cities?

Behold, a world of people, which though they be continually busied, yet doing nothing, and that are lesse idle while they

Wisdom happy.

49

they sleep then while they labour. *Horum* De tran-
si aliquem excurrentem domo interrogaveris, Quo quilibet q-
tu? Quid cogitas? Respondebit tibi, Non mea nimi c. 12
Hercule, scio. Si aliquos videbo aliquid agum.
Sine proposito & agantur querentes negotia, nec
qua destinauerunt agunt, sed in qua incurre-
runt. Did you never observe a long rabble
of *Ants*, one after another busily clime up a
stump, till they got to the top, as if they
would have toucht the very heavens, and
saluted the stars, and then dismount them-
selves by the other part, and so return to
the earth? *Hi plerumque similem vitam a-*
gunt, quorum non immerito quis inquietum in-
eritiam dixerit. Hi deinde domum tum super-
vacua redeunt lassitudine, jurant, nescisse se
ipsos quare exierint, ubi fuerint: postero die
erraturi per eadem illa vestigia. And can it be
matter of grief or sorrow to one who hath
eyes of Sapience in his head, just esteemers
of truth, to be excluded from such a place?
And would not he rather say to those that
stay there behind, that which *Stratonicus*,
(lodging in *Zerif*) said to his Host, who
asking, what crimes they punished with
banishment, and understanding that false
dealers were punished with exile: And
why, said he, doe not you all turn Cheats,
to be delivered from hence?

Ibid:

But when afterwards in leaving ones

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Coun

The First Part.

Country, one is forced to leave all he hath, this, saith *Plutarch* to a Philosopher, although its no greater loss than that which a Serpent undergoeth to leave at the mouth of its Den, by reason of whose narrowness it is stript, the old skin, which put off they become more yong and a ctive: at least in a Learned man its the least of all losses, since he never wants a Country or lively-hood. For as much as wheresoever he goeth he is received as the ships of *India*, which full of Gold and Pearles, make the ports happy in which they enter, or cast Anchor.

Scipio that Roman Hercules, which ramed not a Monster alone, but *Africa* the Mother and Nurse of Monsters; over-came *Asdrubal*, slew *Hannoo*, took *Sifax*, destroyed *Carthage*, subdued *Lybia*; with so many Trophies, greater then all others, and only equalled by himself, being become the Sun of the *Roman* Empire; he fetcht tears from the weak eyes of envy, and because he was too considerable, she began to be malicious. He seemed to this emulators to be grown too formidable, having the Ruines of razed *Carthage* for the basis of his Glory. This was a grandure which eclipsed others merits, who seem ed to be so
 much

much the more obscure by how much the more he was illustrious. And because to the thunder of an evil tongue, there is no Laurel can resist, nor greatness of merit can exempt; the glory of his Triumphs being ended, and being consecrated with the name of *African*, he found in *Rome* worse Monsters than any he had seen in *Africa*; accusers and slanderers, which under the conduct of *Porcius Cato*, calling him to account would have condemned him; of what crime? of that only, that he had made envy to weep. But the Generose Man would neither make his enemies laugh nor cry. Therefore removed himself from under their eyes which pryed into his affairs, and went a voluntary exile out of *Rome*, which in this was so much worse than *African Carthage*, by how much from *Carthage* destroyed he received Triumph, from *Rome* preserved, Exile. He retired himself to *Liaternus*, a little Post for a great tempest, and there changing his profession of a Warriour, he turned husband-man, and with that self-same hand, which in the parched sands of *Africa* had planted the Palmes of so glorious Victories, he did cultivate a little farm; his sword with a strange metamorphosis he changed into

a mattock, his rams into plows, horses into oxen, trenches into fences, ditches into furrows, the ranging of squadrons, to martialling of trees, to routing of armies, to rooting up of thorns: in fine, combats into labours, and victory into harvest. Yet he made not the fences about his farme so thick, but that the troubles of *Rome* might penetrate them. Nor did his rusticity so disguise him, that publicke cares knew him not, to torment him. The voluntary banishment which he took against his will, from his ingrateful Country, going thence that he might not be thrust from thence, so retained against them, in-kindled in his heart ever after a disdain, that it extinguisht not with the expiration of his life, but the flame perpetualliz'd it self in his ashes, buried far from his ingrateful Country.

Behold, here the advantage of a great mind above a great heart. A man of high knowledg: and of as hardy a wit, as *Scipio* was of his hands, abandoned and bereft of *Rome*, would have said as *Socrates*, when turned out of *Athens*. *Mihi omnis terra eadem mater, omne cœlum idem tectum, totus mundus est patria.* He would have cheerfully left the City of *Romulus*, and entered (as

Apud
Stob. de
exil.

Adusonius

Musonius said) that of *Jove*, not environed with a circle of wals, but inclosed with the vast convex of the Heavens; so ample that there all Languages are spoken; because it comprehends all the Nations of every Climate; and so noble that its Senators are the gods of Heaven, and its people are even the Senators of the Earth. He would have got out of *Rome*, as the little Rivolets which from the narrow banks, between whose confines they ran miserably straightmed through the earth: in their falling into the Sea (were they lose not themselves as the Vulgars believe) of rillets that they were before, scarce having one small stream of water, they themselves become Seas, and distending as far as it inlargeth, may be said to touch the ends of the one and the other World. But vertue will have us possess a great Mind, that should eface the fordidness of loving more the servitude of one corner of the earth, than the libertie of thoughts and affects, which makes it Mistress of the World.

He that is separated from his Country, let him imitate the Moon, which the farther it is from the Sun, the fuller it is of light; and seeing the increasements and

The First Part.

acquist's of new knowledg, wch he makes in the Domestick use of Men greater than himself; he can doe no lesse than say as *Alcibiades*, cast out his Country, and received by a forreign King, with the offer of three great Cities at his first reception, *Perieramus, nisi perissemus*. Oh how much is Wisedom obliged to voluntary and compulsive exilements! *Pallas* with this hath made other manner of acquist's, than when she sailed in the *Argonautick* ship to the conquest of the Golden Fleece,

Before the Art of Navigation was in use, the World was half unknown, half un-cultivated, all barbarous.

Seneca.

*Sua quisque piger littora vorat,
Patrio que Senex factus in arva
Parvo dives, nisi quas tulerat
Natale solum, non norat opes.*

Who then had, or knew what it was to have all the World? The Sea was idle, the Winds unprofitable; Heaven, few were there that did behold it, none that made use of it.

*Nondum quisquam sydera norat,
Stellisque quibus pingiter æther,
Nem erat usus.*

Now

Now all the World is made one only Kingdome, whereas before every Kingdome seemed a World. Each place is neither deprived of others, nor covetous of her own; whilst that each transporteth into another, that wherein it self abounds: making all the earth but one body, where one part readily succoureth the necessities of an other. Now the whole heaven is but one Roofe, and all Men doe know themselves to be but one and the same Family, and may with more verity, than he that they were said by, sing, the verses of *Manilius*

Lib. 4.
Astr.

*Jam nusquam Natura latet: pervidimus
omnem,*

*Et capto potimur mundo: nostrumque pa-
rentum*

Pars sua conspicimus. —

What would the *Gymnosophists*, the *Greeks*, the *Chaldeans* have had, if content with that only, which they were born with, they had not gone out of their Country to seek, as *Ulisses* in his fortunate wandrings, that Sapience from others, which they themselves did want?

The First Part.

*Lib. de
Abra-
ham.
Episte-
tus.*

Look how much better a seeing eye is, than a blind, saith *Philo Alexandrinus*, so much more excellent is a man whom desire of knowledge had led, a Pilgrim and voluntary exile, through many Nations: then he who is like a tree, that where it first sproutes, there it takes root, there it lives, and there in the end it rots.

The



• *The Wise Prisoner.*

THE Soules of Philosophers (said a Wise Ancient) have their bodies for houses : those of the ignorant, for prisons. Because the first are retired in the body as in Temples of sleep and repose, and goe out freely at their pleasure wheresoever their fancies carry them: and the second, shut up in the narrow walls of their body, are tied with as many chaines as they have members, without seeing any other light then what comes to them through the little holes of two pupils: and rest there shut up, in as much as they have no thoughts but what their bodily necessities infuse. Thence it is that if the ignorant chance to be prisoners they are double prisoners: The Sages not at all; the better part of whom can no more be confined, than the wind may be imprisoned in a Net; or the light shut up in Christal. The *Tullianum* of Rome: the Cave of *Syracuse*, the *Lethe* of *Persia*, the *Ceramo* of *Cyprus*, and of as many as there were, or there

there are now a-dayes famous, or infamous prisons of the World, none are so deep, that they bury, or so obscure that they blind, so narrow as to bind, so strong with double wals, that they confine a mind truly Phylosophical. Thanks to Sapience, which *Plato* calls the wing of the Soul, that carries it not only out of its prison, but beares it up in its flight out of the World.

Nam cogitatio ejus (saith the Stoick) circa omne caelum, & in omne pr aeteritum, futurumque tempus emittitur. Corpusculum hoc custodiam, ac vinculum animi, huc, atque illuc jactatur. In hoc supplicia, in hoc latracinia, in hoc morbi exercentur. Animis quidem ipse sacer, & aeternus est, & cui non possit injici manus. Therefore a prison to a wise man is no prison, but a house, since he is at liberty to go out when he will. *Totum autem hominem animus, circumfert* (saith *Tertullian*) *& quo velit transfert.*

Admar- tyros c. 2. fert.

It is of little importance to the Soule what becomes of the body, whilst its thoughts are out of the body. Thus *Ermolimus*, whose soule left his body at pleasure: and went travaling in divers places, even into the remotest Climes, to see what was done in the World, felt so little, that he knew not in the least if he suffered, so that

Plinius lib. 27. cap. 52.

that he used to burn his body alive in one place, and his soul insensible of what was done, enjoyed it in another.

A light remedy was that of *Socrates*, against the heavy vexations of the always stitidious *Zantippe*, to get up to the top of the house, when she made the bottom ringing with her brawling. How much better would it be to avoid the sight of the darkness, the feeling of the narrowness, the annoyance of the solitude of a prison, to climb with the mind to the stars, to make it self splendid with their light, and tracing out their periods, and measuring their magnitudes, to make himself a companion of the intelligences which so expertly reveal them? *Nihil eris sentit in nervo, cum animus in Cælo est.*

Tertull.
ibid.

A pleasant folly was that related by *Horace* of a *Greek* fool, who for many hours of the day thought himself in a full Theatre, and to see persons appear in Scènes, and to hear excellent Tragedies recited by the bravest Actors! There was not a man in all *Argos* more content than he.

*Qui se credebat miris audire Tragedo;
In vacuo lævis sessor, plausorq; Theatro.*

*Lib. 2,
ep. 2. ad
Florum.*

His

U

The First Part.

His friends, going about, to comiserate him, were, without knowing it cruel to him: for by the power of *Helebore* re-setling the brains in his head, they took the joy from his heart: whereupon he, that would not have exchanged his folly for all the wisdom in the World, being cured, condoled his unfortunate discretion; and envied his fortunate folly; and to his friends, because depriving him of an innocent content, they had restored him to the annoyance of his former perplexities, and of a fained Spectator, had made him a real Actor of Tragoedies, he makes grievous complaint.

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

Thus far a foolish imagination of an irregular fancy can co-operate to other mens content, whilst ravishing them out of themselves, it fixeth them upon some pleasing object. And cannot Sapience doe that in a head full of noble and sublime notions, which folly can doe in one devoid of understanding? Knows she not how to present the mind with spectacles, the pleasure whereof

whereof may make a man forget the place where he is; so that being confined in a Prison, he may conceit himself, one while in the bowels of the earth, another, in the watery abyſſe; ſometimes on the Ocean, ſometimes in the air, toſt too and fro by the winds; now neer the Sun; anon among the Stars; by and by in the utmoſt regions, and even alſo in the immense vacuities above the World? Theſe are the ſpeculations that transport our minds out of themſelves, and make us happy in their contemplation. True dreams of waking eyes, which at the ſame inſtant give both reſt; and delight. *Scis enim Philoſophi ſpectaculum* (ſaith that excellent Platonick *Maximus Tyrius*) *cui maxime ſimile dico? In ſomnio nimirum manifeſto, & circumquaque volitante, cujus, in te gro corpore manente, animus tamen in univerſam terram excurrit. Ex terra effertur in Cælum univerſum, mare pertransit, univerſum pervolat aërem. Terram ambit cum Sole, cum Luna circumfertur, ceteroq; aſtorum jungitur Choro, minimumq; abeſt, quin unà cum Jove univerſa gubernet, & ordinet. O operationem beatam! O ſpectacula pulehra! O inſomnia veriſſima!*

Serm. 6.

He that can enter a Priſon with ſuch contemplation, may well ſay with *Tertullian*,
Aufc-

Supra. *Auferatius carceris nomen, secessum vocemus*
 He changeth place, but not fortune; he alters the entertainment of his body, but not the imployment of his mind: and as the Poet saith of the *Demi-gods*, That they doe the very same things below in the *Elisian* fields, which we doe living here above.

Aneid. *Qua gratia currum,*
8. Armorumq, fuit usus, qua cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Thus the wise prisoner, hath the same noble exercise of mind, and that either sole, or principal care of soaring higher to new degrees of sublimer speculations, which he had when free, *eadem sequitur tellure repostum*. Wherewith he entred into prison, not to receive from thence obscurity and infamy, but to bring thither light and glory; he enters it as the great *Socrates*. *Ignominiam ipsi loco detracturus*, saith *Seneca*; *Neque etiam poterat carcer videri, in quo Socrates.*

De consol.
ad Helu.
cap. 13.

But this is not the only fruit of Learning in the *Wise Prisoner*, far greater is that (which very often succeeds) of converting the Prison into a *Lyceum*, and with feet fettered in shackles, to use the liberty of his hands

hands in managing a pen. So that he who lives in a Cell, known only to himself, like Silk-wormes in their shels, *Jam mutatus in alitem*, flies with his books through every place, becoming in the school of a prison, one of the Worlds Sages. Just like the Sun, which when it hath left our Hemisphere, and is sepulchr'd under ground, giveth to the World a World of Stars, so that its losse is with gain, his absenring himself is with honour. And what else do the Pearlfishes which imprisoned in the bottome of the Sea, fettered and chained to a Rock, deprived of light, yea, of eyes, work pearls, which released from that dungeon, and brought out of darknes, into the light of the Sun, and inchaed with gold, are put for the ornaments of Crowns, upon Royal Temples, to the veneration of the World? Thus *Anaxagoras* between the four walls of a narrow prison, invested the Quadrature of a Circle. Thus *Nevius* the Poet, found in the bottome of a Tower, the top of *Parnassus*, there composing a great part of his Poems. And because no-body would imprison *Euripides*, he shut up himself in the deep dungeon of a Cave, and there wrote those Tragedies, which afterwards had the world for their Theater & applaude.

The

Plat. de exilio.

Gell. l. 3.

c. 2.

Id. l. 15.

c. 20.

The First Part.

The Prisons wherein these famous men were confined, hindred them not from being famous: But their writings more displayed them to the world, then their faces could have done. And as of the images of *Brutus* and *Cassius* which were, not seen at a publick funeral, *Tacitus* said, *Eo ipso praefulgebant, quod non visebantur*. So likewise these emitted more resurgent rayes of glory, whilst obtenebrated by the obscurity of a prison, then if they had been publicly manifested.

How aptly may that be applied to them which *Tertullian* speaks of the light of the day, which taken hence by the Western Ocean, and as it were interr'd; *Rursus cum suo cultu, cum dote, cum Sole, eadem & integra, & tota universo orbi reviviscit; interficiens mortem suam noctem; rescudens sepulturam suam tenebras*. These Wise men went into prison, as seed falls among the clods, which buried, but not dead; without coming out, fruitfully shoot out through the ferril mould, and by the Eares it sends forth, makes it appear that where they appeared dead, their they laboured for the lives of many. They were shut up in Towers, & there revolving their thoughts with indefatigable speculations, they became

De Re-
sur. car.
c. 12.

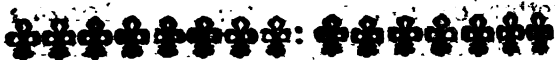
became of universal utility: just as the Town-clock imprisoned in some Tower with a finger pointing without, to the hours, gives a rule to all the peoples actions. They were hid in Caves of stone, but like that fabulous *Eccho* of the Poets, having lost all their other essence, they became all voice, which re-sounded, and reverberated, by the stones of their prison, they made themselves heard through all the World: so that it may be affirmed of one of them, what the Author of *Metamorphosis* said of *Eccho*.

—— *Latet nullaq, in luce videtur,
Omnibus auditur. Somus est qui vivit in illo.*

Lib. 3.

Solitude, and silence the indivisible companions of Study; which to find, others have buried themselves in the most private retirements of their houses, woods, & caves; these have for their companions in prison, & are thereby the less solitary, & with the mind contracted within it self; their wits are as cleer sighted in their profounditudes, to deserve the cleerer lights of all the Sciences, as from the bottom of that famous well, the eyes were able to discern the Stars at mid-day.

F. The



The Wise Infirm.

POetry had a *Deucalion* that of Stones could make men; Philosophy had a *Zeno* that of men could make Stones.

Deucalion, restorer of the World, from the naked top of mount *Parnassus*, the only Port of all the World submerg'd in a Deluge, and made one intire Sea; cast over his head stones, the bones of our Grandmother, and according to the Oracle,

*Sexa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas?)
Ponere duritiem capere suamq; rigorem.
Molliriq; mora, mollitaq; ducere formam.*

On the other hand *Zeno*, transfused a vein of stone into those men that were his Scholars, and made them become obdurate and insensible, by extirpating all affections out of their hearts. So that his school was rather an Ingravers shop where he wrought Statues than an Academy of Philosophy, where he moulded Philosophers. His first and last lesson was to learn to get the mind to the pitch of Royal
forti-

fortitude, so that neither the surprizals of Love, nor the assaults of Malice, nor the sieges of Hope, nor the batteries of Desperation, nor the scalado's of Audacity: finally, that neither the arms nor arts of any Affection should be able to force the heart to surrender it self, or yeild either at discretion, or upon articles. In the tempest of bodily infirmity, of disturbed humours, of sickly constitutions, he would have the heart stand *Velut pelagi rupes immota*, which assaulted but not moved by the waves, breaks them at his feet, and makes them recoil in a foam. All the tortures of the World, though with a painful wracke our members should be torn off, one by one, have not in them any thing worthy to cause a fainting of paleness in our faces, or feebleness of courage in our breasts: have not power to extort one interjection from our mouths, nor one bare tear from our eyes. Yea, rather the more torments increase, the more of cheerfulness should appear in the fore-head; like the Heavens which are then fullest of serenity when *Boreat* blows with greatest frigidty & im-
petuosity. But what talke I of *Zeno* and the Stoicks? *Epicurus* himself, that animal, whose soul only served him for salt, to the

end he might not sink alive in pleasures; taught, not how to turn thorns into flowers, to extract hony out of gall, to change his miseries into Jubilees, and to convert misfortunes into felicities. Delight therefore being the fountain of beatitude (saith he) and that man not being able to call himself blessed, who is not alwayes so, it is necessary that he knew as well how to rejoyce in torments as in contents. *Quare Sapiens* (saith *Epicurus* cited by *Seneca*) *si in Phalaridis tauro peruratur, exclamabit: Dulce est, ad me nihil pertinet.*

But they desire too much, who will not infuse Wisdom into men, without depriving them of humanity. Other Schools more prudently taught, that the affections should not be pull'd up by the roots as venomous plants, but as wild and uncultivated trees they should better themselves by transplanting and grafting. Many sound, without a skilful Artist to accord them, make a displeasing discord, but if from Proportion they receive Time and Measure, they compose the melody of a perfect Harmony. But those rigid School by the imposition of so strict an injunction of extirpating the passions from the heart have taught us thus much; that right
Phylc

Philosophy can give us such an empire over our affections, that if it inchant not the senses at the undergoing of affliction, nor yet render us so stupid as to be insensible of them; yet it permits us not to be transported with desperation, not provoked with impatience; nor in the many tempests arising from the miseries of the body, to lose the tranquillity of the mind.

Now therefore behold a *Wise Sick man*; Behold him lay, not extended on a bed, but imbarqued in a ship; not among the seavers and anguishes of a violent infirmity, but amidst the waves and billows of a long and tedious tempest. See how he lower sail, how the planks flye asunder, how the mast trembles, how each part from poop to prow shivers, and the shipresents all this, as no peril of wrack, but as the nature of the ride. The judgment of the Pilot, and dexterity of the Mariners, steere it, I will not say quietly through so many tumults, but securely through so many dangers. Sapience sits at the stern, to manage the mind, and govern the affections, that in one, (though it may be violent) tempest, wherein another would have sunk, a *Wise sick man* will sail, it not with

The First Part.

the serenity of a calm, yet with the security of a Port.

Yea, shall see in a body tottering, a mind so firm, in a body disordered a mind so composed, that you would think you saw two persons in one man, one of a Philosopher another of an Infirmitie. This like the sides of *Olympus* obnubulated with clouds, bathed with mysts, and transfixed with thunder; that, like its lofty top, alwayes enjoys the Heavens serene, alwayes beholds either the Sun or the Stars; That like a cloud which is melted and dissolved into rain; this like a Rain-bow, merry in melancholy, and laughing in the midst of tears.

Now if you would know how this comes to passe: tell me: Tranquility of mind, doth it avail to the sanity of body? They are so united together, that the one sympathizeth with the other, and (as it happens in the chords set to unison) that the one being struck the other moves. The affections of the mind are the winds, the humours of the body the sea; whilst the winds rore, the Sea grows rough and tempestuous. On the contrary. *Quidquid animum evexit,* saith *Seneca, etiam corpore prodest.* So that if Philosophy did no other but only teach us

Wisdom happy.

to esteem death, to be that which it is (of which it hath so noble, and so generolis expressions) how many and how violent paroxismes of fear, (assailants sometimes more mortal than Feavers themselves) doth it thereby expel from the heart? How many, half-sound, wholly secure, at the least shooke of calamity die onely out of fear of death, and miserably expire for nothing: in like manner as *Dyaphantes*, that hang'd himself in a halter made of a Spiders-web?

Epigr.
Graec.

Aeneas coming to Hel-gates, had a terrible incounter of *Centaur*s, *Harpies*, *Chimera's*, *Gorgons*, *Hydra's*, at which fight his bloud retired to his heart for fear, and his hand to his sword for defence.

*Et ni dicta omnes tenues sine corpore vitas
Admoneat volitare caeva sub imagine forma,
Irrant, & frustra ferro direrberet umbras.*

Aeneid.

Just in the same manner doth the wise *Infirm*. The feares of death which in sundry frightful shapes, doth make towards him from the gates of Hell, he knows what they are, *Tenues sine corpore vitas*, and remembreth that which that *Roman Sage* writ, that *Non hominibus tantum, sed & rebus*

Ex epist.
24.

The First Part.

persona demenda est, & reddenda factus su.
Tolle istam pompam sub qua lates, & stultos ter-
ritas. Adars es quam nuper servus meus, quam
ancilla contempsit, &c. In so much that the
 fools which seeking medicines for diseases,
 have no remedy for this of fear, in which
 they freeze more than they burn in their
 fevers; will neither see any thing, nor
 permit themselves to be seen of any thing,
 which may awaken in their memories the
 remembrance of death. So that they imi-
 tate the simple Fellow, who to hide
 himself from the fleas that bit him, put
 out the light; and

Epigr.
Græc.

Non me, inquit, cernent amplius hæ polices.

The fearful and timorous have but too
 good eyes, being accustomed to see better
 in the dark than light.

If therefore the dispositions of the mind
 be of such efficacy in the impressions of the
 body, what great advantage hath the
 Wise Infirm, that he maintains the soul in
 serenity, and the mind in tranquility; that
 fear is not able to cause the least trans-
 portment or palpitation of heart, and
 the acerbitude it self of the disease, in
 thereby qualified, and remits of his fury

Levi

In Dem. magnum (saith Seneca) dum parat facies. Omnia ad opinionem suspensa sunt. Non antequam tantum ad illam respicit, aut luxuria, aut avaritia. Ad opinionem dolemus. Tanta miser est quisque quam credit.

But the misery is small if we doe not augment it, and make it greater by impatience, and so much the lesse, by how much the mind being otherwayes occupied, (a thing easie to the studious) is diverted from the sense of the present pain, and takes its flight as the *Hearn* in time of a storm of Hail or Rain, surmounting the clouds to enjoy the Heavens in their serenity.

Siracusa being taken by *Marcellus*, and full of the shouts of the victors, and shrieks of the vanquished, whilst these over-ran, and these ran through the streets, only *Archimedes* had his mind so intent upon the lines of certain Mathematical figures which he was describing, that he neither saw, knew, nor heard any thing, of all that past abroad, but had lost himself in his contemplations, so that being slain by an impatient Souldier he perceived himself dead before he was aware of his dying, and was more aggrieved that he could not finish his Demonstration, than at the finish.

The First Part.

finishing of his life. And *Solon* groaning in his last pangs, whilst he lay a dying, over-hearing some *Phylosophers*, which accidentally began a Dispute, near his bed, he forgot he was a dying, and recalling his fugitive soul to his head, as if he had awak't, or risen from the dead, opened his eyes, and eares; nor did he end his live, till they had finished their Dispute. *Seneca*, did not he once (as himself relateth) run from the ague that sought him, flying in the hour of its accession to hide himself in the most secret speculations of *Phylosophy*? *Angelical St. Thomas* was not moved with the smart of a burn which he had received casually, in that he prudently reflected with profound study, upon his wonted lucubrations.

Your body is confined to a bed, let your mind preserve its liberty, and you shall be the less present to your sufferings, by how much by this you are absent. *Illud est quod imperitos in vexatione corporis male habet. Non assueverunt animo esse contenti. Multum illis cum corpore fuit. Ideo vir magnus, ac prudens animum deducit à corpore, & multum cum meliore, ac divina parte versa ut: cum hac querula, ac fragili quantum necesse est.* He would say (and he speaketh there of the *Wise Infirm*)

Seneca
Ep. 78.

Wisdom happy.

75

Infirm) that he is as a Compass, which if it hath one of his feet immoveably fixed, it with the other moves about, describing greater or lesser Circles, according as it is more or less distant from the Center.

But, behold, in one only man the precepts of all these. In the beholding of *Possidonius*, a Wise sick-man, you will find what I have said to be authentick, that Learning and Wisdom, bear up the sick-bed in an inundation of infirmities, as the *Crocodiles* their nests upon that of *Nilus*.

This was a Phylosopher, a long time un-healthy and laden with more diseases than members, for in every part of the body he had many ails; and had he been sub-divided into many men, he could have made a compleat Hospital of all Diseases, whereas being all summ'd up in him alone, they hardly made one sick man. Thanks to the fortitude of his mind which supplied the imbecility of his body; and the anguish of his crazy limbs did no more penetrate his heart, than the dart transfixeth the bowels of an *Eliphant*, which is repulsd by his skin: so hat;

Tot jaculis unam non expleat vulnera mortem, Lucan,
Viscera tuta latent penitus, lib. 6.

That

The First Part.

That grand proof of Roman valour which *Anatius Sertorius* gave to King *Porcenna*, when more respecting the error he had committed than the burning of his hand, beheld it un-dauntedly to burn in the fire, when as he could not endure without impatience to erre in his body, to the so great astonishment of the king his enemy, that he was constrained not only to commend his murderer, in the midst of his repentance for not having slain him; but to be also his champion against himself, taking the fire from under that hand which merited light, and was more worthy of a palm for his error than he would have been for his blow; This I say, was one, only act, upon one only hand, for a short time, in a man worthy of death, in a man bitterly offended with himself. *Posidonius* so many years in his bed, as *Anaxarchus* in a mortar, tormented in one part after another, and consumed by his dolours, surviveth the continual death, which he endured only to be the longer dying, and beheld himself and his miseries, with not only dry, but cheerful eyes; and took those very pains as subjects to *Phylosophate* upon, methamorphosing his Chamber into a Schoole, and his Bed into a Chair. In a word, he did as
the

the Moon, which though it be in eclips & lose his light, yet it loseth not the course of its revolution, but prosecuteth its motion, although shee be not so full of light as before.

Men flockt from all parts about *Rhodes*, to hear and see a man, which from his own wounds took Balsome for others, and more admirers had he lying upon a bed, than that famous *Colossus* of brasse, erected upon the entrance of the Port, for the glory of *Rhodes*, and miracle of the World. *Pompey* the Great passed into *Greece*, and drawn by the Fame of *Posidonius*, desired to see him, and he came just at the instant, when he was more than ever, under the anxious pangs of his dolours. He came, he saw, and he was overcome. *Pompey* seemed the patient, compassionating the torments of *Posidonius*; *Posidonius* seemed the healthful man, discoursing amply with *Pompey*, and proving the verity of this argument. *Nihil bonum est, nisi quod honestum sit*; and with such cheerfulness of face, and constancy of mind did he doe it, that lacerated with torments, instead of groning, he smiled, and when others would have plaid the beast, he said. *Nihil agis dolor, quamvis sis molestus nunquam te esse confitebor malum.*

Thus

The First Part.

Thus Sapience which is the quintel-
cence, of the noblest learning, can better
than the *Stygian* Lake did *Achilles*, render
the mind impenetrable to the wounds of
the body, and hold it so far alienated from
all sense of its sufferings, by how much it
knows how to employ the thoughts about
more pleasing objects.

Seneca
epist. 24.

So that be the *Wiseman* poor, be he in
prison, be he banished, be he sick; behold,
in two words, the remedy for each of these
diseases. *Pauper siã inter plures ero, Exul siã?*
Ibi me natam putabo quò mittar. Aliq̃ aborẽ Quid
enim? Nunc solutus sum? ad hoc me natura grave
corporis mei pondus abstrinxit. Moriar? Huc
dicis: Desinam aegrotare posse, desinam alligari
posse, desinam mori posse.

Thus have I glanced at the happiness of
a Learned man, by what may be taken
from himself, but because this little light
which I have been able to give so illustri-
ous a matter, may appear yet clearer.
I will draw its shadow neer it: and if I
have made you see Wisdom to be happy
though in misery; now I will prove Ignorance
to be miserable though in felicity.

Ignor.



*Ignorance miserable, although in
Felicity.*

Ignorance and Sanctity.

Sanctity is a pearl of so great a value & of so inestimable a price, that then when it is not set in Gold, when it shines not among the lights of the understanding, among the rayes of the Sciences, it diminisheth not at all in worth nor is it lesse esteemed by that great Merchant, which gave all he had for it.

In Gods ballance is weighed; not the goodliness of the understanding, but the goodnes of the Will; nor is he taken with acute fancies, but with ardent affections. Wretched *Lucifer* knows this, who having the flames and splendor of Wit, but wanting the ardor of Love, ambitious to become the Sun of Paradise, became the Prince of infernal darknes; and præcipitating with the other Stars which fell from Heaven, manifested how far deeds excel know-

The First Part.

knowledge; whilst the ignorant men of the earth climb thither from whence the learned Angels from Heaven fall.

God never desired any mans head, yet he desires every mans heart, nor doth he, dictating to the pen of the great Chronologer *Moses*, the Creation of the world, take care to teach how many are the number of the Stars, how great is the masse of the Heavens; what the vertue of their aspects; and whether they derive their light from the Sun, or have the fountain of it in themselves; By what wayes the Planets move, whence come the spots of the Moon, and the causes of Eclipses; If the Heavens be solid, if the Sun be hot; how the Rainbow is painted, how the winds run through the air; Who moveth the Sea with fluxes, and re-fluxes; who makes the earth to quake. *Que nihil ad nos, saith St. Ambrose, quasi nihil profutura praterit.* He said only so much as sufficed to infuse into the judgment the fundamentals of Faith; he dictated onely so much as was necessary to be known for the accomplishment of his Law: the rest he omitted, as if, *Martij centis sapientie Vanitates.*

Lib. 6.
Genam.
cap. 2.

Ibidem.

And the Wisdom of the Father, his living Word, the great exemplar of all the Idea's;

Ignorance unhappy.

94

Ideally, he came in the School of a Stable; upon the stall of a Manger, in the assembly of Oxen and Asses, to teach in the silence of midnight, with the voice of his groans; the occult varieties of humane Philosophy. Liv'd he in the *Licium*; a Professor of Learning; a Maintainer of Disputes; a Writer of Sciences? Or yet did he discover the least letter, that may be pronounced, did he in this (as said St. *Augustin* very finely) make so much as *Jota unum*, which is the least letter; yea or *Unus apertus*, that is; lesse than the least of all the Letters?

He came, its true, to convince the Philosophy of the Academi's and *Licium's* of Ignorance; and to make the Wisdom of the World to appear foolishness: but he used not therefore, sublimness of stile; nor quaintness of pelligrine discourses. With the simple word of his mouth, *Fecit laudem deo*, using parables, and a manner of speech not only vulgar, but rude, and with this restored sight to our but dim-sighted eyes.

And for Apostles, the Legislators of the World, the Oracles of true answers, who did he call? who did he call? The rude and ignorant, taught with no other voices
G than

than of hoist the sailes, weigh anchor, make to shoare; learnt them in the Mariners school; Yet, saith *Theoderet*, with the Solecismes of these illitrates he confounded the Syllogismes of the Phylosophers.

*Vide S.
Bernard.
serm. 36.
in Cant.*

Thus God honoured Sanctity without Learning, by how much the purer, by so much the fairer: By how much the lesse exhald by speculations, so much the more plentiful, and abundant in affections.

He knows much, yea, knows all that knows no other than onely God. He that knows not this, howbeit he knows every thing else, knows nothing: whereupon according to *Origen*, that bad Politician and worse Priest *Caiphas* spoke the truth to the Hebrew Senators sworn enemies of *Christ*.
Vos nescitis quidquam: Verè enim nihil nouerant, qui Jesum veritatem ignorabant.

Lord, give me the merits of so great a glory as that wherewith *St. Gregory* honoureth that good Monk *Steven*, of whom he saith, *Erat hujus lingua rustica, sed doctè vita*. Lord, teach me, and discover to me thy self, I desire to know no other, and I will leave with the *Samaritan* the Well of humane Wisdom, that springs from the earth, and also the pitcher of desire of ever any more thirsting for it.

Hitherto

Ignorance unhappy.

83

Hitherto I have spoken in others language, not with my own; and said that, not which is absolutely true, but which some preach as true: some I say, *qui ad inscitia pretextum*, saith Nazianzen, in alledging themselves to be the disciples of Fishermen, condemn the Sciences in others, which they desire not, or indeed rather know not how to have in themselves.

Orat: 27

An Ecclesiastick that could read no other Books, understand no other Phyloso-phy then that of his revenue, and defended himself with this shield of the Apostle, which saith, Learning is a venom and pest, *littera enim occidit* (thus he interpreted that text) moved Sir. Thomas Moore, either in desision, or for his correction to write upon him this Epigram: but in him alone to how many doth he speak?

1 Corinth:

*Magna Pater, clamas. Occidit littera: In ore
Hoc nunc, Occidit littera, semper habes,
Cavisti bene tu, ne te ulla occidere possit
Littera. Non ulla est littera nota tibi.*

That sanctity without Learning is very precious and excellent; there is none will deny. That its better to be a holy man than a wise man, who doubts? but that

The First Part.

its not better to be a Saint and a Scholar than a Saint alone, I know no man that can with reason question it.

To be, as *Christ* said of the great *Baptist*, *Lucerna ardens, & lucens*, in whom the light is united with the fire, and the heat with the splendor, which is that very *Perfectum* of *S. Bernard*, in whom both parts concur; *Lucere, & ardere*. To have as the Holy Animals of *Ezekiel*, *Manus sub pectoris*, namely, the works of the hands, and the desires of the mind. To carry in the mouth as the Spouse, the Honey combs, cultivated by Heaven, and of the Earth, with the Honey of eternal life for himself, and with the Wax tapers of Sciences, Illuminators of others. To unite as in the Ark the Law, and the Manna, as in Paradise the Tree of Life, with that of Wisdom; finally, to Love and to Know: is not this upon earth the type of the Beatitudes of Heaven; is it not worthy to be the Throne of that great Monarch, and God, which sits upon the Cherubims, and rides upon the Wings of the Wind?

One of the most signal honours God doth bestow upon his favourites is the gift of the Sciences. For if by giving to *Abraham* one letter of his name, he did him so extra-

extraordinary a favours; *Ma quemadmodum reges* (saith Chrysostome) *praefectis suis tabellis aureas tr adunt, signum & idelicet principatus sic Deus iusto illi, in honoris argumentum, unam litteram dedit.* What shall we say, of him, to whom Gods adds, not onely a letter to the name, but great Sciences to the mind, making him the liker to himself the perfecter he is in understanding? The Spouse craved nothing before this beginning the Canticles with demanding a kiss, which was in effect to require, that her Husband would be her Master, and with his Love to give also Learning; that, in the union of the lips: this, in the impressions of the speech: *Petit osculum,* saith the Interpreter St. Bernard, *id est, Spiritum Sanctum invocari, per quem accipiat simul & scientia gustum, & gratia condimentum. Et bene scientia que in osculo datur, cum amore recipitur; quia amoris indivisum osculum est.* Those that are thus priviledged, are the *Filii Lucis*, called, as Beda interpreteth it, by the illustrious name of Day, in that place where the Prophet saith, *Dies Dei erudiat verbum, per diem enim accipimus limpidissimum, & lucidissimum ingenium ad divina contemplanda habentes.* And as according to the saying of St. Ambrose, *Ipse est Dies filius, cui pater Dies* Ser. ult.

The First Part.

Divinitates sue eructat arcana, so to these the said *Dies solis* principal fountain of all knowledg imparts his splendor, enriching them with wisdom. These, saith *Origen*, are the Golden Candlesticks, by whose light the Ark is inlightned, and the Sanctuary illuminated. These are Lilies, in the Truths they understand, *Candida*, and in the Charity with which they love, *Parmilion*, These are the Grandees of the Kingdom of God that add the *Doctre* to the *Fa-cere*. The Stars *splendid in perpetua eternitate*; the precious stones, foundation of the *Jerusalem of Gold*: For this title of honour the great *Augustine* gave to the most eloquent *St. Cyprian*; And both these married it, and with them the *Areopagite*, *Athanasius*, *Basil*, *Nazianzen*, *Chrysostome*, *Jerome*, *Ambrose*, *Gregory*, and many others no lesse admirable in understanding than in conversation.

Orat. 20 The Theologer calls one indowed with Sanctity, and devoid of Learning, a man deprived of one eye; for even to know God, whereby to be the more engaged to love him, the Sciences, to him who knows how, to use them as Guides, give a great light.

And here see under the type of a Solecism a secret mystery hinted by *S. Ambrose*,
glanced

glanced at by David; *Defecerunt* (saith he) *In Psal.*
oculi mei in eloquium tuum, dicentes, Quando 119.
consolaberis me? How will you accord this
 with the laws of Grammar, *OCULI dicentes*,
 in the plural number, with the other sin-
 gular *Consolaberis ME*; if Perspective do not
 teach you, that the Centrick lines of both
 the eyes, called the Axis's, doe concurre
 to sum to one point, wherein both the eyes
 serve but for one, for they see not the ob-
 ject doubly represented, but singly, as if
 there was no more but one eye howbeit it
 must be confessed, that the sight as double
 is more strong, more distinct and able to
 judg of distant objects. If to the knowledg
 and vision of God the eyes of Faith and
 Science concurre, (which happily is that
 which the kingly Saint desired,) can any
 one doubt if such a sight be more distinct
 and discerning? Therefore the Sciences are
 not prejudicial to Sanctity, but rather assi-
 stant as companions, or at least subservi-
 ent as hand-maids.

As (again) to the example of *Christ*, to
 see how little he favoured the ignorant
 Saint in comparison of the Wise; it suf-
 ficeth to remember, that where he in re-
 counting the list of our miseries, so gene-
 rously extends his armes, he only debarres

ignorance, nor would he suffer herit-
 nels to have any place in the Light of the
 World. In poverty necessitous, in weak-
 nesse drooping, in solitude abandoned, in
 contempts neglected, in nakednesse a-
 bashed, in pains tormented, on the cross
 murdered: satiated with opprobries,
 and from the crown of the head to the
 soal of the foot abounding with dolours:
 amongst such a multitude of maladies,
 he would not admit of Ignorance. Under
 the hairy skin of the salvage *Esau* was re-
 tained the voice of *Jacob*, so that as being
 the Wisedome of the Father he was not,
 and Master of the World, he would not be
 Ignorant. For if that he spake not more
 highly of what he did, it was because he
 would not be a Sun to the eyes of Batts;
 condescending too much in being a Lamp.
 But if he then was silent, he hath spou-
 ken ever since for these sixteen Golden
 Ages, which the Church hath hitherto
 seen; he had spoke I say with the tongues
 and pens of so many and so illustrious Do-
 ctors of the World, that from him, as the
 fountains from the Sea, have took all the
 splendor and all the profusion of that
 Doctrine, wherewith, to the profit of
 Posterity

Ignorance unhappy.

Posterity, they have so copiously fill'd
their villainous labours,

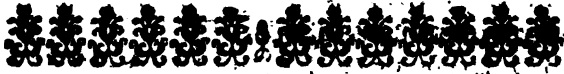
*Laudate igitur pueri Dominum, hoc est (saith
St. Augustine) sic senectus vestra puerilis, &
sic queritis senilis, ut nec Sapiencia vestra sit
cum superbia, nec humilitas sine Sapiencia: ut
laudatis Dominum ex hoc nunc & usque in saecu-
lum.*

Psal. 113

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[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Ignor



Ignorance, and Dignity.

Miserably simple are those Stuararies who know not how to form a Giant of Terrible aspect, if in the posture of a mad man they make him not to distend his armes, and il-favouredly stradle with his legs, as if he would measure the World at a stride. The same, saith *Plutarch*, befalls to those Princes, who believe themselves to be most majesticall, when they make themselves appear most terrible. And therefore they assume an austere life, with an artificial severity contracting their brows, and elevating their looks, so that beholding them, you may properly apply to them what the Poet saith of *Pluto*;

*Seneca
Her. fur.*

————— *Magna pars Regni trucidis*
Est ipse Dominus, cujus aspectum timet
Quidquid timetur. —————

How aptly would it evene, if we might
whisper into their eares, what a most
prudent

Ingrate unhappy.

91

prudent Emperour told the Senate of Rome, when he understood the designe they had to degrade him, because being troubled with the Gour, he could not come abroad in person to manage the publick affaires; He caused himself to be brought into the Senate-houſe, ſhewing with a long Oration, that he had as free a mind, as deficient feet, and left them in a confuſion with theſe words: *Nescitis caput imperatoris, non pedes?*

The repute of being a man of great judgment: and not a frowning countenance, makes the Grandees esteemed; nor is he the most Majestical that the most stately; He that knows most, and can do most, he who is all Eye and all Scepter (which was the Hieroglyphick, and Character with which the Egyptians express the Idea of a King) he is most a Prince, he hath most of Divine.

Nor can he be said to know sufficiently, who being an Arbitrator of publique and private interests, hath not wit, and consequently a judgment informed by those Sciences, which dictate to him what he ought, and what he may doe as a Prince, as a Judg, and as a Father. On the contrary a Prince loseth so much of his Dignity

The First Part.

Dignity, as he wants of his Knowledge, being thereby necessitated to see with others eyes, or to put others eyes into his head to see.

For if you have some, who not to prostitute their most worthy part, their Understanding, and therein become subject to their servants; will by themselves alone resolve that, which requireth another balance, and other weights then those of their defective discretions. *Tum vero, sicut Xerxes, ignorantia Principis, regnum agitur in sytes.* Therefore he that hath not an understanding of his own sufficient, is constrained either to erre to the ruine of himself and others; or else to avoid errors, he is compelled to share his office and become a Demi-Prince; and the Property for to father the mis-government of a corrupt and mercenary Counsel: whereas those only are compleat and absolute, in whom the scales of Power, and Policy, proportionably to the State they govern, are suspended in *equilibrium*.

John the Emperor therefore chose rather to die, than let his hand be cut off, wounded by an envenomed dart, and gives this reason. Because having but one hand we shall be no more than half an Empe-

Emperour, nor can wee by our self hold the reigns of Sovereignty, to which both our hands are little enough; and he, who together with prudence waits the half of the draught of a perfect Prince, doth not he seem, in being ignorant, to be but half a Prince?

What strange Capricio came into a certain mans head, to write and teach to the World: That the most necessary quality of a Prince is Ignorance: that only line sufficing him for an intire *Encyclopaedia*, which *Lewis* the XI, desired that *Charles* the VII, his sonne should onely learn, *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.*

He held it for an infallible Maxime, that one man cannot be both Learned and Prudent, opposing the speculation of Sciences to the practice of Government. And thus into the hand of a King he puts the Scepter, to his side the Sword, and to his Head the ears of King *Midas*. *Aures lentè gradientis aselli: Aures aptas grandioribus fabulis.* *Metam.*

Thus *Agrippina* educated her Son, *Husband*, and *Paricide Nero*, taking him from his graver studies, lest that turning Philosopher, he should lose the beastly life he led. Thus *Licinius* the Emperour moulded himself, who condemned Learning *Tertul. de Pallio* 2.

The First Part.

Learning as guilty of high treason in a high degree, although it never offended him, as having never entered into his head, never come within his comprehension: having begun to be a beast from the instant, he began to be a man.

Let us set up in opposition to this unworthy error, or folly, amongst an hundred others, an *Augustus*, a *Germanicus*, a *Titus*, an *Adrian*, an *Antoninus Pyllofophus*, an *Alexander*, a *Constantine*, a *Theodosius*, all crowned with a double Lawrel, as Sages, and as Emperours. Let us range *Augustus* in the front of this Celebrious Troop, who (upon the credit of *Suetonius* and *Dion*,) every day though in the height of the importunate affairs of Warre, and under a pavillion in the field; did set apart some time for his study; that so no day might pass in the which he had not done some act of a man, and yet nevertheless he reigned fourty years, so wisely and happily over the whole World. And against him let us ranck the most illiterate *Domitian*, whose employment for some hours of the day was to stick Flyes, and for every one that he flew, he boasted, as if he had been an *Apollo*; against a *Pythia*.

Compare *Alexander Severus*, reverenced

as Terren Jupiter, not so much for the Thunder which he held in his hand as Emperor; as for the *Pallus* he had in his head as a Philosopher: with the simple *Caligula*, exposed to publick view, attired like *Bacchus*, crowned with Laurel, and a Tygers skin for a Mantle, which represented him to be more like a beast than a god; and let us hear him deliver his ebrious Oracles with a ridiculousness conformable to his garbe.

Who taught that *Thyacaw Cofaga*, to erect ladders towards Heaven upon the towering top of a mountain, feigning to take on those acclivities from the mouth of *Juno*, the answers, which he gave in the interests of the publick good; but only Prudence; for that the laws and edicts of great men are so much the more willingly accepted, when they are presumed to come from a mind of more sublime Sapience, and more noble understanding; Therefore in my judgment, the most Celebrious Schools of the Philosopher did not assign the Heavens an Intelligible Mover, so much out of the necessity of revolving them, being of themselves moveable, or if you will not so, at least, mutable Spheres; as because the World should

Polyan.
Stratagi
7.

should rest the better satisfied with his Government, whilst they believed these to be most noble spirits; that revolving the Stars, dispose the principles, and temper the influences, upon which to their thinking the felicities and calamities of both publick and private fortunes depend.

Little *Alexander* whilst he spoke with the tongue of *Aristotle*, his Tutor, in a solemn audience, which in the place of his Father *Philip* he gave to the Embassadors of the *Persian* King, satisfying to the curious demands, which they put to him to try him; wan to himself the name and title of Great King, whilst he was as yet but a little Prince, *Iste puer* (said the Embassadors) *Magnus est Rex, noster autem Deus*: by which act he begat in the *Persian* as great desire to have him for their King, as an extraordinary opinion of his wisdom. And doubtless, take from this Great Monarch some few errors of youth, and excesses proceeding from his too violent and Martial temper, if that part of his actions be considerably weighed (not with the malice of *Seneca* (for in this he is rather a Cynick than Stoick) *libet* with Sage *Plutarch*, *ad singulis ejus actiones exclamare, Philosophice.*

Plutar.
Or. 2.
de fort.
Alexan.

Orat. 1.
de fort.
Alex.

BUT

But seeing that the Prince and his Court are like the Satue and its Neech which mutually take one from the other, value and ornament, now what Neech hath a learned Prince? what Court? *Nero* was a Musician amongst Fidlers, like an *Apollo* amongst the Muses. *Elius Verus* was Emperour of the Wind, in the habit of *Eolus* amongst his Courtiers, who were clothed white like *Auster*, another like *Zephyrus*, another like *Boreas*; A grave and prudent Prince amongst Sage Courtiers, resembles the Sun amongst the *Syrenes*, that with their songs ravish the Planets, called by *Cleantes* their fiddlestick, because the Harmony of their Scepters accord with the rules of his beck.

For if *Mantlius* of Heaven, as of a Court, singing said; *Sunt stella Procerum similes*, &c. And to the Emperour *Julian* the Sun seemed to be a King, about which the Planets obsequiously mov'd; why may not I call the Court a Heaven, a Prince in whom there is the light of understanding, and the heat of power, a Sun in the midst of so many Stars, as he hath about him Learned Men; that from his wife discourses derive light; & that to him with semblable illumination communicate it. Of a higher value; and nobler alloy is this than the famed and

Astron: 5

Orat: 4:

The First Part

Material Heaven of *Cosroes* the King of *Persia*, which painted in the arched roof of a spacious Chamber, as in the serenity of a pure azure bespangled with Stars of Gold, and distinguished with certain moveable Spheres, orderly revolving one within another, and resembled the whole vast mass of the universe; in the midst of which the *Barbarian*, more like a Spider in the center of her self-spun-web, than like a Monarch in the midst of the World, did idly sit.

Seneca had not a more lively conceit wherewith to express the Beatitude of his *Jupiter*, than the placing him in the midst of the Gods of his Court, as a Sun in a Circle of Mirrours of splendid Diamonds, therewith the mutual transfusion of rayes from him into all, and from all into him, the light of the private knowledge of each became publick to all, and that of all, became appropriate to each. But if *Jove* should from on high cast his eyes down here below to the discreet Court of a Learned Prince, he would say either out of the transports of stupor, or pleasure; as he did when he saw all the World express in the little Sphere of the Great *Archimedes*; where

*In parvo cum cerneret omnia vitro
Risit, & ad superos talia dicta dedit.
Hucine mortalis progressa potentia cura?
Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor.*

Claud.

The *Syracusan Dionysius* had a desire of studying Philosophy, and making himself as prosperously a Tyrant over soules with his tongue, as he had preposterously over bodies by his sword, He invited *Plato* therefore and conducted him from *Athens* to *Syracusa*. There need no other Master, to polish that stone, on which nevertheless he could not grave a *Mercury*: for as much as *Plato* might easily make men Philosophers, but could not make beaſt men. He came with his mouth full of his *Attick* hony, but that sponge steep't in humane blood could not im-bibe a drop. Yet, notwithstanding, whileſt *Dionysius* heard him, all the Court changed Scene, as ſo many enchanted Caſtles, which at the ſhake of a magick rod, are changed from one thing to another. The Royal Palace, Shambles of *Syracusa*, and rather a *Caucuſes* Den than a Princes Palace, ſuddenly was transformed into a *Lycæum*, or rather a Temple of Sapiencé in which not the men only, but even the ſcenes of the

The First Part.

pavement seemed to philosophate; since there was not so much as a Palm on the wall, which shewed not the design of *Geometrical Demonstrations*, or the computation of *Philosophical numbers*. Now *Dionysius* had buried the name of a publick *Carnifex* in that of a *Philosopher*; and those which till then had abhor'd him as a *Hellish Fury*, began to respect him as a *Demi-God* amongst *Princes*. So much can *Learning* doe in a *Prince*, so much can a *Prince* professing *Learning* doe in a *Court*!

Igno-



Ignorantia
and
Profession of Arms.

I May possibly find some difficulty in my undertaking to demonstrate, that learning in a Souldier, is not to hang a Chain of pearl about his neck, and to make him liker a Bridegroom thana Warriour. Some are of an opinion, that Learning weakens the courage, exhaling the spirits, from the heart, and consuming them in the head, whereupon as it is profitable to such as use the pen, so it becomes incommodious to such as manage the sword.

*Scilicet ingenias dedicasse fideliter artes
Emoluit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

Ovid.

The most ingenious animals, say they; are the most timerous: and the most salvage, and indomable, are the most strong and couragious. Philosophy, the Laws,

and Poetry, are no greater ornaments to a Souldier, than for a Poet to handle his sword, for a Civilian to order a Musket, for a Phylosopher to trail a Pike. *Hercules* perceived this, and stands recorded as an example to others in that act of his, when he broke his Lute upon the head of his master *Linus*, and ran out of School; the fiddle-stick not becoming that hand, which should use the Club, nor the harmonious melody of Musick suting with him that was to wont himself to the bellowing of Bulls, the roaring of Lions, the hissing of Hydra's and cries of Tyrants, for whose punishment he was born.

Its true, I pretend not to perswade, that a man of war ought to be a *Plato*, an *Archimedes*, or a *Homer*: but that the splendor of some laudable study should have a reflexion upon the Genius, like the luster that darts from armes, or the picture upon the shield, I see not who can with reason doubt.

An Eagle who hath eyes so acute in the Sun, and tallons so strong for the prey;
 An *Hercules*, which knows how to tame monsters with his hand, and to beare the Heavens on his head;
 An *Apello*, who hung at his side both his Harp and Quiver;
 A
Pallas

Pallas, with a Pen in one hand, and a Pike in the other : Lastly, a Souldier with a certain mixture of Learning ; what indecorum is there in these ? Is the rustiness of the wit a lustre and beauty, when its so dishonorable, on the sword and armes ? Is there such enmity, between the Pike and the Pen, the strength, and the judgment ; the combating of a Souldier, and the discourse of a Scholar ?

It is controverted amongst *Criticks* whether is the more preheminent felicity, *Facere scribenda*, or else, *Scribere facienda*. Let every one please his fancy in this, but there is none will question, but that they are *Felicitissimi quibus contingit utrumque*. That your hand with the sword know how to attempt works meriting immortal memory, and the self-same hand to know how to transmit them to eternity, faithfully writing, what it hath courageously atchieved, a history of it self, doubly glorious, and like to the Sun, which to the appearing in its true grandure, needs not the assistance of any other light : is not this the summity of that glory to which humane merit may attein ?

So much the more, in regard that the relations of Historians, are slighted if prolix,

The First Part

and suspected if short: there be some men found in our dayes, that in writing others Battails, have their eye only upon the victory of their own profit. I say, there are certain men that to keep themselves from starving of famine, expose the immortality of fame to who gives most. Rapacious Ravens that sing *Victor Caesar*, not to him that conquers, but to him that feeds them; So did Glow-wormes, which by their bodies gives light to others, and seek food for themselves; and like the flatterer of the Warriour *Pirgopolinices* in *Plantus*, they make the stories by the smell of the Table, and bestow applaude in proportion to their hunger. How much better is it to be a mans own Historian, and to imploy the pen as best suites with the Honor of Loyalty, that admits of no spurious additions of fiction; and with the Love of Glory, which suffers no injurious detractions from Truth?

Julius Caesar is more obliged to his pen than to his Sword; for that slue his enemies, this preserves him alive in the World to this day, and preserved in its flourishing verdure, the double glory he had purchased of an Historian and of a Conqueror. And if that brave *Rogiero* King of *Cicily*, as if he would expresse himself a debtor to his sword,

*Arma.
in Mi-
lite glor.*

*Cellenac.
Histor.
Neap.*

Ignorance unhappy.

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sword, or manifest his gratitude to it; as having opened him the way to more than one Kingdom, cut thereon this ingenious inscription.

Apulus, & Calaber, Siculus, mihi servit, & Apher.

Cesar might write upon his stile, rather than on his sword the Victories of so many Battails, the glories of so many Triumphs; since that if his sword made him victorious in the Fields where he did fight, the stile he did write, gave him all the people of all the World for a Theater, and the applaude of all succeeding ages for Triumphs.

Who will not laugh at the vanity of that *Grecian* Statuary, that presented himself in the habit of *Hercules* before *Alexander*. "My Liege, saith he, the vertue of your heart, the valour of your sword have changed the World for you into a Temple of Honour. It onely remains that we have a Statue for you, which ought to exceed the vulgar proportion of those erected for others. Your Giantlike Virtue, which warreth with the Gods, ought not to be ranked among Mortals. I being desirous to eternize my labours with your name, and not so much

*Plutarc.
Stasivat.
Vstruvio
Dino-
crat.*

“ to render you immortal in the sculpture, as
 “ to render the sculpture it self honoured in
 “ you ; here I offer my self to grave you in
 “ the highest Mountain of the World , and
 “ make you equal to Heaven, since you are
 “ already greater than the Earth. Behold, hi-
 “ ther as far as *Theffaly*, *Athos* King of Moun-
 “ tains , inclines his stately top, and sueth
 “ to be transformed into You ; I will so con-
 “ trive to cut it, that you shall set one foot
 “ on the Sea and the other on the Land , and
 “ these two great Elements shall serve for
 “ your basis. I will make it , that in one hand
 “ you shall pour out a falling River out of a
 “ great Vessel, in the other you shall hold
 “ a City. Nor will it be any such great mat-
 “ ter for you to hold a City and a River, that
 “ have all the World in your hand.

Alexander with one and the same smile
 accepted & refused the profuse offer of the
 Sculptor. He had, its true, as many more
 may, a passionate desire of being Great in
 the World , and to eternize himself to the
 memory of posterity ; but he desired to be
 known by the World for a mighty War-
 riour, and not for a huge *Colossus*. Where-
 upon refusing the tools of *Stasirates* , he
 desired the pen of *Homer* , and called *Achil-
 les* fortunate , because from himself he had
 Valour,

Valour, and from *Homer* Encomiums: from himself merit, and from *Homer* glory. Alas, wherefore was is not better, for one that abounding in innumerable Heroick enterprize needed not the help of speech for his ingrandment, rather to have an Historian, than a Poet? And if so, why should I envy in others the glory of making me happy with making me immortal, if it be in my own power to obtain it, making my self as famous by my pen, as my hand had made me by my sword?

I will omit the necessity of eloquence in the profession of Arms, to animate to reprehend, and to reclaim the Souldiers: and of a perfect practice in ancient and modern Stories, and of those parts of Geometry which pertain to the Mechanicks and to Fortification, and somtimes of Astromy; that so he may not lose a march, or cast away an army, as it hath more than once unluckily even'd, through the terrour of a sudden Eclips of the Sun; so that he be forced to alledg Ignorance for his excuse; and say as one of *Romulus*, who made the year but of ten Months onely.

*Scilicet arma magis quam sidera Romule
noras.*

*Ovid.
Fast.*

Of

Of all this I speak not, as being a business belonging only to the Commanders of War; It shall suffice me only to remember them for a conclusion :

That they are not to be always in the Field, and in armes, but that one while times of Peace, and another while the necessity of repose may call them to a Civil life, wherein ought they not to have some of the rudiments of Learning, at least he that is necessitated to the honourable conversation with persons of quality, and of parts : ought he to resemble the Drums which in times of quietnesse quite lost the sound with which they rattled in times of War? or in imitation of the ancient custom of those good *Roman* Knights, the War being at an end ought they not to fall to cultivating their Fields, as if a man of War were a beast of rapine, which having gotten his prey in the populated Campagne, returneth to the Forrest and takes covert?

Paulus Emilius having vanquished King *Persius* and subdued *Macedonia*, he resolved with the Barons of that Kingdom to celebrate the Feast of Victory with sumptuous Banquets, in which he used so ingenious a method in martialling the Dishes that the Table seemed a pitch Field, in which the ranks

inks of Dishes marched up against the
 guests, who first began the skirmage, and
 gave the first assault; making in time the
 empty and discharged to retreat, and gi-
 ving way to fresh recruits, which marched
 up to their succour; there were rarities,
 which still kept their first postures on the
 table; and there were some that seemed
 to give orders who should retreat faster,
 and who more leisurely. Some came up co-
 ortly, and in Ambascado's as if they were
 reverent, others openly discovered them-
 selves: to conclude, the matter was no less
 delightful than the manner of ranking the
 Napery: and all the invited bestowing their
 applauds on *Paulus Amilius*, he replied,
Ejusdem viri esse & armatam aciem quam ma-
timè terribilem, & convivium quam jucundis-
simum instruere.

Plutare.
Sympos.
 II.

But if the Knowledge of a Souldier ex-
 tend no farther, so that the conversion of
 War into Peace, is onely a mutation of the
 annoyances of the Campe into the delights of
 the City, and to become as *Ajax*, to day a
 great Warriour, to morrow a Flower, this
 is a very mean Sapience, and even such
 that perhaps it would be better being with-
 out it. How much more honourable and
 delightful entertainment of the wit doth
 Learning

Learning afford a part ; moreover , to dulcorate the ferocity of the nature , and to civilize that I know not what of salvage , which is contracted in the sanguinous profession of Armes ?

Lib. 7.
Serm. 18.

Arms are, saith *Cassiodorus*, *In bello necessaria, in pace decora*. Of Learning it may with much more Justice be affirmed , if only the times be changed and you say ; *In pace necessaria, in bello decora*. *Achilles* who every day learnt two Lessons, one in the Desert where he grappled with Lions, another in the Cell of *Chiron* , where he harmoniously plaid upon the Harp, and learnt the Secrets of Natural Phylosophy, instructed himself how to live both in Peace and War : in Peace amiable to his friends , in War terrible to his foes. This also was the glory of that Roman *Achilles*, *Scipio Major* , that in War was like Lightning all fire with generous resolutions ; and in Peace was all light with splendid wit ; nor was there lesse admiration to see him manage arms, than to hear him discourse. *Semper enim, aut belli, aut pacis servit artibus* (saith *Velleius*) *semper inter arma, ac studia versatus, aut corpus periculis, aut animum disciplinis, exercuit.*

Patere.
lib. 1. his-
tor.

These are very rare to be seen, & its almost a miracle to find eares, accustomed to the
found

Wisdom happy,

III

sound of Trumpet, and noise of Drum, and yet not so deafned, but that Wifdoms voice may by them be distinctly understood, Rare are the Martial *Hercules's* that having consummated their labours, consecrate to *Mercury* the Olive-club taken from *Pallas*; but the merit of those few that there are, be inanced by their rarity having those two incomparable qualities that questionlesse render the person divine in whom they are united, *Terrorem pariter, & decorem*, which agrees with what *Cassiodorus* saith of a Squadron of armed Gallies, that whether they sported they could not be more goodly, or whether they fought they could not be more terrible.

Igno.



Ignorance and Riches.

HE that useth Learning for gain, and makes use of *Mercury*, as the Gold-smiths do of Quick-silver, to separate Gold from others, and attract it to himself; understands not what a malady Ignorance is in a Rich man. For so the hand be full, they never empty their head, nor limbick their brains, since they have already found the quintessence of Fortune, which they say is Money. Doth it suffice to be of Gold? then it matters not if they afterwards be as that bestial Phylosopher, Golden Ass.

Now a-dayes, money is that which purchased Love and Honour: therefore you have not betet letters of recommendation than letters of exchange, nor can you tell how to write with better ink than that of Bankers.

Ovid.

*Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro,
At nunc barbaria est grandis habere Nihil.*

And again, to what end serves such Phylosophy & such Sciences in the head, if they

are

are only a means to break it, and let out the brains? Behold, the ancient Phylosophers and you will rather desire the hand of *Midas* to make Gold, than the heads of these fools to make you such. Who shut their eyes to see better in the dark, and to make themselves Eagles become Owles: Who threw their wealth into the Sea, and made themselves Beggars, that they might not become poor: Who chose to live in places shaking with continual totterings, and conceited they lived best, when they were every hour in danger of death, and that they lived most secure; whilst their house was continually ready to become their grave: Who lived in Tubs more like to Dogs in their Kennels, than to men in their houses: Who flung themselves into the Sea, & threw themselves into *Atna*; the one because he understood not the causes of those fluctuations, the other because he could not trace out the original of those flames. *Pythagoras* transform'd himself into twenty Beasts; *Socrates* standing all a whole day in one thought, and resting upon one leg, resembled a Crane; *Anaxagoras* stedfastly beholding the Sun as an Eagle; *Zenocrates* was a marble without sense; *Zeno* a stock without passion; *Diogenes* a Dog; *Epicurus*, a
F
bruit;

The First Part.

bruit; *Democritus* a fool, that alwayes laugh, *Heraclitus* a deserted fellow, that alwayes wept. *O curas hominum!* Is it not beter to have no head, than to have one with all these fooleries? Is this to be a Phylofopher? with this doe the learned acquire credit? The pearles that are round and plump (two properties of Rich Ideots) are the most precious and most esteemed things of the World. Make me of Gold, for then being but a Calf I shall be adored as a God: begun to be Canonized of old by the *Israelites* in the Defart, and followed even to these our dayes, as it also shall be to the end of the world.

This is the Phylofophy of many *Divise's* which they broach in contempt of the Learned, especially if they see them poor, illfurnished to resist hunger, and ragged, or it may be naked.

But I wish on the other side that I had so good a faculty with my pen, that I knew how to expresse to the life the deformed features of an Ignorant Miser: and he should appear with the same Horror that *Orgogha* a famous Linner of his times, occasioned in many friends of his, by discovering unto them a most mishapen *Medusa's* head; for delineating which, he had sought and colle-

Ignorance unhappy.

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collected all of hideous, and monstrous that he could find dispersed in a hundred ugly and dreadful animals, that he had assembled together for that purpose.

The *Spartans* to represent abominable the vices of Idleness and Luxury; the enemies of that severe Republick, called all the people to a general assembly; and made them to see *Naucrides*, from a high place; a man so fat, that from head to foot, he seemed all paunch. Other examination, other processes they made not against him. His corpulency convinced him of Idleness: whereupon he was banished that City as unprofitable; in who they punished as prejudicial to all, him that was only profitable to himself. Now set before your eyes a Wealthy Illiterate; you shall see, in him, not a man, but in the resemblance of a man, a living piece of Touch-stone, which knows how to distinguish Gold and Silver, and at the only tact knows and discernes them; but yet after all is a stone: you shall see a Sponge, that for what he can suck is all eyes; but for the rest is void of sense; yea, is not to be accounted animal.

Alian.
lib. 4.
var.

Clothe him with the subtlest webs; with the whitest linnens, with the noblest silkes, vest him with the purest wool that

Lucian.
in De-
mon.

ever blusht with its double scarlet dye, if he be accosted by a *Demonax*, you shall hear the blunt Phylosopher tell him as he did such another : “ Sir, this Wooll a Sheep
“ wore before you, therefore doth it fit so
“ well, and so voluntarily fit and become
“ you; because it is not of opinion it hath
“ lost, but only exchanged masters. And as
“ the colour into which it is dyde, hinders
“ not but that it continnes Wool, although
“ more glorious, so the shape of Man that
“ you have, hinders not but that you are a
“ Sheep; howbeit of a fairer skin, and good-
“ lier presence.

Seneca
epist. 55.
Id. ep. 60

Put him into a house ornified with the best garnishes, with all the noblest furnitures, and what have you done? Who so passeth by, and understands the conditions of its master, that inhabits it, will say as the acquaintance of a certain slothful *Vatia*, retired unto a country seat, passing by, *Vatia hic situs est*. Hear *Seneca* give a reason of the same: *Vivit is, qui se utitur*; not he who makes his belly a slave to his head, but that consumes the thoughts of that, to find means to cram this: the belly being bound to serve the head, by providing it with spirits; necessary instruments for humane operations: otherwise (pursues he) *qui latent,*

Ignorance unhappy.

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Et torpent, sic in domo sunt tanquam in conditivo. Horum licet in lumine ipso, nomen marmori inscribas, mortem suam antecesserunt.

These conditions of men ignorant, and rich *Themistocles* that Sapiient *Athenian* knew very well, that seeking a Husband for his Daughter poor as himself; and one offering to have her, rich its true, but that knew not any thing more than to tell money: whereas others would have run to this Golden hook; and have exprest their gratitude to Fortune, with the Hecatombes of *Pythagoras*: he retir'd with that Golden sentence, which was worth more than all the wealth of that Illiterate; *Quaro virum qui indigeat Pecunia, non Pecuniam, quæ indigeat viro.*

And here, before I conclude this particular, I can doe no lesse than suffer my self to be transported and to bestow my congratulations upon certain happy Families, in which not so much the riches or the patrimony of their Ancestors, as Learning hath been transmitted from Father to Son in continual succession, as to Feoffees; so that like as amongst the Chickins of the Eagle, *Degener est qui lumina torset*, he that cannot endure the sight of the Sun, his extraction is suspected amongst them, and he that at his birth produceth not signes of the same vivacity of

wit, and love of Learning, is accounted spurious. O! Stock of families truly happy; in whom there is always some Golden branch; nor only *uno avulso non deficit alter Aureus*, but in them there is in every age, such who bud, who flourish, and who germinate, answering with the degrees of age those of wisdom, which are, to Learn, to Possesse, and to Teach.

Plutarc.

Excellent was that custome of the *Spartans*, which divided into three Quiers, according to the three ages of Man; Old, Viril, and Youthful; went singing in certain publick processive solemnities. The Aged, *Nos fuimus fortes*; those of Middle-age answered, *Et nos modo sumus*; to which the Young replied; *Et nos erimus aliquando*. What Melody like to this? when it falls out that in one house the Grandfather, Son, and Grandchild, the first, deserving well for his Learning, recounting the degrees of his Honours, pronounceth that glorious *Fui*; The second displaying his Colours, and enjoying his splendors; saith *Sum*; the last giving hopes, and assuring himself in his promising towardness, saith *Ero*; to be able one day himself also to say *Sum*, and at last *Fui*. This is to concatenate a precious descent of Children, as Jewels with

Ignorance unhappy.

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a Ring of Gold: This is to make an in-
cession of Heires, like to a rich vein of
Diamonds, of which every one by it self
is a Patrimony; all together are an Ex-
chequer.

The

C

The confusion of the Ignorant, being silenced in the presence of better Speakers.

TO the Gust which wee have above said to be proved by the Learned in the exercise of ingenuity, and detection of verity, I will now oppose in the last place the Disgust of Ignorance, condemned to silence where any man of Learning is present; for as much as he that knows not, either how to keep silence, or to speak, findes matter of shame in both, as being for his silence accused, and for his speech condemned for a Novice. Thus *Alexander*, which ill instructed in *Limning*; in the School of *Apelles*, praising faults for pieces of Art, spots for shadows, and errors for beautie; was by the Scholars themselves derided. O miserable Ignorants put to a *non plus* at the meeting of the Learned, and either stand like Consonants amongst Vowels mute, and with out any sound, of their own; or the false amongst the strings of a Gittern, which can reverberate none but discordant sounds. Thanks, that they have

*Plutarc.
megabi.*

Ignorance unbappy.

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have not their eares on their heads, but as the Tyrant *Dionysius* in their heels; & capable onely of base and fordid things, weare not in their heads fancies proportionate to a matter of noble intelligence.

And because it naturally evenes, that as vessels, the emptier they be, they are the more sonorous; so he that hath his brain worst furnished hath the greatest verbosity: hence it is, that these more ambitious to seem Learned, than cautelous of discovering themselves Ignorant; whilst they talke freely upon that which they understand not; gaine in the opinion of their Auditors the very same reward with that ambitious *Neantes*; which perswading himself to be a Son of *Urania*, thievisly filcht from the Temple of *Apollo* the Harp of *Orpheus*; and getting into an open place; at the dead time of night, to have the greater attention; there began to finger that luckless Instrument, which had not a chord, which at the touch of so rude a hand sent not forth in answer a dolorous Groan; as it bewailed in its own dialect, its being rather tormented, than plaid upon: So that if ever it was true that the Harp of *Orpheus* merited to move Trees and Stones, it was at this time, when it was so unskilfully
fingered

fingred by *Neanthes*. But what was not done by them, was done by beasts; for the discordant jarring rousing some brave mastiffs, and they judging of the Harper more by his Musick than by his countenance, *Asinum ad Lyram*, tore him in pieces. Whereby if he resembled not *Orpheus* in the grace of his harmony; yet at least to his ill fortune, he followed him in his tragical kind of dying.

* A famous Painter who being required to doe something to manifest his skill; only with his pen made an O so exactly round as gave sufficient testimony of his rare command of hand; and occasion of this proverbial speech.

† *Lucian* in *Damon*.

More mildly, its true, but withall more publicly, & by more mouthes is lacerated the Ignorance of the discrepant divulger of impertinencies; recounting in derision the fooleries he spoke; the security wherewith he defined them, the confidence wherewith he defended them.

Have you ever heard two of these, more round than the Circle of **Giotto*, dispute a Question amongst themselves, or (as sometimes they will) resolve a Problem? † It will bring to mind the words, and into the mouth the laughter of *Demonax*; which over-hearing two dispute aloud, one propounding, and the other answering things to no purpose. Thou (saith he to one of them) milkest a Goat, (and to the other) thou instead of a Pale holdest a Sieve.

It

It is a thing really, that moveth, I know not whether more to compassion or laughter, accidentally sometimes to hear read, or recited by such people, upon subjects, although of noble argument, tedious discourses, and yet not one of so many lines touch the center, or hit the mark, that the argument prefixed. So that the matter that there is treated off might doe to these, as *Diogenes Laert.* did to an Ignorant Archer; who seeing in a hundred shoots he never so much as once hit the white; ran and placed himself just before the But, assured, that he would hit every thing, but what he aimed at.

If at least you will not grant, that it was the character of a singular wit to be able to talke away the time, and speaking of every thing else, not so much as once lightly to touch upon what he would have said. Thus judged the Emperour *Gallien* in a solemn hunting; awarding the victory to one, that flinging against a Bull from a little distance ten Darts, never touch him with any of them: And presently sent him the Crown; saying, to such as wondered at the sentence; This man is expert above you all. For to cast ten Darts so little a way, against so great a mark and not to hit it, is a thing which none knows how to doe besides himself.

And

And these are the merits, these the rewards of the sons of Ignorance, when they affect Theaters, and beg applauses.

But if by misfortune they doe iacounter with deserved scorn, instead of applause, you shall presently hear some of the most pertentious assume these bitter complaints.

Envy is fatal to Virtue. From the splendors of glory arise the shadows of malice. Detraction makes it self partner in the merits of the worthy, like a slave intruding into the Chariot of his Triumphant Conquerour.

Again, from the more modest are heard those ordinary excuses, applied upon the slightest occasions: *That the difficulty of the matter, and the sublimity of the argument (fit only for an Atlas' es wit) is above their abilities.* And sometimes their comes into their heads the excuse of that famous *Faustulus* which dismounted by an Ant upon which he rode, and seeing the by-standers laugh, remembred them, that he had *Phaëton* for his companion in that fatal disgrace. Hear the story.

*Probinus
inter ope-
ra Au-
sonii.*

*Faustulus insidens Formicæ, ut magno Elephanto,
Decidit, & terræ terga supina dedit.*

*Noxq, idem ad mortem est multatus calcibus ejus.
Perditus, ut posset via reperare animam.*

Vix

Ignorance unhappy.

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*Vix tamen est fatus. Quid rides improbe livor.
Quod cecidis? Cecidit non aliter Phaëton.*

The disgraces of such who not knowing how to speak, yet, as a fruit of their ignorance attract to themselves others laughter ought not to go disjunct from the scorns, which certain mutes also demerit that have the garb of Scholars, but are indeed without any habit of true Litterature: with titles somtimes of more than Scholars, but *vox prætereaque nihil.*

The skin of the *Nemean Lion* honoured by the shoulders of the great *Hercules*, that did weare it, never was more undervalued than when it covered a Woman. *Credo & jubar pectinem passas, ne cervicem enervem inureret s'iria leonina; Hiatus crinibus infartos, genuinos inter antias adumbratos. Tota oris, contumelia mugiret si posset. Nemea certè (si quis loci Genius) ingemebat: tunc enim se circumspexit leonem perdidisse.* No otherwise doe the dresses and the titles; the ensignes and characters proper to the Learned, born by people without Learning or Civility, bewail their Mishap, seeing themselves condemned to be liars perpetually, in that they proclaim to as many as see them; him to be a Lion who was but an Ass; him to be a
Doctor,

*Tertul.
de Pallio.*

Doctor, who is like certain Books (as *Lucian* told such another) gilded gloriously and painted curiously without, and within void of all Learning, being blank paper.

How many of these are seen to stalk along so proud and stately, that they resemble that perfect Globe of the *Mathematicians*, that toucheth not the Earth but only with one foot? Looking on what they seem, they forget what they are, and like *Bucphalus* in his trappings, they vouchsafe that none shall touch or behold them but the greatest King of the World.

Adversus In-
doctum.

Such was that Demi-man, against whom *Lucian* so bravely whets his wits. He, as many also now a-dayes, measured his knowledge by the Learning, that he had not in his head, but in other mens writings; As if the Wisdom of *Phylosophers*, shew up in their Books, as it were in a glasse, were like that of *Orlando*; and they could with only smelling to it, draw it all into their brain, and thereby make themselves living Libraries of as many Authors, as they have Books in their studies. *Sic apud desidiosissimos videbis* (saith *Seneca*) *quidquid orationum, historiarumque est, & lecto tenus extracta loculamenta.* But to multiply Books in this manner, and to wipe the dust off of them every day,

De tranqui-
l. an.
5.9.

not

Ignorance unhappy.

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not employing them to take the rust from their brains, this is in the judgment of *Sydonius*, *Membranas potius amare quam literas*. This is to make the house more considerable, than its Master, as succeeded to that *Archelaus*, to see whose Palace (in regard it was painted by *Zeuxis*) people flocked from all parts; whilst in the mean space (saith *Socrates*) there was not any man that stir'd a foot to see the owner of it. *At quid dulcius libero, & ingenuo animo, & ad voluptates honestas nato, quam videre plenam semper, & frequentem domum concursu splendidissimo hominum, idque scire non pecuniæ, non orbitati, neque officii alicujus administrationi, sed sibi ipsi dari.*

*Lib. 4.
Epist.*

*Ælian.
lib. 12.
var. hist.*

*Quint. in
Dialog.*

THE



THE SECOND PART.



IT is not reasonable that the defects of the Learned should prejudice Learning. Nor ought we to believe that to be a natural quality, which is a vicious custome. The Horizon obscures the Sun with the fogs of the Atmosphere. The reflexions of the Earth (if their error be true who hold the same) appear in the Moon as so many spots : The Aërial Vapours make the Stars seem unfix'd with a perpetual trepidation : Is therefore the Sun contaminated ? Is therefore the Moon maculated ? Are therefore the Stars inconstant ?

There is not that thing in the World so innocent, that is not culpable, if the wickedness of such as abuse it can render it criminal. Arms, are perverted to be the executioners of Cruelty ; Scepters, the supporters of Ambition ; Beauty, the former of Lust;

Lust, Riches, ministers of Luxury, Honours, the maintainers of Pride; Nobility is oft Counsellour of Disdain. But what doe I examining one by one the better things, if to be short Sanctity be subservient to Hypocrisie, and Religion to Policy? Therefore the abuses of Learning by some, doth no more condemn it, than flowers lose their innocency, or beauty, because Spiders feed on them or suck venom from them.

For if it be, as indeed it is, the light of the Intellect, so also it hath this immutable property of light, that issuing from the center of the Sun it carrieth with it together with his being, rectitude; so that it neither knows nor can diffuse it self otherwise than by right lines: thus Learning coming from the glorious Father of Lights, whose gift it is; should it have the beams of its understanding inflexible from the Rules of Verity, and Reason: how farre happier would it be? how much more happy would the World be with it?

But seeing that onely the desire of it is little, and the pretence to it to great; it seemed reasonable to mee to produce some particulars, wherein Learning is worst used, not onely to the prejudice of others, but also to the deceit of who so

The Second Part.

knows not how to use it (for from these two originals I have took them) to imprint them on the minds of such, who together with the knowledge of their errors, require some instigation to amendment.

PLAGIANISME.

Plagiaries that in several manners appropriate the fruits of others Studies.

THe ancient Art of *Thievery* Natural Daughter of Necessity, although since become the Adoptive of profit, is as well committed upon Learning as upon Money, *Clemens Alexandrinus* speaks of the original of those ancient times, when it might be said, that the treasures of the Ingenious, no sooner were made publick to the eye of the World, than they became subject to the purloinings of Plagiaries, and the *Hellens* of excellent Composures no sooner came to light, than they found a hundred *Menelaus's*, a hundred *Paris's* to ravish them.

Some

Some think (I will in a way of mirth
wrest to my purpose the sence of that An-
cient saying of the Comick) that onely,
Homo trium litterarum makes *Fur*, name-
ly, that its only the Vice of the Illite-
rate to steal the labours of the Learned,
and with them to appeare brave, and be-
come rich. Howbeit the noblest wits, and
acutest pens have honoured this Art, im-
ping their own fancies with the wings of
others *Muses*: whereupon it holds true no
lesse of the majestick Lion, than of the feeble
Ant, that

Convictare juvat preda, & vivere rapto.

The Writings of the great *Aristotle*, are
fam'd to be a beautiful piece of Marquetry,
whereof the design is his own, but the mat-
ter for the most part borrowed from others:
And if *Speusippus* in the purchase of whose
Books he disburst three Tallents, if *Demo-
critus*, if others like them, the labours of
whose Wits *Alexander* collected together
for him, every one should challenge his own,
he that appeared a *Phoenix* in others Plumes,
would appear but a *Fack-daw* in his own.

Plato was taxed by a railing Fellow for a
Thiefe, with an indictment made in the

name of *Philolaus*, as if he had (I will not say transcribed from him a great part of his *Timæus*) but replenished it with sublime juice sucked out of Writings of that second *Pythagoras*; behold how *Timon* accuseth him.

Cell. l. 3.
17. *Exiguum vidimus grandi are libellum.*
Scribere per quem orsus per doctus ab inde fuisti.

Uter.
præfat.
lib. 7.

And, doubtless, were there but an *Archimedes*, that knew how to distinguish of Books, as of mixtures of two metals, between the legitimate and the borrowed; Were there but an *Aristophanes*, a Judge that could understand the language of the dead when they speak by the mouthes of the living; Were there but a *Cratinus* that could put Books to the torture, and form the processe of their thefts, as he did of the Poems of *Menander*, of whose thieveries he composed six Books; you should see how true it is that *Mercury* god of the Learned is also god of Thieves.

Gyrald.
histor.
Poet.

But in my judgment, the whole crew of such, who in their Books under their own names publish the labours of others, may be distinguish'd into three orders, one worse than another. The first are those who gathering from one, one thing, and from another, another, and altering their titles, and inverting their order, compose Books as they

they make Garlands, wherein many lilies make a mickle, many flowers make a Coronet. They have this discretion to steal from every one a little; that so few should perceive and none complain of the theft; and (as I may say) they do not embase, but only clip the Coyne.

The names of these Authors sumptuously writ in Capital letters in the Frontispice of their Books, stupifie them to behold themselves fathers of so prodigious an issue; when as they are conscious that they were devoid of productive virtue, or seed, that might inable them to the generation of so admirable Births:

Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.

He perceiveth himself indow'd with such riches, and yet knows that he had neither stock nor revenues equivalent to so great a purchase.

They hold it amongst them for a Law, never to mention the Authors out of which they had filch'd; least they should be detected for Plagiaries. Nor care they for *Pliny*, that said, *Obnoxii animi, & infelicio ingeni esse deprehendi in furto malo, quam mutuo reddere; cum praesertim facti fiat ex usura.* Nor

In Praef. oper.

The Second Part.

that ancient custome related by *M. Varro*, to crown their Conduits once a year with oderiferous Garlands of flowers, in grateful acknowledgement of the clear, and wholesome water, that they drew from them.

But it happens many times (and this is the final end of all the Art of such lik thieveries) that they take upon them to censure as Ignorant, and condemn as shallow and superficial, those very persons from whom they borrowed all that they had of good, insomuch as declaring themselves nice and critical in their opinions, they are unsuspected of felonious filching. Just like to torrents, which wheré they break down their banks with a high tide, diradiat, teare up, and beare before them, all that stands in their way, but of that which their impetuosity carries away, they ingorge the most solid, and shew only the stumps, sedg, and mud. This is an act proper to *Harpies*, to satisfie their hunger at anothers Table, not contenting themselves with devouring that which they carry away, unlesse, moreover, they spoil that which they leave behind. This is to doe with worthy Writers as the

*Laert. in
Diogen.*

Caitiffe Diomysus did to his friends, which saith, *Diogenes*, as vessels of precious liquour
he

he sucked and dreined till he was full, and then broke them as being empty. This is to resemble the two infamous Monsters in the Straights of *Sicilia* neer to *Pharos*, *Scilla*, and *Carybdis*, of which the first splits the ship, and wrecks the merchandize, the other with his circulations devoureth them, and in a great gulf swallowes them. They undervalue not others with an intent to reject them, but to ingorge them; *nec expuunt naufragia, sed devorant.*

*Tertul.
de Pal.
c. 2.*

Wherefore let them hear as spoken to them alone what upon another subject the Moral *Platarch* records, *Non debemus suffurari gloriam eorum, qui nos in altum extulerunt, nec esse ut Regulus Aesopi, qui deseruit Aquilam cum ea lassu ulterius non potuit volare.*

*In prag.
ergorsq.*

Worse than these are the second, who finding, I know not how, the imperfect works of Acute Doctors, charitably collecting them as the Ospray the unplum'd Eaglets fall from their Nests, take them home, and as Orphan and destitute adopt them for their own legitimate issue. The shame of appearing Ignorant, overcomes in them the infamy of being thieves, nor regard they *Sinesius*, that said, *Magis impium esse mortuorum lucubrations, quam vestes furari, quod sepulchra perfedere dicitur.* Oh how

Epist. 14

many, if they might come forth of their Graves, or but draw their heads out of their Tombs to see their labours inherited by such as had no right to succeed them *ab intestato*, they would say with that forlorn *Mantuan* Sheapherd.

Inferre nunc Melibee pyros, pone ordine vites.

It was a most modest Law of those no lesse brave than discreet Painters of *Greece*, observed in all ages, to honour the memory of the worthy Masters in that Art; by not putting the pensil to the pieces, which they, overtaken by death, should have left either without the finishing touches, or else imperfect; whereby they in effect would tell us, that those relicks thus diminished; and unfinished were more excellent, than if they had been by their hands exactly completed.

Plinius Of this the Historian speaking, *Illud per*
l. 23. c. 11 *quam raram*, (saith he) *ac memoria dignum*,
etiam suprema opera Artificum; imperfectasque
tabulas, sicut Iria Aristidis, Tyndaridas Nichomachi,
Medeam Timomachi, & Venerem Apellis
in majori admiratione esse, quam perfecta.

Now in Letters, amongst so many Laws there is not one of so good determination, or so great fidelity, by reason every one hath

hath to great an avidity to the applause of a man of ingenuity : therefore they put their hands to another mans works, not to compleat them for the Author , but to ingrosse, against all the rules of equity, anothers Principal to their Use.

He that found a treasure in his field had it all to himself, as was enacted by *Adrian* the Emperour; but if in anothers, he divided it, and the owner of the field had half: A law, if in monyes just, in the riches of wit most just. *Spart. in Adr.*

But the third sort are intolerable ; namely, those who to anothers work prefix their own names ; Men of impudent Fronts, which having in a Book no more than a Frontispice; as the Ass in the Fable that had nothing of a Lion but his skin ; appropriate all the rest to themselves. Just as if the patrozining of a Book were the dedicating of a Temple to some god, wherein it was sufficient to Grave his Name on the Front. What else did *Caligula* that Beast shrouded in an Emperour, when he beheaded the Satue of *Jupiter Olympius*, and erected his own in the place to be adored as *Jupiter*? The *Persians* beleived that the greatest of all sins was to be Indebted, and next to this, to be a Liar. These are both ; for, what they are

Plutar. de vitando are alieno.

are indebted for to others, and they have nothing otherwise, than by the patronization of shamelesse lies.

One of these being convicted of such a like theft, whilst it was expected, that not being able to cover the fact with lies; he should at least wise have covered his face with shame; he as impudent of fore-head, as dexterous of hand, put himself on his guard; and pleading in his defence the Sympathy, about which some, called Phylosophers, keep such a stir; boldly retorted: *None could prove him a violator of the writings of any man, till first he proved that there was a dissimilitude in their minds; in regard that two Wits, uniform and consentaneous of genius, have by virtue of Sympathetick unton, and identity in the motion of their minds, and order of their thoughts.*

Kepler. Now *Keplerus*, *Mersenius*, and *Galileus* go
lib. 3. about to investigate the mysterious reason,
bar. prop. why two Chords tuned to an Unison, a
Mersen. Diapason, or a Diatessaron, so accord the
in Gen. one with the other in sound, that the one
Galileus touch'd the other not touch't trembles, and
in dial. moves. But see here a Problem of more
nov. phil. difficult solution, (if haply in uniform wits
 there be, as they say there is in Musical
 Chords, those regular vibrations, which in-
 countring the Harmonical numbers of per-
 fect

ed consonants, doe occasion the like motions) how it can be, that two braines by way of Sympathetick consent should accord to select one and the same argument, to display it with the same form of speech; never differing a word, no nor a syllable: Yea, with so exact resemblance of stature, voice, and features, that they are taken for the *Menec-* *In Prol:*
miof Plantus, howbeit

*Ita forma simili pueri, vel nutrix sua.
Non internoſſe poſſet, quæ mammam dabat;
Neque mater adeò ipſa, quæ illos pepererat.*

From the dexterity, that many use in filching others writings; is occasioned, the Jealousie for the preserving them; and the quarrels when they happen to be feloniously stoln.

Even Nature herself hath taught two animals, that produce two the preciousſt, and sweetest things; so much the more ingeniously to defend them from Thieves, the more greedily they seek them. Thus the Cockles that gender the Pearles, when the mornings light discovereth them, close themselves; and if any one chance sometimes to surprize them, whilst as yet they are open, though otherwise blind; *Cum*
manum

Plinius manam videt, comprimit sese, operitque opes
 li. 9. c. 35 gnara propter illas se peti; manumque, si prave
 niat, acie sua abscindit, nulla justiore poena

Thus the Bees, with bitterest combs, like a
Dedalian Labyrinth, fill their hives, contra alia-
 rum bestiolarum aviditates: Id se facturam con-
Plinius scia, quod concupisci possit, But because
 li. 11. c. 6

Nill est deterius latrone nudo;

Mart.

and against these Thieves, it is not sufficient
 for *Mercury* himself to stand Sentinel, with
Argus's hundred eyes: hence it is, that
 with the accusations of many Authors, so
 many Books are cramm'd.

And doubtlesse in this case, patience is
 very difficult; and passion very excusable:
 Even the Dead Statues of brasse, saith *Casiodorus*,
 if in the night time they be strucke by
 Thieves with an intent to break them;
 though they have not sense to afflict them-
 selves; yet they have voice to lament them-
 selves, with which: *Nec in toto mutasunt, quan-*
Lib. 7. *do a furibus percussa, custodes videntur. tinitibus*
Ser. 22. *admonere.*

But, behold, in two short receipts, the
 remedy against the vicious avidity after
 others labours. The first is, to perswade
 your selves that the World is not a Judge
 of so litle judgment, that it cannot from
 publick

Plagianisme.

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black fame, or rather infamy; from in-
framents, and witnesses; when so thou art;
and thee to be guilty of felony: and by
this meanes thou wilt never be got to do it,
although occultly, out of a hope that none
will detect thee. You invert the order of
things; so that the method of those things
seem yours; which you transferre from o-
thers to your own use: yet howsoever
though you should be a *Cacus*; subtile in in-
serting upside down the traces of the feet of
the prey, that you filcht into your house;
dragging them by the taile: there will not
want a *Hercules*; that by those very trails,
will trace out the theft, and fraud; and
punish the Author. Yea, you your selves,
will let slip from your mouth, or pen,
something; that may advert the discreet of
the fact: and you shall in this resemble the
Raven; which never steals so subtilely, but
with the sanguin'd beak; and even with the
prey in his mouth, he croaks: whereby,
afore he is aware, he charms up the stones,
that flye about his cares.

Nam tacitus pascit si possit corvus, haberet Horat.
Plus dapis, & rixæ minus, invidiæque.

Nay, when you your selves are silent, your
papers

The Second Part.

papers shall speak against you, and your own Books shall form the proceſſe. In this confidence *Martial*; with whoſe Epigrams many made themſelves paſſe for Wits, and Poets, divulging them for their own; ſpent no words in the accusation of Thieves, and the defence of his own,

Lib. 1.
cap. 54.

*Indice nam opus est nostris, nec vindice libris.
Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina, Fur es.*

The ſecond is; that you perſwade your ſelves, that its a far leſſe evil, not to appear Learned; than to be proved ignorant; having nothing of your own, and yet fallaciouſly ſiſhing from others. If your head be bald for want of hairs (the Emblem of the thoughts, the riches of the mind;) you will not take thoſe of the dead, and make of them an ill-ſhapt Perriwig.

Mart.

Calvo turpius est nihil comato.

Better is it to be poor with my own, than rich in other mens ſpeeches. To be able to ſay, This is mine, although it be little; is much better: than to ſay, This is much, but it is not mine.

The preciouſeſt Verſes that *Manilius* could read in his Poems, were thoſe two:

Noſtra

*Nostra loquar. Nulli vatum debetimus orsa,
Nec furtum, sed opus veniet.*

Lib. 2.

So write, that upon all your labours you may engrave that Distich, that the Poet *Aristo* writ over the Portal of his Gate.

*Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida parva, Meo sed tamen ere, domus.*

That we ought not to assume anothers argument, but rather to invent new of our own.

IF the desire to become immortal to posterity by the Presse; did but as much whet the wit unto invention of matter of ones own: as it sharpneth ones talons to prey upon that of another: many; who, as convicted for Plagiaries, have lost their time, & been confiscated of their reputation; would have eternalized the one and the other. And oh! how much more would Learning flourish? and in how many better employments might we spend our time, our Studies, and our wits: if leaving this fordid work of changing, *Quadrata rotundis*; and putting

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putting that in the margin, which others insert in the body of their works: all the bent of our thoughts should be set upon enriching the Arts, and Sciences, with some new Discoveries; which being unknown to the Ancients, may be beneficial to succeeding ages. One only such a Leaf, would suffice to merit that honour; to which many times monstrous Volumes but vainly pretend.

Yea, the only inquisition after novel inventions; although we succeed not to investigate them; is not without its applause, as not being without benefit: *Plurimum enim ad inveniendum contulit, qui speravit posse reperire.* And one that is agitated by generous thoughts, had rather by himself trace out a way to Heaven; than to tread in others tracks on earth; so that he may say with the Poet.

Seneca
li. 6. nat.
9. s. 5.

Epist. 19

*Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede.*

But in short; although its easier for him to fall, who attempteth to fore into Heaven; than for him, that contents himself to pore on the Earth: yet that *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*; hath so much of glory: as that the honour of having ascended, out weighs
by

by far the disgrace of being precipitated. And even to these our dayes, the generous audacity of young *Icarus*, that flying even touch'd the Stars; hath more admirers of his mounting, than scorers of his fall :

——— *Sivo. eque innixus arator*
Vidit, & obstupuit; quippe aethera carpere possit,
Credidit esse Deum. ———

Mét. 8.

And for my part, considering, that without either fall, or trip, its hard going in the high way; (since that in many things our judgment consists more in believing, than knowing; more in not seeing, the errors which we have, than in not having them :) I have the same resentment in Learning; which that friend of *Seneca* had in another sense : *Si cadendum est mihi, caelo cecidisse velim.* I would have our wits doe to our thoughts, as the Eagle doth with her Chickens; which before that as yet they have distended their plumes, and fixed their wings for flight; throwes them from their nest, to shift for themselves : as if she should say. *Ye are now well feathered Eagles; and sit ye here idle hovering over your nest? Ye have talions, and beaks, and are ye not ashamed to be still fed like so many young Swallows? Go for shame and dtg your*

Vagel. a=
pud Se-
neca nat.
qu. lib. 6.
c. 2.

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livings out of others bowels, for now you are armed, for now you are Eagles.

Every thought, that had not atendency to the invention of new experiments in Learning; *Hypocrates* esteemed besides the mark, to which the Learned ought to direct all the lines of their Studies. He alloweth not that we should piece together the reliques of dead Authors, *quasi bona naufragantium*; but, that we should set sail to the acquist of new Merchandises; whereby we may enrich the World, and gain glory to our selves. *Mihi verò invenire aliquid eorum, que nondum inventa sunt, quod ipsum notum quam occultum esse præstat, Scientiæ votum, & opus esse videtur.*

*In arte
initio.*

Oh, how many, seeking things not before found; have found things not before sought! The only desire of converting some baser Metal into Gold, how hath it sharpened the conceit, and refined the wit, inſomuch, that thereby thoſe rare miracles of Nature are found, w^{ch} the Art of Chymistry knows how to produce? And what mines of fundamental experiments, of a true natural Phyloſophy, are there, that diſcover not themſelves in them; till in times to come, there be ſome, who know, how to work them; diſcourſing from the experiencés of the

the effects, to the first originals of their causes? And it falls out in this, (saith a brave Man) as to those recited by *Esop*, that seeking Gold; which their Father dying, said he had buried in a field; all fell of digging it; whereby the field, of sterile that it was before, became fruitful: not yielding them Gold; but instead thereof, a very plentiful crop, equivalent to much Gold.

Colunt:

Truth is not now barren; although she was so prodigal in teaching our Ancestors. *Etiā quicunque sunt habiti mortalium*

De re rust. 178
finis

sapientissimi, multa scisse dicuntur non omnia.

They studying have not fish'd all the pearls; speculating have not discovered all the tracts of truth. Worthy and famous they were its true: but not like *Hercules*, so, as that they have found, or prescribed bounds to nature; beyond which as pillars, it is not lawful for men to pass.

Epist. 33

Patet omnibus veritas, saith the Moralist, *nondum est occupata, multum ex illa etiam futuris, relictum est.* And as the *Spartans* said, that neither Rivers nor Mountains assigned bounds to their Kingdom; but that it extended it self as far as one could throw a dart: in like manner the Arts, and Sciences, distend themselves as far as the acutenesse of our wits can enlarge them. It is not here as in the Ocean, In

The Second Part.

which *Alexander* the Sixth drew from Pole, to Pole, a line; crosse one of the Isles of *Capo Verde*; and assigned bounds to the Navigations of the *Castillians*, thence to the West; and of the *Portugals*, thence to the East. *Patet omnibus veritas.*

Some of the Ancients, would have drawn this line between the *Greek* and *Latine* Poesie; whereupon *Horace* that would pass it, interweaving to himself in a Crown; the Lawrels of *Athens* with those of *Rome*: in that he made the *Greek* *Lyrick* Poetry to be heard upon the *Latine* Gittern: was by the more part of the Ancients reprehended, and his compositions rejected, as children of a Bastard *Muse*; and Hermophroditical Monsters. This necessitated that Poet to commend his own style, in the defence of his *Muse*; and under the pretence of his own vindication, to publish the crimes of others envy, and malice, saying; *That the opposition of his composures proceeded not so much from the love of others ancient elegancy; as from the envy of his modern grace. That they in his knowledg; condemned their own ignorance: being ashamed to learn from him, a youngman, that; which they, being old, were not able to find out. That this was the original of all his emulators malice.*

Lib. 2.
epist. 1.

Vel quia nihil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt. Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & que in verbas didicere senes perdenda fateri.

And, doubtlesse, we may say with him in *Minutius*: *Quid invidemus, si veritas nostri temporis aetate maturuit.* Is elegance, and inventive ingenuity, so intailed upon th' Ancients; that it may never be renew'd? Although, that which *Arnobius* writes of Religion, concerning the truths which every day with new acquits discover themselves, is true; *Non quod sequimur novum est, sed nos sero didicimus quod nos sequi oportet.*

Who then will prescribe bounds, and limits to the free flight of the ingenions; confining them within the straights of the things already found; as if there could not be any new Discoveries? If this Law had been known to Antiquity, we should at this day have known nothing. *Nusquam enim invenietur, si contenti fuerimus inventis. Propterea qui alium sequitur, nihil sequitur, nihil invenit, imò nec querit.* And of these in my opinion, we may say, as *Dante* very finely of the fearful Sheep that follow their Leader.

*As silly sheep, when two or three more bold
And venturous than others leave the fold,*

*Cant. 3.
Purgat.*

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The rest, affraid, dejecting eyes and head,
 Without inquiry, follow those that led:
 And if one stay, the rest in heaps, bestride
 Him, not knowing why, and simply there abide.

De orig.
 error 6.8.

Quare (to add to Dante *Lactantius*) *cum sapere, id est, veritatem querere, omnibus sit innatum, Sapientiam sibi adimunt, qui sine ullo judicio inventa Majorum probant, & ab illis, Pecudum more, ducuntur.* And most apt is that answer, that the Eccho of *Erasmus* gave to that wretched *Ciceronian*, who crying, *Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Cicerone;* Heard this reply (*One*;) which was as much as to say, that desiring to become an Ape of *Cicero*, he was become an Assle, by poring on *Cicero*.

But the courage to undertake, and the felicity to succeed in the discovery of new and necessary things, I do grant is not for every one to expect; for such as undertake this enterprize, do ordinarily find fears in themselves which affright them, and persuasions from others that retard them.

The fixed Stars that move not of themselves, but are carried by the Heavens, and born away by the Common Course; have not any that accuse them of irregularity, or condemn them of error. On the contrary
 the

the Planets; which so generously make a revolution by themselves; because a simple and most regular motion; with an appearance of ascension and declination; of velocity and slownesse; doth variously con-temperate them: are called by the vulgar, irregular in their motions; confused in their revolutions; and believed not to be errant, but erroneous; not to make Circles, but Labyrinths.

Alexander that had so great a Heart and so capacious, that he could conceive within it, the desire of a World of Worlds; being come to the Eastern Ocean, confessed himself to little for this one little one: and doubting to find the fortune of the Sea, different from that at land; struck sail to his desires, that carried him to seek, on the other side of that Ocean, new places to conquer. He shewed himself prudent in his fears, and to authorize his retreat with others counsel; he made a shew of compliance to the reasons of his Counsellours, who to dissuade him, said;

Great Monarch, Little more than Greece sufficed to make Hercules a Demi-god: and will not all the Earth suffice to make you a Hercules? Lose not this World whilst you are in quest of another. If there were more land on the other side

*Seneca
Suas.*

The Second Part.

the Ocean, your enemies would have flood this shore
 who hid themselves from your Arms, and you
 are gone to bury themselves in Hell. Content your
 self that the Confines of your Kingdom, are
 those of Nature herself. This Shore will conserve
 the print of your victorious Feet, eternally impress'd
 and in erecting the ultimate limits of Human
 Generosity; You shall be a Hercules in the East
 as Hercules was an Alexander in the West. Wish
 that Alexander

Lucan. *Constitit, & magno se vinci passus ab orbis est.*

If that Generous Columbus, that involv'd
 in an Ocean, as in a Deluge of water, dis-
 covered new Lands, and new Worlds, had
 not done more than this, when in delight
 of two Republicques, and one King, (follow-
 ing the advice of the Winds, that blew to
 the West, and Whispered in his Eare; See
 yonder ample lands, whence the exhalations
 rise in such great abundance,) he weigh'd
 Anchor, and set sail, with a Frigate and two
 Carvalls; and launched into the bosome of
 that vast Ocean; without ever ceasing his
 course; or tacking about in this Voyage,
 in a Sea never before used, or believed un-
 navigable; in the length of a course of un-
 certain bounds: discouraged neither by the
 encounter

encounter of Monsters; nor the mutiny of his men; nor the want of victuals, in a place deſtitute of all accommodation for ſtrangers; nor the frequent tempeſts, that drove him upon ſtrange Climates; nor the long and exceſſive calmes that took him upon the Conſines of the Torrid Zone; where the Heavens for the exceſſive heat ſeem a Hell: would *Europe* at this day have had thoſe aromatick Spices, and Minerals, or ſo much as the knowledge of that half World, *America*? Would *Columbus* himſelf have gained, I ſay not only that priviledge from the Kings of *Caſtile*, of quartering the Arms of his Houſe; with the addition of the new World that he diſcovered; and with the Motto over head,

Per Caſtilla, ꝛ ꝑꝛ Leon.

Nuovo Mondo hallò Colon.

but theſe immortal merits whereby all ages come to acknowledg themſelves debtors to him; and by him to *Genoa*, and all *Italy*; for the entire value of a World? No otherwiſe: ſuch who in Learning eſſay to make the firſt way to the diſcovery of new places; (which is nothing inferiour to the ſailing of un-navigable Oceans;) is it neceſſary, that
amongſt

The Second Part.

amongst the annoyances, and toils of the long Voyage, of an un-practised study; amongst the familiar, and frequent conspiracies of desperation; he conquer himself a thousand times attending, as those Glorious Heroes, Conquerours of the Golden Fleece; more to the glory of the end, than to the trouble of the means.

*Val. Fla. arg. 1. Tu sola animas, mentemque peruritur.
Gloria, te viridem videt tamunemque senectæ
Phasidos in ripa stantem juvenesque vocantem.*

Thus *Homer*; the first Poet Heroical and first Hero of Poets; is doubly great: in that he had not any before him that he might imitate; nor after him that hath imitated him.

In the first, greater than his Predecessors, in the second, greater than his Successors; which is the great Panegyrick, that in two words hath been comprehended by *Velleius*; instead of all that which others have been scarce able to expresse with many: *Neque ante illum quem imitaretur; neque post illum, qui eum imitari posset inventus est.* These, as long as Learning shall continue in the World, (and that will be as long as the World lasts,) shall splendidly shine in the
praise

praise of the Learned), as that adventurous *Argo*; that from the tempests of the Seas, which it bore all other ships did navigatt; came to take port in Heaven: where now its intiched with as many Stars, as before it did carry Herots:

——— *Mari quod prima cucurrit*
Emeritum magnis mundum tenet acta procellis,
Servando Dea facta Deos. ———

Manil. I.
Astron.

Thus, after a thousand others, in this last age *Gallileus*, an Academick truly *Lincean*: both for the eye of his wit, and for that of his Perspective Tube; with which he hath rendered the Commerce of Earth with the Heavens so familiars that the Stars which were before hid, no longer disdain to appear, and suffer themselves to be seen; and those which were before seen, discover to us; not only their beauties, but also their defects. At the foot of the Sepulchre of this most acute *Linceus* might be ingraven in lamentation; that which the Poet in derision said of *Argus*;

Argo jaces: quodque in tot lumina linceus ha- *Ovid.*
bebas *Meta.*
Extinctum est; centumq; oculos nox occupat una.

Thus

In Epist.
sub ficto
Nepotio
notante.

Thus *Christopher Schauer*, which from the motions of the *Facula*, and the *Macula* of the Sun hath found by Astronomy and Philosophy Coelestial Lights of so noble, rare, and authentick verity; as are the double motion of the Sun, that in the fashion of a Top, firmly revolves in it self; and on the Poles of his Axis: that moving at the same instant in two Circles, ordinately curve it, whence ariseth the variety of appearances that the Spots therein make. Moreover, and besides the rational conjectures, which are drawn from the conception, birth, increase, return sometimes, and decrease of the spots; to define what is the substance and nature of the Sun it self. VVherewith he hath so enrich't the VVorld with sublime experiments, that if every age should afford the like; few ages would suffice to make Astronomy as absolutely Mistress of the Heavens: as at this day Geography is of almost all the Earth. *Magni ingenio este cali Interpretes, rerumque nature capaces: argumenti repertores, quo Deos, Hominesque vicistis.* VVorthies; to whom, as to that Ancient *Meton*, that left as a legacy to posterity, graven in a Column, with lines of exact proportion; the various course of the Sun; should be erected as reward, of eternal honour

Plin. li. 2
cap. 12.

Plagiarisme.

honour, Statues with tongues gilded, and underneath this inscription; *Ob divinas praedictiones*. Worthies; to whom Heaven, should be given: not as heretofore the Emperour *Carolus Quintus* gave only in picture the Stars of the Crozier (a Constellation so called) to *Oviedus* the Historian of the *American* affairs: but it self, for a reward; and her Stars, for a Crown. And well do they deserve them,

*Admovere oculis distantia sidera nostris,
Aetheraque Ingento supposuere suo.*

Pastor. 1

I have instanced only in these two, that so I might not overpass all; since I could not speak of all. Only to us that succeed these, ought that of *Seneca* to be inculcated that; *Agamus bonam patrem familiae: Faciamus amplioraque accipimus Major ista hereditas à me ad Posteris transeat. Multum ad huc restat operis; Multumque restabit, nec ulli nato post mille secula pracluditur occasio aliquid adhuc adjiciendi.*

Epist. 64

I shall only add thus much, that to become Inventors of new things, we must not make our selves Masters of Novelties, wandering without reason (especially in things that are merely Natural) from those wayes; which

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which beaten already so many ages, by the best wits of the World, have upon their Confines for such as passe them, Temerity and Error. Nor do as *Diogenes*, going contrary to the current of all men; as if we alone, were the Sages; we alone dived to the bottom of *Heracitus* Well, to fetch up Truth. Should we esteem of the Sun of the Wits of the World, not by the light of their greater knowledge of the truth; but by our opposition to the course of all the World: and could we say in a vaunt what *Apollo* spake by way of advice to his Son *Phaëton*;

2 *Meta.* *Nitor in adversum, neque me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus: Et rapido contractus eveho orbi;*

we ought also from him to hear, that without peril of precipitation, we cannot deviate from those direct paths, which, trodden by the Chariot of the Light, are made no lesse obvious than clear:

Hac sit iter: manifesta rotæ vestigia cernes.

That the Earth with an annual period revolves under the Ecliptick; and with a daily motion turns from West to East.
That

That the Moon, yea all the Planets, (no other but voluble Earth) have inhabitants people of different nature: That the World consists of infinite Masses or Chaos, and in its immense Vasts comprehends innumerable V Worlds: &c. These are Opinions, that some Moderns have fondly raised from their Graves: calling them back, the first, from the Sepulchres of *Cleanthes* and *Phylolaus*: the second of *Pythagoras* and of *Heraclitus*: the third of *Democritus* and *Methradorus*: with whose death they had been so many ages buried in Silence, and Oblivion.

This is not to enrich the World with new cognitions, but with old errors; nor to make ones self Master of those that follow us; but Disciple of those that precede us; with this remuneration: that those very dreams of theirs, which were not blindly received by the World; shall in like manner sleep with us, in our Sepulchres.

How we may honestly and commendably steal from others Writings.

BUt I find I have enterprized too difficult a task; whilst I pretend to divert our thoughts from the taking feloniously from others, with proposing to them both the obligation of enriching Learning with new inventions; and the guerdon that in so doing we acquire; Much better it were that I should teach, *That we may borrow with a good Conscience, and not only without necessity of Restitution, but also with the Merit of Commendation.*

All the thefts of light, made upon the wheels of *Apollo's* Chariot; which are (if I do not ill augurate) the Books of the most celebrated Wits, upon which Truth shines & triumphs; that condemn not the offender to the Rocks of *Caucasus*, and the Eagle of *Prometheus*. There is an impunity of taking, provided we take not as the Moon from the Sun; which when it most approaches it, and most replenisheth it self with his light, in perfect *Novi-lunii*; ingratefully eclipseth it: but as he, that in a Mirrour of pure
 Chrystat

Chrystal receiveth a Sun beam; and with that, doth not only, not diminished it of light; but, rather renders it with the reflexion, the more splendid, and glorious. Thus the Bee, equally ingenious, and discreet,

Candida circum Lilia funduntur.

But so innocent is their Rapine, that without diminishing the odour; without violating the beauty; without breaking the pods of the Flowers; they abundantly gather Wax, and Hony, for themselves, and others.

The first way to Borrow with applause; is to Imitate with Judgment. He that is not a Giant of high stature, let him climbe to the top of a great turret; and thence inform himself of the straightest wayes, and securest paths. He; that hath not in his head a Theater of proper Idea's, and Idea's of good designe: let him take according to the ancient Custome of the first and rude painting; the Circles of the shadows of regular bodies, and compile his work upon those models.

Phrine, whilest she lived, (*Phrine*, the *Albanian Venus*, since she was no lesse unchast than fair) was the Samplar of Painters; from whom they took the design and features of

*Clemente
Alexa
in Pro-
crepe*

the face; to draw if they could more beautiful, and withal more divine the *Venus's* that they painted. The only sight of her was instruction: serving, not so much for a pattern to the copies which they drew; as for a form of perfection, to the Idea's, which they comprehended in their minds: of a most absolute proportion of parts, temper of colours, and vivacity of Spirit. Such to the fancy, are the Composures of the brave Masters of Learning: which beheld with intenseness, imprint in the mind by little, and little, a noble Idea of the like style; and we find by experience in him that is accustomed to read with attention, works of noble sentiments, and lofty style; that, as if drunk with the same spirits; it seems impossible for him to expresse himself in any other manner, than nobly. Thus it even'd to the Nightingales, that made their Nests upon the Sepulcher of *Orpheus*, that as it from the ashes of that great Musician, and Poet, they had also took his Spirit; they were incomparably more ingenious, and skilful Songsters, than the others: so that the others seem'd salvage Quirristers, these cœlestial Sirenes.

And from this, of reading intensely others Learned Labours, to imprint an im-
age

age in the mind conformable to them : may seem to arise those occult miracles of the imaginative power ; which hath made us sometimes see, rustick mothers, of deformed faces ; and plebeian proportion ; to bring forth children of visage and features Angelical ; (like lovely *Narcissus's* growing upon ill-favoured ; and sordid Leeks :) thanks to the form, which the mothers frequent beholding of beautiful faces, and exquisite pictures, gave to the tender Babes in their conception.

Nor because the Authors are excellent, and we stupid of wit ; doth it follow that the reading them is of no avail ; to make us with imitation to resemble them. The Eagle before that she thrusts her little Chicks from the Nest, with great circulations and turnings, soares and wheelles over and about them ; striking them sometimes with her wings, and provoking them to flie : where-by the Eaglets ; although they are not a jot encouraged to follow their mother even above the Clouds ; whither at one distention of the wing she is transported : yet nevertheless ; it prompts them to abandon their Nest, put themselves on their flight, and to try also themselves upon the wing. Therefore it naturally comes to pass, that

we follow that which pleaseth : especially, if the Genius of the Nature , accord with the Election of the Will : and the toiles therein undergone , either are not tedious ; or else the bitterneffe of the trouble, losing it else in the dulcicy of the operation ; they are not felt toilsome.

Seeing before us therefore , the sublime flights of an happy Wit ; let us not only rouse and provoke our desires to imitate them ; but lets us add vigour to our thoughts, and courage to our mindes : that so we may find our selves able to do more, than without such a fight we could ever have effected. Whereby , if we come not to touch the Heavens, and soar above the Stars ; at least, we may raise our selves from the Earth, and dis-nest. If we attain not to expresse with equal periods, the lofty circulations of the exemplar, which we proposed to our imitation ; yet we may do as the Sun-flower, which fixed in its root , and moveable in its Flower, by continual looking on the Sun , learns to design in a little Gire, that ample Circle ; which he describes from another Horizon.

*Quintil.
Lib. 10.
cap. 2.*

But of the writings of others to profit our selves with only the imitation, in the judgment of *Quintilian*, which speaks at large of this

this matter, is to too little a benefit. Let therefore the second manner of theft not only lawful but laudable be; *To take what we please of others; but so to improve it with our own, that it may not be mended by any.* In like manner as a Diamond receiving one single ray of light, that penetrates to its center, is so beautified, that as if it was depainted wth a thousand varieties of colours; the Sun it self is not so glorious, & the Stars eclips and in envy hide their heads there at. Is it not in the stealing of knowledge, as to take a little light foame of the Sea, to mix it with the coelestial seed of his Wit; so that that which was unprofitable, and vile matter, becomes no lesse than a *Venus*: forming to himself a composition of more than ordinary beauty.

That famous Labour of *Phydias*, *Jupiter Olympus*; the miracle of Carving, and of the World: was of whitest Ivory. But the Elephants could not therefore boast of that divine Master-piece as theirs: nor charge the Graver of stealing that beautiful material, which rendered his Labour so famous. The exact proportion of the members; the majestic features of the divine visage; and what else that made that Statue the best in the World for beauty, and value; all was the Art of the Carver, not the merit of the

De Re-
sur.carr.
cap. 6.

Elephant. *Phydias manus* (saith Tertullian,) *Jovem Olympum ex ebore molitur, & adoratur. Nec jam bestia, & quidem insulsissime deus est, sed summum seculi Numen. Non quia Elephantus, sed quia Phydias tantus.* He that takes in this manner, rude and informed trunks to work them into Statues; Sordid glasses to change them into Diamonds; drops of simple Dew to make them Pearles; is not a Thief but an Artist. He is not indebted to others for the Matter; but the Matter is obliged to him for the honour of so noble a form.

But this is yet more lively illustrated by the Artifices of the famous Fountains of Rome, of *Tivoly*, of *Frascati*: where the waters sport in their torments, and in their ingenious obedience change themselves into more shapes than the Poets *Proteus*.

They are seen from the slime and gravel of vast niches so to distil drop by drop into small rain, that the Clouds never did it more naturally upon the Earth: To imitate as it were the Issuing of the winds out of the cavern of *Aeolus*; the South with moist Aires; *Zephyrus* with pleasing Gales; *Boreas* with blustering and cold Blasts: To diffuse themselves so subtly, and dilate themselves so equally: that they seeme trans-

transparent vails displayed in the Aire: To sub-divide themselves into little drops, and form themselves as it were into a dewy Cloud; which incountring with the Sun, becomes a Rain-bow, painted with perfect colours: To revive with motion dead Statues, and variously acting them in diverse shapes: To start thievishly out of the ground, and to mount, and to suspend in the Air with high spirtings: To sob, as if grieved: to roar, as if enraged; to sing, as if delighted; nor only to renew to the World that which *Tertullian* calleth *Portentofissimum Archimedis munificentiam*, the Hydraulick Organs; but in the murmure, Trils, Quavers, artificial Salts, Divisions, & changes of melodious Voices, to imitate to the life the Nightingales, as if by their mouth did not sing *Spiritus qui illic de tormento aqua* *Ibid.* *anhelat*, but those watry inhabitants, the *Syrens* themselves. By works of so ingenious and admirable contrivance we take the waters of a common Fountain, which if Art should not advance from their native baseness to nobler Use, transfusing as it were, Soules and Wit into them: they would run vilely wandring on the Earth, through miry bogs: not vouchsafed to be scarce tasted off by Beasts; where as now they are

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the Delights of Princes, and the Glory of Gardens. Is not this to superate the Matter with the VVorkmanship, obliging, and making it our own? The same doth he that borrows. He buries the theft of the matter in the Art of working it: so that in the addition he makes of his own, that is wholly lost which was anothers.

But this kind of mending things, so that they no more appear what before they were, and by that means become ours: well known, but ill practised by people able indeed to change; but not to amend: hath rendered them so much the more culpable, by how much it is a greater fault to deform the beauty, and to deface the comlineffe of an exact compofure, than singly to steal it. To fie the infamy of Thieves, they become Homicides: bereaving the life of the beauty from those things they take, whilst they dismember the intire, and disorder the disjoynted; with so infelicitous a felicity in the doing it; that in a few draughts of the Pen, they transform a *Helen* into a *Hecuba*; and an *Achilles* into a *Thirfites*. They do by others works, against their wils; as the *Athenians* did in despite of the three hundred Brazen Statues of the famous *Demetrius*, which by way of disgrace and shame to his name,

name, they melted; and transfound them into Vessels of the vilest, and most fordid use. The Rod of *Circes*, and the Pen of these strive in power: this, being able with ignorance to transform beautiful composures, into deformed Monsters: as that with Magick could change Gallant Heroes, into fordid Animals. The like treatment found the Verses of an excellent Poet, with an illiterate Comœdian: which imitating with tumblings, and with that which *Cassiodorus* calls the mute, and loquacious speech of the hands; the ancient Mystery of the *Mimicks*: so il-favoredly represented that by Actions, which Poetry had express'd by Words; that in the Fables of *Niobe*, and of *Daphne*; that changed into a stone, and this into a tree; in this he seem'd a tree, and in that a stone.

Saltavit Nioben, saltavit Daphnida Memphis.
Ligneus ut Daphnen, saxeus ut Nioben.

Epigr.
Græc.

When in stealing from others we use that caution and reverence, with which the Eagle snatch'd, and carried the *Idan* Boy into Heaven; without hurting him with his talons or tearing his clothes, and which *Leorcæus* with no less judgment than Art expressed in Brasse, *Sentientem quid capiat in Ganymede,*

Plinius
li. 34. c. 8



The Second Part.

in the way of our own opinions etiam pervasum;
 for discretion in robbing
 does not remove the
 thing it self. How much worse is it to
 to mangle others la-
 our own? and make
 ours, namely, ill made,
 of whom *Martial*

Exierit, libellus.
 the author of this *libellus*.

we make, as it were
 of more noble Quality,
 are happily changed
 a manner of robbing
in the last place
was a great masse
and a tree of a shrub.

from the Pens of
 some times only in-
 by the finger;
 a very appre-
 over-look't: and yet
 sometimes with
 large conceits; and
 to unloose that which
 of nothing makes much,
 his own.

The Heaven of many Stars as it hath; to no more but seven hath assigned proper Spheres, and liberty and room to runne wandering through that liquid and suble Air, which from here below diffuseth it self even to the Firmament. But if all had been assigned their proper periods and revolutions, whereas now the World to make room for seven only is so vast: what would it be, if so many millions of Stars had been consigned their proper Circles, and proportionate Spheres? The self-same do worthy VVriters, in composing Books. Determinate Matter is that to which they give place, and as it were Sphere, and revolution, handling and discussing it as they please, at large: But in as much as they permit it not to dilate hither, and thither; I will call them in this respect, fixed Stars of sublime thoughts, and lofty conceits; able to replenish as it were, a great Heaven, a large Volume; when they find Spirits and Intelligences, that know how to manage them as is requisite. He that in this manner robs from others, theives happily, takes little, adds much, makes all his own. He hurts not an Author that takes from him a spark to make it a Sun. It is with profit nevertheffe of him that took it, that of a
little

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little neglected seed he forms a great and mighty Tree. And much to his Honour : since that its the VVork of a grand VVit , upon a few hints , of some naked words ; to work double counterpoints of sublime discourses. Upon the simple track of an *Hercules's* foot ; to form, as did *Pythagoras* ; all the intire masse of a body , composed to the exact proportion of all its parts.

- LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

The unworthy Profession of Lascivious Poetry.

Saint *Jerome*, that brave Lion ; that from the *Cave* of *Bethlehem* made the roarings of his voice to be heard through all the World ; to the terrour of *Heresie*, and astonishment of *Vice* ; omitted not to give a shake to the licentious *Lasciviousnesse* of Poets ; that masking the Stars with unchast Images ; envious calumniators ; and a thousand times worse than the *Giants* of *Phlegra* : they have assaulted Heaven not with stones , but with
the

Lasciviousnesse.

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the wickednes of the Earth. *Non debemus In cap. 3
sequi fabulas Poëtarum, ridicula, ac portentosa. Amos.
mendacia, quibus etiam coelum infamare conan-
tur, & mercedem stupri inter sidera collocare.*

And to say the truth; those are worthy
of the anger of Heaven, and Earth.

Quorum carminibus nihil est, nisi fabula caelum. Man.

Were not the Lascivious thefts of *Jupiter*
sufficiently manifested to the World with
other Lights; but that they must shine
among the Stars? Did it not suffice that
they were published to all the Earth: in
Marble, in Brasse, in Pictures, in publick
Scenes, unlesse also moreover they had gi-
ven them the Heavens for a Theater, the
Stars for Representors, and the World for
Auditors: And afterwards to tell you that
Jupiter from Heaven sent his Thunder-bolts
against the Earth, guilty of those vices, of
which Heaven was the Master? An Adul-
terous *Calista* hath the Stars of the Pole; and
makes a double guide; because it directs by
Sea, and shipwracks by Land; whilst shi-
ning from thence above; it seems to teach
the Chast to be happily Lascivious; there
being a *Jupiter* sound, that remunerates A-
dultery with Stars.

Stc

Pruden. Sic Ariadnaus stellis Caelestibus ignis
contra Additur. Hoc pretium noctis perfolvit. *Honore*
Cym. l. 1 Liber, ut aethereum maretrix illuminet axem.

From such Constellations of obscenity; what other influences, then Lascivious; can redound to the Earth?

Architas, desiring to speak in publick a word none of the modestest; in calling it to his lips, it appeareth sounworthy to be ingraven by the tongue of a Man; that not to defile himself with it, he took for tongue a Cole: as more agreeable to the matter, worthy of fire; and with it not so much writing, as blotting, upon the surface of a wall; either exprest, or hinted it. Oh! the golden Tongues of the Stars: whilst the night charms all the World to silence, the better to attend: of what speak they? and what teach they? *They publish those misdeeds with the language of light in Heaven, which for shame would conceal themselves with darknesse on Earth.*

But I wish that only the Ancient Poetry of Gentilisme was guilty of this; and not exceeded by the modern of Christians; that not in depainting the Stars, with imaginary figures, of dishonest memorials; but in expressing

pressing in paper and which is worse, imprinting in the mind, the Acts themselves; so happily or rather unhappily busieth it self.

There wants not to the Poetry of these times its *Ovids*; that subjecting *Parnassus* to *Ida*; the *Lawrels* to the *Mirtles*, the *Swans* to the *Doves*; and *Apollo* to *Cupid*: make the *Virgin Muses* publick strumpets, So to these *Ovids*, there should not want *Augustus's* for *Mecenas's*; and for a refrigeration of their too burning Loves; the *Snows of Scythia*, and the *Ice of Poptus*. And herein now a-dayes the evil is so epidemical: that from the antecedent of being a Poet, this consequence seemes to follow of being Lascivious; as *Antisthenes* from the profession of *Ismenia*, took that consequence; *Si bonus Tibicen est, ergo, malus homo est.*

Who would not have sworn, that Poetry coming from the Gentiles, to Christians, should have done, as the *Spartan Venus*; which passing the *Eurotas*, said to them, that if they would have her company, they must break their Looking-glasses, deface their Bracelets, divest the Whores; and not only clothed herself with modesty; but armed herself with bravery; and seemed rather a Warlick *Pallas*, than a Lascivious *Venus*? Yet, that

that which is yet worse; to that liberty of Lascivious writing; to which heretofore was given banishment for a punishment: honours are now conferr'd for a reward.

We advance as high as Heaven, and amongst the Stars adore those Lyres, of the modern *Orpheusses*; that have opened Hell; not to draw thence a condemned *Euridice*; but to conduct thither a world of innocents. Their Books go through all the Earth: spread through every Climate; become Citizens of every place; and are with great diligence translated, that they may speak in all Languages: as if for fear the Virgin VVorld should want Ravishers, they would disperse through every Climate, incentives of Lust.

They bear in their Frontispices, the titles of the Grandees, to whose name they were by the Authors dedicated: and by that means passe so much the more freely; by how much the more they are defended. Thus many times, those come to be the Protectors of Impurity, that should be its Judges; prostrating their names, and authorities to unworthy Uses: as the *Barbarians of Scythia*; that whilst they are Lasciviously employed in their Carts, *Suspendunt de*

Ter. con-
tra

Marc.
H. 1. c. 2.

jugo

Lasciviousness.

*jugo pharattras indices, ne quis intercedat: Ita
nec armis erabescunt.*

VVere *Hippocrates* now living, that complained of the Publick Laws, which assign-
ing no punishment to Ignorant Physicians;
permitted them to be Homicides: *Discunt
enim* (said that other) *periculis nostris, & ex-
perimenta per mortes agunt. Medicoque tan-
tum hominum occidisse impunitas summa est.*

In lege.

*Pinius
li. 19. c. 7*

VVhat would he say, where the being a
publick compounder of poison; so much
the more dangerous by how much the more
pleasant; makes him not to forfeit his head,
but to merit a Crown?

But if in like manner as *Lucian*, made the
infamous tongue of the Pseudologist, re-
count with anger and regret, the sordid
offices, in which he was basely employed;
we might hear the murtherous Pens of so
many Lascivious VVriters, to relate one by
one, the obscenities, by committing of w^{ch}
they were insentives, in the hearts of such,
who with too great an intenseness read
their venomous writings: would there be
a man that would enrich them with costly
rewards; that would honor them with these
applauds, fit only for a super-humane ex-
cellence?

Lesse criminal was that libidinous *Hostius*

*Sen. qu.
nat.*

N

that

The Second Part.

that using his Mirrours in abominable speculations, *ea sibi ostentabat, quibus abscondendis nulla satis alta nox est.* But to conclude, *Sibi ostentabat.* The Dragons that being poisonous, keep themselves secluded in their subteranean Dens, are not judged so faulty; that we should therefore go hunt them out, and slay them. VVhen they come abroad, to infest the Air with their breath: there is none that being able to slay them, will suffer them to live. To publish to the eyes of all the VVorld *Ea, quibus abscondendis nulla satis alta nox est;* and that so much the worse, by how much the more exquisite is the Pen, that delineates it: and the art seems of greater perfection, whilest according to the Ancient painting of the *Greeks* it is wrought, *Nihil velando:* and to find a reward of that, to which there cannot be found a chastisement grievous enough; is not this a miracle of humane, (I know not which to call the least evil) folly; or with more reason, malignity?

Plinius
li. 34. c. 5

It is still infamous for a man to assume the habit and face of a woman? and to transform a mans self, not into the habit, but into the profession of an over-grown Hagge; Bawde to all the most closely contrived obscenities: is this honorable? is this a life worthy of Statues, and Lawrels?

The

The weak excuses of obscene Poets.

BUt let us hear, the Apologies that these make, in defence of their impure Books they print; that pretend their Fury from the Torch of *Cupid*; shewing themselves more Fooles, than Poets. Hear their first Apology.

That facetious and merry Poems : (thus apud Minut. eos tota impuritas vocatur Urbanitas) Low- in Octav. beit they only entertain their Readers, with the delight of fiction, and the sweetnesse of Verse, in thoughts of Love; yet in the end all is but in thought : whereupon the pleasure they give the Reader, is more speculative, and of the mind; than practical, and of the sense.

“ I would here have you by way of answer take notice of those two unfortunate Sisters; that the first time they read a famous Tragi-comœdy of the like nature, newly published in print; became so good proficients in impurity, that they presently set up School; converting their house into a Stews, and divulging themselves for VVhores. Of so many married people, as heard the said pastoral recited,

The Second Part.

“(and it is the authentick observation of
 “many ages) whereas they came chaste;
 “there was none but went thence conta-
 “minated with dishonesty: and practising
 “that loose liberty of Love in such as please
 “them; (of which they there heard the
 “precepts, and saw the examples) disco-
 “vered unfaithfulness; and with the dead
 “Adulterers, from the feigned insentives
 “of a Tragi-comœdy; bore away the true
 “Exit of a Tragedy but all *Europe*, and all
 the World; as farre as these Books have
 beendispersed; how many variations of
 Scènes, how many deplorable Catastro-
 phies have they seen; while mindes that
 for the prize of Virgin purity warred in
 candidness with the Angels; having drunk
 in forcery and poyson, from the golden Cup
 of inmodest Poetry; have for ever after, had
 under humany shapes, brutish manners? In
 the first perusal they lose the virginity of
 their eyes; and as one whose name I know
 not said in *Plutarch* of the impudent: *Verte-
 runt pupillas virgines in meretrices*: next that
 of the mind, after which the flesh as having
 lost the salt that should season it putrefies.

*De vitio
epudof.*

Saint *Augustine* complains of *Homer*, the
 first Patron of fabulous Poets; that having
 feigned the gods, some Homicides, some
 Thieves

of Thieves, some Adulterers; he had made
 of Sina Divine property, & thereby unawares
 insinuated it into the approbation of the
 VVorld: seeing, *Quisquis ea fecisset, non ho-*
mines perditos, sed cœlestes Deos videbatur imi-
tatus. But these, that putting their tongues
 in the mouthes of Poetick Persons; teach
 Nature to be two imperfect, which is so in-
 clinable to the pleasures of Love; whilst
 the Law inhibits the procuring of them: or
 the Law to rigid and unjust, in intertering
 with Nature. These, that to expugn the
 constant honesty of Virgins, put them in
 mind, That beauty fadeth with years; and
 with the beauty all of amiable is lost for
 which others court them: That its in vain
 ingray haire to wish for that, which in
 youth is refused: That to a life so short one
 Love is not sufficient: That honesty is no-
 thing else but an Art of appearing honest,
 &c. These pestilent Doctrines; these poi-
 sons extracted from the wit, distilled from
 the hand, let fall from the Pen of a Chri-
 stian, *Qui soli uxori suæ masculus nascitur,*
saith Tertullian; and *cupiditate procreandi aut*
unam scit, aut nullam, saith Happy *Minutius*:
 what other effect have they, but only to ren-
 der sin so much the more facile, by how
 much they perswade the belief, that this is

Lib. 1.
 Confess.
 cap. 16.

rather a crime (not to say Law) of nature, than a vice of the will? Age wils it; example teacheth it; occasion perswades it; weaknesse excuses it; let it suffice, that circumfpection act it. And is this only to delight the thoughts, and to incite abstract and *Platonick*, not *Epicurean* Love? VVould (I will not say an *Elius Verus*, and Idolater of the writings of *Ovid de arte amandi*; but) a Beast, say any other; if he had the rules of Learning, and Art of Poetry?

Nor is that material which they alledge, that these lessons and examples are given by feigned persons; That which perswades, is not the quality of the Counsellor, but his reason; not the person, but the fact. And besides, what are the persons of Poetry, but only as the Caverns of Mountains; that reverberate the *Echo*? The voice is the Authors; although others pronounce it; as the writing is the hands, although the paper expresse it. Love disguised like *Ascanius* did no lesse inflame the unhappy Queen; than if he had been in his true shape, and not concealed under a forreign habit.

For, if we will be judged according to experience, great Mistresse of Truth; she by daily practice shews that in reading others Loves, we learn our own; That com-
passion

passion to the misadventres of such as are rejected; becomes a means to facilitate our surrender at the like request. That that, which in feigned persons is condemned as cruelty, and obduratnesse of a mind to averſe to such as love; in our selves is found to molifie the heart upon the like occasion. Whereby, the Tinder being applied to the Steel; there is no more wanting, but a blow of an encounter, a salute, a glance; to strike fire.

We soften our own hearts, in others flames: we imprint in our minds the seal of those affections, that others fictiously expresse in themselves: there is only one *Augustine*, that hath with teares bewail'd the feigned disasters of the forsaken *Dido*: these are the ordinary effects, that Poetry daily occasioneth, with its Scænes, and Obscene Books. And though sometimes, when we are involved in Love, we are ignorant of others affections; we love yet, an I know not what of unknown in others: we love as that foolish Boy in the Fable; that from a vain Image taking real love.

Quid videat nescit, sed quod videt uritur illo. Metam.

I blush with *Clemens Alexandrinus*, to remember

The Second Part.

In pro-
tastico.
ad Gen-
tus.

member here the two *Venus's* of *Cyprus*, and *Gnidos*; that of *Ivory*; this of *Marble*: Statues dead in themselves, but for others lust to lively. I only add the *Epiphomena* of this Author; for that is to be understood of Poetry, which he saith of the graving of such like Statues lasciviously naked: *Tantum ars valuit ad decipiendum, que homines amoris deditos illexit in barathrum!*

The other defence of Lascivious Compo-
suresis: *That such Poems have no more of evil but the appearance: That these are vizards of Allegories, that cover the sense of most admirable moral Philosophy; sauced with the honey of fabulous inventions; that they may for their savory cooking be the more easily swallowed. Thus by ancient custome, the Laws in Candia ordained that they should comprise their instructions, to their children, in Musical measures; and a great part of the Divine Law, was put into verse by David, in the Poems of the Psalms; Ut dum suavitate carminis mulcitur auditus (said St. Augustine) divini sermonis pariter utilitas infertatur. Wherefore they may write in the frontispiece of their Poems that Terzet of Dante,*

In Ps. I.

*Ye soules, induc'd with sound intelligence,
Observe the hidden lessons that do lye
Veil'd up in their mysterious Poetry:*

and

and with these the Poets, to such as well regard *Max.*
 them, be *Phylosophos*; nomine *Poetas*, qui *Tyr. ser.*
 invidiosam rem ad eam artem perduxerunt, *29.*
 quæ maximè populum demulceat.

Now did you ever hear a fiction more Poetical, a lie more solemn than this? The inverters of Morality would be taken for true masters of it.

Et simulant Curios cum Bacchanalia scribant.

Such a lie might well have fitted Pompey, when in his Theater, which he had erected for the representing of the most Lascivious Spectacles; because he would not suppress it, *Quasi morum laniam*, he there dedicated a Chappel to *Venus*; cui *subjicimus*, *Ter. de*
inquit, gradus spectaculorum. Ita damnatum, & spect.
damnandum opus Templi titulo pretextuit, ac dis-
ciplinam superstitione delusit. But now a-dayes the World is not so deprived of judgment, but that they know, that certain Allegories, which others, (thanks to her self) apply to this Poetry; (Allegories, which how ever they are wyer-drawn, yet do they not attain to the covering of those immodesties, which are read in them) were not the Model by which the Poem was composed; nay, never entered into the Authors thought:

Chimera's

The Second Part.

Chimera's are they, nor Allegories; and unprofitable endeavours of such, as would convert obscenity into a mystery.

The Table of *Cebes* is one thing; to trace the intricate avenues of whose Labyrinth, it requires the Clew of an Old Interpreter; that to a stranger not understanding, as he said, the *Enigmas* of that *Sphinx*, meet not with death where he expected benefit: The modern Poems another, which stand in need more of a *Sphinx*, to put them into *Enigma*; than of an *Oedipus*, to interpret them.

Yet, all this while I deny not, but that some Ancients, to conceal from the eyes of the vulgar the miseries of their Theology: hid them, (as treasures within the *Sileny*;) under the Fables, which they received for Verities. Howbeit, as there remains nothing of the mysteries of the *Egyptian* Sages, but only their Images; Bats, Apes, Owles: heretofore learned Hieroglyphicks, now unfortunate Reliques; which alone are taken from the ancient Pyramids: so of the ancient Theology of the Gentiles, there remains no more to the memory of the World, but the Adulteries, Thefts, Homicides of the gods: Images two unworthy of any subserviency, in the displaying the
mysteries

Lasciviousnesse.

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mysteries of Divinity. But the Poets now a-dayes have no occasion for, or thought of this. And if they should, they would be no lesse imprudent than impure: taking away directly contrary to the end pretended: namely, reciting, to infuse good manners, obscene Fables, apter far to extirpate virtue where it already hath been implanted: which would be (as saith the Theologist Nazianzen) *per scopulos ducere ad littus*. Therefore it needeth not that they clothe the Wolves like Sphepheards, and the Lascivious Poets, like Moral Phylosophers.

Orat. 3.
contra
Julian.

The third defence is that they say, they intend no mans hurt: in their writings, but their own honour. Their Books bear in their frontispieces, written in Capital letters, the saying of Antonius Prefat. Cui hic ludus noster non placet, ne legerit: Cent. aut cum legerit obliviscatur: aut non oblitus ignoscat. So that he who falleth must blame himself as weak, not the Poet; which composed not the Book, nor published it, to offend the Reader. What harm is their in the stones, if such as are of glasse go to juggle with them? He that cannot fight, let him not Arm himself: he that is not well provided for a storm, let him not ingulfe himself in the danger of it. The Reader should be a Bee, that gathereth the hony of Ingenious styles of writing, from the imitation of Poetical forms

The Second Part.

of speech; not a Spider, that sucketh the poyson of
 Lasciviousness. Even in Holy Scripture we meet
 with the Incest of Ammon: the Adultery of
 David: the detestable uncleanness of Sodome.
 The finger of God writt them: nor are they cul-
 pable, because some may draw thence examples of
 sinning; relishing the fact, more than they respect
 the punishment. Therefore, that some decline in
 their Virtues, by reading a Book, compiled onely
 with an intent at the advancements of the Wit:
 this is the crime, not of the innocent Author, but
 of the incautious Reader.

*Quam sapiens argumentatrix sibi videtur igno-
 rantia humana!* saith Tertullian, upon such an-
 other occasion. Did you ever see So-
 phistries, better couch'd in Syllogismes? I
 thought at first, that I my self should have
 been perswaded by them: "For, (seeing
 "that that which is not directly intended,
 "cannot render another culpable,) the sin
 "is not a sin; we not intending in the least
 "the incommodity of the crime, but only
 "the pleasure, or commodity of the action.
 These are Masters of their profession. But
 do they not desire that, which they say they
 desire not: whilst in the mean-time crafti-
 ly they attempt all the means, by which it
 is attainable: so that if they intend not o-
 therwise, why do they attempt otherwise?

Suppose

Suppose this very thing were the Scope of some Poets : to excite with the delectation of Fable, and Verse, the insentives to lust : could they do it more handsomely, or more efficaciously ? And when they indeed were they either so stupid, or so blind, as not to perceive the same ? And can they be said not to desire that, which in so forceable manner they effectually desire ? Nor may that be applied to their purpose, which *Tertullian* speaks of Women Lasciviously attired : *Quid alteri periculosum ? Quid alteri concupiscentiam importamus ? Perit illa tua forma, si concupiscit ; tua facta es gladius illi.*

*De cultu
fam. c. 2.*

Even in the primitive ages of the Church certain Christians, which before their Baptism were by profession Carvers : desired, it might be lawful for them to make as before, and to sell Statues of *Jove*, of *Mars*, of *Venus* ; and they defended the fact, saying :
 “ That they intended not others sin, but
 “ their own profit : To keep themselves
 “ alive, not to make others offend. That
 “ their Statues were worshipped : was the
 “ sin of the Idolatry, not the fault of the
 “ Sculpture. We live according to the
 “ Laws of Christians ; and labour according
 “ to the Rules of Art ; in what then do we
 “ sin ? Our Poets, to defend themselves it

The Second Part.

end he might discover, and gain to the *VV*ars *Achilles*, whom his timorous mother had hid among those Virgins, under a womans habit. The successe was, that whilst some of them run to the Mirrours, others to the Tablets, to the Bracelets, to the Rings; *Achilles*, remembering himself, betook him to a Sword, which was put amongst those Femenine trinkets, for the same purpose, and with that discovered, and as overcome by *Vlises*, he yeilded himself, and agreed to be his Companion in the *Trojan* Expedition. In the same manner ought we in reading of Books, to deport our selves with a carriage nobly Masculine, that disdaineth and avoideth what ever favoureth of Femenine; and bend our desire, and put our hands, to only such things as are worthy of us.

Even in this did *Alexander* shew himself like himself, that is, Great; when being offered the Lute of *Paris*, to which he had so often sung the beauties of *Helen*, and his own Loves; he vouchsafed it not so much as a look: but in its stead desired that which *Achilles* played upon in the Cave of old *Chyron*, with his hands still reeking in the blood of the new-kild Tygers, and Lions.

But its not alone sufficient in the reading of dangerous Books to have a good end, if

we

Lasciviousness.

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we have not also a good Method; so that, in reading them we be so circumspected, and wary, as if we were to go

Per ignes Suppositos cineri doloso.

St. Basil ingeniously evinceth it where he saith, "That we must never give our minds, as the Helm up into the hand of the Author we read, for him to turn us at his will, and steer us at his pleasure; Keep a loof from the Cramp-fish that his venomous frigidty seize you not, lest if otherwise he fasten upon you, and render you stupid and insensible; he make you his prey. Herbs (pursues Basil) as sweet as they be, if they be mixt with Henbane & Hair; Flowers as fair as they seem, if they conceal under them Vipers, and Aspes; would be gathered with a hand more carrelous, than curious. By how much the more the danger is concealed by so much the more is it to be feared. Laughers in the mouth, and flattery in the face, are the semblances that maske treasons."

Homil. de util. ex lib. Gent. cap. 1.

It is not only in the Ring of *Damosthenes*, of *Cleopatra*, of *Annibal*; but in Books also, that the poysons are concealed under Jewels: nor are they therefore the lesse mor-

Plinius li. 33. c. 1.

Q

gal,

The Second Part.

tal, for being the more precious. Those sublime Wits, like the Heavens, enriched with as many Stars, as are the goodly; and lofty conceits which resplend in their writings; should never leave us so secure, but that in our lection of them, we should use much suspension and caution; since it oft eveneth in Books as in Heaven; that the fairest Stars, compose the most deformed figures: whence in the study of them the advice is necessary, which the Sun gave to *Phaëton*, still to keep his eye on his way, and his hand strait on his reines, since even in travelling among the Stars,

2 Met. *Per insidias iter est, formaſque ferarum.*

Here the advertancy of the Dogs of *Egypt*, serveth to our purpose; that drink the waters of *Nylus* running, nor are they so earnest to quench according to custome their thirst; but that they more fear to satiate the hunger of the *Crocodiles*. Here also let me insert the cautelousnesse of the Eagle, which when it chafeth a poysonous Dragon.

Met. *Occupat adversum, ne se va retorqueat dra.*

All this, when the Books are such that there may be profit extracted from them, by those that read them; and profit without prejudice by those that deliberately read them. Otherwise if they are either of that kind, of which may be averred what *Tertullian* said of the ancient Spectacles; *Quorum summa De spect. gratia de spurcitiâ plurimum concinnata est;* or replenished with poysonous Doctrine, and pestilential Opinions: we should not wish (as the Comick sayes) *ex arbore pulchra singulari.* What? If this, and the other Lascivious Poet should not have composed and published his Poems, could not I know how to be a Poet? and may not I say as sick *Pompey*, when the Physieian prescribed him for supper by way of restorative a *Mavis*, adding (since that it was out of season) that *Lucullus* could help him to one, as preserving them all the year, *Quid?* said *Pompey* (with a disdainful look) *Nisi Lucullus luxuriaret, non viveret Pompeius?*

De spect.
cap. 7.

Aristoph

VVith such Books whence nothing may be extracted but poyson, and pestiferous documents; we should do as *Crates* the *Theban*, did with the money, arising upon the sale of his goods, casting it into the Sea, and therewith saying, *Ite: perdo vos, ne perdere à vobis.* And just so *Origen*, and after him *St. Ambrose*

called the mischievous Doctrines of fertile wits in the language of *David*, *Divitias peccatorum*.

The songs of the *Sirens* are sweet and melodious: Nor are the *Ramorra's* so powerful in staying the Ships when they grapple them with their teeth, as they in enchanting them; so that without casting Anchor, or striking sail, as if they were run a-ground, they remain immoveable.

Claud.

*Delatis licet huc incumbere aura carinis
Impleffensque sinum venti de puppe ferentes,
Figebat vox una ratem.* — — —

But what ensues? after the song comes sleep; and after the sleep death. Thus they only enjoyed so much, as was requisite for sleep, so much they slept as was sufficient to die.

Nec dolor ulluserat, mortem dabat ipsa voluptas.

There is no better escape from these perils, than by the stopping our eares to their channings, and enchantings; using for that purpose the famous wax of *Ulysses*. *Qui cogitavit felicissimam surditatem, ut quam vincere intelligendo non poterat, melius non advertendo*
super-

Cassiod.
lib. 2.
epist. 40.

Superaret. No lesse should we do with these enchanting *Sirens* of Books; pleasant its true, but for the most part pernicious; the which both because unprofitable, and because prejudicial, *Nescire quam scire melius est.* *August.*

Who will drink *Cyres* poyson, for the Cups being of Gold and of Pearl? Who out of the greatnesse of their curiosity, would behold in the Shield of *Pallas*, the head of *Medusa*, if the sight of it cost them a metamorphosis into stone; which to become, *Satis est vidisse semel?* How irrational both in honesty & conscience (not to speak of the shamelesse liberty of the bad) is the too much affiance of the, simply good; that with a pretence of polishing the wit, by the mirrour of such kind of Books: to draw the riches of precious conceits, from the treasuries of so Learned Authors; do as those that in taking the Jems out of the head of the Dragon, drink the venom and poyson. They run at the songs, and are caught in the snare. They become desirous of certain Spirits that so disorder the mind in taking them in, that they lose their Senses thereby.

He that travailes in dust, or dirt, howbeit he treads lightly, alwayes retaines some

filthinesse on his feet: and even the Stars, saith *Pliny*, which, (notwithstanding that they are Stars, that is to say, the pure substance of Heaven, mingled and consolidated with light;) in regard they are nourished with Terrene humours; sordid Aliment, which they exhale from here below: they become spotted, and deformed: Thus (though without any reason for it) doth *Pliny* hold, *Masculas enim non esse aliud quam terra raptas cum humore sordes*. This indeed is true, that minds, although of Cœlestial professions, and lives; if they diet themselves with sordid humours, imbibed from *Petronius*, from *Apuleius*, from *Ovid*; and besides many others, from some Poets in our Language worse than all the rest; they will contract impurity at their hearts; with a hazard of conceiving desires like to the objects they behold; as the Sheep of *Jacob* did at the sight of the party-coloured Rods, whose Lambs were gravid again, with the same devise of many-coloured spots.

Is there any want of Books, of lesse danger; and equal delight and utility to one of a sound Palate? VVho would sound the Flute, said *Alcibiades*; should they see the wry mouthes, and the bladder-checks that they deformedly make; when they may have the

Lute.

Lib. 2.
cap. 9.

Lute, and the Gittern, which afford more delight, without causing any deformity? And with that he threw them away: nor was there any in *Athens* that would from thence-forth use them. Books which make you Monsters; and transform the beauty of Gods Image, imprinted in your Soules; into a Beastly and Brutish deformity: to what end are they read? if there be so many others of equal pleasure, and of greater profit? Drink not therefore the dregs of impurest Authors, as *Galato* with an ingenious invention, depainted many Poets, the imitators, or thieves of *Homer*; that with open mouth received that which he vomited: if ell-where there is *Nectar* without Lees; and so much more sweet, by how much the more pleasant, the cleanly Viands of the Mind are, than the sluttish offals of the Sense: at whose Table much more melodiously than at that of the Queen of *Tyr*,

Alian.
lib. 13.
cap. 22.
var. hist.

*By Jopas that new-Phœbus is exprest
In Robes of Lovely yellow bravely drest,
(With charming Looks, and Scepter of pure
Gold)*

Virgil.
Æn. 7
sub fine.

*Heav'ns Miracles, and Motions, which the old
World-bearing Atlas to Alcydes told:*

The Second Part.

*He sings the Moons obliquely Rog' lar ways,
Which her become, and oft eclips Sols Rays :
How men and beasts at first were made, & how
Raines, Winds, and Lighnings are produced
now :*

*The subject of his song in the next strain
Is of the Bears, Crow, Hyades, and Wain :
And why the Vernal-dayes to th' Ocean fly
So swiftly, and the nights so leasurely.*

A paranelical reprehension, of the Writers of obscene Poems.

Hear me, ô ye *Lucifers* of the Earth :
Did God endue you with a wit full
of lofty conceits, and an acute
fancy; to the end you should turn the point
of it ingrately against himself? Did he
instruct you to manage the Pen with ap-
plause, to the end you make thereof a Dart
to transfix him in his honour? Did God,
bestow upon you Angelical minds, to have
you prove enemies like the Devils?

Tell me not, *The vain of our genius is good
only at these Theams*, I will say to you that
which *Tertullian* said of the *Israelites*, *Malu-*
istis aliam, & saepe, quàm cœlum fragrare.

The

Lasciviousnesse.

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The clarity of your wits, which might shine as benevolent Stars: you have made lights of rotten wood: compounded of putrefaction and corruption. Grant it to be true, that you are good for nothing but Poetry. Yet, to write Lascivious Poetry, was it the necessity of the Wit, or the vice of the Will? It sufficeth (as *Pythagoras* did with a Lascivious Lutanist) that you alter the tune of your *Muses* Lyre, and change a Lascivious *Lydian*, into a Grave *Dorick*; instead of exciting in others, affections and motions of Lascivious passions; to repress them.

S. Basil
hom. 12.
de lib.
Ethn.

But, if still you are enamoured upon a Strumpet *Muse*; and tainted with that which you call a Genius, or humour of unchast verififying; I shall say of you, and that with more reason, what *Lactantius* said of *Leucippus* the Phylosopher the first inventor of *Atomes*, and defender of Chance, *Quanto melius fuerat tacere, quàm in usustàm miserabilis, tam inanes, habere linguam!* Is it not better to have no vain of Poetry; than to have a vain of vomiting venom and poyson? A prudent Emperour would never consent, that his Wife should drink wine; although the Physicians swore to him, that there was no other way to make her of barren that she
was

De ira
Dei c. 10

*Ped. apud
Æneam.
Syl. li. de
reb. Al.
pb.*

was to become fruitfull. That discreet Prince esteemed the remedy, worse than the disease: and said, *Malo Uxorem sterilem quàm Vinosam*. O how much better would this other saying sound in your mouth, *Malo Musam, Sterilem quàm Lascivam*. Did I not know any other Language, than that of an irrational Creature; I would rather choose to be a dumbe Man, than a speaking Beast.

And what gain you, when you spend your Wits, & consume your age and life to publish a work to the World, (which suppose it should be granted Immortal) if for the same you shall be applauded on Earth; and tormented under the Earth, praised where you are not, and tormented where you shall eternally be? The *Horace's*, the *Catullus's*, the *Ovids*, the *Gallio's*, the *Martial's*; (to omit those of our own, of a holier Religion, but of a prophaner Poetry;) what avails it the that they remain yet to the light of publick Fame; if in the mean time they remain buried in the darknesse of Hell: & for every particle of that obscenity w^{ch} they writ, they are tormented there below; whilest here, without there knowledge, they are for the same unprofitably applauded?

Suppose that after many years study, your Pen should send forth a VVork of im-
mortal

mortal merit; (in which notwithstanding *Pauci quos æquus amavit Jupiter*) of that glory, which is the proper and legitimate reward of the labours of Heroick VVits, you must promise to your selves no other share, than the least; I mean that of the vulgar, or of the vicious: in as much as men of wisdom and judgement (to whose eares *Solæcismus magnus, & vitium est turpe quid narrare,*) will rather abominate you, as cankers of civil conversation, and wholesom customes: nor will the misemployed virtue of your VVits, appear otherwise to them, than the immeasurable, but impious strength of Giants: who are not commended as mighty, because they can dig up Mountains, and heap the a top of one another, but are condemned as irreligious, because they therewith pretended to assault Heaven, and pull *Jupiter* out of his Throne.

S. Hier.

“ *But if nothing else will perswade you: behold God descending to the uncleanness of a Stable; to the miseries of poverty; to the inconveniences of obscurity; to the scorns of mockers; to the calumny of detractors; to the sale of a slave; to the condemnation of a Criminal; to the death of a Thief! All blisters under the scourges; all blood, amidst the thorns; all confusion, in his nakednesse; all anguish, on the Crosse! Now*
 “ see

The Second Part.

“ set him before you; and ask him, for whom he
 “ took so long a voyage, and as so long stages, as
 “ from Heaven to Calvary? For whom he dispended
 “ so many toaves, so much sweat, and blood?
 “ Had this noble Merchant in all this a design of
 “ other gain than of Soules? Pretendeth he any
 “ other from us; requested he any other of his
 “ Father; than to have us for his imitators in life,
 “ and companions in glory; Now put your selves
 “ in competition with God; and behold the dis-
 “ proportionate unworthinesse of this comparison.
 “ He to save Soules, did what he could; you what
 “ you know, to damn them. What prognostica-
 “ tions make you of your selves? What faces will
 “ you have to appear before your Judge as guilty;
 “ whilst that as many as have been lost by your
 “ means; and in the Volumes of ages to come, shall
 “ be shewn, after these, to have perished through
 “ your occasion; shall exalt their horrid yellings,
 “ from the deepest pit of Hell, against you? What
 “ defence will you have for your selves, being to
 “ answer for the crimes of others? howbeit they
 “ are not so much others, as your own; since you laid
 “ the stumbling-blocks to those falls, you sowed the
 “ seed to those fruits of Death.

There is not that man living on the earth,
 that *Lusifer* beholds with a better eye, and
 observes, and preserves, with greater care;
 than he that busieth himself in infusing from
 his

his brain, into the golden Cup of an Ingenious Book, the pest of error, or poyson of impure Poetry. One of these alone sufficeth to ease half the Devils' of the trouble of tempting: for a mischievous Book, contravailes a hundred Devils. Here *Behemoth* ^{700.} sleepeth *in secreto calami, in lotis humentibus*, neither is there any necessity of his contributing to the fall of men; where the way is so glib, and slippery, the feet easily slide; and the supports deceive them.

Tymo the *Athenian* hated all men, he loved one onely *Alcibiades*; but to love him was to hate all: because he fore-saw by his inclinations, that he would be the ruin of many, and should become a disturber of all *Greece*. And those true *Misanthropii*, there below; if there be any men that they hug as friends, and imbrace as dear unto them; they are those, that with Books of immortal duration, and mortal operation, are to fight for many ages against Heaven; to expugne honesty in many breasts, and to enrich their kingdom with many Souls.

“ These Truths discerned with the lights
 “ of reason, and faith by a famous Poet, (as I
 “ hear from a person of his familiar acquaint-
 “ tance) they made him often-times startle
 “ for horrour, and almost swoond for grief;
 “ and

Sust. in
Cal. s. II

“and so far transported him, that he took up
 “the Book which he himself had composed
 “to behold it *Tanquam Orbis Terrarum Phaë-*
 “*tontem* (as *Tyberius* called *Caligula*) whence
 “as having merited a flash of lightning, he
 “sentenced it to the flames. But no sooner
 “did he reach out his hand to cast it into
 “the fire; but he pulled it in with occult
 “violence of compassion; Love, then bring-
 “ing to his mind, the cold and tedious
 “nights, of those seven years watching,
 “which he spent in writing it; the great
 “labours of the wit, which there had ex-
 “prest the quintessence of its Art; the harms
 “of his impaired health, enfeebled and worn
 “away by the file of continual study: so
 “that there was not therein a syllable, or
 “verse; that did not cost him some part of
 “his life: The publick desire of the World,
 “longing to see it: The glory, which the
 “merit of a Work of that singular Nature,
 “did promise him: Alas! These were Spels
 “which shook his hand, stupified his arm,
 “and perplexed his heart: whereupon he
 “repented, altering his purpose, and con-
 “demned himself of cruelty, and credulity;
 “and in a posture, as if he would implore
 “mercy and pardon of his Book, he kissed
 “it, hugged it to his breast; and to comfort
 “it

“ it after the fright of the fire, he promised
 “ it, as before, that it should be published
 “ to the light.

God keep you, that you may never be the Father of such a like Book. Albeit you discern its malevolent inclination, and infamous dispositions; yet to strangle it with your own hand, to tear it in pieces, to consume it in the flames; will be an enterprize of that difficulty, as if you were with your own hand to slay a Son, and to rip his Soul out of his heart with your own knife: and the same said *Origens* Master in *Stromati*; *Libri sunt filii animorum.*

The knowledg, and fore-sight, that the publishing it in print, would be to the prejudice of many, and perdition of your selves; as a Man, as a Christian will sometimes infuse horreur into the mind, and chilnesse into the heart; and you will repent to have done that, which cost you so many sighs, so many toils. But in Conclusion, this shall convert to that Remorse of *Cesars* conscience upon the Banks of *Rubicon*. You will strive to overcome God, and your selves; and slightly over-passing the inconveniences of others, or your selves; you will proceed with a resolute *facta est alea.*

For my part, if two spectacles should offer

Suet. in

Ces. c. 23

offer

The Second Part.

offer themselves to my view; on the one hand aged *Abraham*, binding his only *Isaac* as a victime upon the Altar, with a hand as stedfast, as his heart was intrepidable; and the fire put to the wood of the Sacrifice; and the hand up to fetch the blow up to the throat of the innocent Son; without either by the shivering of the arm, or altering of his countenance, or bedewing of his eyes, giving the least symptoms of a discomposed mind; applying himself with such intenseness to his Priestly Office; as if he had forgot his paternal relation; or else if he had the affectionate resentments of a Father; it was with more emulation, than compassion of his Son that he slue; although in him he was both Victime and Priest; (for he slue himself no lesse than him; in whom more than himself he lived.) And on the other hand an excellent Authour of a pestilent Book, over-committing the contrasts of his thoughts, of his friends, and of all the Devils in Hell; sacrificing it generously to the flames, with that self-same hand that had syllable by syllable written, and weighed it: cutting off at one blow, the labours of the years past, & the glory of the ages to come; and slaying himself in his issue: losing with a voluntary refusal, that life; which only makes

makes us survive death; I mean, the Fame of succeeding Generations. Of these two spectacles I know not which I should more willingly behold, and perhaps it would appear unto me a lighter matter, at the express command of God; Father of the unborn, and life of the Dead, to slay a Son that was begotten with delight, and may be raised again by miracle: then at the voice, of the un-audable Speech, in which God speaks to the heart; to burn a Book, that in conceiving it, in bringing it forth, in bringing it up; cost more pains, than it hath syllables.

What though the love of Glory; and the hopes of obtaining a Name of an invincible Soul, moved *Brutus* to condemn his own Sons to death; being rebels to their Country, and enemies to the publick good? He condemned them as a Consul, not to deliver them as a Father, *Et exuit Patrem ut Consulem ageret.* His heart suffered him to see tied to the stake, Young-men, of amiable aspect, and in a word, Sons. *Et quis spectator erat amovendus, eum ipsum Fortuna exactorem supplicii dedit.* But he could do no lesse. Who then so obdurated his heart; or who bereaved him of it, for the time; whilest he both commanded, and undauntedly beheld the death of his Sons?

*Valerius
Max.*

li. 5. c. 8.

*Tit. Liv.
lib. 2.*

Aeneid. 6 Vicit amor Patrie laudumque immensa Cupido.

Is the avidity of glory, able to make Fathers Executioners? Where then in one is lost both the Son, & the Glory which from him was expected; how much more heroic an act is it to kill him: since the power of doing it, was taken from nothing, but from the love of Virtue?

But the hope of ever seeing so happy a Spectacle, is a vanity. Yet I would persuade these, that the excrescences, (such especially as favour wholly of brutal) may be pared off, that the Book may remain, if not good, yet at least, not exceeding bad. But also for this they are perfect at that answer, heretofore given to the Senate of *Rome*, when they were consulting of lessning the *Tyber*, by branching it, and diverting the Rivers that emptied themselves into it, thereby to secure the City from the frequent Inundations, that submerged it, *Ipsum Tyberim nolle prorsus accolis fluvius orbatum, minore gloria fluere.* They will not permit their works to be a drop diminished, a tittle impaired. They say they would seem monstrous being maimed; when as indeed they are Monsters being entire.

Tacit.

D E

DETRACTION.

The inclination of the Genius, and abusive employment of the Wit to the defaming of others.

WHO would ever imagine that *Detraction* should be so sweet, that he that had once tasted it should ever after desire it; & as the Lions, which if they have once licked the blood from their pawes, are always after that greedy for it; so likewise he that tasteth the first relish of slander, hath ordinarily so long a desire after it, that they become like those that had rather be without a tongue, than without their jests; and cease to live sooner than to leave jeering. Old age, (when they arrive at it) though it oft-times bereaves the head of wisdom, yet it deprives not the bitter tongue of its stings; like as the old thorns, which Winter makes to lose their leaves not their pricks; their ornament, but not their sharpness.

These, for the most part, acute of wit, but only to sting; never speak better than

The Second Part.

when they spake worst; never shine more than when most they burn. All the proofs of their Wits are jeers, and pungent jests: & to become the smarter in biting, they tetter their wits, more than that famous Oratour strove in despite of his lisping tongue to pronounce and expresse the canicular and snarling letter R.

To hear them, how a *Menippus*, a *Zoilus*, a *Momms* will play upon one another, (so ingeniously they do it) it is as if you heard a Musick, but such Musick as that, which *Pythagoras* observed to be made, by the blows, and percussions of great Hammers. Their Pens, taken from a Vulture, not from a Swan, like that of the famous *Demosthenes*, have the ink at one end, and poison at the other: yea, the ink it self is a venom; that impositions the names which it writeth; whereupon as those that die of poison, they appear wan and black. The sparkings of the wit, which in others are wont to be innocent Lamps of light, not of fire; for delight, not for offence; in them are lightnings, that carry flames on their wings, and death on their points.

There is transfused into their heads the Genius of *Lucians*, *qui primus condidit slyt oscurum*. They have in their mouthes the proper

Plinius
de asat.
cap. 10.

proper tongue of the Ancient Epigrammatists; namely, (as *Marial* defineth it) *Malam linguam*; nor though their speech be sweet, and copious, can it ever be said, of them, as of the Sweetest *Plato*, that the Bees put hony in their mouthes; but instead of it a *Scorpions* egge, or a *Spiders* venom. In sum; they accustom their hands to the cauterizing instruments like an Anatomist; rather than to the Pen like a Writer: and the more subtilly they cut, the more excellent they seem; wounding the living, and tearing in pieces the death.

These detraacting Buffoons, unworthy of living amongst Men, as partaking of Beasts; (as was said of *Cicero*) to gain the applause of a jest, care not to lose the favour of a friend.

Dummodo risum ———

Excusiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico.

Horat.

lib. 1.

Sat. 4.

Whereupon they may well be called with the Comick *Vulturii*; since that *Hosius* an *Civis comedant parvipendum*. To expresse one of their conceits, they care not though they torment that innocent party upon which it lights. They onely use their eyes to strike their blows home; nor do they care, when it sometimes falls out that they speed as the Eagle; that let a Tortoise fall

upon the bald head of a Poet, to break the shell. Thus they take pleasure, in others sufferings; and honour, from others disgrace: imitating (if he did such a thing) *Bronarok*, that crucified a man, thereby to depaint to the life a Crucified *Christ*. Or rather *Nerb*, that set fire on *Rome*, to chaunt upon the Tower of *Machius*; to the sound of his Gittern, in the real wrack of his Country, the feigned conflagration of *Troy*.

Ah las! too barbarous is that desire of theirs, to appear at others cost, quick-wits; of an acute and nimble brain. Its the cruel custom of the people of *Fippous*, to prove the temper of their *Scymitars*, & the strength of their armes, upon the Carcasses of the condemned. How much worse is it under pretence of a sportive skirmish, to thrust in ones breast a Daggar, no lesse mortal to the reputation of him that receives it, than the wound of a Sword would be to his life; which, as saith *Vegetius*, *Dum unum ad alios mortales sunt*. Yee you must know, that the *Satyres*, Fathers and Masters of *Satyre*, are more ugly for being Semi-beasts, than beautiful for being Demi-gods: and in your mordant taunts, that which is ingenious, doth not so much please; but that which is malicious, doth more displease.

Lib. I.
cap. 12.

Be these the sublime uses, the divine im-
 ployments, for which Wit was given you?
 To make it of a King that it is a Tyrant;
 and of a Conservator of Civill life, a Homi-
 cide, and Hangman? You appropriate that
 to yourselves, which an Ancient writ a-
 gainst the cruel *Perillus*; justly complaining,
 that he had debas'd the innocent Art of
 forming in brasse the Images of gods, and
 Heroës; unto the making of a Murthering
 Bull, to be the Executor, or Instrument of
 the mercilesse sentences of *Phalaris*. In hoc
a simulachris Deorum, humanamque devocaverat,
humanissimam artem. Ideo tot conditores ejus
elaboraverant ut ex eo tormanta fierent? Itaque
unde de causa servantur operaejus, ut quisquis illis
vident; odent manus.

Plinius
 li. 34. c. 8

The ordinary punishment of these is to be
 beloved by none, shunned by many, hated
 by all. To bring upon themselves the in-
 famous title of a *Satyriss*, a Detractor, a
 Buffoon, who might bear in their fore-heads
 that ancient Distich, extracted from a
 Greek Epigram,

Ut mos ad Solem statuat Nasus, hians?
Ores, bene ostendet dentibus hora quota esse

Diogenes, the Band-dog of Cynick Phylo-

The Second Part.

sophers; had his palace, rather kennel, in a Tub. This was the Heaven, which he revolved: An Intelligence really worthy of such a Sphere: This the Cave from which he delivered his Oracles, that smelt more of Wine than Truth: This the Chair, where teaching, he undertook to correct others uncomely customes, with a miracle (if he had succeeded so,) that a Butt should reduce others to themselves, that is wont to make them run besides themselves. Whatsoever was the doctrine that he taught (which yet was such, that *Plato* called him, *alterum Socratem sed insanam*) nevertheless, because in that nasty and filthy Butt, he mingled the Wine of syncere Philosophy with the sharp Vineger of a continual malediction, he had more Scoffers than Scholars; and all *Athens*, lookt upon him as a Dog, and shunn'd him as a mad Man.

And who is there that will hug a *Porcupine*, since he cannot touch it so warily, but that it will prick him? who would keep company with one, to whom as to the *Scorpion*, *Semper cauda in ictu est?* Who would make a friend of a *Lion*, which then when it neither useth paws nor teeth; hath so sharp a tongue, that even when it licketh it fetcheth blood? Better is it to honour them, that they may

not

Alian.
lib. 14.
cap. 33.
var. hist.

Plin. l. xi.
cap. 25.

not become enemies; sacrificing to them, as the *Romans* did to the Goddess *Febris*; for then they oblige you when they come not near you; and when they only so far remember you, as never to think of you.

But it would be so slight a punishment for Detractors, to be onely shunned and avoided; if also they were not persecuted. For although sometimes they are subtle in the interests of their lives, as to know how much it behoves them not to irritate those, that can answer to the Pen with the Sword, and to words, with deeds: but that in the affairs of such they ought to be dumbe, if not blind; taking thereof an example, from certain Northern *Cranes*, that being to passe Mount *Taurus* take a stone in their mouthes, to the end they may not with their chattering wake the *Eagles* there nested: yet its seldom seen, that they are so cunning; but that one time or other, they do that unawares; which they continually do, either out of habit, or nature: whereby either they make to themselves, as the *Silk-worms*, a prison with their own mouthes; or provoke them in whose power it is to crush the *Scorpion*, upon the sore it made: bringing to mind by their example the truth of that, which *Pollio* said of *Augustus*; That

we

Macr. we ought not *Scribere in eum, qui potest pro-*
li. 2. Sat. scribere.

cap. 4.

They will not alwayes meet with such as will give them money to hold their peace; nor such as (following the advice of *Alphonſus* King of *Aragon*) will throw to the *Cur medicas fragibus offam*, to keep him from barking, or at least from biting.

It was the singular fortune of that Advocate in *Martial*:

Lib. 1.
Epist.

Quod clamas semper, quod agentibus obstrepiſ

Heli,

Non facis hoc gratis, accipiunt taceas.

(Many times *accipiunt, ut taceant*; but they receive something, but what I know not, upon which they cease to snarle, so that they are never heard to speake more: which was the reward of that notorious *Zelus*; who whether he were burnt alive, or stoned; or crucified, in one of these sorts of doyn, he was paid the wages, of his alpersions against the Prince of Poets.

Vitr.
prof. li. 7

He

He that hath erred in Writing,
 should not refute his confutation:
 And he that is ignorant himself,
 should not undertake to correct,
 or condemn others.

THERE is not a man upon Earth of so
 clear and Chrystaline a Wit, that
 in receiving the light of Sapience,
 doth not cast some shadow; some more,
 some lesse opacious, and muddy with Ignorance.
 Our souls, said a VVise Ancient,
 (sires of themselves all light, and clarity,) being
 that they are conjoynd to this grosse
 matter of our bodies, which they enliven;
 besides the flesh that attends them, are also
 obscured with foggy vapours, where-
 upon like flame confused and intermingled
 with smoke; they lose in great measure the
 vivacity of their motion, and the clarity of
 their light. And from hence is the difficulty
 in seeking, and incertainty of discerning the
 Truth. Therefore *hanc veniam petimusque*
damusque vicissim, of sometimes not hitting
 the Center, without being therefore expul-
 sed

The Second Part.

fed the Circle of the Learned; like as the Moon, although that it be sometimes Eclipsed; and darkened, yet she is not for this banished from Heaven.

And to say the truth, they are not to be tolerated, that either vend their own writings, or defend others as Oracles of infallible Truth; as Gold of the twenty-fourth Caract without mixture of errour, without alloy of falsity. As for their own, let them hear St. *Ambrose*, that very aptly resembles them to Children, to which the love that is born, blinds the judgment; whereupon the better Fathers they are to them, the

S. Ambri. worse Judges they use to be of them; *Vnumquemque fallunt sua scripta, & Authorem pretereunt. Atque ut filii etiam deformes delectant parentes; sic etiam Scriptores, indecoros quoque sermones palpant.* For those of others, let them,

St. Aug. epist. 111 besides many other places of *Augustine*, read his 111 Epistle where he saith, His custom was not to adore the Authours but the Truth; not their Sayings, but Reason; forsaking them where they forsook her. *Talis sum ego in scriptis aliorum* (concludes he the Epistle) *tales volo intellectores meorum.*

On this ground, the more Wise are persuaded before the publishing their writings, to bring them to the test, and censure of a friend,

friend, equally judicious, and faithful ; that where they find them defective, they may say to them, as the Ancient Fencers to their scholars, *Repete*, but if only after their coming to publick light, they be seen deficient; they themselves may correct them ; retracting them as Painters , which boast not their labours for works exactly perfect according to the rigour of Art, but write underneath the *Faciebat* of *Polycletus* and *Apelles*. *Tanquam inchoata Arte, & perfecta, ut contra judiciorum varietates superesset artificii regressus ad ventam, velut emendaturo quidquid desideretur, si non esset interceptus.* And of this the Great *Hypocrates* gave an example, who reputed it no shame to retract anything, which he had writ of the *Sutures* of the brain.

Plin. præfat. hist.

Plutarc. quomodo profectus in virt. &c.

But for as much as either the Writer (unless too late) perceives not his errors, of which unwittingly he makes himself Master, printing them ; or is prevented by others in opportunely prescribing them an Antidote, and giving them a reproof; when that comes, he that is a prudent Judge, and rational friend, should not write to disgrace, injure, or irritate him : for that is not his desire, that as the Ancient *Romans* whilst they were wholly ignorant of the Mathicks, regulated their publick actions by

an

Plinius
li. 7. c. 60

an irregular and lying Dial; *Non enim congruebant ad horas ejus linie*; so, his errors should be the rule of others understandings;

Epist. 7.
ad Mar-
cellinum.

Nimis enim perversè seipsum amat, said the Great *Augustine*, *qui & alios vult errare, ut error suus lateat*.

Yea, to be assisted in un-deceiving himself, and which is more, the World; ought to be so much the dearer to every one, by how much all are obliged to love the Truth. And hear in a few of his own words, the sense that the same *Augustine* had of this; A man, I know not whether of greater ingenuity, or modesty: *Non pigebit me sic ubi hesito querere, sic ubi erro discere. Proinde quisquis hoc legit ubi pariter certus est pergat mecum, ubi pariter hesitat, quærat mecum. Ubi errorem suum cognoscit redeat ad me; ubi mecum revocet me.*

Lib. 1. de
Trin. c. 2

And this, of which I have hitherto writ, is the part of the modesty of him that writes: Nor should it be lesse that, of him that readeth. Not betaking themselves to a profession of running only to errors of Writers to condemn them; as *Vultures* to putrid Carcasses, or *Ravens* to Carrion to devour them; doing it moreover with as much liberty, as if there were no possibility of their erring, in noting the errors of others: and yet

Detraction.

223

yet the Aphorisme of *Ambrose* is most true, *2. Apol.*
Sæpe in iudicando majus est peccatum iudicis, *David.*
quàm peccati illius, de quo fuerat iudicatum. *cap. 2.*

This is the discourteous manner of many, *Plinius*
Qui obreccatione alienâ Scientiâ famam sibi præf.
ancupantur;

Femulæque tristes sceptrâ Padagogorum.

Mart.

they hold a Censorious brow still advanced over the Authours they read, to lash them; they delighting no lesse thus to use the rod, than others to graspe the Scepter. Thence are born the so many Contests, Apologies, not to say the Duels, and Tragoedies of a thousand Authours, though of no ordinary judgment; which in this kind of impertinency, have thrown away much time, and much sweat, but to what purpose?

Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos.

This seems to me a matter, not to be wholly past over with a coniving eye: Take therefore about it some few advertisements.

First; That a man that hath no more but a belly and a tongue, (as *Antipater* said of *Demades*) should undertake to make himself the Trier of the Golden Writings of *Plin. A. poph.*
worthy

Pl. A-
popb.

worthy Men ; finding how much of purity ; and how much of dross they contain ; condemning what they understand not , rejecting what they like not , gnawing what they cannot bite : That a fordid Woman instead of her Spindle , should take a Pen , and write against the Divine *Theophrastus* , taxing him of ignorance and simplicity ; renewing the Ancient Monsters of Fable : That a proud *Omphale* , should condemn Great *Hercules* from a Club to a Distaff ; from killing of Monsters , to spinning : That a *Demosthenes* , (Cook to *Valens* the Emperor ,) as if the Kitchen had been a School of Wisdom , and the Dishes Books ; should villifie the Theology of Great *Basil* ; and reject it as viands without salt , and Sapience without savour : That one Mr. *Joban. Ludovicus* , should pretend to draw the most Learned *Augustine* out of ignorance : and presume (*Sus Minervam*) to teach the true form of Logick to that Great *Augustine* all Soul ; to that Ingenious *Archimedes* ; which against the enemies of Truth and Faith , knew how to make as many thunder-bolts , as he made arguments : deducing his propositions from most manifest principles , as rayes from the Sun : and directing them in a Logical form , to the mark of infallible

consequences: Is not this the same as to see *Mures de cavernis exeuntes*; tilt with a straw at the brest of a Lion? To see water-Frogs not only to muddy the water for *Diana*, but to desire to ingrosse it solely and wholly to themselves? To see Beasts, that with the horrid yelling of their discordant throats, to affright and put to flight the Giants?

In beholding these, and others of the like stamp expound, blot out and correct the writings of Learned Men; it brings to mind, and sets before my eyes that indiscreet Ass, which with teeth accustomed to Roots, Shrubs, and pungent tops of Thistles; durst attempt to tear and devour all the *Illiades* of the Poet *Homer*: to the greater disgrace and disaster of *Troy* (as a Poet speaks) in as much as heretofore a Horse more honourably, now an Ass more fordidly destroyed it.

The Grecian *Aristides* died, a man of Martial valour, proved at more than one encounter; & died of poison taken from the wound of a certain little Animal, that had stung him. Death grieved not the valiant man, but dying so dishonourably: namely, not torn by a Lion; not bruised by an Elephant; not dismembered by a Tyger; but stung by an unlucky Flye. The like, in my
 Q judg-

judgment, may be the resentment of those great Masters of the World, seeing themselves stung, reprehended, condemned; not by men excellent for VVit and Learning; but by a Cook, by a VVoman, by a Pedant. For if the Stars (saith *Cassiodorus*) seeing upon a Dial, the immense periods of their light imitated, and as it were mocked, by the little motion of a shadow; would be offended, and in disdain confound Heaven, and the VVorld: and would commence other motions, other revolutions, *Meatus suos fortasse deflecterent ne tali ludibrio subjacerent*: VVhat do you think so many in every profession of Learning, Oracles of VVisdom, would now do, if in the silence of their Sepulchers they might hear themselves taxed, some for blind, some for simple, some for in excusably ignorant; and this by men, not only no Sages, but (if they may be measured by their judgment) no men; who to acquire in the vogue of the Vulgar, the name and credit of *Hercules*, and *Samson*; strip the skins from the minds of the already-dead-Lions.

Lib. 1.
epist. 15.

Secondly, it happens many times, that that is our Ignorance, which we may think anothers error: and we may peradventure say to our selves, that, which many
grave

grave and holy Bishops said to the Apostate Eperour *Julian*; who read, and contemned a most learned Apology of St. *Apollonarie*: *Legisti, sed non intellexisti; si enim intellexisses, non improbasses.*

*Sozom.
Histor.*

The Ancient *Romans*, in the exercise of Arms; wherein they held the Souldiery contiually trained; gave for the first rule of well bestowing their blows, Not to lay themselves open to their enemies weapon: so that he warding the blow, in the same act, wound them in the deficient part of their Arms, before they could recover their Swords from the thrust and return (without losse of much time) to their guard. *In qua meditatione, (saith Vigettus) servabatur illa cautela ut ita Tyro ad inferendum vulnus insurgeret, ne qua ex parte pateret ipse ad plagam.*

*Lib. 1.
cap. 12.*

And the first rule of those that take up the Pen against a VVriter, ought to be, that in condemning anothers ignorance, they shew not their own. Otherwise, if entring into a Labyrinth, to fetch out one that wanders in the same, you have not a clue with which to wind out your selves; you shall be the subject of *Democritus* laughter, that derided the wretched *Grammarians*, wholly intent to trace out the errors of *Vlises*, whilst in the mean-time they saw not their own.

The Second Part.

VVe need not betake our selves to bite others, till our *Wife-teeth* be grown; which (as *Aristotle* adviseth) shoot late. It is requisite to be doubly furnished, with Learning, and with VVit, being to correct him that erreth; that so both the errour be certain, and the correction inculpable. And how many times doth it happen, that through the insufficiently understanding the true sense of the VVriter, we commit the crime of *Mutius Scaevola*, that thinking to kill the King, slue the Servant? VVe arraign that as said by another, which he neither said, nor dreamt; and desperately engage in a Combate with phantasmes: when as, if not having eyes of our own sufficiently able to discern; we had used those of a perceptive friend; we should have put up our weapons, (as the *Sybil* made *Aeneas*,) that we might not fruitlessly grapple with shadows with great pains to our selves, and no hurt to them.

Thirdly, Its not the custome of these depraving Calumniators to irritate any, whilst they be living; measuring his knowledge by the writings which he published; in regard that in a person incensed, anger many times converts to VVit; rousing all his Spirits before dormant, which running

where

where necessity calleth them, like as *In lucernis oleum fluit illud ubi exuritur*. How many, that kept the golden veins of sublime wit and precious discretion conceal'd and sepulchred in their breasts, once being stung by such as unadvisedly dared (esteeming the devoid of Learning) to provoke them: have manifested their parts to the World: giving their emulators cause to repent the misfortune of angering them: in like manner as some times the Rocks being gravid with rich, but occult minerals; rent by a thunder-bolt, and sending forth by the opening of the wound an essay of that wealth which was within concealed: make it appear, that those are Mountains of Gold and Silver, that were reputed to be no other but incultivated heaps of Stones? How many whose brains appeared frozen, and as impenetrable as flint: being provoked to the proof of their Pens, just as flint stricken, have sent out not sparks, to light: but flames, and lightning to wound? What can be a more incensate, and stupid animal, than an Ass? Yet observe that of avaricious *Balaam*; that being smitten with more passion, than reason, became in its own defence a *Demosthenes*. *Balaam* (saith *Chrysostome*) *erat Asinus, animal omnium hebetissimum; nec*

Sen. li. 4. quæf. nat.

In Ps. 47

The Second Part.

minus bene se defendit apud eum, qui ipsum pulsabat, quam homo praeclusus ratione. But farther, Do not even *Mutes* themselves (as is said of that Son of *Cræsus*) in defence of the things to which nature hath related them, know how to untie the tongue; and, with a miracle of that natural Love, to which nothing is a miracle, to speak that which they never learnt to speak?

*In pref.
ad Dial.*

How many, be it envy, be it desire of contradiction, be it ambition of erecting to themselves upon others ruines a repute of gallant Men; (imitating, (saith *Theodore*,) that *Shimei*, which made himself famous to the World with stoning a King: a King so holy, so innocent as *David*;) have with the stings of their over-pungent Pens, infuriated those, which (being supposed Lambs, but found Lions,) have made them with themselves out of the lists? but in vain, and too late, for

Juvenal.

Galeatum serò duelli pœnitet:

have sown, with *Cadmus*, biting speeches as it were teeth of poisonous Serpents; and have afterwards been affrighted seeing an Host of Armed Men so suddenly spring up?

Messis

Detraction.

231

Mæffis cum proprio mox bellatura colono.

Ovid.
Met.

have took (as *Archylochus* told one who would without cause quarrel with him) the Waspe by the wings; and afterwards hearing the humming, have wisht that either they had had no hands to take it, or had had no eares to hear it? Have strived as *Marsias* with *Apollo*, (believing him to be a Shepherd, who was a God) and when afterwards they have seen themselves flea'd like Calves have begged pittie, have offer'd promises, but in vain; for he that resolv'd to have his skin, would not give him a word: nor would he suffer himself to be overcome with intreaties, that had overcome in Singing? In short, how many be there that have found themselves in the middest among Vipers, and Asps; nor have they known of whom to complain besides themselves alone; that rashly rusht among them, too late taking heed, and have complain'd to no purpose? as that unfortunate *Roman Army*, that finding in *Affrick* more Monsters, than humane enemies, with whom to fight: said

*Lucia. in
psend.*

————— *Nihil Africa de te,*

Luc 11. 2

*Nec de te Natura queror. Tot monstra ferentem
Gentibus ablatum dederas serpentibus orbem.
In loca serpentum nos venimus.*

Q 4

Such

The Second Part.

Such as one was *Ruffinus*, who sorely to his cost stung, and provoked, *St. Jerome*; and chose rather to be his emulator than friend: But afterwards proving how dexterous a hand he had to strike, and heavy to wound, he would have withdrawn himself from the fray, crying; "That he had sufficient punishment in himself without his blows: That Love of Truth, not passion had guided his hand whilest he writ: That it was not handsom betwixt Christians, between Monks; to take up the Pen, and to use it as a Sword to hurt one another. To whom *St. Jerome*, *Estq*, said he, *me nescius vulneraris: quid ad me qui percussus sum? Num idcirco curari non debeo quia tu me bono animo vuluerasti? Confosus jaceo: stridet vulnus in pectore, candida prius sanguine membra turpantur; & tu mihi dicas, Noli manum adhibere vulneri, ne ego in te videar vulnerasse?*

Lib. 1.
contra
Ruff.

Cautions

*Cautions about the nice mystery of
opposing others, and defending
our selves.*

IT sufficeth not by way of advice to such as know little and presume much to have hitherto said, that a SHOOMAKER, who in his Craft raiseth not himself *ultra crepidam*; ought not to climbe to the face and censure a countenance designed and painted by *Apelles*; whose Art, as he hath not EYES Learned enough to understand it, so ought he not much lesse have a tongue so bold as to condemn it: But it rests also to speak of that which is required in contrasts between the Intelligent; that so they may attein to the level of reason, and agree with the Standard of Equity; And they are either arraignments of others writings; or defences of our own.

And to the writing against others: As the Love of Truth, ought to be that alone, which puts the Pen into the hand, and in a certain sense dubs the Writer her Knight; so Modesty ought to be the Mistresse that teacheth the Art of managing it: using it

not

- not as the Lance of a Souldier, but of a Chyrurgion; against Errour to amend; not against the Authour, to offend him: Therein evincing himself a good Scholar of Divine VVifdom the VVord, whose Mouth in the
- Cant. 5.* *Canticles* is compared not to Roses; which yet are of a colour, that more than all other Flowers resembleth the Lips; but likened to the Lillies: and this, not only because the candure of the proper and native Verity of the mouth of *Christ*, without painting or borrowed imbellishment, by it self alone sufficiently resplends; which is the ingenious surmise of *Theodoret*: but also, because
- In cap. 5* the Lilly is a Flower, no lesse innocent than
Cant. lovely: without pricks, or roughnesse, to render it sharp and pungent. *Flos sublimis* (saith *St. Ambrose* of *Christ* pourtrayed in the Lilly,) *immaculatus, innoxius, in quo non spinarum offendat asperitas, sed gratia circumfusa clariscat.*
- Lib. 7. in*
Lucan. The Stars whilst they fought against *Sifera*, broke not their order, forsook not their posts, nor discomposed themselves in doing it. *Manentes in ordine, & cursu suo, adversus Siferam pugnauerunt.* And thus ought they to do that undertake to write against others; which yet is a combatè not without victory, though without bloud. It is good

good to beware, that in running the Lance of his reason, he lose not his stirrop; and thereby the merit of Wit be overcome by the defect of Passion: And that he censure not the pride of *Plato*; with the pride of *Dio-genes*; reading himself criminal in the very act of recriminating.

The convincing one of error, is to put the finger into the wound, and to search it even to the bottom; an action to be done with exquisite delicatenesse, that the cure cause not more anguish, than the wound. Discreet *Hippocrates*, commanded that the eyes of the sick, as parts extream delicate, should be wiped with the purest linnen; and the wounds cleansed with the softest sponges; and both done with all possible dexterity and lightnesse of hand. And before him the *Protomedicus* Holy *Raphaël* ordered young *Tobias*, that in the cure of the eyes of his blind Father, before he applyed the Gall for medicine, he should give him a kisse for love. *Osculare eum, statimque lini*

Libro de medico.

Tob. II.

supex oculas ejus ex felle isto: We would prescribe the like advice to such as pretend to illuminate the eyes of the mind of the erroneous; still to have regard that the Gall of reprehending another for his error (which although it were only to publish it, yet is a

collyrium

collirium of great sharpness) be not disjuncted from the Kisse, and the Kisse disjunct from Love.

C Carneades the Academian, being resolved to write against *Zeno* Patron of the rigid Sect of the *Stoicks*; with a small pill of *Hellibore* purged his stomach from peccant humours, especially from *Choler*, to the end their fumes should not obfuscate his wit in that important action. *Ne quid è corruptis in stomacho humoribus ad domicilium usque animi redunderet.* He that hath purged his brain, and knows what is sufficient for that which pertains to the enterprize of confuting; let him not omit also to purge the tartness of *Choler*; so that his doctrine and the manner of delivering it be equally inculpable. Let him accord the Affections of his mind to the Masick of Reason, that so the style in which he expresseth himself, do not participate of difficulty, or dissonancy. Let him not enter the lists till he hath made that sacrifice to the Graces; that the complacential *Plato* advised the churlish *Xenocrates*. Then let him go as those prudent and puissant *Spartans* that fell not to the Battail at the sound of the rattling Drum, but of the Bagpipe and Flute, *Ut modestiores modulatioresque fierent*, said *Thucydides* in *Gellius*. Otherwise
he

Gell. lib.
17.6.55.

Laert. in
Xenocr.

Lib. 2.
cap. 11.

he that is not as appassionate as you seeing your discomposed method; will scorn and disdain you. It will be also said to you as, the Poet *Menander* said to *Phylemon* his Antagonist, & through the ignorance of the Judges also his Conqueror, *Quæso te bona venia dic mihi, cum me vincis non erubescis?* You acquire, (though you know your *Veny to be good) if you be not as modest as efficacious, the Title of that cruel Chyrurgion of *Rome*, which for the roughness with which he indiscreetly made incisions, lost the name of Chyrurgion gaining that of *Carnifex*.

* A word
in the Noble
Science of
Defence.

Plinius
li. 29. c. 1
Archagathus.

But far more difficult is it for one, provoked to stop at the marke of Reason; when he thinks his resentments may be freer, for that his provocation is just and reasonable. This is one of those not ordinary tempests in which it is necessary to be provided of the Rudder of Respect, and an extraordinary Mastery over the Affections; so that one while with slight, another while with force we ward off, and break, the forceable and impetuous assaults of the Billows. That *Moderamen inculpatæ tutelæ*, there where it is lawful to conjoyn in defence of ones self, is a line so difficult to be touched, without running beyond it; that it resembles the case of him that runs down the steep of a Hill,

Hill, and can very hardly (in that rather præcipice than race) so comand his feet, and the bulk of his body, that at the place where he is to stop, he run not some steps farther than the mark.

If I hold my tongue, men will think I plead guilty by a tacit confession. If I respond not boldly, that will appear a remorse of a guilty Conscience, which would be the dictate of an innocent modesty. Thus I shall become the Owle of Writers, and scorn of the World; For even the Spiders make their Webs upon the Statues about the face and beard of *Jupiter*; nor fear they his thunder-bolts, because they are in the hands of a Wooden god insensible, and incensate. To answer one, so, that he come off with torn Clothes, and a broken face; would be in one, to warn all others, that they take heed of two bold sharpening their Pens against such who know how to turn them into Darts, and retort Gall for Ink, and wounds for stings. Thus the thunder-bolts from the Clouds. *Paucorum periculo, multorum metu.* One burns with the pain of it, all freeze for fear of it; and the death of one alone, teacheth many to fear Heaven though serene; remembering how it thundereth when incensed.

*Sen. de
Clem. li. 1
cap. 8.*

Withal, there be many, that abandoning themselves to Passion, to assert their Right, relinquish all Reason. And the blind Fools perceive not, that Choler, in a Disputant is commonly an argument of weaknesse, and a sign of being overcome; as calmnesse and mirth, is a testimony of Victory. Thus that Prince, the friend of *Sydonius Apollinarius*, presently adjudged him conquerour in the Disputation, as soon as the passion of the adversary did confesse it. *Oblectatur commotione superati; Et tunc demum credit sibi cessisse Collegam, cum fidem fecerit victoria sue, bilis aliena.*

*Sid. li. 1.
epist. 2.*

Moreover, as to every opposition of every emulator, we need not respond: (whence therefore excellent was that saying of *Xenocrates* in my judgment; Tragedy vouchsafeth not to answer the injuries, that Comedie offers) so also every opposition to which we ought to reply, requireth not the same temper in the Reply. When a Dart hath only peirc'd the skin, to what purpose should a man rave, and take on, as if it had transfix'd his bowels? Let it suffice to imitate the Elephant, that disburdeneth himself of an hundred Darts by one shake, and

*Laert. in
Xenocr.*

Mota cito desinat in hastas.

Lucan.
Yea

The Second Part.

Yea sometimes, the cause is so obvious, that there is an advantage in shewing what could be said, without so much as deigning to speak it. There is not a creature better provided for its own defence, nor more apt to anothers offence then the *Porcupine*.

*Claud.
in hist.*

*Externam non querit opem. Fert omnia secum.
Se pharetra, sese jaculo, sese utitur arcu.
Virum animal cunctas bellorum possidet artes.*

But against him that provoketh it, though it have all the pricks of its body, as Darts in the nock, yet he useth not his utmost power, and that which he can do with one, he doth not with two, and if threats suffice, he forbears to wound

Ibid.

*Iraque nunquam
Prodiga telorum, Cautè Contenta Minari.*

Cap. 6.

He only erects his bristles, and as it were putting them in the bow, he seems to say to such as offend him, *Look to yourselves there.* This manner of Apology *Tertullian* useth writing against the *Valentinians*, *Ostendam* (saith he) *sed non imprimam vulnera. Si ridebitur alicubi, materis ipse satisfiet. Multa sunt sic digna revinci, ne gravitate adorentur.*

But

But when either the importance of the Matter, or the insufferable tartnesse of the Provoker, admits not of silence, or dissimulation, assume a serious Defence, and set on work all that is within the power or capacity of Wit, Art, Reason, and Eloquence. In this case you may Thunder and Lighten: but let not the lightenings be composed of stinking sulphur to infect the World, but of pure light to clear the Truth. Flie not out irregularly through Passion; but free your selves justly by reason. Let there be, as in *Janus* the God of War, the face of a youth, and of an old man; Spirit, and Judgment; Fortitude and Maturity; Resolution and Moderation. *Chrysostome* lamented not; *Quod tanquam lupi in adversarios ruamus, Sape sine victoria, qui tamen vincimus, si oves essemus à pastoris auxilio non recedentes, qui non laporum; sed ovium pastor est.*

*Hom. 34
in Matt.*

Learning would be happy, if its Professors should use betwixt themselves the emulations, and contrasts, wherein erst *Protagoras* and *Apelles* lovingly contented, in drawing in the midst of a very small line, another line more small than that, without the least crookednesse: If the pungent, and resplendent Arms of Wit, were as *Cassidorus* said of

Lib. 7.
for. 1.

certain others *arma jark, non ferocis*; rayses of verity, not Darts of Detraction. But to conclude, experience shews, that the controversies of wit, of Civil that they should be, for the most part become criminal; whereupon it would be better in my judgement, when the interest of publick good perswades not otherwise, to convert the Sword, and Speare, into Plow-shares, and Mattocks; and to cultivate their own wits rather than to contrast with others. But if the itch of contradiction, permits them to live quietly no way, but by disquieting others; do the want (as said St. *Ferome* to *Augustine*, refusing to come with him to a trial of wit, and to dispute,) do they want publick Masters of Errors; Hereticks; Atheists, & Politicians to cope with? Let them spare men, and kill beasts. Let them lay with *Entellus* when instead of *Daretes* his enemy he slew an Oxe.

*Erice, I here to you this soul presents,
As being more worthy of this punishment
Than that of Daretes. And VICTOR, who
As uselesse, I lay by my arms, and bow.*

SELF.

SELF-CONCEIT.

*The esteem of a mans own knowledge
with dispraise of others.*

THe head of a man is not so incapa-
cious, but that, better than the fa-
bulous Budget of *Ulysses*, it can
contain as many Winds as Pride and Lofsti-
nelle inspire; nothing lesse forceable to
turn upside-down the Sea, and Land, than
are the Whirle-winds to raise Tempests;
and the volutions, imprisoned in subterre-
nean Cavernes, to shake it with Earthquakes.
Those unfortunate *Scholars* know this to
their cost; which (I know not if I should
say, in, or rather besides their Wits,) go so
stately, that they think they are riding in
their Triumphant Chariot. They are the
Saetas, that are above others *Ab humero &*
sumum, not by the head so much, as by the
brain, and opinion of themselves. These
are the *Olympus's*, of whom, the loftiest
summities of Mountains, the most elevated
ingenunities, and wisest Soules, scarce attain
to the basis, and to kisse their feet. They

are the *Suns*, that alone have light to illuminate all obscurity, and to obscure all clarity.

These, I know not whether they should more move tears in *Heracitus*, for compassion, or laughter in *Democritus*, for derision. And howbeit you esteem that *Alexarchus* the Grammarian, is worthy of the pity of a Philosopher rather than the scorn of the Vulgar; to whom his School seeming an Heaven; the ranks of Forms that stood about him, circulations of Spheres; the Boyes he read to, Stars; his Documents, Light; the Nouns, Pronouns, Verbs, Articles, &c, Signes of the Zodiack; himself made a Sun; nor would he be any other way depainted, or called: and it was a crime to behold him without a certain suffering of the eyes, as when they are fixed on the Sun: Yet that Title would better have fitted him, which *Tyberius* used to give to *Appion*, a Grammarian as himself, and no lesse a Bragadocchio then he, being empty of understanding, and full of Wind, and therefore aptly called *Cymbalum mundi*.

What think you of that other *Remnius*, (rather *Pallon* than *Pollemion*;) that went up and down bewailing the misfortune of the World, that should remain after him, as it had

Clement.
Alex. in
Pro.

Plinius
prof. ope-
ris.

had done before him ignorant; in regard learning, that was born with him, with him also should die? And upon the matter it seemed true; for he being dead, there was not one letter left to make his Epitaph.

But the proud conceit that the tenth *Alphonfus*, King of *Castile*, had of his Wit and Knowledge, surpast the bounds of common, yea, rather of humane opinionativeness; a man by profession an Astronomer, (of whom now a dayes those Tables of his called *Alphonsine* take their denomination), not yet of so sublime intelligence, not of such knowledg in this Art, that *Atlas* might have trusted Heaven to his shoulders; without endangering a ruine; but of so high esteem of his own brain, that he used to say, *That had he been permitted Gods ear when he composed the Heavens, and assigned the periods to the Stars; he would have contrived this work with more order, and with rules of more exact proportion.* Now God interrogated *Job* as of a thing transcending the capacity of our wits; *Namquid nosti ordinem Cæli? & pones rationem ejus in terra?* If God would go to School to *Alphonsus*, he offereth himself to be his Master in Astronomy; And if he would bring him the Volume of his eternal Idea's, he would blot out, he would

*Roderic.
Sæctius
bistor.
Hisp. li. 4
cap. 5.*

Chap. 98

adjust the Model of the Heavens, and the Pattern of the World to a more methodical contrivance.

Only madnesse could defend this blasphemy from the fulminations of the Heavens, where *posuit os suum*: and indeed God imputed it to his folly, using him with more compassion than anger, and by letting him bleed as a frantick person in the vein in the middle of his fore-head, took away his Crown. He would give him to understand, that he would not have known how to adjust the Revolutions of Heavens to a better form: and therefore sent him a Revolution in his Kingdom: which he, with all the Cautions and Rules of his Calculations, never knew how to adjust; whereupon he came to be deposed by his Son and died in exile in a forreign Countrey.

Men distracted as *Alexarchus*, as *Remulus*, although perhaps lesse known, I doubt not but (as in all times,) so also such there are now a-dayes in the World. He that would pourtray them to the life, may depaint a great Smoak, (that advanceth it self even to the Clouds, and the more it exalts, the more do those its great Volumnes swell and dilate,) thereto affixing the Motto of *Augustine*
Quanto exaltior, tanto vanior.

Hearing

Hearing them some times speak in their own praise, and in under-valuing of others, we may know how justly they merit the satire that *Philip of Macedon* returned to his proud Physician that writ to him, *Menecrates Jupiter Philippo salutem*: The answer was, *Philippus Menecrati sanitatem*: which was to make himself the Doctor of his Doctor; and to send him for the health of his brain, a dose of *Helibar* in a salute. You may hear them brag, “That under their Caps and
 “Gowns the most lofty, & most profound
 “Sciences are touched as the Pearls are
 “confined to the shells of the Pearl Cockle. * *Cochile.*
 “That their Dictions are the Charts of se-
 “cure Navigation, without which in the
 “Sciences, we incurre, naufrage or peril.
 “That their Documents are at the ultimate
 “extent of Truth, as the Stars at their ex-
 “tremity of the Worlds confines: so that

Altius his nihil est, hac confinia mundi.

Manil. 1

“Others are the Cisterns, they the O-
 “cean; others Moles, they Linxes; others
 “Farfalla's, they Eagles; others Flies they
 “Hearns.

O Medici, mediam contundite venam!

R 4

And

The Second Part.

And if not so, at least let them attempt to open the door to let out the wind, with which the wretches have their heads so puff'd up; and this may be done by bringing their eyes into the light of some perspicuous verities; Such as these;

Every one fancies his own things, being little, to be great. Self-love is a concave-glasse that represents an Hair to be a Tree, and a Gnat to be a Pegasus. He that takes Love for a Judg, esteemes his matters as that *Clitus* esteemed a Naval fight, in which battering and sinking onely three *Grecian Gallies*, as if he had either routed *Xerxes*, or imposed fetters upon the Ocean, from thence forward he alwayes made himself to be called by the majestick title of *Neptune*.

*Plut. Or.
2. de fort.
Alex.*

Whence is it that the Moon being forty times lesse than the Earth, seemeth to the judgment of the eye equal to the Sun, which yet is greater than the Earth almost an hundred and forty times? But only because the vicinity of the Moon to the Earth, representeth it so much greater; as the Sun appears lesser, by being more remote. But there is nothing so neer to any one, as is his own composures; thence it is that they seem to them immensurably, and more

more vast than those of other men, which by being besides us, and therefore remote from us, are much diminished in their appearance.

2. Compare a Grass-hopper to an Ant, and who doubt but that it would seem a Giant? He that measures what he knoweth, though very little, with what he knoweth who knoweth nothing; believes himself to be absolutely, when as he is only comparatively, most Learned. Those that went to study at Athens, said *Menedemus*, went thither Doctors, continued there Scholars, and came away Ignorants. Not only because, the more they understood that which they knew, the more they came to know what they did not understand; but also because, they met, in that most Celebrious Concourse of the Noblest Wits of the World, with such to confront their understandings, that compared to them, they believed they knew nothing. "This was the Art by which most prudent *Socrates* corrected the presumption of his *Alcibiades*, who being rich by paternal inheritance, and by his acquist of much wealth, became so stately, as if he had been a Monarch of the World not a private Citizen of Athens. He brought him to the knowledg of himself,

*Plutaro.
quomodo
prof. &c*

The Second Part.

self, by a Map of the World, in which he
 found *Europe*, and in it *Greece*, and in *Greece*
 with much ado *Athens*; Now (saith he)
 shew me here thy House, and thy Fields: which
 having, as thou seest, no place in the World:
 how comes it, that thy head is filled with such
 contemptible thoughts of the World? He that
 believeth himself to be in Ingenuity and
 Wit a Star of the first magnitude, let him
 compare himself not with the lesser, but
 with the Suns of the World; and in one
 and the same instant, he shall see his ambi-
 tion to wane, and his light to vanish.

3 That one, where as he is great among others,
 should desire to be greater than others; where as
 he is one of the first, he should desire to be alone:
 is that which may not be suffered in anyone, more
 then heretofore it was tolerated in that proud
 Pompey; Qui, ut primum Republicam
 aggressus est, quemquam animo parem non
 tulit, & in quibus rebus primus esse debebat,
 solus esse cupiebat. For though you be
 excellent in every profession of literature,
 yet are you not a *Phoenix*, alone, and singular
 in the World: nor a *Primum Mobile*, that
 without receiving impression or motion
 from a Superiour Heaven, giveth the mo-
 tion, and revolution to the lesser Spheres.
 Who is there, that knows so much, that
 others

Velleius
Tom. 2.
lib.

others before him knew nothing; so that he may ascribe the insolent words of Prince *Cathar*, *Vni nescitis quidquam?* Nature, was not so sterile, that you being made, she had not the like Molds again to make others: Nor so poor, that to make you rich in knowledge, she should leave others Beggars. Wherefore then look you round about you, and thinking you see none in the World that may stand in competition with you for knowledge, say you foolishly to your selves, as *Daucallon* said to his Companion, *Nos duo stirba sumus?* Wherefore make you your wit a *Procrustes*, and desire that every one equalize the stature of your Judgment as the Standard of Truth; and therefore cut off the feet of those that surpasse you, and wrack the feet of those that did not reach to your length?

But admit you were for ingenuity the first amongst the foremost, is it a very inferior and unworthy thing to be our own *Panegyrist*, and a despiser of others? Hear how the Brooks roar, and accosting with stones how they rumble, that they seem to carry not a Rivulet of water, but a Sea; & yet many times though their channel be a mile, their depth is not a palm. On the other side the real Rivers, no lesse deep than vast, with
how=

how much, I will say, modestly, do they go to the Sea? - There is not heard from them the least murmur that might intimate the profoundity of their bottoms, the amplitude of their shores, the clarity of their streams, or the impetuosity of their currents; they move silently and quietly. They that carry but a small depth (in wit many times it is true, but in the judgment alwayes) are most intolerably clamorous, & with their own applauds, and the villifyings of others, deafen the world: whereby, before they are aware, they make themselves the more contemptible, by how much the more they extol themselves: for according to the Aphorism of *Symoniacus*,

*Lib. 10.
epist. 22.*

In magnos animos non cadit affectata jactatio.

But because it is the property of Opinionative Wits, to use not only Pride on Earth, but to exercise Curiosity in respect of Heaven; in the first, unjust to men, to whom they would be undeservedly superiour; in the second, impious to God, whose being, whose actions they weigh by the weight, and measure by the pole of their short understanding: take therefore upon this occasion the subsequent consideration;

*Two great evils of Misbelievers ;
To search matters of Faith with
the curiosity of Phylosophy, and
to believe matters of Phylosophy
with the certainty of Faith.*

GGeographers in their Protractions upon Maps, or Globes of the Earth, when they come to the confines of Countries hitherto discovered, having no knowledg of the others that remain, are accustomed to draw certain obscure lines at random, and in the space that is left to write *Terra Incognita*. Of this custome of Geographers *Plutarch* makes a very apt use, in excuse of his Pen, if undertaking to write the lines of certain ancient Hero's, he could not one by one particularize the enterprizes, with which they acquired the grandure of their names, and the glory of Immortals: because Antiquity and Oblivion its follower, rendered many places unknown, many parts of their lives, hid and obscure: That which *Plutarch* saith of the actions of those ancient Worthies, is equally true of all the great

*In vita
Thesei.*

great masse of matters, which may be comprehended by our capacities. Much there is known much rests *incognito*: rather not unknown only, but unknowable, till such time as we enter into that School where the Word being Master in the Lecture of a bare look, teacheth with indeleble and most perspicuous proofs, how vainly the Wits now a-dayes stretch and weack their brains in tracing out new inventions. I say the most abstruse *Archie* of Faith, which are certain, if not obvious, require an implicit subjection to believe them, not an impertinent curiosity to examine them.

For a man that is of high ingenuity, and of vast intellectuals, measured with what he presumes to understand it is no more than a shallow ditch, ifor to contain the Ocean. For though the speculations, and sublime thoughts, with which the mind is elevated to the knowledge of the occult truths of Faith, be very lofty, yet they can bring us no nearer to them, than the Giants of *Phlegge* were to Heaven, when they climbed to the tops of *Pelion*, *Ossa*, and *Olympus*.

The eye of an Owl is not made to see the Sun, on which the Eagle with her adamantine pupil can scarce immoveably fix her sight. Fisher-boats with a piece of a
 sail

Self-conceit.

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ill, and half a rudder, are not able to furrow the Ocean, and discover new Worlds.

What other are our Intellectuals tied to the clog of the senses, but Ostriches, of greater bodies than wings, whereupon they cannot raise themselves a foot from the ground, nor can they otherwise flie, then by distending their wings in the Air, resting their feet all the while on the Earth. But were we better feathered we should reach the Clouds if not the Stars. What mind there, what *Genius*, of that lofty knowledge, that maketh not to God a Sacrifice of his thoughts, upon that famous Altar of *Athens* dedicated, *Ignoto Deo*; and confessing himself unable to understand what God keeps hid, of himself, and his affairs, as if it were clipping the wings of his thoughts conformable to the laws of Sacrifice of birds; saith not with *Augustine*; *Melior est illis ignorantia, quam temeraria scientia.*

Plinius
li. 10. c. 8
Natural
hist.

AE. AP.

The water of a Fountain riseth no higher than the head and spring from whence it issues; whereupon we use to say: That water ascends no more than it descends. How our judgment doth it not begin from the Senses? and these of what other are they capable, than of matter within the bounds of sensible Nature? And how do we

The Second Part.

we expect hence *Fontem aquae subter terram* *et vitam aeternam*, which we interpret of the know-
 ledge of things supernatural, and Divine?

But amongst those, which we may call wickedly curious, others there are, who presume to make themselves Masters of that of which the World hitherto had had none that have been Scholars, and whetting the edge of their Wits, manage the impossibility, would penetrate to the very Center of Verity, & see her in herself, unveiled, and naked. They have scarce a mouth to suck the milk of Faith, and yet they will go w the bones, and take thence the marrow; As if they already understood that, which Nature hath of intelligible; so that nothing rests for them to penetrate, but only the obscure mysteries of Faith. They would be *Hercules's*, that having feet and conquered, the Sea, Land, and Hell self they might say,

*Herc.
 Furc.*

*Per domita tellus, tumida caestram fracta;
 Inferna nostros regna sensere impetus:
 Immune caelum est. Dignus Alcides labor.
 In alta mundi spatia sublimis foras
 Petatur aether.*

But whilst they raise themselves on tip-toe and stretch out their wings to fly, how

fealo

reasonable would it be for one to hint to them, the much that they attempt, and the little that they atchieve: For one to whisper in their ears, what the Woman of *Samaria* said to *Christ*. *Domine, neque in quo haurias habes, & potens alius est.* Before you aspire to greater matters, answer to the question made you by *St. Jerome*: *Why the Elephants, that are as it were so many Mountains of flesh, have onely four feet, on which they rest the immeasurable masses of their huge bodies: and the Louse, which is but a living Point, hath six?* You will confesse you know not this, (which if you did, you knew just nothing;) and will you pretend to understand that, which even that man is not able to understand who understands all things? At the first step you take in the pursuit of intelligible things, you stumble with *Thales* into a ditch, and would you attein to the sight of that which so far surmounts the Stars? “How opposite to
 “you, would the correction be, which *Zeno*
 “the *Stoick*, gave to a conceited young
 “Fellow, that had as little wit in his head,
 “as hair on his face; and demanded his an-
 “swer to things, of which he was not able
 “to understand the demand: The *Phylo-*
 “sopher made him set a Looking-glass be-
 “fore him, and then whispered in his ear:

The Second Part.

"The demand you make, and the question you ask,
"are worthy of this beard.

Your Wit in comparison of that of the Great *Augustine*, is but as a Grasshopper confronted to a Horse; and do you pretend to couch the lance, and hit the mark, when he withdraws, and presumes not to essay it? Yea, (as it were flinging himself with that Phylosopher into the Sea, and saying, *O abysse tu me cape, quia te ipse non capio.*) he an hundred times protesteth in his writings to know nothing; and that he knew not how to know; and goes on saying, *Nescio, & non erubescio confiteri me nescire quod nescio.* And how dare you open your mouth, or exalt your voice to contradict, and question that, to which for this sixteen Ages, the Pens of a world of Doctors; the Blood of a world of Martyrs; the consent of so many Nations; the Testimony of so many Miracles have subscribed and ratified? With the Rush-candle of your Dim understanding, will you pretend to examine the light of the Sun? Cannot the Wisdom of God, your Master, do as much with you; as that of *Pythagoras* with his Scholars? *Nobis curiositate opus non est post Christum Jesum, nec inquisitione post Evangelium.*

S. Aug.
de pres.
cap. 7.

Others there are as vile as obstinate, that swear-

Twearing in *verba magistri*; they take the Texts of some Ancient Phylosophers for Sacraments; and his Sentences for Ora- cles: and so far confesse *Christ*, as he doth not contradict *Aristotle*, or *Plato*. Thus they hold the Gospel, and Phylosophy, in equi- *librium*, in an equal poise of belief.

Quid Athenis, & Hierosolymis? Quid Aca- Ibid: demie, & Ecclesia? Nostra institutio de porticu Solomonis: Viderint qui Stoicum & Platicum; & Dialecticum Christianum protulerunt. Even at this day the Church bewails, and shall to the end of the World complain of the de- triments done her, by the prophane and Idle Wit of the Age; and by the Ancient Writers of the World; (Fathers of tene- brofity, and Masters of millions of errors;) to whom she may confirm the Title con- ferred on them by *Tertullian* of Patriarchas *Adver- sus Her: Hæreticorum*.

How much mischief did *Plato* in the first Ages of the Church; too much read, too much believed, and so made, as the same *Tertullian* speaks, *Hæresum Condimentarium*: He instanceth, (passing by all the rest, since that he alone serves for all,) in unfortunate *Origen*; that of an Eagle which he had been, accustomed to fix his eyes on the Sun of *Christian Prudence*; and to draw thence

lights of sublimest Truths; was transform-
ed into a Batt: admiring a few glimmering
rayes of light mixed with many umbrages
of ignorance and errour: and became so
great a Platonick, that he in the end ceased
to be a Catholick; losing the Truth in
Fables, and the Faith in Phylosophy: and
that same man whose breast had been kissed
tamquam Spiritus Sancti, & caelestis sapientie
templum; became Master of a School of Er-
rours, and Reader of the blind; and so
madly did he talk, that as before, *Ubi bene*
nemo melius: so after, *Ubi male nemo pejus*.

Cass. div.
lib. c. 2.

What infinite mischief even at this day
doth that *Struendi, & destruendi artifex versi-*
pellis Aristotele, believed the Authour of the
mortality of the Soul; which in one word,
is as much as to say, Destroyer of the Faith,
and Father of those, that live without the
Souls of Men, the life of Beasts? How many

Cyr. A-
lex. li. 11
Jh.

of those whom he hath enchanted, *Qui nihil*
aliud qudm Aristotelem ructant, hold only those
points of Faith for certain, that accord with
the Oracles of *Peripatus*; as if Religion were
a Grain, to be gathered out of the Chaff of
humane Phylosophy: and not a Bread of
life descended from Heaven, to the end that
upon the tasting of its sweetnesse, we might
spit out the husks, *qua medullam non habent*.

S. Hier.
lib. 4. in
Jer.

non possunt nutrire discentium populos, sed de traxibus si pulli coneruntur.

These are Frogs, saith *Augustine*, *Rane damantes paludibus limosis (quæ) strepitum habere possunt; doctrinam veræ sapientiæ insinuare non possunt.* Now, whilst the Heavens are open, and you hear the Father, (from thence pointing with his finger to the Word his Son,) to say *Ipsum audite*: will you lend one eye to *Christ*; and the other to *Aristotle*, or *Plato*? *Cælum tonat: taceant Rane.* where *Christ* teacheth, and in him Truth, or rather hears Truth it self revealed; *Wisdom* is dumbe, and the *Phylosophy* of the World speechlesse, & *phylosophia nostra Christus est.*

Serm. 95

Aug.
ser. 109.
de temp.

S. Petrus
Damo.
serm. 57.

SELF-DECEIT

The folly of such as pretend to study little and know much.

IT is not the opinion of *Hippocrates* only; nor of *Aristotle*; and *Theophrastus*; but it is the common vogue and concordant complaint of all the World; That heaven hath been sparing to us of that time; whereof it hath been so prodigal to *Stags*; *Crows*; and *Cypresses*.

Sen. de
br. vic.
cap. 1.

Laert. in
Theoph.

Cypresses. We have allotted us too short a life for so long a Lesson; too short a *Viticam* for so tedious a Voyage. There is no such virtue now to be found in steel, to strenghten those *Elixir vita*, that inbalm'd Men alive; so that seeing themselves to approach their thousandth year, they resolv'd to leave the World more out of satiety with so long a life, than out of any necessity of death. We, like Flowers that yesterday sprung up, to day are old, and to morrow dead, have so short life, as if we were born only to die. That which in the Ancients was but their Child-hood, is in us old Age; their tythes are our excessive riches, their overpluss, our treasures: so that of horinesse and gray-hairs, the *Alexandrian Tertullian* saith, with as much Truth, as Learning, *hæc est æternitas nostra.*

If our knowing in this manner, the shortness of our life, could but perswade us to spend it according to its brevity; that would be a favour, which we think a punishment. Is an unreasonable thing to accuse Heaven as niggardly, of time to us, and we like prodigals profusely to waste it; using our life, as if we were to measure it with the long pace of many Ages; not with the short palm of a few years. Who is there that

that, with the Prince of Physicians cries not out, *Ars longa, vita brevis?* but in the meantime, who is there, that is solicitous to get quickly, to the mark which the most diligent reach to, but too late? *Ad sapientiam quis accedit? Quis dignam judicat, nisi quam in transitu nocerit? Quis philosophiam, aut ullum liberale respicit studium, nisi cum ludi intercalantur, cum aliquis pluvius intervenit dies, quem perdere licet.*

Sen. nat.
quest.
lib. 7.
cap. ult.

Nature with good advice hath placed Man in the middle of the World, as in the Center of an immense Theater, *Procerum animal* (saith *Cassiodorus*) & *in effigiem pulcherrime speculationis erectum*, to be there not as an otious Inhabitor, but a curious Spectator of this her incomparable work: in so much union, so various; in so much variety so united; with more miracles, that adorn it, than parts, which compose it. Howbeit, to those that rightly behold it, it is not the design of nature, to put us in the World, so much in a Theater, that we should admire, as in a School that we should learn. Therefore she hath enkindled in our hearts an inextinguishable desire of knowledge, and setting open before our eyes, as many Volumes, as the Heavens and Elements contain natures; with shewing us in them

manifest effects, inviteth us to trace out their hidden causes. What strength what force of intelligence of the assistant, or rather intrinick form is that, which revolves the great masse of the Elements with indefatigable motion? Are the Spheres of the Planets many Heavens, that contracted in the concave of each others lap interchangeably surround one another: or serves only Heaven to all that great family of Stars for Mansion? Of what substance composed? Corruptible or incorruptible? Liquid as Air; or consollidate, and firm, as a Diamond? Whence proceed the *Macula*, and whence the *Facula* about the Sun? Whence the obscurity in the face of the Moon? Of what matter are the new Stars and Comets composed, and with what fire enkindled, that appear unexpectedly? Are they Foreigners, or Citizens of Heaven? Natives of that Country, or Aspirers from here below? The irregular errors of the Planets, how may they be reduced to regularity without error? How may we know, how may we fore-see Eclipses? How great is the profundity of the Heavens? How great the number of the Stars? How great the velocity of their motions? How great the moles of their bodies? The Winds, whence
take

take they their wings to flie; the spaces of their course, the force of their blasts, the qualities of their operation, and the set measure of time for their rising, duration, departure? Who holdeth so many ponderous Clouds suspended in the Air? How drop by drop do they squeeze out Rain? How from their pregnant watery wombs, are Thunders begotten, which be fire? Who congeals them into Snow? Who hardeneth them into Hail? With what *Ultramarine* is the Rain-bow depainted with alwayes one order of Colours, and one proportionate measure of Diameter? Whence again, comes the source of Springs on the highest tops of Mountains? Whence comes it, that there should be in Hills of one & the same Earth, Marbles of so various mixtures, Metals of so different tempers. Who assigns the Sea its periods, of flux and reflux. Who replenisheth the Rivers with waters, so that their Channels are alwayes full, though they be alwayes emptying? The imbroidery of Flowers and Herbs; the working of so various bodies in Beasts, in Birds; in Fishes; the temper of the mixt, the harmony of the common and occult qualities: In fine, what ever is, what ever is made: what being hath it, and how is it produced?

To

To know all this in comparison of what might be known, is to know nothing. And yet who is there that knoweth this Nothing? Is there then so much to be known, and have we so little time of life to learn it, and do we think that the onely *surplusses*, and shreds of time sufficeth us for study? Hear now what I have told you, expressed in the conclusion of that precious little Trea-

*Sen. lib.
de Otio
Sapientis*

tise of Seneca, *De otio Sapientis. Curiosum nobis Natura ingenium dedit, & artis sibi, ac pulchritudinis suae conscia, spectatores nos tantis rerum spectaculis genuit; perditura fructum sui, si tam magna, tam clara, tam subtiliter ducta, tam nitida, & non uno genere formosa, solitudini ostenderet. Ut scias illam spectari voluisse, non tantum aspici: vide quem nobis locum dedit. Ad haec querenda natus, aestima quam non multum acceperis temporis, etiam si illud totum tibi vindicet. Licet nihil facilitate eripi, nihil negligentia patiatur excidere, Tamen haec ad immortalium cognitionem, nimis mortalis est.*

Those Sages, Masters of the World: some whereof have left their Memories, and others the productions of their Wit eternized to us; knowing this, as we esteem little Diamonds, so they held precious the least minute of that time, of which alone it is commendable to be covetous. It was a miracle

miracle to see them in Publick: and they resembled, as in the love of VVisdom, so also in this, the Planet *Mercury*, which is placed very neer the Sun, and which, by that means very hardly is discerned: as if he cared not for terrene eyes, who alwayes was in the eye of the Sun; and beheld by him, not with an unprofitable look, but with a large communication of light. In perpetuity of study, they were like those Falcons neer the North-Pole, which when the dayes are shortest, when the Sun approacheth *Capricorn*, are so much more solicitous in seeking, so much the more rapid in following, so much the more couragious in assaulting, and over-comming their prey. Men, as white in their thoughts, as hair, were not ashamed to sit in the open streets, where they found matter of new cognitions: and as *Diogenes* to him that reprehended him for eating in the Market-place, *Cum in foro esuriam*, said he, *quare in foro non Laert. edam?* thus to them, the not knowing of some object, was a sufficient excuse to take it where it offered it self to them. Farther more that which by the Law of Nature they were bound to allow: the body to preserve life, they allowed themselves for necessity, not for delight, and many times it fell out that

that, either with a voluntary abstinence, they in part deprived themselves of it, or immersed in the profound thoughts of their studies, for some time forgot it. Thus *Carnedes*, (unmindful of his being a Man; while he was all mind, and all thought; and sated with the sweetest *Nectar* of those noble cognitions, with which he banqueted his *VVit*;) had let his body die of famine, if others by force had not revived him with food. Thus *Archimedes* seemed alwayes out of himself, whilst he was more than ever wholly in himself: whence, *abstractus à tabula, à familiaris*, (said *Plurarch*) *spoliatus, hincus, super ipsa pelle sua Mathematica Schemata exarabat*. Thus, to omit a hundred others, *Demosthenes*; knowing himself indebted to his noble *VVit* for a more than ordinary success, took his house for a prison: and, shaving his head, obliged himself from going abroad, till he saw his hair grown on his head, and his mind improved in *VWisdom*, which he wanted. *VVe*; that ought to be so much the more studious than these, by how much the more ignorant, do we conceit, we do not only enough, but more than we need; if reserving one, or at most two hours in a day frō the dainties of sleep, from the urgency of negotiation, from
the

*An seni
gerenda
resp.*

the invitation of profit; we dedicate them to study? To so little study a Noahs age would be requisite: *Parvis nutrimentis quam à morte defendimus, ubi tamen ad robustam valetudinem promovemur.* Drops of water, continually falling become chizels, and wear away marble its true, but because this is marble and they drops of water, they require a hundred years time before they can cut a fingers depth. Did you never hear a certain *Parasite* in an Ancient Comœdy (be it of *Aquilius*, or best of *Plautus*) intitled *Bæotia*, complain of him; that being witty to the detriment of others stomachs, had invented the Art of making Sun-dials; which becomming the measure of hours, and time, do govern publick and private actions, so that now we must no more eat when we are a hungry, but when it pleaseth the Dial? Hear some of the Verses recited by *Gellius*.

Sym. ep.
II. Auf.

*Ut illum Di male perdant, primus qui horas
reperit.*

Lib. 3.

Quisque adeo primus statuit hic Solarium,

cap. 5.

Qui mihi comminuit misero articulatum diem.

Nam, me puero, uterus hic erat Solarium.

Multo omnium istorum optimum & verissi-

imum.

Hb2

The Second Part.

*Ubi ille monerat esse nisi cum nihil erat.
Nunc etiam non est quod est, nisi Salis habet.
Itaque jam oppletum est oppidum Solarium,
Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.*

So great a desire should ye have also, to feed your mind with the sweet honey of VVidom: that your sleeping hours should seem ages, and the most necessary actions for the maintenance of life torments. That same *Demosthenes*, of whom a little above I told you, had so great an appetite thereto that to feed the mind he made his eyes abstain from sleep, and his belly from food: whereupon, *Plus olei, quam vini expendisse dicitur, & omnes Artifices nocturnis semper vigiliis preventisse.*

*S. Hier.
Ap. 1.
contra
Ruff.*

*2 padag.
cap. 93.*

Athen.

And this ought also to be a Law to you, not to give to that most avaritious Publican (as *Clement Alexandrinus* calleth *Somnus*) the half of your life for Custome. It was permitted the *Sybarites*, humane Animals, that by publick edict they should expulse all Cocks from their City; that they might not with their crowing break the thread of sleep, in the sweeter hours: you, that are to use your beds, not to bury your selves in them, but to repose your selves upon them: keep as *Pythagoras* did a Faithful *Chanticleere*, that in
the

Self-deceit.

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the morning may wake you, and call you from feathers to the Pen; from the dreams of the Fancy, to the contemplations of the Mind.

It will not succeed to you, as to that adventurous VVarriour *Timothens*, to whom Fortune with a great net drew Cities, Castles, Provinces and cast them into his lap, whilst he in the mean-time lay favourily sleeping. In Learning, he that sleeps arriveth not to his end, because Wisdom is not the gift of Fortune, but the fruit of Industry. Imagine that *Cassiodorus* saith to you, that with which he advertiseth others, of the duty of their office: *Vigila impiger cum nocturnis avibus, nox tibi pandat aspectus, & simul ille reperiant in obscuris cibum, ita tu possis invenire praconium.* These are the most precious hours of the day; whether it be, as *Ficinus* teacheth, the priviledge of particular influences of Heaven; or for that the thoughts, impressed on the purest of the Spirits, whose drossy and gross parts either dispersed, or digested with sleep, present themselves to the glass of the mind without interception, & in it most apparently discern the reflexies of those first *Ideas*, that are forms of the Truth. Howsoever it be, the experience of those that practice it, teacheth, this

Æl. li. 2

c. 10.

var. lib.

*Lib. 7.
form.*

Aurora

Aurora is the mother of honey; and that in the early *Morning Pearls* do fall upon the paper of such as write, as the dew distils it self into the *Conchylia*, to engender Pearls.

To him that sleeps in this manner, sleep becomes not only what *Tertullian* calls it,

Cap. 43. *Recreatorum corporum, redentigratorem vitium, de anim. probatorum valetudinum, peccatorum operum, medicum laborum, cui legitime fovendo dies cedit, nox legem facit, auferens rerum etiam colorem;* but as he in an other case addeth, *Master of the Resurrection for the more blessed use of Life.*

A speech of an Angel in the mouth of a Beast, esteem I that excellent saying of *Apolonius*, *Qui atebat* (relates *Phylostratus*) *opportere recte Phylsophantes, adveniente aurora cum Deo versari; procedente die, de Deo loqui, reliquum tempus humanis rebus, & sermonibus dare.* For the employments of the *Mind*, in whatsoever matter it is exercised, there is not a better time, than the first *Dawn* of day; in which it seems, that by certain or occult consent, the light dawns to the *VVit*, as the day breaks to the *World*. Therefore *Beati Clem. Alex. ib.* *qui seipos assimlant Angelis ita vigilando.*

And this ought not to hold in force for a few dayes only, but to be the ordinary *Law of our lives*, *That in the division of the hours of*
the

he day; we dedicate the first, and commonly the most to study. At least we should be able to say as that Great Master of Ancient Painting, that there had not past us one day, in which we have not, if not fully depainted a Face; yet at least drawn some line. Light and Flame where it is kindled, is kept with a little fuel; but if it be suffered to extinguish and die, it will require much to re-kindle it. Let us not be like the Nile, the Nigris, and other Rivers; which before they fall into the Sea bury themselves several times under ground, and as many times rise again. They lose themselves in abstruse wayes, rather whirl-pols, and thence disgorging, they are found a new. They have a hundred heads; they spring a hundred times, and are alwayes, and yet never the same. To interrupt the studies with certain long pauses, made more by inconstancy of Genius, then necessity of great affairs; this is to undertake much, to prosecute little, and to complete nothing.

Plinius
 l. 35. c. 10
 in Apella

IMPRUDENCE.

*The unprofitable endeavours of him
that studieth against the inclina-
tion of his Genius.*

TO set out with success upon our journey, in Arts, Sciences, and every profession of Learning, it is necessary to consult the *Genius*, and from its inclinations to take directions; as for him that goes to Sea, to observe the wind that blows, to fit the sails, & turn the rudder accordingly. Nature is like the Planets; that where they go retrograde, make but small progress. They get not most from her, that most presse and force her; but they that most please and observe her: whereupon, she, which freely working in every, though difficult enterprize, succeeds with no lesse facility than felicity; (as the Coelestial *Syrens* revolve their great Spheres with their melody,) if violence be offered her, she not only not increaseth the virtue by the force, but rather loseth her former vigour and strength: as water, that by cold freezeth, and

and if before it had motion, now all strength is extinct, and it becomes immoveable, and as it were dead.

He, that in the labours of the brain, is to contrast, not so much with the difficulty, that is incident in the acquist of the Sciences: as with his own *Genius*; and with that which the Masters of Arts calleth *Invicta Minerva*: is like to him that swims against the stream in a place where some torrent precipitates; that toils much, but advanceth little; till such time as overcome by weariness, and losing together with his little power the remainder of his will, he prove by experience the truth of that natural *Axiome*, *That things violent are not permanent*.

By this is evinced the error of such as apply themselves to studies, and amongst them, to the speculative, or practical, or mixt: when the Inclination, when the *Genius*, when the Nature admits it not: which is just as if you would strive to make Rivers leave their currents, to go climb and ascend the tops of hills.

The Wise *Athenians* esteemed it a foundation of never knowing any thing, not to know from the beginning to apply ourselves to that, for which Nature design'd

us. Thence it was that before they applyed their children to any profession, they curiously inquired into their Inclinations; of which the Desires commonly are Truth-telling-Interpreters: and that they did, by laying before them the implements of all Arts: *Ut qua quisque delectabatur* (saith Nazianzen) *& ad quam sponte currebant, eam doceretur.*

Ep. 227.
apud Ba-
sil. En-
doxio.

They believed that Heaven called them whether their Inclinations carried them. And in that, they accord with the opinion of the mysterious *Cebes*, who at the first turn of her Table shewed you *Genius*, who calling, directs men the course they should steer through the whole series of this life; *Mandabat quid eis, ubi in vitam venerint, faciendum sit, & cui vitam se committere debeant, si salvi esse in vita velint, ostendebant.*

Dial. de
just. 3. de
Rep. sub
finem.

God, said *Plato* (concerning the honey of a very excellent Truth under the comb of a Fable) hath cemented the minds of men together with Mettals. Into the Peasants Iron, into those of Princes Gold, and into every one else comprehended between these, he hath infused their Mettals proportionately to their States. From this ariseth the difference of Inclinations, and variety of *Genius's*. I would counsel every man there-

therefore, by the test of a good Touch-stone to learn what sort his Metall is of; and accordingly to extract there-from what he may. Let him observe (say the *Platonists*) in the descent of his *Genius* from the Stars, whilst it was passing through the lesser Spheres, from the Seal of what Planet it took Impression: whether from a speculative *Saturn*; or from a Lordly *Jupiter*; or a Warlike *Mars*; and accordingly let him confidently betake himself to the Pen, to the Scepter, or to the Sword.

It is doubtlesse a most unhandsome thing to see some times in the Schools certain heads, better able to crack Lobsters, than to study. Heads that have a Mind so stupid, and so ill adapted to the mysteries of Learning, that they seem like a reverted *Jove*, to carry *Bacchus* in his brain, and *Pallas* in his belly. Their Intellectuals, fat, and grosse, (as the water of the Lake *Asphaltites*, in which nothing sinks to the bottom) creep with a slower pace than the *Pygritia*, a notable creature of *India*, that when it is at the speediest moves half a pace at a hundred steps, and in a hundred dayes travails a mile. No file can be found of temper hard enough to fetch the rust off their Sculs. Let us make use (as the Bears do to their unform'd Cubs)

of all the expert Tongues in the World, they will never be able to ingrave upon them the least feature of a Learned *Man*. *Armonius* would sooner make his Ass a Philosopher, than one of them a Grammarian.

To what purpose do you send such people to School, as if it were to a Carvers shop; if after all their hewing and carving, they retain more of a Block than of a *Mercury*? To what end would you break that mans brain with Learning, out of which, if *Vulcan* should open it, you should see an Owl issue, rather than a *Pallas*? To what purpose doe you seek out a Master that is an Eagle, if it be to teach a Tortoise to flie? That is an Oracle of Wisdom, if it be to enterprize the imprinting Learning in a head of one which lets flie all he knows out of his brain, and never indents so many letters, as a Crane, or a Stork accent in their flying?

Its not enough to *Wish*; that Pumices become Sponges; that Mastiffs become Harriers; and that Oaks bear Honey instead of Acorns; which can never be done with all the Art that you can use about its plants. Foolish was that practice of the *Sybarites* to teach Horses to dance, and to deprave the warlike disposition of that generous Beast,

by

Alian.
var. hist.
l. 14. c. 20

by that effeminate exercise. The same error do they commit, who would have him apply himself to his Book, who was born for War; and make him an *Archimedes* who would be a *Marcellus*.

What then? We may contrast with, we cannot conquer Nature. Sooner, or later, when she is left to her liberty, she returns thither from whence with violence she was taken. *Achilles* may be for sometime concealed under a womans apparel. *Ille Tertul. apud rusticum, & sylvicosam, & monstrorum eruditorum strupea schola eruditus, patiens jam astricular, salsitaneus stotam fundere, comam strivere, cutum sugere, speculum consulere, colam danculcere, aurem quoque foratu effeminatus*: But all this was the lesse likely to be permanent in *Achilles*, by how much the employments of a Warrior were more consortial with the spirit of *Achilles* than those of a woman. Therefore *Necessitas*, not of the Trojan war, but of his *Genius* manifested at the sight of a Sword, *reddidit sexum*: *De praelio sonnerat, nec armata laque Ipsam, inquit, ferrum virrum atrahit.*

But behold in matter of Learning onely four of a thousand that applyed diversly from that to which the weight of natural Inclination bore them, after they had

contended in vain, yeilded for overcome.

Socrates, applyed to Sculpture, having graven the three *Graces*, (but, I suppose, so *ungracefully*, that Hell would have received them for *Furies*,) perceiving, that at working Marbles he himself was a stone; he broke the edge of his Chizel, and sharpned that of his Wit; giving himself the Moral Phylosophy, to which his *Genius* led him: and he, which working, knew not how to make of stones, Statues of men; phylosophating, made through admiration, of men Statues.

Plato gave himself to Painting, and seeing himself turn a painted Painter, and his pictures only meriting the name of shadows; transferr'd himself from the unsuccessful, designing of * Bodies, to the noble picturing of Souls: he left the lies of the Pencils, and gave himself to the truth of *Idea's*, of which he first depainted the Features, and discovered to the World the Image.

* Carni,
which I
read Cor-
pi.

Augustus, ambitious to in-oculate the Lawrel of a *Poet*, upon that of *Emperour*; and of being aswel an *Apollo* with the Harp, as he was a *Jupiter* with thunderbolts, composed his *Ajax*; a *Tragedy*, which for the laughter that it merited, became rather a *Comædy*, so ill was it composed. However he would have it a *Tragedy* in despite of
Art,

Art, and so it proved; for he gave it a mournful *Exit* by tearing it in pieces. *Capricorn*, which he had in his *Ascendent*, called him to *Ruling*, not to *Rhiming*; not to the Pen, but to the Scepter; not to private Scènes, but to the publick Theater of the V World.

On the contrary, *Ovid* applied by his Father to the Law, *litigated* more with himself than others; for as much as his Poetick *Genius*, and the tranquil influence of *Gemini*, called him from the bawlings of the *Forum*; to the repose of the *Muses*; and from the *Sword* of *Astrea*, to the *Phletrum* of *Apollo*: whereupon in the end, commencing from himself, the Work of his *Metamorphosis*; one day transform'd him from an *Advocate* to a *Poet*.

See how the *Genius* is a faithful Loadstone, which may possibly by force be turn'd to any other point, besides its North; but never rests, so, as to stand without constraint, till such time as it hath also gently done that in us, which the Poet speaks of *Fate*.

Ducunt volentem Fata, nolentem trahunt.

Seneca.

But if it happen, that the interests of honour, and profit permit not men to surcease that

that which they badly began; you shall see as many Monsters in a *Learned Academy*, as in an *African Lybia*. A Poetical Physician, A Philosophical Historian, a Mathematical Civilian; in which, those innate *Seeds* which are derived from the *Womb*, into the *Instinct* of the *Mind*, confounding and intermingling themselves with those, that are acquired by *Study*; whilst neither those nor these wholly prevail by being the one and the other; they are neither the one nor the other.

There is therefore a necessity, if we will speed, to apply ourselves not only to Learning, but to this more than that other Profession of Learning, and consult our own *Genius*, which is wont, to make it self understood to such as have good Ears by the language of frequent Desires; when they have not that which they would, and by the pleasure they have when they obtain it. Also it behoveth them to say to their *Will*, as *Æolus* to *Juno*

Æn. 1.

— *Tuus, ô Regina, quid optes
Explorare labor, mihi iussa percere fas est.*

Otherwise, to pretend in despite of ones *Genius* to prove excellent in any profession,

is

is just as if one would to open the way to the *Elyzian* fields, lop that golden branch from its stock, which Nature her self denied him.

— Non viribus ullis

Vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro.

Æn. 6.

But hitherto I have more evinced the necessity of observing the *Genius*, then the manner of knowing it: because its my opinion, that it hath so knowable a voice, that it needs no interpreters to declare it, but eares to hear it. It only rests that we speak something for others information in this discovery; and it shall be of the counter signs from whence. VVit is conjectured: and the knowledge thereof will be useful to the end, that in employing such as depend upon us, we erre not, as others use to do, who, not knowing their *Genius's*, through mistake force them to contrast with their own Inclinations.

Little credit to be given to the signs of Ingenuity taken from the Physiognomy.

Vitruv.

THE Ancient *Architects*, more by the Laws of Judgment than Art, in building a Temple to any god, of three *Grecian Orders*, *Dorick*, *Jonick*, and *Corinthian*, elected that which best agreed to the nature of the Deity to whō they erected the Temple. Therefore they used the *Dorick* order, being grave, and severe for their Martial Deities, as *Mars*, *Hercules*, and *Pallas*: The *Corinthian*, soft and lascivious, for *Venus*, *Flora*, *Proserpina*, and the Water-Nymphs: The *Jonick*, moderate, for *Juno*, *Diana*, *Bacchus* and the like.

The very same Law (as some *Platonists*, and all *Physiognomers* are of opinion) hath Nature rigorously observed in building Bodies, which are the Temples of the Soul: so that there being some Souls Warlike, others Cowardly; some vivacious and ingenious, others stupid and insensate; some fervile, others imperious, born to comand: she hath in conformity also to their internal

nal *Genius's*, and tempers delineated the external features of the Face; and used such Architecture in the Body, as corresponded with the inclination of the Mind: From whence hath the Art of Conjectural Physiognomy took its beginnings; by which, from that which is seen in any one, that which is concealed is collected, and inferred. And, look as they gather from the quantity of the Manners, whether good, or bad: many, and different, and not seldom *repugnant Indices* of the *Wit* in such as they find either stupid, or apprehensive, and acute; so likewise do they multiply Signs for the knowing it, as if they were to find out a *Proteus* by the natural features of his face, and not a *Wit* by its Qualities.

But because many of these Masters of Divining, more looking to the Features, and tempers of some few ingenious persons, than to the universal occult causes of the *Wit*, have made the faces of a few, the common *Index* of all; in so much that *Porta* (as if he were the *Alcibiades* from whom we must take the features of a true *Mercury*) copying himself, framed from his particular *Indices*, the universal, and almost only conjecture of an excellent *Wit*; whence it is, that it proves so fallacious to divine from

In Magi

from the visage, constitution, and lineaments of the Body, of the immensity, subtilty, vivacity and profundity of a Wit: I will here recite, but without much troubling my self with their confutation, the more common symptomes given of this matter, by the Professors of Physiognomy. And first,

The *Platonists* deny that Beauty of Mind, and deformity of Body can subsist together in one and the same man. That *Trine* of *Venus* with the *Moon*, which is the seal, where-with the Stars mark the most lovely faces, that it may have consonance with numbers, they contemper the Mind, and accord it to the motion of the first *Mind*. *Pythagoras* that Soul of Light, was so fair in his features, that his Scholars some called him, others believed him *Apollo* in the disguise of *Pythagoras*, or *Pythagoras* coppied from *Apollo*: Nor doth there want a reason for the same. For as much as beauty is no other, than a certain Flower, that is produced by the Soul, as a buried seed, upon this ground of the Body. Likewise the Sun, if a Cloud cover it, it shineth through it, with its more subtle Rayes, and renders it so glorious, that it no longer resembleth a vapour extracted from the Earth, lordid and obscure, but

flaming

flaming Gold and as it were another Sun. No otherwise a Soul, that is a Sun of light within the Cloud of the Body, that covers and conceals it, shineth through it with the rayes of its beauty, so that it renders that also beyond measure beautiful: and this is that which *Plotinus* calls the *Dominion*, that *Form* hath over *Matter*.

Which if it should be granted, that Souls come only into Bodies resembling them; and onely tye this knot of strict amity, there where there is exact similitude; who but sees that a beautiful Soul cannot then unite it self to a deformed Body?

Nor availeth it to tell them of *Aesop*, (born, if ever any was, with the Moon in the Nodes) that he was a *Therapsas*; *Crates*, no Citizen of *Tiber* but a Monster of *Affrick*; of *Socrates*, so ill-famish't with beauty, yea, of so grosse a stamp, that *Sophyros* the Physiognomer gave him for the very *Idea* of our stupid and blockish; whom *Alcibiades* called a *Sylvaus*; thereby declaring him without, half Beast; within, more than Man: and *Theophrastus* describing in *Theophrastus* a Youth of most fortunate Wit, speaking with the same *Socrates*, could tell him, *Non est pulcher: similitudine tua est: simonaso, & promissuribus oculis, quamvis minus ille quam tu in his madans excedat.*

They

The Second Part.

They deny that such deformity in them was the intention of *Nature*, but the mistake of *Chance*; not the defect of *Form*, but the fault of disobedient *Matter*.

But if that be so, the Women have therein great advantage, to whom *Beauty* was given for a *Dowry*; and we see, that it is *Natures* continual care, to work that soft and morbid Earth, so, that she may therein plant this flower the more successfully. And yet through the subjection to which they were condemned, they have as little Judgment in their heads, as they have much of hand-somness in their faces. Whence *Aesop's* Fox may say of the most of them, as he said of the Marble head of a very lovely fac'd Statue, *O beautiful, but brainless head!*

And really, if we observe experience, it will be obvious, that *Nature* is not oblig'd to these Laws, of setting Pearls only in Gold, and of putting *Wits* of excellent Sapience only in Bodies of exquisite Beauty.

Seneca
epist. 66.

Potest ingenium fortissimum, ac beatissimum sub qualibet cute latere. Potest ex casa vir magnus exire; Potest ex deformi vilique corpuscule, formosus animus, ac magnus. Rural Limbs oft-times cover most polite Wits. Most amiable Minds lie under rugged skins, as He, uuder the dreadful skin of the Menean Lion.

Galba

Galba the Orator, appeared an inform'd lump of stone, but within had a Golden vein of precious and shining VVit. Whereupon *M. Lullius* scoffing of him was wont to say, *Ingenium Galbæ male habitat*. Thus many others, of whom it would be too tedious to speak particularly, have been so deform'd, but so ingenious, that it seem'd, that in them, as in the Adamant, or Magnet, beauty of Mind, and uncomeliness of Body went hand in hand.

Macrobius.
li. 2. c. 6.
Satur.

Others again there are, that measure the grandure of the VVit by the bulk of the Head, and believe, that that cannot be a great Intelligence, that hath not a great Sphere. They comprehend not how a small head becometh a womb able to conceive a Great *Pallas*: how a Giant-like Ingenuity can comprise it self within the narrow neck of a little Scul.

They know not how that the Mind is the Center of the Head, and the Center doth not increase by the bignesse of the Circle. The eye, is it any more than a drop of Chrystal? and hath it not in such smalnesse, a concave so capacious; that by the gate of a pupil, it receiveth, without confusion of it, half a VVold.

Manil. 1 *Parvula sic totum percipit pupula celum.*
Astron. *Quoque vident oculi minimum est, cum ma-*
xima cernant.

It often happens, that as a little Heart naturally includes a great Courage; so in a Head of a small bulk, a Mind of great understanding is surpris'd.

Orat. 14 Others argue from the palure of the face, as from ashes, the fire of a Spiritely VVit; and thus *Naxtauzen* calleth Palidness, *Pulchrum sublimium virorum florem.* And reason seemeth to perswade as much; for that the very best of the blood is exhausted in the operations of the Mind, and the face thereby left ex-languate and discoloured. Therefore the Star of *Saturn*, the Father of profound thoughts, beareth in a half-extinguish'd light, his face as it were meagre, and palid.

Many say that by the eyes sparkling in the day, and glittering in the night, they can tell which are the true *Palladian Bats*. Others there are, who in confused Characters seem to read the Velocity of VVits, whose fancies, whilst the hand with the flight of the Pen cannot follow, it comes to passe, that it ill makes the letters, cuts off the words, and

and confounds the sense. Thus the speedest beasts, imprint the most informed tracks; whilst on the contrary the slow-moving Oxe makes his steps with patience, and leisurely formeth his tracks one by one.

But I undertook not to relate, much lesse to refute all the symptoms from which VVit is argued by these subtle *Drivers*: the shoulders, and neck dry, and lean; the temper of the flesh morbidly moulded; the fore-head ample, the skin thin and delicate; the voice in a mean between loud, and low; the hair neither litherly dangling, nor, (as dry,) curled and crisped; the hands lean; the legs small; the corporature indifferent; the colour amiable; and I know not what.

These are for the most part dubious conjectures, and fallacious prospectives, yea; they equally agree to contrary, not to say different principles. At least it is certain, that either there must concur to their establishment, experience, with the observation of Ingenious Men; or Reason, drawn from the temper, and disposition of Organs, that are of use to the Imaginative Faculty, and the Mind: and experience evinceth it, to him that is inquisitive, that of any three of them two proves false; and that the temper of the Internal Instruments hath not

such connexion with these external Signes, that one may collect, thence ordinary, much lesse infallible arguments.

The Original cause of the excellency and Diversity of Wits; and the various Inclinations of the Geniis.

BY a clean contrary way to the former, go they, who placing all the energy of the *Wit* in the force of the Soul; and supposing its use wholly independent from the instruments of the Body; do deny, that we may argue from any sensible appearance, the quality, or quantity of others Wit. There is, say they, difference amongst Souls, not only in their proper Essence, but also in the degrees of accidental Excellence; which makes them one more, or lesse perfect than another. This is no lesse an honour to the great Artist that made them, and an ornament to the World, than that variety of features which is in the face of Man (though it be composed of few members;) wherein to find two a-like is wonderful; two stamped with the same

impression, almost impossible, The diversity of Wits arising in this manner from the diverse degrees of perfection of Souls, to what end seek they *Indices* thereof from the Body; as if (according to the error of that great Proto-Physician) the Soul were no other, than a Consonance of qualities, and a Harmony of humours? To argue from the voice, from the Complexion, from the features, acutenesse of Wit; is, as from the pencils, to divine the excellency of the Art of a great *Apelles*; or from the Sword the valour of the arm of a magnanimous *Scanderbeg*. An Oxe with one only claw divided in the midst; and *Alexander* so painted, that his arm advancing with a thunderbolt, seemed to come out of the * *Tele*: These are true arguments of Art & Ability. The Ingenuity likewise is known by no other means than by the actions; other tracks it leaves not by which to guesse of its form; other shadow it hath not by which to collect, its proportion.

Plinius
L. 35. c. 10
in *Apell.*

* The cloth
on which a
Picture is
drawn.

And if that be not so. Observe the diversity of Wits, which as if they were Stars of different *Genius* and Nature, variously incline; and then, if there be any, you may find in the temper of the body, the principle whence such difference is derived.

The Second Part.

Some are so nimble witted, that they seem to have fancies composed of light; to whom the setting out, the running, and arriving are all but one moment. Rapid Eagles, to whom their Masters no sooner show a Lure, then they reach unto it, so that as *Plato* said of his *Aristotle*, they have an Art to accelerate their wings, that they may flye not by force, but by choice.

Others on the contrary, as *Zenocrates*, a *Mercury* without wings both in head and feet, are so slow, and dull, that they must have spurs to make them run, nay, go. They are Stars, but of that Constellation called the *Beare*, to whom the vicinity of the Pole makes the motion very slow, and the revolution tedious, as if they also were subject to the *Septentrion* frosts.

Some have an Understanding, like impressions made upon the water, that soon receive the stamp and as soon also lose it: That are as swift in forgetting, as they were in getting. Wits resembling either Doves, *Quarum omnis inclinatio in colores novos transit;* but colours of which as fast as they take one, they lose another; or Glasses, in which *Aequè citò omnis imago aboletur, ac componitur.*

Contrariwise, in others the Understanding is a graving in Porphyre and Marble. An
image

*Sen. li. 1.
nat. q. c. 5
Ibid. c. 6.*

image is not form'd in them without the force of Chizels, & with great patience; but then it is of such duration, that neither Oblivion, nor Time can e-face it. *Cleanthes* was one of these; call'd in derision the *Hercules* of the Schools, because his becomming a Phylosopher was as laborious to his mind as it was to the body of the other to make himself a Demi-god. *Oris angustissimi vas* Plutarc.
(so saith *Plutarch*) *difficilimè admittens, sed semper retinens quod admisit.*

There are them, that when Children, are all Spirit, when Men all Dregs. In their first years, the Nightingales seem to sing on their mouth, as on that of the Child *Stesichorus*; grown bigger they roare like Oxen. Like to that Ancient *Hermogenes*; that was, *Senex inter pueros, inter senes puer.*

In others, on the contrary, the Wit gradually meliorateth with years: whereupon thole that before appeared steril truncks, their buds opening by little and little, they send forth branches of large extent, and unfold some leaves; & in the end are ladè with more fruit, than others have leaves. Observe *Baldo a Jurist*, that stood (to speak so) as the Palm, a hundred years before he bore any fruit, whereupon arose the scoffe which he had so oft laid in his dish, being a

The Second Part.

Scholar; *Doctor eris Balde, sed praterito sa-
culo.*

What shall we say of those, that for every Science have a VVit equally perfect; that as the light to all Colours, so their mind are adapted to all matters; servile; or sublime; of ample; or profound dimension? Few such there be, yet some there are; and on them we may bestow for a perfect Panegyrick, that great applause,

Claud.

——— *Sparguntur in omnes,*

*In te mysta fluunt, & qua divisa beatos
Efficiunt, collecta tenes.* ———

*Plinius
nat. hist.
lib. 16.*

Blessed VVits, in whom, that which *Pliny* saw in a Tree; that alone was an entire Orchard, it having ingrafted upon it the fruits of all Trées; that which *Ausonius* had in a Statue of *Bacchus*; that had a kind of resemblance to every of the gods, whereupon he calls it not a god alone, but a *Pantheon*; is much more happily, and with greater admiration, and envy, expressly seen. They are few; but are worth many; nor only many, but many of excellency and merit, so that it may be said of them, as of the great

*Plin. lib.
34. 6. 7.*

*Colossus of Rhodes; Majores sunt digiti ejus,
quam pleraque statua.* They are few, but trans-

transform themselves into as many, as Learning hath Professions; nor know you in which they most excel; being that in all they are like unto themselves, and not inferior to any others: and you may sooner find such as envy, than such as equal them.

Finally, in whatsoever kind of Learning you will, they are able to say as *Vertumnus* amongst the Poets,

Opportuna mea est cuncta natura figuris, Prop. l. 4.
In quacunq; voles verte. Decorus ero.

Again, others there are so determinately intent upon one only kind of study, and that not by election of the Will, but by instinct of *Genius*, that to take them from, that is to take their *VVits* quite from them. He that will see their excellency, must behold them from one point, namely that, where all the lines of their knowledge Concenter; otherwise they have nothing considerable, and indeed seem Monstrous.

These, and many more are the Characters and different forms, whence *VVits* come to be so various in *Genius*, and Talent among themselves. Now what temper of brain, what harmony of qualities, what disposition of humours, doth so oblige the Soul;

Soul, that it should be in some in the things of the Mind blockish; and in the more simple and material most active; in others, in the abstracts excellent, in the practicks unprofitable: That it should be disposed, here to one, there to another, here to all, there to no act of Reason, or labour of Wit? If the actions of the intelligent Soul are done by her-self, and rest in her; what can the Body do, howsoever tempered; or the Brain, in what manner soever disposed? and if they can do nothing; it remains, that the diversity of Wits, ariseth from different perfections of the Soul, not various dispositions of the Body.

But if this be so, if the mind depend not on the Organs for operation, nor on the Humours for well operating; whence is it, that some, either by an accidental blow on the head, or by a strange disease, have suddenly or gradually lost their Memory, and impair'd their Wit; so that their brain, like the opened Box of *Pandora*, or the vented Box of *Ulysses*, is for ever after without Spirit, and Judgment? How cometh from the heat of the Brain, the distemper of the *Discursive Faculty*; the rebolliment of the Species, the disorder of the Reason, Frenzy, and Madnesse? Why doth he, (that when a
Child

Child was ingenious, and apt growing with yeares), become grosse of mind, and so much the more stupid, by how much the more before he was spritely? Yet the Soul is it self. VVho then implumes the VVit, who obfuseth the Fancy, who alters the Soul from what once she was?

But Countries, some abound with accurate Wits, as in *Attica*, that famous *Athens*, the Nest, and Nurse of the *Sciences*; and in regard of the walls that environ it, all appeared a Temple of *Pallas*, an Academy of Learned Men: On the contrary *Beotia* is inhabited, I will not say by living Men, but by dead Statues, in whom Reason, amongst others sheweth no greater discourse, than the *Zophtti* motion amongst other Animals.

Do we not see so great difference of Wits between City and City, even in adjacent Contries, that some, as the *Egyptian Alexandria*, seem to have designed their first foundation with *Meal*; others, placed upon the summity of *Olympus*, have their feet higher, than others carry their heads? And whence is this, if neither Heaven, nor Air, nor Climate; nor Spirits, nor Humours, tempered by them, have the least influence in those Actions: which being proper to
the

*Plut. in
Alex.*

the Soul, as the principle of discourse; by her only are produced, and in her alone are received?

It is then a more approved, and I am sure a more received opinion, that the Temperament of the Complexion, whence the state of the Body proceeds, serveth as well to the *Wit*, and to the diversity of its *Genius*; as the tuning of the strings to the melody of a Lute; and diverse Consorts of Voices, Intervals, Notes, measures of Tunes, Orders, and dispositions of Unisons, & Semitones, proper, and mixt, to the diverse Harmonies *Frigian*, *Dorick*, *Lydian*; whence proceeds the various Musick, Grave, Lascivious, Martial, Melancholy, and Merry.

*Let 9. in
Hipp. de
aëre &
aquis.*

Consider the various (we will say) Tones, and Moods, of *VVit*, which *Cardan* would describe by the various consorts of the primary qualities in nine kinds of humane Bodies: Observe the proportion of eight parts of Blood, two of Cholera, and two of Melancholy, which *Ficinus* would prescribe to the harmony of a great *VVit*, and let every one believe thereof as he pleaseth.

This seemeth universally true, that the works of the *VVit*, participating an I know not what of fiery, as the velocious motion of the thoughts, and the nature of the ignean spir its

spirits that serve it demonstrate; those humours that partake most of fiery, are most capable of serving it: even as on the contrary, Flegme rendereth it stupid, and brings it as it were into a somniferous Lethargy. Therefore Choler which is hot in excess, & withall dry, is wholly proper to the Wit. But Melancholy (although it doth not so seem) is more apposit than that; not that gross and loathsome humour, which more symbolizeth with Flegme in frigidity, than with Choler in siccity; but a certain (as it were) adust part of the yellow Choler, cold and dry by nature, as the earth, but, if it be rarified and enkindled, so capable to conceive fire (as the exhalations raised by the Sun, which yet are a cold and dry earth) and a fire so vehement, and forceable, that it partaketh of lightning in strength, though it be more durable and constant. And hence proceedeth Madness, and that Grave Frensy of the mind that wholly transports it besides it self, and wholly centers it in it self; that gives it velocious motions, and holds it stedfast, and fixed; wholly dispersing, and wholly contracting the thoughts. Nor may there be wanting Bloud and Flegme, the one for aliment to the spirits, the other for temperament; that so the too great driness make

the Soul, as the princip^l now; of which
her only are produced, termineth; cau-
received? ve may call the

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a more received opr
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from its Sourfe, which is
(*in* speaks) at least let them
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em in nature, *Ibi enim optimus*
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Hyp. de
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who desirous to
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selves, Print to be Ignorant.

insatiate, I will not say desire,
but madnesse, which we have of
publishing our selves to the World
of Learning, I could wish, that it
sharpened the Wit, as well as it sharpens
the Pen; that so the Sciences might in-
crease in weight, as Books increase in num-
ber.

Scarce have we got in the nest of a
School the down of the first feathers upon
the brain, but we already think our selves,
not only *Eagles*, but *Mercuries* with Wings
on our heads. Scarce is there enkindled in us
a spark of Wit, but presently we desire in
Print to shine as Suns, and make our selves,
with a strange Ambition, Masters before
we be compleatly Scholars. Every thought
that the mind conceives, we think worthy of
the light; and although many times it is
no more than *Ridiculus Mūs*, we by all means
will

make not barren, or the too great heat distemper not the organ and cause more smoak than light. The predominant ought therefore to be fiery, the rest, of a mixture in proportion to the degrees of this.

And this, if I guesse not a misse, is the so famous Dry Light of *Heracles*; That *Ignis vigor, & celestis origo*, that where it hath the flame more bright, and in more refined humours lesse thick and muddy, there its a thing more like a Heavenly Intelligence than a terrene Wit.

This is that so difficult *Blessyon* of VVit and Judgment together. The VVit the *Mercury*, all instability & motion; the Judgment, the Chymical Medicine that fixeth it: The VVit the Lion, and the Dolphin all fury, all speed; the Judgment, the Bridle, and Anchor, that restrains the fury, that retards its motion: The Wit the Sail, the Judgment the Ballast: That the Wing, this the Clog: That the young face of *Janus*, this the old, and gray.

But because the temper of the humours for the service of the mind, is not one indivisible one, from their varieties take rise the abilities, *Genus's*, and humours, which incline them to various kinds of studies. Because that in some studies there is required

quired more patience, and, as we are wont to say, more Flegm; in others, greater promptness of mind; in others, imaginations more firm; else where discourse more abstract: here great memory; their capacity of comprehending as it were in one sole act the cognition of many objects; and discerning their dependency without confounding them; according as the humours and their qualities, are variously tuned and harmoniz'd together: whence more or less according to the predominancy of hot, and cold, dry and moist, we have abilities more apt to one than to another Science; according to the temper of the qualities, that the instruments require, for the better disposing them to operation. And this ability of power, well disposed towards such sorts of objects, is the foundation of that, which they call *Genius*. Because that there being in every one by natural instinct an in-nate desire of knowing; and Nature not erring, but being conscious of that, which she is to apply us to the desire of, as our *Good*: (a thing, which to obtain we have not power sufficient:) thence it is, that she carrieth us to the desire of that, to attain which we are sufficiently disposed. The proportion therefore of the power to the object, and the desire

The Second Part.

desire which we have to know; of which one applyeth, the other determineth; canseth that sympathy, which we may call the Form of the *Genius*.

So, that it is not the disposition, figure, colour, nor masse of the members of the body that we should observe as immediate, or true testimonies of the Wit, in applying any to Learning. But from the *Acts*, the most natural testimonies of the *Powers*, we may argue their internal Temper, thereby to find to which of the Arts it hath most agreeable proportion. Thus, since the honey cannot be fetch from its Source, which is the Stars (as *Pliny* speaks) at least let them strive to make it as pure as they can; by working it out of those flowers, which most

Plin. lib. 11. c. 12. nat. hist. resemble them in nature; *Ibi enim optimus semper (ros mellis) ubi optimorum doliolis florum conditur.*

Since Science can be enjoyed no otherwise than as fallen from Heaven into these terrene Bodies; at least-wise, let them apply themselves to gather it of those, which with tempers like to Heaven, fiery, and subtle, but withal stable, and regular, most symbolize and agree with it.

A M B I T I O N.

The folly of many who desirous to seem Learned, doe publish themselves in Print to be Ignorant.

THat insatiate, I will not say desire, but madnesse, which we have of publishing our selves to the World for men of Learning, I could wish, that it would whet the Wit, as well as it sharpenes the Pen; that so the Sciences might increase in weight, as Books increase in number.

Scarce have we got in the nest of a School the down of the first feathers upon the brain, but we already think our selves, not only *Eagles*, but *Mercuries* with Wings on our heads. Scarce is there enkindled in us a spark of Wit, but presently we desire in Print to shine as Suns, and make our selves, with a strange Ambition, Masters before we be compleatly Scholars. Every thought that the mind conceives, we think worthy of the light; and although many times it is no more than *Ridiculus Mūs*, we by all means

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will call the Press, to be *Lucina*; and collect it, and keep it not only alive but immortal. The Gnats, Moths and Flyes of our own brains, seem to us worthy to be embalmed, as that Bee, in *Eleeter*, and exposed to the sight, and admiration of the World. Thus

— *Tenet insanibile multos
Scribendi cacœthes, & agro in corde senescit.*

*Juven.
Sat. 7.*

Happy would Learning be, if Books also should have their Winter, and the leaves of the greatest part of them should fall, as the leaves of trees fall every year after Autumn. The World would be thereby so much the more wise by how much fewer the number would be of the Masters of Errors, and Oracles of Lies.

*Plin. in
pref. o-
per.*

How many Books come to hand which bear in their frontispices *Inscriptiones propter quas vadimonium deserti possit*? In perusing the proud promises of their Titles, you will call to mind either that Verse of *Horace*,

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

or that scoffe with which *Diogenes* mocked at the great Gate of a little City, saying: *Shut this gate or else the Town will run out at it, and leave you without house or home.*

The

The eye, and the hand run with impatience, this to turn over, and that to read the leaves, *at cum intraveris (Dii Deaeque) quidam nihil in medio invenies! Affrick*, which is incompass'd with such delightful shoares, is within most of it barren sands, and naked deserts of gravel. The first leaf, like that famous *Sheet of Parrhasius*, seems so painted, as if it covered a Picture, wherupon *Zeuxis* deceived, *flagitavit, tandem remoto linteo ostendi picturam*; but in reality there was no other picture than the sheet, deluder of the eyes, with the lies of the pencil. Thus, in this, is that saying of *Seneca* verified, *Speciosa & magna contra visentibus, cum ad pondus revocata sunt fallunt*. Books many times deceive as the Apples of *Sodom*, that being fair to look upon, have nothing but the hypocrisie of appearance; for within they are ashes and smoak; and in opening they vanish into nothing: *Si qua illic poma conantur* (saith *Tertullian*) *oculis tenus caterum conacta cinerescunt*.

Plin. ibi.

Plinius
lib. 55.
cap. 10.

Epist. 66.

Apolog.

A Learned Man doth indeed deserve great compassiō, that setting himself earnestly to one of these Books, which hath nothing but Perspective, and appearance; findeth that to be a painted Cloud, which he believed to be a rich *Juno*; and instead

The Second Part.

of extracting thence the treasures which he expected, he sees, that the Book costs him more in regard of the time he unprofitably spends in reading it, than it stood him in, by reason of the money he gave for it. He fisheth therein day, and night, till that with a *Nil capimus* he casts it away. He soares with a curious Wit, to the apparance of some singular conceit, of some Master-piece of Art; but as the Birds that flew to the painted Grapes of *Zenxis*; if he came with appetite, he departs hungry.

Plinius
lib. 35.
cap. 10.

O! to how many Writers, which more than once have made the Presse to groan, may we repeat that Verie of *Anfonias*,

Utillus dormire fuit, quàm perdere sonnum
Atque oleum. -----

The wretches have watched many a night to compass a Book, which shall lay a sleep all that read it, if their resentments of Choler against the Author keep them not awake. To how many Books, under the Title they bear in their Frontispiece, may we write the name with which *Zaazo*, a *Spanish* Doctor called a little Desert Isle, to which approaching in his *Indian* Navigation, he found neither herb nor any other

suste-

Oviedo
in 5107.

sustenance; therefore he gave it this name, *Natis cogitare quid edatis.* And yet (as Saint *Præm.*
Ambrosè ingeniously calls them) Books are *lib. 4. in*
 the Ports wherein the Soul not only reco- *Lucam.*
 vereth rest from storms; but plenty from
 poverty. But take three Reasons only a- *Three rea-*
 mongst many, whence it comes, that so *sons of the*
 many unprofitable Books, and devoid of *great num-*
 all goodnesse are printed. *ber of un-*
profitable
Books.

I *Some think they do nothing if they make*
only one Book. They alone would make a
 Library.

Hinc, oblita modi, millesima pagina surgit *Juven.*
Omibus, & crescit multa damnosa papyro. *Sar. 7.*

A hundred Volumnes, of a thousand pa-
 ges a piece, Children of one sole VVir,
 Births of one only Mind, VVorks of one
 only Pen; this makes one go high and
 stately: And yet the Glory and Fame is not
 to be given to the number but to the worth
 of Books. For how many times in a River
 of words, there is not a drop of VVir; in a
 Sea of Ink, there is not one Pearl; in a
 Forest of Paper there is not one branch of
 Gold? All the VVork, be it a hundred
 Volumns, may say as the *Echo of Ausonius*:

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*Aëris, & lingue sum filia, mater inanis
Judicii, linguamque sine mente gero.*

So that its a rare miracle of patience in the Reader, if flinging away the Book, he say not to the Author of it, that of *Martial*;

*Lib. 9.
epist.*

— *Vis garrule, quantum
Accipis ut clames, accipere ut taceas?*

*In præf.
oper.*

Books, as saith *Domitius Pifó*, cited by *Pliny*, *Theſaurus oportet eſſe, non libros*. Every word ſhould be a Pearl, every leaf a Jewel: ſo that he which reads them, ſhould in one hour enrich himſelf, with that, which we have been ten years in gathering.

Aelas! what is become of that precious cuſtome, and fortunate age, when the *Honey* of the Sciences was put into the *Wax*; on which it was then the cuſtome to write with a *Style*? with how much the ſlower hand the words were indented by the ſtyle, the tenacity of the wax retarding it; the more were they fixed on the thoughts, and came to be better examined. Now a-dayes the Pen carries the words in a flight from the hand, and the conceits from the head;
and

and those and these the lighter by how much the lesse weighed. That ostentatious Souldier in the Comick, which said

*Ego hanc mancheram mihi consolari volo,
Ne lamentetur, neve animum despondeat.
Quia jam pridem feriatam gestem:*

*Plat. in
mil. glor.*

Lively expresseth the itch many have to Write, and write much, as it were to comfort their Pens, that complain they stand Idle in their Ink-horns; without wearing blunt with writing at the least one Book.

It is not the muchesse, but the goodnes that is valued. Books are the Souls, whose grandure is not measured by the bulk of the body, but by the nobility of the Spirit. And most true is the Aphorism of great *Augustine*, *In iis quæ non mole magna sunt, idem est esse majus quàm melius*. The stones of mountains are vast in bignesse, yet a Diamond, which is only (saith *Manilius*) *Punctum lapidis*, as far surpasseth them in worth, as they exceed it in magnitude.

6 de Tri.

*Lib. 4.
after.*

If you were to speak to an assembly of a hundred of the most ingenious, and Learned Men of the World, would you say what came next to the tongues end, without deliberation, without refining, and many times

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without substance, and order? Or rather would you not study to speak not onely *Roses*, as they said of old, but *Pearls and Gold*? and do not you know that by the Presse you speak not to a hundred or a thousand, but to all the Wisemen in the World that will read, and hear you? Therefore, why do you not as *Phocion*, that being asked why he stood upon a time so profoundly pensive, answered; That being to speak in publick to the *Athenians*, he was picking his words one by one, and examining them, if there was any that he should omit? *Laudato ingentia rura*, saith the Poet, *Exiguam colito*. Honour the Gyganticall Volumnes of others; but strive not so much to imitate them in bulk, as to surpasse them in worth. Write one only good one, but one that may be more worth than many. One, but one of which you may say as *Ceres* of her onely Daughter,

Claud.

Numeri damnnum Proserpina pensat.

2 The other reason of the unfortunate success of Books, is, the undertaking to handle a matter, and wanting a Wit proportionable. I chanced to write an Octave, or Epigram, and presently

ferely I conceited that they called them Heroick Poems, or Tragoedies.

*Non ideo debet pelago se credere, si qua
Audeat in exiguo ludere cymbalaculo.*

2 Trist.

That *Hercules* doth enterprize the conquest of the Heavens, and desire to do it by his strength never wonder: Since he hath already tride them, and knows their weight.

*Hercul.
Furt.*

*Et posse caelum viribus vinci sinit
Didicit ferendo.*—————

Do ye likewise measure the strength of your shoulders, by the weight of the burden, and where you can say, *Tar oneri cervix*, take up the same, and go on. *Prudentia hominis est*, saith St. Jerome, *nosse mensuram suam, nec imperitia suae orbem testem facere*. Yee should unite *Argus* and *Briareus*, so that ye should not have a hundred hands ready to write, if ye have not also in the Intellect, an hundred eyes open to understand. Let not a spacious field of noble Argument so transport and hurry your Spirits, that the desire of running through it, make you forget that you have neither wings nor ability to do it.

*Jerom.
cont. Vig.*

Vale

Vale your too venturous plumes, that
would sooner make you fall than flie, and
do.

Dante. Like to the un-flogg'd Stork, that strives to fly,
And being natively bashy, fluttering leaves
Its lothed Nest, and so a fall receives.

But of this I am to speak upon another
accasion by and by.

3 The third cause why there is more abortives
than births, is from the impatient desire to bring
them forth, before they be perfectly formed. They
hear not the precept of *Horace*

In Arts. Nonnunquam prematur in annum,
Membranus intus positus delere licebit
Quod non edi deris. Nescit voxmissa reverti.

It is no wonder if Mulhrums that grow
up in one hour, rot in the next; and our
works prove, saith *Plato*; like those famous
Gardens of *Adonis*, *Qui subito, & die uno nati
celerrimè pereunt.*

Agatharchus was a Painter, for whom all
the Cloth of *Greece*, all the Colours of the
East sufficed not. He compiled the draughts
of his Tables with more expedition, than
the Sun draws the Rain-bow in the Clouds.

But

But what then? They were pictures that hung in every fordid place, and, exposed without regard, lived no longer than the men sown by *Cadmus*.

On the contrary *Zeuxis*, who in bringing forth his works was more tedious than the Elephant, and gave not a touch with his Pencil, which he recall'd not to a critical examination merited that eternity of glory, for which alone he painted. The wisest men are ever the most severe with the works of their own Wits: knowing that they ought to be not only read but examined by men of great judgment w^{ch} made them say with young *Plinius*, *Nil est curæ mea satis. Cogito quam sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum: nec persuadere mihi possum, non & cum multis, & sæpè tractandum, quod placere, & semper, & omnibus cupias.*

Lib. 7.
epist. Ceteri.

And so much sufficeth to have said of those, that being but ill furnished with Wit, undertake to write of things above their capacities. Now I ought not to omit certain others, which misusing the Wit wherein they are rich, consume themselves, & spend their studies about certain unprofitable matters, *Quas neque scire compendium (saith Arnobius) neque ignorare detrimentum est ullum.*

The unfortunate pains of such who study and write matters wholly unprofitable.

A *lchymists* are men of more hardinesse than judgment. Judgment indeed they have none, albeit of the great tree of folly, there's in appearance perhaps is the goodliest branch, namely, that branch of *Gold* that sends one to Hell sooner than to the *Elyzian* Fields. But they are neverthelesse fortunate, for seeking, as they say, the *Phylosophers Stone*, with the favour of Art they finally end it, and it is that Ancient *Golden Poverty* the true *Lapis Phylosophorum*, which leaving them nothing in the World, freeth them from the care of keeping, and danger of losing: both priviledges of the true *Golden age*. They un-aviledly pretend to fix *Mercury* in *Silver*, and perceive not that the *God of Thieves* knows better how to take away from others, then to impart of his own. They would change the *Moon* into a *Sun*. That *Moon* which never loseth it self more than when it most approacheth to the *Sun*. But above all things the efficacy
of

In New-
Moons.

of that most pleasing enchantment of hope is worthy of admiration, which bereaving the heads of these wretched fools of Wisdom, their hands of money, their eyes of sleep, and their hearts of the love of all the World, so blindeth them that they see not what they suffer; and tormenting their lives, no lesse than the minerals on which they work, renders them stupid to pain, and insensible of torment. Thus you see them like gnats wind themselves every moment about a little candle, which gives heat to an Hermetical Furnace, and in one instant to laugh at that fire, and weep at that smoak: Till such time, as the mystery compleated, they at the gathering of the fruit of all find a goodly *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. All their hope is evaporated and only the dregs remain: Fortune, that stood upon a Ball of Glasse, that being broken, is fals. And from all it is at last concluded, "That Gold grows
 " not, but only in Negotiation; and makes
 " no Veines and Mines but in *Banks*."

I have with two touches of the Pen rudely pourfoild the equally foolish, and unfortunate pains of miserable *Alchymists*, which with no other gain, than of a smoak that makes them weep, spend all that they have, or are; to the end that in theirs you may

may the better observe their folly of as many as being endow'd with a certain tallent of Wit, spend both that, and their time and pains, (whereby they shorten their lives, and limbick their brains), about the unprofitable compofure of certain Books, whose contents ferve only to consume the time of him that reads them; as they impare the health of him that writes them.

Gell. lib. 17. c. 12. I know that *Phavorinus* adviseth, that for sharpening of the VVit, when it seems blunted and dilled by long idleneffe, the best means is to undertake matters of lesse utility, and more jollity. Thus did he that praised *Thyrfitis*, and the *Quartan* Feaver, as *Dyon* did the Fore-top, *Sinesius* Baldneffe, *Lucian* a Fly, and an hundred others about the like subjects have busied themselves. But its one thing to awaken, and stirre up the VVit with matters although not profitable, at least facerious; and another to weary it, & dull it with over much intence-ness, and tedious expecting from them all the glory of his prolix studies, as that other that said,

Martial

Plin. lib. 11. cap. 9

Ille ego suum nulli nugarum laude secundus.

VVhit think you of *Aristomachus*, that
with

with exactest observations of every day, (I had like to have said of every hour) for sixty two years continually pryed into the nature of Bees? So many years, such diligence, would seem to me to have acquired no lesse, than a discovery of all the secrets of Heaven, and an establishment of all the periods of the Planets.

Seneca was offended with certain *Phylosophers* of his time, that consumed the tedious watches of the night, and the implacable disputes of the day, about certain fooleries, meriting, I know not whether more of laughter, than lashes: *Mus syllaba est, syllaba caseum non rodit, Mus ergo caseum non rodit.* Epist. 48

O pueriles ineptas! In hoc supercilia subduximus? In hoc barbam demisimus? Hoc est quod tristes docemus, & pallidi? Men are wont to say that we are twice Children, once when we come out of our Swathing-clouts, and again when in extream old age we reassume childishness: but he that employes (not to say consumeth) his life in these conceited vanities, *Non bis puer est, ut vulgo dicitur, sed semper: verum hoc interest, quod majora ludit.*

*J. act. ant.
li. 2. c. 4.*

To what end shall we studying unbowel our selves, to weave but fly-intangling webs?

Plin. lib.
12. c. 1.

webs? To what purpose should we with Nero employ nets of Purple and Gold; (thoughts and discourses of a precious Wit) to fish for Shad and Bream? *Quis non miretur* (said Pliny, speaking of Platans, trees that produce nothing but leaves for shade) *arborum umbra gratta tantum, ex alieno petiti orbe?* Are perhaps shades so rare in Europe? or these of Plantans, because; barbarous are they therefore the more beauteous; that we should run through naufrages to the farthest parts of the VWorld to get the plant that produceth them? Is there so great a scarcity of unprofitable babblings, or are they fold so dear, that to stufte a thousand unhappy leaves, it must cost you study, waking, toiling, and no small part of your life? If I can have fancies of sublime Ingenuity, that fore a lost as the Eagle, or Falcon to make new acquist of prey: wherefore should I wish that they be like the Lark; which seeks no other benefit from a troublesome aspiring, and painful flight than that unprofitable chattering which they make; after which they descend from their altitude; directly to the earth; ravished and content, as if they had taught a Lecture of Musick to the Coelestial Syrenes.

There

There is (writes *Ovidius*) in the Western *India's* great abundance of Cotton, Alumn, Salt, and such like ordinary Merchandizes, with which that place is most plentiful, but there is no man vouchsafeth to carry them away; nor do they frequent those Ports, but only to freight themselves with Gold, Silver, Pearls, and Aromatick Perfumes. A Voyage so long, so difficult, so dangerous, (such it was in those primitive times) none would undertake for lesse. Alas! most simple Merchants: The Voyage of your life, (a great part whereof you spend in study, the felicity of the fancy, the toil of composing, which might fill your Books with Gold and Pearls,) you only employ to enrich your selves; with what? Fables, empty Questions, (it had like to have scap't my Pen, *Romances*) Poems of Love, reformations of Ancient Heads, more often deform'd than reform'd, corrections fantastical, conjectures, imaginations, and I know not what. *Quare appenditis argentum, & non in panibus?* saith *Esay*, and *St. Jerome* understands it of the unprofitable Sciences of the age, how much more may it be understood of your wholly unprofitable fooleries? Is that *Tyberius* still alive, that enjoyns you to tell him, Whose daughter was *Hecuba*?

Ovidius
in *hist.*

Isai. c. 55

What name *Achilles* took when he lay concealed among the Virgins of *Leonides*,
Plat. qu. What the *Syreres* are wont to sing of when
scurov. they enchant passengers; on which hand *Venus* was wounded by *Dionides*; on which foot *Philip* halted? Is *Domitian* yet living, that teacheth you to spend many hours every day in the unprofitable hunting of these flies?

Hellogabulus, to give an argument to the World of the greatnesse of *Rome*, like a fool, made all the Cob-webs that hung in the houles thereof to be gathered together upon one heap; and that he esteemed a sufficient foundation for a conceit equal to the grandure of a City that was Queen of the World. There is no Wise man but smiles at this Fool. But is not this the same with the folly of those, which for to give a publick proof of their wit, rake together a masse rather of Cob-webs than of Papers in a Book, writing vain and unprofitable matters? *Utinam diceretis, & videremini sapientis.* Let the applauses of foolish friends make you never so great, these are never more, than what *Diogenes* called the wonders done at the Spectacles of *Bacchus*, *Magna miracula stultorum.*

Job.

Laert.

But amongst the unprofitable labours of the
 the

Ambition.

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Astrology
oppoſed.

the Wit, (however the intereſſed reſent things) I ſhall only hint, that the firſt place ought to be given to that, which *St. Baſil* aptly calleth *Negotioſiſſimam proſus vanitatem*, *Aſtologie*; (I know not whether I ſhould ſay) Indiciary, or extrajudicial; worthy, rather of the diſreſpect, than of the Aspects of the Stars; from whence *She* taketh lies to vend them the dearer, in regard they be coeleſtial Merchandize. Her Art is to erect twelve Houſes in Heaven by the help of men, that many times have not a cottage on Earth; and by their hands to diſpence to ſome riches and dignities, to others miſfortunes and præcipices; who themſelves beg bread to keep them alive. You muſt not aſk *her* (as *Diogenes* demanded of him that talked ſo freely, of Heaven) *Quando nam de Cælo veniſti*: For *ſhe* pretends to know how to read every ones fortune, written with characters of Stars, and Cyphers of Aspects: To know how to trace out in the periods of thoſe Spheres the courſes of every ones life: To be able to confine the Stars and Planets in Trimes, Quadrates, and Sextiles, as in ſo many Magical figures; and to force them to tell future eveniencies, both publick and private: To conclude, to be a propheteſſe of truth:

St. Baſil.

*Laert. in
Diogen.*

And all this by virtue of similiary observations, which as yet never had similiary figures in Heaven; By dependance on one legitimate point of the *Nativity*, the weight of which it examineth in the Ballance of *Hermes*; By virtue of Coelestial Figures, imagined by the *Capriccio* of others, observed by them as mysteries; By help of things, which have nothing of subsistence or reality, such as are the *Dragons-head*, and *Tail*, and the * *Part of Fortune*; in fine, in despite of the Truth not found out, but stumbled upon; not by meanes of Art, but only by chance in one prediction of a thousand, they are emboldened to maske a fallhood, as if it were a thing credible; and to perswade a thing credible as it were true.

An Astro-
logical
term.

What doth this Profession merit, whose office it is to deceive men on Earth, and to defame the Stars in Heaven? You may give it the *Caucasus*, and *Vulture* of *Prometheus*; if you think, it be a far greater crime, to make Heaven a liar, the Planets deceivers, and the Stars malevolent; than to take from the Wheel of the Suns Chariot, a spark of fire, a beam of light; therewith to infuse light into the dead Statues of *Epimetheus*, and to transfuse Soul and Sense into their breasts. But for my part, because I will not passe
judg-

judgment to others prejudice; " I would
 " remit them to the Tribunal of that brave
 " Emperor *Alexander Severus*, who punished
 " *Turinus* his Favorite, for selling the Favors
 " of his Master with Falacious Promises :
 " Condemning him to be stifled to death
 " with Smoak, the Trumpets all the while
 " proclaiming aloud; *Fumo puniter, qui ven-*
 " *didit fumum.*

A V A R I C E.

*That he is guilty of the Ignorance
 of many, who might benefit many
 by the Presse, and neglects it.*

THere are not any men for whose
 maintenance the World more un-
 willingly Labours, and Nature
 takes pains, than those, who regardleffe of
 others, would live only to themselves.
 These are Pilgrims even in their own Coun-
 try, and Solitary in the midst of Society;
 These have the countenance of men, but
 are Beasts amongst Men; that deserve no
 more to have been born by others, then
 they care to live for any but themselves.

The Second Part.

Amongst these, none will scruple to enumerate certain *Avaritious Wits*, which would bury the Golden Talents of Sciences and Arts, (with which they are endowed) in their Sepulchers, rather than become beneficial to posterity by the Press.

When, if there was no other inducement moving him thereto then the great reward of that honoured Memory, with which after death he lives immortally,

— *An erit qui velle recuset
Os opuli mernisse, & cedro digna locutus
Inquere nec scambros mumentia carmina ver-
shus?*

But, there is not only this allurement which can, there is stronger reason which should persuade him to do it; and it is the publick interest, which may not be neglected under pretence that he is carelesse of his own. So much the more in regard that Wisdom is not received from Heaven as a *Gift*, which may be lost with our selves, but as a *Lone*, to be transmitted to our successors; so that the doing it is not, in some sense, so much *Liberality*, as *Justice*: It is to be received, as the Air receives the Light from the Sun, to transmit it to the Earth;

and

and not to retain it concealed from others, and with little profit to our selves.

Therefore our solitary, pale, shriveled Ancestors have in the course of so many ages spent the Vigils of slow-pac't Nights, and consumed not so much the hours of the Day, as the dayes of their Lives, to fetch with the blows of hard Studie, from the rich Mines of their Wits, golden Veins of truth, and new discoveries in knowledge; and expounding them freely, have made their private patrimony a publick inheritance: wherefore then do we, (ingrateful to our Predecessors, and envious to our Successors,) avariciously bury both theirs and our own?

He that puts himself between our Ancestors, and those that are to come after us; and beholds the *Example* of the one, and the *Necessity* of the other: I see not how he can have a heart to deny, either imitation to those, or assistance to these. For if the only beholding the dead Images of those, who in publick managements of Peace, and War, have acquired the name of *Grandees*, can do no lesse than move the heart, and involve the desires in the like enterprises; in seeing in Books the lively and breathing Images of the Wit of those *Great Souls* exprest to the

life, that therein still survive, still speak, still teach, to the benefit of the VWorld; can the rudest man choose but desire to understand, and can the intelligible choose but blush to keep that covetously concealed which others have collected onely for Common Benefit?

Seneca *Sume in manus indicem Philosophorum. Hac*
epist. 39. ipsa res expergisci te coget: Si videris quam mul-
ti tibi laboraverint, concupisces, & ipse ex illis
unus esse.

De in- Yet saith *Phylo*, Sapience is a Sun, from
somniis. which we cannot take the Splendor without destroying it. And many *Platonicks* make Souls of loftiest intelligence to be of the nature of fire, *Cujus unius ratio fecunda; seque*

Plin. li. 2. *ipse paret, & minimis crescit scintilla.*
cap. 107.

So that if the *Examples* of our Ancestors is not sufficient to persuade us, let us behold the *Necessity* of Posterity, to whom it is double cruelty to deny that, which we ought to bequeath them with Interest, and they would receive with profit. Abolish this inviolable Law, which is not written in Marble, but imprinted on the heart of Man, of bequeathing our Goods aswell as our Love to our Posterity, and what other do you do but destroy the VWorld, and make it barbarous, and brutish? But if those seem fortunate, who transmit to their
 Legi-

Legitimate Issue, ample yearly Revenues, and entail with the riches that they have, a happy Fortune to their Family; what more precious and durable Inheritance can we leave them than the Endowments of the mind, and the golden Talents of our own Wit? These are Revenues that diminish not with use, that consume not with time; that survive both publick & private Ruines: Are alwayes living, alwayes entire, alwayes in the same esteem, and equally beneficial. And hence drew the second *Pliny* that forceable motive, wherewith he perswades a Friend to leave for publick benefit some fruit of his long and tedious studies. *Effinge aliquid, & excude, quod sit perpetud tuum. Nam reliqua rerum tuarum, post te alium atque alium dominum fortientur. Hoc nunquam tuum desinet esse, si semel cæperit.*

Lib. 1.
Epist 3.
Russin.

But hear what those sordid Misers have to say for themselves. *I am debtor to no man for whats my own. Let others take pains as I have done; let them find of themselves, that, which its unhandsome to beg of others. This is pitty not rigor; love to Learning, not hatred of the Learned; for it breeds up Wits in slothfulnesse when they find that in others, which they should draw from themselves. Necessity renders Ingenious; and makes him that would be alwayes a Scholar, studying*

The Second Part.

studying the labours of others, to become Master, inventing new of his own. Thus we make Achillis's, giving them whole, the bones of Lions, that they may break them, and pick out the Marrow: thus brave Swimmers give way to the Course of the Stream where it is most impetuous: because it is not so much Art as Necessity in such a case that teacheth them to come out.

And do not these consider, that if this should be, Learning would alwayes continue in its infancy? If he that spends many years in study, teacheth no man what he hath discovered; he that comes after him, when he also hath been equally solicitous in seeking, and equally fortunate in finding, shall know nothing more than the former: and when will they this way advance Learning? Yea the knowledg of that which others have found, helps one to find that which others did not know. Those will serve us for Principles, which were to others but Consequences, and there we begin our search where others left seeking. Wisdom is given, said *Augustine*, not for a Slave but for a Spouse, and requires from us Successors and Sons: *hoc est ingenii fructus, & quosdam mentis partus, quos non tam libros, quam liberos dicimus*; and when she obtaineth not that, she laments, I will not say like her that said,
sal-

S. Aug.

Sakem mihl parvulus aula laderet Aeneas, but like the innocent Daughter of *Jeptah*, that more bewailed the Virginity, than her Death; *It being the true and only death to die without leaving an Issue wherein to live*. But if a wilful abortive makes the Mother a Homicide, *Et que originem futuri hominis extinguunt* (saith *Minutius*) *parricidium faciunt antequam partant*; to stifle in Wifedoms Womb that which she (as it were pregnant with our Conceits) conceives, to kill it that it should not be brought forth, is not this Parricide? Is it not *homicidii festinatio prohibere nasci*?

In Octa-
vio.

Others their are that defend themselves with years, and excuse themselves with old age, *That being scarce able to live themselves, how can they toil for others? To him that hath done his part in activity, it is cruelty to deny him to gather his wings into his Nest, and to strike sail in the Port. Other times, oster cares. The eyes inclined to the sleep of death, more than to the wakings of study, can go no farther without danger of errors, and mistakes.*

Tertul.
Apolog.
cap. 19.

But if I misunderstand not, these are not the words of one that would live out the few years that he wants of his full time, but of them that would anticipate their death some years before they die: and to die I call

Pli. prof. operis. call the doing nothing but *live*. The studies of his extream old age were the sweeter to *M. Varro*, the nearer he was to his death, because not knowing any other life more like a man, than to understand, he lengthned his life, as he did his study, and said to himself, *Dum hæc musquamur pluribus horis vivimus.* Yea *Seneca* that noble Wit, taking motives to Labour from his Age, whence others seek pretences to rest, in the ultimate years of his not-compleated-life, applied himself to investigate the occult secrets of Natural Phylosophy, and therewith, as if he was more than himself, he said with his Poet;

*Tollimus ingentes animos, & grandia parvo
Tempore molimur. — —*

*Præfat.
lib. 2.
quæst.
nat.*

Thereupon, as it were pricking and spurring on the slothfulnesse of his Old age, *Festinemus*, said he, & *opus, nescio an superabile, magnum certe, sine ætatis excusatione tractemus.*

*An seni
gerenda
Respub.*

Who ever seeth (saith *Plutarch*) Bees for age to grow lazie, slothful and idle in their Hives, and not flye to the flowers and gather Honey, as they did when they were young? “ Take from me the power of
“ writing

" writing, said *Gellius*, and you take away my
 " life. So much onely of life I ask for my
 " self, as may be serviceable to others. *In sine*
 " *neque longiora mihi dari spatia vivendi volo,* *notitiam*
 " *quam dum ero ad hanc facultatem scribendi,* *Attic.*
 " *commentandique idoneus.*

Let the division of the life of him that
 professeth Learning be such as that of the
 Ancient *Vestals* of *Rome*, which was divided *Plut. ib.*
 into three equal parts. " In the first they
 " learnt the Rites, and Ceremonies, as
 " Scholars to the Eldest; In the second they
 " practised them, as Companions of the
 " middle sort; In the last they taught them,
 " as Mistresses of the Younger. Thus the
 " leaves utter in the blossomes, and the
 " blossomes falling, with a happy end, do
 " knit in fruit.

*The incomparable felicity of Good
 Authors, that appear in Print.*

THe desire of *living* hath been the In-
 venterels of a hundred ways of not
dying. And because Physick hath
 neither the hearbs of *Medea* against *Old-age*,
 nor the *Ambrosia* of *Jupiter* against *Death*, but
 that

Lib. 2. that it too true, as *Sydonius* saith, that many
 **epist. 12.* Doctors *assistentes*, & *disidentes*, *parum docti*,
 **Ag.* & *satis seduli*, *languidos multos officiosissime oc-*
 cidunt, we betake our selves to the Arts of
 Colouring Linnen; Ingraving Marbles,
 Founding Brasse, erecting Arches; *Mauso-*
leums, and Theaters, that so if we cannot
 long be men, yet at least we may be the
 Superficies of men on Pedestals, the ima-
 ges of men in the Inscriptions of Arches,
 and Epitaphs of Sepulchers. But there is
 nothing of our invention, as I have above
 adverted, so able to conserve alive after
 death, as the procreation of Children
 whereby Nature provideth for the mainte-
 nance of the common *Species*, and private
 desire of every one. *Mortuus est pater* (saith
 Chap. 30 *Ecclesiasticus*) & *quasi non est mortuus; similem*
enim reliquit sibi post se. But howbeit it be
 true that the Father transfuses himself into
 his Child that he begets, whereby dying
 he doth not die, whilst he liveth still in him;
 yet neverthelesse, the Child oft-times so
 degenerates, not only from the looks, but
 from the Genius, & Customes, of the Fa-
 ther; that very often it comes to passe (As
 in the *Egyptian* god *Apis*) that the Father is a
 Lightning, and the Son an Ox. Caused, in
 that the temper of the Issue, follows not the
 will

will of the agent, but the nature of the matter; nor doe we make our Children such as we would, but such as we may. But Books are the Children of the mind, Heirs of the better part, lively Images of our selves; these only are they, in whom we have as much of life as we can enjoy after death. *Contingit (saith Cassiodore) dissimilem Proem. filiam plerumque generari, oratio dispar moribus var. vix unquam potest inveniri. Est ergo ista valde certior arbitrii proles.* They are immortal Sons, that make our dying only a cessation from misery, to commence in them a life of glory; like even as *Hercules*, leaving the earth, was received from his Labours into Heaven; and in the midst of it he began to shine with the Stars, whole body consumed in the flames of the funeral pile, seemed reduced to a handful of ashes.

What so strong support, what so stable *Basis*, hath the memory of the names, and the glory of the merits of Great Souls, comparable to the eternal duration of Books? Observe the ruines that time makes in every thing, precipitating some, and gently gnawing others. The Rocks, do they not, as it were, decrepitate, and bending under the heavy burden of age, incline towards the grave, and mouldring bit by bit,
and

and scattering their divided members rather bones here and there, do they not seem to beg a Tomb from their own Malices? Doth not even Iron it self, wounded by the rust, consume to dust by the Bosse of Time. Once stately-Edifices, now old Carcasses, and naked Anatomies, not of Fabricks but of ruines, if with some fragments of broken walls, more falling than standing, they keep upon their feet, do they not more manifest, a Trophée of Time than a testimony of their former greatness? Where once were the Temples of the Gods, Courts of Kings, Assemblies of Senators, Accademies of Students, there can now hardly an Owl nest her self, but ravenous Wolves have there their Coverts. In the mean-time, in the midst of the ruines of all the resisting & durable things of the World, how do the Trophées of great Wits abide? In the death of all things, even of the lifelesse, how live Books, or rather how live in Books their Fathers and Writers? Let the most Sapient Roman Stoick say it. *Quae quo per constructionem lapidum, & marmoreas moles, aut terrenos tumulos in magnam caelestis altitudinem, constant; non propagabunt, sanguinem diem, quippe & ipsa intereunt. Immortalis est stringenti memoria.* Let the Poet *Martial* speak it.

*Consol.
ad Poly-
bium
cap. ult.*

Mar-

*Marmora Messala findit caprificus, & audax Lib. 10.
Dimidius Crispi mulio ridet equos. Or. 1.
At chartis nec furta nocent, nec secula presunt,
Solaque non noruat hæc monumenta mori.*

Well may we call *Metellus* happy, who was borne to his Sepulcher upon the shoulders of his four Sons, of which two had been, one was, and the other was a while after to be Consul of *Rome*. This was so superboſe a funeral pomp, that the Historian admiring it, ſaid, *Hoc eſt nimirum magis feliciter de vita migrare, quàm mori*, but in fine, it was *De vita migrare*, and his Sons, though with great pomp, yet carried him to the Grave. Books alone, not four Children, but as many as we multiply with the Preſſe, their Father retiring to death, and the Sepulcher, bear him alive into every place where they come, and put him, not ſo much into the hand, as into the eye, of as many as read him, into the mind of as many as underſtand him.

And oh! how many times he, who living in his native Country, either un-known, or un-regarded, ſo that with much ado he drew to himſelf the eyes of ſome few, that lookt upon him as a Man of VVit, in his

The Second Part.

Books draws to himself the hearts of a World: Like as heretofore the famous Lyre of Orphem, that on Earth, saith *Mentim*, ravished the Trees, Stones, savage Beasts, in Heaven whether he was translated, drew the Stars after him.

1. Astr. *Tunc Sylvas, & saxa trahens nunc Sycdera ducti,*

Witness that most pleasing desire that any one hath to know of what semblance were the faces, and what the features of those, who in paper have stamped so goodly portraitures of their VVits; hence proceeds the care of delineating them, yea, of counterfeiting them, when thorow the oblivion of many ages, their faces are un-

Plin. lib.

35 c. 2.

knowable: *Non enim solum ex auro, argenteo, aut etiam ex ere, in bibliothecis dicantur illi, quorum immortales anime in iisdem locis loquuntur; quin imò etiam qua non sunt, finguntur pariu itque desideria non traditi vultus, sicut in Homero eventit. Quo majus, ut quidem arbitror, nullum est felicitatis specimen, quam semper omnes scire cupere, qualis fuerit aliquis.*

And not on y so, but as oft as the dubious mind knows not how to unknit the knots of intricate difficulties, that wilder the thoughts; so oft with desire it runs to cover

to behold those alive, which only are able to be *Oedipus's* to their *Enigma's*. Yea, as once the Generous *Macedon* to a Forreign Messenger that brought him good News, and before he express it in words, intimated it by the joy in his face; *What now?* (said he) *What News bringst thou? Is Homer risen from the Dead?* This alone was the most welcome Intelligence, that that great Emperour could receive; which yet had a Soul, and a desire adequate to the Monarchy of Infinite Worlds.

*Plutarc.
quomodo
quis pro
factus
&c.*

At this day also if we did ask a great part of the Wisest Men, what thing they desired above the terms of ordinary, we should hear them wish; some, that *Plato* might return to life, and *Aristotle*; some, *Hippocrates* and *Galen*; some *Archimedes* and *Ptolomy*; some, *Homer* and *Virgil*; some *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*; some, *Livius* and *Zenophon*; some, *Ulpian* and *Paulus*; some, *Chrysostome*, and *Augustine*.

Their lives, were not (in respect of the shortness of ours) so long; but that they were so short for the need the World hath of them. Therefore the death of those is ever displeasing who cannot die without publick prejudice, as also they would not have lived but for publick benefit.

The Second Part.

Lib. 4.
Epistol.
maxime.

autem (saith the Consul Pliny very finely) videtur acerba semper, & immatura mors eorum, qui immortale aliquid parant. Nam qui voluptatibus dediti quasi in diem vivunt, vivendi causas quotidie finiunt: qui vero posteros cogitant, & memoriam sui operibus extendunt, his nulla mors non repentina est, ut qua semper inchoatum aliquid abrumpat.

These Suns of the World the rayes of whose sublime Sapience, enliven the Sciences, illuminate the Ages, beautifie all the Earth, merit they not in honour that place, that the Light had in the first formation of things? The Light was made by God worthy of the chief praise, that he gave with his mouth to any work of his hands. And that not so much because it is beautiful in it self, as because every thing that it seeth, it makes beautifull; therefore,

S. Am- Tantum sibi praedicatorum potuit invenire, a
crof. li. 1. quo jure prima laudetur quoniam ipsa facti, ut
hex. c. 9. etiam caetera mundi membra digna sint laudibus.

This is the nature, and these the merits of those, that Seneca (adoring the minute in which they were born, kissing the earth on which they lived, bewailing the hour in which they died,) calleth *Præceptores generis humani*, and if this be too little, *Deorum ritu salendos*. And why not? would *Virgil* say,

laye *Cum enim tanta munera ab Scriptorum prudentia fuerint hominibus preparata, non solum arbitror palmas, & coronas his tribui oportere, sed etiam decerni triumphos, & inter Deorum sedes eos dedicandos.*

*Virtut. En
Archib.
lect.*

OBSCURITY.

Ambition and Confusion, two principles of Obscurity, Affected, and Natural.

WERE it not for that Opinion, wholly against truth, which anciently had so general credit with the vulgar: That the fixed Stars were mothers, and keepers of Souls; and that every one whilst belived had above in Heaven his, of the first, middle, or greatest magnitude, and splendor, adjusted to the degrees of Fortnue which rendered him more or lesse considerable on earth.

Certain Obscure Souls, certain Chymmerian Minds, whence would they be able to derive themselves, but only from the nubilous, and duske Stars, that have so much light mixed with so much darknesse, that they seem amongst their fellows, rather Spots than Stars.

The Second Part.

These are those unfortunate *Aethiopian* Soules, that extract Obscurity from the Sun, the Father of Clarity; that learn confusion from Wisdom, the Mother of Order. From the fire of the Sacred Palace, whereby the Wits become so much the more luminous, by how much the more inflamed, they take only the darknesse, and blacknesse of Coals; and rejecting the pupils of the Eagle, for the eyes of a Bat, esteem themselves more the Birds of *Pallas*, when they be most *Nocturnals*.

In vain would Prudent *Socrates* experiment his wonted conjecture upon them, that knowing, *the speech to be a lively Image of the Mind*, to come to the knowledg of what was in any one, would say to him, *Loquere ut te videam*. Their speech, their writing, is as if one should design *in plano* certain Monstrous figures of Faces, but so miscoloured; and of features, but so counterfeited; that no eye can discern in them the lineaments of humane resemblances, but only looking through a Cylinder of polished steel, and seeing them by reflexion. O, Ingenuities, unfortunately ingenious! *Dedalus's*, contrivers only of Labyrinths so crooked, so confused, that they themselves can scarce find *Clues*, to dis-engage them.

But

But all Obscurity is not of the self same nature, nor hath all one only beginning and fountain. For there is one made by Art, and another had by Nature: This, being the defect of the Wit, that the effect of Ambition: the one, worthy of compassion, the other of reprehension.

“ Its a received opinion among the vulgar, That all Obscurity, is an Argument of Wit, and the mark of the loftinesse of a great understanding to measure it self by it, even as well as heretofore by the nine hundred *Stadium's* of shadow the Ancients found the height of the Summitie of Mount *Athos*. That Nature hath given the Stars to the obscurity of the night, and Wisdom to the obscurity of *VVits*. That God himself in his Oracles is all Clouds; and that the excessive Light in which he dwels, in which he is seen hath the name of darknesse; because it in such manner shews him, that it in the same instant hides him. That the style of the *VVise*st Ancients was no other, whose sublime minds, whose high conceited *VVits*, as it were mountains with steep tops, have their heads still amidst the Mysts and Clouds. That their writings were so much lequerer from the Fisher,

The Second Part.

“ the more they were obscured: that they
 “ were so much the abler to discover
 “ Carbuncles, and Diamonds, the more
 “ palpable was the darknesse.

Thus the vulgar deluded by a false appearance of truth, always most admire what they least understand. The splendid, the clear, though profound stream of *VVit*, because they reach it with their eye they esteem not; one foot of muddy water, because they cannot dive into the depth of it with their sight, they judg to be an abyfle of *VVifdom*. So likewise in Learning.

Alba lignustra cadunt, Vaccinia nigra leguntur.

Thereupon some take through their ambition of *Wit*, an affectation of *Obscurity*, and with the *Art* of not making themselves understood, they seek to make themselves adored. They transform themselves into more shapes than *Proteus*, to get out of the hands of such as hold them, that so they may not know what they are. They invent more *Hieroglyphicks* than *Egypt* knew, because therein they fancy a kernel of solid truth, under a shell of feigned mystery. Every one of their *Periods* is a *Gordian knot*, that promiseth an *Empire* to him that unknits

unlike it. They confound their words, more then the leaves of *Sylla* were disordered by the wind; and leave credulous wretches to pore into their Oracles, and to wrest them to senses, which never came into the Authors thought.

Other times, they expose their conceits, as the Deities in a Theater, wrapt in a knot of Clouds. They shew a small Sentence of some well compos'd Discourse, thereby to win credit to the rest, which is lost in a croud of confused thoughts. The Reader of their Books, one would think was fishing for the *Cuttle* a most crafty Fish, which maliciously frees it self from the eye, and hand of others, muddying the clearness of the water, by disgorging up a Cloud of certain black humours, of which it is full. Thus they with their Pens like that Fish

*Naturam juroat ipsa dolis, & conscia sortu,
Utitur ingento.*

*Cloud.
de Japis.*

Oh! how oft is there just nothing found there where some beleive great mysteries to lye hid? Since it is an ordinary custom with these to cover that with a veil, as *Tymantus*, which they have neither Wit, nor Art sufficient to expresse.

*Plin. lib.
35. c. 10.*

By

By which means they seem to be new
Seneca *Mercurius's* (*cui cognomen Scoti non facit ora-*
epist. 12 *tioni obscuritas*) if of them also we may say,
 what *Pythagoras* saith of the writings of the
Laert. in other; *Opus ibi esse Delion uatere.* They con-
Pyth. test with the *Delphian Apollo* in authority, &
 credit, if like him, *Neque dicant, neque ab-*
Heracel, *scendant, sed indicent solum.*
apud Sto.

9.

But the other *Obscurity* more unfortunate
 than faulty, is a defect of nature not a vice
 of the will: And this in some is an effect of
 paucity and poverty of Wit, in whom the
 formative virtue, as in too narrow a womb,
 cannot unite without confounding, cannot
 place the parts without misplacing the
 whole. In others it is occasioned by too
 fervid a mind, in whose fiery thoughts, as in
 sudden conflagrations, there is much more
 smoak than flame.

These are those *Wits* truly fiery, active
 and prompt of understanding; so that in
 one only cast of the eye, (sparkling with
 most velocious thoughts, according to the
 nature of lightning,) they reflect upon a
 thousand things, they make a thousand new
 discoveries. It would be happy for them
 if they could infuse gravity into their flame,
 and put a bridle of restraint upon their fire;
 but as the fleetest Beasts make the obscurest
 foot-

foot-steps, so they being wholly bent on the things they see, see nothing, of the manner how to expresse that, which the mind sometimes with most abstracted *Species*, as it were in a moment, understands: And moreover, (being so much lesse able to methodize, the more fruitful they are of invention;) they expose, whether speaking, or writing, not a Birth, but many seeds; and they themselves being afterwards cooled again, and quiet, (when the judgment is more adapted to discern) are not able to reform that, for which the Wit is defective of both heat and light.

And these are, in my judgment the two Vicious *Obscurities*, the one the crime of the ambitious Genius, the other the defect of the poor, or muddy Wit. There is a third sort which they call *Obscurity*, and is truly so, but it is an *Obscurity* of the Wit of him that doth not understand, not of the Author; who doth not write or speak so but that he may be easily understood by men of mean understandings.

If we discourse with certain principal universal Maxims, from whence as from their true Principles we draw other Corollaries, till that we descend to some particular matter: which is the noblest and sub-

sublimest of all other kindes of grave discourse ;) imitating the Falcons , which with great windings & circulations mount on high, frō whence to stoop to the quarry : If we trace out Wisdom, with feigned, but apt inventions , which like a garment we so dispose and put on , as neither to discover what we ought to conceal, nor to hide what we would reveal ; a custome which *Snefus* calleth, *Per antiquum atque Platonicum* : If we sometimes exempt the Pen from a particular touch upon each circumstance by itself, and abreviate some, so that all is seen, in a small room: If we write as *Tymantides* painted. *In cujus omnibus operibus*, saith *Pliny*, *interlegitur semper plus quam pingitur & cum ars summa sit ingenium tamen ultra artem est*: These *Pseudo-Vitilitigators* condemn us of *Obscurity*, and say that to understand, & penetrate such things, *Non lucerna spectatamine, sed totius Solis lancea opus est* : Never considering, that our Writings want not light, but their eyes need *Eye-bright* ; in as much as they are like that Duncie *Arpastes* in *Seneca*, who being insensibly become blind, not doubting but that he saw as well as ever, *ajebat domum tenebrosam esse*.

But because, for the remedy of that *Obscurity*, which is capable of cure there cannot be better

*Lib. de
insomniis*

*Lib. 35.
cap. 10.*

Obscurity

149

better advice prescribed then to observe *Distinction* and *Order*, that are the Father and Mother of *Perspicuity*, I have laid it down in the subsequent Sections; howbeit perhaps with too frequent trips of the Pen, in regard of what this matter requireth: yet is it not besides the purpose, or without profit; I being to lay down some advertisements, which from the Choice of the argument even unto the last Correction, seemed to me conducive to the more orderly, easily, and succesfully *Composing*.

That the Argument ought to be elected adequate to the Wit of him that handleth it.

THe first, and most of all others important trouble; is the invention of the Argument; about which observe the first Law of *Horace*, where he adviseth: *That if you be a Pigmy, you should not go to charge your shoulders with a World, as if you were an Atlas.*

*Versate diu quid ferre possent,
Quid valeant humeri.*

If

The Second Part.

If your VVit have a weak and ill tempered edge, you must not attempt to work in Porphyre, Flint, or Marble that may be much too hard for your tools. Proportion your Sails to the VVind and your Rudder to the VVaves, and if you be but a small Pinnace, strive not to imitate the great Ships. A Lake, should be your Ocean, and an Island your *India's*, distant some half a dayes sail: *Altum alii teneant.*

VVhat would you doe, if fishing for small fish you should see a great VVhale come into your Net, and make himself your prisoner? VVould it so inchant you with the gredinisse of the prey, that it should make you forget the weaknesse of the Net? Rather would you not fear to take that which otherwise you would be willing to have, knowing, that Nets knit with so small threed are no more able to catch a Fish so big, than a Cob-web is to take a *Protner?*

Oh! how many do like the *Icarus* in the Poets, which neither was a good Bird in the Air, nor good Fish in the VVater, in regard that flying he præcipitated, and swimming drowned. His unfortunate Father, seeing him surpasse the bounds, he prescribed him as he fastened his wings to his shoulders,

Obscurity

ders, followed him a-far-off, and cried,

How simple, venturous Boy, Farfalla fond
 Why dost thou rashly sore so far beyond
 The flight I set thee? why goest thou so near
 The scorching beams of Sols consuming spheres
 Art thou so foolish as to make account
 Thy wings of wax can near the fire mount?
 Why Icarus I say! soft! not so high!
 So ha! stay Icarus, and lower fly!

But to what purpose? if he would preferre his pleasure to his perril, and his eye to his ear,

*Coelique cupidine tactus,
 Altius egit iter.*

Alon. S.

Till that the wax beginning by little and little to melt, and his wings to moult, he fell from Heaven into the Sea, and there died. Just so do they who take their flight at pleasure, and measure not the height of the course they take, by the strength of the wings that bear them.

There be some Arguments that seem to have the ambition of the Great Alexander, that would have no Picture, Statue, or Image of his face but what should come from the

The Second Part.

the Pencil of *Apelles*, from the Graces of *Phidias*, and from the Moulds of *Lycippus*: So they disdain the workmanship of any that is not a golden style: amongst all the *VVits*, they admit only the most sublime, as *Jove* of all the earth only reserves to himself the tops of Hills; and its with reason, That to the highest Deity the highest part of the earth should be dedicated.

Max.
Tyr.

That then may be aptly said of *Arguments* or *Theames*, which the Ancient Sages said of *Fortunes*: that, as in garments, he hath not the best that hath the biggest, but he that hath the fittest, and best becomming his back. *Pereichus* the Painter depainted nothing else for the most part but Stables and Horses: *Seraphion* nothing but Heavens and Gods. But the Heavens of *Seraphion* partaked of Stables, and his gods of Horses, as also on the contrary the Stables of *Pereichus* were a Coelestial sight, and his Horses for the excellency of Art had something in them of Divine. Its not the matter, but the work that gives name to the *VVorkman* and value to his workmanship. If you have a Pen like the Pencil of *Pereichus* that can employ it self about ordinary matters with more than ordinary praise; desire not to be a *Seraphion*, that being ambitious of more lofty subjects, makes

Apuleus
Apolog.
prælo.

makes the fair deformed, whereas he might have made the deformed most amiable.

The World hath never seen a more admirable piece of Art than the *Sphere* of the divine workman *Archimedes*, who making as it were a *Compendium* of the World, by Contracting the large, by Epitomizing the great, by Retarding the swift, by Abasing the sublime, within the narrowness of a *Globe*, knew how to comprehend it, and not confound it: and giving liberty to the *Planets*, order to the *Stars*, variety to the *Motions*, proportion to the *Spaces*, so exactly disposed all, that if the *Periods* of the great *Heaven* had been never so disordered, one might have turned them again by the little one of *Archimedes*. But so noble a work, for which *Saphires* and *Diamonds* would have been matters too sordid, did he not make it of *Glasse*? With the fragility of a defective *Glasse*, he imitated the eternity of the incorruptible substance of *Heaven*: nor did he lessen the worth of the *Work* by the inferiour value of the *Matter*. That great *Rock-Chrystal*, of which *Mercator* made a *Coelestial Globe* for *Charles* the Fifth, enriching therein *Circles of Gold*, *purest Diamonds* for *Stars*, and making it in this manner; (as that other his *Hellenæ*)

In vita
Mercator

The Second Part.

if not fair, at least rich; hath force, purchased a remembrance, much lesse an applause in the World. The Diamonds of *Mercator* were so much more base than the Glasse of *Archimedes*, by how much the Art was in it the more Ingenious, and the workmanship more Artificial.

I do not hereby pretend to teach, that one should assume Vulgar Theames; howbeit these are better handled, than the more select. I only advise him that is no *Delius* that he should not put himself to swim in Gulphs, but content himself with fordable streams; him that hath no Wit, or knowledg, *Ubi consistat*, that he goe not about, as *Archimedes* would have done, *Celum, terramque movere*, assuming matters of great moment, and subjects of lofty intelligence, to which neither the flight of the Wit or Pen can attein.

Yea the best part of the discourse, is the excellency of an *Argument*: and he that is acquainted with *Brain-work* knows by experience, that the Ingenious subject admirably sharpens the Wit; and it seems, as if a Noble *Theam* infuseth from it self, thoughts worthy of it self, out of an ambitious of being Nobly discussed; *Crescit enim* (saith *Maternus* in the Dialogue of *Tacitus*, or rather

rather of *Quintillian*) *cum amplitudine rerum
vis ingenti, nec quisquam claram, & illustrem
orationem efficere potest, nisi qui causam parvam
intendit.* And, to say true, upon a rugged
and course *Tele* of harsh *Canvass*, it would
shew ill-favoured to paint rich embroideries
of *Silk*; and the *Pearls* and *Gold* would
diffain to be seen upon so base a *Ground*.
On the contrary, how proudly, and with
what state (saith a *Poet*), do the waters of
Pactolus and *Tagus* move, because they run
upon *Golden sands*. *VV*aters they seem not,
but *Diamonds*, liquor lesse precious, not
besitting so noble a *Bottom*.

Let them therefore that can worthily dis-
cuss them, choose *Matters* of sublime *Ar-
gument*, if they desire the Births of Noble
Composures should follow: otherwise it will
succeed to them as it did to that *Archylid-
mus* King of *Sparta*, who having taken to
wife a *Woman* of excessive small stature,
was deposed by the *Ephors* *tanquam non Reges,
sed Regniculos procreaverunt.*

*The sub-division and Defection of
the whole Discourse.*

HAVING found an *Argument* proper to him that is to treat upon it, and worthy of him that is to hear it, he is to give it some Method, *Defecting*, and *Sub-dividing* it into members, that so with ingenious distinction they may comprehend all that they desire to say of that subject. And this is one of the most important tasks of one that writeth. For such as is the proportion of the members in the body, such is the *Division* of the parts in Books; whereby they enjoy that beauty which comes from *Symetry*, and that perspicuity which proceeds from *Order*. Therefore it concerns the Judgment to *Ideate* and figure in the Imagination the design of all the masse together, from thence, as Love in the Chaos, to distinguish, organize, methodize one by one, and afterwards unitedly to conjoyn all the parts.

It is indeed a great commendation of a Noble VVork, that it variously revolves it self through many and diverse matters, but
with

with so much union of all the parts, that looking one while on the foot, another on the hand, now beholding the breast, then the face, still they are one & the same body, still the whole is understood in every of its parts.

Ne primo medium, medio nec discrepet inum. Horat.
in Artc.

And this, of all the excellencies of Heaven, is that, which more than all others, renders it wonderful, that in it the discord of so many motions so harmonize, & the wanderings of so many Stars are so reformed, that there is not only no disorder occasioned from their variety, nor confusion from their multiplicity; but moreover the Planets shew, and as it were teach one another veiwing themselves with Sextiles, Quadrats, Trines, Aspects, and opposite Diameters: looks all, wherewith they do not so much glance at one another, as seemably shew themselves to those which behold them, Thus it is, saith *Mantius*:

Haud quicquam in tanta magis est mirabile Manil.
mole, Astron.

Quam ratio, & certis quod legibus omnia parent.
Nusquam turba nocet, nihil his in partibus erat.

The Second Part.

For if there be wanting in Compoſures the right Division of the parts, and with it a good Method; (as he that hath made the first Rough-chryzelling of a Statue of Marble lame and deficient, though he afterwards polish it, and exactly work it, takes not away its being a Monster so) it shall be more or lesse monstrous. Nor boot it, that a disorderly discourse be replenished with high speculations, and sublime fancies, with solid reasons, and with Ancient and Modern erudition, to the end they may seem, illustrated with so many lights, and embellished with so many ornaments; the Aphorisme holding in such like Compoſures, which *Hippocrates* writes of ill-affected bodies, *Quo plus nutritur eo magis laedit.*

Plin. lib.
11. c. 6. It's necessary therefore wisely to imitate the Bees, which first work their Wax into Combes, and sub-divide the rancks, and this is their first businesse, in which they employ greater time and industry; and after they go abroad in search of Honey, with which in few dayes they fill their empty Cels.

The preparation of the Matter, called Sylva.

TO the Argument found, to the parts disposed, follows the composing: which is as it were to cover the bones with flesh, and to make a body of a *Skeleton*.

And here take, to begin with it, an ordinary error of such, who bringing to such labours onely clean Paper, a Pen and his own brain, would in one and the same instant *Invent, Dispose, and Compose*; attending at one and the same time to the Matter, Method, and Manner; as if he were the Sun, that to paint a Rain-bow in a Cloud; without difference in the Circle, without disorder in the Colours, hath no more to do but to behold it, and there withal to stretch forth the Pencil of a beam, wherewith in a moment he designs and colours it.

These, whilst they gnaw their Pen, gaze on the roof, and buzzing like Beetles, hum to themselves; putting down beginnings without conclusions, and find themselves at the end of the work in the beginning;

how seasonably might one whisper in their ear for a jeer, and the caution that cometh on Axiom which saith, *Ex nihilo nihil*. Ye pretend to rain down Gold from the head, where you have it not in Mine; and farther, that you will mint it into weighty money, and with the impression of lawful Coin; thus in one and the same time you play the Alchymist, Assayer, Coiner, Treasurer, Prince, every thing: Which is the direct way to do just nothing, *Ne igitur resupinus, respectantesque testum, & cogitationem murmurare agitates expectemus quid obveniat*. Imagine, that the compiling a Book is the building of a House. Its not enough to have Platform, and Model, if one want Stones, Morter, Beams, and Iron-work. Therefore *Sylva rerum, & sententiarum paranda est: ex rerum enim cognitione, efflorescere debet, & redundarum oratio*.

Quintil.
lib. 10.

Cit. 3. de
Orat.

He that hath not in his head a living Library, collected with long study from Stories Sacred, Prophane, Natural, and Civil; from Politick Instructions; from Ancient Laws and Rites; from grave and sententious Sayings of Wise men; from Fables, from Hieroglyphicks, from Proverbs; and that which is more than all, from Philosophy Natural, and Moral; from the Mathematicks;
from

from CIVIL Law; from Medicine; and as much as is requisite from Theology: it is requisite, that from dead Books he borrow and collect that, which shall suffice his occasions.

It little imports to have conceived a good Argument, if when ye be to bring it forth, you have not breasts full of milk to nourish it, so that it is forced to die in your hands, of pure famine. *Stasirates*, that would engrave *Alexander*, with making him a more than a Gigantical Statue of the Mountain *Athos*, was not aware, that the City which he designed to put in one of his hands, in regard it had not about it fields to cultivate, would become uninhabitable. To this *Alexander* had an eye more than to any thing else.

Delectus enim (saith Vitruvius) ratione formæ, statim quesivit, si essent agrî circa, qui possent frumentaria ratione eam civitatem tueri: And understanding in the negative, he refused with a courteous smile the offer of the incōsiderate Statuary, *Ut enim natus infans sine nutriticis lacte non potest ali, neque ad vitæ crescentis gradus perduci, sic Civitas, &c.* Just so, what ever *Theame* one assumes, if he hath not wherewith to nourish it, it cannot grow, nor maintein it self; but like a sprout springing up in the dry sands, of *Arabia deserta*,

Præfat.
lib. 2.

deserta, no sooner doth it shoot up, but it is deprived in one instant both of moisture and life.

Therefore they do prudently, who before they resolve upon an Argument, look if there is, or if they have whence to extract matter sufficient to compleat it. Thus experienced Architects, saith *St. Ambrose*, in designing of all Fabricks, employ their first thoughts, in contriving how they may bring in the Lights with best convenience into every Room. *Antequam fundamentum ponat, unde lucem ei infundat explorat; & ea prima est gratia, que si desit, tota domus deformi horret incultu.*

Hexam.
5.c.9.

Therefore its needful to have knowledg of, and acquaintance with many Books, and a Judgment of competent ability to pick out, but of greater maturity to apply the things that one finds, that so where cause requires they may in an ingenious, and singular manner, expresse that which they have to say. And in this, its an infallible observation, that every one gathers that for himself, that to his *Genius* (to which alwayes concurs the manner of Speaking) is most apt, and agreeable. And as *Neminem delictant, & sordida; magnarum enim rerum species ad se vocat, & extollit;* so some there are

Quintil.
in *Dial.*
elo.

are, that leave Diamonds with the Cock of *Æsop*: and, as if their brains were of yellow Amber, they attract nothing but Chaffe. Thus there are some that from flowers take only the sight, some onely the odour, others the images, painting them, others the waters, distilling them; but the Bees take thence the honey, and the honey all of one sweetnesse, and of one Savour; though from flowers of diverse natures and tastes they gather it. The same happens in Books, Meadows of odoriferous flowers and hearbs for the maintenance of the Wit. There be those who only take from them the sight, in the delight of reading them; others some spirit of good odour, to waken the Brain, and comfort the Wit. There are some that bundle up herbs, carelessly gathering what comes first to hand; and some that with greater curiosity pick only flowers to weave thereof *Crownes* and *Garlands*. Some squeeze out the juice, others extract the waters; Few from a great multitude of Subjects, different from one another, know how to gather honey of the same tast, so applying things, that all speak to the same purpose; and so that there may be the Delight of *Variety*, without wanting the Union of *Sense*.

These

The Second Part.

These diverse manners of election, and application, submit to the Judgment, and the Judgment follows the *Genius* which every one hath of speaking some in one style, and some in another, suitable to the *Idea* of his mind. Therefore matters extracted from Books, may be said to be like the dew, which if it fall into the shell of a *Conchylia* (according as * some believe) is changed into Pearls, if upon a rotten Tree it becomes Toad-stools.

* *Plin.*
li. 9. c. 35

But in uniting matter to form thereof a Book, I hint in the last place, that it may be of no lesse prejudice to have too much, than to have nothing. My SCHOLAR ought not to be so sparing in the gathering, as if he would that the Work he is to publish were more meager than an *Aristarchus*, than a *Phyletas*, than a living *Skeleton*; so that one may count the bones, and see all the courses of the veins, the ligatures of the nerves, the dispositions of the muscles, the motions of the arteries, and almost the Soul it self. Nor ought he to be prodigal, as if he were about to form a man so corpulent, that he should seem rather a Botle than a Man. He that amasseth together superfluous stufte, unlesse he be *Magnus Deus*, as the Ancients called *Love*, as being the methodizer of
Chaos,

Chaos, is not able to dispose it, but that in such a crowd there will be a confusion.

Further more, upon a superfluous Collection, it comes to passe that we exceedingly grutch after having cull'd out the most excellent and opposite things to cast away the rest as unprofitable, which yet will be far more than those that are pertinent; thinking it not the property of a good Judgment, but a propension to prodigality, to lose together with so many things, the toil and time spent in gathering them. By this meanes whilst all please, and the Author seeks a place for every thing, he stuffs his Books, as the Glutton doth his belly more for greediness of swallowing, than out of any heat he hath to digest: and so from the abundance of corrupt humours, ariseth the indisposure of the body, the consumption of the strength, paleness, and a hundred diseases. *Idem igitur in his quibus aluntur ingenia, pestemus, ut quecunque hausimus non patiamur integra esse, ne aliena sint, sed coquamus illa.* Thus let us be advertised, that as to Bodies, so to Books, we give not so much as they can receive, but so much as they can concoct, and digest.

Seneca
epist. 84.

Now the *Argument* found, the *Parts* methodized, the *Matter* collected, and ranged in order, let him proceed to Composing.

The

The Discouragement of those that meet with difficulties in the beginning.

IN every Art, and Enterprize, the beginning is more difficult than all the remainder. The first steps require the greatest strength and constancy; after which as having mounted the acclivity of a high Rock, the way still proves more smooth and easie. All Arts may say of their beginnings, what *Apollo*, instructing *Phaëton*, said of his journey :

2. Met. *Ardua prima via est, per quam vix mæne recentes
Enituntur equi.*—

So in the gains of Merchandize, the hardest is to get out of poverty; *Pecunia* (saith the Stoick) *circa paupertatem plurimam moram habet, dum ex illa ereptat.* Whence *Empis*, a very rich Man, being asked how of a Beggar that he was, he was become so wealthy; “ My small riches I got (said he) by
“ watching a nights, my great I get now
“ sleeping a dayes. I moyled more in the
“ be-

“beginning for a Farthing, than I did afterwards for a Talent; nor did my being now so rich cost me any more, than the first pains I took, to cease to be poor.

This not being understood by the unexperienced in the mystery of Composing, is the cause, that encoutring in the first onset with sterile fancies, dry veins, and an incomprehensive Wit, they grow impatient, and either condemn themselves as unable to proceed, or abandon the Art as too difficult to apprehend. They consider not that one cannot immediately passe from Nocturnal Obscurity to Meridian Clarity. There precede it, the first glimmerings, that are a small light mixt with much obfuscation; after that the Dawn, lesse dusky; which also grows white upon the edge of the Horizon; next *Aurora*, more rich with light, more adorn'd with colours; and lastly, the Sun; and this, in its first peeping above our *Hemisphere* is thick, vaporous; oblique, weak, and twinkling; but getting at length above the *Horizon* (as he that with great trouble climes a pendent Cliffe) by little and little it recovers the *Zenith* point of Heaven. They remember not that a man must first be a child, and must creep before he can run; carrying his reeling, & at every-
step-

The Second Part.

step-fumbling body, upon his feeble feet, and tender arms : Nor that he is not furnished with speech, till first he hath been long silent, and then he attains a pining cry, than a stuttering and stammering tongue, and halved and broken words, crying with much a-do *Lad*, and *Mam*; and at last learning the syllables and words one by one from others mouths, he repeats them as the *Eccho* piece-meal, more imitating others speech, than speaking.

Great Men are not made by *Founding*, as the Statues of *Brasse*, (which in one moment are formed whole and entire) but are wrought like *Marbles*, with the point of the *Chizzel* by a little, and a little. The *Apelles's*, the *Zenxis's*, the *Parrhasius's*; those great Masters of *Painting*; of whose *Pictures* it could not be said, that they wanted *Souls* to seem living, for that they knew how to appear alive even without *Souls*; when they begun to handle their *Pencils*, and to *Poussail*, do not you think that they gave one faller touch into two, and that it needed to be written under their *Work* what the *Pictures* were, that a *Lion* might not be taken for a *Dog*? It is the opinion of *Pliny*, that *Nature* her self, (notwithstanding she is so great an *Artist*, and *Mistresse* of the most excellent *Works*)
before

before she let her self to make the Lilly,
 a work of great Art; did prepare her self
 by making as it were the rough draught,
 and model in the *Convolutus* a white and
 simple flower; therefore called by him *ve-* Lib. 21.
last natura rudimentum, Lilia facere condiscens. cap. 5.
 If you have seen the *Campidoglio* of Rome, and
 in it the Temple of *Jupiter*; enriched with
 the spoils of all the World, would you know
 it for that which once it was, when

Jupiter angusta vix totus stabat in aede,
Inque Jovis dextra fictile fulmen erat? Ovid. 1.
 Fast.

From this neglect'd seed sprang that great
 Tree of as many Palms, as the *Campidoglio*
 saw Triumph; according to the common
 Law of all things; That they be first Springs of
 poor Originals & mean beginnings; then Rivolets,
 next Rivers, and at last Sea's.

For though it be true that some times,
 according to the Ancient Proverb, *Royal*
Rivers have Navigable Fountains; and he
 that is to proceed in some profession of
 Learning beyond the terms of ordinary, to
 any excellency, giveth extraordinary Symp-
 tomes in the very beginning, like as *Hercules*

Monstra superavit prius, Quam nosse posset.
 B b m

The Second Part.

in his Cradle strangling Dragons, thereby preluding to the *Hydra*; and giving the first testimony of his strength: this, notwithstanding that it be true in some few, holds not as a Law to all; nor so much proves the facility, as the felicity of the first operations, and rather the ability of the Wit, than the use of Art.

Let us not therefore abandon the enterprise for the difficulty of the beginning, nor let us leave *Proteus* if he breaks the first snare we tie him in. Desire not to be Masters before you be Scholars: And bear in mind, that beginners do enough if they begin. Take for encouragement some Verses of the King of Poets, with their application to the purpose;

*Qualis spulunca subito commota Calamba,
Cui domus, & dulces lasebrose in pumice nidi
Fertur in arva volans, plausumq; exurita pennis
Dat lecto ingentem: Mox aere lapsa quieto,
Radit iter liquidum, celeris naq; commoverat al-*

Just such shall be your Wit. Now it behoves you to beat the wings strongly, and raise your selves to fly with great pains; he shall not need to go much, that without clapping the wings, or beating the feathers, can take most fortunate flights; and that shall

shall be, when (having acquired the skill of composing,) or the doing what you will, the bare desiring it shall suffice to effect it.

That we ought to use various Styles, according to the variety of Subjects discoursed of.

IT is requisite now to shew what *Style*, what *Form*, or, as *Hermogenes* called it, *Idea* of speech, ought to be used by him that composeth. About which you must know, that in the Method of discussing any thing whatsoever, what is most worthy to be observed, is reducible to *Quantity* and *Quality*. The first is measured by the *Prolixity* and *Brevity*: the second by the *Efficacy* and *Dobility* of the discourse. And because in both the one and the other of these two *Species*, you have the two *Extreams*, and the *Mean* between them, it thence follows, that under the *Quantity* is comprehended the *Longest*, *Mean*, *Shortest*: Under the *Quality*, the *Sublime*, *Mean*, and *Vulgar*. The three first have had people that have made use of them. Of the *Longest* the *Asians*, of the *Shortest* the *Spartans*, of the *Mean* the *Arcadians*.

The Second Part.

The three second have had *Orators*, which upon the word of *M. Tully*, have been excellent in each of those Forms of Speech.

The pure *Asiatick* is most *Diffused*, and likes of what it pleaseth, and is accustomed to speak; as that *Albutius* recited by *Seneca*, *Non quidquid debet, sed quidquid potest.* A Style cruciating the ears, which in an Ocean of words, hath not a jot of Salt; *Nulla enim certo pondere innixus, verbis humidis, & lapsantibus diffluit. Cujus oratione in bene existimatum est in ore nasci, non in pectore.* Whence its a miracle (that which *Aristotle* said to an importunate Babbler) that he should find any that have feet, able to walk with him, or ears willing to hear him. Have you observed the first Letters of Indentures written in Parchment? How many strokes of the Pen how many dashes, how many flourishes in Text go to the forming them? and in the end they are no more than an A, a B, a Letter, as the rest that are simply writ. This is the true Symbol of the *Asian Style*. In a World of Words it tells you no more than others would say in a Sentence.

The pure *Laconick*, useth rather Hieroglyphicks than words; and in it as is laid of the Pictures of *Parrhasius*. *Plus intelligitur quam pingatur. Studet enim ut paucissimos verbi*
pluri-

Obscurity.

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plurimas res comprehendat, as *Helicarnassus* saith of *Thucydides*. Its three great Periods are touched in one Line. Three Lines are little lesse than a compleat *Oration*: Every word of it, nay, almost every syllable, is what *Demosthenes* termed the sayings of *Phocion*, *A blow with an Axe*.

De iud. Thuc.

Plut. pra Respab.

The *Mean* between these two, that as *Elixir* is tempered & compounded of both, is the *Attick*; which without the *Inspidnesse* of the *Asian*, without the *Obscurity* of the *Laconick*, hath the *Perspicuity* of that, and the *Efficacy* of this: and as in a well-form'd *Body* all is not *Nerves*, nor is all *Flesh*, but it hath part of the one for *Strength*, and part of the other for *Beauty*. He that takes a word from it, bereaves it not, as *Lysias*, *De sententia*, but as *Plato*, *De elegantia*. It hath that, which *Seneca* the *Controversist* calleth *Tug-natorum* (of which the *Asiatick* is wanting) but useth it with other more secure and proper wayes of skirmishing than the *Laconick*, which at every blow makes a *Passé*, and comes to the *Close*, and not offering (as *Regulus* said of himself) any thing but *Foynes*, and all at the throat of the cause, still runneth the danger; *Ne genu sit, aut talus, ubi jugulum putat*.

Gel. li. 2. cap. 20.

Præm. lib. 2. Contr.

Plin. l. 1 epist. 20

The different *Styles* under the *Species* of

Quality, have not as the a-foreſaid, the extremes vicious, and the mean beſt; but they proceed in goodneſſe one above the other; as they be one more perfect than another.

Rhof. l. 1.
Orat. ad
Brut.

To diſplay their nature more clearly, we will call to mind, what is taught by *Ariſtotele* and *Marcus Tully*. That the Art of Perſwaſion hath three moſt potent Means, with which it is wont to obtain its end: theſe they are, to *Teach*, to *Delight*, to *Perſwade*. And becauſe every one of them hath a different office from the other, they have alſo different characters, and forms, of which they make uſe, the Vulgar or Popular to *Teach*, the *Mean* to *Delight*, the *Sublime* to *Perſwade*.

Ubi ſu-
pra.

As for the kind called *Popular*, ſee the terms between which the Father of *Latine* Eloquence hath confined it. *Acutum ornata docens, & dilucidiora non ampliora faciens; ſubtili quadam, & proſſa oratione limatum*. In it the principal things are diſtinction, perſpicuity, order, politeneſſe, and propriety of words, without Metaphors, Phraſes, or Metonymies. It hath not the ſaſhes, thunders, lightnings, nor thoſe lofty and magnificent forms of Speech, with which the *Oration* Majeſtically flouriſhed.

Ibidem.

The *Mean*, *Inſigne*, & *ſtrensus est; pectus, &*
expa-

appolitur: in quo comes verborum, omnes sententiarum illigantur lapores: neque enim illi propositum est perturbare animos, sed placare potius, non tam persuadere, quam delectare. Concinnas igitur sententias exquirat magis quam probabiles: a re sæpe discedit, inexit fabulas, verba a partibus transfert, eaque ita disponit ut pictores imitentur colorum. Paria paribus refert, admodum contrariis sæpissimeque similiter extrema defuit, &c.

But the Sublime all Majesty, all Empire, with that most grateful violence that it offereth to the minds of its Auditors, transforming them in all their affects; and ravishing them with their consent, recollects as much of sublimity in the senses, of strength in the reasons, of Art in the order, of weight in the sentences, of ennergy in the words, as can be possible. It is Ample, Eloquent, Magnificent. A Torrent but most clear, a Lightning but regular. With excellent variety of Figures, with mutations of affections, mixt without disorder. And as it were a Cloud, which in the same day gives our Fire and Water, Lightning and Rain. Of this Form of Speech I will take the Picture from the design of Quintilian: *Que saxa devolvit, & pontem indignatur, & ripas sibi facit. Nilivm, ac torrens. Judicem vel pbnitentem*

Lib. 12.

cap. 2.

*tantum contra ferens, cogensque ire quodrope. In
defunctos extat. Apud eam Patria. Et
alloquitur aliquem. Amplificat, etque exhibet
orationem, et vi superlativam quoque argit.
Deos ipsos in congressum quoque sum, sermones
que deducit, &c.*

These are the Characters of the Forms of Speech in their pure being, only hinted, not described. The Masters of this Art which according to their profession do treat thereof, will compleatly satisfy them that desire a more full information. It sufficeth me to have said so much concerning it as was requisite to be known by way of Introduction to the ensuing advice: And it is, *That the Style should be varied conformably to the variety of the Subjects treated of; accommodating it to each as the Light to the Colours, which into so various Forms, so constantly transforms itself.* The same Scene serves not to Tragedies, Comedies, and Pastorals. This requires Fields, and Woods, that City-houses of resort, The Tragick Princely Palaces, and Temples. The place ought to correspond to the Action. Likewise *Oration* should adapt itself to the subject; not treating of sublime matters with a *Plebean Style*, nor of base Arguments with sublime Eloquence.

In fine, we should have that subtlety in the

the use of *Styls*; which some Ancient founders of States had, that formed not every god every Metal; but according to their various natures; in various tempers mixing them; they expressed them to be either; gentle, or cruel; horrid or handsome; bright or dusky: and in that most commendable was the judgment of *Alcon*, that made a *Hercules* all of Iron; *Laborum Dei patientia inductus*; said *Pliny*.

Yea, we ought not only universally to use *Styls* fitted to the nature of the entire subjects, of which we speak; but in every composition it behoves so many times to vary it: as the things are divers which compose it. And like as in Tragical Actions the Scene changeth; and alters it self to Rural, to expresse some particularity either of the Ancient *Satyre*, or of the Modern *Pastoral*; thus where there occurs in one discourse matters proper to other Kinds; than that, which the set subject comprehends, to expresse it decently, it is requisite to change the Form of Speech; using appositely & opportunely, as *Seneca* adviseth. *Aliquid Tragicè grande, aliquid Comicè exile.*

Lib. 43.
cap. 14.

Moreover; the parts of one and the self same Discourse, require various manners of Oration; and so various; as the Narration is

is different from Proof, and Proof from persuasion. *Omnibus igitur dicendi formis utatur orator, nec pro causa tantum, sed etiam pro partibus cause.* Thus he that well peruseth a Treatise of some bulk, shall find no lesse variety, than there is in the acting of a Scene; in which appears many Persons of different State, and Office; and as in that

Quintil.
lib. 12.
cap. 10.

*Intererit multum Davus loquatur, an Heros.
Maturus ne senex, an adhec, florente inventa.
Feroidia. An Matrona potens, an sedula Nutrix,
Mercatorve vagus; Cultorve virentis agelli,
Colchus, an Assyrius, Thebi nutritus, an Argis:*

and in the variety of these persons, the variety of their affects should also be observed, therefore;

— — *Tristia maestum*

Horat.
in Arte.

*Vultum verba decent. Iratum plena minarum,
Ludentem lasciviu, Severum seria dictu:*

In Orat.
ad Brut.

so proportionably in Prose, should we according to the variety of things, variously accommodate the *Style*. And he alone is the perfect, and onely Orator (saith Tully, after the long quest he made of him) *Qui & humilia subtiliter, & magna graviter, & mediocria temperate potest dicere.*

Of the Style called Modern Affect-
Ed.

BUt I do predict, that there will be
some who will think, that speaking
of the better *Idea's* of Speech, I have
been unmindful of the best, having hitherto
said nothing of that which they call the
Conceited, or Witty Style, used now a-dayes of
many with no small applause of Wit.

This is (say they) that *Style*, given onely
to Wits enriched with high fancies, for all
is dissolved Pearls, and beaten Gold, the
office of sublime Souls; since that as the
Indian Bird called the Bird of Paradise, it
never sets foot on Earth, never abaseth it
self, but still towers a-loft in the purest Air,
and the serenest and sublimest Heaven. It
composeth the draughts of the things it re-
presenteth with a precious Mosaick of a
thousand Ingenious Conceits; emulating
that great *Pompey*, that Triumphantly (albeit,
Vixit luxuria, quam triumpho) carried his
Picture composed only of Diamonds, Ru-
bies, Saphyres, Carbuncles, and Pearls, with
so goodly a contrast between the design,
and

Plin. lib
37. c. 2.

Plin. lib.
35. c. 10.

and the colours, that one knew not which to admire most, the matter or workmanship. That *Venus* (*Quam Greci Charita vocant*) that *Apelles* said was injured by every Pencil but his own, is wronged by every Pen but that of the *Sprightly Style*, which will expressly and lively delineate her features, according as vivacity is proper to her. The World is not now what it was when men, brought forth by trees, did eat Acorns for Confects. In the taste of Learning it hath now a-dayes so delicate a Palat, that it will have not onely the liquours which it imbibeth by the ears (which are the mouthes of the Soul) to be precious, but will have the cup to be no lesse precious in which its put, so that both the matter, and the manner of pouring it out, be worthy of it. And this *Ingenious Style* is that only, in which *Turba gemmarum potamus, & Smaragdus teximus calices.*

Plinius
proem.
lib. 37.

That Ancient *Idle* kind of *Speech*, which in a discourse of many hours spreads a great Table; seems to feed you, thereby to hold you in suspence; but leaves you in the end, as hungry as in the beginning; just as *Tantalus*,

Sen. ber.

*In anne medio facibus, sicis senex
Sessatur undas. Abluit mentum latex,*

Fidem-

Obscurity.

*Fidemque cum in saepe decepto dedit,
Fugit unda; in ore poma destituunt famem.*

It promiseth you Fruit, but gives you the
Leaves of bare words, and leaves your
mind as hungry as your ears glutted. But
the *Modern Speech* sets before you as much
variety as plenty of sweet Viands; and
taking them away upon your first tasting
them, and setting on other new ones,
keeps you still sated, and still hungring:
according to the Ancient Laws of the No-
blest Suppers, in which, *Dum libentissime edis,
tunc aufertur, & alia esca melior, atque am-
plior succenturiatur: Isque flos Cœnæ habetur.*
Nor because the *Style* is pleasing and de-
lightful, is it therefore either softly effemi-
nate, or feebly weak for the enterprize of
Perswasion. The *Grace* takes not away the
Force. It can make the same vaunt with the
Souldiers of *Julius Caesar* that knew, *Etiam
inuentati bene pugnare.* *Ajax* wore his shield
of Hides, without ornament, horridly neg-
ligent; *Achilles* that had his covered with
Gold, and studded with Diamonds, was
not therefore lesse strong, because more
beautiful. Imagine an *Alcibiades*, equally
generous in the heart, and fair in the face;
which delights to appeare in the field with
Gar-

A. Gel.
li. 14. c. 8

Sueton.
in Cas.
cap. 6.

M. Tir.
serm. 29.

The Second Part.

Garlands of Flowers on his Helm, and with Imbroderies upon his Curasses, and to be as bravely adorn'd when he fights, as others are when they Triumph.

Thus speak these of their *Style*, besides which none doth please them. If a Treatise want those, which they call *Conceits*, as if it were a face, *Cui gelastinus abest*, they vouchsafe not so much as to look upon it, To their Palat that only which stings hath a good favour, all the rest, *Melimela fœneque rosariscæ*, is meat for Children. In fine, they so idolize the substance, that many times they adore the only name of a *Conceit*, where they think it is: and, I had almost said, they do with it, as he described by *Martial*, did with his Pearls,

Lib. 7.
epist. 81.

*Non per mystica sacra Dindymenes,
Nec per Niliacæ bovem iuventa,
Nullos denique per Deos Deasque,
Jurat Gellia, sed per Untones,*

Quint. lib.
12. c. 10.

Others on the contrary say this is not the Modern *Style*. The true and lively Image of it is pourtray'd in that Ancient Picture that *Quintilian* left of it (*lib. 12. cap. 10*) which yet was not the first that drew it. But be it as it will, Ancient or Modern; whosoever
is

its applauders be, yet if either we weigh its Nature, or Use in the Balance of good Judgment, it weighs nothing, for its all lightness, it hath no solidity, for its all Vanity. It doth as the *Western Indians*, that more esteem a Glasse, than a Pearl, a sorry Brasse Bell, than a Wedg of Gold, with this its rich and pompous, & *amue Ludicrous ille Somno* *to pretio est.* Its Authors, *santasticating day* *epist. 225* and night, consume, and unbowel their brains, as Spiders, to weave with ingenious fibleries the Webs of their discourse.

They turmoil themselves in hammering out Conceits, which most commonly prove Abortives, or Cripples; works of Glasse, neiled by a Candle, which toucht, I will not say seen, break in pieces; and yet by how much the frailer by so much the fairer, *Ind quibus premium facta ipse frag-* *Plutarc.* *litae.* *proem.* *lib. 35.*

Its a matter of most pleasant diversification to see their Writings, as it were sickmens Dreams, to passe at every period *de genere in genus*, verifying in their Actions that which they; That their Conceits are lightnings, & flashes of Wit; since, besides that their appearing and disappearing is the same thing, they in the same instant fly from East to West, and oft-times *sine media*. All their

their Leaves resemble a Peacock's tail, displayed before the Sun: as various in colours, as inconstant in motion. *Nuncupatur ipsa, semper alta, esse semper ipsa quodlibet ubi.* *Toties mutanda, quoties moranda.* And because they hold it for a Maxim that this kind of Composing is a woven Garland of Flowers, *que varietate sola placet*, they thrust in all they can, and that sometimes that would not have come in; whence in viewing the particulars thereof, they incurre not so much the censure, as anger of *Pliny*, who curseth the superstitious care of the Inventor of a certain Counter-poison, that was compounded of above fifty several ingredients, and some of them of insensible quantities. *Metbridaticum antidotum, ex rebus quinquaginta quatuor componitur, interim nullo pondere equali; & quarundam rerum singulorum denariis unius imperata. Quo Deorum perfidiam istam monstrante: Hominum enim fidelitas tanta esse non potuit. Ostentatio artis, & potentissima scientie venditatio manifesta est, ac ne ipsi quidem illam moverunt.*

From hence cometh the uniting of periods, divided, and as it were Apostroph'd into small concise particles, an effect of the multitude of minute-points, each of which finish the sentence, and change the sense,

Oratio, sicut defuit, ut non brevis sine, sed Sen. pro
*aliqua. Et tunc, as * elsewhere Seneca* l. 2. contr.
facit, non defuit sed cadit, ubi maxime ex
positio relicta. * the word
is *atro*, but
it being
the same
Seneca, I
read it. *al-*
trove.

Finally, from their not speaking what they speak, it comes that they speak it a hundred times; so that, like them that beginning always new designs how to live, they know not living how to live, saith *Ep. 106. Attilius,*

Vltimos agimus, semper neque vltimos unquam.

to these which have this method of speech, that they can as well conclude at the beginning, as begin in the conclusion, may aptly enough be able to say of themselves,

Discimus agimus semper, neque dicimus unquam.

Therefore their discourse resembleth the unhappy sport which *Seneca* assigned to the Emperor *Claudius*, for an internal pain, and it was that he should always stand in a posture of casting the Dice, and never have his Throw;

Non quidem missurus eras, resonans frivolis. In A. de
Uterque subitum fugiebat rostra fundo.

The Sacred Part.

*Cumque recollektos, auderet, mittere, vellet, sicut ut
Lusure similis, (amper, lampreque, pectus) nota
Deceperet, fidem.*

That then, in which these Wits triumph, is in their Descriptions, which when they obtain, they say to themselves, *Hic Rhodus, hic salus.* And yet it commonly succeeds with such constraint of Art and Wit, and in so Hyperbolical, and Gigantical a manner, that the more they desire to speak the less they say, equally roving from that which is natural and that which is profitable. Whereupon we may say as much of their childish Descriptions, as *Dario* said of a violent tempest at Sea described by *Timothy*, *Ad astra inferrenti olla vidisset.*

Ab. lib. 8.

What would that Ingenious *Phaenocritus* say now a dayes, that reading in *Virgil*, where he described *Euceladus* thunder, struck under *Mongibello*, and saith

*Liquefactaque saxa sub amplexu
Cum gemitu glomerat.*

A. Gell. judged this saying, in a Poet, and that speak *l. 17. c. 10.* of a Giant, and of an *Aetna*, *Omniumque monstrorum dicuntur, monstruosissimum*, what would he say, say I, if he should hear: *That Refers*

in the *Shells*, *Ornaments*, and *Arches* of *admiration* in the *triumph* of others *travels*, in *running* through the *fields* of *Eternity* with the *steps* of *Desert*, &c. expressions usual in *Subjects* of familiar but *Plebeian* Arguments, and about things that they engreave not in the least.

When its indiscretion to use too
Elegant and Polite a Style.

BUt of *Contents* and the manner of using them, let every one judge according to his Reason and fancy. For my part, if I be to borrow any of them, for the necessity of the Argument, I esteem them as *Jewels*, and take their value from their Nature, and Use: so that they be not *counterfeit* but *real*; and not *disordered* at all adventures, but put in their proper places. The one is the Office of the *Wit*, which is to *Invent* them; and the other of the *Judgment*, which ought to *Dispose* them.

If the *Wit* is not to take *Chystrals* for *Diamonds*; the *Judgment* must not crowd them in where they should not be: imitating the *Western Barbarians*; which cut the skins of

The Second Part.

their faces, to enchase therein Jewels; never perceiving that they more deform themselves with the Gashes they make, than adorn themselves with the Ornaments they wear. The face requireth no other ornament, than its natural beauty; and is more wronged and deform'd by a Pearl although very excellent, enchased in a Cheek, than by the blemish of a Mole, growing there naturally. In like manner in the Art of Speaking, some things appear the fairer for their plainness; and resemble Pictures, in which saith *Pliny Juniar* very excellently, that the Painter; *Ne errare quidem debet in melius.*

Lysippus cast a Statue of *Alexander* so to the life, that it seem'd; he had infused into the melted Brasse the very Soul of that great King. *Nero*, (that was Cruel even in his Favours, and did hurt even there where he pretended to help,) having it in his power amongst other spoils of *Greece*; would gild it; judging that a Statue of so excellent workmanship was not worthily composed of any worse Metal than Gold. The Fool considered not, that *Martial* faces were better expressed by the fierceness of Brasse, than by the spruceness of that Womanish and lascivious Metal. Therefore the Gilded Statue of *Nero*, lost all the Nobility of

Alex.

Alexander, all the Workmanship of *Lyfippus*: and that, being gilt, became a dead Statue which seem'd before a living Image: So that he was constrain'd to correct his error, and for *Nero's* fault to flea *Alexander*: taking off with the File that Golden Skin, which had been lay'd on with fire: and yet so gash't, so ill dealt with, it remain'd more beautiful than it did before when it was gilded; *Cum pretio periisset gratia artis* (said the Stoick,) *detractum est aurum; pretiosiorque valia estimatur, etiam cicatricibus operis, atque confiscuris, in quibus aurum haeserat, remanentibus.* Therefore Imbellishments are not alwayes Ornaments, but sometimes transform one into deformity, and where

Plin. lib.
34. c. 8.

Organi res ipsa negat, contenta doceri,

Man.

to be *superfluously*, and sometimes *affectedly conceited*, declares a great plenty of *Wit*, but a small portion of *judgment*.

In *Affections* then, either let us betake our selves to imitate, or suppress them; which is the hardest point in the Profession of *Rhetorick*, because an exquisite Art of a refined Judgment, must lie hid under such *Naturalness* that what is said, may not seem a Dictate of *Wit*, but a venting of the heart;

The Second Part.

not studied, but born of it self; not got by pausing, but found in the very act of speaking; what use can be made of a *Style*, that's distilled drop by drop by the dim light of a Candle, with words wract in their Metaphors, double in their allusions, with spiritous and lively senses: more able to puzzle the brain, than to move the heart? *Mortuum non artifex fistula* (saith *Chrysologus*) *sed simplex plangit affectio.*

Chrysol.

For my self, when I chance to hear the affections managed in so improper a manner I feel a greater naucity, than one who is Sea-sick; and my tongue itcheth to be using that saying of a Wise Emperour, that said to one of his Servants, all perfum'd with Musk as he trust him out of his Chamber, banished him the Court, *Mallum allium oleres.*

How would that great Master of the Stage *Polus*, in expressing the affections, suffer the affectatio of a childish *Style*, who to represent more lively the person of *Hecuba*, lamenting the losse of her Valorous Son dead *Hector*, whose ashes she carried in an Urn, dis-interred the Bones of his own Son a little before buried, and filled the Urn therewith, and with that in his arms appeared on the Stage, leaving the Art of Mourning to Nature, and expressing the imitation with

Obscurity,

with reality, whilst under the mask of *Hecuba*, he represented himself a child-lesse Father, and under the name of *Hector* bewail'd the losse of his Son? Thus the *Syll* of the affections is the truer, the more natural it is, nor is it possible that whilst the *Thoughts* run to the motions of the Soul, the *Wit* should be so idle as not to be studiously Ingenious; nor that whilst it is conveighed from the heart to the tongue of a person impetuous and violent, replenish'd with a thousand different meanings, it should have time to select the words, to disguise them, turning them from the natural to the metaphorical sense, and to embellish them with flourishes, and conceits. But he that hath a solid *judgment*, if in treating of any matter *humorous*, he see his importunately-fertile *Wit*, to offer and present before him, subtleties, and nice quirks, he will thrust them away, with his hand, and say unto them, *Non est hic locus*. He doth with the eye of his mind, as the bodily eyes do, when they see too much light; they contract the pupils, and thereby exclude part of it. And is wise in so doing, like that famous *Ariston*, that being to expresse in a Statue of *Bronzo* the Fury, Shame, & Grief of *Athamas*, mixed Iron and Brasse together, and

301
202

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Plin. lib.
34.c.14.

el five

The Second Part.

darkned the brightnesse of this, with the rustinesse of that. A wonderful work it was, and how much the lesse rich for the matter, so much the more precious for the Art; by which the rust, which is a fault in the Iron, became a vertue to the Brasse, and made it worth its weight in Gold.

In fine, where he is to speak seriously to convince, to reprehend, to condemn, an act vice, or person, in using a *Style* that sings when it should roar, that instead of thundring; lightens; (the Periods leaping by salts like the spouts of a Fountain, when they should run like a stream) every one sees how far he is from obtaining what he aimes at. *Non enim amputata oratio & abscissa, sed lata, & magna, & excelsa tonat, fulgurat, omnia denique perturbat, ac miscet.* It would be nervous and masculine, not womanish, effeminatly drest, & all esbated for Levity. The looks of the Orator should not be game-some, and laughing, but majestic and severe; of whom it may be said, as the Poet said of Pluto:

Plin. lib.
I. ep. 20.
Tac.

Non enim amputata oratio & abscissa, sed lata, & magna, & excelsa tonat, fulgurat, omnia denique perturbat, ac miscet.

Sen. Her.
fur.

Vultus est illi Jovis; sed fulminanti.

Lib. de
Medico.

What vanity is it, said *Hypocrites*, to busie ones self more in embroydring the swatches than

than in healing the wounds? as if the hand-
 forme of the bindings were a Balsome to
 the sore. Certain over-worn, toothlesse
 Files, serve to polsh and give brightnesse
 and lustre to Iron: But where it is rusty,
 than it needs others, That scrape, fret, and
 rub: The neerer it goes to the quick the
 better. *Quid aures meas scalpis? quid oblectat
 aliud? igitur: Urenāus, secandus, abstinendus
 sum. Ad hęc adhibitus es. Tantum negotii ha-
 bes quantum in pessilentia Medicus; circa verba
 occupatus es?*

The Style with which we combate with
 Vice, is as Warlike as the Sword, whose
 goodnesse, and bravery consists not in the
 Gold of the Hilt, nor in the Diamonds of
 the Pommel; but in the temper of the Steel.
 But the more its beset with Jewels and en-
 riched with Insculptures, and Ornaments,
 the worse it cuts, and the lesse expeditiously
 is managed. And well said that brave *Theban*
 Captain *Pyrrhonidas*, to a young muskified
Athenian, that laughed at the plain wooden
 Hilt of his Sword: *When we fight thou shalt
 not prove the Hilt but the Blade: and the Blade
 shall make thee weep then, if the Hilt
 make thee laugh now. Auxi enim fulgor, atque
 argenti (scilicet Tactus) neque tegit, neque vul-
 nerat.*

*Syn. de
 Regno.*

Let

The Second Part.

Let the *Style* therefore, wherewith we are to fight be no *Bridegroom*, but a *Warriour*. Where the words are to be *Darts*, fill not the mouth with *Flowers* of *Eloquence*, to send out at every *Step*, a puff, as if *Vice* was a *Hornet*, to which the smell of *Flowers* is a deadly *poyson*; or as if you would kill your *adversaries* as *Heliogabalus* did his friends, suffocating them in *Roses*. It is an-hitherto-observed folly, to fight a *Duel* dancing, and to mix *Salts*, and *Abuſes*, and *Flourishes*, with *Passes*. There's no *jesting* with *edge-tools*. Blows made to wound the heart, are not to be fetcht meeting the breast of the enemy in a *jesting* way; as if one would imbrace rather than wound.

And yet there's none that believe that the serious and severe *Style* wants its elegance, by wanting the ornaments of subtle, and superfluous conceits. The *Lion* requires not a combed crest, gilded paws, pendants at his ears, nor ropes of *Pearl* about his neck lasciviously fitted, to make him brave. The horrider he is, the more beautiful; the more ruff and shagg'd, the handsomer. His

Epist. 41. spiritus acer (saiſt Seneca) qualem illum, esse natura voluit, speciosus ex horrida, cujus hic decore est, non sine temere aspici, praefectur illi languido, & bracteata.

Let the words be chosen, wherewith we
~~write, and the words be chosen, wherewith we~~
~~write, and the words be chosen, wherewith we~~
 Of the Examination and Correction
 of our own Compositions.

THe work of a Book being complea-
 ted (about which, the end which
 in the beginning I proposed to my
 self, was, to advert that only, which con-
 cerns the invention and disposing of mat-
 ters, and the manners of expressing them)
 that which onely remains is, to go over it
 with the finishing touch, and re polish it,
 examining it particularly, and making a
 severe judgment of each of its parts, to see
 if there be as *Sydonius* found in those of his
Remigius, Opportunitas in exemplis, fides in testi-
monis, proprietas in epithetis, urbanitas in fi-
guris, virtus in argumentis: pondus in sensibus,
flumen in verbis, fulmen in clausulis, &c. And ex-
 perience will prove the observatiō of *Seneca*
 to be most true, that the things, that whilst
 they were in composing seemed most love-
 ly, revised appear no longer the same, nor
 resemble the Authour, *Nec se agnoscit in illis.*
 The reason is, because the boyling of the
 Spirits whilst the Wit is warm'd in indicat-
 ing, leaves not that tranquillity nor clear
 serenity

Sydonius
 l. 9. ep. 7.

serenity in the judgment; as is requisite for
to work as evenly as deliberately. Therefore

Ep. 100.
Seneca.

*Pere qua impetu placens minus prestant ad ma-
nam relata.* And Quintilian condemns this

precipitate method of those, who by do-
ning themselves to a certain rather *form* than
fervour of Wit, inconsiderately write what

Quintil.
li. 10. c. 3.

*repensio deinde,
& componunt quae effuderunt, sed verba dican-*

dentur, & numeri, manet in rebus, tenere con-

gestis, quae sunt lectis. Therefore (subjoyns
he) let them write (especially in their begin-

nings) considerately, and slowly; and put
every thing in its place, and not confound

matters; and select their words with judg-
ment, and not take them at adventure; not

esteeming that good which comes easily;

Quintil.
ibid.

*Non enim cito scribendo fit, ut bene fertur,
sed bene scribendo fit ut cito.* Virgil a man of
so excellent judgment, and that in writing

Phavor.
apud
Gel. l. 17
c. 10.

Gradarius fuit, was wont to say; that he
brought forth his Verses, *Atros, atque rursus*

Ursino, because not content to have brought
them forth; he repossit them one by one

as the Bear, which with her tongue shapes
out the members of her Cubs, which were
brought forth not only deform'd; but un-

form'd.

We should not therefore seek only to
form

from the work, but to reform in also, and
 remember, that others will not stick to use
 with them that severity in condemning
 them; which we, foolishly pitiful, spared in
 correcting them. Let us in this take exam-
 ple from God himself, that hath been eye
 since the beginning of the World with a
 great lesson our Tutor herein, in that he
 made the World in no day, and was five in
 beautifying it; taking one while darknesse
 from Heaven, another while sterility from
 the Earth; adorning that with Stars, this
 with Flowers; till that having compleated,
 his Work he commended it as worthy of
 his hand, *Et requirit ab universo opere quod
 peterat.* He might, its true, have made the
 World as in a Mould, and perfected it in a
 moment. But as St. Ambrose well adviseth,
*Primo condit, et molitur, rursus exponeat, deinde
 perficit, illuminat, absolvit. Imitatores enim
 suorum esse voluit, ut primo faciamus aliqua,
 postea venustemus, ne, dum simul utrumque ad-
 ximus, deuterum possimus implere.*

Lib. 1.
 cap. 7.
 hexam.

Nevertheless, I will not say that we
 should be so strangely cruel with our writ-
 ings, as to wreck every word if not every
 syllable, that so it become like the Chords of
 the Lute; *Quo plus tortis, plus Musica scripta* Sidor. ep.

enim

Sen. lib. 2. contr. propi. *inim sua torquent, (Latin that Ancient Con-
trovertit) qui de summo veris in conspectu de-
stint.*

And we must know, that in this particu-
lar the superficial diligence of such who
like *Protagoras*; *Nescit manum de labra*, is
no lesse blameable, than the negligence of
such who wholly omit to correct. For Neg-
ligence, its true, leaveth the superfluous
matters in a Treatise; but the superstitious
Curiosity (which is worse) takes away the
necessary. That, by not correcting omits to
chang the bad into good, this, by over-much
correcting, changeth very often the good
into bad.

Plin. lib. 5. epist. 1. l. 7. ep. 35. *Perfectam enim opus, absolutum-
que, non tam splendescit ultra quam deterior,
& minima cura deserit magis quam emendat.*

From the desire of contenting their insatiable *Genius*, proceeds, in some, their be-
ginning a thousand times the same labour;
weaving and re-weaving with *Penelope* full
the same piece, and cancelling to day what
they writ yesterday. Resembling the pu-
nishment of *Sisyphus* in Hell, who never
ceaseth to rowl to the top of the Hill that
inconstant and deceitful Stone, which
trundling back to the bottom whence he
took it, frustrates his pains, and wearies
his

his arms. Imitating the folly of that famous
Phaladorus, who not pleased with the
Statues, which with great expence of pains
he had made, for anger broke them to pie-
ces with his tools, and was almost ready
to grind them in his teeth; called therefore
the *saturn* of Gravers, because he dismem-
bered his Children, and eat them though of
Stone.

Nunquid in melius dicere vis quam potes? Petr. l. 7.
said an old Master, to a melancholy *epist. 76*
young man, that being unable to speak as
he would, would not speak as he might;
and therefore had unprofitably travailed
three dayes together about the beginning
of an Oration. This is the way to learn
not to speak well, but to say nothing; of
which, the more Ingenious Young men
are most of all in danger, that having by
Nature sees of high thoughts, and im-
possible rudiments of a Noble Form of Speech;
neither know how to content themselves
with the ordinary, nor yet have so much
of extraordinary, as therewith to satisfie
themselves; Therefore *Accidit ingeniosis ado- Quintil. 1*
lescentibus frequenter, ut labore consumantur, apud Pe-
tr. in silentium usque descendant, nimia bene-
dicendi cupiditate.

What

What man is there though of never so excellent a Judgment, to whom his works are so pleasing, that as Gold of the twenty fourth Karat; there is nothing to be added of good or taken away of base Alloy? Perfection is a privilege denied to all the things in the World. The Sun hath its Myfts, the Moon her Spots; of the Stars, some are turbulent, some melancholy; and yet these are the most considerable Bodies in Heaven: nor ought they therefore to be dissolved, because they are not altogether so beautiful as they might be. Examine the Books that have the esteem of great Learning and the fame of great knowledge, they will be fair faces but not without some blemish, or defect, for not only good *Homer*, *Quandoque dormitas*; but in a word, the *Argus* also, though they have a hundred eyes. For if they had resolved fully to satisfy themselves, and not to publish their labours to the World, till that they should have been completely perfect, *Adieu-Books*: the World would not have had one good one; But if they patiently suffered their defects counterfeited by so many excellencies, we need not despair but that so much as is of good in our writings, may find more praise than the culpable dispraise.

Let

Let us apply unto our selves that counsel which that Astrologer gave to the Cripples, to comfort them concerning their maimed, shriv'led, and dislocated limbes: Observe, saith he, the Heaven, and in it the Constellations, one by one; all are not so beautiful, but that there are some that are deformed, lame, and one way or other, maimed. The *Scorpion* wants his claws: *Pegasus*, & *Taurus* have no more than half of them seen.

*Quod si salerni circumspicis omnia cura.
Fraudata juvenies amissis sydera membris.
Scorpius in Libra consumit brachia, Taurus
Inacidis incurvo claudus pede: Fumina Cancro
Desunt, Centauro superest & queritur unum.
Sic nostrus casus solatur Mundus in astris,
Quis cum caelo fortuna pendeat ordo,
Ipsaque debilibus formentur sydera membris.*

*Masil.
lib. 2.
Astro. 6.*

That finally, which consummates all diligence, requisite about our *Compositions*, is to submit them to the judgment, to the censure, to the correction of a faithful and understanding Friend. One eye of a by-stander sees more into anothers matters than two of his own: because love of his own productions, is a certain necessary blindness, which deceives the more, the less its suspected. Others eyes see our matters as they are in themselves, ours give judgment according to the disposition of the optick powers, not according to the essence of the object. *Familiariter domestica aspiciuntur*, saith the *Senick*, & *semper iudicio favor efficit, nec est, quod nos magis alienis iudices adulatione perire quam nostra.* A good friend should stand us in the same stead as that *Mirrou* did *Demasthenes*, of which he made use, as of a *Corrector* to mend the faults which he committed in his manner of delivery; using to say nothing in publick which he had not tried at his glasse, *Quasi ante Magistrum.*

*Seneca
libro de
tranquil.
anim. c. 1*

*Apuleius
apof. 1.*

D d

But

But take notice that the submission of our *Writings* to the censure of others, is not to be done out of complement, but to have them corrected; not to be commended but amended. And if it happens, that Modesty or Respect restrain our friend from using liberty and rigour with us, we must shew our resentments at it, & bespeak him as *Celsus* the Orator in a like case did his confident, *Dic aliquid contra, ut duo simus*, and be with him, *Quod non irascatur, irati*.

Seneca
lib. 3. de
ira c. 8.

Plutar. 2.
de Fort.
Alex.

Horat.

But this is become now-a-days so difficult, that, whereas there is but few that know how, there is none almost that will, like a friend undertake the charge to be Triers of others works. They know that *Phloxeus* the Poet, because he used his Pen freely in expunging a great part of a Tragedy of *Dionysus* (a man that knew better how to make Tragedies as a Tyrant, than to write them as a Poet) was for a reward of his fidelity, buried alive in a marble Cave. We must not be offended to know that which we desire to know: otherwise we shall find in our friends the *Style* of that Ancient *Quintilian*, of whom: *Si defendere delictum, quam vertere mallet:*

*Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sumebas in eum,
Quin sine rivali teque, & tua solus amares.*

BUT I have hitherto personated that old *Tircias*, that being blind himself opened the eyes of others, & stumbling at every step, shewed the doubtful the safest ways. Nor do I yet think that I ought to be therefore reprehended; nor because my *Style* is a rusty File, am I culpable, if with it I have endeavoured to brighten others. who expects that the Stone which sets an edge on Blades, should it self cut? Or looks that those *Mercuries* of stone, which pointed the way to Travellers should travail themselves? The Brain hath no sense, affirms *Callistodorus*, and is true: and yet, for that the nerves are fixed in it, and from it receive the spirits for the noblest operations of the Soul, *Sensum membris reliquis tradit.*

If I have not the applause of a Pencil, that Painting is able to teach others to Paint; I may assume that of a Cole, that draws those dead lines which first Pourtrait the Design: which though they be expung'd by the Colours, and lost in the Picture, yet they lose not their virtue, of prescribing order to the Colours, and giving a rule to the Design.

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