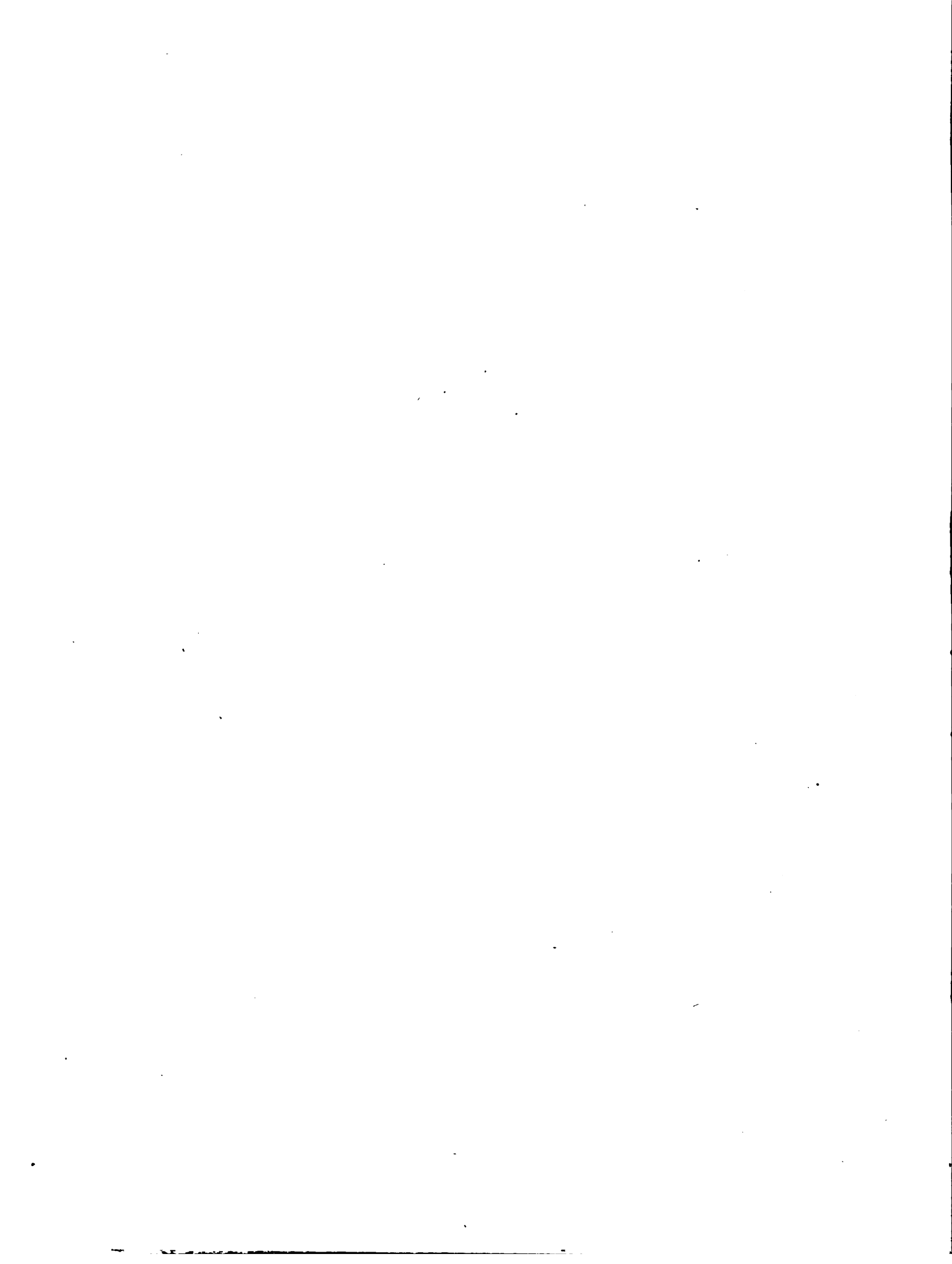


THE
E P I S T L E S
OF
LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

V O L. I.



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OF
LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

WITH LARGE

A N N O T A T I O N S,

WHEREIN, PARTICULARLY,

THE TENETS OF THE ANTIENT PHILOSOPHERS

ARE CONTRASTED WITH

THE DIVINE PRECEPTS OF THE GOSPEL,

WITH REGARD TO THE

MORAL DUTIES OF MANKIND.

In TWO VOLUMES.

By THOMAS MORELL, D.D.

V O L I.

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A SKETCH of the LIFE and WRITINGS of *LU-
CIUS ANNÆUS SENECA*; so far as they con-
cern the English Reader.

SECTION I.

L. ANNÆUS SENECA, the author and publisher of the following Epistles (in *Latin*), was born at *Corduba*, an old flourishing colony in *Bætic Spain*, still retaining the name of *Cordova veia*. It was inhabited originally by a select body of *Romans* and *Spaniards* (*a*). It may be difficult therefore to determine, whether the *Annean* (*b*) race were originally *Spanish*, or belonging to a colony from *Italy*: but this we may be certain of, from the testimony of *Seneca* himself, that they were of the equestrian order: *Am I*, saith he, (*Tac. l. 14*) *one, by rank no higher than a knight; by birth no other than a foreigner; am I numbered with the grandees of the Imperial city? Is it so indeed, that my new name, my modern quality has thus blazed forth amongst the illustrious Lords of Rome?* His father therefore, and perhaps his grandfather, were of the equestrian order, but no higher; for scarce would he have mentioned his *new* name, if his ancestors had attained to honours.

(*a*) And was in high repute by means of *Marcus Marcellus*, the prætor, who governed *Spain*, (according to *Livy*, l. 43) in the year U. C. DLXXXV. at that time it seems in peace and quietness; which inclines me, says *Lippus*, to believe this to be the time when the colony was introduced, and the city greatly enlarged and beautified; for that it was not built anew we may learn from *Silius*, who in Hannibal's time called it *Corduba*.

Nec decus auriferæ cessavit Corduba terræ. 3. 406.

It obtained the privilege of being called *Colonia Patricia*. So *Pliny* (l. 3. c. 1.) expressly: and on the coin of *Augustus*, with his head, *Permissu Cæsaris Augusti*; and on the reverse, *Colonia Patricia*, as it was both a splendid and a rich city, and supplied the Roman commonwealth with fathers and senators. For in the age of *Augustus*, men were selected out of every province to make up the senate. L.

(*b*) *Lippus* observes that this surname was used likewise in another family, the *Accian*; as, *M. Accio Seneca* (*Gruter. p. 490.*)

His father, *L. Annæus Seneca*, who is generally distinguished from the son by the title of *the orator*, or *declaimer* (*c*), married a *Spanish* lady, named *Helvia*, a woman of great understanding and other accomplishments. He came from Corduba to Rome in the time of *Augustus*, and was soon after followed by his wife and children. Here he continued some time managing his affairs with the favour and good report of all men, and I think, says *Lipfius*, he lived till about the latter time of *Tiberius*. Be that as it will, *Seneca* was brought to Rome as yet in his infancy, and of a weakly and sickly constitution, under the care of his aunt (*d*).

§ II. He had two brothers, one older, called *Marcus Annæus Novatus*, and the other younger, called *L. Annæus Mela*. The former soon after changed his name to that of *Junius Gallio*, by adoption (*e*); and accordingly in the *Eusebian Chronicle* is stiled *Junius Annæus Gallio*, Seneca's brother; an excellent orator. He it is to whom our *Seneca* addressed his books (*de Irâ*), *concerning anger*, under the name of *Novatus*; and whom in his title to the treatise *on a happy life*, he calls his *Brother Gallio*, and in his epistles his *Lord Gallio*; properly enough, as he was his elder brother, says *Lipfius*; who likewise observes that *Annæus Mela* (*f*) the youngest brother, was *only* a Roman knight, (i. e. *not a senator*) but the father of *Lucan*, from whence (says *Tacitus*) accrued a vast accession to his fame and splendor. These then were the three brothers, of whom says *Martial*,

Et docti Senecæ tres numeranda domus.

The triple house of learned Seneca :

i. e. the three sons or families of the learned orator.

(*c*) *Declamation* being his peculiar talent: though there are many declamations under his name, which were really not his own, but having been digested by him and distinguished with titles and annotations, they sufficiently speak his pleasing manner and ingenuity.

(*d*) As he testifies himself, when praising his aunt, he says, *By her tender care was I brought unto the city, and by her pious and motherly nursing was I there recovered of a fit of sickness.* *Consol. ad Helv. c. 16.*

(*e*) Of one of this name, who is often mentioned by *Seneca*, the father, (in his *Declamations*) and is called *our Gallio*, either by reason of their common country *Spain*, or of the friendship that subsisted between them.

(*f*) *Mela* or *Melka* (as *Tacitus* writes it) forbore suing for the great offices of state, from a wayward ambition, that a Roman knight might be seen to vie with senators of consular dignity: he likewise judged, that acting as comptroller to the prince in the ministration of his private revenues was a quicker road to wealth. He was accused however to *Nero* by *Fabius Romanus*, (a friend of *Lucan*, who had suffered before) and anticipated his fate by broaching his veins, as the quickest and most frequent passage to death in those days. *Ib.*

§ III. *Seneca* therefore, as before observed, came very young to *Rome*, and there, as he grew up, ripened his talents in the best and most proper studies. At the time when foreign sacrifices were removed from *Rome*, and abolished, (which happened in the fifth year of *Tiberius*, and U. C. DCCLXXII.) *Seneca* was about 22 years old; instructed in eloquence, and thoroughly accomplished, under the tuition of his father (*g*); as was also his brother *Gallio* (*b*): as for *Mela*, we know not that he left any thing in writing.

Seneca, besides his eloquence, addicted himself to philosophy with great earnestness, and thither virtue incited his elegant turn of mind, against the inclination of his father. He himself declares more than once, that he was withheld from philosophy; and expressly that his wife having an aversion thereto, dissuaded him from it; but his ardour got the better of all this; and he diligently attended the most famous and serious philosophers of that age, particularly *Attalus* and *Sotio* of the same sect (*i*); though he seems more inclined himself to follow *Pythagoras*, and *Papirius Fabius*, whom he likewise mentions, and praiseth in a grateful manner. He also admired *Demetrius* the cynic, and greatly honoured him, conversing with him both in public and private, as he advanced in years, and was at court, making him his companion both in his walks, and in his travels. Such was his forwardness in the liberal studies, tho' often checked and restrained by his father, who intended him for the *bar*; and accordingly for some time he was engaged in pleading causes; even in the time of *Caius*; and was greatly caressed and famed for his eloquence; nor indeed do we find any philosophical works of his extant before that time.

§ IV. His father likewise persuaded him to turn courtier, and offer himself as a candidate for some post of honour. He succeeded herein, and was appointed quæstor, or *treasurer*. But in the first year of the reign of the Emperor *Claudius*, he was banished into *Corfica*. I would suppose him (says *Lipsius*) innocent of the crime laid to his charge, as *Tacitus* seems to be of the same opinion, who, speaking of this banishment, says, *Seneca greatly repented the injury done him by*

(*g*) As we may learn from his books of *Controversies* and their *Prefaces*.

(*b*) The *Gallio* whom *Stattius* recommends for the sweetness of his eloquence.

Lucanum potes imputare terris,
Hoc plusquam Senecam dedisse mundo,
Et dulcem generasse Gallionem.

Not only to this line we *Lucan* owe,
But *Seneca*, and sweet-tongued *Gallio*.

(*i*) Modo apud Sotionem puer sedi: *While yet a lad, I attended the lectures of Sotic.* Ep. 49.

Claudius (*k*). He lived about eight years in exile, with great courage; nay, (as he says himself) and happily too; always intent upon the best of studies and salutary meditations: for thus he writes to his mother, (c. 4) *that he is even happy in those things which are wont to make others miserable; and concludes, learn now what opinion you should entertain of me, that I am light-hearted and cheerful, as if all my affairs were in the best state in the world; and so indeed they are: when the mind discharged of all cares hath leisure to attend those notions that are proper for it; and sometimes delights itself with more pleasing studies (l); and sometimes thirsting after truth, still riseth in the contemplation of her own nature, and the disposition of the whole world (m).*

(*k*) The crime laid to his charge was adultery with *Julia*, (the daughter of *Germanicus*) who was likewise banished upon the accusation of *Messalina*.

Tacitus therefore calls it an *enquiry*; for who knows not the many other accusations of that most profligate harlot, *Messalina*, among the Roman quality; or the condemnations of that loathsome beast, *Claudius*? as they seldom practised mischief but upon the good and innocent. To be accused by such persons is praise, as to be praised by them would create a suspicion of guilt.

(*l*) *Sc.* poetry; and particularly *the Medea*; which, says *Lippius*, I am half assured was written in his exile, at such time as *Claudius* conquered *Britain*; and therefore *Seneca* made choice of that argument of *Jason*, on his having subdued the ocean; for it is impossible those lines in the *chorus* should have relation to any but *Claudius*.

Parcite, O Divi, veniam precamur,
Vivat ut tutus, mare qui subegit,—
Jam satis, Divi, mare vindicatis;
Parcite Divo.

Let him be safe, ye gods, we pray,
Who thro' the seas hath forc'd his way.—
Enough ye have aveng'd the sea,
Spare the advent'rous god.

This under a poetical piece of adulation he applied to *Claudius* while living.

(*m*) Thus writes the author of the tragedy of *Octavia*, (for I am persuaded, says *Lippius*, it is not the philosopher himself) under the character of *Seneca*:

Melius latebam, procul ab invidiæ malis

Remotus, inter Corfici rupes maris;
Ubi liber animus, et sui juris, mihi
Semper vacabat, studia recolenti mea,
O quam juvabat (quo nihil majus parens
Natura genuit, operis immensi artifex)
Cælum intueri, folis et cursus sacros!

Safer I sojourn'd on the Corfic shore,
Remov'd from Envy's ever-hateful pow'r,
With earnest zeal to learned lore inclin'd,
Fix'd on the studies of the lab'ring mind:
With what content, with what heart-felt delights,
Did Nature's wonders charm the raviſh'd sight!
When I beheld the sun, or moon, on high,
And all the beauties of the starry sky! M.

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

§ V. We further learn from *Tacitus*, "That *Agrippina* obtained for *Seneca* a revocation from exile, and with it the *prætorship*: favours which she supposed would be well pleasing to the public, on account of his signal eloquence and accomplishments; besides her own private views, viz. the education of her son *Domitius (Nero)* under such a master, and the use they should make of his counsels, both to obtain the empire and to govern it." *Seneca* was therefore prætor, Ann. U. C. DCCLII. But it is not so certain that he attained to consular dignity: though some contend for it (*n*), and mark the year U. C. DCCCXV: for in the beginning of that year, as we learn from the indisputable authority of *Tacitus*, *Nero's* affection began to cool: he had withdrawn his wonted affability from *Seneca*, and the various efforts of his calumniators daily increased; whereupon *Seneca* himself addressed the Emperor in a spirited oration, imploring a retreat, and offering to refund his treasures. *Nero* neither permitted the one, nor accepted the other. *Seneca* however changed the methods, and symptoms of his former power, stopped the usual conflux of a levée; avoided any train of attendance abroad, and his appearance there was exceeding rare; as if by ill health or the study of philosophy he was confined at home. This indeed is not acting like a new consul, or even a candidate, and his death followed soon after. We shall therefore rest this matter here, and only observe further, that he was undoubtedly the governor and tutor of the young prince, who behaved himself exceeding well so long as he was attentive to the good counsels and admonitions of *Seneca*, and his coadjutor, *Burrus*. "A torrent of slaughter, says *Tacitus*, had now ensued, had not *Afranius Burrus* and *Annaeus Seneca* prevented it. These were the governors of the Emperor's youth; two men, though engaged in partnership of power, yet by a rare instance well united: different in their accomplishments, but of equal weight and authority. *Burrus*, his instructor in arms, and the gravity of manners; *Seneca* in the precepts of eloquence and polite address. In this office they helped and supported each other, the easier to manage between them the dangerous age of the prince; or if he rejected the pursuits of virtue, to restrain him at least within the bounds of guiltless pleasures."

erratum
from before
DCC LXX XII.

But to go on with *Seneca*.

(*n*) According to *Ulpian*—"In the time of *Nero*, in the octaves of the kalends of September, when *Annaeus Seneca* and *Trebellius Maximus* were consuls, it was ordained."—And in the common *Fasti*, U. C. DCCCXIV. *Coff.* P. *Murius Celsus*, et L. *Afinius Gallus*, quos excep. ex Kal. Jul. I. *Annaeus Seneca*, et *Trebellius Maximus*. But they who compiled the *Fasti*, suppose these consuls only substitutes, (for ordinary they were not.) So in *Ausonius*,—*Dives Seneca*, nec tamen consul; the rich *Seneca*, yet not consul.

§ VI. With regard to his private life; I find, or rather collect, says *Lipſus*, that *Seneca* was ſome time in *Ægypt*; on account that his uncle was there in the office of præfect: for he writes to his mother, ſetting forth the example of his aunt, of which he was an eye-witneſs. Hence it is that he intermingleth many things ſo curiouſly concerning *Ægypt*, and the *Nile*, eſpecially in his books of *Natural Queſtions*. Perhaps too he went to the coaſts of *India* by the Red Sea, which qualified him to comment on the writings of *Pliny*, relating thereto. But being at *Rome*, we learn that he there took to him a wife, though her name is not mentioned; by whom he had a ſon called *Marcus*, whom, writing to his mother *Helvia*, with great praiſe and affection he ſtyles his deareſt boy; and, among other good wiſhes, prays,

Sic dulci Marcus qui nunc ſermone fritinnit

Fæcundo patmos provocet ore duos.

So may ſweet Marcus, prattling now, and young,

Challenge his uncles in a fluent tongue.

In Ep. 56, he ſpeaks of one *Harpeſtè*, his wife's fool, left as an hereditary burthen upon the family. This then muſt relate to a former wife, as he married *Paulina* after his return from exile, a lady of great ability, who vouchſafed to take him in his old age, when he had a place at court. This is what *Dio*, or whoever it is that writes under this name, objects to him, viz. *his marrying a young wife in his old age*. He ſeems to have been happy, however, as in Ep. 104; *This I told my Paulina, who always deſires me to take care of my health, remembering that in this old perſon of mine there lives a much younger in participation of it*. And ſhe certainly loved her huſband, as he boaſts in many places; and that unfeignedly; which ſhe expreſſed at his death; being deſirous, as far as was in her power, to accompany him therein. But of this hereafter.

§ VII. As ſo much has been ſaid with regard to his immense wealth, it will be requiſite to communicate a few things relating thereto; and we will take them on his own confeſſion, according to *Tacitus*: *Thou haſt encompassed me about (ſays Seneca to Nero) with an accumulation of imperial benignity and grace, beyond all expreſſion and limits, and with wealth without meaſure or end; inſomuch that I often reaſon thus with myſelf: "where is that philoſophic ſpirit, which profeſſes " to be ſatisfied with a ſcanty lot, and humble neceſſaries? Is Seneca that man? " he who thus encloſes and adorns ſuch ſpacious gardens; he who travels in pomp " through a variety of ſeats in Rome, all contrived for magnificence and luxury?"* All this is very great without having recourſe to the exaggeration of either friends or enemies. There is no doubt, but that with regard to fine gardens and plea-
ſure-

ture-houses, he had divers, well stocked and ornamented, as taken notice of by *Juvenal*— *Senecæ prædivitis horti; the gardens of the very rich Seneca*. He mentions some of his seats himself, as the *Nomentanum*, *Albanum*, and *Baianum*. He had likewise a house within the city, which many years retained the name of *Seneca's* house, in the tenth *region*. His rich furniture also may be supposed to have created great envy (*o*). But it must be remembered, that *Seneca*, before he came to court, had a great patrimonial revenue. And no wonder he increased it in so plentiful a court, and amidst so great felicity of the *Roman* state. Yet it cannot be denied, but that, when at court, and in his old age, he bitterly inveighs against this sort of madness, and severely reprehends all manner of luxury and extravagance, as you may read in his books *concerning benefits*: and in the beginning of his treatise *on tranquillity*, he professedly denies that he took any pleasure in his fine variegated tables, or that he was wont to use them: but the reader is particularly recommended to his book *Of a happy Life*, wherein his chief point is, to defend himself against the aspersions of his enemies. An admirable treatise, says *Lipsius*, and more valuable in this behalf was the calumny itself, being productive of so excellent a defence.

§ VIII. His *Morals* then sufficiently refute this objection concerning his riches, and proclaim his use, not abuse of them. He stands quite clear from any charge of pride, excess and pomp. And with regard to his diet and manner of living, the reader needs only to be referred to that part of *Ep.* 108, where *Seneca* speaks of the salutary lectures he received from *Attalus*, and the happy impression they made upon him, with regard to temperance and frugality. As to the rest of his life, it was both serious and severe. The court corrupted him not, nor was he inclined to flattery, (a vice almost familiar and allied to such places). No; so far from it, that he said to *Nero*, *Suffer me to stay a little longer with thee, not to flatter thine ears, (for this is not my custom) I had rather offend thee by truth, than please thee by flattery*. And even at the point of death, he desired it might be told the prince, *he never had a genius addicted to flattery, as no man better knew than Nero; who from Seneca had felt more frequent proofs of freedom than servility*. We cannot pass by the commendable custom he speaks of in his third book of *Anger*, viz. his nightly self-examination, with regard both to his words and actions: *I conceal nothing from myself, says he; I let nothing slip; for why should I fear my own errors? It will be easy for me to say,*

(*o*) *Dio* objects to him, as having 500 tables of cedar with ivory feet to them, all alike and of equal size. It may be so; for in great banquets it was customary to set a table before every several guest. But as *Dio* was no friend to *Seneca*, he must be read with caution.

“ See,

“ See, thou doest this no more, *Seneca*; and for this time I pardon thee.” Can the study of wisdom display itself in a better or clearer light?

Lastly, how manifest is his piety and submission towards God! *If you believe me*, (says he, Ep. 96) *I will lay open to you my inmost thoughts and affections: thus then, when any thing seems adverse, or hard to me, do I behave myself; I obey not God forcibly, but willingly; I follow him not of necessity, but with all my mind, and all my soul: nothing can befall me that I will receive either with a heavy heart, or sorrowful countenance: I will pay no tribute grudgingly.* Many the like observations, says *Lipsius*, have I collected in my *Manuduction*, and *Physiology*; and some indeed of such unstained piety as would do honour to the *Christian* (p). In short, so great an opinion was held of these his eminent virtues, that *there was a design*, says *Tacitus*, *of transferring the empire to Seneca, as one exempt from all reproach, and only for the fame and resplendency of his virtues preferred to the supreme dignity.* O *Rome*, so great happiness was denied thee by the will of Providence! Or,

Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni.

Juv. viii. 211.

*Who so vile, Nero, if his vote were free,
As would not Seneca prefer to thee?*

Whoever doubts the reality of his virtues, let him look upon *Seneca* in his death, and observe how slightly he esteemed all earthly things, and with what zeal and ardour he devoted himself to heaven!

(p) *Next to the gospel itself*, says Sir R. L'Estrange, *I do look upon the works of Seneca, as the most sovereign remedy against the miseries of human nature.* Happy am I, that, by the blessing of God, I cannot join with him in the following; *and I have ever found it so, in all the injuries and distresses of an unfortunate life: for, old as I am, I never knew an injury, that was not easily to be forgiven; nor a distress, but what was tolerable; and, as the world goes, rather required a contemptuous smile than a tear.* M.

An Extract from Tacitus concerning the Death of Seneca.

GRANIUS SYLVANUS, Tribune of a Preterian Cohort, having been ordered to enquire into a conversation, which was supposed to have passed between one *Natalis* and *Seneca*, relating to *Piso's* conspiracy, being further asked, *whether he thought Seneca was determined upon a voluntary death?* answered, that *Seneca had manifested no one symptom of fear; and neither in his words nor looks was ought of anguish to be discovered.* Hence he was commanded to return, and carry him the denunciation of death.

But this in no wise dismayed *Seneca*, who called calmly for his will, and as this was prohibited by the centurion, turning to his friends, he told them, “ that since he was disabled from a grateful requital of their benefits, he be-
 “ queathed them that which alone was now left him, yet something more glo-
 “ rious and amiable than all the rest, the pattern of his life: if they retained
 “ the impressions and resemblance, they would thence reap the applause of vir-
 “ tuous manners as well as that of persevering in their friendship.” He withal
 repressed their tears, sometimes with gentle reasoning, sometimes in the stile of
 authority and correction, and strove to recover them to resolution and constancy.
 “ Where (he often asked) where are now all the documents of philosophy?
 “ where that philosophical principle, for so many years premeditated, against
 “ the sudden encounter of calamities? for to whom was unknown the bloody
 “ nature of *Nero*? nor, after the butchering of his mother, and the murdering
 “ of his brother, did ought remain, to consummate his cruelty, but to add to
 “ theirs the slaughter of his nursing-father and instructor.”

Having uttered these and the like reasonings, directed to the company in general, he embraced his wife; an affecting object, which somewhat abated his firmness, and softened him into anxiety for her future lot: he pressed and besought her, “ to moderate her sorrow, to beware of perpetuating such a dismal
 “ passion, but to bear the death of her husband by contemplating his life spent
 “ in a steady course of virtue, and to support his loss by all worthy consolations.” *Paulina*, his wife, on the contrary, urged her purpose to die with him, and called for the aid of a minister of death. Upon this declaration,

Seneca would not bereave her of so much glory : such besides was his fondness for her, that he was loth to leave one beloved by himself above all things, exposed to insults and injuries : “ I had laid before thee, said he, the delights and solacements of living : thou preferrest the renown of dying : I shall not envy thee the honour of the example. Between us let us equally share the fortitude of an end so brave ; but greater will be the splendour of thy particular fall.” Presently after this conversation they had the veins of their arms opened, at the same instant : *Seneca* was aged *, his body cold, and extenuated by feeble diet ; so that the issues of his blood were exceeding slow : hence he ordered to be cut the veins of his legs, and those about the joints of his knees. As he was succumbing under grievous agonies, he persuaded her to retire, lest his own sufferings might vanquish the resolution of his wife, or he himself by beholding her pangs, lapse into weakness and impatience : and his eloquence flowing even to the last moment of his life, he called for his scribes, and to them dictated many things †.

Towards *Paulina*, *Nero* bore no personal hate, and, to avoid feeding the public abhorrence of his cruelty, ordered her death to be prevented. Hence, at the persuasion of the soldiers, her domestic slaves and freedmen bound up her arms, and staid the blood : but whether with her own concurrence is uncertain. However, she added to her life but a few years, ever retaining for the memory of her husband a reverence worthy of all praise. *Seneca*, the while, affected with the tedious protraction of life, and the slow advance of death, applied to his old friend and physician, *Staius Annæus*, for a dose of poison, such as they gave at Athens to condemned criminals. This he swallowed, but in vain, for already his limbs were chilled, and his juices stagnated, and impenetrable to the rapidity of poison. He therefore had recourse to a hot bath, from whence he besprinkled some of his slaves, adding, that, *Of this liquor he made a libation to Jupiter the Deliverer.* From thence he was conveyed into a stove, and suffocated with the steam. His corpse was burnt without any funeral solemnity, as he had enjoined in his will ; when in the plenitude of his opulence and authority, he had provided for his decease and obsequies.

There was a rumour that *Subrius Flavius*, in a secret consultation with the centurions (and even with the privacy of *Seneca*) had determined, that as soon

* Supposed about 63, from what the Emperor says to him—*Thy age moreover still retains soundness and vigour ; is still capable of managing thy revenues with sufficiency, and of enjoying them with pleasure.*

† This is great (as *Lipsius* observes) in *Seneca*, to consult in his last moments the good of posterity ; and to treat his friends and family with a lecture on morality and virtue.

as by the aid of *Piso Nero* was slain, *Piso* too was to have been dispatched, and the empire transferred to *Seneca*, as one that well deserved it for his integrity and virtue.

*An Extract from Lipsius, Manud. I. 18. relating to Seneca,
and his Writings in general.*

GIVE me leave to observe, what I have learned from experience, that they cannot but love *Seneca*, who sincerely love and esteem virtue: for this is what he has beautifully set off, and effectually maintained in all his writings. There are, or have been, many works of the same Author, *political, rhetorical, physical*; but his *ethics* are particularly eminent, which I wish had come down to us pure and entire: but his book of *Exhortations*, and the peculiar treatise of *Morals*, are lost, with others of the like kind: yet sufficient for his everlasting honour are those that are still extant, *among which we may reckon his Epistles, even in their present condition, having suffered so much from transcribers, conjecturers, and critics.*

In general, (*speaking of the original*) his words are select, proper, and significant: his frequent allusions and metaphors every where entertaining, while they inculcate the matter in hand, and still point at somewhat more: there is care without affectation, dress without foppery, and expressions purely natural, without being forced or finical. Even in brevity appears a happy copiousness; the words flow, but not rapidly; like a river, not a torrent; *strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.* In short, as good trees, whose excellency consists in producing fruit, as well as leaves and blossoms; so *Seneca*, whom for improvement we may well read and admire, delights us also, and joins beauty with strength.

As to his *Matter*, (*still in general*) how noble and sublime! useful and salutary! All his writings, even where not professedly, breathe generous virtue. How frequently, and how strenuously does he assert the being of a God; the fountain of all good; his providence, and care of us mortals; his power, wisdom, justice, and the like attributes! How often does he recommend submission in all

quiet and peaceableness to the will of God, and *fate*; (i. e. *the everlasting order of things, from the beginning, which he sometimes calls God!*) The affections and passions from whence originate all evils, how acutely does he describe, how severely reprehend, and closely contract them! Fear, hope, mirth, grief, how does he moderate, extenuate, or take away! while he severely falls upon ambition, avarice, lust, luxury, and every kind of vice! Nay he treats them with so much acrimony, as passionately to shew, he holds them in the utmost detestation and abhorrence! Taken up entirely with the admiration and recommendation of virtue, he spurns and rejects all external things, and tramples upon the specious but deceitful splendour of fortune.

For the benefit of the attentive reader, so great vigour and warmth are every where displayed, that the most idle cannot but be roused, and the most frigid warmed. Indeed we do not read his writings, but hear him speak. We see not his pourtrait in his book, but his very person. Happy genius! We may apply to *Seneca* what he says of *Sextius* in Ep. 64. *How full of energy and spirit, such as you scarce find in all the tribes of philosophers! Some of their writings indeed have a great name, but in all other respects are weak and languid in comparison. They propose, they debate, they cavil; they inspire us not with courage, and constancy, because they have them not themselves. This man is alive, he exults, he is free, and somewhat more than man. He sends me away full of conviction and confidence.*

If such then were the admirable writings of *Seneca*, it is natural enough to enquire whether his life was consonant thereto. Report, I confess, will not allow him this however, but rather charges him with the reverse. What then? it is the way of the world: the same was objected to *Zeno*, to *Epicurus*, to *Plato*. We propose not *Seneca* as a perfect pattern in the conduct of life; but recommend to attention his wise instructions and learning: yet think at the same time that many objections to him will admit a defence.

He followed the Court. And where is this forbidden the philosophers?—it were to be wished, that such more frequently attended courts, and instructed them with their counsels. How happy would *Rome* have been, if *Nero* had continued to follow the advice of *Seneca* as he begun! For what could be more commendable than the earlier years of his life, while under the direction of *Seneca*?

But

But Seneca amassed great wealth. How strangely are men divided in their censure! Some they accuse of wealth, others of poverty; in some they find ambition, in others avarice! And who in his senses would condemn wisdom to perpetual poverty? The philosopher may possess great riches, provided they come not by wrong or robbery, and which may be disposed of as honourably as they came. These then are the conditions by which riches are allowed the wise man: let them be sought, or come, honourably, and honourably expended. And was not this the case of *Seneca*? He received them from the munificence of a prince (master of all the world), as did many others with not half his merit: and says another *Seneca*,

Quis influentis dona fortunæ abnuat?

Who e'er refus'd the flow of fortune's gifts?

And our Author, *No wise man thinks himself unworthy the favours of fortune. He will not reject them, nor regret their departure, when they take wing: and where can fortune entrust them more safely, than in the hands of those who are ready to resign them?*

Behold our Author, and admire his coming to *Nero*, and saying, *Order the auditors of thy revenue to undertake the direction of my fortune, and annex it to thine own; nor shall I by this plunge myself into indigence and poverty; but having only surrendered that invidious opulence, which exposes me to the offensive blaze of so much splendour, I shall redeem the time, which at present is sequestered to the care of pompous seats and gardens, and apply it to the repose and cultivation of my mind.* Behold the philosopher who admitted wealth into his treasury, but not into his bosom. He possesseth riches as light and transitory things, without suffering them to be burthenfome to himself, or injurious to any one. It is manifest to me (says *Lipsius*) they were only lent to *Seneca* for the benefit of others. He gave them either to the good; or to those whom he thought he could make so. He gave them to the most deserving; as being persuaded, that he must give an account both of his receipts and disbursements. Public fame speaks of his liberality:

Nemo petit modicis quæ mittebantur amicis

A *Seneca*,—quæ *Piso* bona, et quæ *Cotta* solebat

Largiri—

—Not that I such largesse crave,

As *Seneca*, or *Piso*, or *Cotta* gave

To their poor clients.—

The same are mentioned together on the same account by *Martial*,—*Pisones*,
Senecasque

Senecaſque Memnioſque. He beſtowed very little upon himſelf, by the account he gives of his temperance and frugality, or rather aſterity, in his Epp. 107, 87, 84. And *Tacitus* expreſſly; *Seneca, with a diet exceeding ſimple, ſupported an abſtemious life, ſatisfying the call of hunger by wild fruit from the wood, and of thirſt by a draught from the brook.*

Away then with that calumny in regard to wealth. He was rich, ſays *Lipſius*, and yet poor; or not rich for himſelf but for others. Upon the whole, we would fain ſuppoſe his life to be *good*; and make no doubt it was ſo in general; but for his writings, with which alone we are now concerned, they undoubtedly deſerve this character; and are not only good in themſelves, but tending to the good of mankind. There is a divine providence, and we acknowledge it in *Seneca*, whom God was pleaſed to give us as a teacher of ſtrict morality and virtue, introductory, as it were, to the more ſublime truths of the Goſpel. *Tertullian* therefore is often pleaſed to call him *ours*. *Auguſtin* ſpeaks of his being converſant with the *Apoſtles*. *Jerom* would have had him reckoned in the number of ſaints. But we ſhall conclude our remarks with the eulogium of *Fronto*, a celebrated orator, and the grandſon, ſome ſay, of *Plutarch*; *Seneca hath ſo exterminated all vice and error, that he ſeems to have reſtored the Golden Age; and by his labours to have recalled the gods from their long baniſhment, in their wonted care and converſe with mankind.* May it prove ſo; may the preſent age be gratefully ſenſible of the providence of God in the further declaration of his will! May all the depravity be purged away; what is low and mean exalted; and all by faith and virtue raiſed again to an affiance with God; by the bleſſing and aſſiſtance of the ſame divine power!

An Extract from the Preface of Sir R. L'Eſtrange, to what is called Seneca's Morals.

SOME few fragments however of thoſe books of *Seneca* that are loſt are yet preſerved in the writings of eminent authors, and particularly *Lactantius*.

Seneca,

Seneca, says he, who was the sharpest of all the stoics, how great a veneration has he for the Almighty! as for instance, discoursing of a violent death, "Do you not understand the majesty and the authority of your Judge! He is the supreme Governor of heaven and earth, and the God of all your Gods; and it is upon him that all those powers depend which we worship for deities." Moreover, in his exhortations; "This God, says he, when he laid the foundations of the universe, and entered upon the greatest and the best work in nature, in the ordering the government of the world, though he was himself All in All, yet he substituted other subordinate ministers as the servants of his command." Divin. Instit. l. 1. c. 1.

Which the acute Seneca saw in his exhortations. "We, says he, have our dependence elsewhere, and should look up to that power to which we are indebted for all we can pretend to that is good." Ib. c. 2.

An invective (says *Seneca* in his exhortations) is the masterpiece of most of our philosophers; and if they fall upon the subject of *Avarice, Lust, Ambition*, they launch out into such excess of bitterness, as if railing was a mark of their profession. They make me think of gallipots in an apothecary's shop, that have remedies without and poison within. *Ib. l. 3. c. 15.*

He that would know all things, let him read Seneca, the most lively describer of public vices, and manners, and the smartest reprehender of them. Ib. l. c. 9.

Seneca has it in his books of Moral Philosophy, "He is the brave man, whose splendour and authority is the least part of his greatness; that can look death in the face without trouble and surprize; who if his body were to be broken on the wheel, would be less concerned for the pain itself, than for the dignity of bearing it." Ib. l. 6. c. 17.

Let no man think himself the safer in his wickedness for want of a witness; for God is omniscient, and to him nothing can be secret. It is an admirable sentence that Seneca concludes his exhortations withal. "God, says he, is a great (I know not what) incomprehensible power. It is to him that we live, and to him that we must approve ourselves. What avails it that consciences are hidden from men, when our souls lie open to God?" What could a Christian have said more to the purpose in this case than this divine Pagan? And again, "What is it that we do? To what end is it to stand contriving, and to hide ourselves? We are under a guard, and there is no escaping from our keeper. One man may be parted
" from

“ from another by travel, death, and sickness; but there is no dividing us from
 “ ourselves. ’Tis to no purpose to creep into a corner where nobody shall see
 “ us. Ridiculous madness! Suppose no mortal eye could find us out; he that
 “ has a conscience gives evidence against himself.” *Ib. c. 14.*

It is truly and excellently spoken of Seneca: “ Consider, says he, the majesty,
 “ the goodness, and the venerable mercies of the Almighty; a friend that is
 “ always at hand. What delight can it be to him, the slaughter of innocent
 “ creatures, or the worship of bloody sacrifices! Let us purge our minds, and
 “ lead virtuous and honest lives. His pleasure lies not in the magnificence of
 “ temples made with stones, but in the piety and devotion of consecrated
 “ hearts.” *Ib. c. 25.*

*When Seneca comes to reflect, says Augustin, upon the passages which he himself
 had seen in the capitol, he censures them with liberty and resolution; and no man
 would believe that such things would be done unless in mockery and pbenzy. What
 lamentation is there in Ægyptian sacrifices for the loss of Osiris! And then what
 joy for the finding him again! which he makes himself sport with; for in truth it is
 all a fiction. And yet these people, that neither lost nor found any thing, must
 express their sorrows and their rejoicings in the highest degree. “ But there is only
 “ a certain time, says he, for this treat, and once a year people may be allowed
 “ to be mad. I came into the capitol, says Seneca, where the several deities had
 “ their several servants and attendants, their lictors, their dressers, and all in
 “ posture and action, as if they were executing their offices; some to hold the
 “ glass, others to comb out Juno’s and Minerva’s hair; one to tell Jupiter what
 “ o’clock it is: some lasses there are, that sit gazing upon the image, and fancy
 “ Jupiter has a kindness for them. All these things, says Seneca, a wise man
 “ will observe for the law’s sake, more than for the gods: and all this rabble
 “ of deities, which the superstition of many ages has gathered together, we are
 “ in such manner to adore, as to consider the worship rather to be matter of
 “ custom, than of conscience.” Whereupon Augustin observes, that this illustrious
 Senator worshipped what he reprov’d, acted what he disliked, and adored
 what he condemn’d.*

*Extract of a Letter from Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.**Hawkeſworth, Vol. II. p. 179.*

YOU call *Tully* names to revenge *Cato's* quarrel. I am ready to fall foul on *Seneca*. You churchmen have cried him up for a great ſaint; and, as if you imagined, that to have it believed he had a *month's mind* to be a Chriſtian, would reflect ſome honour on Chriſtianity, you employed one of thoſe *pious frauds* ſo frequently practiſed in the days of primitive ſimplicity, to impoſe upon the world a pretended correſpondence between him and the great Apoſtle of the Gentiles *. Your partiality in his favour ſhall bias me no more than the pique which *Dion Caſſius* and others ſhew againſt him. Like an equitable judge I ſhall only tax him, with avarice in his proſperity, adulation in adverſity, and affectation in every ſtate of life †. Was I conſiderable enough to be baniſhed from my country ‡, methinks I would not purchaſe my reſtoration at the expence of writing ſuch a letter to the Prince himſelf, as your Chriſtian Stoic wrote to the Emperor's ſlave *Polybius* §. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with

* It conſiſts of thirteen letters, which ſeemed to *Jerom*, *Auguſtin*, and before them to *Pope Linus*, to have been genuine. *Johannes Sariſbenienſis* more boldly: *Deſpere videntur, qui non venerantur eum (Senecam) quem apoſtolicam familiaritatem meruiſſe conſtat: They ſeem to me to be very filly, who reverence not the man that was thought worthy of apoſtolical converſe.* But *Du Pin* acknowledges that the letters, now exhibited under this character, contain nothing worthy of the Apoſtle or Philoſopher; and have not the leaſt reſemblance to the ſtyle of either. This is likewiſe the judgment of the moſt learned among the modern critics. However I propoſe to give a tranſlation of them, for the ſatisfaction of the curious reader.

† So in Letter 14. “The founder of your ſect, that noble original, whom you think it ſo great an honour to reſemble, (*Seneca*) was a ſlave to the worſt part of the world, the court. And all his big words were the language of a ſlighted lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture.” This, I think, is going a little too far at the diſtance of near 2000 years from the time of *Seneca*. And I was not a little pleaſed to find a change of this kind ſo judiciously answered by the learned *Lipſius*.

‡ His Lordſhip certainly was conſiderable enough to be, at leaſt, ſelf-baniſhed for ſome years; which were eminently employed, as they will think, who can diſtinguiſh the grain from the chaff; and are candid enough to impute the latter to an unhappy prejudice and partiality; contracted in a country notorious for *Voltaireiſm*, and levity.

§ This treatiſe is ſuſpected by *Lipſius*. And if it be genuine, ſays he, *Pudet, pudet. Inimicus Senecæ fuit, et gloriæ ejus, quiſquis vulgavit. I am ſo much aſhamed of it, as to declare, that whoever publiſhed it, was no friend to Seneca or his honour.*

pleasure; though I join in condemning those points, which he introduced into the *Latin* style, those eternal witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions before he has convinced the judgment; which *Erasmus* *, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive †, but is perpetually entertaining: and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre.

An Extract from an After-thought, by Sir R. L'Esrange.

— IN few words, *Seneca* was a man made for meditation. He was undoubtedly a master of *choice thoughts*, and he employed the vigour of them upon a most illustrious subject. Beside that, this *ranging humour* of his (as Mr. *Hobs* expresses it) is accompanied with so wonderful a felicity of *lively* and *pertinent* reflections, even in the most ordinary occurrences of life; and his applications so happy also, that every man reads him over again within *himself*, and feels and confesses in his own heart the truth of his *doctrine*. What can be done more toward establishing of a right *principle*? For there is no test of the truth and reason of things, like that which has with it the assent of *universal nature*. As *Seneca* was much given to thinking, so he wrote principally for *thinking men*. The periods that he lays most stress upon, are only so many detachments, of *one select* thought from another; and every fresh *hint* furnishes a *new text* to work upon. So that the reading *Seneca*, without reading *upon him*, does but the one half of our business: for his *innuendoes* are infinitely more instructive than his words at length; and there is no coming at him in those heights without a *serious reflection*.

P. S. Books and dishes of meat have this common fate; there never was *any one* of *either* of them, that pleased all palates. And in truth, it is a thing as little to be wished for, as expected: for an universal applause is at least two-

* *Quin ubique plurimus videtur jocorum affectator, etiam in rebus maximè seriis. Erasmi de Seneca.*

† Perhaps so, to a man of Lord *Bolingbroke's* spirit, learning and knowledge of the world. But I flatter myself, that many of a lower class, for whom this work is principally calculated, will, upon a perusal of these sheets, (with an humble and well-disposed mind,) find and acknowledge their satisfaction, and, it may be, improvement, in the best of all knowledge, the knowledge of *moral duty*.

birds of a scandal. So that though I deliver up these papers to the press, I invite no man to the reading of them: and whosoever reads and repents, it is his own fault. In short, *as I made this composition principally for myself (some years ago,) so it agrees exceeding well with my constitution;* and yet if any man has a mind to take part with me, he has free leave and welcome: but let him carry this consideration with him, *that he is a very unmannerly guest, that presses upon another body's table, and then quarrels with his dinner.*

I make little doubt but that the Reader will excuse my supplying this blank page with the honest apology of my predecessor in this work, *Mr. Doctor Lodge*, the translator of *Seneca's* works in 1620.

Let me intreat this favour at thy hands, courteous Reader, to pretend this translation to bee a garden, wherein though thou maiest find many wholesome herbs, goodly flowers, and rich medicines; yet can it not be but some weedes may rankly shoot out, which may smother or obscure the light and lustre of the better. Play the good gardner I pray thee, and pulling up the weedes, make thy profit of the flowers. If thou wilt correct, bee considerate before thou attempt, lest in pretending to roote out one, thou commit many errors. What a Stoicke hath written, reade thou like a Christian. If any doubts entangle thy judgment, have recourse to the sacred synod of learned and pious divines; whose judgment will seleēt thee out that which is for thy soules profit, and dissuade thee from admitting that, which may either deprave thy judgment or corrupt thy soule. The fruite I expect for my labour at thy hands, is onely this; to interpret mine actions to the best, and to correct with thy pen, that which other men less advised, have omitted by overhastie labour. Farewell, and enjoy the fruits, which I have planted for thy profit; which though these times may haply neglect, the future may both applaude and allow. Vale.

Thine in all vertuous endeavor,

THOM. LODGE.



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

E P I S T L E I.

On the Value and Use of Time. (a)

THIS do, my *Lucilius*; vindicate the dignity of man: be your own master: and such hours as have hitherto been forcibly taken from you, or stolen unawares, or have slipped by inadvertently, recollect, and for the future turn to some account. You may be assured what I say is true: part of our time we are obliged to sacrifice to office and power; friendship and common occurrences steal another part; and another slides away insensibly: but most scandalous is the loss of it when owing to negligence and dissipation: and yet small attention will evince, that great part of life (*b*) is spent in doing ill, a greater in doing nothing, and too often the whole in doing little or nothing to the great purpose of being. Where will you find (*c*) a man who sets any value upon time? who rates a day, or seems to understand that *he dies daily*? (*d*) For herein are we deceived; we look forwards at death; whereas death, in a great measure, is already passed: all the lapsed years of life are in the tenure of death (*e*). Act therefore, my *Lucilius*, as you inform me you do. Embrace every hour (*f*): the stronger hold you have on to-day, the less will be your dependance on to-morrow. Life, however unimproved, still glides away. There is nothing (*g*) we can properly call our own, but *Time*: all other things are foreign to us: nature hath put us in possession of this one fleeting transitory boon;

which any one deprives us of at pleasure (*b*): and so great is the folly of mortals, that, when by entreaty they have obtained things of the lowest value, mere trifles, at least such as are payable again, they suffer them to be set to their account; but no one thinks himself indebted, who hath borrowed *Time*; whereas this is the only thing that the most grateful heart cannot repay.

You will ask, perhaps, how I act myself, who am giving you this advice? I will confess ingenuously; it is with me, as with those who are luxurious, and yet not quite negligent of their affairs. I still keep an account of my expences; I cannot say, I lose nothing; but I can tell you what I lose, and why, and in what manner. I am not ashamed (*i*) to own the cause of my poverty: but it happens to me, as to many who have been reduced to indigence, not merely by their own misconduct: all men are ready to excuse and pity, but none to assist them. What then? I can by no means think him a poor man, who hath still enough (*k*), however small a portion it be, wherewith to be content. But may you, my friend, still keep your own; and seize the opportunity to use it properly. For as our ancestors wisely judged,—Sera parsimonia in fundo est,—*It is too late to be sparing, when the vessel is almost out* (*l*). As not only a little (*m*) but the worst of every thing generally remains at the bottom.

ANNOTATIONS, REFERENCES, &c.

(*a*) The antients had several curt and wise sentences among them, which they supposed some God the author of, (as if they had been always sensible of the necessity of divine revelation, and were ready to acknowledge the obligation,) such were, *Know thyself, Obey God, Nothing too much*, and the like; but one of the most celebrated among them, is, *χρῶν φιλοῦ*, *Tempori parce, Husband well your Time*. (See Cic. de Fin. l. 3. Clem. Alex. Strom. I. Stobæ l. III. Erasm. Adag. Muret. in loc.) This then Seneca makes the subject of his first Epistle; and parallel to it, is the exhortation of his cotemporary, our Apostle, *Ephes. 5. 16. Col. 4. 5. Redeeming our Time, &c.* (See Ep. 117. Plin. Ep. l. 9.

(*b*) *That great part of life*] Oporæus from four MSS. reads it, *Maxima vitæ pars elabitur malè agentibus, magna nihil agentibus, tota vita aliud agentibus*. (See this passage explained in Alciat Parergon Juris, l. 4, c. 14.

(*c*) *Where will you find*—

On all-important Time, through every age,
Tho' much and warm the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
I've lost a day; the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an Emperor without his crown.—*Young*.

(*d*) *He*

(d) *He dies daily*] 1 Cor. xv. 31. Καθ' ἡμέραν ἀποθνῄσκω.

(e) *In the tenure of death*] Ἡμεῖς ἔπι. τι ἀρχομεθα (ὡν τότε ἀποθνήσκομεν. Theophrast.

As soon as we begin to live, we die. Or, When to live, we then begin to die. Οὕτως καὶ ἡμεῖς γινηθέντες ἐξελθόμεν, ὥστε ὡς ὅταν γεννηθῶμεν, ἀρχομεν τὸ θάνατον. Wisdom. v. 13. (See Epist. 12. 24. 58. 120.)

(f) *Embrace every hour*] — Throw years away!

Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize;
Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. — *Id.*

— Sapere aude:

Incipe. Qui rectè vivendi prorogat horam
Rusticus expectat, dum defluit amnis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. — *Hor.*

*Dare to be wise: begin. By virtue's rule
Who so defers to live, is like the fool,
Who staves, expecting the whole river gone;
Which flows, and will for ever still flow on.*

(g) *There is nothing—*] All sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on Time as nothing; nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's — *Young.*

(b) *Which every one deprives us of at pleasure*

Ex quâ nos expellit, quicumque vult.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires;
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?—
O Time, than gold more sacred! — *Young.*

But we are so perverse, that however avaritious and tenacious we are of other things, we are extreme y prodigal of Time; we freely grant, at least, part of it to any one that asks it, and are never upon our guard against those thieves, that in a friendly way steal it from us. *The pilferer of a sixpence upon the road is without remorse committed to the gallows, whilst he who steals my Time, is under no obligation to apologize for his conduct.* May we not complain here of the inequality of the legislature? For surely nothing is more precious than Time. *Nu lâ re ita nos egemus ut tempore.* *There is nothing we are so much in want of as time.* Zeno — And Theophrastus was used to say, Πολυτελής ἀναλωμαχία, *Nothing is more expensive than the loss of Time.* — And this, according to Gronovius, is undoubtedly the sense of the place: but some read it, Ex quâ non expellit—i. e. *No one is deprived of this treasure, but he that will not use it aright, or who suffers it to be taken, or stolen from him.* — Oplandus from a MS. Ex quâ non expellitur—and Erasmus still differently, Ex quâ expellit quemcunque vult; i. e. *Nature hath given man this possession, but resumes it at pleasure.* And so the old French, *De laquelle elle chasse quiconque elle veut.*

(i) *I am not ashamed*] Alluding to his attendance at court.

(k) *Who hath still enough*] Old as I am, I complain not of the few days that remain for me in this life, but am satisfied with them, and am determined to improve them to the best advantage. — Happy resolution!

(l) *It is too late*] From Hesiod, c. 366.

Αἰχόρῳ δὲ πῖθῃ καὶ ληγεῖτος ποτῖσαςθαι
Μισσοῖσι φειδεδίει· δειλὴ δ' ἐνὶ πυθμῶσι φειδῶ.
*The barrel full, drink deeply, if you please;
Then spare: 'twill be too late, when on the lets.*

Perfius alludes to the same in Sat. II.

— Donec deceptus et exspes

Nequicquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.

Thus vainly dreams the wretch, and still spends on,

'Till a poor desperate guinea left alone

In silence mourns his dear companions gone.

And not unlike this is our proverb, *When the steed is stolen, he shuts the stable door.* Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno. *Ἰωv. Sat. III. Προμηθεύς ἰστί μετὰ τὰ πρᾶγματα. Lucian.* And that of the French. *Après la mort le medicin. After death the doctor.* (See *Erasm. Adag. 2. 2. 64.*)

(*m*) *As not only a little*] *Antiphanes* speaking of life, says,

Σφοδρ' ἰστίv ἡμῶν ὁ βίος ὡς οὐκ ἀποφθέρῃς / *Σίττω*

Ὅταν ἢ τὸ λοιπὸν μικρὸν, δέξος γινεται.

Our life like wine, when but few years are past,

Is brisk and strong; but vinegar at last.

EPISTLE II.

On Study; and true Riches. (a)

I AM happy, *Lucilius*, in conceiving great hopes of you, both from what you write, and from what I hear of you: it seems, you are no wanderer, nor apt to disquiet yourself in vain with change of place; a restlessness which generally springs from some malady in the mind. The chief testimony, I apprehend, of a mind truly calm and composed, is, that it is consistent with, and can enjoy itself.

Be pleased likewise to consider that the reading many authors, and books of all sorts, betrays a vague and unsteady disposition. You must attach yourself to some in particular, and thoroughly digest what you read, if you would entrust the faithful memory with any thing of use. He that is every-where, is no-where (*b*). They who spend their time in travelling, meet indeed with many an host, but few friends. This is necessarily the case of those, who apply not familiarly to any one study, but run over every thing cursorily and in haste. The food profits not, nor gives due nourishment

nourishment to the body, that abides not some time therein. Nothing so much prevents the recovery of health, as a frequent change of supposed remedies. A wound is not soon healed, when different salves are tried by way of experiment. A plant thrives not, nor can well take root, that is moved from place to place. What profits only accidentally, *in passing*, is of little Use. Variety of books distracts the mind; when you cannot read, therefore, all that you have; it is enough to have only what you can read (c). But you will say, you have a mind sometimes to amuse yourself, with one book and sometimes with another: it is a sign, my friend, of a nice and squeamish stomach, to be tasting many viands, which, as they are various and of different qualities, rather corrupt than nourish. Read therefore always the most approved authors, and if you are pleased at any time to taste others, by way of amusement, still return to those as your principal study. Be continually treasuring up something to arm you against poverty, something against the fear of death and other the like evils, incident to man. And when you have read sufficiently, make a reserve of some particular sentiment for that day's meditation.

Such is my own practice: of the many things I read, I generally select one for observation: for instance, to-day I have been reading *Epicurus* (d): (for you must know I sometimes make an excursion into the enemy's camp, not by way of deserter, but as a spy;) *cheerful poverty*, says he, *is an excellent thing*. Now I cannot conceive, how that state can be called *poor*, which is *cheerful*. The man, whose poverty sits easy upon him, is rich (e). Not he that hath little, but he that desireth more, is the poor man. For what avails it, how much a man hath in his chest, or in his barns; what stock he has in the field, or what money at interest; if he is still hankering after another's wealth: if he is ever counting, not what he has got already, but what he may get (f)? Do you ask me, what I take to be the proper *mean of wealth*? I will tell you:—first, a *supply of necessaries*; 2dly, an *easy competency* (g).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Was I to have inscribed this Epistle to any one, according to my first design, it would have been to a Rev. D. D. whom I know to have read as many books as any one of the present age; and wrote not a few: and yet he is thought very deficient in his manner, and elegance of style: but he is my friend;—and so I will take the censure upon myself, as conscious of having richly deserved it. In 1725, of the first sermon I preached upon a publick occasion, I submitted the MS. to my friend Doctor Gretton, who returned it with the following compliment. —

“ In polite writings we use no parentheses; in philosophical the fewer the better. You do not want invention; your thoughts crowd upon you; but I think a little classical arrangement is wanting, and a few connecting particles; or rather a more perpetuated thread of discourse: you come nearer Seneca than Tully; the *Arena sine calce*.”

And, I fear, I cannot boast any great improvement in 1780: the reason, (as Seneca here expresseth it) because Nullius me ingenio familiariter applicavi, sed omnia cursim et properans transmisit. The courteous reader will excuse an old man's talking of himself. Perhaps it may have some use. — N. B. The 28th Epistle turns upon much the same argument with this.

(b) *He that —*] Quisquis ubique habitat, Nævole, nusquam habitat.—*Martial*.

Fig: Οξυμω ορ—Reviviscantis imperii spes Fabius fuit. Qui novam de Hannibale victoriam commentus est, nolle pugnare.

(c) *When you cannot —*] Fig. Antimetathesis —So *Pliny. Paneg.* Non ideo vicisse videris, ut triumphares, sed triumphare, ut vinceres.

(d) You will recollect here that *Seneca* was not an *Epicurean* but a *Stoic*.

(e) *The man who se—*] So in the foregoing Epistle,

Non puto pauperem, cui quantulumcumque superest, sat est. *I cannot think him poor, who hath wherewithal to be content.*

(f) *Is ever counting—*] Non quod habet numerat tantum quod non habet optat.

Manil.

(g) *Quod sat est.*] *Lucilius*, the old Roman poet, argues thus—

Nam si, quod satis est homini, id satis esse potisset,
Hoc sat erat: nunc cum hoc non est, qui credimus porro,
Divitias ullas animum mi explere potisse?

*No wealth can satisfy the man, who thinks,
What is sufficient, not enough for him.*

E P I S T L E III.

On Friendship.

YOU inform me, *Lucilius*, that you have sent letters to me by your *friend*, and then desire me not to communicate with him all that I know of you; for this, you say, is not what you would chuse to do yourself: and is not this to own, and deny him, at the same time, to be your friend (*a*)? You seem to use the word as a common appellation, and to call him *friend*, as we call all candidates for an office, *good men*; and accost those whose name does not immediately occur, with, *Dear Sir* (*b*). Be this as it will; yet know, that if you think any one your friend, whom you dare not trust as far as you would your ownself, you are greatly mistaken, and know not the importance of true friendship.

It may be necessary to consult and advise with a friend in everything, but it is proper first to know him (*c*). After friendship contracted all trust is due; but a judicious choice must precede it. They strangely blend the duties relating to friendship, who, contrary to the precept of Theophrastus, when they have fixed the fancy, think it time enough to judge, rather than, having judged, embrace the friend. Consider with yourself, for some time, whether such a one is worthy to be received into your bosom, and if he seems a proper person, admit him with your whole heart. Converse as frankly and boldly (*d*) with him, as you would with your ownself. Yet live so, *Lucilius*, as to commit nothing but what you dare trust even with an enemy.

However, as many things may intervene, which, from their own nature or custom, are termed *secrets*; these belong to the province of a friend; with whom you must communicate all your cares, and all your counsels. This is the way to make him faithful (*e*) indeed: for many have taught others to deceive by an apprehension of being deceived themselves; and, by an unjust suspicion, given others a right, as it were, to offend in this point.

Why then should I be upon the reserve with my friend? Why should I not think myself alone, even in his presence?

Some people are apt to blab to every one they meet what ought to be entrusted only with friends; and to disburthen themselves of whatever may chance to wring them, by teasing every ear with the doleful tale: there are others, who are afraid of the consciousness of their dearest conversants; nay, they are so obstinately close, with regard to every secret, that, if possible, they would not trust their own consciences with them. They are both in the wrong; it is no less a fault to trust every one, than to trust no one (*f*): only the former I take to be a more generous error, the latter a more safe one.

In like manner are they worthy reprehension, who are always restless, or always indolent: for to delight in bustle and tumult is not *industry*, but the conflict of a disorder'd mind; nor is it to be called *ease*, that thinks every the least motion irksome, but rather languor, and dissipation. I will therefore recommend to you what I read in *Pomponius* (*g*). *There have been those*, says he, *who have so devoted themselves to solitude, in some dark corner, as to think every thing without to be trouble and confusion.* These two things are to be interwoven, as it were, together, *Rest* and *Labour*. If you examine Nature; she will tell you, she made both the Day and the Night.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *To be your friend*] In this double sense of the word is that of *Socrates*, Ω φίλοι πάντες φίλος, *ye are all my friends, and yet I have no friend.*

(*b*) *Sir*] *Dominum*. So, *Martial*.

Cum te non nossem, Dominum Regemque vocabam.

Cum voco te Dominum, noli tibi, Cinna, placere,

Sæpe etiam servum sic refaluto meum. *Id.*

Be not proud, Cinna, that I call you, Sir;

Oft bears my slave the same, an idle cur!

Or thus:

I call you Sir, yet smile not at the name,

For, Cinna, oft my servant bears the same.

Muretus likewise quotes a Greek epigram, but as all the wit lies in the pun, it is not worth translating.

Ἦν ὁ φίλος τὴ λαβῆ, δομῆ φρατερ αἰσῆσι

Ἦν δὲ λαβῆ μὲν, τὸ φρατερ ἴσῆσι μου.

Ὅτι γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ρήματα· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε

Οὐκ ἴδῆμι δομῆ· ἢ γὰρ ἔχω δομῆσι.

(*Vid. Torrent. in Suet. Aug. 33. Claud. 39. Lips. in l. 2. Tac. Ann. Brisson. l. 8. de Form.*

(c) *First to know him*] Sidonius, p. 304. Est enim consuetudinis meæ, ut eligam ante, post deligam. *It is my way, to chuse first, and love afterwards.*—The precept of *Theophrastus* here referred to, is, ὅτι οὐ κρίναντα φίλων, ἀλλ' ἂν φίλῶντα κρίνω, *It is proper to judge, before we fix our affection, rather than to fix it before we have formed our judgment.* An excellent precept for the young of both sexes, but especially for the fair sex!

(d) *As boldly*] This has not always been thought true policy, Ita crede amico, *suit* Publius, ne sit inimico locus. *So trust a friend, as to leave no room for his becoming your enemy.* And *Sophocles* Aj. 650.

— Ἦς τι τὸν φίλον

Τεσσαῦδ' ὑπεργῶν ὠφελῶν βλαησομαι
Ὡς αἰὼν μινωτα· Τοῖς πολλοῖσι γὰρ
Βροτῶν ἀπιστος ἐστ' ἰταρίας λιμπη.

*And so assist and love my friend, as if
One day he would forsake me; for to many
The hav'n of friendship proves a faithless hav'n.*

(e) *To make him faithful*] So *Livy*, Vult sibi quisque credi et habita fides ipsam obligat fidem. *Every one is desirous of credit; and to trust, is the way to be trusted.* And *Pintarch*, in his *Connubial Precepts*, Πιστὴ καὶ τὸ πισθίωσι δοκῶν πισθίωσθαι, καὶ τὸ φίλων φίλῶσθαι· *To believe, is an inducement to be believed; and to love, to be beloved.*

(f) *To trust no one*] So, *Phædrus*, Periculosum est credere et non credere. *To believe, and not to believe, are alike dangerous.* Πιστῆς δ' ἄρα ὁμῶς καὶ ἀπιστίας ὠλιγον ἀνδρας.

Both trust, and diffidence, are alike destructive. *Hesiod.*

(g) *Pomponius*] There was a tragic poet of this name, and others; but as this sentence has not a poetical turn, *Lipsius* reads it *Pompeius*, the philosopher.

(h) *Osborne*, in his discourse, *On the greatness and corruption of the Church of Rome*, having just before spoken of *Seneca*, seems to have fallen into his style; so widely different from any other part of his writings.—“There is nothing, says he, idleness and peace makes not worse; labour and exercise better: the tree that stands in the weather, roots best and deepest: the running water and air that is agitated are most wholesome and sweet. The cause of this, must be deduced from God's eternal decree, that nothing in nature should remain idle and without motion.”

E P I S T L E IV.

On the Study of Philosophy; from whence the Contempt of Death, and also of Wealth and Grandeur.

Persevere, *Lucilius*, as you have begun; and be as expeditious as possible; that, being once master of a regular, and well-informed mind, (a) you may the longer enjoy it. There is a pleasure indeed in endeavouring to

regulate and reform the mind, but how much more exquisite is that, which arises from the contemplation of a mind ever innocent and pure? You yet remember the joy of heart you felt, when, laying aside *the vest and tunic*, you put on the *manly robe*, and was introduced to the *Prætor*. Expect still greater joy, when you shall have cast off all puerile inclinations, and philosophy has ranked you in the class of *men*. We may have passed indeed our childhood, when what is more grievous, childishness still remains: and, what is yet worse, we are old men in authority, but boys in vices and imperfections; not only boys, but meer infants (*b*). As those are afraid of the most light and trivial things, and these of vain bugbears; so we are afraid of both.

Only pursue your studies; and you will find, that some things, the more they are dreaded, are the less to be feared: the last evil is nothing: Death approaches: what then? you might have been afraid of him, could he abide with you; but he no sooner comes, than he is gone (*c*). It is hard however, you say, to bring your mind to a contempt of life. See you not upon what frivolous occasions it is often contemned? One hangs himself, at the door of his cruel mistress; another breaks his neck from the top of an house (*d*), to avoid the threatening wrath of his master; and another, when he has played the runaway, stabs himself, to prevent his being carried home.

Think you that Virtue cannot as effectually dissipate the fear of Death, as base timidity? No man can enjoy life with complacency, who is too solicitous to prolong it, and esteems as the greatest happiness the number of Consuls he lives to see. Let such be your daily meditation, as will enable you, with an equal mind, at any time, to let go your hold of life; which some are so tenacious of, as to embrace it with painful endurance: like those, who, being carried along by a torrent, catch at briars, or any thing, be it ever so sharp, that is within their reach. Most men are apt to waver, miserably, between the fear of death, and the torments of life. They are unwilling to live, and know not how to die (*e*). Render life therefore pleasant to you, by casting away all solicitude about it. No good can truly delight the possessor, unless his mind be prepared against the loss of it: and no loss is easier to be borne, than of that which cannot

be recalled, or again expected. Against all accidents therefore, which even the most mighty are subject to, exhort and harden yourself continually. Consider that a fatherless child (*f*), and an eunuch, bore sentence against the life of *Pompey*, and put it in execution. A cruel and insolent *Parthian* slew *Crassus* (*g*). *Caius Cæsar* (*b*) commanded *Lepidus* to bow down his neck to the stroke of *Decimus* the tribune; and he did the same himself to the rake *Chærea*. Fortune hath advanced no one so high, as not to threaten him with the same treatment, with which she had permitted him to treat others. Trust not your present tranquillity. The sea in a moment is ruffled into a storm; and the ships that were dancing in safety upon the wave, are, in that instant, wrecked, and swallowed up. Consider that a robber as well as an enemy may cut your throat: and supposing you are safe from any higher power; life and death (*i*) are at the will of a menial servant: yes; let any one not fear death, and he is master of your life. Recollect the instances you have known of those, who have fallen by domestic treachery, either by open force, or surprize; and you will find that as many have perished by the resentment of slaves, as of kings. What avails it therefore to you, how powerful he is, whom you are afraid of; if what you fear, is in every one's power to execute? Or if you should be taken by an enemy, and he should command you to be led where he pleases, even to death; why do you deceive yourself, and think this the first time of your suffering that, which you have daily undergone! For I affirm that, from the hour you was born, Nature led you the same way (*k*). In these and the like considerations the mind must be continually exercised; if, with a pleasing satisfaction, you would expect that last hour, which makes all the rest disagreeable.

But to conclude this epistle; be pleased to accept a sentence, which, this very day, gave me no small delight; and which flower I likewise stole from another's garden. *Magnæ divitiæ sunt lege naturæ composita paupertas. Poverty measured by the law of Nature is great riches.* Now, do you know what this law of nature requires? Only not to hunger, not to thirst, or be cold for want of clothing. To expel hunger and thirst, there is no necessity of sitting in a palace, and submitting to the supercilious brow, and contumelious favour of the rich and great: there is no necessity of sailing upon the deep, or of following the camp. What nature wants is every-where

to be found, and attainable without much difficulty : whereas superfluities require the sweat of the brow ; for these we are obliged to dress anew ; are compelled to grow old in the field ; and driven to foreign shores. A sufficiency is always at hand.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 1. Traditi boni perpetua possessio est, &c. *The possession of good is everlasting ; no one who hath once learned virtue can forget it, &c.*

(b) See Ep. xxiv. cxv. Lucret. ii. 54.

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt : sic nos in luce timemus.
Interdum nihilo quæ sunt metuenda magis, quam
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant finguntque futura.
*For like as children in the dark of night
Tremble and start ; so we ev'n in the light ;
Fearful like them, of shadows, light and vain,
The idle fancies of a childish brain.*

(c) *Thou art gone*] How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death ! I find its sovereign cure.
Why start at death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd,
Is past ; not come, or gone ; he's never here.
*Imagination's fool, and Error's wretch,
Man makes a death which Nature never made ;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.* Young.

(d) *Another breaks his neck*] Hic se præcipitem tectò dedit, ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus. Hor.
*A desperate leap one luckless caitiff tries ;
Torn by the flagrant lash another dies.* Francis.

(e) *Unwilling to live*] Such the rebuke of *Epicætitus*. Ουμασθὸι ἀνδρῶποι, μήτε ζῆν θέλοντες, μήτε ἀποθνήσκουσιν. *Strange men as ye are, who are neither willing to live, nor to die.*

(f) *A fatherless child*] A stronger instance of the instability of human greatness is scarce to be found in history than this, the fall and death of *Pompey the Great* : having fled to Egypt for protection in his last distress, where reigned young *Ptolemy*, (who was just come of age, and had been highly obliged to *Pompey*, for the friendship and favour which he had shewn his father) he was there assassinated, (by order of the young King, and one *Pothinus*, his tutor, and prime minister of state) his head cut off, and his body thrown and exposed upon the shore.—But not long after, the generous *Cæsar* ordered *Pothinus*, and *Achillas* the assassin, to be slain ; and the young King, having been overthrown in battle, fled away in disguise, and was never heard of afterwards. See *Plutarch's Life of Pompey*.

(g) *M. Crassus* killed in a tumult by a Parthian, called *Pomaxaitres*. His son was before slain by the Parthians ; and his head brought to his father by way of insult. See his *Life* in *Plutarch*.

(h) *Caius Cæsar*] *Caligula*, Emperor, slain by *Cassius Chærea*, tribune of the Prætorian Cohort, in the 9th year of his age, and the 4th of his reign. See his *Life* by *Suetonius*.

(i) *Life and Death*] Contempfit omnes ille, qui mortem prius. Sen.

Nihil est difficile persuadere, persuasis mori. *Justin*.

There is nothing so difficult but what you may persuade a man to do, who is not afraid to die.

(k) *Nature led you the same way*] See *Epist. 1, xxiv.*

E P I S T L E V*.

Against the Affectation of Singularity—On Hope and Fear.

IT demands my approbation, and gives me infinite pleasure, to find, *Lucilius*, that you pursue your studies with attention, and make it the chief, to improve daily in goodness and virtue. I not only exhort, but earnestly beseech you, to persevere. But this too I must advise you, that you affect not to be singular, either in your dress, or manner of life; like those who are ambitious, not with a design of doing any good, but of being taken notice of (*a*). Pretend not to an uncouth habit, slovenly to neglect the hair and beard, to declare a sworn aversion to a piece of plate, to lie on the ground, or to exhibit any other extraordinary mark of perverse ambition (*b*). The very name of *Philosophy*, however modestly and decently pursued, is invidious enough, and ever subject to calumny. What if we have determined to withdraw ourselves from the ordinary converse of men; let all the difference lie *within*, but let our outward appearance (*c*) be the same with that of other people. Let not the outer garment be either gawdy, or mean and fordid: let us not sigh after plate, silver or gold, embossed, and decorated with arms and mottos; nor think it a sign of frugality to be quite destitute either of gold or silver: let us act upon this principle, not to lead a life *contrary* to the generality of men, but a better (*d*): otherwise, they, whom we propose to instruct and reform, will fly from and avoid us; besides, our conversants will think nothing worthy their imitation, when they are afraid they must imitate all we do. Now this is what philosophy chiefly recommends to her pupils, *sound sense, common humanity, and the social virtues*; so as to converse with those, whom the disparity of our profession separates us from.

Let us also beware, lest intending to be admired, we make ourselves ridiculous and odious. Our business is to live according to Nature (*e*); but it is contrary to Nature, to afflict the body, to hate decency and cleanliness, and to diet one's self, not only with cheap food, but with such as

is gross and horrid (*f*). As it is luxury to covet dainties, it is folly and madness to reject such things as are in common use and easily to be obtained. Philosophy preaches temperance and frugality, not severe mortification: and frugality may be decent, and not inelegant. This then is the mean that I should chuse, a life tempered between politeness and vulgarity; let all men admire it, but at the same time see and acknowledge, that there is nothing so extraordinary in it, but what is practicable. What then? Must we act, in all respects, like other men? Shall there be no difference between us and the commonalty? Yes surely; he will find a great difference, who more narrowly inspects our conduct. Whoever comes into a house of ours, let him admire the *man*, and not the furniture. He is great, who useth his earthen vessels as contentedly as if they were silver; nor less to be esteemed is he, who useth silver not more proudly than if it was earthenware. It betrays a weak mind not to be sufficient for the support of wealth.

But to make you a small present of the fruit I gathered to-day, know, that I have learned from our *Hecaton* (*g*), that to set bounds to our desires is a sure remedy against fear. Defines timere, si sperare desieris. *If you cease to hope, says he, you will cease to fear.* But you will say, how can things so very dissimilar have any effect upon each other? I will tell you; dissimilar as they seem to be, there is a connection between them. As the same chain holds both the prisoner and his guard (*b*), so do these two affections, however contrary they may seem to each other, march linked together: and fear follows hope. Nor do I wonder at this; since both belong to a mind in suspense; and anxious concerning what may happen. But the principal cause of both is, that we disregard the present, and extend our views to things at a distance. Forecast therefore, an indisputable good to man, is turned into evil. Brute beasts fly such dangers as they are sensible of; and, having escaped them, rest secure. But we are tortured, both with what is past, and with what is to come. Thus many things, really good in themselves, hurt us: for, memory recalls, and forecast anticipates, the torment of fear. No one is wretched from what is present only.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

* According to my first design, I had inscribed this Epistle to my late friend Dr. Rawlinson: the propriety of it, I believe, would not be doubted by those who knew him.

(a) *Of being taken notice of*] Conſpici. In Scripture language, *πρὸς τὸ διαδῆσαι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις*, *To be seen of men.* Matth. xxiii. v.—*Horace* ridicules some of his time, who in like manner affected to be thought poets.

Nanciscetur enim nomen pretiumque poetæ—
Si tribus Anticyris caput infanabile nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiserit.—

*A poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,
If long their beards; incurable their brain.* Francis.

(b) *Muretus* observes, that not only wisdom, but oftentimes ambition affects a fordid garb; nor are any men more solicitous for fame and glory, than they who pursue it under a pretence of flying from it. So when *Diogenes*, the cynic, told *Plato*, “that he despised and trampled upon his pride,” “*True, said Plato, you do so; but with more pride.*”—And *Aristotle* imputes the fordid and negligent dress of the *Lacedæmonians* to pride and arrogance.

(c) *Our outward appearance*] Though the Apostle says *our conversation is in heaven*, Phil. iii. 20, yet he condescends to be made all things to all men, that, at least, he might save some. 1 Cor. ix. 18, 22.

(d) *But a better*] I should be sorry, if any of my brethren, who may chance to read this Epistle, did not effectually feel this, and other excellent precepts exhibited herein.

(e) *According to Nature*] See Epist. 41. De vit. beat. c. 3.

(f) *Erasmus* justly thinks this applicable to the beastly crew of monks and friers, and all such as affect singularity and unnecessary wretchedness in dress and diet. And the ingenious *Francis Osborne* reckons this among the causes of the defection from the church of *Rome*. “The seeking to maintain a greater shew of piety, than was suitable to human frailty and the comforts of life.” The frier's habit being no less nasty than unseemly, and therefore shunned by nicer judgments, and those of parts, not so capable of temptation from any thing, as pleasure and profit. Or if such austerity was called for, in relation to external zeal, (the parade of all religions, and fit to be mustered up often in the eyes of the people) yet the generality might have been left to more decent accoutrements, by which they had become sociable unto others, and not loathsome to themselves.

(g) *Hecaton*, the Stoic philosopher, a disciple of *Panætius*. He lived at *Rhodes*.

(b) *And his guard*] This sort of military guard *Manilius* supposed born under the influence of the constellation *Andromeda*.

Vinctorum Dominus, sociusque in parte catenæ,

Interdum pœnis innoxia corpora servat l. 5.

The prisoner's keeper, partner of his chain,

Of saves the guiltless from the threaten'd pain. See Ep. 70 and 78.

THE EPISTLES OF

EPISTLE VI.

On Friendship and Conversation. (a)

I AM very sensible, *Lucilius*, that I am not only improved (*a*), but, as it were, transformed (*b*); and yet I pretend not to say, or expect, that there is nothing, in the common course of life, that requires further improvement. There are many things that still call for reformation: some affections to be checked and lowered, others to be encouraged and raised. And indeed I think this is a sign of the mind's being improved, when it can see those faults, of which it was ignorant before. In some maladies, a sensibility of pain gives hopes of recovery. I was therefore desirous to acquaint you with my sudden change; as I then began to have more confidence of our friendship; *that* true friendship, which neither hope, nor fear, nor any interested view can disunite; *that*, which men carry to the last, and for which they would not scruple to die. I could name several, who wanted not a friend (*c*), but friendship. Now this cannot happen, where minds are possessed with an uniformity of will, to act honourably. And why can it not? Because they know that all things, and more especially adversity, are to be held in common.

You cannot imagine what new improvements I collect every day. "Inform me, you say, of the means, which you have experimentally found of so great efficacy." It is my desire so to do: I will transmit every thing to you; and am glad to learn, in order to instruct (*d*). Nor indeed would any thing give me pleasure, however excellent and salutary it might be, was I to keep the knowledge of it to myself. Was wisdom offered me under such restriction, as to be obliged to conceal it, I would reject it. No enjoyment whatever can be agreeable without participation. I will therefore send you the books themselves; and that you may not waste much time, in searching after the useful and profitable, as it lies scattered in several places, I will set some mark, (*in the margin, or otherwise*) whereby you may immediately recur to those passages, which I both approve and admire.

Yet

Yet after all (e), conversation and familiarity will have better effect than any thing written, or a formal speech. You must come hither, and be present with us; first, because men give greater credit to their eyes, than to their ears; and secondly, the way by precept is long and tedious; whereas that of example is short and powerful. *Cleanthes* had never resembled *Zeno*, if he had been satisfied only with his lectures. He was intimate with him, privy to all his secrets, and diligently observed, whether he lived up to his own rule. *Plato* and *Aristotle* (f), and the whole tribe of philosophers of various sects (g), learned more from the morals of *Socrates*, than from his preachments. It was not the school of *Epicurus*, but familiarity that made *Metrodorus* (b), *Hermachus*, and *Polyænus*, so eminent in the world. Nor do I invite you hither, merely for your good, but my own; as in conference each may assist the other in many points. In the mean while, as, according to custom, I owe you every day something by way of a small present, I will inform you, wherein *Hecaton* to-day gave me great pleasure: “Do you ask, says he, what improvement I have made of late?—*Amicum esse mihi cæpi; I have learned to be a friend to myself.* Great improvement this indeed! Such a one can never be said to be alone: for know, that he, who is a friend to himself, is a friend to all mankind.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) There is an excellent commentary on this subject in *Plutarch*, entitled, *How a man may know the improvement he makes in virtue.*

(b) *Transformed*] *Tran-figurari*, which relates entirely to the *mind*, or *inner man*. So the Apostle—*Circumcision availeth nothing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.* Gal. 6. xv. If a man be in Christ, he is a new creature. *Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new.* 11 Cor. 5. 17.

(c) *A friend*] i. e. A common friend. See *Epist.* iii.

(d) *I am glad to learn, in order to instruct*] *Cato ap. Cic. de Fin. 3.*—*Impellimur natura ut prodesse velimus, imprimisque docendo rationibusque prudentiæ tradendis. Itaque non facile est invenire, qui quod sciat ipse, non tradat alteri. A natural impulse directs every man to do good to as many as he can, and especially by instructing and forming them to the purposes of wisdom. And indeed it is not easy to find a man who is not communicative to another of the knowledge he possesses himself. We therefore have a propensity to teach as well as to learn.*

So the old Poet *Lucilius* — *Id me.*

*Nolo scire mihi, cujus sum conscius solus,
Ne damnum faciam. Scire est nescire, nisi id me
Scire alius scierit. —*

Which *Persius* in fewer words—

*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.
For it is nothing worth that lies conceal'd:
And science is not science till reveal'd. Dryden.*

(e) *Yet after all*] Plus tamen tibi viva vox—proderit.

—Præterea multo magis, ut vulgo dicitur, *viva vox* afficit.

Nam licet aciora sint quæ legas, altius tamen in animo

Sedent quæ pronuntiatio, vultus, habitus, gestus etiam dicentis affigit.

Plin. Ep. iii. l. 2.

Bifides, according to the proverb, what the ear hears stands in no need to be guessed at. And suppose what you read in itself more affecting, yet certainly the pronunciation, the countenance, the dress, the gesture, of an orator, imprint his lessons more deeply upon the mind.

(f) *Aristotle*] *Lipsius* observes here that there must be some mistake, or that *Seneca* wrote too hastily; for so far was *Aristotle* from conversing with *Socrates*, that he never saw him: as *Socrates* died in the first year of the 95th Olympiad, or according to *Diodorus* in the 97th; and *Aristotle* was born in the first year of the 99th, according to *Laertius*, *Dionysius*, *A. Gellius*, *Eusebius*, and others. And consequently *Annonius* is likewise mistaken; when in his life of *Aristotle* he talks of his living three years with *Socrates*.

(g) *Of various fells*] Hæc autem, ut ex Appennino, fluminum, sic ex communi sapientiam jugo sunt doctrinarum facta divortia.—Cic. de Orat. l. 3. 19. From this common source of philosophy (the Discourses of *Socrates*) as rivers from the Appenines, learning began to run in different channels; &c. You know, says *Aristides* to *Socrates*, that I never learned any thing from you professedly; yet great benefit did I reap from you while in the same house; still greater, if at any time in the same room; and much more when my eyes were fixed upon you, as you was speaking; but most of all, when I was sitting by you, and hung as it were upon your garment. *Plato* in *Theagn*.

(h) *Metrodorus*] There were two of this name, disciples of *Epicurus*: the one *Metrodorus*, of *Syracusa*; who left *Epicurus*, and followed *Carneades*: the other, the Athenian, who still kept with *Socrates*, and in many treatises propagated his doctrine; who is the person here spoken of.

Hermachus] The son of *Agemarchus*, of *Mitylene*, who succeeded *Epicurus* in his school.

Polyænus] The son of *Athenodorus* of *Lampsaca*. He was the disciple of *Epicurus*, but died before him.

(i) *I have learned*] Cæpi. This word not in the MS. nor the last sentence, Qui sibi amicus est.—So in the old French, which renders the place thus: sçhaches que chacun peut avoir un tel amy. Know that it is in the power of any one to have such a friend. But it is a stoical maxim, That he who loves himself, i. e. who studies wisdom and goodness, will also love others. Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se, credere mundo, Not born as for himself, but all the world.

EPISTLE VII.

On public Shows, particularly the Gladiators (a)—and Converse with the World.

DO you ask, *Lucilius*, what I would have you principally to avoid? The rabble. You are not yet strong enough to be safe among the many. I will confess to you my own weakness: when I venture abroad, I never

return the same moral man I went out. What I settled before, is discomposed; or something that I rejected returns. It is with us; who are just recovered from some inveterate disorder, as with those who, by long indispotion, are so weakened, that the being brought into the air, gives them a disagreeable sensation.

Intercourse with the world (b) is prejudicial: some one or other, either by example or discourse, will paint vice in such agreeable colours, as to taint the mind insensibly; so that the more company we keep, the greater is our danger. But nothing is more hurtful to a good disposition than to while the time away at some public shew: for then vice steals upon us more easily under the masque of pleasure. Would you think it? I really return from such entertainments, more covetous, more ambitious, more dissolute, nay, even more cruel and inhuman, from having conversed with men. By chance, I fell in with a public show at *mid-day*; expecting some sport, buffoonery, or other relaxation, when the eyes of the spectators had been satiated with the sight of human gore. Nothing less: all the bloody deeds of the morning were mere mercy: for now, all trifling apart, they commit downright murder: the combatants have nothing to shield the body: they are exposed to every stroke of their antagonist; and every stroke is a wound: and this some prefer to their fighting in pairs, matched, and well accoutred; or of such as were men of great art and experience in the profession: and why should they not? There is no helmet or shield to repel the blow: no defence, no art: for these are but so many balks and delays of death. In the morning men are exposed to lions and bears: at noon to the spectators themselves. Menlayers are ordered out against one another; and the conqueror is detained for another slaughter. Death alone puts an end to this business; while fire and sword are employed as instruments. And all this is carried on after the ordinary slaughter of the day is over. But some one hath committed a theft: what then? He deserves to be hanged: another slew a man; it is but just he should be slain himself. And what hast thou deserved, O wretch, who canst take delight in these horrid solemnities (c)? "*Kill, burn, scourge,*" is all the cry. "*Why is he so afraid of the sword's point? Why is he so timorous to kill? Why does he not die more manfully?*" They are urged on with stripes, if they refuse to encounter; and are obliged to give and take wounds with a forward and open breast. Is the appointed

show at a stand, that something may be doing, they are called out to cut one another's throats. But, do you not consider, that bad examples often recoil to the prejudice of those who set them? Thank the immortal gods, that you are instructing him (*d*) to be cruel, who cannot learn.

Hence it is manifest, that a mind, that is tender and not over-tenacious of what is right, is not to be entrusted with the converse of *the many*. Vice is catching. The varying populace can shake a *Socrates*, a *Cato* or a *Lælius*, from his purpose; so that none of us, however polished the disposition, can stand against the violence of vices, that assail us in such a numerous body. Nay, even one example of luxury, or avarice, is capable of doing much mischief. A delicate coxcomb by degrees softens and effeminates his conversants: a rich neighbour incites covetousness: an ill-minded man is apt to taint with malignity his companion, however simple and candid.

What then, think you, must be the consequence when a man subjects himself to every public attack? You must either imitate, or hate the assailants: both are to be avoided; lest, you become like the bad, because they are many; or inimical to many, because unlike them. Retire therefore into thyself, as much as possible: converse with those, who are capable of making you better; and admit those, whom you think yourself capable of instructing. These are reciprocal duties. Men often learn, while they teach. There is no reason however, that the glory of publishing your ingenuity should introduce you to the public, either by way of recital, or dispute: which indeed I should not be averse to, was your art adapted to the level of the vulgar: scarce any one can understand you: or if one or two of better parts than ordinary, should by chance fall in your way, it will demand some pains to instruct them, and bring them to your taste. "For whom then, you will say, have you taken so much pains to learn?" Fear not; your time was not thrown away; if it was for yourself only.

But, that I may not have learned all that I have picked up to-day for myself alone; I will communicate with you three sentences of great importance, though almost in the same sense. One of which I shall pay you, as the usual debt; and I beg your acceptance of the other two beforehand. *Democritus* saith, unus mihi pro populo est et populus pro uno, *One is to me a thousand,*

a thousand, and a thousand as one. And well hath he spoke, (whoever he was, for the author is not known) who to one that asked him, “*why be- spent so much diligence in an art, which but few could be the better for?*” replied, *fatis sunt mihi pauci, fatis est unus, fatis est nullus, A few are enough for me, nay, one is enough, or no one at all.* And more excellent is the third: when *Epicurus* was writing to one of his fellow-students, *These things*, says he, *I write not to the many, but to you alone; fatis enim magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus, for we are to each other a theatre large enough.* These, my *Lucilius*, are the things which I would have you treasure up in your mind, that you may despise the vain pleasure, that accrues from the approbation of the world (e). Many praise thee: but are you satisfied with yourself, if you are what they take you for and applaud? Let your goodness be approved *within*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *The gladiators*] The first show of gladiators exhibited at *Rome*, was that of *M. and D. Brutus*, upon the death of their father, A. U. C. 489, ante Christum, 264. - But the honour of removing this barbarity out of the Roman world, was reserved for *Constantine the Great*, A. U. C. 1096, about 600 years after their first institution; yet under *Constantius, Theodosius, and Valentinian*, the same cruel humour began to revive; till a final stop was put to it by the Emperor *Honorius*, A. D. 396. — There were several orders or kinds of gladiators who owed their distinction to their country, their arms, their way of fighting, and the like. The three kinds mentioned in this Epistle, are the *Meridiani*, who engaged in the afternoon; the *Postulatitii*, commonly men of great skill and experience, whom the people particularly desired the Emperor to produce; and the *Ordinarii*, such as were presented according to the common manner, and at the usual time, and fought the ordinary way. *Kennett's Roman Antiq.*

(b) *Intercourse with the world*] When I who pass a great part, very much the greatest part of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself, by the conversation I find there; and still further from caring one jot for what passes there.

Bolingbroke, Letter 212, vol. ii.

In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man, that will, may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without. *Id. vol. ix. p. 45.*

(c) *Horrid solemnities*] Dr. *Kennett* concludes his account of the gladiators with the following passage from *Cicero*.—*Crudele Gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet, &c. The show of the gladiators may possibly to some persons seem barbarous and inhuman; and indeed, as the case now stands, I cannot say that the censure is unjust: but in those times, when only guilty persons were the combatants, the ear perhaps might receive better instructions; but it is impossible that any thing which affects the eyes, should fortify us with more success against the assaults of grief and death.* *Tusc. En. 2. See Epist. xcvi.*

(d) *Instructing him*] He is supposed to mean the Emperor *Nero*, who at the beginning of his reign was far from being cruel. His predecessor *Claudius*, when addressed by some of these poor wretches, as they passed before him, with, *Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant*, returned in answer, *Averte vos*; which when they would gladly have interpreted as an act of favour, and a grant of their lives, he soon gave them to understand, that it proceeded from the contrary principle of barbarous cruelty and insensibility. *Suet. Tacit. Ann. xiv.*

(e) *The approbation of the multitude*] Or do I seek, saith the Apostle, to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ. *Gal. i. 10.*

EPISTLE VIII.

On Temperance, and the Benefit of Philosophy.

YOU seem, *Lucilius*, to be surprized, that I should command you to shun the public, to retire, and rest satisfied with the complacency of your own conscience: as if I was regardless both of my own, and the precepts of my principals (*a*), who recommend an active life: know then it is for this purpose I conceal myself, and shut my doors; that I may see no one, in order to profit many. No day, I can assure you, passes by unemployed: and even part of the night I claim for study. I lie down indeed, but keep my eyes, tired and heavy as they are, still at work. Moreover, I have withdrawn myself not only from men, but from all manner of worldly affairs, even my own: I am at work for posterity (*b*): I am continually writing something, I hope for their benefit; intending to treat them with some salutary prescriptions, and the composition of certain medicines, that I myself have happily experienced, in my own malady; which if not perfectly cured, hath been prevented from growing worse. I am endeavouring to shew to others the right path, which I am persuaded I have found, after much weariness and travail.—Beware of those things, I say, which are apt to please the vulgar, and are merely accidental; be suspicious and distrustful of every casual good. It is for wild beasts, and fish, to be deceived by some alluring bait. Think ye that such and such things are the effects of fortune (*c*)? No; they are snares. Whosoever would lead a safe and pleasant life, let him avoid such false and treacherous benefits, which thinking to catch, we are miserably deceived; and caught ourselves, as with birdlime (*d*). An ambitious course of life leads to a precipice: the end of an high station is, to fall: for it is not in our power to stop, when our seeming happiness hath taken a wrong bias. Either abide firm in your station, or confide in yourself (*e*). So shall not Fortune overthrow you, but only dash against you, like a wave, and be beat back again.

Maintain therefore this sound and salutary way of living: so far only to indulge the body, as to preserve it in good health (*f*). It must be treated more roughly, if you would have it obedient, or serviceable, to the soul (*g*). Food satisfies hunger; let drink assuage thirst; clothes keep off the cold,
and

and an house defend you, from whatever else might injure the body : it matters not whether the house be of turf, or foreign marble : a man may be as safe and happy under a thatched, as under a golden roof. Despise the superfluities, which needless labour acquires, by way of ornament or credit. Think, there is nothing admirable in thee, but the soul (*b*). Nothing so great, as to be compared with the greatness of it. Now, while I am meditating on these reflections, and am desirous to convey them to posterity, seem I not to be doing more good, than in being ready, when called upon, to bail my friend, or to be witness to his will, or to give him my hand and suffrage in the senate, when a candidate for some public office? Believe me, they who seem to be doing little or nothing, are sometimes engaged in matters of the greatest moment, while they are employing themselves on things, at the same time, both human and divine.

But to conclude this Epistle, and therein discharge my usual payment ; not out of my own stock I confess ; for I have still in hand *Epicurus* ; in whom I this day read, *Philosophiæ servias oportet, ut tibi contingat vera libertas* ; *you must be the slave of philosophy, if you desire to enjoy true liberty*. He that hath once subjected and delivered himself up to her, is instantly made free : for, this her service, I say, is perfect freedom (*i*). Perhaps, you may ask me, why I am so fond of reciting the excellent sayings of *Epicurus*, neglectful of those of my own school? Are not these then of *Epicurus* (spoken in general, and suitable to every sect? How many things occur which are said or might have been said by the philosophers? Not to mention the tragedians, or our *togatæ*, which are sometimes serious, being a sort of a tragi-comedy? How many excellent sentences do we find even in a *Mime* or farce? There are several in *Publius* full worthy the buskin : one I shall quote, which belongs to philosophy and the subject before us ; where he denies all casual things to be properly our own :

Alienum est omne, quicquid optando venit.

What we must wish for, is a foreign good.

But I remember one from you, *Lucilius*, which I think better, and more terse ;—

Non est tuum, fortuna quod fecit tuum.

That is not thine, which you to fortune owe.

And

And I cannot pass by another saying of your's, which I still prefer to the foregoing—

Dari bonum quod potuit, auferri potest.

The good that's giv'n, may be taken from us.

Observe, I expect no acquittance for these; what I now send you, is your own.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *The precepts of my principals*] Zeno, Chryssippus, and others of the Stoics assert, that a wise man should not be so reserved, as, when called upon, to refuse the management of public affairs; knowing that he may be the means to prevent the growth of vice; and to excite his fellow citizens to virtuous actions: nay, that they are the only persons fit for magistracy and judicature. *Diog. Laert.*

(b) *At work for posterity*] The great Cato, invincible as he was, and often the leader of armies, thought however that he could be of more service to the commonwealth by the publication of his military discipline in writing: since brave actions benefit only the present age; but such things, as are wrote for the public good, last for ever. *Veget. de e Mil. l. 2.* —What Englishman can read this, without being put in mind, to his great sorrow and detestation, of the horrid transactions of last week (June 12, 1780), when the house of that great and good man, Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England, was causelessly attacked; and, with the rich furniture, all the notes and observations of so consummate a lawyer and judge, (the whole work and labour of a long life, contained in a number of manuscript volumes and papers) were all committed to the flames with undistinguishing rage, and consumed, by the most villainous crew of insurgents that ever disgraced a people!

(c) *Such gifts*] Pliny has an excellent Epistle to this purpose (l. ix. ep. 30) *My opinion is, that a man who would be truly bountiful ought to exert his liberality, towards his country, his neighbour, his relations, his friends, and let me say, by way of distinction, his friends in the greatest indigence.* (Such a precaution Lord Orrery observes, was necessary in an age, where liberality seldom was directed by innate goodness of heart, but often skulking under the mask of craft and design) *not like those persons who chuse to apply their gifts, only where they see a probability of finding a most ample return. Such gifts are like baited hooks. They are not meant to bestow your own property, but the property of others.* Alluding to the *Hæredipetæ* or *Captatores*, who were so numerous a band of miscreants in the days of Pliny, that they are mentioned with ridicule and abhorrence, by all the satyrists of that time; and particularly by *Martial*—*To Gargalianus, (l. iv. 56.)*

Munera quod senibus viduisque irgentia mittis

Vis te munificum Gargaliane vocem?

Sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,

Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.

Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus:

Callida sic stultas decipit esca teras.

Quid sit largiri, quid sit donare, docebo;

Si nefcis: dona Gargaliane mihi.

*For gifts you to the old and widows send,
Would you, Gargal. be deem'd a generous friend?
Nothing can be more sordid or more base,
To think such baits will for kind presents pass:*

*Anglers thus books for greedy fish prepare ;
And silly beasts are driv'n into a snare.
How to be truly generous would you know,
Something on me, for friendship sake, bestow.*

(d) *And caught themselves*] Vid. Ep. 119. Valer. l. 9. c. 4. Proculdubio hic non possedit divitias, sed a divitiis possessus est.—Plin. Ep. sup. cit. Ea invasit homines habendi cupido ut possideri magis quam possidere videantur. *The thirst of gain is so excessive, that men seem to be possessed by their wealth, not to possess it.*—Bionis vetus dictum ad avarum, Οὐκ ἔστι τῆν ἰσχυρὰν μακρῶτα, ἀλλ' ἡ ἰσχυρὰ τῆτον. Sic D. Cyprian. ad donat. l. 2. Vid. Not. ad Sidon. Apoll. p. 512.

(e) *Or confide in yourself*] I read this passage with Gronovius, Aut statum rectus, aut temet tene. *Remain firm in your place or station, without being allowed by any blandishment of fortune; or, if you have been so already, check your pursuit, so as still to be master of yourself, and not subject altogether to her caprice.* So, the old French, Il faut donc se contenter de choses qu'on font bonnes et certaines, ou plutôt de soi meme.—Muretus, Aut rectus sta, aut semel fuge.—Malberbe, Il faut favire teste, ou s'enfuir.

(f) *In good health.*] Our divine precept runs much higher, *Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat; neither for the body what ye shall put on.—But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added to you.* Matth. vi. 31.

(g) *To the soul.*] *If thine eye offend thee pluck it out; Matth. 5. 19.* And let Christians also remember what the Apostle saith, *If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if, through the spirit, ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.* Rom. 8. 3. *Therefore, says he, I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.* 1 Cor. 9. 27. *And who indeed is the perfect man, saith St. James, but he that is able to bridle the whole body?* 8. 2.

(h) *But the soul*] *For what is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?* Matth. 16. 26.

(i) *Perfect freedom*] *Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.* John 8. 32.—*Stand fast in the liberty, wherewith Christ hath made you free.* Gal. 3. 1. *If then the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.* John 8. 56.—See Ep. 75. ad fin.

EPISTLE IX.

On Friendship; Self-Complacency, and Contentment.

YOU desire, Lucilius, to know, whether Epicurus justly reprimands those, who are pleased to affirm, *that a wise man is satisfied in himself, and consequently wants no friend.* This is objected ~~to~~ by Epicurus against Stilpo, and all those who place their *summum bonum* (or, chief good) in a certain

indifference of soul. We cannot help being obscure, while we endeavour to express the Greek ἀπάθειαν (*apathy*) in one word, and call it *impassibility*; for the contrary to what we mean may be understood thereby (*a*). We mean one, who denies any sense or feeling of any kind of evil; but it may likewise be understood of one, who cannot *bear* any kind of evil. Consider therefore, whether we may not better define it, *A soul invulnerable, or beyond the reach of sufferance*. Now this is the difference, between us (*Stoics*,) and them, (the *Epicureans*.) Our wise man gets the better of every evil, but yet he feels it: whereas their wise man pretends not to feel it. In this however we agree, A wise man is contented and satisfied in himself: and yet, as sufficient as he is in himself, according to our tenets, he desires to have a friend, a neighbour, a companion. And as to the contentment we are speaking of, he is contented with a part, as it were, of himself: for should he have lost a hand by any disease, or by the sword of an enemy; or suppose, by some accident, an eye; he is contented with that which is left; and will live as cheerfully with his maimed body, as if it were entire. What is wanting, he will not sigh for in vain; though at the same time, no doubt, he had rather not want it. And thus is a wise man satisfied in himself, not that he desires to have no friend, but he knows how to be content without one: I mean, he can bear the loss of a friend patiently; though perhaps he will not be long without one; as it is in his power to repair the loss when he pleases. As when *Phidias* (*b*) hath lost, or disposed of, a statue, he will set about making another; so the wise artist, in forming friendships, will substitute another friend in the room of him he hath lost. You may ask, perhaps, what method a man must take, so soon to gain a friend? I will tell you, provided you accept of this in full payment of the debt I owe you in the epistolary way.

Saith *Hecaton*, “ I will disclose to you an excellent philtre, without the use of love-powder, herb, or bewitching charm,—*si vis amari, ama; love, that you may be beloved* (*c*).” Now, there is a pleasure, not only in the habit of a sure and lasting friendship, but also in the acquisition and beginning of a new one: the same difference that is between the husbandman, who hath got in his crop, and him that soweth, is there between him who hath got a friend, and him who is endeavouring to get one. *Attalus*, the philosopher, was wont to say, *Jucundius esse amicum facere, quam habere; there*
is

is more pleasure in making a friend, than in having one. As the artist takes more delight in the act of painting, than in having painted: for why? that earnestness and anxiety with which he pursued his work, gives a more pleasing sensation, than what he tastes in having finished his piece: he now enjoys indeed the fruit of his art, but while he was painting, he enjoyed the art itself: to have our children grown up, suppose to twenty years of age, may be of more service indeed; but their prattling infancy is sweeter and more entertaining. But to return to our purpose—

The wise man, I was saying, however satisfied in himself, is yet desirous to have a friend; and for this reason, was there no other; that so great a virtue, as the exercise of friendship, may not lie dormant: not, as *Epicurus* says (*e*) in the Epistle before me, that he may have a friend to comfort him on the bed of sickness, or relieve him, when poor, or in prison; but that he may have some one, on whom to display the like merciful disposition, whether by comforting him in sickness, or delivering him from inimical durance. He thinks very wrong, who regards only himself, and makes self-interest the ground of friendship: he will end as he begun: he professes to serve his friend even in bonds, but as soon as he hears the clinking of the chain, deserts him. These are what are commonly called *temporary* (*f*) friendships; which last no longer than to serve a turn. Hence the prosperous are surrounded with a number of friends; while the wretched bemoan themselves in solitude: for then is the time of flight, when put to the trial. From whence we see so many scandalous examples of friends, either deserting, or betraying one another through fear: whereas the end of friendship ought to correspond with the beginning. He that hath undertook to be a friend, because it is expedient, or dreams of other gain than what naturally arises from friendship, will never be true to the obligation, but will be tempted, upon the least view of interest, to act contrary to the laws of friendship. To what purpose then have I chose a friend? Why, to have one whom I would serve to the utmost in case of necessity, would follow him into banishment; and for whose life and preservation I would expose myself to danger and death (*g*). What you are pleased to call friendship, is not friendship, but mere traffick (*b*), having regard only to some advantage that may accrue therefrom. No doubt, the affection of lovers hath something in it very like friendship: but it is still

imperfect, and may be called a sort of *insane* friendship. Is it then founded on the views of profit, of ambition, or of glory? No; love of its own pure motive, neglectful of all other considerations, incites the mind to the desire of beauty, not without hopes of mutual endearments. And what then? Does a vile affection spring from, or form an alliance upon, a more honourable cause? But this, you say, is not the point in question; whether friendship is desirable merely upon its own account: for if so, the man who is satisfied in himself, may well accede thereto, as to the most lovely object; not allured by any hope of gain, or disheartened at any change of fortune. He detracts from the majesty of friendship, who enters upon it merely as a preservative against evil accidents. The wise man (dreads no accident, he) is satisfied in himself. But this quality, my *Lucilius*, is generally misinterpreted: men are apt to exclude the wise man from all community with the world; contracting him, as it were, within his own skin. It will be proper therefore to distinguish, and explain what we mean, by *self-complacency*.

Now, a wise man is satisfied in himself, not merely with regard to life, but to his living happily: the former indeed wants many things, but the latter nothing more than a sound, elevated mind, contemptuous of the power of fortune. Accept also of a nice distinction (*i*) made by *Cbrysippus*: he affirms, *that a wise man can want nothing; yet many things are necessary for him*: on the contrary, *A fool stands not in need of any thing, for there is nothing he knows how to use; but he wants every thing*. The wise man stands in need of eyes and hands, and other requisites for daily use; but he *wants* nothing; for *to want* is to be necessitous; but a wise man is a stranger to necessity. However satisfied therefore he may be in himself; he may still make use of a friend; nor does he act against principle, if he desires more than one; not that he thereby may live happily, for he can be happy without a friend. The *summum bonum* seeks not any external provision, it is maintained within, and is entire in itself; if it looks out for any foreign accession, it becomes subject to the caprice of fortune. But what sort of life must a wise man lead, when, without a friend, he is cast into prison, or left destitute in a foreign country, or is detained in a long voyage by contrary winds, or cast ashore upon a desert island? Why as *Jupiter*, (when, at the conflagration of the world, all the rest of the gods are

are confounded, in the wreck of nature,) will acquiesce in himself, taken up entirely with his own ideas: somewhat like this is a wise man disposed, through life: he is collected within himself: there he dwells: and notwithstanding, so long as it is in his power, he orders, and busies himself with, worldly affairs, he is contented in himself; he marries a wife, still contented; he brings up his children, still contented; and perhaps had rather not live at all, than live without a companion: it is not however with a view to advantage, that invites him to cultivate friendship (*l*), but a sort of instinct, or natural inclination: there is a certain innate sweetness in friendship; as solitude is generally odious and distasteful, the desire of society is pleasant and agreeable: as nature ingratiates man with man, such is our incitement to friendship. The wise man however, though he proves the most affectionate of friends, to such as he hath acquired, nay, though he equals, and sometimes prefers them to himself, yet terminates all good in himself, and assumes the words of *Stilpo* (*m*); that *Stilpo*, whom *Epicurus* here attacks in the Epistle before me; and whom (when his country was taken, and he had lost his children, and his dearer wife, and had escaped from the flames, alone; and yet seemed happy,) being asked by *Demetrius Policrates* (so called from his having destroyed many towns) whether he had lost any thing; No, says he, all the goods I have I carry with me. Behold a truly brave and great man; he is victorious over victory itself. I have lost nothing, says he: he makes *Demetrius* even doubt of his conquest: I carry every thing with me, viz. justice, virtue, temperance, prudence, and the disposition, to think nothing to be really good that can be taken from us. We admire some animals in that they can pass through fire without detriment: how much more admirable is this philosopher, who without loss or harm, made his way, through fire, sword, and ruin! You see how much easier it is to conquer a whole nation than one man.

The like noble sentiment and language holds the *Stoic* (*n*). He carries his *all*, undamaged, through a city on fire; for he is contented in himself; and under this character rates his happiness. Yet think not that the *Stoics* alone sling out such generous expressions; even *Epicurus*, who is here reprimanding *Stilpo*, says something not dissimilar thereto; which I beg your acceptance of, though I had before paid you the debt of the day.—*Si cui sua non videntur amplissima, licet totius mundi dominus sit, tamen miser est.*

If, says he, *what a man possesseth seems not amply sufficient, was he master of the world, he would be wretched*: or perhaps it may seem better expressed in this manner, (for we are to regard the sentiment, rather than the expression) *Miser est qui se non beatissimum judicat licet imperet mundo*; *He who does not think himself happy, is miserable, though he command the world*. And that you may know this to be the common voice of nature, you will find in the comic poet;

Non est beatus, esse qui se non putat (o).
He is not blest'd, who thinks himself not blest'd.

It matters not what condition you are in, if you think it a bad one. What if that villainously rich man; or, that lord of many, but slave to more, call themselves happy, will this their declaration make them so? No: it avails not what a man says of himself, but what he thinks: nor what he thinks to-day, but continually. Nor need you be concerned that any one hath amassed great wealth, which he is unworthy of: for no one but the wise man is capable of self-complacency: and a fool will be disgusted at his own condition, be it what it will.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *For the contrary*] So in *Cicero*, explaining the tenets of the Stoics. The word *inestimable*, which is generally used for something so great, as to be invaluable, signifies a thing of *no value*, and not worthy of any esteem.

(b) *Phidias*] The celebrated statuary of *Athens*: he flourished, A. M. 3511. Or, suppose, any other statuary.

(c) So in the Epigram—*Marce, ut ameris ama.*

And Theocritus—*Στεργετε τὸς φιλοῦντας, ἢ ἂν φιλεῖτε, φιλοῦσθε.*

Quisquis amatur amet, ut et ipse ubi amat, ametur.

Love those who love you; if you fain would prove

The kind and mutual tenderness of love.

(d) *Attalus*] A Stoic philosopher, in the time of *Tiberius*. See Epist. 108.

(e) *Epicurus* says, *these creatures, (brutes,) upbraid the remorselessness of humanity,—in not being capable of gratuitous love, nor knowing how to be a friend without profit. Well therefore might the comedian be admired, who said, For reward only man loves man. Epicurus thinks that after this manner children are beloved of their parents, and parents of their children. But if the benefit of speech was allowed to brutes, and if horses, cows, dogs and birds, were brought upon the stage, the song would be changed; and it would be said, that neither the cow loved the calf for gain, nor the mare her foal, nor fowls their chicken, but that they*
were

were beloved gratis, and by the impulse of nature, &c. Plutarch, de amore in Liberos.—Vid. Lips. Manuduct. l. 3. Diff. 16.

So Horace, Sat. I. 1. 81. At si aliquis casus lecto te affixit, habes qui
Affideat, somenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suscitet, ac reddat vatis, carisque propinquis.
*If, by a cold some painful illness bred,
Or other chance, confine me to my bed,
My wealth will purchase some good-natur'd friend
My cordials to prepare, my couch attend;
And urge the doctor to preserve my life,
And give me to my children and my wife.*—Francis.

(f) *Temporary*] Οσομα γαρ, ιργω δ' εκ ιχθυσιν οι φιλοι,
Οι μη τι ταϊσι συμφοραις οστις φιλοι.—Eur.
*They're friends by name, but not in deed,
Who are not friends in time of need.*

(g) *Danger and death*] *And greater love hath no man than this, to lay down his life for his friend.*
John 15. 13. See Epist. 6.

(h) *Traffick*] *Negotiatio.* So Cicero (II. De Nat. Deor.) Amicitiam si ad fructum nostrum referemus, non erit ista amicitia; sed *mercatura* quædam utilitatum suarum.

(i) *A nice distinction*] Muretus observes that to want, δεισθαι, egere, here signifies, to want a thing, as to be anxious after, and not able to bear the loss of it: and that ιδεισθαι, indigere, to stand in need of, means, to want a thing that is absolutely useful and necessary, and which a man knows how to make a right use of. Cicero has treated on this question in his first book of *Tusculan Questions*: but Plutarch with more perspicuity hath ridiculed it, in his treatise, *Of Common Notions against the Stoics*.

(k) The Stoics supposed that Jupiter, or Nature, and the first principle of all things, was fire; that part of it, being of a grosser consistence, was turned into animal life: and the still grosser part was made water, and of water earth: but that at a certain time all things shall again be reduced into their first principle, fire. And this they called *καταρσις*, or *the conflagration of the world*. Vid. Lips. Physiol. l. 2. Diff. 22.

Chrysippus says, that Jupiter is like to man, as is also the world and Providence to the soul. When therefore the conflagration shall be; Jupiter, who alone of all the gods is incorruptible, will retire into Providence, and they being together, will both perpetually remain in one substance of the æther.—Plutarch. Ib.

(l) *To cultivate friendship*, Epicurus publicly professed, that all friendships were founded on a view to pleasure or interest; and this they carried so far, as to maintain, that fathers had no other love for their children than what sprung from the profit or pleasure they enjoyed, or expected to enjoy from them. But the Stoics thought much better; that not only parental love was a natural affection, but that man is formed by nature for society; and that they have an instinctive love and relationship for each other; and consequently that the friendships of all wise and good men are pure and disinterested, without the least view to any recompence whatever. See the above quotation from Plutarch.

(m) *Stilpo*] See this story related differently in Laertius' Life of Zeno, who was the disciple of Stilpo, p. 177.

(n) This stoical doctrine is what Horace ridicules, Ep. 1. 1. 106.

Ad summum sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est.
*In short this Stoic, this wise man, is all
That free and beauteous, good, and great, we call.*

THE EPISTLES OF

*A king of kings, inferior to none
But to the Ruler of the skies alone;
As strong in health too;—could he but take off
The painful grievance of a curst cough.*

- (c) Non est beatus, &c. But it is equally true from what follows in *Seneca*, that
Non est statim beatus, esse qui se putat.
He is not always happy, who thinks himself so.

Vid. *Lipf. Manuduct. L. 2. Diff. 32.*

E P I S T L E X.

*On Solitude and Prayer. * (a)*

BE assured, *Lucilius*, that I have not alter'd my opinion. Shun, I say, the rabble: shun a few; nay, every one: I know not whom to recommend to you as a proper conversant; and upon this I form my judgment; I dare trust you with yourself (*b*). *Crates* (as they say) a follower of that *Stilpo*, (*c*) whom I mentioned in my former epistle, when he saw a young man walking in private by himself, asked him, "*what he was doing there alone? I am conversing with myself*, says he: to whom *Crates* replied, *take care, young man, I beseech you, and diligently consider with yourself, whether you are not conversing with a bad man.* We are apt to set a watch upon the melancholy in distress; lest they should make a bad use of solitude: and, indeed, no imprudent person should be left alone; for then it is, that his thoughts are ever busy: he lays schemes to endanger himself or others; and plans his wicked purposes; then it is, he utters what the mind before concealed, either through fear or shame; he emboldens his courage; he enflames the lustful passions; and, in his wrath, meditates revenge. In a word, the only advantage, that solitude pretends to, in trusting no one, and not fearing to be betrayed, is lost upon a fool; he betrays himself.

Know

Know then, *Lucilius*, what I hope of you; rather what I am confident of, (for hope belongs to an uncertain good) I cannot, I say, find any one, with whom I had rather you should converse, than with yourself. I well remember, what noble words, and full of energy, you once poured forth with great spirit; when I immediately congratulated myself and said, *surely such excellent things come not from the lips only; they must be founded on sincerity, and a good heart: this young man is not one of the vulgar; he regards salvation: so speak; so live.*

Be careful ever to maintain this greatness of soul: and though you have reason to thank the gods for the success of your former vows, cease not to pray; and ask particularly for *wisdom, (e) a sound mind, and health of body.* Why should you not often pray for these blessings? Fear not to importune a gracious God, (*f*) when you ask not for any foreign good, or what belongs to another person.

But, according to custom, I shall subjoin to this epistle a small present; it is from *Athenodorus*; and I think it a just and excellent observation: *Tum scito esse te omnibus cupiditatibus solutum, cum eo perveneris, ut nihil deum rogas, nisi quod rogare possis palam.* *Know, says he, that you have discharged every irregular passion, when you are arrived to such goodness, as to ask of God nothing, but what you care not if all the world should bear.* But, alas! how great is the folly and hypocrisy of the present age! men are continually whispering and muttering to God some villainous prayer (*g*); was any one to listen, they are immediately silent; and thus what they are unwilling men should hear; they presume to offer up to God. Consider then, whether you may not take this maxim for a wholesome rule of life: *so live among men, as if the eye of God was upon you; and so address yourself to God, as if men heard your prayer.*

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

* (*a*) It has been said of *Socrates*, that he was *half a Christian*; I think this epistle of *Seneca* will carry him somewhat farther.

(*b*) *Antisthenes* being asked what benefit he had reaped from philosophy, made answer—*τὸ δύνασθαι ἑαυτὸν ὁμιλεῖν.* *To be able to converse with himself.*

(*c*) *The follower*] *Stilponis* auditor—but not of the same sect or party: his proper master was *Diogenes the Cynic*. Indeed the lectures of *Stilpo* were so sweet and eloquent, that he drew to them many of the studious and learned at *Megara*, and particularly this *Crates*, and *Zeno* himself.

(d) *He regards salvation*] *Ad salutem spectat.* *Gall.* Il regarde un salut. But if *salvation* seems too strong a word to come from the mouth of an heathen, though there is no necessity for taking it in the Christian sense, it may be rendered, *he has regard to his own good and welfare.*

(e) *For wisdom*] So *Juvenal* x. 356. *Orandum est, ut mens sit sana, in corpore sano.*

Pray we for health of body, and of mind.

— The prayer of *Solomon* is so pertinent to this place, that I could not omit it, though so well known to every one.—

“ Give me, O Lord God, an understanding heart, to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad.— Give me wisdom and knowledge.” And God said to *Solomon*, “ Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life for thyself, but hast asked wisdom and knowledge:—Lo! wisdom and knowledge are granted thee, and I will give thee both riches and honour, such as none of the kings have had before; neither shall any after thee have the like.”—*1 Kings*, ii. 9. *2 Chron.* i. 10.

To which let me add from *St. James*, i. 5. *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him: but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.*

(f) *To importune God*] See *Luke* 18, 1. where is set forth the parable of the importunate widow.—*To the end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Pray without ceasing.* *1 Theff.* 5, 17.

(g) *Some villainous prayer*] *I wonder* (says *Plutarch*) that, *Hercules*, or some other god, has not long since plucked up and carried away the tripod, whereon is offered such base and villainous questions to *Apollo*: some applying themselves to him as a mere paltry astrologer, to try his skill, and impose upon him by subtle questions: others asking him about treasures buried under ground, others about marrying a fortune: so that *Pythagoras* will here be convinced of his mistake when he affirmed that, the time when men are most honest, is, when they present themselves before the gods: for those filthy passions, which they dare not discover before a grave mortal man, they scruple not to utter to *Apollo*. *De defect. orat.*

This is finely touched upon by *Horace*, *Ep.* l. 16, 57.

Vir bonus omne forum quem spectat, et omne tribunal

Quandocunque Deos vel porco vel bove placat.

Iane pater, clarè, clarè cum dixit, Apoll'o.

Labra movens metuens audiri, pulchra Laverna,

Da mihi fallere, da sanctum justumque videri;

Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.

Your best man, on whom with aweful praise,

The Forum and the courts of justice gaze:

If e'er he make a public sacrifice,

Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries,

But, when his prayer in earnest is prefer'd,

Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard;

Beauteous Laverna, my petition hear,

Let me with truth and sanctity appear:

Oh, give me to deceive, and, with a veil,

Of darkness and of night, my crimes conceal.— *Francis.*

Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros.

Tollere de templis et aperto vivere voto:

Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes:

Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat! O si

Ebullit patrum præclarum funus!

— Pupillumque utinam, quem proximus hærea

Impello, expungam! —

Thus boldly to the gods mankind reveal,
 What, from each other, they for shame conceal;
Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just,
 Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
 In private then—*when wilt thou, mighty Jove,*
My wealthy uncle from this wor'd remove?—
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head!
*I should possess th' estate, if he were dead, &c.—*Dryden.

 E P I S T L E XI.

On Modesty, Bashfulness, and natural Habit.

I HAVE had the pleasure, *Lucilius*, of conversing with a friend of yours, of a most excellent disposition; his very first speech shewed such ingenuity, strength of mind, and proficiency in learning, as to give me a taste of what we may one day expect from him. What he said, was by no means premeditated, as I came upon him unawares. As soon as he had recovered the surprize, it was with difficulty that he shook off that decent modesty, which is a very good sign in a young man (*a*); so deep a blush was spread over his face: and this, I think, will not leave him, even when he hath strengthened his mind with virtue, thrown off all vices, and commenced the *wise man*.

It is not in the power of wisdom entirely to surmount the natural imperfections of mind or body: whatever is innate and inbred may be corrected by art, but cannot be quite rooted out. Even some, of the most steady temper, when obliged to speak in public, have been known to sweat, as if they had been fatigued with running a race; while others have been so affected on the like occasion, as to have their knees tremble, their teeth chatter, their tongue falter, or their lips so close, that they cannot open their mouth. And this bashfulness, neither discipline, nor use can shake off: nature will still prevail, and admonish, even the strongest, of this

their weakness (*c*): for such I reckon the blush which spreads itself over the face of the gravest persons. It is more common, indeed among youth, who have more heat, and a delicate constitution; but it spares not even veterans and sages. There are some, indeed, who are never more to be dreaded, than when they redden (*d*); as if they had, at once, thrown from the heart all decency and modesty. As *Sylla* was always most violent, when the blood rose in his face: but nothing could be more soft and pleasing than the countenance of *Pompey*; he always blushed, when in company, and especially when he made a public oration; and I remember to have seen *Fabian* (*e*) blush, upon being called upon in the senate, only as a witness, and I thought it became him admirably well. This was not owing to any infirmity of mind, but to surprize and accident: which, though they do not always embarrass the unexperienced, yet naturally affect such as, from the constitution of the body, are apt to blush. For as there are some whose blood is so well-tempered as not to be moved extraordinarily; there are others in whom it is so lively and active as to be continually flying into the face: and this, as before observed, no wisdom can get the better of; otherwise it would subject nature to its command, and eradicate every imperfection. Whatever ariseth from the condition of birth, or the temperature of the body, it will stick by us; how much, or how long soever, the mind has been endeavouring to fix and compose itself upon right principles, none of these things can be avoided, any more than they can be acquired. The greatest artists on the stage, who mimick all kinds of passion; who can express fear and trembling, and display all the signs of heartfelt grief; when they are to express bashfulness, can do no more than exhibit a dejected countenance, speak low, and cast their eyes upon the ground; they cannot blush when they would: it is in vain either to forbid or command a blush: wisdom neither promises, nor can perform any thing in this respect; they are their own masters; and come, and go, as they please.

But this epistle demands a sentimental clause: accept then of this, which I take to be a salutary and useful maxim, worthy of being engraved upon the heart: *aliquis vir bonus nobis eligendus est, ac semper ante oculos habendus, ut sic tunquam illo spectante vivamus, et omnia tunquam illo vidente faciamus.* *We must fix upon some good man (f), and have him always*

before our eye, as a witness of our life and actions. And this likewise, my *Lucilius*, was the precept of *Epicurus*; he would have a guardian, or censor, continually set over us; and with great propriety: for sure, many sins would be prevented, was some witness to be present at the commission. Let the mind, therefore, suppose some one present, whom it may revere; and from whose authority every secret may receive sanction. Happy the man, who not only by his presence, but by being thought upon, has such influence upon another person, as to induce him to act decently! And happy the man, who so reverences another, as upon only calling him to mind, forms and regulates his own conduct. He, that so reverenceth another, will soon be revered himself. Chuse therefore *Cato*; or if *Cato* seems somewhat too rigid, chuse *Lælius*, a man of not so severe a temper; or chuse some one, among your acquaintance, whose life and manner of address, charm you; and having in view either the understanding or presence of such a one, look upon him, either as your guardian or model: there must be some one, I say, according to whose plan we must form our morals: without some certain rule, you will never correct what is amiss.

 ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *A good sign in a young man*] So *Pliny*, speaking of *Calpurnius Piso*, the younger, says,—*Commendabat hæc voce suavissimâ, vocem verecundia; multum sanguinis, multum sollicitudinis in ore magna ornamenta recitantis: etenim nescio quo pacto magis in studiis homines timor quàm fiducia decet.* *These beauties were extremely brighten'd by a most harmonious voice, which a very becoming modesty rendered still more pleasing. Confusion and concern, in the countenance of a speaker, throws a grace upon all he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which, I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the assured, and self-sufficient air of confidence.* M.—*Diogenes*, the Cynic, seeing a young man blush, said to him, *Θάρσει, τοιαύτῳ ἰστί τῆς ἀρετῆς τὸ χρῶμα.* *Take courage, youth; you need not be ashamed; this is the colour of virtue*—*Πᾶσι ἰσχυρίων γὰρ χρηστός εἶναι μοι δοκεῖ.* *Menander*

A blush points out the goodness of the heart. See Ep. 25.

(b) *To speak in publick*]. *Plutarch*, speaking of *Alcibiades*, observes, that, *though he was as sagacious, and happy in his thoughts as any man whatever; yet, for want of a little assurance, he very often miserably lost himself in his pleadings; and would squalter and make pauses in the middle of an oration; purely for the want of a single word, or some neat expression that he had in his papers and could not presently recollect.*—And there have been two remarkable instances, partly in our memory, of this inability to speak in publick; notwithstanding the greatest capacities and accomplishments that could be required in such a province: I mean, in that elegant writer, Philosopher, and statesman, *Mr. Addison*: and our late worthy provost of *King's college, Cambridge*, *Dr. Roderick*; who never attempted to preach but once, in a country village.

village, (*Milton*, near *Cambridge*) and even there, had not courage enough to go half through his sermon.

(c) *This weaknes*] — Il. v. 44.—ὐδὲ δὲ αἰδῶς
Γίνεται, ἥτις ἀνδρῶς μέγα σνιταί, ἧδ' οἰησι.
*Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil, and the greatest good.*

Vid. Plutarch. (de vitioso pudore. c. n.)

(d) *When they redder*] Tacitus, in his life of *Agricola*, speaking of *Domitian* says, *His countenance was cruel, being always covered with a settled red: in which he hardened himself against all shame and blushing.*

(e) *Fabian*, the philosopher, and rhetorician, (see Ep. 100.) He flourished in the reign of *Tiberius*, when *Seneca* was a young man.

(f) *We must fix upon*] See Ep. 25. *Lips.* Manud. III. Diff. ult.

— Καὶ ἀπώθει ἦν
Ἀνὴρ ὁ χρηστός, δυστυχῆστας ἀφιλεῖ. Eur.
*Thus good men, in some measure, can attend,
E'en in their absence, a distressful friend.*

Xenophon (Diff. et Fact. l. 4.) attributes this to *Socrates*; that even in his absence the remembrance of him was of great service to those who were conversant with him and heard his lectures.

And *Plutarch* (de Sign. Professūs) adviseth, when we go upon any business, or undertake any office, to set before our eyes some excellent person, either alive or dead, and consider with ourselves, what *Plato* would have done in this affair; what *Epaminondas* would have said; how *Lycurgus*, or *Agésilus* would have behaved; that addressing ourselves, and adorning our minds at these mirrors, we may correct every disagreeing word and irregular passion.—And if the consideration and remembrance of good men being present and entertained in our minds, preserve the proficiency, in all affections and doubts, regular and unmoveable; you may judge that this also is a token of a proficient in virtue.

But a serious *Christian* need not to be reminded to place a *Cato*, a *Lælius*, or even a *St. Paul* in his view for this purpose; he cannot but know, that he hath infinitely a more powerful guardian, and more close inspector, ever over him, or rather in him.—For know ye not, that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? 1 Cor. 3. 16. 6. 19. See also Rom. 8. 9. Ephes. 4. 30. 1 Thess. 5. 19.

EPISTLE XII.

On Life and Old Age.

GO where I will, *Lucilius*, or do what I will, I meet with something that reminds me of old Age. I went the other day to my *villa* without the city, and was complaining, that it seemed greatly out of repair, notwithstanding my continual expence. *I cannot help it*, says my bailiff, *it is*

no fault of mine; I have done all I can, but it is very old. Now, you must know, that this *villa* is of my own building. What then must I expect, if the stone wall, of my own time, is decayed! So much for that; but still more out of humour; *surely, says I, those plane-trees have been much neglected; how knotty and crooked are the branches! there is scarce a leaf upon them: and the trunks how wretched and squallid! This could never have happened, if they had been properly dug about, and well watered.* Upon this, my bailiff swears heartily, that *he has done all he could, that no care has been wanting in him, but the trees are very old.* True enough; for I planted them myself, and saw their first foliage. Turning to the door, *What old decrepit fellow is this, said I, whom you have properly enough placed here, with his face pointed to the door? (a) where did you get him? what was your fancy for bringing a strange corpse to my house?—Do you not know me?* says the old man; *I am Felicio, to whom formerly you was wont to bring play-things; I am the son of Philofitus, your late bailiff; your favourite play-fellow.* “*Surely, says I, the man doats; what does he talk of being a little boy, and my play-fellow? But it may be so indeed; for he is shedding his teeth.*

This is what I am obliged to my *villa* for; that, look where I will, I am put in mind of my old age. Be it so; let me enjoy it; let me love it. It is replete with pleasure, when we know how to use it. Fruit is then more grateful, when at the end of the season. The bloom of youth is then most comely, when passing into manhood. Your wine-bibbers relish best the last bottle, even that which oversets them, and gives the finishing stroke to the debauch. Whatever is exquisite in pleasure is reserved to the last. Even age is most pleasant, when the decay is not too rapid, but comes gently on; nor can I think it destitute of pleasure, even on the verge of life: or, this may be reckoned instead of pleasure, that it wants none. How sweet is life, when all anxious desires have taken their leave of us!

But it is very irksome, you will say, to have death always before our eyes. Death, my friend, ought to be placed before the eyes of the young, as well as of the old. For we are not summoned according to the parish register. And besides there is no man so old, as to make it sinful to expect another day (*b*). Now, every day is another step in life. Our whole
time:

time consists of parts, and circles circumscribed within circles of different dimensions; some one of which takes in and compasseth the rest: and this is what includes the life of man: another compriseth the years of youth, and another those of childhood. There is also a complete year, which contains in itself all those times, that by multiplication, form the course of life: a month is confined in still narrower bounds; and a day consists of yet a smaller compass: and this hath also a beginning and ending, a circuit from east to west. *Heraclitus* therefore, (who from the obscurity of his style got the nickname of *Scotinus*, (*Darkling*) saith, "Unus dies omni par est," *One day is par to another.* This some interpret, as if he had said, They are equal with regard to hours; which is certainly true; for if a day consists of twenty-four hours, every day is equal; for what is lost in the day is made up in the night. Others interpret it, that one day is equal to any other, by way of resemblance; as the longest space of time exhibits no more than what you have seen in one day, *viz.* light and darkness, frequently repeated in the alternate changes of the heavens; and is no otherwise different than in not being always of an equal length. Every day therefore is to be so ordered and regulated, as if it closed the rear, set bounds to, and completed life (c).

Pacuvius, (d) the debauchée, who had lived so long in *Syria*, that he made it, as it were, his own; when, with wine and costly dainties, he banquetted as at a funeral, would order himself to be laid out with the usual solemnities, and carried upon a bier from supper; while amidst the applause of his boon companions, this was sung to music; *B:G:W:K: B:G:W:K:, He bath lived, he bath lived indeed.* This was his practice almost every night. Now, what *he* did wantonly, and from a bad turn of mind; let us do, from a good one: and as we go to sleep, let us, in a pleasant and chearful temper, say,

Vixi, et quem cursum dederat fortuna peregi.
I've liv'd; I've run the destin'd course of fate.

If God is pleased to add to our days *the morrow*; let us accept it with thanksgiving. He is a most happy man, and truly enjoys himself, who expects the morrow, without the least anxiety; whoever hath said over night, *I have lived*, rises the next morn to gain.

But

But it is time to conclude this Epistle. "What then, *you will say*, will it come without the usual present, some peculiar sentiment?"—Never fear, it shall bring something; yes, and something of consequence. For what can be more excellent than the words I here subjoin? *It is wretched to live in necessity, but there is no necessity for living so (e).*—Let us thank God that no one is long detained in wretchedness: necessity is really to be overcome. But these, you will say, are the words of *Epicurus*; why do you continually refer me to others? Give me something of your own.—What is true, Lucilius, is my own. And I shall go on, in quoting *Epicurus* and others; that they, who enlist themselves in any sect, and regard not *what* is said, but *by whom* it is said, may know, that, when any thing is said, perfectly good, all the world have a right to it.

or rather the
sentiment of
your own school.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *With his face to the door*] This alludes to the ancient custom of their *laying out* the dead body, (*Προθίσις, conlocatio*), which was always near the threshold at the entrance of the door. *Hom. Il. v. 212.* on the death of *Patroclus*.

Ὅς μοι ἐν κλισίῃ δαδαῖγμένος ὄξει χάλκη
Κίτται, ἀνὰ προθύρων τετραμμένος—
*Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.*—Pope.

So *Virgil* (11. 30.)—*Recipit que ad limina gressum
Corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acetes
Servabat senior—
Then to the gates Æneas pass'd, and wept,
Where old Acetes Pallas' body kept.*—Lauderdale.

And they took particular care, in placing the body, to turn the feet and face towards the gate; which custom *Perfius* has elegantly described (*Sat. iii. v. 103.*)

————tandemque beatulus alto
Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis
In portam rigidos calces extendit—
*Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out and pointing to the gate.*—Dryden.

The reason of this position (says *Bp. Kennet*) was to shew all persons whether any violence had been the cause of the person's death. *Vid. Lips. Elez. 1. c. 6.*

(b) *Another day?* why not another year, with *Cato* in *Cicero*; *Nemo est tam senex, qui se annum non putat posse vivere?* *No one is so old who does not think he can live another year.*—*Lips.*

(c) *Every day*] This precept from *Horace*, *Omne crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum. Grata superveniat que non sperabitur hora.*

*Believe that ev'ry morning ray
Hath lighted up the latest day:
Then if to-morrow's sun be thine,
With double lustre shall it shine.* Francis.

Musonius,—non est præsentem diem bene transigere, nisi qui proponit velut ultimam illam transigere. *No one can be said to pass his day well, who did not propose to pass it as his last.*

(d) *Pacuvius*] Qui voluptatibus dediti, quasi in diem vivunt vivendi causas quotidie finiunt. *Plin. Ep.* The sons of sensuality who have no views beyond the present hour, terminate with each day the whole purport of their lives. *Melmoth.* Those who are entirely devoted to pleasure, live as if their lives were to end with the day, and every day convinced the world they deserve to die. *Orrery.*

(e) Nullum malum est in necessitate vivere, sed in necessitate vivere necessita nulla est, &c. However these words might become a *Roman* or *Epicurean*, they could not but be shocking to a *Christian* reader, if translated in the sense *Seneca* intended: I have therefore given them another turn, and adapted them, as well as I could, to more sound doctrine. Besides, if every *morrow*, as *Seneca* here saith, is to be looked upon as *gain*, and to be received with thanksgiving; how ungrateful, how wicked must we be, to abridge ourselves voluntarily of that favour, when we know not what *the morrow* may bring forth by the providence of God, for our relief, (*multis viis*, saith *Seneca*; true, if he had said) by *patience, industry* and *prayer*.

E P I S T L E XIII.

On Magnanimity in Distress. Certain Remedies against Fear.

I KNOW, *Lucilius*, your magnanimity: for even before you was instructed in the sound precepts of philosophy, in order to surmount all difficulties; you was pleased to exert yourself strenuously against the power of fortune; and much more, when you had grappled with her, and experienced your strength: which indeed cannot be well known, 'till the difficulties that surround us on every side make a closer attack. Then it is, that a soul, truly noble and unconquerable, gives proof of its abilities: this is the only test: the wrestler cannot enter the lists with true courage, who has not been seasoned, as it were, with bruises. He, that hath often seen his own blood unterrified,—who has had his teeth beaten out with the fist,—who hath been tripped up, and pressed with the whole weight of his antagonist, and hath still kept up his courage;—who, as often as he hath been thrown, hath rose more fierce and stubborn; he it is, that, at any time, engages, full of hope. Therefore to carry on the metaphor, I must observe, that Fortune hath often thrown, and fallen upon you; but you scorned to yield: you

you still started up, and more resolutely stood your ground: for valour, when provoked, grows the stronger. Yet, if you are pleased to accept of my advice, I will point out some proper aid for your better defence.

There are more things, my *Lucilius*, that frighten, than which press hard upon us: and we are often more distressed from opinion, than in reality. I am not speaking to you in the language of *Stoicism*, but in an humbler strain. For *we* indeed think all those afflictions, that are apt to extort sighs and groans, light and despicable. Laying aside these big words, (but, O ye Gods, how true!) I only require this of you, that you would not anticipate misery; since the evils, you dread as coming upon you, may perhaps never reach you, at least they are not yet come. Thus some things torture us more than they ought; some, before they ought; and some which ought never to torture us at all. We heighten our pain, either by presupposing a cause, or anticipation. This however we shall defer at present, as it is a controverted point (*a*): what I think to be light, you will contend to be very grievous: I have seen some laugh under the scourge, while others have cried at a box o' the ear. But we shall presently see, whether those you think so insupportable are of any weight in themselves, or formidable only through our weakness. Grant me only this, that, when you are surrounded by those who would persuade you, that you are miserable, you would reflect not upon what you hear, but what you think, and feel yourself; and consulting with your patience, as you certainly know yourself best, ask yourself the following questions: "Whence is it that these my friends
 " so bewail my condition? Why do they keep at such a distance; fearing
 " contagion, as if calamity was catching? Is there any thing really bad
 " in the case? or, is it only what has got a bad name?" Examine further, whether you are tortured, or grieve causelessly, making that an evil, which is not so? But you will say, "How shall I know, whether my afflictions
 " are real or not?" Observe then what I say upon this point.

We are afflicted with such evils, as are present or future, or both. Concerning present evils, it is easy to form a judgment; if the body be still free, in sound health, and in no pain from external injury; say with yourself, "I am well to-day, be the morrow as it will."—But you are afraid of some future evil.—Consider well, whether the grounds upon which your fear of some evil to come is founded, are warrantable. We generally labour

under unjust suspicions, and are often deceived by report : which may well be supposed to affect individuals, when it has been known to put an end to a battle. 'Tis certain, *Lucilius*, we lie open to impressiion, without duly weighing the things that strike us with sudden fear (*b*); we will not give ourselves time to examine them; we tremble; and then turn our backs, like those soldiers, whom the dust raised by a flock of sheep have drove from the camp; or, whom some false story, without knowledge of the author, hath terrified and put to flight. Things, false and vain, I know not how, are apt to disturb us more than such as are true; for these have their certain measure; whereas the former are the effects of blind conjecture, and the fancies of a coward mind. No sort of fear therefore is so pernicious, and remediless, as that we call *panic*: other fears are irrational, but this quite senseless. Let us therefore diligently examine into this affair.

It is probable such an evil may happen.—It will take up some time therefore before it is true, if ever. How many things happen unexpectedly! and how many have been expected that have not happened? But suppose such a thing should certainly happen; what avails it to anticipate sorrow? it will be time enough to grieve when it comes: in the mean while, promise yourself better things: at least, there will be so much time gained: and many things may intervene; whereby the impending evil, however near it is supposed, may rest where it is, or vanish, or fall upon another person. Fire hath given time for flight of those within: some, falling from on high, have been gently laid upon the ground without hurt: sometimes the sword, when at the very throat, hath been withheld: and the condemned criminal hath outlived the appointed executioner (*c*). — Bad fortune hath also its inconstancy: perhaps it may happen, perhaps not; while it does not happen, think for the best. It is not uncommon for the mind, even when there is no apparent sign of distress, to afflict itself with vain imaginations; to make the worst interpretation of some doubtful word; or, looking upon a person to be more offended than he is, to consider, not how great his anger, but what may be the consequences of it. How vain is life, or what end can there be of misery, if fear is thus to have its full scope! Here then let prudence step in to your assistance; here let strength of mind throw off all fear, however manifest the cause: at least let one foible repel another: temper fear with hope (*d*): nothing that we
fear.

fear is so certain, as that it is not more certain, what we dread may not happen, and what we hope for deceive us. Let fear and hope be put to the test: and because all things are uncertain, be kind to yourself, and fancy what you like best. If fear prompts any uncouth surmise, still incline to the better part, and give yourself no further trouble.—Now and then reflect upon this; that the greater part of mankind, when there is no evil present, nor like to happen, are upon the fret, and under continual alarms; for no one resists the impulse, when it hath once taken effect, or endeavours to reduce to truth the object of fear: no one thus reflects with himself; “The author is mistaken; he hath certainly feigned such a report, or has been too credulous.” No; we give ourselves up to the reporter; with dread we look upon uncertain things as certain; we observe no mean; and therefore simple doubt is turned into real fear.

I am almost ashamed, *Lucilius*, to address you in this manner, and presume to comfort you with such weak arguments. But, should any one tell you, that such a thing will not happen; do you, on the contrary, say, “It will happen; and what then? Let it happen; it may turn to my good: death by being contemned makes life honourable: the juice of hemlock, by which the great *Socrates* fell, completed his character: and when *Cato* was determined to die, had the conqueror taken the sword out of his hand, he would have robbed him of great part of his glory (*e*).”—But too tedious are my exhortations, when you need rather a remembrancer than a counsellor; for I have said nothing against the bent of your own nature: you was born to great accomplishments: so much the more therefore study to raise, and adorn your good disposition.

I shall now conclude this Epistle; when I have set the usual mark to it, by subjoining some excellent saying or other, as thus: *Among the many evils that attend on folly, this is one, It is always beginning to live (f)*. Consider well, my *Lucilius*, best of men, the full purport of this sentence; and you will learn, how vile and ridiculous is the levity of men, who are ever projecting, and laying new foundations of life, and building their fond hopes thereon. Look on all around you, and observe with what anxiety even old men are making great preparations, either with some ambitious view, or for travel, and merchandise. Now what can be more ab-

furd than to see an old man beginning to live (*g*)? I should not have added the name of the author of this sentiment, had it been so well known, as some other of the common sayings of *Epicurus*, which I have taken upon me to quote, and adopt for my own.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *A controverted point*] Between the *Stoics* and the *Epicureans*, with others who think pain an evil; whereas to the former it is an indifferent thing.

(*b*) *'Tis certain*] See Ep. 24.

Ἡπὶ μᾶλλον ἐφοβῶμαι καθ' ἡμέρας,

Ὡς τὰ γὰρ πάσχειν τ' ἐπιὸν μείζον κακόν. — Eur.

The future terrifies, with daily fear,

Than real ills to suffer, more severe.

(*c*) I remember two particular instances of this: one, at *Eton*, of a labourer falling from a very high scaffolding: the other, at *Cambridge*, of a young gentleman's falling from the upper story of *Christ-College*, unhurt. But what is more extraordinary and to the purpose; in the late horrid riot before-mentioned, the insurgents set fire to *Newgate*, and delivered, among the other prisoners, three unhappy wretches that were to have been executed the next morning. And within a few days, — *Dennis*, (alias *Jack Ketch*) was capitally convicted, and condemned; for being concerned in the said riot.

(*d*) *Fear with hope*] See Epist. 104. — But it is observable here, that there were some philosophers, called by the Greeks, *Elpisticks*, i. e. *Hopers*; who maintained that the chief happiness in life consisted in hope; and that were we deprived of this, and the delight attending it, life would be an insupportable burthen. See *Plutarch. Sympos. 4. 4.*

(*e*) *Had robbed him*] As *Seneca* might think; but no true Christian can be of the same opinion, though *Cato* acted upon principle, even the chief principle of *Stoicism*; since it may easily be proved a false one, from the fitness of things, and had been proved by the forementioned great philosopher, *Socrates*. Vid. *Plato*. See also the foregoing Epistle.

(*f*) *Beginning to live*] See Ep. 20. *Lips. Manud. l. ii. c. Diff. 15.*

(*g*) *An old man*] *Juvenes* adhuc confusa quædam et quasi turbata non indecent: senibus placida omnia et ordinata conveniunt; quibus industria fera, turpis ambitio est. *Plin. Ep. l. 3. 1.* *In young men perhaps some irregularity and disorder may not be unbecoming.* But in the downhill of life; all things should be carried on smoothly and methodically: industry is ill-timed, and ambition a reproach. — *Orrery*.

E P I S T L E XIV.

On Caution, and Security.

I Confess, *Lucilius*, that an affection for, as also the care and preservation of, the body, is natural: nor do I deny but that sometimes it may be indulged: yet I cannot allow, that one should be a slave to it. He that is a slave to his body,—is over-anxious for its welfare,—and refers every thing thereto,—is a slave to many masters. We ought so to comport ourselves, not as if we lived for the body, but as if we could not live without it. Too great a love for it, racks us with perpetual fears, burthens us with unnecessary anxieties, and subjects us to contumely. He that sets too high a value upon his body, can never have a due sense of what is great and honourable. It is worthy indeed of our most diligent care; yet if reason exacts, or dignity and fidelity (*a*) require it to be committed to the flames, we are to submit. At the same time, I say, we must endeavour, as far as lies in our power, not only to avoid danger (*b*), but all manner of annoyance: we must make ourselves as secure as possible, by frequently reflecting on the means, whereby those things, that are to be feared, may be repelled: and of such things, if I am not mistaken, there are three sorts; *indigence, diseases, and oppression from some superior*. Of these nothing can be more terrible than the last, *tyrannical oppression*: it rushes upon us with uproar and violence; whereas the natural evils I have mentioned, silently creep upon us, nor strike with terror either the eyes or ears: but how great the pomp of an execution! Chains, fire, the sword, and wild beasts, gaping for a feast on human entrails: let the imagination add to these a dungeon, a cross, iron whips, hooks, the being sawed asunder, impaled, or torn in pieces by horses, or having the clothes dawbed with pitch, or other the like inflammable matter, and then set on fire, or whatever else the most shocking cruelty hath invented (*c*). Is it any wonder we should be afraid of these tortures, whose variety is so manifold, and apparatus so terrible? For as the executioner afflicts more severely the person condemned, the more instruments of pain he sets in view, (whereby patience itself is overcome:) so, in other

other respects, among all those evils that are apt to damp the spirits, and subdue the courage of man, *they* have the greatest effect that are most visible. Other plagues indeed are not less grievous, I mean, hunger and thirst, an inflammation in the bowels, or a burning fever, but then they are not seen: they shake no weapon at us, nor present any thing terrible to the eye: whereas the former, like vast armies in array, subdue the mind with the appearance and tremendous preparation. What have we to do then, but to take all possible care to give no offence (*d*)?

There are times, when, in a popular government, the rabble are to be feared (*e*): or if the government be such, that the chief executive power is in the senate, then are the leading men therein most to be dreaded: and sometimes the people have delegated their power to particular persons even against themselves. Now as in these cases it is very difficult to have every one our friends, we may rest satisfied in not having them our enemies. The wise man therefore will be cautious not to provoke the resentment of those in power; nay, he will shun it, as he would a storm, if he was at sea. When you sailed to *Sicily*, you passed through the Straits; you know the place therefore: now a rash pilot never regards a south wind, though it be that which harrasseth the *Sicilian* sea, and forms those dreadful whirlpools: he never minds to steer on the larboard, but sails on into the very mouth of the boisterous *Charybdis* (*f*). Whereas one of more caution is continually enquiring of the more experienced, how the tide flows---what signs of a storm are in the clouds,---and keeps on his course, at a wary distance from the places notorious for whirlpools and shipwrecks. Such is the conduct of the wise man, in life. He avoids as much as possible the power that can hurt him; without discovering his design; as there is some sort of security even in this, not to fly professedly; because what a man flies from, he tacitly condemns.

How to be safe from the populace in general requires circumspection. First then let me advise you, to avoid party; to aim at nothing that is apt to raise strife (*g*) among the competitors;—and 2dly, not to be greedy of amassing so much wealth as might enrich the spoiler: the less you carry about you so much the safer: no one, or very few, are such villains as to spill human blood, for the sake of spilling blood: more men act upon a
view

view of interest than from malice (*b*): the robber passeth by a man in rags; and the poor man finds quarter in a place beset with thieves. Lastly, three things, from antient prescription, are to be avoided: *Hatred*, *Envy*, and *Contempt*: and the way to effect this, wisdom alone can shew. It is a very nice point, and to be treated with great caution, lest the fear of envy should throw us into contempt; lest seeming unwilling to trample upon others, we discover that we may be trampled on ourselves. The being to be feared, hath caused many to be afraid for themselves. We must retire, and lower, as it were, ourselves, as much as possible, yet not so as to be contemptible: for envy and contempt are alike dangerous. In short, we must have recourse to philosophy: as this sort of learning commands respect, like (that badge of honor) the sacred *Fillet*: I do not say among good men only, but among such as are not extremely bad. For, eloquence at the bar, and what other arts are used to move the people, commonly create an adversary: but philosophy is ever quiet, and, minding its own business, is above contempt: and so far above other arts as to be respected even by the worst of men: wickedness will never get to such an height, will never so conspire against virtue, as not to leave the name of *Philosopher* venerable and sacred. But philosophy itself must behave with candour and moderation.

“ What then, you will say, must we think of *Cato*? Was his philosophy
 “ so calm and gentle, when he exerted himself, in order by his counsel, to
 “ repress the civil war, and intervened between two princes, furious in
 “ arms; and, while some opposed *Pompey*, and others *Cæsar*, dared to pro-
 “ voke them both himself?” It is doubtful indeed, whether, at that time,
 it was proper for a wise man to take charge of, or concern himself with,
 public affairs. Some one might say, “ what is your intention, *Cato*? The
 “ business now is not concerning *Liberty*; for that has long since been lost:
 “ the dispute is, whether *Cæsar* or *Pompey* shall be master of the common-
 “ wealth: what have you to do with this contention? You have no part
 “ here: the point is already settled; a lordly governor is to be chosen; and
 “ what matters it to you which of them conquers? The better man can-
 “ not: he indeed may be the worse who is overcome; but he cannot be the
 “ better who overcomes; when, to conquer in such a cause, is in itself
 “ dishonour.”

I have only touched upon the last part of *Cato's* behaviour: but the foregoing times were such as would not properly admit of a wise man's interfering in the ruinous state of the republic. What could *Cato* do more, amid the many plunders, than bawl, and make a vain outcry; when at one while he was dragged from the *Forum*, through a lane of people, who lifted up their hands against him, and even spit upon him; and at another time was hurried out of the Senate-house to prison? But we shall see hereafter the propriety of a wise man's concerning himself with government affairs, and whether it be worth his while to risque the losing his labour: for the present I shall recommend to you those philosophers, who, being excluded from every public office, have retired, to study and adorn life; and form laws for the good government of mankind, without any offence to those in power.

The wise man will not give any disturbance to the public as a reformer; nor endeavour to be pointed at for singularity in the conduct of life: what then? will he certainly be safe, who follows this maxim? I can no more promise you this, than a sound state of health to a temperate man; and yet nothing contributes more to health than temperance. A ship may sometimes be lost in the haven; but what various accidents is it subject to in the midst of the sea? How great then must be the danger of the man, who is ever busy, and forming great designs, when it is scarce possible to be safe even in retirement? I do not deny but that sometimes the innocent may suffer, but much oftener the guilty: a man may not want skill, though he may chance to be wounded, through his armour. Lastly, the wise man regards the intent of every action, without being concerned for the event: the outset is in our own power; the event belongs to fortune; whom I will not allow to pass sentence upon me (submitting herein to no other judge but Reason and the fitness of things) though she may perhaps bring trouble and vexation; the robber is not condemned before the fact.

But now I see you are holding out your hand for your daily stipend. I will fill it with gold: and because I mention gold, learn from hence how to make the use of it the more agreeable. *Is maximè divitiis fruitur qui minime divitiis indiget. He most of all enjoys riches, who wants them the least.* "Tell me, you say, who is the author of this sentence?" Well; to
shew

shew you how liberal we are, we have determined to give (*i*) you more than is our own. It is the sentiment of *Epicurus*, *Metrodorus*, or some other of that school. But what signifies who said it? It is said to all. He that wants riches, is anxious after them, but no good is enjoyed with anxiety. He is always studying to make some addition to his store, who thinks of nothing but an increase of his wealth: such a one forgets the right use of what he has got; he is ever busy at his account-books; or attending the Forum; he daily consults the almanack; and, instead of being a proprietor, becomes his own factor.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Fidelity*] *Fides*. The Christian word is *faith*. Gall. *La Foy*.

(*b*) *To avoid danger*] And can there, good Mr. Stoic, be any greater danger, any greater annoyance, dreaded, than death? How then can it be taking care of the body, or observing the first rule of nature, self-preservation, so highly commended elsewhere, to rush voluntarily on death? But thus Stoicism often contradicts itself. See *Epit.* 24.

(*c*) *The most shocking cruelty*] Vid. *Brodæ. Miscell.* l. 2. c. 9. *Turneb. Adversar.* l. 15. c. 15 *Sigon. de Judiciis*, l. 3. c. 18.

(*d*) *To give no offence*] The Apostle's advice in this respect, as in all other, far transcends the Stoic; establishing a doctrine which the wisest philosopher of them all had not yet advanced. *Recompense*, says he, *no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men; and if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.* Rom. 12. 17.

(*e*) *The rabble*] See *Ep.* 8. Note (*b*).

(*f*) *Charybdis*] *Dextram Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis obfidet.---Virgil.* iii. 420.
For on the right, her dogs, foul *Scylla* hides;
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides.---*Dryden.*

(*g*) *To raise strife*] *For where envy and strife is, there is confusion, and every evil work.---Jam.* 3, 16.

(*b*) *More men*] *Plures computant quam oderunt.---al. occiderint.* From *rubence Pincianus conjectures*, *plures compilant, quam occiderint: More commit robberies than murders.* So the old French, *La plus part demande la bourse, que la vie.*

(*i*) *To shew you*] *Vulg. ut scias quam benigni sumus propositum est aliena laudare: Others, dare, which I follow, as best answering to benigni sumus, carrying on the metaphor.*

EPISTLE XV.

On Diet and Exercise.

IT hath been, *Lucilius*, an ancient custom to begin an Epistle, with this compliment, *I am glad to hear you are well (a)* : and I will say, (I think with propriety) *I am glad to hear you study philosophy* : for this is *to be well* : without this, the soul is sick ; and even the body, though ever so strong and vigorous, without this, hath but the strength of a frantic madman. Be this sort of health then your principal care, nor let the other be neglected ; which indeed will not cost you much pains, if you are desirous to procure it : for it would be ridiculous, and by no means convenient for a studious man to be engaged in any laborious exercise, in order to make the arms more pliant, to widen the shoulders, or harden the ribs : was you to be crammed like a gladiator, to make your muscular parts more brawny, you will never equal a fed ox in weight and strength. Besides, the more large and gross the body, the more will the mind be cramped and inactive. Straiten therefore and lower the body, in order to give the mind fairer play. Many inconveniences attend on those who devote themselves to the care of the body ; first in some laborious exercise that exhausts the spirits, and makes them unfit for more intensive studies : and secondly, the subtilty of the mind (*b*) is checked by nothing more than by repletion. Add to this the slavery of the lowest kind (*c*) grown into an habit, among men, who devote their whole time to the bagnio or tavern ; who have spent the day according to their wish, if they have been almost dissolved in sweat ; and to supply the place of the juices thereby exhaled, have poured down large draughts of liquor upon an empty stomach. To sweat and to drink, what is this but the life of a porter (*d*) ?

There are some gentle exercises, which sufficiently recreate the body and take up but little time, the principal thing to be regarded. An easy run, the swinging the hands to and fro with weights in them, leaping in length or height, or dancing (if I may so call it) like the *Salii (e)* ; or (to speak less courtly) like a fuller or weaver. Chuse any one of these ; it is easy, and
requires

requires no art. But in whatever you are pleased to divert yourself, tarry not long, before you return to the exercise of the mind. This may be employed both night and day: it is strengthened and maintained by moderate labour: neither heat, nor cold, nor even old age can hinder this sort of exercise. Cherish this good, which is improving every day. Not that I would have you always poring over a book; or at your writing desk: some respite (*f*) is to be given to the mind; yet not so as to enfeeble, but only to refresh it. Taking the air on horseback, or in a chariot, keeps the body in exercise, and prevents not the study of the mind. In walking also, with a friend, you may read, dictate, speak, and hear. Sometimes to strain the voice, at a certain pitch, without raising or lowering it, as in sing-song (*g*), is an exercise (*h*) not to be despised: and then if you desire to learn in what manner you must walk; take along with you, one of those merry fellows, who are put upon finding out new devices for bread (*i*); you may get one, who will teach you a right step, and other ceremonies, in eating or speaking; and be as impudent, as the credulity of your patience will permit him. *What then?* you will say: *Must I begin at once to speak aloud, and with vehemence?* No: it is so very natural for the voice to be raised and wound up gradually, that the greatest wranglers begin with a common accent, and so proceed to vociferation. No gladiator (*k*) bawls out for *help and mercy* at the first onset. However therefore the impulse of your mind may persuade you, you may upbraid a fault, sometimes with more earnestness, and sometimes with more lenity, as may best suit your voice and lungs: and when you are to recover your voice to the usual pitch, let it gradually descend, and not drop at once: let it be managed with the temper and discretion of a judicious orator, and not rage in the style of a blockhead or rustic: for it is not our intention to exercise the voice, but that the voice should exercise us. Thus then (*l*) I have saved you from some trouble and expence; (in giving you my advice *gratis*) to which let me add a small present which cannot but be acceptable to you.

An excellent sentence that; *Stulta vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur; The life of a fool is made up of chagrin, anxiety, and dismal apprehensions of what may happen.* You will ask me, who is the author of it? The same as before. And what life do you think he calls the *life of a fool*? Such a one as that of *Baba* and *Ixion* (*m*)? No: it is such a one as

we ourselves lead, whom blind ambition and fond desires hurry upon acquisitions that may be hurtful, and yet never satisfy; who, if any thing could satisfy (*n*), have enough already; who never consider, how sweet it is to have nothing to ask; and how noble it is to be fully content, without any the least dependence upon Fortune. Think therefore now and then, *Lucilius*, upon your own acquisitions; and when you observe how many are above you, think also how many are below you: if you would be grateful to heaven, for the happiness of life, think how many you surpass therein. But why do I compare you with others? you have even surpassed yourself (*o*).

Set yourself then some bounds, which, if you would, you cannot, pass. Those insidious blessings we are so fond of, and which are much more sweet in expectation, than in enjoyment, will soon pass away (*p*): was there any solidity in them, they would satisfy: but by their specious appearances they only provoke and incite the thirst. As to what remains for me in the currency of time, why should I rather ask Fortune to give it me, than prevail on myself not to ask it? Or, why should I be solicitous after it, unmindful of human frailty? Shall I amass? What? Labour and toil. Behold, this day is my last: if not, my last is very near.

A N N O T A T I O N S &c.

(*a*) *Vel solum illud scribe, unde priores incipere solebant, si vales bene est, ego valeo, Or let your letter consist only of that old-fashioned compliment, In hopes that you are well; as I am at this present writing. Plin. L. 1. Ep. 11.*

(*b*) *The subtilty of the mind*] *Diogenes*, the Cynic, being asked why the wrestlers (in the games) were generally very stupid and senseless; answered, *Because they are stuffed with beef and bacon*; alluding to the animals, as well as to the eaters. To which *Galen* adds that proverbial saying, Πάει ἄ γὰρ λεπτὸν ἔτικται ἄνθρωπος, *Pinguis venter non gignet tenuem sensum*.---*Erasm.* 3. 6. 18.---The English say, *Fat paunches make lean pates.*

(*c*) *Pessimæ notæ mancipia in magisterium (al. in magistratum) recepta. Or, it may be rendered, Slaves of the lowest sort, admitted into office, and familiarity; alluding to the Græculi Magistri, mentioned below.*

(*d*) *Cardiaci*] *One* subject to the heart-burn. *Plin.* 23. 25. *Juv.* v. 33.

(*e*) *Like the Salii*] *An* order of priests, instituted by *Numa*; who when they carried the sacred *Ancilia* in procession, kept just measures with their feet, and shewed great strength and agility in the various and handsome turns of their body.

(*f*) *Some respite*] See *Ep.* 84.

(*g*) *As in singing*] *Per gradus et certos modos. Lipsius observes, that by Gradus is to be understood, the rising or falling of the voice; and that modi relates to the tone.*

(*b*) *An*

(b) *An exercise*] This was also reckoned an exercise of great utility. (Vid. Hieron. Mercurial. 1. 6. Artis Gymnasticæ: Plutarchi ὀγ. s. a, c. 26.)

(i) *For bread*] Græculus esuriens, in cælum, iusseris, ibit. *Juv.* 3. 76.

All things the hungry Greek exactly knows,

And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.---Dryden.

(k) *The gladiator*] Alluding to the gladiator's appeal to the people when in the utmost distress; as they had it in their power to save him, if they pleased.

(l) *They then*---] Various are the readings here; from one (Pincian.) it may be rendered: *A certain Greek hath saved me some trouble in this affair, who hath enabled me to add to the foregoing a small present.* The life, &c.

(m) *Baba and Ixion*] Two silly fellows of those times. But *Erasmus* reads, Babys et Ixionis---That *Babys* the brother of *Marsyas*, who challenged *Apollo* in singing; and the poet's *Ixion*, who embraced a cloud instead of *Juno*.

(n) Ep. 2. (N. g.)

(o) *Surpass'd yourself*] Having been advanced from a Plebeian to the Equestrian order; and now *Cæsar's Procurator*; an officer, sent by the Emperor into some province, to receive and regulate the public revenue, and to dispose of it at the Emperor's command. See Ep. 19. (N. c.)

(p) Ah think, my friends, how swift the minutes haste!

The present day entirely is our own.

Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone:

To morrow! fatal sound! since this may be our last.

Yalden on human Life.

Dryden's Miscell. v. iiii.

E P I S L E XVI.

On the Study of Philosophy.

I KNOW, *Lucilius*, that it is your opinion, no one can live happily, or indeed scarce tolerably, without the study of philosophy: and that wisdom, when perfected (*a*), makes life completely happy, and, without having made any great progress, satisfactory. But this opinion, clear as it is, must be established and fixed deeper in the heart, by daily meditation. It is more difficult to abide by good resolutions, than to form them. You must persevere, and by continual application so strengthen the mind, that it may be as truly good, as the will is to have it so. You need not, therefore, give yourself the trouble of many words, and protestations to me; I am perfectly satisfied in the progress you have made; I know too, that what you write is upon good principles, not feigned, nor coloured over: yet give me
leave

leave to say, that though I have great hopes of you, I am not quite confident: I would have you think the same yourself. Presume not, too soon and easily, on your own strength: examine well yourself (*b*): make different scrutinies and observations, but more especially consider this; whether you have made a progress in philosophy, or in life itself; in knowledge, or in practice.

Philosophy is no popular artifice; nor made for shew, and ostentation (*c*): it consists not in words, but in deeds. Nor is it to be applied to, only as an amusement, to take off the tediousness of the day: no; it forms and fashions the mind; sets life in good order; directs the conduct; shews what is to be done (*d*), and what to be left undone; it sits at the helm, and steers our course through the wide sea of doubt; in short, no man can live in safety without it. Innumerable accidents happen every hour, which must have recourse to philosophy, as a faithful counsellor. But some one will say, "What avails philosophy, if fate (or *destiny as the Stoics think*) will take its course (*e*): if God is the supreme governor of the world? or if (according to the *Epicureans*) *Chance* is all in all; For, things certain cannot be altered; and no preparation can be made against what is uncertain; if either God hath prevented my purposes, and hath decreed what I shall do; or if every event is in the disposal of Fortune?" Be this as it will, *Lucilius*, let any, or all of these opinions take place; philosophy is nevertheless necessary, and to be diligently studied: whether Fate, I say, binds us by an inexorable law; or God, the sovereign of the world, disposeth all things; or Chance impels, and tosseth about at random, human affairs; still philosophy must be our defence; this will exhort us to obey God with a willing mind; and more strenuously to resist the power of Fortune; this will teach you to trust in providence (*f*), and humbly submit to casualties. But there is no need at present to launch out further into dispute, concerning our free-agency, if Providence holds the reins of government; or we are bound and dragged by the chain of destiny; or the sudden changes in the course of things depend upon mere *Chance*. I return therefore, *Lucilius*, to advise and exhort you, not to suffer the ardour of your mind to become faint and languid by any such surmises; resolve and persevere, 'till such impulse becomes an habit.

Now,

Now if I know you well, *Lucilius*, you have been musing, from the beginning, upon what sort of present I would send with this Epistle. Peruse it, and you will find something; wherein indeed you will have no reason to admire my judgment; for I am still liberal of what is not my own: but why do I say, not *my own*? whatever is *properly* said by any one, I make bold to call it *mine*; as that saying of *Epicurus*, si ad naturam vives, nunquam eris pauper: si ad opinionem nunquam dives: exiguum natura desiderat, opinio immensum. *If you live according to nature, you will never be poor; if according to opinion, never rich: what nature demands, is little; what opinion, immense.* Let the possessions of many rich men be heaped upon you; let fortune exalt you far above any private condition of life; let her cover you with a roof of gold, clothe you with purple, surround you with delicacies, and so enrich you, as to have the ground, whereon you walk, paved with marble, and bestow upon you not only money enough for use, but to squander away: add to these, statues, pictures, and whatever else art can supply the most luxurious fancy with; the issue of all will be, only an inducement, still to covet something more. The desires of nature have their limits: but those that arise from false opinion, have not where to rest; for they know no bounds. He that walks in a straight and beaten path will soon find an end; but he that wanders out of his way, will long wander; for error is infinite. Withdraw yourself therefore from vain superfluities, and when you would know, whether what you are solicitous after, ariseth from a natural or a fond and blind desire; consider whether such thing, if obtained, can give you solid contentment; if not,--if as far as you have gone, you must still go further; you may be assured that the path you walk in, is not the right path of nature.

A N N O T A T I O N S; &c.

(a) The Stoical wise man exists not but in description; for as *Plutarch* observes, ἐστὶ δὲ τις ἀδελφεὸς γῆς, ἡ δὲ γῆ γέγονεν. De pugn. Stoic.) *There is no such one upon earth, nor ever was.* And *Cicero*, Stoicam sapientiam interpretantur, quam adhuc nemo mortalis est consecutus. (in *Lael.*) *The Stoics give you such a definition of virtue as no mortal man ever yet attained to.* However, he may be look'd upon as set forth by way of example; as, in the *Gospel*, Christians are required to be perfect, even as their father which is in heaven is perfect. Matth. 5. 48. And as *Plato* (in *Phæd.*) says, *Pure wisdom is not attainable on this side the grave*; no Christian can properly assume the character, 'till he comes to the general assembly, and church of the first-born, which are enrolled in heaven, and to the throne of God, who

is the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men, made perfect. Heb. 22. 23. See 1 King. 8. 46. Job. 9. 20. Ps. 51. 5 Prov. 20. 9 Ecclef. 7. 20. 1 Cor. 13. 11 Phil. 3. 12. Col. 4. 12. 2 Tim. 3. 17. 1 John. 1. 8. See also, Sen. de Ben. 1. Ep. 42. (N. a) *Lipf. Manud.* 11. 8.

(b) *Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves, &c.* 2 Cor. 13. 5. 1 Cor. 11. 28. See Ep. 25. (N. e.)

(c) *Lipfius ex Laſtantio.* Mendacium incongruum et ineptum est, non in pectore, sed in labiis habere bonitatem, ne ergo---Virtutem verba putes, ut Lucum ligna,---Hor. Ep. 1. 6. 31.

'Tis ridiculous to think,

(As beedless minds the weakest things approve)

That words make virtue, just as trees a grove.---Creech.

Be ye doers of the word, not bearers only, deceiving your own selves; Jam. 1. 22. See also, Matth. 7. 21-Rom. 2. 13.

(d) As we say of the scriptures, *all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness,* that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. 2 Tim. 3. 16.

(e) Fatalism, an old thread of doctrine, of late twisted anew, by a most ingenious, and indefatigable spinner; but happily untwisted by one of the same breed; forasmuch as, instead of carrying us through the extensive labyrinth of doubt, it fixeth us like statues, on the spot, merely passive; or (without a metaphor) will lead us to the following conclusion: that, since no action or event could possibly be different from what it has been, is, or will be, repentance becomes an idle ejaculation, and every application to Heaven for mercy and forgiveness, unnecessary, &c. *N. Dict.*

(f) *Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.* Prov. 3. 5.—*I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength, and my song, and he is become my salvation.* 11. 12. 2.—*Trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.* 1 Tim. 6. 17.

EPISTLE XVII.

On the same; and concerning Poverty.

THROW away all these vanities, *Lucilius*, if you are wise, or rather that you may be wise. Strive with all your might to attain sound wisdom. If any thing withholds you, either untie the knot or cut it. But *family-affairs*, you say, *detain you; which you would fain so order, as, without any further trouble, to arrive at an easy competency; so that poverty may be no burthen to you; nor you to any one.* When you say this, *Lucilius*, you seem not to know the whole strength and power of the good in question; you see indeed the excellency of philosophy in the gross; but as yet you consider

consider not minutely enough its several parts; you know its great utility, at all times, and in all respects; forasmuch as, (to use the words of *Cicero*) in maximis opituleter, et in minima descendat; *it assists us in affairs of the highest consequence, and descends even to the lowest (a)*. Believe me, if you consult philosophy, she will persuade you not to sit so long at your counting-desk.

But this is your scheme; this the chief avocation from your studies: *to shun that dreadful thing, poverty*. And what if, after all, poverty should prove desirable? Riches have prevented many from the study of philosophy: poverty is always free, and always secure. If an enemy's trumpet sounds an alarm, the poor man knows it to be of little consequence to him (*b*): if there is an outcry of fire, he is at the trouble of saving nothing but himself: if he must go aboard, he makes no bustle in the port; nor does he disturb the shore with a single attendant, much less with a crew of servants, for whom it might be difficult to find provision in a foreign country. Not but that it is an easy matter to supply a few mouths, especially of those that are orderly, and require nothing more than a common meal. Hunger costs not much to be satisfied; but a nice palate is expensive. Poverty is contented with the satisfaction of her present desires. Why therefore do you contemn fellowship with *her*, whose manner every rich man in his senses, or who would fain live happily, desires to imitate? Would you be at leisure to improve, and attend the duties of the mind, you must either be poor, or act as such. Study will turn to little account, where there is no respect had to frugality; and frugality is a sort of voluntary poverty.

Lay aside, therefore, these frivolous excuses; *I have not yet got enough; when I have, I will give myself up entirely to philosophy*. Nothing is to be sought before this, which you defer, and postpone to every thing. You must begin here. But you say, *I would fain get wherewithal to live*. Learn then how to get it. If any thing hinders you from living well, let it not hinder you from dying well. There is no reason that poverty, or even want should recall you from the study of philosophy; for even hunger is to be endured while we are in pursuit of this, as patiently as

in a siege. And what is the reward of patience at such a time; but the not falling into the hands, and submitting to the discretion of the conqueror? But how much greater the reward that *this* promiseth, even perpetual liberty; a liberty out of the reach of men or gods to destroy! (*c*) Hunger hath been driven to such extremes, that whole armies have wanted necessaries, and been forced to eat the roots of herbs (*d*), and such offals as are not fit to be named (*e*). And for what did they suffer all this? for a kingdom (*f*), and, what is still more surprising, for a kingdom not their own. And will any one scruple to endure poverty, that he may free his mind from all hurtful passions, *and be king of himself?*

There is no necessity therefore for being rich, before you enter upon this study. You may apply yourself to it without a viaticum, and attain it, without provision, or supplies. But so it is, *Lucilius*, when you shall have got every thing else, you will then look after philosophy. You suppose this the last necessary of life, or, if I may call it so, an additional accomplishment. But I beg of you, whatever you are in possession of, to study philosophy: for how do you know but that you have too much of worldly goods already? Or, if you have nothing, make the attainment of this your first study.

But necessaries will be wanting. What necessaries? All that nature asks is very little; and a wise man will accommodate himself to nature. If he is driven to the last extremity, *he knows his time here is but short* (*g*). And if he has still enough to keep body and soul together, he is thankful for it, and makes the most of what he has got: not being solicitous or anxious after any thing more than mere necessaries, food and rayment. He sits himself down contentedly, and laughs at the hurry and fatigues of the rich; and the many vexations and perplexities of those who are striving to be so; saying, *Why are ye so long about it? why do ye plague yourselves with the expectation of interest-money; or of some great return in trade; or the death of an old miser; when ye may soon be rich in a more compendious way? Wisdom supplies the place of wealth; and where she hath made riches seem superfluous she hath given them.*

them. But this argument belongs not properly to you, *Lucilius*, who may be ranked among the rich; change but the times (*b*), and you have a great deal too much. But in every age there is enough to supply nature.

And here I might have ended this Epistle, had I not used you to a bad custom. As no one can salute or address the *Parthian* kings without a present; so there is no taking leave of you *gratis*. Well then, I will still borrow from *Epicurus*,---*Multis parasse divitias, non finis miseriarum fuit, sed mutatio;---The acquiring much wealth hath proved to many, not an end, but only a change, of their miseries.* The fault however lies not in the things acquired, but in the mind itself. That which made poverty grievous, makes also riches irksome. As it matters not, whether you place a sick man, on a wooden, or a golden couch; since he still carries his disease along with him; so whether a discomposed mind be placed in wealth or poverty, it is the same thing. The distemper will still attend it.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Lipfius* gives these words to *Hortentius* rather than to *Cicero*.

(b) The rich only are in danger. So *Petronius*;

Cum cecinere tubæ, jugulo stat divite ferrum.

(c) Or, *the being subject to no fear either of man or God.* This may be looked upon as a Stoical rant; but *St. Peter* says, *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?*—1. Pet. 3. 13.—See also Ep. 38. (N. x.)

(d) See *Sen. de ira. c. 20. Sidon. Apoll. viii. 7. No. P. 437.*

(e) *Dictu fædam]*—ad infames jam jamque coegerat escas. *ib.*

(f) The Apostle argues in like manner. *Every one that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things: now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.* 1 Cor. 9. 25.

Pro toto hoc argumento, pulchrè Manilius,

Quæremus lucrum navi, mortemque sequemur

Ad prædas. Pudeat tanto bona velle caduca.

Quid cœlo dabimus! quantum est quo veneat omne?

Impendendus homo est, Deus esse ut possit in ipso.

Pulchra, inquam, hæc magis, an pia? *Lipf.*

—*From food and clothes from east to west we run,*

And spendthrifts often sweat to be undone.

Are perishing goods worth so much pains and cost,

Hard to be got and in enjoyment lost?

Then what must heaven deserve? That gold, that buys

The rest, how disproportionate a price!

It asks a higher value, and to gain

The God, lay out thyself, the price is man. Creech.

(g) *Exiliet e vita*] This, I think, is the second passage which required to be softened, in order to avoid a certain doctrine of the Stoics, which could not but be shocking to a Christian reader; and which *Seneca* himself seems not to approve of, in what follows;—*Si verò exiguum fuerit, et angustum, quo vita produci possit, id boni confulet.* See Ep. 12. 14. 24. 65. (N. i.)

Besides, the turn here given, and which the words will bear in some measure, is consonant to that most comfortable doctrine of the Apostle; *Our light affliction* which is but for a moment, *worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.* 11 Cor. 4. 17.

(b) *Saculum muta, nimis habes Vulg.*—*Saculum muta*—*Lips. Op/op.* i. e. If we look back to the times of the *Fabricii*, and the *Curii*, before luxury grew into fashion, *you have already too much.*

EPISTLE XVIII.

On the Behaviour of a Philosopher at certain Seasons. On Poverty; and immoderate Anger.

DECEMBER is a month, in which the city seems in full employ. Public feasting and luxury are allowed, and every place resounds with the noise of preparation: as if there was no difference between the feast called *Saturnalia* (a), and the common working days; so that he was not wide of the mark, who was pleased to say, that December now lasted all the year!—I should have been glad, *Lucilius*, if you had been here, that I might have conferred with you, and heard your opinion, concerning what is to be done; whether we must go on in our usual way; or, lest we should seem too far to differ from the humour of the times, we should likewise unrobe, and give a loose to joy, banquetting and wine. For what was not usual but on some uproar and disturbance, or when any calamity befel the city (b), we now change our dress for the sake of pleasure and feasting. If I am not mistaken in you, were you appointed arbiter in this affair, you would not have us act altogether like the rabble, nor altogether unlike them: unless perhaps the mind, on these festival days, is to be restrained, in order to exhibit a single example of abstinence, while every one else is indulging himself in the most luxurious pleasures. He gives a sure token of his steadiness, who is not to be drawn into softness and luxury at such a time; and so much
stronger

stronger is he, if he keeps himself sober and thirsty, when all the people are drunk and overcharged. But the more moderate way is, not to be particular at this time, so as to be taken notice of; nor yet to give into all their measures; but to do what others do, though not in the same manner. A man may celebrate a festival without luxury and excess of riot.

But I have an inclination to try the firmness of your mind; by giving you such precepts as have been given, and followed too, by great men. Set apart certain days, in which taking up with the meanest and vilest diet, and the most coarse and rough cloathing, you may say to yourself; *And is this all that I was afraid of?* While in security, let the mind prepare itself against difficulties; and amidst the favours of fortune, be strengthened against any injurious treatment. The soldier, in the time of peace, exercises himself; throws up trenches, and, in fruitless labour, takes a great deal of pains, to inure himself against the time, when it may become necessary. Whom you would not have tremble in the time of action, you must harden before the time comes. In like manner some have continually so inured themselves to poverty, as almost to proceed to want; that they may never be surprized with what they have learned to bear.

Think not that I am inviting you to a mean repast (*c*), or the hovel of a poor man (*d*), or whatever else it is, whereby luxury sometimes relieves itself, and smooths over the irksomeness of riches by way of change: no; I desire that your bed may be really hard; your clothes rough, your bread stale, and of the vilest sort: endure this three or four days, or sometimes longer, that it may not be whim only by way of variety, but a fair trial (*e*); and then, believe me, *Lucilius*, you will exult in being satisfied with what costs a trifle: and you will learn, that you are under no such great obligation to fortune, for a maintenance; for let her be as spiteful as she pleases, she cannot but supply you with such things as are absolutely necessary.

Yet after all, there is no reason to think you have done a great thing: it is no more than what many thousand slaves, and poor wretches do daily. All that you can boast of is, that you do it voluntarily. And then it will be as easy for you to endure it always (*f*) as sometimes to undergo the trial. Let us be exercised, as it were, at the post; lest fortune should come upon us unprepared. Let poverty be familiar to us. We shall more securely enjoy wealth, if we know that it is not grievous to be poor. That great master of pleasure, *Epicurus*, observed certain days, wherein he very sparingly satisfied hunger, to prove whether there was any thing that did not contribute to the enjoyment of full and consummate pleasure: or if any thing was wanting thereto, what it was; and whether it deserved all that care and pains, that are generally bestowed in the acquiring it. This is what he says of himself in the Epistle he wrote to *Polyænus*, when *Charinus* was governor of *Athens*. And he even glories in it; that he could dine at less expence than three farthings (*g*); when *Metrodorus*, who had not made so great a proficiency in philosophy, would spend the whole. Do you think that he found only satiety in his meal? yes, and pleasure too; a pleasure not light and transitory, and to be at times repeated, but stable and certain. Not that mere water is so pleasant a thing, or a coarse cake, or a piece of barley bread; but the chief pleasure consists in being able to extract even satisfaction from these, and to arrive at such a pass, as to bid defiance to the inclemency of fortune. What if the allowance of a common prison is better; and even the executioner supplies the criminals under sentence of death with a larger portion: how great must that mind be, to submit to that condition voluntarily, that is decreed for those who are reduced to the last extremity! This is to raise, as it were, a counter-battery to Fortune. Begin therefore, *Lucilius*, to practise these things; set apart some particular days to quit, as it were, the world; and make the lowest condition familiar to you: accept the fellowship of poverty.

Aude hospes contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo. Virg. 8. 364. (*b*)

Not that I would debar you from the possession of riches, but would have you so possess them, as not to be afraid of losing them. Which
intrepid

intrepid security you may attain by this simple method; only by persuading yourself that you can live happily without them; and looking upon them as ever ready to take wing.

I shall now begin to fold up my letter. But pay me first, *you say*, the usual debt. Well then, *Epicurus* shall pay you. *Immodica ira* gignit infaniam, *Immoderate anger turns to madness*: You cannot but know this truth, if ever you was master of a stubborn slave, or had an enemy (*i*). But indeed this passion is apt to afflict all sorts of persons: it arises as well from love as from hate; it breaks out not only in serious affairs, but amidst sport and jesting; nor does it signify so much from what provocation it springs; as what sort of mind it affects; as it is not to be considered how great a fire is, but whereon it happens to light: be it ever so great, it hurts not solid bodies; while such as are dry and combustible soon raise a spark into a mighty flame. Thus it is, *Lucilius*, the event of an extraordinary passion is madness; and therefore anger is to be avoided, not only for moderation-sake, but for the health, *both of the mind and body* (*k*).

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(*a*) This festival is supposed to have been instituted in memory of the liberty enjoyed in the golden age under *Saturn*, before the names of master and servant were known in the world. For among other mirthful ceremonies to be observed on this festival, servants were allowed to be so free with their masters, as to change clothes with them, and make them wait upon them at table:

Exercent epulas læti famulosque procurant

Quisque suos.—*Attius*.

Pestaque fervorum, cum famulantur heri. *Ausonius*.

And even to ridicule them to their faces:

Hor. Sat. II. 7. 4.—Age, libertate Decembri,

Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere; narra.

Go to, and as our ancient laws decree,

Use boldly thy December's liberty,

Speak fairly what thou wilt, thou mayst be free. Creech. }
}

This festival at its first institution was kept only one day, (the 14th of the kalends of *January*) which continued to the time of *Augustus*, when two more days were added; and by *Caligula* two more; according to *Martial*,

Et jam Saturni quinque fuere dies.

Hæc signata mihi quinque diebus erunt. *Id.*

Which soon after were encreased to seven days ;

Sic *Novius*, Atellanarum scriptor,

Olim expectata septem veniunt Saturnalia.

Et *Mummius* quidam,—Noſtri majores veluti bene

Multa inſtituere, ſic hoc optimè, frigore

Fecere ſummo dies ſeptem Saturnalia.

See Ep. 47.—*Lucian*, (who in his *Saturnalia* recites the forms and ceremonies obſerved on this feſtival. *Macrob.* ii. 10. *Alex. ab Alex.* ii. 22. *Lipſ.* Saturn. i. 2, 3.

(b)

Ergo ubi concipiunt quantis fit cladibus urbi

Conſtatura fides ſuperùm, ferale per urbem

Juſtitium; latuit plebeio teſtus amiſſu

Omnis bonos; nullos comitata eſt purpura faſces.—*Lucan.* ii. 18.

While thus the wretched citizens behold

What certain ill the faithful gods foretold :

Juſtice ſuſpends her courſe in mournful Rome,

And all the noiſy Courts at once are dumb :

No honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd weed,

No rods the purple magiſtrate precede.----Rowe.

(c) Ad modicas cœnas. *Al. medicas. Al. monas. Al. moneas.* From whence *Muretus* conjectures *Timoneas*, ſuch an entertainment, as one might expect from *Timon*, the Miſanthrope, in his reduced ſtate. *Opſop. Lipſ.*

(d) Pauperum cellas. Vid. *Sen.* ad *Helviam.* c. 12.

Mundæ que, parvo ſub lare pauperum,

Cœnæ, ſine aulæis et oſtro,

Sollicitam explicuere frontem. *Hor. Od.* iii. 29. 14.

To frugal treats and humble cells,

With grateful change the wealthy fly ;

Where health-preſerving plainneſs dwells

Far from the carpet's gaudy eye.

Such ſcenes have charm'd the pangs of care,

And ſmooth'd the clouded forehead of deſpair. Francis.

(e) The like Precept is given by *Epiſtetus.* *Diſſ.* 13.

(f) Or, for the ring of wreſtlers. Ad palum, a la luite, *Vet. Gall.* a la Quintaine. *Malberbe.*

(g) Non toto aſſe. *Timocrates* objected to *Epicurus*, that he ſpent daily above a pound in meat and drink. This *Laertius* denied, who, with many others, alledged, that *Epicurus* lived upon the moſt ſimple and mean diet, according to his own words; *I exult in bodily pleaſure, with the enjoyment only of bread and water; I deſpiſe all manner of ſumptuous delicacies, not for their own ſake, but on account of the diſorders that attend them.* *Stobæ.* *Serm.* 17.—So in his *Epiſtle* to *Menæcius*, *Bread and water, ſays Epicurus, give conſummate pleaſure to a man when dry and hungry.*

(b)

Mean as it is, this palace and this door,

Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror :

Dare to be poor; accept our homely food,

Which feaſted him; and emulate a God. Dryden.

(i) Cùm habuerint ſervum et inimicum. *Muretus* thinks theſe words to be ſuſpected; but why I cannot conceive: for what things are apt to exaſperate a man more than a diſorderly ſlave, or a malicious enemy ?

(k) He

(k) *He that is slow to wrath, is of great understanding; but he that is of an hasty spirit, exalteth folly.* Prov. 14. 29. *He that is slow to wrath, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.* 16. 32. *Cease from anger, and forsake wrath.* Pf. 37. 8. *For wrath killeth the foolish man, and indignation slayeth the filly one.* Job. 5. 2. *Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.* Ecclef. 7. 9. *Let every one be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.* Jam. 1. 19. *Be ye angry, and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath.* Ephes. 4. 26. *Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice.* 34.

E P I S T L E X I X .

On Solitude and Retirement *.

I Exult, *Lucilius*, at the reception of every letter from you confirming my hopes; as they not only promise but engage for you. Go on, I pray you; for what can I ask of my friend better, than what I would ask *of the gods* in his behalf? Withdraw yourself from your present employments, if you can, gracefully; if not, force yourself from them. We have flung away time enough already; let us begin in our old age to decamp. Seems it a disagreeable task? We have lived in a stormy ocean, let us die in a quiet harbour. Not that I would have you affect singularity, or think to gain a name, by retirement; which you ought not, either to boast, or to conceal. For I shall never desire to prevail upon you so far, as that, condemning the madness and folly of mankind, you should retire into some secret place, forgetting and forgot. Act so, that your retreat, though not talked of, may yet be seen. Such as have not yet entered upon a public life, may do as they please, and still live in obscurity; but you are not at liberty herein. The strength of your genius, your elegant writings, and great and noble alliances, have every where published your name: so well are you known, that was you to shut yourself up in the remotest part of the

world, it would be in vain: no darkness can so screen you, but that the lustre of your former actions would betray you.

But I think, you may now demand some rest, without ~~resentment~~, anxiety or remorse. For what do you leave behind you that you can possibly regret? Clients? Not one of them follows you for **your sake**, but for what they can get.—Friends? Friendships indeed were fought formerly; but now interest is all (*a*). Or are you afraid that some old man in your absence will alter his will? Or that your visitors will seek some other levee? *Lucilius*, any thing extraordinary, and especially liberty, is not to be purchas'd for nothing; consider, whether you had rather lose yourself, or your connections. For my part, I wish you had grown old in as private a station, as you was born; and that fortune had never introduced you into high life. Your rapid success hath carried you quite beyond the prospect of healthful happiness. A province, a government, and all its appendages! and then follow other offices, and still other after them! What end will there be? What do you expect before your ambition will be satisfied? To have all you desire? That will never be. As we say of the series of causes, of which fate is compos'd, the same we say of desires, from the attainment of one still springs another. You are involved in a state of life; which, of itself, can know no end of misery and slavery. Withdraw your neck from the yoke; it were better broke at once, than to be always oppress'd †. If you reduce yourself to a private state, every thing indeed will be lessened, but there will be enough left for a reasonable mind: whereas now, though vast stores are heaped upon you, there is yet no satisfaction. Had you rather then enjoy contentment with a little, or suffer hunger amidst plenty? Prosperity is not only covetous itself, but expos'd to the covetousness of others; and it is not possible to satisfy others, if you cannot satisfy yourself.

But you will say, How shall I extricate myself? In every way you can. Think how many things you have rashly undertaken to get money; what toils you have undergone for honour. Something must be attempted for the sake of ease and retirement; or you must wear out
4
yourself

yourself in the fatigues of office; live in a continual hurry of business, amidst a storm, which no moderation can fly from, nor any proposed enjoyment of life escape. For what avails it how much you desire ease yourself, when your fortune will not suffer you to enjoy it? And what if you still advance in life? As much as you add to your success, you add to your fears. Give me leave to remind you of a saying of *Mecænas*'s, when the torture of his dignity (*b*) forced the truth from him; *Ipsa enim altitudo attonat summa: The greater the height, the more subject to the effects of thunder.* This is what he hath advanced in his treatise called *Prometheus*; and his meaning is, *that too great height astonishes and confounds the happy person.* Can there be any power of so great worth, as to make you talk thus idly, as if you were drunk (*c*)? *Mecænas* indeed was an ingenious man, and would have set a noble example of Roman eloquence, if prosperity had not enervated, nay, quite unmann'd him (*d*). And such, *Lucilius*, must be your fate, unless, (what he too late desired) (*e*) you lower your sails, and make to shore.

With this saying of *Mecænas*, I might here have discharged my account with you, but that I fear you will dispute it, and not accept of payment in such *new coin*. No; as things are, *Epicurus* must pay the usual debt; well then, he says, *Ante circumspiciendum est, cum quibus edas et bibas, quàm quod edas et bibas.* *Nam sine amico visceratio, leonis ac lupi vita est.* *You must rather have regard to the persons with whom you eat and drink, than to what you eat and drink.* *For good cheer without a friend, is the life of a lion or a wolf (g).* Now this is what you can never do but in retirement. At present, you will have guests enough, whom your secretary is pleased to pick out from your leveè; but he greatly errs, who looks for a friend in his crowded drawing-room; or who only tries him at an entertainment (*b*). For no greater evil attends the man of business, and much employ, than that he takes those to be his friends, to whom he is no hearty friend himself; and thinks nothing of greater efficacy in promoting friendship, than conferring benefits. Whereas there are some men, who the more they stand indebted to your generosity, the more they hate you. A small favour
indeed

indeed makes a debtor, but a large one an enemy. What then, do not benefits procure friendships? yes, when you are allowed to chuse the person you would oblige; not when they are conferred promiscuously. Therefore when you have any such intention, or till you are your own master, embrace this opinion of the wise: *It is of more consequence to consider, on whom the benefit is conferred, than what it is.*

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

• “ There is a difference between *retirement* and *solitude*: the former may be social, and filled up with all the endearments of life; we carry with us into *retirement*, the affections of nature: but we drop them in *solitude*: in the one we fly from the incumbrance, in the other, from the delights of society.”

(a) “ Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are seldom to be found; they are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. *We meet with few friends*: the greatest part of those, who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance: and no wonder; since *Tully's* maxim is certainly true; that friendship can subsist, non nisi inter bonos, (*only among the good*) at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys.” *Bolingbroke Lett.* p. 148.

“ Believe me, (says the same Philosopher) there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other.” *Lett.* 200.

† See Ep. 22. (N. 6.)

(b) *Mecænatis vera in ipso eculeo elocuti.*—*Ponit eculeum pro dignitate torquente possidentem.* *Vet. Schol.*—*Eculeo*, i. e. dignitate, et *Aula*, ubi assidua tormenta. *Lips.* Or perhaps by *eculeo*, says *Muretus*, *Seneca* means, the three last years of *Mecænas'* life, wherein he could scarce ever get any sleep.

(c) *Lipsius* thinks this not saying too much, as applied to *Mecænas*. See a specimen of his style, and the flourish of a *Maccaroni*, Ep. 114.

(d) Ep. 92. *Habuit (Mecænas) grande et virile ingenium, nisi ipse illud discinxisset.*

(e) Not being in so high favour, at that time, with *Augustus*, as was his wife *Terentia*.

(f) *In aspero et probo.* *Nummus probus*, qui non peccat in materia; *asper*, quum nondum est detritus usu. *Erasm.* Sed vid. *Muret.* et *Lips.* *Hodiè apud Turcas*, *Aspri*, *nummuli ex argento.*

(g) See Ep. 73.—*Εἶς ἐς κορακας μονοφάγος καὶ τοιχωρικός.* *Alexis.*

Go and be hang'd, thou solitary glutton,

An housebreaker is a better man.

The Romans give us the saying of a pleasant man, and a good companion, whoever he was, who, having supped alone, said, that he had eat indeed, but not supped, as if a supper always wanted company and conversation, to make it palatable and pleasing. *Plutarch*, *Sympos.* vii. Prol.—Hence the Latins use the words *convivium*, and *cæna*, quasi *κοινή*. *Lips.*

(h) See *Sen. de Benef.* vi. 34.

E P I S T L E XX.

True Philosophy consists not in Words, but in Actions.

On the Contempt of Wealth.

IF you are well, and think yourself worthy of, one-day, becoming your own master, I rejoice: for it will be my glory, to have extricated you from that state wherein you so long wavered, without hopes of being made free. But this, my *Lucilius*, I shall beg and require of you: that you would permit philosophy to sink deeper into your heart;---that you would often make trial of your proficiency; not by speech or writing, but by the firmness of mind, and the diminution, at least, of all fond desires. Some propose to gain the applause of an audience by declamation; others to entertain the ears of young men, and such as are at leisure to attend their lectures, with variety of matter, and volubility of speech. But philosophy teaches to act, not to speak; and requires that every one should live according to the law prescribed; and that his conduct should agree with his discourse (*a*); and that without any discordant action, it should be of one and the same colour throughout, for this is the whole duty and proof of wisdom; that deeds should correspond with words; and that the man should be every where, and at all times, consistent with himself. But where shall we find such a one? There are few, indeed; but there are some. However, it must be own'd a difficult task; though I do not say that a wise man should always walk with the same step, but in one and the same path. Observe, therefore, whether your dress be different from your furniture; whether you are liberal to yourself, and sordid to those who belong to you; whether you sup frugally, and build prodigally. Enter, at once, upon one certain rule of life, and square your whole life by the same. Some are very sparing, and even niggardly, at home, but are very generous and expensive abroad. Such different behaviour is faulty, and betrays
a mind

a mind still wavering, without any certain tenour of life. Moreover, I will shew you, from whence this inconstancy, this contrariety, proceeds. No one seriously purposeth what he really would have; or if he does, he perseveres not therein, but passeth on to something else; nor is this the only change of mind; for he soon returns even to that, which he had before cast off and condemned. Therefore, laying aside all former definitions of wisdom, and comprehending the whole measure of human life, we may rest satisfied with this: *What is wisdom? It is always to will, or always not to will, the same thing.* (b) I think I need not add any such exception, as that the thing any one wills, must be what is right: for nothing but what is right, can please always. Men, therefore, know not what they would have, but at the very moment when they would have it. No one seems to have the power of fixing, positively, what he wills or not, upon the whole. The judgment is daily altered, and is, at one time, opposite to what it is at another; so that many spend their whole lives, as it were, in play. (c) Press on, therefore, *Lucilius*, as you have begun; and, haply, you will either reach your journey's end, or, at least, know, that you have not, as yet, reached it, nor can reach it, but by your own industry.

What then, you say, must become of your domestics? When they are no longer maintained by you, they will learn to maintain themselves. And what you could not know from your own courtesy, and good-nature, poverty will teach you. This will retain your true and sure friends; when *they* will desert you, who honoured you not for your sake, but their own interest. Is not poverty itself therefore amiable, when it points out the persons who love you unfeignedly? O! when will that day come, that no one shall commend you more than you deserve; or presume to honour you with false praise! Hither let all your thoughts tend; regard this; wish for this; remitting all other affairs to the guidance of Providence, that you may be satisfied with yourself, and happy in your own endowments. What felicity can be more divine? Reduce yourself to a low degree; from whence you need fear no fall. And that you may the more willingly do this, I hope the tribute, which this epistle will immediately pay you, will prove an inducement.

ducement. Nay, though perhaps you may dislike it, *Epicurus* is even now ready to pay it for me. *Your discourse, believe me, would appear more magnificent from a truckle-bed and a patched coat ; for things delivered under these circumstances are not only well expressed, but well proved.* (d) And, for my part, I am never more affected with what I hear from our *Demetrius* than when I see him laid upon straw, and so badly equipped as to appear rather naked, than clothed. What then ? May not a man despise riches, even when it is in his power to enjoy them ? (e) Certainly he may : And he shews a noble mind, who seeing them flow around him, and wondering with himself at his good fortune, laughs ; and rather knows them to be his own from what he hears, than from any alteration they make in his conduct. It is extraordinary for a man not to be corrupted by the communication of wealth. He is great, who, amidst his riches, can humbly look down upon himself as a poor man ; but much more secure is he who has none. I know not, you say, how such a one, was he reduced to poverty, would bear it. And I say (for *Epicurus*) I know not how a poor man would despise riches, were they to fall to his lot. The mind therefore in both is to be regarded ; and we must consider, whether the one affects poverty, and the other despiseth riches : Or otherwise a straw bed, and ragged clothes are but a light proof of the will, unless it shall appear, that a man acts, not by necessity, but choice. But the good disposition I am speaking of, is not the looking upon these things as preferable ; but because by such preparation, they become easy to be borne. And indeed, my *Lucilius*, they are easy ; nay, by being thought upon long before, should they fall to your lot, they will be pleasant too. For they have that in them without which there can be no pleasure, *security*.

I think it necessary therefore, what I wrote to you concerning the practice of some great men ; to set apart certain days for the exercise of an imaginary poverty, which is the rather to be practised, because we are apt to become effeminate by delicacies, and to think all things hard and irksome. The mind requires to be roused and forced from its lethargic disposition ; and to be often reminded of what a little portion we have by the appointment of nature. No man is born rich in himself ; as soon as he enters upon life, he is obliged to be contented with milk

and swadling clothes; such a beginning promiseth not kingdoms,
though kings are not exempt from it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 16 (N. c.)

So *Cbaucer*, in the character of the Parson.

“ This noble ensample to his schepe he yaff.
“ That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught;
“ Out of the Gospel he the wordis caught:
“ And this figure he added thereunto;
“ That if gold rusted, what schuld yryn do?”

Thus rendered by *Dryden*:

*His preaching much, but more his practice, wrought;
A living sermon of the truths he taught:
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Will may the baser brass contract a rust.*

(b) This is *Zeno's* ὁμολογία, *consistency*, the end of philosophy. *Cato* (ap. *Cic.* De Fin. iii.) summum hominis bonum positum est in eo, quod ὁμολογίαν stoici, nos appellamus *convenientiam*, si placet.

See Ep. 35. (N. c.) 74. (N. h.) 95. 120. *Lips.* Manud. 11. 15.

(c) They are restless in body, as in mind:

Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constat.—
Quid sibi quisque velit, nescire et quærere semper:
Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.—
Hoc se quisque modo fugit, et quod scilicet, ut fit,
Effugere, haud potis est ingratis hæret et angit.

Lucret. 111, 1070.

*Oh! if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares, still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden, lodg'd within the breast;
Sure they would change their course; not live as now;
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow:—
—Thus every one o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill:
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.—Dryden.*

(d) *Lipsius*, doubts whether these are the words of *Epicurus*; and seems rather to think them the words of *Seneca*, in answer to what *Epicurus* is supposed to have said.

(e) I cannot but think that *Seneca* is here drawing his own picture, notwithstanding what has been said of his wealth and covetousness.—“ To despise riches with *Seneca's* purse, (says Lord Bolingbroke) is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.”

E P I S T L E XXI.

The Honour of Philosophy.

DO you think, *Lucilius*, that the contents of your last are of any great importance? Indeed you give yourself much unnecessary trouble. You know not what you would have: you rather approve of virtue, than follow it. You see wherein true felicity is placed, yet have not the courage to make any advance thereto. Give me leave then to shew you what prevents it, because you seem but little to consider it yourself. You have a great opinion of those things you are supposed to leave; and when the security you would wish to enjoy is set before you, the splendor of the life you must retire from, dazzles and retains you, under an apprehension of falling into a fordid and obscure condition. You are mistaken, *Lucilius*; the way proposed, and which you ought to pursue, is rather an ascent. As is the difference between splendor and light, when *this* has a certain origin in itself, but *that* shines with borrow'd rays; the same is there between this, your sort of, life and the philosopher's: the life you lead, because it shines but by reflection, is soon eclipsed, when any thing intervenes; whereas the life proposed is ever bright in its own lustre: your philosophical studies will render you famous and noble: I will give you an instance of it from *Epicurus*. When he was writing to *Idomeneus* (*a*), and endeavouring to recall him from a specious way of life, to more solid and lasting glory, at a time when he was the minister of royal power (*b*), and transacting the affairs of state; if, says *Epicurus*, *glory is your pursuit; know, that my Epistles will make you more famous than all those things you adore, or for which you are adored*. Did he speak falsely herein? Who would have known *Idomeneus*, had not *Epicurus* registered and engraved him in his Epistles? All those potentates and princes from whom *Idomeneus* held his titles, are buried in oblivion. *Cicero's* Epistles still preserve the name of *Atticus* or otherwise *Agrippa's* being his son-in-law, *Tiberius* his granddaughter's husband, and *Drusus Cæsar* his great-grandson, would have

been of little advantage to him. He had been lost among so great names, had not *Cicero* set him in view (*c*). The vast deluge of time will flow in upon us; and though some great geniuses may raise their heads above it, and for a while exert themselves against oblivion; yet must they one day fall like those who have gone before them.

What *Epicurus* promised his friend, I in some measure promise you, *Lucilius*; I flatter myself, that I shall have some favour with posterity; and can at least preserve for a time such names as I think proper to take with me. Our *Virgil* promised immortal honour to two persons, and still makes good his promise;

Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt.
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;
Dum domus Æneæ capitoli immobile faxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit (*d*).

Whomsoever fortune hath exalted, and all such as are the limbs, as it were, and partakers of another's greatness, flourish for a while, are greatly caressed, and have a full levée, while they continue in office; but no sooner are they gone, than every remembrance of them is lost for ever. Whereas the work of learning and ingenuity is ever encreasing, nor are the possessors of them honoured only in themselves, but whatever has any connection with them.

That I may not make mention of *Idomeneus gratis*, he shall pay for himself. It was to him that *Epicurus* wrote that noble sentence, in which he exhorts him to make *Pythocles* rich in no doubtful or common way: *If, says he, you would make Pythocles rich, you must not add to his wealth, but subtract from his desires (e)*. A sentence too clear in itself to need explanation, and too eloquent to be heighten'd: but this I must advise you, not to think this spoken, with relation only to riches; for apply it to what you please, it is still of the same force. *If you would make Pythocles more honourable, you must not add to his titles, but subtract from his desires. If you would have Pythocles to enjoy perpetual delight,*
you

you must not add to his pleasures, but subtract from his desires. If you would make Polythocles the happy old man, and fill up the measure of life; it is not to be done, by adding more years, but by retrenching his desires. Nor is there any reason to think, these are merely the words of *Epicurus*, for they are the voice of Nature. And what is usually done in the senate, we must do the same in philosophy: when any one hath delivered his opinion, and in some measure it demands assent, I immediately desire a division, and I follow him (*f*). I the more willingly relate these sayings of *Epicurus*, that I may prove to those who have recourse to him under false hopes to find some cloak for their vices; that go where they will, they must still lead a good and sober life. When you visit his gardens and read this inscription; *Stranger, you may live well here: here pleasure is the summum bonum; the master of this house is ready to entertain you: he is humane and hospitable: he will give you a cake to eat, and water to drink; and in the end he will say to you, have you not been well entertained?* Know, that these gardens provoke not hunger, but assuage it. Nor do they enflame the thirst by the very draught, as some liquors do, but quench it, by a natural and easy remedy. In this sort of pleasure I am grown old. But observe, that I am speaking to you of such desires, as are not to be soothed by mere words, but such as require something, easily attainable, for their satisfaction. For with regard to the extraordinary, which may be deferred, corrected, or suppressed; I must remind you of this one thing; that such pleasure is not natural, is not necessary. If you bestow any thing upon it, it is merely voluntary (*g*). *The belly hath no ears (h)*, either to receive precepts, or admit excuse: it makes its demands indeed, and often calls upon us; and yet is no troublesome creditor, as he is dismissed contentedly with a little; if you only give what you owe him, not all that is in your power to give.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) That *Epicurus* flattered *Idomeneus* is objected to him by *Laertius*, in his *Life of Epicurus*. And *Athenæus* c. vii. observes that *the good man* (*Epicurus*) *flattered both Idomeneus and Metrodorus*, τῷ γαστρὸς ἐνελεν, for *belly-timber*.

(b) To *Lyfimachus*, or some other of *Alexander's* successors.

(c) “Neither his son *Agrippa*, nor grandson *Tiberius*, nor great grandson *Drusus*, would have been of any service to him, if *Cicero's* name by drawing *Atticus'* along with it, had not given him an immortality.—*Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero*.

(d) In that beautiful Episode, of *Nisus and Euryalus*; l. ix. v. 446.

*O happy friends! for if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And spread, where-e'er the Roman Eagle flies.*—*Dryden*.

(e) The words of *Epicurus* (*Stob. Serm. 17.*) are, Εἰ βλεπὲς πλεῖστον τινα ποιῆσαι, μὴ χρημάτων προσιδεῖς, τῆς δὲ ἐπιθυμίας ἀφαιρεῖς. So *Plato* (*Stob. Serm. x.*) to one who was ever hankering after wealth, said, *Thou wretch, if thou wouldst be happy, endeavour not to encrease thy store, but to diminish thy desires*. And *Socrates*, to one, that asked him, how a man might become rich, answered, *By being contented to be poor*.

Pythocles was an handsome young man, whom, though but of 18 years of age, *Epicurus* was pleased to extol for his extraordinary genius, above all the learned of *Greece*, for which extravagant adulation he is blamed both by *Laertius* and *Plutarch*.—*Lips.*

(f) *Sen. de vit. beat. c. 3.* *Briffon. de Form. c. 2.* *Kennett's Rom. Antiquities, p. 103.*

(g) *Epicurus* dividebat cupiditatum genera, non nimis fortasse subtiliter, utiliter tamen. Partim esse naturales et necessarias; partim naturales et non necessarias; partim neutrum.—*Naturales, fatiari pœnè nihilo; nec secundum genus difficile ad potiendum; tertias, planè inanes et ejiciendas funditus putavit. Cic. Tusc. v.*—*Nemesius* (*de Anima c. xviii.*) in like manner divides pleasures into three kinds; *Natural and necessary, for the support of life; as food and rayment: Natural, but not absolutely necessary; as marriage, and a communion of the sexes; neither necessary nor natural; as drunkenness, petulance, luxury.*

(h) “Discourse to, or call upon, hungry persons, they will not mind you, or leave their meat to attend, or, as *Erasmus*, ubi de pastu agitur, non attenduntur honestæ rationes. (λίμψ γὰρ ἐδὲν ἐστὶν ἀντιπεῖν ἐπὶς *Hunger cannot bear contradiction.*) Nothing makes the vulgar more untractable, fierce and seditious, than scarcity and hunger.—*Nescit plebes jejuna timere.*—There is some reason the belly should have no ears, because words will not fill it.” *Ray. Prov. p. 100.*

Ὅν γὰρ τίς ὑγερῆ, ἐπὶ γαστρὶ κνυτερον αλλο
Ἐπλετο, ἢ τ' ἐκελευσεν εὖ μνησάδαι ἀναγκη.—*Od. 4. 116.*
*Spent with fatigue, and strunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast,—
Necessity demands our daily bread,
Hunger is violent, and will be fed.*—*Pope.*

E P I S T L E XXII.

On Retirement ; for the Study of Philosophy.

YOU are now sensible, *Lucilius*, that you must disengage yourself from those specious and vain avocations, that take you from your studies: and you desire to know by what means you can effect this. There are some things which cannot be communicated but by a personal conference. The physician cannot prescribe a proper diet, or a proper time for bathing, by letters only: He must know the constitution of his patient, and feel his pulse. According to the old proverb, *Gladiatorem in arenâ capere consilium (a)*, *The gladiator consults his advantage when actually engaged.* The eye or countenance of his antagonist, his manner of parrying, and the attitude of his body, direct his observation. What is usual or ought to be done in certain cases, may be prescribed, and ordered in writing: such counsel is given to persons absent, and to posterity: but at what time a thing is to be done, and in what manner, no one can teach at a distance: circumstances must be well weighed; nor is the being present alone sufficient, a man must be prudent, and watchful to observe the fleeting opportunity: diligently, I say, observe this; and lay hold on it, as soon as it is perceived; and with your whole strength and mind extricate yourself from your present employ: I will give you my opinion in plain terms:

You must either quit your manner of life, or it is not worth while to live: but this I also think, that the gentlest methods to extricate yourself must first be used; endeavour to loosen your bonds, before you proceed to violence: not but that it may be thought more brave to fall at once than to live in continual suspense (*b*). But what I now particularly require is, that at length you entangle yourself no further, but rest satisfied with such business, as you have involved yourself in, or which, as you would rather have it thought, hath fallen upon you.

You

You must by no means look out for more: if you do, you can have no manner of excuse; nor can you plead it accidental. What is usually said on this occasion, is generally false: *I could not do otherwise; however unwilling I was, it was absolutely necessary.* There is no necessity for pushing forwards unadvisedly; it is something, if not to repugn, yet to stand one's ground, and not press too much upon the favour of fortune. You must excuse me, therefore, if I not only differ from you in opinion, but appeal to more prudent persons than myself, as is my custom, when in doubt. I have read an Epistle from *Epicurus* much to the point in hand: it is written to *Idomeneus*; whom he adviseth to fly, and make all the haste he can, before some superior power intervenes, and deprives him of the liberty to act as he pleases. Yet he subjoins that nothing must be attempted but at an apt and proper season; and that when such shall offer, it must immediately be embraced: he forbids any one that is meditating his flight, to dream; and gives hopes of a salutary escape from the most difficult distress, if we neither prevent, nor neglect a proper opportunity.

I suppose you would be glad to know the Stoical doctrine in this matter.—There is no reason then that any one should accuse them of temerity: they are rather cautious, than rash. Perhaps you expect to hear, that *it is cowardly to yield to affliction; we must strive hard to go through with the task imposed upon us; and perform the duty enjoined; he is neither strenuous, nor brave, who shuns labour, but he whose mind gathers strength from the difficulties that surround him.* These things indeed will be said, and rightly too, if perseverance can find its reward; and nothing is required to be said or done, but what becomes a good man; otherwise, he will never wear himself out in any fruitless or dishonourable toil; neither will he busy himself in any thing that deserves not the name of business. He will not act as you suppose, so as, being involved in the extravagant views of ambition, to suffer himself to be hurried away with the tide; no; being convinced of his dangerous situation: how uncertain and slippery his state is; he will withdraw his foot, and without turning his back, make a gradual retreat.

It

It is an easy matter, *Lucilius*, to escape toil and trouble, when you once despise the profits proposed thereby: these are what detain us in slavery. *What then, you will say, shall I cast off these precious hopes? shall I leave the crop in the field? shall I live deserted? no lacqueys behind my coach? no levée in my hall?* These indeed are the things which men unwillingly forego; and, however they detest trouble, are fond of the perquisites thereof. They complain of ambition as they would of a mistress; and if you search into their true affection, they do not hate it, but only quarrel with it now and then. Examine those who are frequently deploring their condition, and lamenting their disappointment of those things they cannot live without; and you will find their continuing in a state, of which they so grievously complain, is merely voluntary. Indeed, my *Lucilius*, few are slaves, but who are fond of slavery; which if you really detest, and *bonâ fide* desire to be free; and for this purpose you ask time to consider (*c*); that without perpetual anxiety you may obtain your liberty; know, that the whole tribe of Stoics are ready to serve you: every *Zeno*, every *Chrysippus* will advise you, what is moderate, just and true: but if you draw back, and stay to consider what you may carry with you, and with what stock of money you may charge your retirement, you will never extricate yourself while you live. A man cannot swim with a load about him. Emerge to a better sort of life, the gods being propitious to you: but think them not propitious to those, whom they load with splendid misery; and yet are to be excused in this respect, forasmuch as those things that rack and torture these happy mortals, were given at their own request.

I had folded up my letter and sealed it, but must open it again, in order to send you the usual present of some excellent sentence, worthy your notice. And lo! one occurs; whether more true or eloquent I cannot say. If you enquire after the author, it is *Epicurus*; for I am still for setting off my budget with another's property. *Nemo non ita exit e vitâ, tanquam modo intraverit, Every one goes out of life, as if he was just come into it.* Take whom you will, old or young, or of middle age, you will find him, equally, afraid of death, and ignorant of life. Nothing is left finished; as our proper business is still deferred to ano-

ther day. But nothing pleases me more in this sentence, than that it chargeth old men with infancy. But let me consider; *No one*, says *Epicurus*, goes out of life, but as he came into it: this, with his leave, is not true. We die worse than we were born. Nor is this the fault of Nature; she may justly complain of us, and say, *What is the meaning of this? I brought you into life, void of vain desire, of idle fears, of superstition, of perfidiousness, and the like pests of society. As you came into the world, so go out of it.* Happy the man who has found true wisdom; who dies as free from anxiety, as when he was born! But, alas! we now tremble at the apprehension of every danger; we have no courage, no colour left; we shed unprofitable tears: yet what can be more absurd and scandalous, than to be troubled on the very brink of security? But the reason is plain; though destitute of every good in life, we still desire life, and its enjoyments, such as they are. But it is gone; for no part of it stays long with us; it is in a perpetual flow (*d*); it is no sooner transmitted to us, but it vanisheth; yet no one regards how well he lives, but how long: when every one has it in his power to live well, but no one to live long.

allow! not so -

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Gladiatorem in arenâ capere consilium.*—Quod plerumque iis accidere consuevit qui in ipso negotio *consilium capere* coguntur. *Cæs. de Bell. Gal.*—Dicimus et e re nata *consilium capere.*—*Erasm. Adag.* 1. 6. 41.

(b) *Seneca* often breaks in upon us with this *Heroical Stoicism*; (as in *Ep. xix.* *Subduc cervicem jugo tritam: semel illam incidi, quàm semper premi, fatius est*) but generally with such hesitation, as to seem rather to speak from his profession, than his conscience.

(c) *Advocationem petis, i. e. moram.* *Lips.*—*Vetus poeta,*
Cur differs, mea lux, rogata semper,
Cur longam petis *advocationem.*

Vid. Sen. ad Merciam, e. 10.

(d) *Epp. 1, 24, 29.*

E P I S T L E XXIII.

The Wise Man only enjoys true Pleasure.

YOU expect, perhaps, that I shall give you an account, how agreeably we have spent the winter, which hath been short and mild; and how uncomfortable, and more than ordinarily cold, the spring; and the like trifles, sought after by those, who admire nothing more than tattle. No, *Lucilius*; what I propose to treat of, will, I doubt not, be of service, both to you and myself. And what shall that be, but to recommend to you *Goodness* and *Virtue*! Do you ask wherein to lay the foundation? *Take no pleasure in vanities*. And do I call this the foundation? It is the pinnacle. He hath reached the summit of perfection, who knows wherein true joy consists; and who hath not placed his happiness in any foreign power. That man must be always in anxiety and doubt, who fondly depends upon hope (*a*), though what he desires be at hand, is easily attainable, and though he be seldom disappointed in his views. Learn this therefore, my *Lucilius*, before all things, wherein to rejoice (*b*). You may think, perhaps, that I intend to abridge you of many pleasures, when I fling out all fortuitous things, and advise you not to indulge even Hope itself, the sweetest of all delights: quite the contrary, I assure you. I would have you always enjoy pleasure: but I would have it originate at home: it will find a place there, if it be dependent on yourself alone. Other enjoyments affect not the mind; they only smooth the brow, and are merely superficial (*c*); unless perhaps you think a man enjoys pleasure, because he laughs. The mind ought to be earnest and confident, and in a special manner raised above the world. Believe me, true joy is a serious thing. (*d*) Do you think any one with a merry countenance, or, as your cock-combs phrase it, with *a laughing eye* (*e*), can despise death? can open his door to poverty? can restrain pleasure, as it were, with a bridle? or meditate patience, under pain and affliction? He that can do all this,

enjoys a great pleasure, though it be a severe one. And such is the pleasure I would put you in possession of. It will never leave you, when you have found the way to attain it (*f*). The lighter and baser metal lies at the top of the mine; *that* is of most value, the vein of which runs deep, and sufficiently pays the increased labour of the miner. Such things as delight the vulgar, carry with them a light and perfunctory satisfaction; and whatever joy is adventitious, wants a foundation: whereas the joy I am speaking of, and whereunto I would fain bring you, is truly solid, and will manifest itself *within*.

Pursue, my *Lucilius*, the only thing that can make you happy (*g*); throw down, and trample upon those specious baubles, which have only an extrinsic splendor, and depend upon a promise. Regard the true good; and rejoice in your own. Do you ask what I mean by *your own*? Yourself; at least, the better part of you. If your body claims some regard, and indeed nothing can be done without it, think it rather what is necessary, than any thing great. The pleasures it suggests are vain, and of that duration, often to be repented of, and unless used with great moderation they turn to the contrary: yes, I say, pleasure is apt to run headlong, and fall into mischief, unless restrained in due measure; and it is very difficult to keep due measure in what you firmly think to be good. There is no safety, but in the desire of what is *truly* good. Do you ask what that is, and whence it ariseth? I will tell you: *From a good conscience, from honest thoughts and just actions, from a contempt of fortuitous things, and from a constant tenour of life in one and the same pleasing track (g)*. For how can they, who skip from one design to another, and not voluntarily, perhaps, but are forced thereto by mere accident, enjoy any thing that is sure and lasting, being thus in continual suspense and ever wavering? There are some few, it is to be hoped, who order themselves, and their relatives, with deliberation, and judgment: the rest, like things floating on a river, go not of themselves, but are carried along; of which things some are carried in a smoother stream, or stopped in an eddy, and others are hurried down by the torrent into the main sea. We must therefore fix upon some good design and persevere therein.

But it is time to pay my usual debt; and a sentence from your own *Epicurus* shall discharge this Epistle. *Molestum est semper vitam inchoare: It is a tedious thing to be always beginning to live:* or, perhaps, it may be better expressed in this manner; *Malè vivunt, qui semper vivere incipiunt; They lead a wretched life who are always beginning to live.* But why? you will say, for this wants explanation. Why, because such a life must necessarily be always imperfect. *That man can never be prepared for death who is just beginning to live.* This then is what must engage our endeavour: to live to the satisfaction of ourselves and of the world. But no one can have done this, who has scarce begun to live. Think not there are few such; it is the common practice of almost all mankind. Some indeed begin to live, just at their latter-end; and if you think this strange, I shall add what will more surprise you; many cease to live, before they begin.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) Hope is necessarily attended with fear: but the security and confidence of a Stoic know no fear.

(b) *Cicero* (IV. *Tusc.*) from *Laertius* takes notice of the Stoical distinction, between (*gaudium et lætitiâ*) joy and pleasure. *Cùm ratione animus movetur, placidè atque constanter, gaudium dici: cùm autem inaniter et effusè exultat, Lætitiâ, (πῦν ἠδονὴν Laert.)* quam ita definiunt (*Stoici*.) sine ratione animi elationem, (*ἄλογον πρᾶξιν. Laert.*) *There is a placid and calm motion consistent with reason, called joy, and there is likewise a vain wanton exultation, or transport, which they define to be an elation of the mind without reason.*

Augustinus in *Il.* 57. *Non est gaudere impiis, dicit Dominus; tanquam impii potius lætari possint, quàm gaudere.* *Lips.* *Manud.* III. 5. See *Epp.* 27, 52, 59, 72, 98.

Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation; And let thy saints rejoice in goodness. 2 *Chron.* 6. 41. *The statutes of the Lord are right and rejoice the heart.* *Pf.* 19, 8. 119, 111. *Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of a good conscience, &c.* 2 *Cor.* 1. 12. *As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.* 6. 10. *Rejoice evermore.* 1 *Theff.* 5. 16. *Yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.* 1. *Pet.* 1. 8.

(c) *The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment.* *Job.* 20. 5.

(d) It is that internal peace and harmony, which flows from a greatness of soul mixed with mansuetude; *Pax et concordia animi, et magnitudo cum mansuetudine.* *Sen. de beat. vit.* c. 3. *Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.* *Pf.* 2. 11.

(e) *Hilariculo*, MSS. As affectedly spoken, by the Fribbles of the age, for *bilari oculo*. See *Ep.* 53.

(f) *Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you;* *John,* 16. 22. *The fruit of the Spirit, is love, joy, peace.* *Gal.* 5. 22.

(g) *But one thing is needful.* *Luke,* 10. 42. See *Ep.* 53.

(h) *Our rejoicing is this; the testimony of a good conscience; that in simplicity, and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have our conversation in the world.* 2 *Cor.* 1. 12.

EPISTLE XXIV.

On the Fear of Evils to come.

YOU write, *Lucilius*, that you are greatly embarrassed, concerning the event of a *process*, with which you are threaten'd by an implacable enemy; and you expect, I suppose, that I should persuade you to think better, and to acquiesce in the pleasing hope: for what necessity is there to anticipate evil, and to presuppose *that*, which it will be time enough to suffer when it happens; and so lose the enjoyment of the present, through fear of what is to come? Without doubt it is ridiculous to make yourself miserable at present; because this may be your lot some day or other. But I shall lead you *another way (a)* to rest in security.

In order to get rid of (or at least to alleviate) your present anxiety, I would advise you to suppose, whatever you are afraid will happen, really to happen: and whatever the misfortune may be; weigh it well with yourself; and tax your fear: from whence you will find, that such misfortune will not either be very great or of long duration (*b*). And to strengthen you the more, you may soon collect many examples of persons in the like distress. Every age abounds with them. On whatever accidents you reflect, either domestic or foreign, you will meet with instances, where a good disposition, great proficiency in learning, and the strongest efforts of nature, have not been wanting. And after all, should you chance to be condemned in this suit, can any thing harder be expected, than banishment, or a prison? Or has the body any thing worse to fear, than to be hanged or burned? Now suppose any one of these to be your lot; and you may summon to your aid those, who have despised them all; men, who will give you no great trouble in looking out for them; you need only make choice of them for your purpose. *Rutilius (c)* so took his condemnation, as to think nothing irksome to him, but the being condemned wrongfully. *Metellus (d)* suffered banishment with a courageous, but *Rutilius* even with a willing mind; the former

former assured the commonwealth of his return to serve them; the latter, when *Sylla* ordered him to return, refused it, at a time when no one dared to deny *Sylla* any thing. *Socrates* read lectures in prison, and when there were those who promised him an escape, he refused to accept it, and still continued there, to take off from men, by his example, the fear of the two greatest evils, banishment and death (*e*). *Mutius* thrust his hand into the fire (*f*): 'tis a severe thing to be burned; but how much more severe to inflict it upon one's self! You see here a man of no letters, nor instructed with any philosophical principles against pain and death, but only supported by a military courage, exacting punishment of himself, for having miscarried in a bold attempt. He stood calmly looking on his right hand, while it melted away in the flame, nor withdrew it, though burnt to the naked bone, 'till his enemy ordered the fire to be taken away. He might have done something of more happy consequence in the field, but nothing braver. You see also how much readier valour is to suffer and despise torture, than cruelly to impose it. *Porfenna* more easily pardoned *Mutius* for his intention to kill him, than *Mutius* would pardon himself for not having killed him. *But these examples, you say, are known to every school-boy, and, no doubt but, in speaking of the contempt of death, you will bring in Cato.* And why not? Indeed I cannot pass by so striking an example, as that he exhibited, when, on his last night, he was reading *Plato*, with his sword lying by him. These were the two instruments he cast his eye upon in his extremity; the one to teach him to be willing to die, the other to put it in execution. Having settled therefore his affairs, as well as they could be settled in that his distressed condition, he thought this only remained to be done; that no man might either have the power to kill, or the opportunity of making *Cato* obliged to him for his safety: and then taking up his drawn sword, which to that day he had kept pure from murder, *Fortune*, says he, *weak has been thy power in opposing my endeavours; hitherto you have done nothing; I fought not for my own liberty, but the liberty of my country: nor have I acted with such stubborn perseverance to live free myself, but to live among a free people; but now, since all is lost, and the affairs of mankind are desperate, Cato is determined to retire out of your reach in safety.* Whereupon he gave himself a mortal wound: but it was dressed

dressed and bound up by the physicians; when having lost much blood, and being weaker in body, but not in spirit, enraged not only at *Cæsar*, but at himself too; he tore open his wound with his naked hands, and did not dismiss, but throw out his noble soul, indignant, and ever scornful of superior power (*g*).

I bring not these examples by way of exercising the fancy, but to arm you against whatever may seem most terrible. It may possibly however have a better effect, was I to shew you, that not only great men have despised death, but even some, who in all other respects seem to have wanted spirit, yet in this have equalled the bravest: like that *Scipio*, (the son-in-law of *Cneius Pompeius*) who, being carried by a contrary wind into *Africa*, when he found his ship was taken by the enemy, fell upon his sword; and to those who enquired after the General; *the General*, says he, *is well*. Which speech, in my opinion, makes him as great as any of his ancestors, and permits not the glory, so fatal to the *Scipios* in *Africa*, to be interrupted. It was great to conquer *Carthage*, but greater still to overcome death. *The General*, says he, *is well*. Could a General, and *Cato's* General, die more nobly? (rather *more cowardly*).

I need not appeal to the histories of former times for more instances of those, who have shewed a contempt of death: even in these our own, so much complained of for effeminacy, and luxury, you will find several of every age, condition, and degree. Believe me, *Lucilius*, death is not so terrible, but that it may sometimes be deemed a desirable blessing. Without any great anxiety therefore you may hear the threats of your adversary: and though the consciousness of your innocence may give you some assurance; yet as a cause may be over-ruled, hope for justice, but at the same time be prepared against all that injustice can do.

More especially be mindful to throw aside the terrors and confusion of report; and look upon things simply as they are; so shall you find, there is nothing dreadful in them, but the fear itself. What you see among boys, happens to us who are still but older boys (*b*). They are
afraid

afraid of even those they love, their companions, and playfellows, when they come upon them masked and disguised. Not only from men, but from things the mask must be taken off; and the naked countenance restored.

Why do you tell me of swords and fire, and a crowd of executioners muttering around you? Take away this pomp, this frightful mask, and you will terrify none but fools. Death is all: and what is death? My slave, and even a maid servant have despised it. Or, why again do you make such a horrible parade of scourges, and iron whips; and a several engine adapted to the torture of a several joint; and a thousand other instruments for the excruciating every part of the body? Lay aside these terrifying objects; silence the groans, the bitter exclamations, and outcries, extorted by the rack. The pain is but little more than what some one despises in a severe fit of the gout; and another endures in the cholic by mere indigestion; or the tender young woman goes through with in childbirth. It is light, if I can bear it; and if it be more than I can bear, there is an end of it. Revolve these things in your mind, which you have often heard, and often mentioned: whether you have heard, or spoke to the purpose, let the effect determine; for nothing can be more scandalous than what is objected to us. *We speak, indeed, but do not act, like Philosophers.*

And what think you? Is this the first time you fancied yourself in danger of death, or banishment, or pain? You are mistaken; these are what you have been subject to, ever since you was born. Whatever may happen, we must think will happen. You have hitherto taken my advice; I therefore now exhort you not to suffer your mind to sink under this disquiet, lest it should grow dull, and lose its vigour, when it is most wanted, and ought to exert itself. Carry these reflections from a private cause to a more general one. Say, this body is frail and mortal; not only liable to pain from injuries and tyrannical power, but to have its very pleasures turned into torments: feasting create surfeits; drunkenness brings on a weakness and trembling of the nerves; lustfulness a distortion of the hands, feet and joints. Say likewise, must I be

poor? I shall find companions enough. Must I be banished? I will look upon where I am sent to, as my native place. Must I be bound? what then? am I now free? Nature hath enchained me with this heavy load of flesh (*i*). Must I die? I shall be no more sick, or bound; I shall feel the stroke of death no more. I am not so silly as to dwell here upon the idle chant of *Epicurus*; and tell you that vain are all our fears of punishment below; that there is no *Ixion* rolling round upon a wheel; no *Sisyphus* forcing with main strength a huge stone up a hill; nor that the bowels of *Tityus* are daily fed upon, yet growing still afresh. No one is such a child as to fear *Cerberus*, dark holes, or goblins as we see them pictur'd with naked bones! Death either quite consumes us, or sets us free (*k*). If the latter; what a better state may we not expect, when disencumbered from this load of flesh? if the former, there is an end of all; we are equally deprived of good and evil. But permit me here to remind you of a verse of your own, having first premised, that you must not think it wrote for others, but for yourself also: it is vile to speak one thing, and think another; how much more vile to think one thing and write another! I remember you one day speaking to this point, and observing, that we die not at once, but are gradually approaching thereto, we *die daily* (*l*); for every day some part of life is taken from us: even while we are growing, life decreaseth: we first lose infancy, then childhood, then youth; even all that is past to yesterday inclusive, is lost for ever; nay, this very day we now live, we divide with death: as it is not the last drop of water, or grain of sand, that exhausts the hour-glass, but all those that continually flowed before; so in the last hour of life, it is not that alone which creates death, but which alone finishes it. We then arrive there, but have been long on our journey. I remember when you was commenting upon this subject with your usual eloquence, always indeed great, but never more striking, than when you adapt words to the like solemn truths, you was pleased to say,

Mors non una venit, sed quæ rapit, ultima mors est (*m*).

I had rather therefore, *Lucilius*, you should read yourself, than my Epistle; from whence it will be manifest, that *the death we fear is really the last, but not the only one.*

But

But I know what you now expect, some noble or spirited saying; or some useful precept by way of support, or ornament of this Epistle. Well then; I will give you something that relates to the matter in hand. *Epicurus* chides not those less, who court death, than those who fear it, (*u*) and says, *it is ridiculous to have recourse to death, because life is irksome; when we ourselves have made life so irksome, as to make death desirable.* And in another place he says, *what can be so absurd, as to wish for death, when you have made life burthensome, only through fear of death!* To these you may add that also which is of the same import: *so great is the folly or rather madness of mortals, that some for fear of dying rush on death (o).* Whichsoever of these sentences you reflect upon, you will strengthen your mind with patience, in the sufferance either of life or death: for indeed we are to be exhorted, and confirmed in both these points, so as not to be too much in love with life, nor too much to loath it. Nay, even when reason persuades us (*p*), it would be happier for us to die; we must not be rash (*q*), and hurry precipitately on a supposed relief. A truly brave and wise man ought not cowardly to fly from life, but to make a decent exit. And above all things he must not indulge that sickly passion, which hath seized on many, of lusting after death. For know, *Lucilius*, there is a certain indiscreet inclination to death, as well as to other things; which oftentimes prevails on men of a noble and truly generous soul, as well as on the indolent and desponding. The former despise life, and the latter are overborne with it. A satiety of still seeing and doing the same things, hath strangely affected some, not through any hatred, but a mere disdain of life; into which they unhappily fell, and not indeed without some impulse from philosophy itself (*r*); as we are apt to cry, *Quousque eadem? What, always the same thing?* I wake, I sleep, I am full, I am hungry; I am cold, and now warm; there is no complete end of any thing; but all things return, and are connected in a circle: they fly, and they pursue: the day presses upon the night, and the night upon the day (*s*): the Summer ends in Autumn, and Autumn is succeeded by Winter; which itself soon gives way to the Spring; and thus they pass away but to come again: I see nothing new; I can do nothing new. Hence, I say, some are sick of life; and there are many, who do not think life irksome, but superfluous.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) See Epp. 13, 74.—*another way, i. e. on the contrary, omnem fortunæ licentiam in oculis habere, tanquam quidquid potest facere, factura fit. Quicquid expectatum est diu, levius accidit. To suppose that fortune will do all that lies in her power to oppress you. Whatever has been long expected, falls the lighter.* Ep. 78. *Lips. Manud. II. Diff. 1.*

(b) According to what follows. *Levis est si ferre possum; brevis est si ferre non possum.* From Æschylus.

Θαρσεν, πικρὸν γὰρ ἀσπερ ἐκ ἐχέει χρονον.

Take courage; pain is short when most severe.

(c) *P. Rutilius Rufus*, of an illustrious family at *Rome*; Consul with *Mallius*, U. C. 648. He was a learned historian, and to his integrity *Cicero* bears witness. Being banished by *Sylla* the Dictator, he went to *Smyrna*, where he was made a citizen; and, being recalled, refused to return, saying, *He had rather his country should be ashamed of his banishment, than have any cause to grieve at his return.* Epp. 67. 79. *Sen. de Provid. c. 3. Ad Marc. c. 22. Tac. Ann. IV. 43. Val. Max. 6. 4. 4. Ov. de Ponto. l. 3. 63.*

Et grave magnanimi robur mirare Rutili,

Non usi reditûs conditione dati.

Admire the brave Rutilius, whose disdain

Refus'd the favour to return again.

(d) *Metellus*, the surname of the family of the *Cæcili*, from whom were descended many illustrious persons. The *Metellus* here mentioned was called *Numidicus*, from having conquered *Jugurtha*, King of *Numidia*; he was Censor and Consul U. C. 648. but was banished for refusing to swear against the laws of *Apulcius Saturninus*, the Tribune. He was restored at the earnest entreaty of his son, who was therefore honoured with the name of *Pius*.

(e) And smiling asked his friends who proposed his escape, *whether they knew any region out of Attica, οὐ προσελευεν θανατον, inaccessible to death.* Xenoph. *Apol.*

“*Mutius*, (says *Plutarch*), was a person endowed with every virtue, but most eminent in war. He resolved to kill *Porfenna*, the most powerful Prince in *Italy*, but not knowing him among his nobles, he slew one of them, who looked most like a King. He was taken in the fact, and a pan of fire having been set before the King, who intended a sacrifice, *Mutius* thrust his right hand into the flame, and while it was burning, beheld *Porfenna* with a steady and undaunted countenance: *Porfenna* admiring the man, dismissed him; and returned him his sword, which he received with his left hand, (from whence he was called *Scævola*, i. e. left-handed) and out of gratitude assured him, there were 300 Romans lurking in his camp, all as resolute as himself; and that being destined by lot, to make the first attempt, he was not concerned at having miscarried, since he found *Porfenna* to be so good a man, as to deserve rather to be a friend to the *Romans*, than an enemy; and accordingly he was accepted as such.” *Plut. Life of Poplicola. Sen. Ep. 66.*

(g) This *Cato* (says *Lord Bellingbrooke*) so much sung by *Lucan* in every page, and so much better sung by *Virgil* in half a line, strikes me with no great respect, when I see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furnishes, when I call to mind that image of him that *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, in submitting to be made a tool to his party, &c. See Ep. 71. (N. g.)

And even *Plutarch* says of him, “that in such outrageous virtue, Humour often gets the upper hand, and insinuates itself under the mask of equity and reason.” (See his Life.)

And

And as to this last action of his life, so often repeated, and so highly commended in this Epistle, I can scarce refrain from saying with old *Syphax* (in Mr. Addison's *Cato*)

“ ’Twas pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul.

“ I think the Romans call it Stoicism.”

(b) *Older boys.*] See Epp. 4. (N. b) 115. De Const. Sapien. c. 120. *Diogenes* the Cynic being asked, in what part of Greece he had seen good men? Men, says he, no where; but I saw some boys at Lacedæmon.

Men are but children of a larger size.—*All for Love.*

(i) O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death! al. from this body of death! al. from the death of this body! Rom. 7. 24. See the foregoing verse.

(k) Aut nihil est sensus animis a morte relictum,
Aut mors ipsa nihil.—*Lucan.* III. 39.
Or endless apathy succeeds to death,
And sense is lost with our expiring breath;
Or if the soul some future life shall know,
To better worlds immortal shall she go:
Whate'er event the doubtful question clears,
Death must be still unworthy of our fears.—*Rowe.*

(l) *We die daily*] See Epp. 1. (d) 58 (o) 120.

The bell strikes one, we take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? with the years beyond the Flood.—*Young.*
Is Death at distance? No; he has been on thee,
And given sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours, &c. Ib. See Ep. 49. (b)

Αλλ' ἡμεῖς ἐνα φεβόμεθα γέλοιως θάνατον,— τ. λ. Plutarch. De E. ap. Delph. c. 23. *We* ridiculously fear our death having so often died; and are continually dying. For not only, as *Heraclitus* said, the death of fire is the generation of air; and the death of air is the generation of water; this is more plainly visible in man: man terminates in the aged; as the youth in man; the child in the youth; the infant in the child: so yesterday died in to-day; and to-day dies in to-morrow.

My worthy and ingenious friend, the late Mr. *Donaldson*, observed upon this passage, that *Death* may be supposed to have a mortgage upon life: he does not enter upon the premises, on the fall of this or that grain of sand, but forecloses on the last.

(m) There are more deaths than one, but that the last,
That takes us off——

So *Muretus*; all the former copies,

Mors non ultima venit, quæ rapit, ultima mors est.

Which *Lipsius* approves and thus explains: Non quæ venit et jam præterit, mors est, sed illa propriè quæ rapit ultima, et nos aufert. *Gronovius* likewise retains the old reading, but explains it in another manner: Falsum est, mortem, ultimam rerum venire, vel venisse, multis mortibus conficimur, et sæpe ad nos venit, antequam rapiat; sed illa mors, quæ nos rapit et aufert, mortium est ultima.—La mort a degrez et celle ne premiere, qui nous vient a ravir, mais c'est bien la dernière. *Vet. Gall.* L'homme a plus d'un trespas, mais le dernier l'importe. *Malberbe.*

Among Christians, indeed, a second death is to be feared, but only by those who come under the description in Rev. 21. 8. See c. 2. v. 11.

(*) From

- (n) From whence that excellent precept in *Martial* ;
 Summum ne metuas diem, nec optes.
Nor fear, nor wish, this day may be your last.
- (o) Hostem dum fugeret se *Fannius* ipse peremit ;
 Hic rogo, non furor est ne moriari, mori? *Ib.*
Himself the coward Fannius slew,
When from his foe he fain would fly ;
But greater madness can you shew,
Than thus, for fear of death, to die? M.

Stultitia est timore mortis, mori. See Ep. 7. (N. e.)

(p) i. e. according to the doctrine of the Stoics. See Ep. 12. 13. 72. *Lipp. Manud.* III. 22. 23.

(q) *We must not be rash*] I can go no further without recommending this, and what follows, to those, who (if any such there be) think there is any weight in what *Seneca* hath elsewhere advanced, in the language of *Stoicism*, on the other side of the question : (see Epp. 30. (N. b.) 69. (N. d.) To which let me add, that just reply of a certain *Rhodian* (Ep. 70.) who under the most severe oppression, was advised to starve himself: *No*, says he, *Omnia homini dum vivit, sunt speranda; While there is life there is hope.*

Lucretius (r) *Lucretius* introduces Nature herself, saying,
 Nam tibi præterea quod machiner inveniamque
 Quod placeat, nihil est ; eadem sunt omnia semper,
 Si tibi non annis corpus jam marcet, et artus
 Confecti languent ; eadem tamen omnia restant ;
 Omnia si perges vivendo vincere secla. III. 958.
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
I can invent, I can supply no more,
But run the round again, the round I ran before.—Dryden.
Yet I can find no new, no fresh delight ;
The same dull joys must vex the appetite.
Altho' thou couldst prolong thy wretched breath
For numerous years ; much more, if, free from death.—Creech.

- (s) Hor. Od. II. 18. 15.—Truditur dies die,
 Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.
Day presses on the heels of day ;
And moons encrease to their decay.—Francis.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm ; *that all men are about to live.—*
 All *promise* is poor dilatory man,—
 And that through every stage.—
 At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool :
Knows it at *forty* ; and reforms his plan ;
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay ;
 Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve* ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.—*Young.*

EPISTLE XXV.

On Contentment: and Solitude.

Concerning the two friends mentioned in your last, we must proceed a different way. The vices of one (the elder) are to be corrected, of the other to be quite broken off. I shall be very free with the former; for I cannot be supposed to love the man whom I should be afraid to offend in this respect. And *what?* you will say, *do you intend to keep a pupil of 40 years old under guardianship? Consider his age; it is now become hardy and intractable; tender minds only, are to be worked upon to any purpose (a).* I know not what good I shall do; but I had rather fail in success than in my duty. Nor must we despair of the possibility of healing those who have been ill a long time, provided we can keep them from intemperance, and they will submit to do, and suffer many things against their wills. Nor indeed can I promise much concerning the younger, but that he still blushes, as ashamed of doing wrong (*b*). This bashfulness is by all means to be kept up: for as long as this remains, there will be room to hope for amendment. With the veteran we must go more cautiously to work, lest he fall into a desperate way: nor can there be a better time for taking him in hand, than in some interval, when he seems inclined to a good disposition. Such an interval indeed hath imposed upon some; but it cannot deceive me: I expect that those vices, which have slept for a while, but are not dead, should break forth again, with more malignity. However I shall bestow a few days on this affair, and try whether any thing can be done or not.

In the mean time, do you, *Lucilius*, continue to act strenuously as usual; and contract your budget. Scarce any of those things we happily enjoy are necessary (*c*). Let us return to the law of Nature. We shall

shall be rich enough. All that we fancy we want is gratuitous, or of little consequence. Nature asks for bread and water (*d*): no one is so poor, but he can answer this demand; and whoever confines his desires to these, may contend with *Jove* himself in happiness (*e*), as saith *Epicurus*. From whom, as usual, I shall conclude with an excellent sentence;—*Sic fac omnia tanquam spectat aliquis; Do every thing, as before a witness (f)*.

Without doubt it is of great advantage to have a constant guardian over you, whom you reverence, and think concerned in all your designs. Yet it is more magnificent so to live, of yourself, as under the inspection, and in the presence of some good man; and with this I should be satisfied that whatever you do, you do it, as before a witness; forasmuch as solitude is apt to prompt all manner of evil. When you have made so great progress as to reverence yourself, you may dismiss your tutor; but 'till then, look upon yourself as under the inspection of some one in authority: suppose a *Cato*, or *Scipio*, or *Laelius*, or any other, in whose presence the most abandoned would scruple to commit a crime; or rather confer this honour upon yourself (*g*).

When you have done this, and you begin to think worthily of yourself, I will recommend to you the advice of *Epicurus*; *Tunc præcipue in te ipse secede, cum esse cogeris in turba; Then especially retire, as it were, into yourself, when you are obliged to be in much company*. It behoves you to be unlike the many. But should it not be safe for you thus to retire; examine all around; there is no one with whom a man had not better converse than with himself. *Then especially (says Epicurus) retire into yourself, when you are obliged to be in a mixed company*; that is, if you are a good man; of a calm, and sober disposition; otherwise it would be better to go into company; where you would scarce find a more dangerous man to be with, than with yourself.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Tenera finguntur*] Hor. Ep. I. 2. 64.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem *service* magister
Ire viam quam monstrat eques.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse;

While yet soft-mouth'd he breeds him to the course.—Creech.

And *Plato* says, *young men*, κηρινας εἶναι, are to be moulded like wax.

(b) See Ep. 11. (N. a.)

(c) “ Nothing is more certain than this truth; that all our wants beyond those which a moderate income will supply are merely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them.” *Bolingbroke*, Lett. 191.

(d) *Panem et aquam*] *Lucan*. IV. 377.

Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam

Et quantum natura petat—

— Satis est, populis fluviisque ceresque.

Behold how little thrifty nature craves,

And what a cheap relief the lives of thousands saves.—

When all we want, thus easily we find;

The field and river can supply mankind.—*Rowe*.

Ἐπει τι δὲ θεοῦσι, πλὴν δυοῖν μόνον,

Δημητρος ἀκτῆς ποταμοσ δ' ὕδρηχου. *Eurip*.

Nature demands for mortals but two things,

Bread-corn from Ceres, and sweet water-springs.

(e) Ep. 110. *Habeamus aquam, habeamus polentum; Jovi ipsi de felicitate controversiam faciamus.*—Sic *Epicurus*.

(ap. *Stobæ*.) Ελεγς επιμωσ εχειν και τῷ Διὶ ὑπὲρ

Ευδαιμονίας αγωνιζεισαι, μαζαν εκου και ὕδωρ.

(f) However this injunction from *Epicurus* may be interpreted; as if “ there was no villainy, which a man may not commit, if he can but persuade himself, that he shall not be detected or punished by men,” the gods being out of the case: (see *Leland*, Vol. II. p. 94.) *Seneca*, I think, intends no more, than that a sense of shame, as well as fear of punishment, is a sufficient restraint, on an ingenuous mind, capable of distinguishing between good and evil, from acting contrary to moral duty. See Ep. 11. (N. f.)

(g) — Παντων δὲ μάλιστα—μισθυνο σ'αυτον.

Above all things, (says Pythagoras) reverence yourself.

“ The first and leading disposition to engage us on the side of virtue was, in this sage's opinion, to preserve above all things a constant reverence of our own mind; and to dread nothing so much as to offend against its native dignity.” *Fitzjobern's* Lett. 19.

EPISTLE XXVI.

On a good old Age. Meditation on Death.

I HAVE heretofore told you, *Lucilius*, that I was within sight of old age. I now fear I have passed it by, and left it behind me: some other word better agrees with my years, at least the state of my body; for indeed old age is properly a name belonging to one weary of life, rather than to one broken down with years as I am. You may reckon me, if you please, decrepit, and in the last stage. But I congratulate myself with you, that, whatever my body may feel, my mind or understanding is not sensible of any decay or injury from time (*a*). Vices only are grown old, and whatever is instrumental thereto: the soul still flourisheth, and rejoiceth that she hath so little to do with the body: having partly disrobed herself, she glories in it, and makes me even doubt concerning old age. She calls this the *flower* of age; let us believe her, and let her enjoy her proper good. It is a pleasure to me to consider, and examine, what I owe of this tranquillity, this correctness of morals, to wisdom, and what to old age: and diligently to enquire, what it is I cannot do, and what I would not do; and if what I cannot, be also what I would not; I have reason to rejoice in my inability. For, what cause is there of complaint, what great inconvenience, if what must one day end, be now upon the decay? Perhaps you will say, it is the greatest inconvenience imaginable, to be infirm, to languish, or, to speak properly, to be melted down: for, we are not forcibly laid low on a sudden; we gradually waste away; every day purloins something from our strength: and what exit can be happier, than to be dissolved, as it were, by a gentle decay of nature? Not that there is any thing very grievous in a stroke, or sudden departure out of life; but because it is easy, and natural thus to steal away by degrees (*b*).

For

For my own part, as if I was now about to make the experiment, and the day approached, that must pass sentence on the foregoing years, I thus observe and commune with myself. “ All that I have said or
 “ done hitherto is nothing: vain and deceitful are the assurances of the
 “ mind, all involved in chicane and flattery: what advance I made in
 “ wisdom, death alone can shew: I therefore calmly compose myself
 “ against that day, when all shifts and subtleties laid aside, I must pro-
 “ nounce truly concerning myself; whether I speak and think, what
 “ is truly great and noble: whether the big and contemptuous words
 “ thrown out against fortune were mere dissimulation and artifice, to
 “ engage applause. Regard not the opinion of men (*c*); 'tis at best
 “ doubtful, and generally partial: regard not particular studies; our
 “ business relates to the whole of life; death will pronounce sentence
 “ on the man: yes, I say, disputations and learned conferences, and
 “ collections from the sayings of wise men, and eloquence of speech,
 “ all these shew not the true fortitude of mind: the most base and
 “ cowardly may yet be bold in speech. How you have acted in general,
 “ *Seneca*, will then appear when you come to die. I accept the terms.
 “ I am not afraid of judgment.” Thus I commune with myself; yet suppose me speaking likewise to you, *Lucilius*. You indeed are younger: but it matters not; years are not reckoned: it is uncertain when or where death expects you; and therefore expect *him* every where.

I was about to conclude, and indeed folding my paper; but the whole ceremony must be observed; and this Epistle have its passport. I need not tell you from whence the loan; you know whose chest I generally make free with. I hope in a little time to pay you out of my own stock; in the mean while *Epicurus* shall stand my friend: *Meditare utrum commodius sit, vel mortem transire ad nos vel nos ad eam; Consider whether it be better, that Death should come to us, or we go to him.* The sense is plain. It is an excellent thing to know what Death is, and how to die: you perhaps may think it unnecessary, to learn that, which can but once be of any use: now this is the very reason, why we ought to study it: we must always be learning that, which we never can be assured we rightly know. Think upon Death. He that commands this, bids you think upon liberty. He that hath learned to

die, hath unlearned to be a slave. Death is above every power upon earth: at least beyond it. What is a prison, or guards, or bars, to him? The passage is still free and open (*d*): but there is a strong chain, which still binds us down; the love of life (*e*): which as it is not to be thrown off at once, may yet be eased and lessened; that, when an exigency requires, nothing may detain or hinder us from being prepared, and ready to submit to that which we must one day certainly undergo.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) This I think every one will give him credit for who is conversant in his writings. According to *Menander*,

Εἰ τ' ἄλλ' ἀραιρῶν ὁ πρὸς ἐσθλῆς χρόνος
 Ἡμῶν τό τε φρονεῖν ἀσφαλές φρον ποιεῖ.
 Of wbat'er else depriv'd by length of time,
 Wisdom we find as firm as in its prime. M.

(b) Subduci] Senectus leniter emittit, non repente avulsam vitæ, sed minutatim *subducit*. Ep. 33. (N. g.)—According to THE OLD MAN'S WISH in *Dryden's* Miscell. III. 178.

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone by a gentle decay.

(c) *But with me it is a very small thing*, says St. Paul, *that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not my own self.* 1 Cor. 4. 3.

(d) According to the Stoical doctrine, (too) often repeated. But see Ep. 24, &c. but particularly Ep. 70.

(e) *But there is a strong chain*] Sc. *the love of life*;—Amor vitæ, qui non est abjiciendus.—But consider, O Christian, how much stronger is the chain that binds *thee* down; however painful it may be at present to endure it, viz. *the will of God*.

“ That it is the intention of the Deity we should remain in this state of being 'till his summons calls us away seems as evident, as that we at first entered into it by his good pleasure; for we can no more continue, than we could begin to exist without the concurrence of the same supreme interposition. *Fitzsborne's* Lett. 13.

E P I S T L E XXVII.

Virtue only is secure.

YOU say, *Lucilius*, that I may well take upon me to advise you; forasmuch as having corrected myself, I am now at leisure to attend the amendment of others. No, my friend, I am not so vain or unjust, as, being sick myself, to pretend to cure others (*a*); but, as lying in the same infirmary, I am talking to you of our common illness, and communicating with you such remedies, as I think will be of service. Suppose me then, to admit you into my privacy, and thus, in your presence, expostulate with myself. “Number your years, *Seneca*, and
 “ you will be ashamed to desire, and be hunting after, those things,
 “ wherein you delighted when a child (*b*). And be it your particular
 “ care on this side the grave, that your vices may all die before you.
 “ Forego those turbulent and dear-bought pleasures, that hurt, not
 “ only before, but after enjoyment; as crimes though not found out
 “ when perpetrated, still carry anxiety with them: all unlawful plea-
 “ sures are attended with remorse: there is no solidity in them; nor
 “ any thing worthy of confidence; even though they hurt not, they
 “ soon pass and are gone. Look out rather for something more sub-
 “ stantial and lasting: but alas! there is no such thing, except what
 “ the mind can find within itself: virtue only can give perpetual joy
 “ and security (*c*); whatever may seem to obstruct it, passeth over like
 “ a cloud, which for a moment darkens, but cannot hide the day. O,
 “ when shall I enjoy so great happiness! You have not indeed been
 “ idle, *Seneca*; but this is not enough; you must still exert yourself;
 “ a great deal remains to be done: consequently you must be vigilant,
 “ and spare no pains, as you expect success. This depends upon your-
 “ self; it is an affair that accepts of no delegate, nor admits of any
 “ assistance, as in other kinds of learning;” which puts me in mind of
Calvisius

Calvisius Sabinus; one, who, in our memory, was rich, having a free and gentleman-like patrimony, and understanding; but I never saw a man so ridiculously happy. He had so treacherous a memory, that he often forgot the names of *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, and *Priam*; names, which every well-educated man remembers as well as we do our first school-masters. No old Nomenclator, who is apt to impose upon his master with a false name, ever made such blunders, as when he pretended to talk of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And yet he affected to be thought a profound scholar (*d*). He took therefore this compendious method; he bought servants at an extravagant price; one who understood *Homer*; another, who was master of *Hesiod*; and to the nine lyric poets, he assigned a several servant. You need not wonder at his great expence, for if he could not find such as were suitable at hand, he placed them out to be instructed, and duly qualified: and having thus made up his family, he was continually making entertainments, and impertinently troubling his guests with his second-hand learning; for he had always some one at his feet to prompt him every now and then with verses, which endeavouring to repeat, he would often break off in the middle of a line or word. Whereupon *Satellius Quadratus*, a smell-feast, or sharker on such fools, and who consequently was a jester, and, as it generally follows, a scoffer, advised him one day to hire some Grammarians as his scrap-gatherers, or remembrancers: when *Sabinus* told him that every servant he had stood him in an hundred pounds; “you might have bought, says he, for less money, so many cases of books,” as he took it in his head that he knew all that any of the family knew, or was contained in his house. The same *Satellius* therefore would fain have persuaded him, to enter himself in the list of wrestlers, thin, pale, and sickly as he was. And when *Sabinus* answered, “how is that possible, when I am scarce alive?” “Never mind that, says *Satellius*, do you not see what strong and brawny servants you have got?—A good understanding is not to be hired or purchased; and I really think was it put to sale, there would be but few bidders; whereas a bad one is often purchased, and paid dearly for.

But

But take what I owe you, and farewell; *Divitiæ sunt, ad legem naturæ, composita paupertas; Poverty settled by the law of nature, is wealth (e)*. This *Epicurus* often repeats: but that cannot be said too often, which is scarce ever learned. It is enough to point out remedies to some, while others require them to be frequently applied.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Ye will surely say unto me this Proverb, Physician, heal thyself. Luk. 4. 23.*

ἄλλων ἰατρὸς αὐτὸς ἐλαττει ἑαυτὸν.—Etenim qui multorum custodem se profitetur, cum sapientes sui primum aiunt custodem esse oportere. Cic.—Erasm. 2. 5. 38.—4. 4. 32.

(b) *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I reason'd as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. 1 Cor. 13. 11.*

(c) See Epp. 23. (N. e.) 72. 92. Sen. de Beat. Vit. c. 3. Lips. Manud. III. Diff. 5. And in Sacred Writ, *Wisdom speaking of herself says, Whoso bearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fears of evil. Prov. 1. §3.*

(d) According to that in *Euripides* (Heracl. 745)

— οἰόμεθα γὰρ

τὸν εὐτυχῆντα παντ' ἐπιστάσαι σαφῶς.

— 'Tis common, to suppose,

There is no lore, but what the rich man knows.

(e) See Epp. 4. 25. (N. e.)

E P I S T L E XXVIII,

Change of Place makes no Alteration in the Mind.

YOU think it strange, *Lucilius*, and as happening to yourself alone, that after so long a journey, and the visiting so many different places, you could not throw off your chagrin and melancholy disposition. The mind must be changed for this purpose, and not the climate (a). Tho' you cross the ocean; tho' (as our *Virgil* says) terræque urbisque recedant (b). Whithersoever you fly, your vices will still follow. *Socrates*, to one complaining after the same manner, says, "*Why do you wonder that travelling does you no good, when, go where you will, you carry your-*
self"

self along with you? The same cause, that sent you out, lies still at heart. What can the novelty of foreign lands avail? what the knowledge of divers cities and countries? It is all a fruitless labour. And do you ask, why this your flight is to so little purpose? It is because, as *Socrates* said, *you cannot fly from yourself*. The mind's burthen must be left behind, or you will no where find complacency and delight. Think your condition such as *Virgil* gives his prophetess. When roused and instigated, she is replete with spirit not her own;

Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
Excussisse Deum (*d*).

You travel here and there to shake off the inward load; which by such agitation only becomes more troublesome. As in a ship, a burthen that is fixed and immoveable, strains it the less; while such as are moveable are apt to sink the side to which they roll, by their unequal pressure. In every thing you do, you are still acting against yourself. The very motion cannot but hurt you; it is shaking a sick man. Get rid of this internal evil, and every change of place will be agreeable. Though you are driven to the utmost parts of the earth, or confined to some corner in a strange land; be what it will, you may still find entertainment. It matters not where you come, but what sort of man, you come thither. The mind is not to be devoted to any particular place. We must live in the world under this persuasion. *I am not born for one corner of it more than another; the whole is my native country.*

Was this manifest to you, you would be no longer surprized at not finding any benefit from the difference of place, when weary of one you fly to another. For the first would have pleased you, if you had thought it your own. You do not travel, but wander, and are driven about from place to place; whereas what you are in search of, *a good life*, is to be found any where. What place can be more turbulent, than the Forum? yet if you was obliged to live there, even there might you find tranquillity: not but that a man, if he was at his own disposal, would fly as far as possible from the sight, and much more from the neighbour-

neighbourhood of such a noisy place. For as a damp and foggy air affects even the most firm and healthy constitution; so there are places, if not dangerous, yet very inconvenient, to a mind well-disposed, but not fully accomplished. I dissent from those who defy a storm; and not disliking a public and busy life, are continually exerting their courage, in struggling with, and getting through, difficulties. A wise man would endure this, if it fell to his lot; but he would by no means make it his choice. He had rather live in peace, than amidst the din of war: for it is of little avail to him, to have thrown off his own vices, if he must be perpetually contending with those of other men. Thirty tyrants, you say, environed *Socrates*, yet could not break, or bend the steadiness of his mind: it matters not how many masters you have, slavery is one and the same: he, that despises *this*, let his governors be as many as they will, is still free.

But it is time to conclude, having first paid my toll: *Initium est salutis, notitia peccati, The acknowledgment of a crime is the first step to reformation.* This is an excellent saying from *Epicurus*: for he, that knows not when he trespasseth, can never desire to be reformed. You must accuse yourself, before you can mend. There are some who even glory in their sins; and do you think they will ever be solicitous for a remedy, who account their vices as so many virtues? As much as possible therefore reprove yourself; examine yourself thoroughly (*e*): first, do the office of an informer, then of a judge, and lastly of an intercessor, though a little wholesome punishment may be sometimes not amiss (*f*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(e) Hor. Ep. I. 11. 27.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,
 Sœnua nos exercet inertia; navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere; quod petis hîc est;
 Est Ulbris; animus si te non deficit æquus.
*If they, who through the vent'rous ocean range,
 Not their own passions, but the climate change;
 Anxious through seas and land to seek for rest,
 Is but laborious idleness at best:*

*In desert Ulubræ the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind.—Francis.*

Græcè suavius, τον τοπον, ἢ τον τροπον.—Muretus.

They change the place, but not the natural disposition.

(b) *Virg. 3. 72. Cities and land are seen no more. Ep. 72.*

(c) *See Ep. 104.*

(d) *Virg. 6. 79.*

*Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he presi'd.—Dryden.*

(e) *See Ep. 16. (N. b)* And if self-examination, with the following, may, by a fair construction, be deemed Christian principles; let *Seneca* have the honour of them, exclusive of his party; for *self-conviſion, self-condemnation, and imploring pardon of God,* are, by no means, in general, *Stoical* requisitions. There is a spiritual pride and self-sufficiency running through their whole scheme of philosophy; very incompatible with that humble frame of mind, which Christianity requires as a necessary ingredient, in the piety and virtue of such imperfect creatures, as we are in this present state.

(f) “ I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, and moral writers, keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it; they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means, which become *punishments* as well as lessons.”—*Bolingbroke, Lett. 46.*

And indeed *Seneca* himself looks upon repentance as the greatest punishment a man can suffer. *Nec quicquam gravius afficitur quàm qui ad supplicium pœnitentiæ traditur. See Leland, Pt. II. c. 9.*

EPISTLE XXIX.

On popular Applause.

YOU are pleased to enquire, *Lucilius*, after our friend *Marcellinus*, and desire to know how he goes on. Know then, he very seldom comes near me: and the reason of this is, he dreads to hear the truth: not that he is in any great danger of it from me; for truth, I think, is not to be thrown away upon those who will give no attention. It is questioned therefore whether *Diogenes* and such other cynics, as were perpetually reprimanding every one they met, acted wisely and commendably

ably in so doing: for what can it avail to reprimand those, who are deaf and dumb, either naturally, or by some vicious habit? “But why, you say, need I be sparing of words? They cost nothing: I may not know perhaps whether I can do any good with the person I admonish; but this I must know, that in admonishing several, it would be strange indeed if I did not reform some one. Let the hand be liberal (*a*), and, no doubt, but in attempting many things, in some it will succeed.”—Indeed, *Lucilius*, I cannot think such behaviour would become a man of any note; for his authority would hereby be lessened; and his remonstrances, by being made so cheap, not have weight enough to carry a reformation. An archer must sometimes miss, as well as hit, the mark; and you cannot call it art that takes effect by chance: but wisdom is an art, which must aim at a certain end: it must look out for those whom it thinks capable of instruction; and leave others to themselves, where there are little hopes of success; however, we are not to quit them immediately, but to try every friendly remedy, to the last hour of desperation.

I have not quite given *Marcellinus* over; even yet, I think, he may be recovered; if a hand be stretched out, in time, to save him. Indeed there is some danger lest he should expose his friend; for he is a man of parts, and great wit, though depraved at present. But I shall disregard the danger, and not be afraid to tell him his faults: I suppose he will play his usual game, have recourse to his facetiousness, and provoke the eye of lamentation to laugh: he will first cut his jokes upon himself, and then take the same liberty with us; with his buffoonry he will prevent all that I have to say; he will sift out the schools, and charge the philosophers with drinking, whoring, and gluttony. Such a one, he will say, lives with an adultress; another in a tavern; and another is perpetually *dangling at court*: he will tell me of that merry philosopher, *Aristo*, who affected to dispute as he was carried along in his litter; for such was the time he chose for acting his part: it being enquired of what sect he was, *Scaurus* answered, “*I am sure he is no Peripatetic.*” And when *Julius Græcinus* (*b*), an excellent man, was asked, what he thought of him; “*Indeed*, said he, *I cannot tell you;*

for I know not how he behaves on foot;" as if he was talking of a charioteer. *Marcellinus*, I say, will fling in my teeth such mountebanks as these; who had much better quite disown philosophy, than pretend to sell it. I am determined however to put up with such affronts. He may make me laugh; but perhaps I shall make him weep: but if he still keeps his laughing mood, I will laugh too, as if pleased with the misfortune, that he is possessed with such a merry kind of madness. But such forced jollity seldom lasts long: observe, and you will find the same man laughing extravagantly, and within a little while as extravagantly raving (*c*). I am resolved, I say, to address him, and remonstrate to him how much greater he would be, if he appeared less in the eyes of the vulgar. If I am not so happy as to cut down every vice, I may perhaps check them in their growth. I cannot expect them to cease altogether, but they will intermit, and perhaps one day cease entirely, when they have got an habit of intermission. This then is in no wise to be disdained: as a pleasing remission of sickness is a sort of recovery.

But while I am preparing for *Marcellinus*, do you, *Lucilius*, (who can command yourself, and, who, well knowing from whence you set out, can from thence conjecture where your journey will end,) settle well your morals; raise your spirit; stand up boldly against every thing that is formidable; nor perplex yourself with numbering those whom you have any reason to fear. Would you not think a man a fool, who is afraid of a multitude in a place where but one can pass? Many have it not equally in their power to put you to death, though many at the same time may threaten it. We are so formed by nature, that one only may as easily take away thy life, as one gave it.

But, *Lucilius*, I think you ought to be ashamed of not remitting me my last *payment*; however, that I may not behave myself so meanly towards you with regard to interest-money, and throw upon *you* what I owe myself, be pleased to accept of this; *Nunquam volui populo placere; nam quæ ego scio, non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego nescio; I had never any ambition to please the people; for the things*
that

that I am concerned to know, they dislike; and what they like, I know not. Do you ask who says this; as if you knew not whom I make so free with? *Epicurus*. But all, in every school, say the same thing, *Peripatetics, Academics, Cynics*. For who that delights in virtue can please the vulgar (*d*)? Popular favour is sought by vilest artifices (*e*). You must level yourself with the vulgar to please them; they will never approve what they do not own. But it is of much greater concernment, to consider how you appear to yourself, than how you appear to others; the affection of the mean and base cannot be purchased but by some mean and base action. Wherein then can philosophy (so much commended above other things, and so much to be preferred before all other sciences) be of service to you? Why it will teach you rather to be agreeable to yourself, than to the populace; to estimate judgment and opinions, not by the number of their abettors, but their genuine worth; to live without fear; and to overcome misfortunes by *patience and courage*.—But if I hear you celebrated by the mobility; if when you enter the theatre, you are received with acclamations, applause, and pantomimic gestures; if idle boys and women sing your praises through the streets, how is it possible that I should not pity you, when I know the way that leads to such extraordinary favour?

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Let the hand be*] *Spargenda est manus*—Alluding perhaps to fencers; whose successive strokes are called by *Quintilian*, *prima, secunda, tertia, &c. manus*.—Or to an army besieging a town, when the attack is to be made in several places.—Or to a generous mind, disposed to do all the good in its power.

(b) *Julius Græcinus*] Whom *Caligula* put to death out of mere malice to his virtue. See *Sen. de Beufe*. II. 21.

(c) *Lipf. rabire*—Sic *Varro*, *Quid blateras? quid rabis?*—*Pincian.* reads it *rudere*, and quotes *Perfius* (III. 9.)

— Ut *Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.*

He mutters first, and then begins to swear;

And brays aloud with a more clamorous note

Than an *Arcadian Ass* can stretch his throat.—*Dryden.*

(d) *Diogenes*, the *Cynic*, as the people were coming out of the Theatre endeavoured to get in; and being asked, *what he intended?* Only, says he, *to act according to the whole tenour of my life.* It being a constant maxim in philosophy, not to walk in the same track with the common people. The same

same being told, that the people laughed at him, *Perhaps*, says he, *the asses laugh at them; now I no more mind the people than they do the asses.*

(e) "Popularity, if purchased at the expence of base condescension to the vices or follies of the people, is a disgrace to the possessor: but when it is the just and natural result of a laudable and patriotic conduct, it is an acquisition which no wise man will ever contemn." Cic. Læl. p. 93.

I have made bold to give another turn to this sentence, and to leave to the enlightened Stoic *bits*, *Ut sine metu deorum hominumque vivas; ut aut vincas mala, aut finias.* "The Stoics, through an affectation of greatness of mind, destroyed, as far as in their power, the influence of fear in mortals, by taking away the fear of the gods, of pain, sickness, disgrace and death; which tends to subvert one of the main principles of government, both human and divine.—It is evident, that this is one way by which the Author of Nature designed Mankind should be governed, viz. by fear; which gives force to the sanctions of law, and without which they would have small effect. See *Leland*. II. 9." /a

EPISTLE XXX.

On the Contempt of Death.

I HAVE seen *Bassus Aufidius (a)*, a very excellent man, shaken, and struggling with age: but now he is too low to be ever raised. Old age preffeth him down with all its weight: you know, *Lucilius*, he was always of a weak, and consumptive constitution: he has sustained it a long while, or rather patched it up, but now can hold out no longer.—As in a ship, by the help of a pump, a leak or two is easily-remedied; but when it begins to be shattered, and to gape in many places, all remedies are applied in vain: so, an old and crazy body may for a while be supported, and propped up; but when, as in an old edifice the joyces are all started, and, as soon as one crevice is closed, another breaks out, nothing can be done, but *patiently to wait its fall (b)*.

Our *Bassus* however is still chearful in mind. This is the fruit of philosophy: it makes a man brave in every habit of body; in the sight of death easy and chearful; and not faint-hearted, though in full decay. (c) A skilful pilot still navigates the ship, though the sails be rent, and keeps

keeps on his course with such broken tackling as the storm has left him. Thus does our *Bassus*; he looks upon his end with such a steady mind and countenance, that was he to look so upon the end of another man, you would think he had lost all feeling. This, *Lucilius*, is a great virtue, and, however necessary, not soon or easily learned,—when the inevitable hour is come, to depart without murmur or regret. Other kinds of death admit of hope to the last: a disease may be got over; a fire be extinguished; a falling house hath thrown, on one side, those, whom it was likely to have crushed in pieces: the sea hath cast some safe ashore, at the instant it was like to swallow them up: the soldier has withdrawn the sword from the neck of those he was about to kill: but they, whom extreme age is conveying to death, have no resource; no intercession can be of service here. And though it be a longer sort of death, there is none more mild and gentle. Our *Bassus* seems to attend, and, as it were, inter, himself (*d*); nay, to live as if he had survived himself, and without concern made a report of his own departure. For he talks much of death, and this continually; in order to persuade us, that whatever inconvenience or fear, there may be in this matter, it is the fault of the person dying, not of death; and that there is no more trouble in it, than after it, [*to a good man.*] It is as absurd for a man to fear what he cannot be sensible of, as to fear what will never happen: for can a man think, that he shall be ever sensible of that, which deprives him of all sensation, [*supposing that Death did so?*] Therefore, says he, Death is so far beyond every evil, that it is beyond all fear of evil. I know these things are often said, and cannot be said too often; but neither when I have read them, had they so good an effect upon me; nor when I have heard them from those who, when they spoke of them, were in no danger themselves of the things which they told us we ought not to fear.

But *Bassus* had authority, when he spake of approaching death. For I will freely tell you my mind: a man is generally more brave at the very point of death, than when it is at some distance from him: for Death, just at hand, hath given courage enough even to the unlearned, not to think of escaping what is inevitable. So the gladiator who was afraid
of

of death during the combat, yields his neck to his victorious adversary, and even guides the point of his sword to the most mortal place. But the death which is not so near but that it gives us leisure to see it advancing towards us, requires a more composed firmness of mind; which is very rare, nor can be attained but by a wise man. I most attentively therefore heard *Bassus* passing sentence upon death, and, as upon a nearer inspection, giving an account of it (g) No doubt was one to rise from the dead and inform you upon his own experience, that there was no evil in death, he would find more credit, and have greater weight with you; yet what terror is to be apprehended at the approach of death, they can well inform you who have stood near it; who have seen it coming, and gave it welcome.

Among these you may reckon *Bassus*; who would by no means deceive us; and he says that *a man is as great a fool who fears Death, as he that fears old age; for as old age follows manhood, Death follows old age.* He should not desire to live, who is afraid to die. Life is given us on these conditions; it is the path that necessarily leads to Death: how ridiculous therefore to fear it! Things doubtful are to be feared; things certain are to be expected. Equal and alike invincible is the necessity of death to all: who then can complain of not being exempt? The first part of equity, is equality. But it is idle to pretend to plead the cause of Nature, who would not have our condition to differ from her own: whatever she hath framed, she breaks, and in time dissolves; and whatever she hath broken and dissolved, she frames anew. Now if any one is so happy as to be gently taken off by old age; not suddenly torn from life; but having stolen away (g) gradually by an easy decay: surely he hath great reason to thank all the gods; that, being full of days, he now retires to rest, so necessary to man, so grateful to one that is weary and fatigued.

You see some wishing for death, and indeed with more earnestness than others wish for life. I know not which to think will inspire us with a nobler mind; they who wish for and demand death, or they who cheerfully and contentedly *wait its coming*: the former sometimes happens
from

It is now doubt
that the gods
not lead to death
but this way
to be with a
fatigued

from sudden indignation or a fit of passion; but the latter is a tranquillity founded on reason and sound judgment (*b*): it is common to receive death angrily; no one receives him cheerfully but such as have been a long while prepared for his coming.

I confess therefore I made frequent visits to my dear old friend; to know whether I should find him still the same, or whether the vigour of his mind decayed with the strength of his body: but I found it rather increased (*i*), like the joy of a racer, when, in the seventh and last round, he drew near the prize. He said indeed that conforming himself to the precepts of *Epicurus*, he from the first had no great apprehensions of pain at the last moment; or, if it was so, his comfort was, it could be but short; as no pain can last long that is exquisite: and still a greater comfort, that if in the separation of soul and body, there must be torture, he had no reason to fear any other pain after that: yet that he did not doubt but that the soul of an old man was just fitting, as it were, upon his lips, and had no need of being forced from him by a painful violence: the fire that meets with fuel, must be extinguished by water, and sometimes not without the fall of the house: but where fuel is wanting, it goes out of itself. I am attentive, *Lucilius*, to these things, not as if they are new to me, but as what I must soon make proof of myself. What then? Have I not seen many forcibly breaking the thread of life? Indeed I have: but I esteem them more, who welcome death, not out of any hatred, or indignation to life; and who rather receive him as a visiter, than force him to them.

Bassus moreover said, that it was entirely from ourselves that we were tortured with the apprehension of death's being near: for to whom is he not near, being ready to strike in all places, and at every moment? But let us consider, says he, even then, when there is an apparent cause of death, some cause may be nearer, which we do not dread. An enemy has threatened some one with death, and behold a sudden indigestion prevents the sword. If we were to distinguish the causes of our fear, we should find that some are real, and others only imaginary. We fear not Death, but on'y the thoughts of Death: for we are not further

from it at one time than another; so that if Death is to be feared, he is always to be feared: for, what hour is exempt from death?—But I am afraid you should hate so long an Epistle worse than death; and therefore shall conclude with this caution; *The best way, never to fear Death, is to be often thinking of it (k).*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Bassus*, an eminent historian in the time of *Augustus* and *Tiberius*.

(b) *Circumspiciendum est, quomodo exeat.* The Stoic again, according to custom. See the last Note in the foregoing Epistle. And I cannot but think that *Seneca* himself hath sufficiently contradicted that favourite tenet in this Epistle; as when he commends the skilful pilot for endeavouring to work his ship, and keep on his course, though the vessel is almost a wreck: and in what follows with regard to *Hope*, and the extraordinary escapes from danger and death. Vid. infr. (N. h. i.) Ep. 24.

(c) “ Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience “ must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evils by *philosophy*.—We may, nay (if we “ will follow *Nature*, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course “ grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we “ are soon to go. The decay of *passion* strengthens philosophy.”—*Bolingbroke*, Lett. 47.

(d) *Sc. componere*] Thus Horace (Sat. I. 9. 27.)

Haud quisquam; omnes composui.—

Not one (remains)—I saw them all by turns

Securely settled in their urns.—Francis.

(e) The belief of a particular providence indeed is founded on such probable reasons as justly to demand our assent: and to presume, in this our imperfect state, to point out any particular instances of an immediate divine interposition, would be meer weakness and folly. (See *Fitzosborne's* Lett. 48.) Yet the passage before us in *Seneca* was exemplified in so extraordinary a manner, some years ago, in my neighbourhood, that to some at least the hand of providence could not but be manifestly visible. I mean in the preservation of two young gentlemen, (the sons of Sir *Richard Mill*, Bart.) and others of the same school at *Kensington*; when, in a high wind, *November 1, 1740*, part of the house fell, and the Rev. Mr. *Dorman*, the worthy master, (æt. 42) and his amiable and industrious consort (æt. 38) were both killed: and of the two young gentlemen beforementioned, one, who was, in turn, attending on Mr. *Dorman*, was thrown out of the room, as by report, rolled up in the carpet; and the other, who was standing by Mrs. *Dorman*, was thrown down into the cellar, and dug out of the ruins, both unhurt. And the rest of the young gentlemen, near sixty in number, it being *Saturday*, were happily in the yard at play; who, with the rest of the family within, received no injury. See the excellent Preface to Mr. *Dorman's* posthumous Sermons.

(f) *Was one to rise from the dead*] Whatever effect this might have had upon *Lucilius*; of the Jew, and unbelieving Christian we are told by divine authority, that if they bear not *Moses* and the Prophets, neither would they believe, though one rose from the dead. Luke 16. 31.

(g) *Minutatim subductum.* See Ep. 26. (N. b) *Alexis*, the comic poet, when he was decrepit and could scarce crawl along, being asked, τί ποιεῖς; ἴστω do you do? or, what are you doing? answered, κατὰ χαλῶν ἀποθνήσκω, I am dying leisurely. (Stob. Serm. 115.)

(b) *Founded in reason and sound judgment*] Here speaks *Seneca* indeed and not the Stoic: as also in what follows; *Animus non magnâ vi distraheretur; The soul is not to be forced from the body by painful violence.* Sophocles.

Σμικρῆ παλαιὰ σωματ' εὐταζέει ῥοστῆ.
The aged with small impulse rest in peace.

(i) "When the body instead of acquiring new vigour, and tasting new pleasures, begins to decline, and is fated with pleasures, or growing incapable of taking them, the mind may continue still to improve and indulge itself in new enjoyments. Every advance in knowledge opens a new scene of delight; and the joy that we feel in the actual possession of one, will be heightened by that which we expect to find in another: so that before we can exhaust this fund of successive pleasures, Death will come to end our pleasure and pains at once. In his studiis laboribusque viventi, non intelligitur quando obrepit senectus ita sensim sine sensu ætas senescit, nec subito frangitur sed diuturnitate extinguitur. [*In fine, he who fills up every hour of his life in such kind of labours and pursuits as these I mentioned, will insensibly slide into old age without perceiving its arrival; and his powers, without being suddenly and prematurely extinguished, will gradually wear away by the gentle, and natural effect of accumulated years.* Melmoth.]—Bolingbroke on Retirement.—See Ep. 26.

(4) I cannot but subjoin to this Epistle that excellent imitation of *Martial's* Epigram, De M. Antonio, (x. 24.) by Mr. Pope.

*At length, my friend, (while Time with still career
 Wasts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
 Sees his past days, safe out of Fortune's pow'r,
 Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour:
 Reviews his life, and, in the strict survey,
 Finds not one moment he could wish away,
 Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
 Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
 And from the goal again renews his race.
 For he lives twice, who can at once employ,
 The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.*

Be pleased to add to the foregoing Note the conclusion of Ep. 61. from *Seneca* himself, *Mortem plenus expecto.* *Having had the full enjoyment of life, I wait for Death.* Supr. (N. b.)

EPISTLE XXXI.

Labour necessary for the Attainment of Virtue, the only Good.

YOU are now my own, *Lucilius*, since you begin to be what you promised. Follow that impulse of mind, which despising and trampling under foot all popular good, will lead you to the fountain-head. I do not desire to have you greater or better, than what you really endeavour

to be. The foundation you have laid is large; only finish what you have begun: let the building completely answer the design. After all, you will shew yourself a wise man if you stop your ears; I do not mean with wax, but with something clofer than what *Ulyffes* is said to have stopped the ears of his companions*. The voice he was afraid of was soft and soothing, not a public one: but this that you have to fear, comes not from one rock alone, but resounds from every part of the globe. Pleasure spreads not her snares peculiarly in one place; there is not a city, but is to be suspected: but especially, where they shew most fondness, be most upon your guard: however good their intention, if you would be happy, it will be requisite, to pray to the gods, that none of those things that are generally prayed for, may be your portion: the things, which these pretended friends desire may be heaped upon you, cannot be called *good*: there is but one *good*, the cause and foundation of an happy life, and that is, *a sure confidence in virtue (a)*. Now this cannot be attained, except labour be despised; and ranked with those things that are neither good nor evil. For it is impossible the same thing should be good and bad; sometimes to be light and sufferable, or sometimes to be dreaded. Labour therefore is not a *good*. What then is good? the contempt of labour, (i. e. not to be concerned, when it is required.) Therefore have I blamed all such as labour, and are industrious, to no good purpose: but as to those, who strive at what is just and good, the more pains they take, and the less they suffer themselves to be overcome, and stop for breath, I admire and encourage them, saying, *Rise ye so much higher, and then take respite; but gain the top of this hill, if you can, in one breath.* Labour still whets a generous mind. There is no necessity therefore, that you should select from the old formal prayer of your parents, what you would have, or wish for: and much less, having atchieved great things, that you should be continually importuning the gods: make yourself happy, which you certainly will do, if you have a right apprehension that all such things are good as appertain to virtue; and all vile and base wherein vice is concerned. As nothing is splendid without a mixture of light, and nothing black, but with a mixture of shade and darkness; or, as nothing, without the help of fire, is warm; and without air nothing cold; so, the conjunction

tion of virtue and vice makes things either good or bad, scandalous or honourable.

What then is good? The knowledge of things. And what is evil? ignorance (*c*). The prudent observer of times will reject some things, and will choose others; but if he has a truly great and noble soul, he neither fears what he rejects, nor too fondly admires what he has chosen. I beg of you, not to give out, or be discouraged in your pursuits; it is not enough, not to refuse labour, you must demand it. What labour, you will ask then, is vain and frivolous? That which is laid out in trifles; not that it is bad in itself, any more than what is spent upon things of fairer account; 'tis only the sufferance of the same mind, that exhorts to arduous and difficult undertakings, saying, *Why do you stop? It is not the part of man, to fear the sweat of his brow.*

Add to this, that perfect virtue consists in an equality and honour of life, always consistent with itself; and well-skilled in the knowledge of things both human and divine (*d*). This is the *summum bonum*, which if obtained you are no longer a supplicant, but *a companion of the gods* (*e*). And how, you say, is it to be obtained? Not by passing over the *Alps*, or the *Grains* (*f*), or through the deserts of *Candavia*; or by the *Syrtes*, or *Scylla* and *Charibdis*; all which you have done for the slight recompence of a petty government. The way is safe and pleasant which Nature hath pointed out to you: she hath given you those things which, if you decently retain, you will rise a god. Now it is not money that can thus exalt you; for God has not money: nor is it the outward robe, for God is not clothed: nor fame, nor ostentation, or notoriety among mankind; no one knows God (*g*): many entertain strange and preposterous opinions of him, and are overlooked (*b*). Nor is it that you have a crowd of servants, ready to carry you in a litter, in town or country: God, the most high and powerful, himself upholdeth all things (*i*). Nor is it beauty or strength that can make you happy: all these things are subject to decay. We must therefore look out for something, which is not to be impaired by length of time; something which fears no let or hindrance,
and

and than which nothing better can be desired. And what is that? A foul, that is truly just, and good, and great. For what else can you call this, *but a Deity within (k)*? And which a freed-man, or a slave, may be master of, as well as a Roman knight. For what is a Roman knight? what a freed-man or a slave? names, that have sprung from ambition, or oppression. From any obscure corner of the world you may rise to heaven. Rise then,

— Et te quoque dignum finge Deo. (Virg. 8. 365.)

— *And shew yourself full worthy the divine abode.*

A god, not made of gold, or silver; nor of such materials indeed can the likeness of God be made (*l*). Remember that such, as have heretofore been propitious to Rome, *had their images made of clay (m)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

81 * Hom. Od. p. 39. Σφρήνας μὲν πρῶτον ἀριζέαι, κ. τ. λ.
 Next where the *Sirens* dwell you plow the seas;
 Their song is death, and makes destruction please.—
 Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
 Be stopp'd against the song; 'tis death to hear.—
 Then ev'ry ear I stopp'd against the strain,
 And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.—*Pope.*

This celebrated story of the *Sirens*, (said to have been invented by the *Phœnicians*;) seems best accounted for, if, with the Annotator, we suppose the whole merely allegorical; or a fable containing an excellent moral; applicable not only to idleness and dissipation, (according to *Horace*, *Vitanda est improba Siren desidiosa*—) but to all pleasures in general, *which by being too eagerly pursued, betray the incautious into ruin; while wise men, like Ulysses, making use of their reason, stop their ears against their insinuations.*—The Annotator likewise observes a great similitude between this passage in *Homer* and the words of (his cotemporary) *Solomon*, in the *Proverbs*, c. vii. 6.—27. c. ix. 13. 18. a most beautiful description of an harlot, and her silly devotees.—*I beheld among the simple ones, &c.*

(a) “ The school of *Zeno* placed this *sovereign good* in naked virtue, and wound the principle up to an extreme beyond the pitch of nature and truth. (See N. e.) A spirit of opposition to another doctrine, which grew into great vogue while *Zeno* flourished, might occasion this excess. *Epicurus* placed the sovereign good in pleasure. His terms were wilfully or accidentally mistaken. His scholars might help to pervert his doctrine, but rivalry enflamed the dispute; for in truth there is not so much difference between *Stoicism*, reduced to reasonable intelligent terms, and genuine orthodox *Epicurism*, as is imagined. The felicitas animi immota tranquillitas (*the steady tranquillity of an happy mind*) and the voluptas (*pleasure*) of the latter are near akin. And I much doubt whether the firmest hero of the *Stoics* would have borne a fit of the stone, on the principles of *Zeno* with
 greater

greater magnanimity and patience than *Epicurus* did, on those of his own philosophy. However *Aristotle* took a middle way, and placed *Happiness* in the joint advantages of mind, of body and of fortune." See *Bolingbroke* on Exile, *inf.* Ep. 41.

(b) Air, (in the opinion of the Stoics) the coldest of all bodies. Vid. *Plut.* περί τῆ πρώτης Ψυχῆς. *Lipf.* *Physiol.* ii. 15.

(c) The doctrine of Socrates. See Ep. 81. 118.

(d) *Consistent with itself*] See Ep. 20. (N. b.) 35.

So *Marcus Antoninus* Emp. advises,—“to do every thing, even the most minute, as mindful of the connection there is between divine and human things; for (says he) you will neither rightly discharge any duty to man, without a due regard to divine things; nor, on the other hand, any duty to God, without a regard to human things. L. 3. c. 16.

(e) *Socius Deorum*] The common boast of the Stoics; which originates from supposing *Virtue* to be the same as in God. Ep. 87. *Quæris quæ res sapientem efficit? Quæ Deum.* Do you ask what constitutes a wise man? The same that constitutes a God. There is a bolder rant in Ep. 73. *Sextius*, &c. was wont to say that Jupiter could not do more than a wise and good man. *Lipfius* indeed very justly condemns this, but softens the sentiment before us, by supposing *Seneca* to speak not absolutely, but comparatively, as in Ep. 59; *Sapiens cum Diis ex pari vivit.* And elsewhere, *Diis socii sumus et membra*, (de *Prov.* c. 1.) *sapiens vicinus proximique Diis; excepta mortalitate, similis Deo*; this is not only admissible, but commendable, when it goes no further than *Homer's* θεοειδής, θεοεικελός, ἰσοθεός, (*godlike*) or, Ep. 73. *nulla sine Deo mens bona, 'Tis the Divinity within that forms the wise man.* Thus *St. John*, 1 Ep. 4. 16. *Hereby we know that we dwell in God, and God in us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* See *Epp.* 41. 73. *Lel.* i. 295.

(f) Alluding to the passage of *Hannibal*, and *Hercules*.

(g) *Nemo novit Deum*] *Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to Perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than Hades, what canst thou know? Job* 11. 7. *What man is he that can know the counsel of the Lord? Or who can think what the will of the Lord is? for, the thoughts of mortal man are miserable, and our devices are but uncertain. Wisd.* 9, 14. *No man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit that is in him; even so knoweth no man the things of God, but the spirit of God.* 1 *Cor.* 2. 11.

(b) *Multi de Deo malè existimant, et impune*] *And the times of this ignorance God winked at, &c.* *Act.* 17. 30.

(i) *Upholding all things by the word of his power.* *Heb.* 1. 3.

Omnia fers; oneri tamen haud obnoxius ulli es. *Vida.* H. 1.

Eternal rest is thine, and soft repose,

That bearing all things, yet no pressure knows.

Omnia sustentas, procuras omnia, alisque

Dum præsens ades; ipsa tua est præsentia vita,

Omnibus ipsa salus—Ib.

Thy presence keeps, directs, preserves the whole;

Kind guardian of the world, its life and soul.—M.

(k) *Deum in humano corpore hospitantem*] A remarkable expression, which seems to border upon that of *St. John* (i. 4.) *And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, &c.* though it implies little more than what is expressed in the foregoing Note (e). To which let me add from Ep. 74, *Miraris hominem ad Deos ire? Deus ad homines venit, imò, quod propius est, in homines venit.* Ep. 41. *Bonus vir sine Deo (interno, Lipf.) nemo est.* *Vid. Loc.*

(l) “*Numa,*

(1) “*Numa* (A. M. 3237. U. C. 40.) forbad the *Romans* to represent God in the form of man or beast; nor was there any graven image admitted among them formerly. The first 160 years they built temples and chapels, but made no statue or image; thinking it great impiety to represent the most excellent of beings by things so base and unworthy; as there was no access to the Deity but by the mind, raised and elevated by divine contemplation.” *Plutarch’s Life of Numa*.

Forasmuch as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art and man’s device; &c. Act. 17. 29.—*To whom then will you liken me, or shall I be equal?* says the Holy One; *Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things; &c.* *Isaiah*, xl. 18. 28.

(1) *Fictiles fuisse*] See Epp. 95. 98. cv.—Or perhaps the words will bear another sense; *the Gods, to whom we are so much obliged, were but men, made of clay like ourselves.*

EPISTLE XXXII.

On Retirement, and Perseverance in Virtue.

I AM always enquiring after you, *Lucilius*, and asking every one that comes from your way, how you do, and where, and with whom you converse. You cannot deceive me; I am with you. Live then as if I was a constant inspector of your actions. Do you ask, what pleases me most concerning you? Why, that I hear nothing of you; and that most of those I enquire of, can give me no information. This, I say, is what is right and salutary: to converse as little as possible with men of a different sentiment. ’Tis true I have so good an opinion of you, that I am persuaded you cannot be warped, or drawn from your purpose, though a crowd of sollicitors stood around you. What then do I fear? not that they can work any change in you, but lest they should hinder you in your progress.

Now nothing can be more prejudicial, than to be dilatory; especially as life is so short, and made much shorter by inconstancy. Still ever beginning with some new employ or other, we cut it out as it were into small parcels, and so make waste of it. Hasten therefore, my dearest

dearest *Lucilius*, and think how you would accelerate your speed, was an enemy pursuing you; as when a troop of horse are coming and pressing upon such as fly: for this is really the case: you are pressed upon, make haste, and escape. Convey yourself into safety; and now and then consider with yourself, how excellent a thing it is to finish life before death; and then to wait secure, and self-dependent, in the possession of an happy life; which cannot be happier be it ever so long (*a*). O, when will you see the day, when you shall know that time does not belong to you; when in a pleasing tranquillity, and the full enjoyment of self-complacency you are regardless of to-morrow (*b*)!

Would you know what it is that makes men so desirous of length of days, and solicitous after futurity? No one is a friend to himself (*c*). Your parents wished other things for you than what I do; for I recommend the contempt of all those things, which they prayed you might enjoy in plenty. Their desires were to rob many, to enrich you; as what was transferred unto you, was to be taken from others. I only wish you to be master of yourself: that your mind long agitated with vain imaginations, may resist them, and be steady: that it may satisfy itself, and understanding what is the *true good* (which being understood is easily attainable) it may not want any assistance from Time (*d*). In short, the man has got the better of all wants,—is dismissed and absolutely free,—who lives when he hath finished life (*e*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Self-dependent*] I read this passage with *Gronovius*,—*inniti sibi in possessione beatæ vitæ*—As in the preceding Epistle, *Beatæ vitæ causa est—Sibi fidere*. And Ep. 92. *Tenet summa, et ne ulli quidem, nisi sibi innixus*.—Though, by the way, this Stoical paradox is by no means a Christian doctrine; and what *Solomon* condemned, long before the name of a Stoic was in being. *He that trusteth to (himself, or) his own heart, is a fool*. Prov. 28. 26. But perhaps the *vita beata* may likewise be referred to another state after this; especially if we read it, as some do, *sed* (instead of *si*) *longior*.

(*b*) *Take therefore no thought for the morrow, &c.* Matth. 6. 34. Do your duty, as in the foregoing verse, and leave the rest to Providence.

(*c*) *Nemo sibi contingit*. *No one is himself, or for himself*.—*Erasmus* (Adag.) interprets it, *Neminem sibi nasci, No one is born for himself*, which interpretation *Lipsius* justly disapproves; and understands it, of not being distracted by various pursuits, or the direction of other people; much

the same with what follows; Opto tibi tui facultatem, *I wish you to be master of yourself.* C'est qu'il ne se trouve personne, qui se veule aider. Vet. Gall.—*Malberbe*, Il ne point d'homme, qui fait a soi.

(d) *From time to time*] Since according to the Stoics, *Happiness is always one and the same.* See Ep. 92.

(e) O that blest son of foresight! Lord of Fate!
That awful independent on to-morrow!
Whose work is done: who triumphs in the past,
Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile;
Nor wound him, like the Parthian, as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot!—*Young.*

EPISTLE XXXIII.

On Reading and Study. Sentimental Stoicism.

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, that in these, as in my former Epistles, I should transcribe some particular sentence from our masters (the *Stoics*, as well as from the *Epicureans*). Give me leave to tell you, they busied not themselves with flowery ornaments. Their whole context is equally strong and nervous: it would betray an inequality, were some parts to shine more conspicuous than other: one tree is not admired particularly where the whole grove shoots up to an equal height.—With such wise sayings as you require, both the Poets and Historians abound; therefore I would not have you think they are only to be found in *Epicurus*: they are public enough, especially among us Stoics: but they are taken more particular notice of in *him*, as *they* are rarely interspersed, and 'tis unexpected for *him* to exhibit any thing that is bold and strong; who is the professed master of softness and delicacy: for such is the opinion most men entertain of him; though to me I own he seems quite the contrary, even brave, notwithstanding his long sleeves (a). Fortitude and industry and a warlike disposition are as well

well

well found among the *Persians* as among the *Romans*, and other short-skirted (*b*) nations. There is no reason therefore to require from us select repetitions of choice things: you will find among our writers the choicest things in a continued strain: but we make no parade of such things: nor do we deceive the buyer, as if nothing was to be found in the shop, but what is exhibited in the shew-glass: he is permitted to chuse what pattern he pleases. And what if we desired to distinguish some particular sentences; to whom should we assign them? * To *Zeno*, or *Cleanthes*, or *Chrysisippus*, or *Panætius*, or *Possidonius*? No; we are under no such restriction; every one claims his own privilege; is King of himself; whereas among the *Epicureans*, whatsoever *Hermachus* says, or *Metrodorus*, it is still referred to one; whatever doctrine is advanced in *that* school, it is under the conduct and auspices of one, (*Epicurus*.) With us, there is so great plenty of things, and all of the same tenor, that, if we would, we could not, extract any thing in particular;—*Pauperis est numerare pecus*, (*Ov. Met.* 13, 824.) *He is a poor man who can count his flock*.—Wherever you turn your eye, something occurs, that would appear eminent, were it not read among its peers.

Wherefore think not, *Lucilius*, that you can taste summarily, and by scraps, the writings of our greatest men: the whole must be read, and thoroughly digested. It is one finished piece; and by the due proportion of the whole, according to the plan of the projector, the work is so connected that you cannot spare a part, without detriment: not that I dispute your considering the several parts one after another, so that you take in the whole man. As it is not a fine arm, or a fine leg that speaks a beautiful woman, but the graceful symmetry of the whole, that takes off your admiration of any singular part. However, if you require it, I will not deal so niggardly with you as I pretend, but will wait upon you with a full hand. There are plenty of beauties, scattered up and down; but we must take them, I say, all together, and not pretend to pick and chuse: for they do not drop one after another, but flow connected in a perpetual stream: and I doubt not but they will be of great service to those, who are yet ignorant, and admitted only to

the *Exoteric* doctrine. For things circumscribed, and, like verses, confined to measure, are more easily fixed upon the mind; and therefore we give boys certain sentences to learn, and what the Greeks call $\chi\epsilon\iota\epsilon\iota\iota$ (*c*); because their tender minds can better comprehend them, and are not yet capable of further proficiency.

But it is scandalous for a man to catch at fine sayings, and to depend upon his memory for a few of the best note. He ought now to stand upon his own bottom; and to say such things as of himself: not as having heard them from others. It is scandalous, I say, for an old man, or one bordering upon age, not to be wise beyond the reach of his notebook. *This is what Zeno said; or this is what Cleanthes:* but what do you say yourself? How long must you be under tutorage? Exert yourself, and exhibit something worthy of notice, and from your own stock. I can have no great opinion of the generosity and greatness of soul in those, who are for ever skulking under the protection of another, and whose ambition reaches no further than to read or interpret; without daring to publish, as an Author, what they have been learning all their lives. They have exercised indeed their memories in the writings of others; but memory is one thing, and knowledge another: to remember, is to retain a thing entrusted with the memory; but to know, is to exhibit something of one's own; and not to depend upon example; and be continually referring to a master; as thus *saihb* Zeno, or thus *saihb Cleanthes:* let there be some difference made between *you* and a book. How long must you be learning? Prescribe something yourself: what avails it for me to hear, what I may read, perhaps better expressed elsewhere? But we are told a living voice can do much! It may be so; but not *that, which utters* only what another hath said, and so performs the part of a Notary (*d*).

Add now, what belongs to those who are still mere pupils: first, they follow those who have gone before them, in that, wherein every one hath dissented from his predecessor: 2dly, they follow them in that, which is still to be sought, and will never be found, if we content ourselves with what is already attained; and lastly, he that follows another, invents nothing; nay he seeks nothing. What then? must I not follow the
the

the steps of those who have gone before me? Yes; I will walk in the old path (*e*); but if I chance to find one nearer and plainer, I shall be inclined to take it, and direct others thereto. Truth is open to all men; but as yet hath not been engrossed: much is left to future generations.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(*a*) *Long sleeves*] Licet manuleatus sit.]

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent redimicula mitras. Virg. 9. 616.

Your vests have sweeping sleeves; with female pride

Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd—Dryden.

Vid. Gell. 7. 12. Arceflaus, interrogatus, cur ex aliis sectis ad Epicureas transfirent multi; nemo ex illis ad alias? Nam, inquit, ex viris Galli frunt (*curati*) ex Gallis viri nunquam. *Lipf.*

(*b*)

Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat, est qui

Inguen ad obscenum subductis usque facetus. Hor. Sat. I. 2. 25.

Malchinus trails his robe along the ground,

Another humourist tucks it up around

His waist, how filthily obscene!

• *Zeno*, the founder of the sect of the Stoics.

Cleantes, the Stoic, scholar to *Crates*, and successor to *Zeno*: by his first profession a wrestler, and forced to work by night, to keep him from hunger and scorn in the day-time.—His physicians enjoining him to fast two days, for the cure of an ulcer under his tongue, he refused to comply, taking it unkindly, that they would offer to bring him back, being two days onward on his journey; so continuing to fast two days longer, he died, æt. 80. Vid. Juv. II. 5. Perf. v. 64.

Chrysippus, scholar to *Zeno*, and successor to *Cleantes*, having spent what his father left him, he took to the study of philosophy, and became so incomparable a logician, that it grew to a proverb, *If the gods would study logic, they would read Chrysippus*. He died, of a violent laughter with seeing an ass eat thistles, as some say, but, according to *Hermippus*, of a vertigo, æt. 73. Hor. freq.

Panætius, a *Rhodian* by birth, mentioned and imitated by *Cicero*, in his Offices. He was tutor to *Scipio Africanus*, and *Lælius*. Nobiles libros Panæti. Hor.

Pofidonius, the disciple of *Zeno*, and an eminent historian.

(*c*) *χρῖστα*] A short and facetious sentence: the word is likewise applicable to fact; as, *Crates cum indoctum puerum vidisset, pædagogum ejus percussit; Crates seeing a blockhead, did not punish the boy, but his master.*

(*d*) This, and great part of the Epistle, I own, militates against the Annotations here offered to the public. I have endeavoured to make some apology for them in my Preface, to which I refer the reader; and if he pleases he may take in the three or four last lines of this Epistle.

(*e*) *Walk in the old path*] Ego vero utar via veteri.—Thus saith the Lord, *Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.* Jer. 6. 16.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

It is Part of Goodness, to desire to become Good.

I THRIVE, I exult, and shaking off old age, am warm again, as often as I understand what you do, and what you write, and how much you excel yourself, (for it is some time since you left, and rose above the populace). If a well nurtur'd tree, bearing fruit, delights the husbandman ; if a shepherd takes pleasure in the increase of his flock : if a foster-father looks upon the youth, his ward, as his own, what pleasure must it be to one, who hath tutored a good understanding, to see it answer his hopes when grown to maturity ? I claim you to myself ; you are my work (*a*) ; when I first saw your good disposition, I laid my hand upon you ; I exhorted you ; I spurred you on ; nor would suffer you to loiter ; but frequently pushed you forward ; and do so still ; but now I encourage you in your speed ; and am myself encouraged by you.

And what (you say) would you have more ? Truly this is doing a great deal ; but it is not with the affairs of the mind as with common things, where the beginning of every work is said to be half (*b*). It is a great part of goodness to desire to become good. But do you know whom I call *good* ? One that is absolutely perfect (*c*) ; whom no power, no necessity can force to do a bad thing : and such a one I see in you ; if you endeavour, and persevere, so to behave, that all you say and do may tally and be consistent with itself ; and all alike sterling. The mind of one, whose words and actions disagree, can never be right and perfect (*d*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Opus es meum*] *You are my work* ; so St. Paul to the Corinthians ; *are not you my work in the Lord ?* 1 Cor. 9. 1.

(*b*) *To be half*] *Operis dimidium.*] So *Horace*, Ep. 1. 2. 40.

Dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet ; sapere aude

Incipe——

Who sets about, hath half his work performed :

Dare to be wise ; begin——

Well begun is half done, *Prov.*

(*) See Ep. 16. N. (a).

(d) See Ep. 20. N. (a).

EPISTLE XXXV.

On Love and Friendship.

WHEN I so earnestly intreat you, *Lucilius*, to study philosophy, it is to serve myself: I am in quest of a friend, which I cannot expect, unless you go on to polish yourself as you have begun. I am persuaded you love me, and yet you are not what I call a friend. *What then, are love and friendship different qualities?* Certainly. He that is a friend, loves; but not every one that loves, is a friend. Therefore friendship is somewhat more than love; and always does good: whereas love is sometimes prejudicial. Go on then with your studies, were it only that you may learn to love truly; and be as expeditious as you can, lest while you intend my advantage, another should reap the benefit.

Indeed I already seem to enjoy the fruit of amity; while I fancy to myself, that we shall be of one mind; and that all the vigour which age hath taken from my years, will be restored me in yours; though I confess they fall not much short of mine: however I long effectually to enjoy this pleasure. There is a certain complacency that reacheth us from those we love, even in their absence; but it is light and transitory: the sight, the presence, the conversation of a friend, give a more sensible and lively pleasure; especially when we see not only *him* we desire to see, but such a one as we would wish him to be. Bring me therefore yourself, nothing can be a more acceptable present, (*b*) and to hasten you the more, consider that I am old, and yourself mortal. Proceed then upon my account, not regardless of your own: and above all things take care that you be consistent (*c.*)

As often as you would make trial of your proficiency, *Lucilius*, observe whether you desire the same thing to-day as yesterday; a change of the will shews the mind to be restless, and fluctuating just as the wind fits; what is fixed and steady will abide so. This is absolutely the case of one perfectly wise; and in some measure of a proficient (*d*) in the way of wisdom. *Wherein consists the difference?* The one is moved indeed, but without quitting his place, only nods a little; whereas the other is not in the least moved.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 2. Friendship derives all its strength and stability from virtue and good sense. There is not, perhaps, a quality more uncommon in the world, than that which is necessary to form a man for this refined commerce; for however *sociableness* may be esteemed a just characteristic of our species, friendliness, I am persuaded, will scarce be found to enter into the general disposition. *Fitzosborn. Lett. iv.*

(b) *Ingens munus*, Sen. de benef. c. 8. *He that gives me himself*, (if he be worth taking) gives a great benefit (magnum). And this is the present which *Æschines*, a poor disciple of *Socrates* made his master; *others may have given you much*, says he, *but I have nothing left to give but myself*. *This gift*, says *Socrates*, *you shall never repent of*, for *I will take care to return it better than I found it*. L'Estrange.

(c) See Ep. 20 (N. b.)

(d) This distinction between (proficientem et consummatum; studiosum, et doctum) the *Proficient*, and the *Adept*, in wisdom is frequent; Ep. 72. Hoc interest inter consummatæ sapientiæ virum et alium procedentis.—De vit. beat. c. 24. Nostrum vitium est, quo quod dicitur de *sapiente* exigimus de *proficiente*.—De constant sap. c. 98. Aliud est *studiosus* sapientia, aliud jam *adeptus* sapientiam. Vid. Ep. 92. *Lips. Manud. 11. diff. 9.*

EPISTLE XXXVI.

The Opinion of the Vulgar to be despised.—No Annihilation.

ENCOURAGE your friend, *Lucilius*, strenuously to contemn those, who pretend to chide him for seeking solitude and retirement, forsaking his dignity; and when he had it in his power still to rise, preferring to every thing else a quiet life. How well he hath managed for himself, will be visible every day. They, who now seem so much to be envied, will soon pass away; some be stricken down; others fall of course. Prosperity is often turbulent and restless; it torments itself; it racks the brain in more ways than one; it incites men to different pursuits;

pursuits ; some to ambition ; others to luxury ; it puffs up some, and renders others effeminate and totally involved in dissipation. *But may not some bear their prosperity well ?* Yes, as some do wine (*a*). There is no reason, therefore, they should persuade you he is a happy man, who is surrounded with clients ; they run to him as to a lake of water, which they, who drink, at the same time disturb.—But they say your friend is an idle trifler ? what then ? you know how perversely some speak, and mean the contrary.

And what, if they once called him, when in power, a happy man ? (*b*) was he so ? Nor should I any more regard their thinking him of a sour churlish disposition. *Aristo* was wont to say, that he had rather see a young man sedate and grave, than gay and agreeable to the populace. The wine (*c*) that at first was rough and hard, becomes in time good and palatable ; but that which is soft and smooth at first barrelling, will seldom bear age. Or let them call him stupid, if they please, and an enemy to his own preferment ; this solidity will turn out well in the end ; let him only persevere in the way of virtue, and drink deep in the *liberal* studies, properly so called, not such as it is enough to be sprinkled with, but those wherewith the mind ought to be thoroughly imbued. This is the proper time to learn : *what then, is there any time improper ?* No ; but though at all times it is right and decent to study, it is not right to be always under a master. It is a mean and scandalous thing to see an old man at his A. B. C. (*d*) It is for young men to learn ; and old men to make a right use of what they have learned.

It will turn out, therefore, to your advantage, to make him as great and as good as you can. These are the benefits, which are professedly to be required, and in return bestowed ; these undoubtedly of the first class, which it is as honourable to give as to receive. (*e*)

Lastly, He is not now at his own liberty ; having promised and vowed, he must go on. It is less scandalous for a man to become a bankrupt, than to deceive the hopes of a friend in his goodness. To pay a common debt, the merchant hath need of a prosperous voyage ;

and the husbandman of a fertile soil, and a good season; but all that is demanded of your friend, a good will alone can pay.

Fortune hath no jurisdiction over morals. Let him rightly order these, that the tranquil mind may arrive at perfection: as when a man is not sensible of any deprivation or addition, but continues in the same even temper let what will happen; who, if the common goods of life are heaped upon him, still soars above them; or if any, or every thing of the like kind be taken from him, he is as great as ever. Had he been born in *Parthia*, he would have handled his bow from his infancy; if in *Germany*, he would have brandished his little spear, (*f*) while yet a boy; if he had lived in the time of our ancestors, he would have learned to ride, and to close in with the foe. Thus is every one disciplined by the custom of his country. What is it then your friend must make the chief employment of his meditation? Even that which will be of service to him, against all the arrows of fortune, and the attack of every enemy; *to despise death*.

I grant there is something terrible in death, and shocking to our minds, that are formed by nature for self-love. There is no need therefore of being prepared and disciplined to that which we are voluntarily carried to by a certain natural instinct, as all men are inclined to self-preservation. No one need be instructed, if occasion was, to lie on a bed of roses; but a man must be hardened and well fortified, to retain his fidelity on the rack; to stand his ground when covered over with wounds; to watch before the trenches, and not so much as to lean upon his pike, because sleep is apt to creep upon a reclined posture. But after all, death is no evil; that which is really an evil, must have been proved such by some one (*g*).

But if you have so great a desire to prolong life; consider that none of those things that are taken from our sight, and are hid in the bosom of nature, from whence they come and go, are entirely consumed. They go off the stage, but do not perish; and death, which we so much dread and detest, puts off life for a while, but does not deprive us of
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it entirely: a day will come, which shall raise us again to light; (*b*) and which many indeed would refuse, had they not forgot all that was past (*i*). But hereafter I shall more fully explain to you, how things that seem to die and be lost, are only changed. If then we are to return, we ought to make our exit with a willing mind. Observe the circling course of things, you will see that nothing in this world is extinguished, but rises and sets alternately. The summer passeth away, but another *March* restores it again; the winter is gone, but returns again in its usual months. Night hides the sun under the earth, but day soon brings him back again: the stars in their courses go the same round, and one hemisphere is depressed while the other rises.—But I shall conclude at present with this observation, that as neither infants nor children, nor the infirm of mind, fear death; it is scandalous for reason, not to afford that confidence and security which mere ignorance animates us with.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) Without being intoxicated; or according to *Lipfius*, drink it with moderation. But he thinks the place to be suspected, and that something is wanted.

(*b*) ~~Unhappy~~ man] *Lipfius* doubts, whether *Seneca* here means himself, when in prosperity, or *Comitius Sylla*.

(*c*) Frequent comparison is made, between man and wine; which, when new, ferments and is turbid: so in a young man, the spirits are apt to rise and boil, but become calm and settled by age. Thus *Alexis* the comic poet,

Ὅμοιοτάτων ἀνδρῶνος οἶνον τὴν ψυχήν. κ. τ. λ.

The comparison is likewise transferred to fruit;

When *Accius*, the poet, had read his tragedy called *Atræus*, to his friend *Pacuvius*, *Pacuvius* told him, that there were many great and sublime things in it, but that they seemed to him a little too harsh and stiff; it may be so, says, *Accius*, and *I am not sorry for it; for from hence, I hope, I shall write better hereafter; for it is with a man's genius as with fruit: that which is hard and sour at first, becomes mild and pleasant; but such as is at first soft and insipid, seldom ripens properly, but grows mealy and rotten.* Agell. 13. 2.

(*d*) To set about habits of meditation and study late in life, is like getting into a go-cart with a grey beard, and learning to walk when we have lost the use of our legs. In general the foundation of an happy old age, must be laid in youth; and in particular, he who has not cultivated his reason young, will be utterly unable to improve it old. *Maneat ingenia senibus, modo permaneat studium et industria.* Cic de Senect.—See *Bolingbroke* on Retirement and Study.

(*e*) *To give as to receive*] Like all other acts of charity, of which we are told by divine authority, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts. 20, 36.

(f) Tenerum hastile, i. e. Framea, *A Javelin.*

(g) *The undiscovered country, from whose Bourn no traveller returns.* Hamlet.

(b) This is not to be understood of the *καλιγγενεσία*, the *renovation* or *regeneration* of the *Pythagoreans*, but of the *Stoics*, somewhat like that of the *Millenians*. To the former of which *Lucretius* alludes. l. 3. v. 168.

Nec si materiam nostram collegerit ætas,

Post obitum rursum que redegerit, ut *sita nunc est.*

Atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ

Pertineat quidquam tamen ad nos id quoque factum.

Nay grant the scattered ashes of our urn

Be join'd again, and life and sense return;

Yet how can that concern us, when 'tis done,

Since all the memory of past life is gone? Creech—Vid. *Lipf. Physiol. Diff. 22.*

(i) *Forget all that was past*] This ridiculous opinion prevailed amongst many, even the wisest of the Heathens, from the time of *Pythagoras*, that *after a certain revolution of years, we should live in the world again, without the least reminiscence of a former life.* How much more then are we Christians obliged to divine revelation, that hath delivered us from this and the like errors, with regard to futurity, that, *we shall not all sleep, or die, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed, &c.* 1 Cor. 15. 52.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

In Praise of Philosophy.

YOU have promised, *Lucilius*, to shew yourself a good man; which is the greatest tye and obligation imaginable upon a good disposition: you are hereby as strongly bound as upon oath: and should any one tell you, this warfare is soft and easy, he would impose upon you; but be not deceived: the words of this honourable indenture run in the same strain with those of the vilest sort (*a*); *Uri, Virgis, ferroque, necari: to be burned, scourged to death, or slain by the sword.* All the difference is that the wretches, who hire themselves for gladiators, and eat and drink what they must repay with their blood, suffer these things perforce; but from you it is required, that you suffer willingly and freely: it is lawful for them, to lay down their arms, and beg for mercy of the people

people (*b*): but it is not for you to submit, and beg your life: you must stand your ground, and die unconquer'd. Besides, what avails it to gain a few days or years? We are born without any particular time of discharge. *How then, you will say, shall I get off?* You cannot indeed avoid necessities; but you may overcome them. There is a way to do this; and the only way is philosophy. Apply yourself to this, if you would be well, if you would be secure, if you would be happy; in a word, what is the greatest of all, if you would be free.—It must be so.—Folly is mean, abject, sordid, servile; subject to many, and the most cruel, passions: and from these lordly masters, which sometimes govern by turns, and sometimes all together, nothing can deliver you but wisdom, which is the only true liberty. There is but one path (*c*) that leads to this, and that a straight one; you cannot wander from it; only march boldly on.

If you would subject all things to you, subject yourself to reason: you will govern many, if reason governs you: you will learn from her, what to attempt, and the manner how; you need not fear a surprize: whereas it is difficult to find a man, who can give a rational account for what he wills; he is not led thereto by any previous deliberation, but driven by a certain impulse, or whim: we as often attack Fortune, as Fortune us; but it is scandalous not to go of ourselves; but to be continually hurried along, and, on a sudden, being surprized in the middle of a storm, to stand amazed, and ask, *How came I hither?*

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Of the vilest sort*] viz. The oath of the Gladiators. The form of which we have in a fragment of *Petronius Arbitr*, In verba Eumolpi juravimus, *Uri vinciri, verberari, ferroque necari*; et quicquid aliud Eumolpus jussisset, tanquam legitimi Gladiatores, domino corpora animosque religiosissime addicimus. *We engaged in an oath to be bound, scourged, burned, or killed by the sword, or whatever else Eumolpus ordained; and thus like free-born Gladiators selling our liberty, we religiously devote both soul and body to our new master.*

Quid refert, uri vergis ferroque necari? Hor. Sat. II. 7. 56.

What difference is there, whether you engage,

*Be cut and slash'd, and kill'd upon the stage?—*Creech.

Or, &c.——See Epp. 7. 71. *Lips.* Saturn. II. c. 5.

(*b*) Of the Gladiators the party that was worsted (*submit arma*) laid down his arms, and acknowledged himself conquered: yet this would not save his life, unless the people pleased, and therefore he made his application to them for pity. Vid. *Lips.* Saturn. II. 22. 23.

(*c*) viz. *Wisdom*, or the guidance of right reason.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

On Epistolary Correspondence.

YOU justly desire, *Lucilius*, to keep up this epistolary correspondence. The instruction is generally of service, which is gradually instilled into the mind. Prepared harangues, poured forth among the people, make indeed more noise, but they want familiarity. Philosophy is good counsel; and counsel is not given with clamour. Sometimes indeed the former preachments, if I may call them so, are necessary; where he that hesitates, hath need to be driven; but where this is not the case, *viz.* to enkindle in a man a desire only to learn; but that he may learn to some purpose; words in a lower tone will suffice: they enter more easily, but they take good hold: nor is there need of many words, but only such as promise efficacy. They are to be scattered, like seed, which, however small, having found a proper soil, unfolds its powers, and from a small grain (*a*) expands itself marvellously all around. The same doth speech; you see not the effects at first; but it dilates in its gradual working: few things are said, but if the mind gives them good reception, they gather strength, and shoot out to perfection: the condition of good precepts, I say, is the same with that of seeds; they have a great effect, though in a narrow compass, let the mind be prepared to receive, and harbour them properly: the mind itself will likewise generate more; and give back with increase what it hath received.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Which from a small grain, &c.*] *Seminis modo; quod quamvis sit exiguum, cum occupavit idoneum locum, vires suas explicat; &c.* *The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree.* Matth. 13. 31. Where likewise in the parable of the Sower, it is written, *He that received seed into the good ground, is he that heareth the Word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit; and bringeth forth, some an hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty.* See Ep. 73. (N. h.)

E P I S T L E XXXIX.

On the Contempt of Superfluities.

THE commentaries you desire carefully digested and reduced to a narrower form, I will in truth send you, *Lucilius*; but consider, whether the common form of address would not be of more advantage to you than what we now vulgarly call (breviarium) a *breviary*: but formerly when we spoke *Latin* (summarium) a *summary*: the former is more necessary for a learner; the latter for one who already knows something: *that* teacheth, and this exhorteth; but I will furnish you with both: tho' I think there is no necessity for my quoting any one by way of authority; for he that acts by his proctor (*a*), or gives security, argues himself unknown. However I will write on the subject you desire, but it shall be in my own way. Among many, perhaps you will find those whose writings may seem not so well drawn up, and digested as they ought to be: but look into the list of philosophers; this will oblige you to rouse yourself; and, when you see how many have laboured for *you*, make you wish yourself one of the party: for a generous mind hath always this good quality, to be easily incited to do what is just and honourable.

A man of a truly noble soul delights not in any thing that is base and mean; nothing but what has the appearance at least of something great, can attract him and call him forth to action.

As the flame rises on high in straight lines, nor sinks, any more than it can rest, while there is fuel to maintain it; so the mind is ever in motion, and the more in earnest it is, so much the more lively and active: but happy is the man who applies this impulse, to things that are lovely and of good report: he will soon set himself out of the power and reach of fortune: he will moderate prosperity, lessen adversity, and despise those things that are generally most admired: as it is the part of a great mind to contemn grandeur; and rather to wish for a genteel competency than store of wealth; for that is useful and lasting (*b*); but
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this, in being superfluous, is often prejudicial : as the corn is laid, when the ears are overcharged by too rich a soil, the branches are broke down by their load of fruit ; and too great fertility seldom comes to perfection : thus it happens to the mind, when broke by immoderate prosperity, men employ it in not only injuring others, but themselves.

What enemy was ever so outrageous against any man, as their very pleasures are against some ; whose weakness and mad lustings you may pardon upon this very account ; that they themselves greatly suffer from their own doings.

Nor undeservedly does this vile passion torment them. The desire can never be satisfied, that transcends the bounds of nature : Nature hath her limits ; but vain and libidinous desires scorn a boundary. Necessary things are measured by utility ; but where will you put a stop to superfluities ? Besides such men plunge themselves in pleasures, which, becoming habitual to them, they cannot disengage themselves from : and in this, they are most miserable, that they are come to such a pass as to make even superfluities necessary. They are slaves therefore to their pleasures, they do not enjoy them : and they are in love with their own distresses, which is sure the greatest of all : for then indeed is their wretchedness complete, when base and vile things not only amuse, but please them ; and there is no room left to hope for a cure, when what were the most detestable vices, are become (habitual, or) the manners of the age.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Notorem. Cic. Cognito rem. Zen. γνωστῆρα. One to whom application is made, concerning the condition or quality of another person. Sen. in Lud. de morte Claudii—Si quis a me notorem petisset, te fui nominaturus, If any one had asked me to recommend to him a proctor, or advocate, I should have named you.*

(b) *Useful and lasting*] *Illa enim utilia vitaliaque sunt.*

— *Amicum*

Mancipium domino, et frugi quid sit satis, hoc est

Ut vitale putes—Hor. Sat. II. 7. 3.

Thy faithful, thrifty, servant, sir,

Who fancies that sufficient store,

Which Nature's wants supplies, and asks no more.

EPISTLE XL:

On Elocution *.

I AM obliged to you, *Lucilius*, for your frequent Epistles: it is the only way I have to know you, when at such distance: I never receive one from you, but I suppose you present. If the pictures of our absent friends are agreeable to us, by calling them to our minds, and alleviating the discomfort of absence, however false and illusory the consolation; how much more agreeable are the letters, that convey a lively representation of those, for whom we have an affection? For the most pleasing part of an interview with a friend is effected by his hand-writing; we see and acknowledge him.

You say, you have heard that *Serapion* the philosopher, when he came to *Sicily*, and, as usual, harangued the people, was wont to roll out his words with great impetuosity, pressing and crowding them together; as more things rose to his imagination, than one mouth could suffice to utter distinctly. I can by no means approve of this in a philosopher: whose pronounciation should be as regular and well-composed as his life: no oration can be decently exhibited that is hurried and gabbled over. Therefore in *Homer* a speech delivered with vehemence, and coming over us like the fall of snow, is attributed to the orator (*Ulysses*): (*a*) while such as flows more mildly, and sweeter than honey, comes from the old man (*Nestor*). (*b*) Think therefore that a rapid and verbose way of speaking, rather becomes a mountebank (*c*), than one who is treating of any great and serious subject; and whose business it is to give instruction. Nor would I have the delivery too slow any more than too swift: to give it out drop by drop is as disagreeable, as pouring it out all at once: we must not keep the ear upon the stretch, nor oppress it with tediousness. A barrenness of thought and imbecility of speech takes off the attention of an audience, by reason of the disgust

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that arises from unnecessary pauses, and a sleepy sort of language: tho' I must own that what is waited for, is more easily impressed upon the mind, than what flies by promiscuously: and lastly, men are said to *deliver* precepts to their pupils: but that cannot be said to have been *delivered*, which hath escaped unnoticed.

We may add to the foregoing, that a discourse, designed to convey truth, ought to be plain and simple, not too much laboured. A popular harangue seldom aims at truth; it is calculated to move the passions of the vulgar, and to please, with its rapidity, the unthinking ear; it gives no time for recollection: it is gone. And how can that be supposed to direct others, which is under no direction itself? Besides a discourse, intended for the cure of a sick mind, ought to sink deep into us: no remedy can have any effect unless it be well digested. There is nothing therefore more vain and idle than an hasty and careless delivery; it is nothing more than mere sound. My fears are to be assuaged, my passions are to be curbed; my doubts are to be cleared; luxury restrained; and avarice reprov'd: and how can any of these things be done in a violent hurry? Can a physician cure his patient by passing by him? or can a din of words rushing on us, without any select meaning, give us any more pleasure than it does profit? As it is sufficient once to have seen and known a thing which you did not think possible; so to have heard *once* the man, who thus exercise their lungs, is full enough. For what can any one learn, what can he follow; or how judge of the mind of those, whose oration is confused, and always upon the gallop, so as not easily to be stopped? As when we are running down a hill, we cannot halt, just where we please; but the body is carried along by its own impulsive weight; so, such volubility of speech cannot command itself; and is especially indecent in philosophy; which ought calmly to lay down its well-chosen words, and not fling them out at random, but proceed gravely step by step. *What then? must it never exert itself, and raise its voice?* Yes certainly, provided that grace and dignity are still preserved; which too great earnestness and violence are sure to destroy: let it have strength and energy, but in a moderate degree; let it flow in a perpetual stream, but not rush down like a torrent. I would scarce
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allow a public orator such a velocity of speech, and much less a philosopher, as not to be able to recover himself, and keep within bounds. For how can a judge keep pace with him, and especially the rude and unskilful, when ostentation, or an affected passion has worked him up beyond his strength? He ought to speak no faster, nor throw in any thing, but what the ear can patiently imbibe.

You would therefore, *Lucilius*, do right, if you would not mind those who regard not what is said, or in what manner, but how much: and if, when necessity requires it, you had rather speak like *Publius Vinicius*, concerning whom, when it was required, how he declaimed, *Asellius* answered, *Slow enough*: for *Geminus Varus* said of him, *He could not conceive how such a one could be called eloquent, who could not join three words together*. Yet why should you not still prefer the manner of *Vinicius*; though some such fellow should interrupt you, as said to him, parcelling out his words, as if he was dictating, not declaiming, *Prithee, speak, or not*. For I am far from thinking the method of *Quintus Haterius*, a celebrated orator in his time, to be what a man in his senses would chuse. He never paused, he never hesitated, but ended in the same strain as he began. Different nations however are of a different taste: and though among the Greeks this manner of speaking might be fashionable enough, yet it is our custom when we write to stop every word (*d*). And even *Cicero*, who brought the Roman eloquence to perfection, kept but a gentle pace (*e*). The Roman dialect is somewhat vain-glorious; it sets a value upon itself, and would be valued by others. *Fabian*, a most excellent man, in life and literature, and, what comes after these, in eloquence, disputed rather dexterously than earnestly; you might call it ease, rather than volubility. This then is what I recommend in a wise man, though I do not insist upon it; that his speech should run on without any let or impediment; yet I had rather the pronunciation should be distinct than fluent. But what makes me the more urgent in this affair, is, that it is a trade you cannot enter upon, without losing, in some measure, your credit: you must brazen your face, and bawl so, as scarce to hear yourself speak; and such a rapid course of speech will be apt to fling out many things, which you would

by no means approve of: I say therefore you cannot well enter upon it, without losing, at least, a part of your wonted modesty. Besides it will require daily application, and take you off from the study of more essential things, for that of mere words: which if you were a master of, and extremely fluent, yet are they still to be tempered with care and discretion. For as a grave and modest gait becomes a wise man, so does a smooth and compact discourse, without an air of intrepid boldness. The sum of all is, I command you, speak, rather slow and distinctly.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* *Muretus* prefaces his notes on this excellent Epistle, with a reflection concerning the pseudo-philosopher *Serapion*, as here set forth by *Seneca*.—"Many, says he, and very notable examples have I found of the *Serapion* kind among the preachers, and interpreters of the most sacred writings: whose discourses, instead of being so spruce and curled, (like themselves,) ought to be full of gravity, authority, majesty, sanctity: but the whole has been so besprinkled with the flower of pppp and sesame; and wound up in so sweet and honied a ball of words; that the people have ran to them, as to hear some jester or comedian, rather than a master of morals, and a corrector of vice. They set themselves in some mimic attitude, and then twice or thrice stroaking the face downwards, they stretch out their hands to the vulgar, (under which I comprehend both great and small) who are gaping after something wonderfully great and divine: this done, they let loose the tongue, in a perpetual flow of words, without much respect to either stop or cadence; heaping together a vast number of similies, and pretty antitheses; and having said a thing properly enough *once*, they know not when to have done with it; but repeat it over and over again, with various turns, in a most puerile manner: all the while tossing their arms about, as if they were dancing; and adapting their gesticulations to something they fancy very arch, tho' ridiculously absurd; allowing not the least respite to themselves or their audience; among whom the ignorant and unskilful are rapt with admiration; while the wiser sort nauseate and are shocked at the unmeaning stuff."—"I should advise therefore, says *Muretus*, all such modern *Serapions* to read this Epistle, and consider whether they do not border upon the foibles that are here so smartly reprehended by *Seneca*."——He also refers them to what *Musonius* says on this point in *Gellius*.—Noct. Att.

And I cannot help recommending the same to the many young *Serapions* in our great metropolis; who affect fine and florid discourses on the social and moral virtues, (as they are called) in preference to, and even exclusive of, the sound doctrines and exalted precepts of Christianity. But more especially let me recommend it to those, who unmindful of decency, as well as duty, either drawl, and dream over, the *Common Prayers*, or gabble them over swifter than ever lawyer did his brief. I have heard of one not long ago, who vaunted that "he would give any parson in town to the *Second Lesson*, and read prayers with him." He was one day chid for this fancied excellency by one of some authority (whom he had given pain to, during the whole service) in the following odd manner of expression, though it wants not its meaning; "Sir, you have a good voice and would read very well, but what you always read the word GOD with a little g." This is so well known, that perhaps it may
point

point out the gentleman; if it does, let him take shame to himself, and others warning by it.

☞ This note was wrote some years ago when I first thought of translating these Epistles; and I fear it is not *now* out of date.

I have lately met with something so apropos to the foregoing, by way of contrast, in a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Lamot, that the transcribing it, I think, will need no apology, even to those who had read it before.---“ By a good preacher, (says Mr. Lamot) I do not mean a man of noise and gesture, who preaches up himself and not his subject, and goes to the pulpit as many go to the church to be seen of men. The action of the Theatre, and the bombast of the Romanees, are unworthy of the pulpit, and disgrace its solemnity. But by a *good preacher*, I understand, a man, who from his original good sense, improved by a good education, enters deep into the spirit of the sacred text, speaks what he feels, and feels what is just, who in his lectures is clear and copious; in his sermons, accurate and persuasive; in both more attentive to sense than to sound, to dignity of sentiment, than loftiness of style; who manages his discourses with such propriety, that in each there is as much simplicity as will render it instructive to the vulgar, and as much sublimity as will render it acceptable to the refined.”

(a) —εἶτα ἤραδ' ἔστιν εὐκρότα χαμηρότητιν. Π. γ. 222.

But when *Ulysses* rose in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground:
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand,
But when he speaks, *what elocution flows!*
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows;
The copious accents fall with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart. *Pope.*

(b) Τὸ καὶ ἐπὶ γλώσσης μιλτος γλυκίων ῥεῖν αὐδῆ. Π. α. 249.

—Slow from his seat arose the *Pylian* sage,---
Experienced *Nestor* in persuasion skill'd;
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd. *Id.*

(c) Circulanti. Ep. 88. Appion, qui tota circulatus est Græciâ.

(d) As, QUAMQUAM. TE. MARCE. FILI.

(e) Gradarius fuit.] So, *Lucilius* speaking of a horse, Ipse equus non formosus, gradarius, optimus vector. *The horse indeed was not very handsome, but an excellent pacer, and carried one exceeding well.*

EPISTLE XLI.

There is a certain Divinity in good Men.

A man is not to be esteemed for any external and foreign Good.

NOTHING, *Lucilius*, can be more commendable and beneficial; if, as you write me word, you persevere in the pursuit of wisdom. It is what
would

would be ridiculous to wish for, when it is in your power to attain it (*a*). There is no need to lift up your hands to Heaven, or to pray the Ædile to admit you to the ear of an image, that so your prayers may be heard the better. God is near thee; he is with thee (*b*). Yes, *Lucilius*, I say, a holy spirit resides within us, the observer of good and evil (*c*), and our constant guardian. And as we treat him, he treats us (*d*). At least no good man is without a God. Could any one ever rise above the power of fortune without his assistance? It is he that inspires us with thoughts, upright, just and pure. We do not indeed pretend to say *what God*; but that a God dwells in the breast of every good man, is certain (*e*).

When you enter some grove (*f*), peopled with ancient trees, such as are higher than ordinary, and whose boughs are so closely interwoven that you cannot see the sky; the stately loftiness of the wood, the privacy of the place, and the awful gloom, cannot but strike you, as with the presence of a deity; or, when we see some cave at the foot of a mountain, jutting over it with a ragged load of stone; not made with hands, but hollowed a great depth by natural causes; it fills the mind with a religious fear: we venerate the fountain-heads of great rivers: the sudden eruption of a vast body of water, from the secret places of the earth, obtains an altar: we adore likewise the springs of warm baths; and either the opaque quality, or immense depth, hath made some lakes sacred (*g*). And if you see a man, unterrified with danger, untainted with lustful desires, happy in adversity, calm and composed amidst a storm, looking down as from an eminence, upon man: and on a level with the Gods; (*h*) seems he not a subject of veneration? Will you not own, that you observe something in him, too great and noble to bear any similitude to the little body of the man, that it inhabiteth? Yes; a divine power descendeth hither from above: a soul of such excellence and moderation, as to look down with a noble scorn on earthly things, and to laugh at those trifles we are apt to wish for or fear, cannot but be enkindled by the deity within; so great a quality cannot subsist but by the help of God: he is there in *part*, though still remaining above in the Heavens. As the rays of the sun reach, and
with

with their influence pierce the earth, and yet are still above, in the body from whence they proceed; so, a *mind*, great and holy, and thus humbled, to give us a more adequate knowledge of divine things, dwells indeed with us, but still adheres to its original; it depends upon that; thither tend all its views and pious endeavours, vastly superior to, however concerned in, human affairs.

And what is this, I say, but a *mind* that depends upon its own excellence, and shines by its own native splendour? For, what can be more absurd, than to extoll in man, what is not properly his own? What greater folly, than to admire in man, what can and must be transferred to another? The golden trappings makes not the horse a whit the better. It is one thing to see a Lion under obedience, and tamely suffering himself to be stroked and dressed by his keeper; and another thing, to see him wild in the desert, and of untamed spirit: how much to be admired is this, while fierce and impetuous as nature formed him, and deck'd with terror, in which chiefly consists his beauty; than the other, weak and faint, and spangled with plates of gold to make a shew? No one ought to glory in what is not his own. We praise the vine, whose branches are so loaded with fruit, as to bend the very props to the ground, with their burthen. And would you prefer to this a vine, with golden leaves, and golden fruit? Fertility is the proper virtue of a vine: in man likewise that alone is commendable, which is from himself. He has a beautiful family, suppose; a noble house, large farms, and money at interest: what then? None of these things are in him, but about him. Commend *that* in him, which cannot be taken away from, nor made a present to, him.

Do you ask what that is? The *mind*, and reason perfected therein. For man is a rational animal; he has therefore compleated his own proper good, if accomplished according to the end for which he was born. And what is it that reason requires of him? The easiest thing in the world; only to live up to the dignity of his nature (*i*). But I own, the common madness of the world makes this difficult: we push one another on to vice: and what hopes can there be of being restored to sanity, while the people continue to drive us on, and there is no friend to stop us in our career?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *When it is in your own power to attain it.*] So in Ep. 31. Unum bonum est. Sibi fidere.—Fac te ipse felicem. This may be looked upon as a very proper sentiment, *goodness depends upon a man's own will and endeavours*; considering man merely as a free-agent. But it rather seems a stoical boast, which stands refuted by what follows in this excellent epistle.—For such was the absurd and impious opinion of the Stoics. They had heard, that by the consent of all nations, the Gods were called *the givers of all good things*, but they would not allow any thing to be *good*, but *virtue, a sound mind, perfect reason*, and the like; and these, they fondly imagined, were attainable by man, without any favour of the Gods.

According to that of *Horace*, Ep. 1. 18. ult.

Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus; ut mihi vivam

Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt di.

Sit mihi librorum, et proviſæ frugis in annum,

Copia, ne flitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ;

Hæc fatis est orare Jovem: qui donat et aufert,

Det vitam, det opes; æquum mi animum ipse parabo.

Let me enjoy but what I have, or less,

'Twill not abridge me of my happiness;

So that I've store of books, sweet mental cheer,

And in my purse provision for the year,

Lest I dependent on the future hour,

Subject myself to Fortune's wayward pow'r;

While thus for life and moderate wealth I pray,

If mighty Jove, who gives and takes away,

Will bear my pray'r; I, in myself will find

The blessing of a firm and tranquil mind.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certè

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. Juv. x. ad fin.

The path to peace is virtue, what I show,

Thyself may freely on thyself bestow. Dryden.

To be consistent with themselves therefore the Stoics were obliged to affirm that the Gods gave them nothing that was truly good. It is our happiness to know better, from Truth itself, that, *every good gift is from above, and cometh down from Heaven*. Jam. 1. 17. 2 Cor. 3. 5. See Ep. 52. (N. b) *It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure*. Phil. 2. 13.—Nay, *Seneca* himself, so great is the force of truth, here acknowledgeth, that *God inspireth us with good counsels, and the most exalted thoughts*, and that *no man can properly be said to be master of his own fortune*; and accordingly adviſes his friend to pray for *bonam mentem*, and a good state, *first of the soul*, and then of the body, Ep. 10. Vid. Lipf. Physiol. Leland. II. c. 9.

(b) *Prope est a te Deus, tecum est intus est.*] How truly christian is this, and what follows to the end of the paragraph! particularly *bonus vir sine Deo nemo est*. As it is said of *Abraham*, *God is with thee in all thou doest*, Gen. 21, 22. And of *Samuel*, *God is with thee*. 1 Sam. 10. 7. The Lord, saith St. Paul, *is not far from every one of us; for in him we live, move, and have our being*. As certain of your own poets have said (*Aratus*, τὸ γὰρ καὶ γενος ἐσμεῖν) we are his offspring. Acts

17, 27. *I have said ye are God's, and the children of the most High.* Pl. 86. 6. *Partakers of the divine nature,* ii Pet. 1. 4. Sen. *de Prov.* c. 1. *Vir bonus est Dei proximus.* Ep. 92. *Quid est autem cur non existimas in eo divini aliquid existere, qui Dei pars est?* Cic. *Tusc.* II. *Humanus animus decerptus ex mente divina.*—Hor. *Sat.* II. 2. 79. *Divinæ particula auræ.*

Quis posset cœlum, nisi cœli munera posset

Et reperire Deum nisi qui pars ipse Deorum est. Manilius.

Who can know Heav'n, but by the gift of Heav'n;

Or find out God, but who of God is part?—

Vid. Ep. 31. (N. d.) *Lipf. Physiol.* III. *Diff.* 8.

(c) *Sacer intra nos spiritus sedet,---observator et custos.] Nebuchadnezzar speaking of Daniel, says, In whom is the spirit of the holy Gods.* Dan. 4. 8. And thus the Evangelist to all good Christians; *God shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth, but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.* John 14, 17. The Apostle frequently to the same purpose, *His spirit dwelleth in you.* Rom. 8. 11.---*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* 1 Cor. 3, 16. 6, 15. *That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep, by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us.* 2 Tim. 1. 14. *God is a discernor of the thoughts, and intents of the heart, neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight.* Heb. 4, 12. *I know their works and their thoughts, saith the Lord.* Is. 66, 18.

(d) *If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.* 1 Cor. 3. 17. as in the foregoing verse, quoted above. *Hereby know we, that we dwell in God, and God in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.* 1 John 4, 3. And, *as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.* Rom. 8, 14. *Wherefore, grieve not the holy Spirit, whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption.* Ephes. 4. 30.

(e) *Quis Deus incertum est] habitat Deus.* Virg. 8. 352.

— here makes abode

What God,---not known, but sure it is a God. See Ep. 73. (N. g.)

(f. g.) *Lucos, atque in iis silentia ipsa adoramus.* Plin. 12. 1. *We venerate the groves and their awful silence.* He mentions likewise the river *Clitumnus*, and the lake *Vadimon*, *nulla in hoc navis, sacer enim est; in which no ship is allowed to sail, for it is sacred, &c.* Vid. *Lipf. ad Tac. Ann.* 14.

(b) The constant boast of the Stoics. See above, and Ep. 31. (N. d.)

(i.) *Sic est faciendum ut contra universam naturam nihil condemnamus, et eâ tamen conservatâ propriam sequamur.* Cic. *Off.* 1. *We ought to manage so as never to counteract the general system of nature; but having taken care of that, we are to follow the sway of our constitution.* *Quæ ea est? in nobis ratio. Quid autem est ratio?* (Sen. Ep. 66.) *Naturæ imitatio. Quid est summum bonum? Ex naturæ voluntate se gerere.* Vid. *Loc.* (N. a.) *Lipf. Manud.* II. *Diff.* 17.

EPISTLE XLII.

There is scarce to be found a good Man.

YOU are persuaded, you say, *Lucilius*, that such a one is a good man: believe me, a good man is not soon accomplished, nor so easily known. Whom do you think I here call *a good man*? One but of the second class; for, of the first, you will scarce find such a phoenix in a thousand years (*a*). No wonder; great things appear but in distant ages. Mean and ordinary things are the common produce of Fortune; but it is their scarceness that recommends all excellencies. The man you point out, is very far from being what he professes; and if he really knew what a *good man* was, he would by no means think himself one at present; and perhaps despair of ever arriving to that honour. *He has a bad opinion*, you say, *of all bad men*. What then? even bad men have the same. Nor is there a greater punishment of wickedness, than that it displeaseth itself, and all that are concerned with it. You also alledge, that *he abhors those who insolently abuse the authority and power they are entrusted with*; yes, and would do the same thing had he the same power.

The vices of many lie concealed in their imbecility (*b*): they would dare as great things, did their strength suffice, as they, whom a more prosperous fortune hath exposed to view: they only want the proper instruments for displaying their iniquity: so, even venomous serpents may be safely handled, while benumbed with cold; not that they now want venom; but it is frozen up, and consequently inactive. Cruelty, and ambition, and luxury, in divers persons, want nothing more than the favour of Fortune to make them attempt as bad offices as the basest men: give them their full scope, and you will easily perceive their inclination. You remember, when you told me, that you had now got such a one in your power, and could treat him as you pleased; my answer was, that he was light and volatile, and that you had not hold of his
foot

foot but of his wing: I was mistaken; you had hold indeed of a quill, but it was slipped out, and he fled.(c) You know what pranks he played afterwards, and what mischiefs he intended for you, that were more likely to fall upon his own pate. He did not see, that he was himself rushing upon the dangers, which he designed for others: he did not consider, how burthensome those very things would prove, which he wished to enjoy, although they were not superfluous.

This then is principally to be observed concerning those things which we affect and labour after with great industry; either that there is no advantage in them, or more disadvantage. Some things are altogether superfluous; and some but of little value. We do not foresee this, and think we have those things for little or nothing, which we pay most dearly for: from hence appears our stupidity, we look upon those things only as bought, for which we pay down our money; and fancy we receive those *gratis*, for which we pay no less than our very selves: what we should be unwilling to buy, were we to give our house for it, or a pleasant and fruitful farm, we are ready to purchase, with anxiety, with danger, with the loss of liberty and time; so that nothing seems of so little value to man, as man himself. In all our designs therefore and affairs, we should act as when we apply to a merchant's factor for wares, we must consider the price that is set upon what we intend to purchase; we oftentimes pay a high price for what we think costs nothing: I could mention many things which having been agreed for and received, have extorted from us our liberty; things, which if we were not in the possession of, we should still be masters of ourselves.

Weigh these things therefore with yourself; not only when the question relates to gain, but also when it relates to loss: *may such a thing be lost?* Certainly, as it was merely casual; and you will live as well without it now, as before: *Have you had it long in possession?* you may the more easily spare it, being fatiated: *have you had it but a little while?* you lose it, almost before you had time to relish it: *have you less money?* you have the less trouble: *have you less favour?* you will be less envied: look into those things, which drive us almost to madness; and which

we cannot part from but with a flood of tears: you will find, that it is not any real loss, that gives you all this uneasiness, but only the opinion of loss: no one really feels that they are gone, but only thinks so: he that truly possesseth himself, hath lost nothing; but how few enjoy so goodly a possession?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Plutarch* (de Pugn. Stoic.) justly observes, that there is not, nor ever was a man, who had reached to what the Stoics call *perfect wisdom*; they talk indeed of such a one, but he is only to be found in idea: as *Cicero* has painted a perfect orator, though no such had ever existed. See Ep. 16. (N. a.)

(b) The late Mr. *Donaldson*, a friend and neighbour observed to me, that he did not think it improbable that Mr. *Gray* had this passage in his eye when he wrote those excellent lines in his Elegy on a Country Church-yard.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul, &c.

(c) *Te non pedem ejus tenere, sed pennam, mentitus sum; plumâ tenebatur.* *Malherbe* has given this metaphor another turn, that *instead of taking hold of his foot, you only took hold of his sleeve; which he slipped from and fled.* The person here intended is supposed to be the adversary mentioned in Ep. 24.

EPISTLE XLIII.

On Report; and Conscience.

YOU wonder, *Lucilius*, how I came to be so particularly informed of your affairs; who could possibly tell me your thoughts, which you had disclosed to no one? He who knows almost every thing, *Rumour*.
What

What then, you say, am I of such consequence as to be the subject of rumour? It may be so; but there is no reason why you should judge of yourself from what is said of you here (at Rome) but what is said of you where you dwell. Whatever is eminent in a neighbourhood is of consequence, where it is eminent: but greatness has no certain measure; comparison either raises or depresseth it. A vessel that seems large in a river, looks very little in the wide ocean. The rudder is large in one ship, and small in another: though you think not so highly of yourself, you are really a great man in the province where you dwell: how you live, how you sup, how you sleep, is enquired after, is known.

You must live therefore with the more care, and circumspection; and esteem yourself a happy man, when you can thus live, as it were, in public; when the roof and the walls indeed cover you, but do not hide you: whereas there are many who think themselves happily enclosed therein, not that they may live more safely, but that they may sin more secretly. I will tell you how to judge of the morals of men: you will scarce find any one who dares to live with open doors: it is self-consciousness, not pride, that sets the porter there: we live, as if we were in fear of being caught, or seen, unawares: but what avails it to hide ourselves, and escape the eyes and ears of men? a good conscience calls a crowd around it, undismayed; a bad one even in solitude is anxious and uneasy (a). If what you do be just and honourable, let all the world know it; if it be vile and scandalous, what signifies that no one knows it, when you know it yourself? Wretched art thou, O man, who despisest this witness (b)!

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) It is finely said by *Tertullian*, *Nullum maleficium sine formidine est, quia nec sine conscientia sui. There is no evil doing but what is attended with dread, because there is none but what is attended by conscience.*

(b) *Polybius*.—Οὐδὲς ἔτιος ἔτα μάρτυς κ. τ. λ. *There is no evidence so formidable, no judge so severe, as conscience that sits upon the mind of every evil doer.*

Conscientia mille testes.—

Juv. 13. 192.—*Cur tamen hos tu
Evasisse putes, quos diri conscientia facti
Mens habet attonitos, et furdo verbere cædit,*

Occultum

Occultum quatiante animo tortore flagellum.
 Pænæ autem vehemens, ac multo sævior illis,
 Quas et Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,
 Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.
*But why must those be thought to 'scape, that feel
 Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel
 Which conscience shakes, when she with rage controuls,
 And spreads amazing terrors through their souls?
 Not sharp Revenge, nor Hell itself can find
 A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
 Which day and night will dreadfully accuse;
 Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.—Creech.*

EPISTLE XLIV.

Virtue and Philosophy confer Nobility.

DO you still make yourself so little, *Lucilius*, as to complain, that Nature first used you hardly, and then Fortune? I am astonished at such language; when it is in your own power, not only to raise yourself above the vulgar, but to ascend the highest step of human felicity. This good, if any, we owe to philosophy, that it pays no peculiar regard to genealogy. If we look back into the origin of mankind, we shall find that all are alike descended from the gods (*a*). You are a Roman knight, and your own industry hath advanced you to this honour: this however is an honour few can boast: the Court or Senate admits not every one; and even the Camp, that calls men to toil and danger, is very nice in its choice of officers (*b*): but Virtue opens her doors to all: in this respect all are alike noble. Philosophy makes no distinction of persons, but finds sufficient splendour for all. *Socrates* was no patrician; *Cleanthes* worked at the well, and earned his living by watering gardens; philosophy did not find *Plato* noble (*c*), but made him so. Why should you despair of being equal to these great men? They were all your ancestors, if you behave worthy of them: and you *will* so behave, if you can persuade yourself that no one excels you in nobility:

and

and why not; since so many have gone before us, that every one's origin is lost, beyond the reach of memory? *Plato saith, there is no King but who (in all probability) is descended from a slave, and no slave but who may be descended from a King (d).* Such is the confusion of things in process of time; and so various the perpetual exercise of Fortune.

Who then is noble? He who hath a natural disposition to virtue. This is the chief thing to be considered; otherwise there is no one, but who may carry his claim back to the first principles of things (*God and matter.*) From the birth of the world to the present day, an alternate series of good and evil, hath rendered us either splendid or vile. The hall decorated with statues, black with age and smoke, makes not the nobleman: no one hath lived for our glory; nor have we any claim upon what was done before we were born: it is the *mind* that ennobleth a man (*e*); which as well from a cottage, as a palace, exalts him above the power of Fortune.

Suppose then you were not a Roman knight, but a plebeian, the son of a freed-man; you may yet attain the honour of being the only free man among many of the best-born. Do you ask by what means? By distinguishing good and evil, not according to vulgar estimation; you must consider, not from whence they spring, but whither they tend; not what they are in themselves, but in their consequences. Whatever can make life truly happy, is absolutely good in its own right, because it cannot be warped into evil. *From whence then comes error?* In that, while all men wish for a happy life, they mistake the means for the thing itself; and, while they fancy themselves in pursuit of it, they are flying from it: for, when the sum of happiness consists in solid tranquillity, and an unembarrassed confidence therein, they are ever collecting causes of disquiet, and not only carry burthens, but drag them painfully along, through the rugged and deceitful path of life: so that they still withdraw themselves from the good effect proposed; the more pains they take, the more business they have upon their hands: instead of advancing they are retrograde; and as it happens in a labyrinth, their very speed puzzles and confounds them.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

a/ (a) Τὸ γὰρ γένος εἶμεν. See Ep. 31.

(b) As to the Roman levies; every tribe being called out by lot, was ordered to divide into their proper centuries; out of each century were soldiers cited by name, with respect had to their state and class; for this purpose there were tables ready at hand, in which, the name, age, and wealth, of every person was exactly described, &c. See Kennet. *Lips. Milit.* l. 1.

(c) This is contradicted by *Laertius*, as *Aristo* was said to have been his father, and *Perictione* the daughter of *Glaucus* his mother: which speak his nobility on both sides; as his father was descended, through *Codrus*, from *Neptune* himself, and his mother's family from the wisest of men, *Solon*. And *Apulius* remarks that when *Plato* was a boy, he wore gold rings in his ears, the token of nobility.— Be that as it will, it was philosophy and learning that truly ennobled and rendered him famous.

(d) If *Plato* has any where said this, he likewise says, *Kings* descended from *Kings* may be traced up to *Jupiter*. Though the former may certainly be true in the circle and course of things.

(e) According to *Euripides*,

—Τὸς γὰρ ἀνδρείους φωνῆ
καὶ τὸς δικαίους, τῶν κενῶν δοξασμάτων
κἀν ὧν δούλων ευγενεστερὸς λέγω.
*The just and well-dispos'd put in their claim,
Tho' born of slaves, for some high-honour'd name.*

EPISTLE XLV.

*Of Books. The Mind is to be employed on Things and not on Words.
The happy Man.*

YOU complain, *Lucilius*, that, where you at present reside you want books: it matters not, how many you have, but how good they are. Reading, with some point in view, profits a man; but variety only amuseth*. He that hath fixed upon the end of his journey, must pursue one path, and not wander out of his way: this would not be called a journey, but rambling. You had rather, you say, I should give you books than counsel. Such as I have I am ready to send you, and even my whole stock; nay, I would, if possible, transport myself to you; and

and indeed did I not expect that you soon will have fulfilled your commission, old as I am, I should have undertaken the voyage: nor would *Charybdis*, *Scylla*, or any fabulous stories relating to this sea, have deterred me from it. I would have swam over it, instead of being carried; to have enjoyed your presence, and learned what progress you have made in the accomplishments of the mind. But as for your desiring me to send you my books, I think myself not a whit the more ingenious, than I should think myself handsome, because you desired my picture. I know you make this request more out of complaisance than judgment; but if it be from judgment, I must tell you, your complaisance hath imposed upon you. However, such as they are, I will send them; and entreat you to read them, as the writings of one, who is still seeking after Truth; not presuming to have found it; and seeking it with earnestness and resolution: for I have not given myself up to any particular master; I have not enlisted myself solemnly in any sect †: I trust indeed much to the judgment of great men, but at the same time despise not my own. They have still left us many things for future investigation; and perhaps might have supplied us with many things necessary, had they not attached themselves to things vain and superfluous: they lost much time in cavilling about words, and in captious disputations, which serve only to exercise and amuse vain minds. They start knotty questions, and then solve them, by the help of a few words of doubtful meaning: and have we leisure for all this? do we yet know how to live, or how to die? Thither should our utmost care and discretion be directed, in order to be provided against being deceived by things, as by words: what avails it to perplex yourself and me, with the distinction of words of like sound, when no one can be deceived by them but in subtle disputations?

Things themselves deceive us: let us learn to distinguish them: we embrace evil for good; we wish for things contrary to what we wished for before; our vows impugn our vows; and our purposes thwart and oppose one another: how nearly does flattery resemble friendship? It not only imitates friendship, but seems to overcome and excel it (*a*); it is sucked in with favourable ears; descends into the heart; and is then most grateful, when most pernicious: teach me to distinguish this like-

ness: a fawning enemy sometimes attacks me in the name of a friend; vice imposes upon us under the mask of virtue; temerity lies concealed, under the title of valour; indolence is taken for moderation; and the coward for a cautious man. Now, error in this respect is very dangerous; set therefore a particular mark on these things: but was you to ask a man if he has got horns, no one would be so foolish as to rub his brow for conviction; nor so dull and stupid as not to know, he has not got that which, by the most subtle inferences you would persuade him he has. These then deceive without any detriment; like the cups and balls of jugglers (*b*), in which the very fallacy delights us; make me to understand how the feat is done, and all the pleasure of it is lost: I may say the same of all idle questions, properly called *Sophistry*; which to be ignorant of is by no means prejudicial; nor is there any profit or delight in knowing them.

Throw aside the ambiguity of words, and teach us this important truth; that he is not the happy man, whom the vulgar esteem so, on account of his great wealth, but he whose mind is all goodness; upright, and noble, trampling upon what the world holds in admiration; who sees no one, with whom he would change condition; who reckons a man happy, only in that he preserves the dignity of man; who takes Nature for his guide; conducts himself by her laws; and lives up to her prescriptions; whose truly good possessions are such, as no external power can take away; who turns evil into good; sure and steady in point of judgment, without prejudice, without fear; whom no external force can disturb, though perchance it move him; whom, when Fortune hath pointed at him her sharpest arrow, and with her whole strength, she only rakes, but cannot wound him; and *that* but seldom; for her other weapons, with which she assails mankind, rebound from him like the hailstones, which falling on our houses, without any inconvenience to the inhabitants, make a little rattling, and are dissolved (*c*).

Here then exert yourself, for why should you detain me with such stuff as you yourself call *pseudomenon* (i. e. *fallacious reasoning*;) and of which so many idle books are composed? Behold, the whole of life
deceives

deceives me; reprove this; if you are so acute, reduce this to truth. We judge those things necessary the greatest part of which are merely superfluous; and even those things, which are not superfluous, have not sufficient weight in them to make a man rich and happy: nay, though a thing be necessary, it is not immediately to be pronounced good: we prostitute this title if we give it to bread, or other viands, without which no one can support life: what is good, is necessary; but not every thing that is necessary is good; because some things are abject and mean, which however are absolutely necessary.

There is no one, I think, so ill informed of the importance of *good*, as to apply this term to the necessaries of the day: why then will you not rather transfer your care, to shew to all men, that with great loss of time they are ever seeking superfluities; and that many spend their whole life in quest of the means to live. Consider the whole world; reconnoitre individuals; who is there, whose life is not taken up with providing for to-morrow? Do you ask what harm there is in this? An infinite deal: for such men do not live, but are about to live: they defer every thing from day to day; however circumspect we are, life will still outrun us (*d*): but now, while we are so dilatory, it passeth away as if it did not belong to us; it ends indeed at its last day, but is lost every day.

But that I may not exceed the bounds of an epistle, and fill the reader's hand with a load of paper; I shall defer to another opportunity this dispute with the Logicians; who generally spin their reasonings somewhat too fine; and are studious to exhibit little else than *this* and *that* (*e*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* See Ep. II. † Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri. *Hor. Ep. I. l. 14.*

(a) Thus *Horace* (A. P. 431.)

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt

Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo.

As hirelings, paid for the funereal tear,

Out-weep the sorrows of a friend sincere.

(b) This rub on the logicians comparing their trifling argumentation to the tricks of jugglers, was from *Arcefilaus*, who said, τὰς διαλεκτικὰς εἰκοναὶ τοῖς Ψηροπακίαις εἰτινες χαριεντῶς παραλογίζονται.

(c) This is a most admirable character or description of a good man; but how greatly it may be heightened under the Christian scheme, we may see exemplified in that incomparable fiction, entitled *Sir Charles Grandison*. Fiction did I say? Be it so. It seems to me so replete with sentimental truths, and elegant diction, that I know no book, next to those of a religious tenour, that I would sooner recommend for perusal to a young man, and especially one of a superior rank.—According to my first plan I had inscribed the following Epistle to Mr. *Richardson*; and desired his acceptance of my application of it to his the said history, as coming from one of his many just admirers.

(d) *Life will still outrun us*] — Life speeds away,

From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still;

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:

Too subtle is the moment to be seen:

Yet soon man's hour is up and we are gone.

'Too prone's our heart to whisper what we wish;

'Tis later with the wife than he's aware;

The wisest man goes slower than the sun;

And all mankind mistake their time of day,

Ev'n age itself.—*Young.*

(e) *This and that*] Hoc solum curantibus, non et hoc. Alluding to the usual forms of their syllogisms; a thing must be either this or that; it cannot be this; therefore it must be that; or, it cannot be this and that; it is this, therefore not that. This puts me in mind of two lines, which a modern wit hath set by way of moral to a burlesque tragedy.

From such examples as of *this and that,*

We all are taught to know—I know not what. *Covent-Garden Tragedy.*

EPISTLE XLVI.

Concerning a Book which Lucilius presented him with of his own Writing.

I HAVE received, *Lucilius*, the book you promised me; I opened it, intending just to have a taste of it, and to read it at my leisure: but I

was

was so delighted with it, that I could not help reading on: and my opinion of its being well wrote, will be manifest from hence; that I thought it short, though it be too voluminous to be either of your writing or mine (*a*); and seems at first sight to be the works of *Livy*, or *Epicurus* (*b*); but so entertaining and alluring was all that I read, I was resolved without delay to finish it. And though it was late in the evening, hunger pinched me, and the clouds threatened a shower (*c*), yet I read the whole: nor was I only amused but quite charmed: what judgment! what strong sense! what forceful energy! Was there any pause given, or did it rise by starts? No: it was not any peculiar stroke, but the whole tenour of it, that pleased me, as a masterly and divine composition: yet, however strong, it did not want grace and sweetness in its proper place. You are indeed great and sublime: this is what I would have you maintain and persevere in: the subject matter is also of consequence; eligible, and copious; so as to please the fancy, and exercise the genius.

I shall write more concerning this book, when I have again perused it: my judgment is not yet settled; it is as if I had only heard and not read it: permit me therefore to re-examine it: you have no reason to fear that I shall flatter you with an untruth. How happy are you, in giving no room for any one to say a false thing of you, even at such a distance; except that where no cause is given, we sometimes flatter for custom's sake.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Cum esset nec mei nec tui temporis.* So *Lipsius*, *Salmasius*, and others. But *Gronovius Gruter.* et al. read it, *Corporis.* The antient way of writing was in long rolls, which when too large for the hands, were put under the chin, to be enrolled by degrees; or when too voluminous for this, they were laid upon a desk, and such as was gone through with, was pushed forward and hung down from it. According therefore to the latter reading, the book here mentioned is supposed such as neither of them could conveniently read without the like assistance.

(*b*) *Epicurus* is said to have wrote more books than any one among all the philosophers, not excepting *Chrysippus.*

(*c*) Though it was almost supper time, and he was afraid a shower would prevent his taking his usual walk before it.

EPISTLE XLVII.

On the Treatment of Servants.

IT by no means displeases me, *Lucilius*, to hear from those you converse with; that you live in some sort of familiarity with your servants: this becomes your prudence, your erudition (*a*). *Are they slaves?* No; they are men; they are comrades; they are humble friends: *Are they slaves?* Nay, rather fellow-servants; if you reflect on the equal power of Fortune over both you and them. I therefore laugh at those, who think it scandalous, for a gentleman, to permit, at times his servant to sit down with him at supper: why should he not? but that proud custom hath ordained, that the master should sup in state; surrounded at least by a dozen servants; with greediness he loads his distended paunch, now refused to do its proper office (of digestion.) So that it costs him more pains to evacuate than to gormandize; while the poor servants are not allowed to open their lips, so much as to speak: the scourge restrains every murmur; nor are mere accidents excused, such as a cough, a sneezing, an hiccup; silence interrupted by a word is sure to be punished severely: so that they must stand, perhaps the whole night, without taking a bit of any thing, or speaking a word. Whence it often happens, that such as are not allowed to speak before their masters, will speak disrespectfully of them behind their backs (*b*): whereas they who have been allowed not only to speak before their masters, but sometimes with them; whose mouths were not always sewed up, have been ready to incur the most imminent danger, even to the sacrificing their lives, for their master's safety; they have talked at an entertainment; the rack cannot extort a word from them. Besides, from the forementioned arrogance, arises the proverbial saying, *Totidem esse hostes, quot servos: As many servants, so many enemies* (*c*); not that they are naturally enemies, but we make them such.

I pass by the more cruel and inhuman actions, wherein we treat servants, not as men, but as beasts of burthen (*d*); and need only mention, that while we are indulging our appetites, one is employed to wipe up our spawlings; another, down upon his knees, gathers up the scraps and broken bottles; another carves up some choice birds, and, dissecting them with a dexterous hand, lays the breasts and rumps in delicate order (*e*); wretched is the man, who lives to no other purpose, than to cut up with dexterity a fat fowl; unless he is more wretched who teaches this art out of mere voluptuousness, than he who learns it to get his bread; another serves as skinker, and *** is subject to the vilest and most scandalous offices! Another who is allowed the freedom of playing the buffoon, (*f*) and censuring the guests, goes on in his wretched state of life, expecting every day, that his ability to flatter, to drink, and prattle, will induce some one to invite him again to-morrow; add to these the caterers, who have an exquisite knowledge of their master's taste; what relish best provokes his appetite; what will most please his eye; what dainty will suit his stomach; what he loaths from satiety; and what such a day he will eat greedily; and yet their master disdains to sup with them, thinking it a diminution of his grandeur to admit a servant to the same table. The Gods are most just, who to repay their wonted arrogance, have sometimes given *them* masters, even from those whom they so much despised. Before the door of *Calistus*, (*g*), have I seen his former Lord waiting; and even the man, who once fixed a label on his breast, and set him to sale among his rejected slaves, excluded, while others were admitted: the servant, who was put in the first rank of abject slaves, whom to make vendible the cryer was obliged to exert his voice (*h*), hath now returned the compliment (*i*); in his turn rejected his master, and thought him not worthy to enter his house. His master sold *Calistus*, but how many things since hath *Calistus* sold his master?

Were you to consider, that he, whom you call your slave, is sprung from the same origin, enjoys the same climate, breaths the same air, and is subject to the same condition of life and death, you might as well think it possible for you to see *him* a gentleman, as he to see *you* a slave.

slave. In the fall of *Varus* (*k*), how many born of the most splendid parentage, and not unjustly expecting, for their exploits in war, a senatorial degree (*l*), hath fortune cast down? She hath made of one a shepherd, of another a cottager. And can you now despise the man, whose fortune is such, into which, while you despise it, you may chance to fall?

I will not enter into so large a field of discourse, as to dispute on the use of servants, whom we are apt to treat with contumely, pride and cruelty: but this is the sum of what I would prescribe; *live so with an inferior, as you would have a superior live with you* (*m*). As often as you think on the power you have over a servant, reflect on the power your master has over you. But you say you *have no master*: be it so; the world goes well at present (*n*); it may not do so always; you may, one day, be a servant yourself. Do you know at what time *Hecuba* became a slave? as also *Cræsus*; and the mother of *Darius* (*o*); and *Plato*, and *Diogenes* (*p*)? Live therefore courteously with your servant; vouchsafe him conference; admit him to counsel, and even to your table. I know the whole band of fops will cry out upon me, alledging, that nothing can be more mean, nothing more scandalous: and yet I have caught some of these kissing the hand of another's servant.

See you not by what means our ancestors withdrew all manner of envy from masters, and contumely from servants? They called a master, *pater familias*, *the father of a family*; and servants, *Familiars*, (as the word is still used in our *Mimes*) their *familiars* (*q*). They instituted certain festivals, when the servants not only sat at table with their masters, but were allowed to bear honourable rule in the House, and enact laws; in short they looked upon a family as a little commonwealth. What then, shall I admit all servants to my table? Yes, as well as all your children: you are mistaken if you think I would reject even those of the meaner sort; suppose, the groom, or the cow-keeper; I esteem them not according to their vocation, but their manners: the manners are a man's own; his vocation, such as it is, is the gift of Fortune; let some sit down with you, because they are worthy,

and others that they may become so; what remains in them of low and servile conversation, may be thrown off by conversing with their betters.

There is no reason, my *Lucilius*, that you should seek a friend only in the *Forum*, or at Court; if you search diligently, you may possibly find a truer friend at home: good materials are often lost for want of a workman; for once make the experiment: as he is a fool, who, when buying a horse, inspects or examines nothing more than the bridle and saddle, he is as great a fool who esteems a man from his dress, or his condition in life, which is also a sort of dress. *Is he a slave?* His mind may yet be free: *is he a slave?* Why should this prejudice you against him? Shew me the man who is not a slave (*r*). One is a slave to lust; another to covetousness; another to ambition; and all to fear. I can shew you a man of consular dignity, a slave to an old woman; a very rich man a slave to his handmaid; and many a young nobleman, who are the very bond-slaves of players. No slavery is more infamous than that which is voluntary: there is no reason, therefore, that some over-nice persons should deter you from shewing yourself affable and good-humour'd to your servants; instead of carrying yourself proudly as their superior: let them rather honour you than fear you (*s*).

Some one now will say that I am inviting every slave to assume the cap (*of Liberty*), and degrading every master from his proper station, because I have said, rather let them respect, than fear you; what, says he, must they only reverence him, as his clients, and such as attend his leveè? He that will say this, forgets, that what satisfies God, may well satisfy a master: God is revered and loved: love cannot accord with fear. I think therefore you act justly in not requiring your servants to fear you; and in chastizing them with words only; it is for brutes to be corrected by the scourge; not every thing that offends, hurts us: daintiness compells us to outrage; so that the least thing that thwarts our inclination can put us in a passion; we take upon us to act like Kings (*t*); who not considering their own strength, and the weakness of others, are causelessly enraged as if they re-

an injury ; when the greatness of their state hath rendered them quite secure against any such danger : this they know, but by an unjust complaint, they pretend to have received an injury, in order to commit one themselves. I am unwilling to detain you any longer ; for I think you have no need of exhortation. Good morals, among other advantages, have this quality ; they enjoy self-complacency, and are always steady ; but a wicked disposition is ever light and changeable ; no matter whether the change be for the better, a change is enough.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Erudition, with the Stoicks is the same as wisdom. Vid. *Lipf. Manud. II. diff. 1.*

(b) Like him in the old comedy. (*Aristoph. Ran. 737*)

— μαλα γ' ἐποπίζουσιν δίκῳ,
Ὅταν καταράσσομαι λάθρα τῷ δεισπότη.

— *Nothing gives me greater pleasure*

Than privily to abuse and curse my master.

(c) From *Cato*.—But surely they must be either very bad servants, or bad masters.—See this proverbial sentence, and other passages of this epistle fully treated of in *Macrob. Saturn I. c. 11.* It is notorious, that the Lacedæmonians not only, in their general conduct treated their slaves with great harshness and insolence, but even massacred them, on several occasions, in cold blood, and without provocation ; lest from growing too numerous or powerful, they might endanger the State.

But as *M. de Montesquieu* very properly observes, their danger was owing to this inhuman treatment ; whereas among the *Athenians*, who treated their slaves with great gentleness, there is no instance of their proving troublesome or dangerous to the public. *Leland Vol. II. p. 45, l. 4.*

(d) There is a pertinent reflection in *Lord Orvery's* observations (on *Plin. Ep. l. 3. 14.*) “ What can be baser, what more inhuman, than to oppress servants and slaves, miserable by their situation, and only to be made less so, by that proper indulgence, which is due to the meanest of our fellow-creatures, and which will always be allowed them by those, who spring from the seeds of virtue, and who scorn to wear honours, they have not deserved? When we behold a barbarous master and an ill-natured Lord, it is no unjust presumption, notwithstanding his load of titles, to conclude, that by some accident or another he certainly sprouts from the refuse of the people, and the dregs of mankind.

(e) These dextrous carvers were called *Chironomontes*, *Juv. V. 121.*

— Et Chironomonta volanti

Cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri.

Meanwhile thy indignation yet to raise,

I be car-ver, dancing round each dish, surveys

With flying knife ; and as his art directs,

With proper gesture, every fowl dissects. Bowles.

Sen. de beat. Vit. c. 17. Carpi, Carptores ; Petron. Scindendi opsonii Magistri.—Vid. Sidon. Apoll. l. 4. Ep. 7. Ib. 2. 12. Quantâ arte scindantur aves in frustra non enormia.

(f) Such a one was Calliodorus, to whom *Martial*,—

Festivè credis te, Calliodore, jocari,
Et solum multo permaduisse sale;
Omnibus arrides, dictèria dicis in omnes,
Sic te convivam posse placere putas,
At si ego non bellè, sed verò, dixero, quiddam,
Nemo propinabit, Calliodòre, tibi.

*You think it smart, my friend, to cut your jests,
And with your gibes bespatter all the guests;
At all you laugh, censure, abuse, and tease;
And think by such accomplishments to please;
But were I only to speak truth of you,
You'd find no House to be invited to. M.*

(g) *Calistus* was the freed-man of *Claudius*, yet this is said not of *Claudius*, but of some former master. *Infra domino quam multa*] Sc. by the favour of *Claudius*. *al leg. domini*; i. e. of his master's; viz. *Claudius*.

(b) As *Apulcius* says jocosely of himself, *Tunc præco diruptis faucibus et rancâ voce faucius, in meas fortunas ridiculos construebat jocos*; *The cryer then strained his jaws, and tore his throat, till he was quite hoarse, in setting me off with his ridiculous jests.*

(i) *Apologavit*.] A word in use among the vulgar, but from a Greek original. *Απολογειν*. Our *to apologize*, from the same.

(k) *Variana clade*. So, *Lipsius*. *Al Marianâ clade*. But I think the former preferable; as it happened in the time of *Augustus*, and the effects were still visible. *Quintilius Varus*, with three legions, was overthrown, and slain, by *Arminius*.

(l) Having served three years, as a military Tribune, according to the institution of *Augustus*. Vid. *Lipf. Milit. II. c. 20*.

(m) *Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them; for, this is the law and the prophets*. *Matth. 7, 12*. *Masters give unto your servants, that which is equal and just; knowing that ye also have a master in Heaven*. *Col. 4. 1*.

(n) *Bona ætas*.] Or, *you are young*, as, *mula ætas*, signifies *old age*.

(o) *Hecuba*, the wife of *Priam*, the last King of *Troy*. *Cræsus*, the last King of *Lydia* taken prisoner by *Cyrus*. The mother of *Darius*, taken prisoner by *Alexander*.

(p) *Plato*, having given some offence to *Dionysius* in *Sicily*, he ordered him to be sold; and accordingly he was carried to *Ægina*, and there sold for twenty pounds, to *Anniceris*, the *Cyrenaic*; who very readily gave him his liberty, and restored him to his friends at *Athens*.

When *Diogenes* was to be sold for a slave, he cry'd, *Who will buy a master?* And to him that bought him, *you must dispose yourself to obey me*, (said he) *as great men do their physicians*.

(q) *Familiares*. See *Ep. 77*. *Sidon. Apol. 1. 4. Ep. 8*.

(r) *Hor. Sat. I. 4. 25*.—*Quemvis media erue turba*

Aut ab avaritiâ, aut miserâ ambitione laborat

Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus.—

Take me a man, at venture from the croud,

And he's ambitious covetous, or proud;

One burns to madness for a wedded dame.—*Francis*.

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. 1 *John. 8. 92*. *Know ye not that to whom ye sold yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey*. *Rom. 6. 16*.

(s) *There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment: he that feareth is not made perfect in love.* 1. John, 4. 18.

(t) *Sen. (de ira. l. ii. c. 31.) Regis quisque intra se habet animam, ut licentiam sibi dari in alterum velit, in se nolit.*---We have too many instances of this tyranny even in our own history; such were Rich. II. Edw. IV. Henry VIII. upon particular occasions.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

On social Virtue, and the Trifling of Sophistry.

THE Epistle which you favoured me with, *Lucilius*, on your journey, almost as long as the journey itself, I shall answer at another opportunity. I must retire awhile, and consider what counsel it will be proper to give you: for as you, when you applied to me, took time to consider of it; have I not a right to claim the same indulgence; when the question is of such a nature (*a*), as to require more time to solve, than to propose it; especially as one thing may be expedient for you, and another for me? I am speaking again as an *Epicurean* (*b*): for indeed what is expedient for me, is also expedient for you; or I am not your friend, if what concerns you, is not of like concern to me.

Friendship makes a mutual interchange of things necessary, be it either in prosperity or adversity: true friends have all things in common (*c*): nor can any one live happily who lives to himself alone, and considers nothing further than his own advantage: you must live for others if you would live honourably for yourself. This social virtue is to be diligently and religiously observed, which blends us all one with another, and points out one common right to mankind; but has most efficacy in cultivating the interior society of friendship: for he will certainly have all things in common with a friend, who knows that he hath many things in common with man, as his fellow-creature. Therefore, *Lucilius*, best of men, I had rather these subtle disputants would direct

me, in distinguishing what I owe my friend, and what to mankind in general; than pretend to shew me how many ways a man may be said to be a *friend*; and to what different senses the word *man* may be applied.

Lo! wisdom and folly take different paths: on which do I attend? or which do you recommend to me? Wisdom looks upon man as a common friend: Folly regards not a friend in man. The former (the *Stoic*) designs a friend for himself; the latter (the *Epicurean*) himself for a friend: (i. e. *referring all things to himself alone.*)

You are apt, *Lucilius*, to wrest the meaning of words; and amuse yourself in the arrangement of syllables: indeed, unless I contrive the most artful questions, and by a false conclusion built upon true premises, affirm a lye, I can scarce separate what is to be followed, from what is to be eschewed: I am really ashamed, that, old as we are, we should thus trifle in serious affairs—

Mouse is a syllable,
But a mouse gnaws cheese;
Therefore, a syllable gnaws cheese.

Suppose now I was not master enough of logic to find out the fallacy of this syllogism, how dangerous would be my ignorance? what inconvenience would arise therefrom? Surely, I ought to be afraid, lest I should catch syllables in my mousetrap; or, were I not to take more care, lest a book should eat my cheese. But perhaps the following syllogism is more acute and better formed:

Mouse is a syllable;
But a syllable does not gnaw cheese:
Therefore a mouse does not gnaw cheese.

What childish trifling! Is this the effect of all our gravity! Does our beard grow for this? Does all our labour and study tend to teach such wretched stuff, with a grim and melancholy visage?

Would you know what true philosophy promiseth all mankind? I will tell you, *good counsel*. We see one man struggling in the jaws of death; another rack'd by poverty; another is tortured by riches, either his own or his neighbour's: one man dreads bad fortune, another is dissatisfied with good; one thinks himself hardly used by man, another

by

by the gods: seeing all this, why do you offer me such silly trifles as the abovementioned? Here is no room for jesting; you are called upon to succour the distressed; you are under an obligation to lend all possible assistance to the shipwreck'd, to the prisoner, to the sick, to the poor and needy, and to the unhappy under sentence of death. Whither do you turn away? what are you doing? The man you sport with is in great fear and trouble; rather assist him; bestow your eloquence in favour of those, who from real pains are ready to perish; see how on every side they all stretch out their hands to you, and implore your assistance, with regard to the life that is past, and is still decaying; in you is all their hope and strength; they beseech you to deliver them from this storm of trouble and vexation, and shew the clear light of truth to such as are distracted with error (*d*). Distinguish to them what *Nature* hath made necessary from what is vain and superfluous; what easy laws she hath imposed upon mankind; how pleasant life may be made; how free and easy to such as follow her laws; and how severe and intricate to those, who rather trust to opinion than nature. But, pray, what do these subtle disputants with all their art? Do they drive out the lustful passions? Do they even restrain them? I could wish that these disputes only did no good: they really do hurt: I will make this manifest to you when you please; and that good natural parts are cramped and weakened by such quirks and subtleties. I am ashamed to say, what useless weapons they put into the hands of those who are warring against fortune; and how poorly they equip them. This (the way you are in) is the only way to obtain the chief good; in the other the exceptions to philosophy are intricate and vile, such as engage the young students that attend the Prætor (*e*). For, what else do ye, when you draw into error him, whom ye interrogate, but cause him to appear nonsuited? But as the Prætor restores the one to his right, so does Philosophy the other. Why do ye depart from your large promises? and having spoke big words, that ye would cause that the glittering of gold should no more dazzle my eyes than that of a sword;—that with great constancy I should despise and trample upon all that either men wish or fear;—do ye descend to the A, B, C, of grammarians? Is this the way to heaven? For this is what philosophy promiseth, that it will make me equal to the powers above. To this was I invited: for this purpose I came:

I came: perform your promise. As much as possible, therefore, *Lucilius*, withdraw yourself from these exceptions and prescriptions of sophists. Plain and simple arguments best become and set forth truth. Even had we more time in life, it must be sparingly laid out, that we might have enough for necessaries: but now what madness is it to learn trifles, when life is so very short (*f*)?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) There seems to have been a consultation between *Seneca* and *Lucilius* concerning the latter's remaining in the province, when *Seneca* wished for his return to *Rome*.

(b) According to the Epicurean principle of measuring friendship by profit and advantage. See *Epp.* 3. 20. and the following Note.

(c) Aristotle being asked, *Quid esset Amicus? What was a friend?* answered, *μία Ψυχή δύο σωμασιν ἐνοικήσα*, *One soul inhabiting two bodies*. *Amicum qui intuetur, tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui, &c.* *Cic. Læl. c. 7.* "Whoever is in possession of a true friend, sees the exact counterpart of his own soul. In consequence of this moral resemblance between them, they are so intimately one, that no advantage can attend either, which does not equally communicate itself to both." And "surely, nothing can be more delightful than to live in a constant interchange and vicissitude of reciprocal good offices." "Not that a good man's benevolence is by any means confined to a single object: he extends it to every individual. For true virtue incapable of partial, and contracted exceptions to the exercise of her benign spirit, enlarges the soul with sentiments of universal philanthropy." *Melmoth*.—And such, from indisputable authority, were the primitive Christians; *The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any of them, that ought of the things he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common. Acts 4. 32.*

And here I cannot but acknowledge, (as every Christian reader will acknowledge) an obligation to the translator of *Cicero's Lælius*, for his admirable remark (N. 68.) on this subject, concluding as follows; "Upon the whole then, it appears, that the divine Founder of the Christian Religion, as well by his own example, as by the spirit of his moral doctrine, has not only encouraged, but consecrated FRIENDSHIP.

(d) This is what the philosophers promise, and perform according to *Lucretius*, V. 12.

— Deus ipse fuit, Deus—

Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
Nunc appellatur sapientia; quique per artem
Fluctibus e tantis vitam tantisque tenebris,
In tam tranquillo, et tam clarâ luce locarunt.

*He was a God, who first inform'd our souls
And led us by philosophy and rules,
From cares and fears, and melancholy night,
To joy and peace; and brew'd us splendid light.*—Creech.

But we learn from the most authentic records, that the wisest and best of the ancient philosophers, when they undertook to settle the great foundations of religion, were at a loss, and so strangely puzzled, that the most knowing among them renounced all knowledge; and so far were they from being able to point out the way to happiness, that scarce any two of them could agree in what that happiness consisted: wherefore, I should not think it much amiss, if a Christian looked upon these lines of *Lucretius* as prophetic, and applied them, with a grateful heart, to the Christian scheme.

(e) The

(e) The Prætorship was the second office for dignity in *Rome*. Their principal business was to administer justice to the citizens, and strangers; and to make edicts as a supplement to the civil law.

(f) Our want of time and the shortness of human life are some of the principal commonplace complaints, which we prefer against the established order of things. The man of business despises the man of pleasure, for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing, yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who mispends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry and authorises the impiety. *Theophrastus* thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world, when he had just learned to live in it: his master *Aristotle* found fault with Nature, for treating man, in this respect, worse than several other animals: both very unphilosophically! And I love *Seneca* the better for his quarrel with *Aristotle* on this head." *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

EPISTLE XLIX.

On the Brevity of Life. Useful Things only to be studied.

I OWN, my *Lucilius*, that he is supine and negligent, who is no otherwise put in mind of a distant friend, than by an advertisement from such a place: but so it happens that places, which have been familiar to us, often call forth the affection repositèd in our bosom; and not suffering the remembrance of a friend to be quite extinguished, rouse it from its dormant state; as the grief of those who have lost a friend or relation, though lulled for a while, is renewed at the sight of an old servant, or of the clothes, or place of residence of the deceased. You cannot imagine what an affection for you, at our present distance, *Campania*, and particularly *Naples*, hath raised in me at the sight of your beloved (villa) *Pompeii*: your whole self stands, as it were, before my eye, especially at the time of my taking leave of you; I see you restraining the tear just starting from your eye; and labouring in vain to stifle those affections, which, from being suppressed, discover themselves the more: even *now* methinks I must part from you.

For

For what may not this *now* be applied to, upon reflection? It was but just *now* when I was sitting at the feet of *Sotio* (*a*) the philosopher; just *now* I began to plead at the bar; just *now* I was desirous to leave off; and but just *now* the task was too much for me. O the infinite velocity of time, which is more apparent, when we look back upon what is past: for it deceives us, when we are intent upon the present. So swift is the course of its precipitate flight, we have not leisure to consider it (*b*). Shall I give you a reason for this? All that is past of time, is in one place: it is at once beheld, and gone at once. Hence all things fall into the vast abyss: otherwise there could not be such long intervals in a thing, so entirely short in itself: we live, comparatively, but a moment; nay less than a moment; but this, little as it is, Nature hath divided into the specious appearance of a longer space: of one part she hath formed what we call *infancy*; of another, *childhood*; of another, *youth*; of another, *manhood*, still inclining to old age; and of another, *old age* itself. How many degrees hath she comprehended in a narrow compass! It was but just *now*, when I began a friendship and correspondence with you; and yet this *now* hath proved a great part of life; whose brevity we must one day become sensible of.

I was not used to think the flight of time so swift; which now seems to me incredible (*c*); either because I am got as it were upon the last line of it (*d*); or because I have of late began to reflect and compute my loss of it; and consequently am more vexed, that any one should spend the greater part of it in vanities and trifles, when the whole, though attended to with the most diligent care and circumspection, sufficeth not for doing, what is necessary to be done.

Cicero affirms, that were his days to be doubled, he should not find time enough to read the Lyric Poets; I say the same of the Logicians: the more demure and wretched triflers! The former professedly wanton away their time; but these fondly imagine they are doing something of importance: not but that they are sometimes to be looked into; but nothing more than with a transient view; a salute, as it were, at the door; to the intent only that we may not be imposed upon; and fancy more good couched under them than is apparent. But why should you

perplex yourself and me with a question, which it is more prudent to despise than to solve? It is for one who is idle, and can make a mistake without much detriment, to enquire into these minute things. As when the alarm is given, and the soldier is commanded to march; necessity obliges him to quit the fardels he had collected in the time of peace; and with proper accoutrements to take the field: I have no leisure to sift the meaning of doubtful words, or to try my skill in unriddling them.

Aspice qui coeunt populi, quæ mænia clausis
 Ferrum acuant portis.—(Virg. 8, 385.)
 [*Behold what nations join, and shut their gates
 'Gainst me and mine!*]

The horrid din of war resounding on every side must be attended to with great presence of mind; I should justly be thought a madman if, when even the women and old men were piling up stones to fortify the wall; when the young men within were expecting or demanding an order to sally out; when hostile weapons shook the gates, and the ground under foot trembled, by being dug and undermined; I should then sit idle and at ease propounding questions of this sort:

What you have not lost, you have got,
 But you have not lost horns,
 Therefore you have horns.

Or inventing others constructed in the form of this acute dotage. Nor should I seem less mad, was I *now* to bestow my time upon such trash; for I am even *now* besieged: in the former case I was threatened only with danger from without; and was defended from the enemy by strong walls; but my present danger is from within, even the danger of death; I am not at leisure therefore to trifle; I have a great work in hand. What shall I do?

Death pursues me; life is fleeting; instruct me with regard to these points; teach me something, that I may not fly from death, nor life from me (*e*): exhort me, against these difficulties, to put on æquanimity; strengthen me with constancy, against these inevitable evils; make me content with the time I have to live; teach me that the good of life, consists not in the duration, but in the right use of it. That
 it

it is possible, nay, that it often happens, for a man, who hath been long in the world, to have lived but a little time. Remind me, as I am going to sleep, that it may be I shall wake no more; or rather, when I awake that I shall sleep no more. Tell me when I go out, that possibly I may not return; and, when I return, it may be I shall go out no more. You are mistaken, if you think that upon the wide and dangerous seas only, there is the smallest line or interval between life and death; it is the same in all places; Death indeed does not shew himself every where so near, yet every where he is as near. Take away this darkness from me (*f*), and you will the more easily discover to me these things, for which I am prepared.

Nature hath endowed us with sufficient docility: and though as yet our reason may be imperfect, it is what may be perfected. Let us confer together concerning justice, piety, frugality, and particularly chastity; both that which teaches me from violating the body of another, and that which instructs me in the due care of my own. If you would not lead me into any by-path, I shall sooner attain to the wish'd-for end of my journey. For as the Tragedian saith, *The speech of truth is ever plain and simple* (*g*). It should not therefore be rendered intricate or obscure; nor can any thing be more disagreeable than such wily and subtle craftiness, to a generous mind that hath great things in view.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) Euseb. Chron. (*extremis Augusti annis*) Sotio philosophus Alexandrinus, præceptor Senecæ, clarus habetur. *At the end of the reign of Augustus flourished Sotio, the philosopher of Alexandria, tutor to Seneca.*—See Ep. 24.

(*b*) Those hours which lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd,
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
The rest are on the wing—how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire:
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee,
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.—*Young.*

(*c*) Time in advance behind him hangs his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when past by, what then is seen,
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds!
And all mankind in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.—*Id.*

(d) Quia admoveri lineas sentio.—

Linea was a trench drawn round the *Arena* to mark the course for those who entered the lists.

Admoveri lineas, is the same with decrepitos et extrema tangentes, Ep. 26. Upon the last stage of life.

Or metaphorically for the last line on the chess-board, as Hor. Ep. I. 16, ult.—Mors ultima linea rerum est.

*Death is that goal the poet here intends,
The utmost course, where human nature bends.*

This does not mean that Death is an end of all things, but of all our misfortunes. Rerum for rerum malarum, as in Virgil, fessi rerum,—sunt lacrymæ rerum,—trepidæ rerum.

— Επ' ἄκραν ἤκομεν γραμμῶν κακῶν. Eur. Antig.

Reduced to the last extremity.

Μύ μοι, τὸ πρῶτον βῆμα' ἔαν δράμη καλῶς,
Νικᾶν δόκεται τὴν δίκην, πρὶν ἂν πελας
Γραμμῆς ἴκηται καὶ τέλος καμψῆ βίῃ. Id. Elect. 954.

*Let no one dream of victory,
Howe'er successful his first round,
'Till he hath reach'd the goal, and end of life.*

(e) i. e. live in indolence, and doing nothing to the purpose of being.

(f) Has tenebras discute.—

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
'To brighten and to cheer.—Young.

(g) Ἀπλῆς ὁ μῦθος τῆς ἀληθείας ἔφν. Eur. Phæn. 472.

EPISTLE L.

Tender Minds are the more easily wrought upon, but it is not impossible to get the better of an inveterate Habit.

AFTER some months, *Lucilius*, I have received the letter you sent me: I therefore thought it of little avail to enquire of the person who brought it, any news relating to you: for he must have had a good memory to have recollected every thing. And yet I hope you live so, as in whatever place you are, I may be informed of what you are doing: but what else can you be doing, than studying every day, to make yourself a better man? casting off some error or other; and particularly learning that your vices are your own, and not to be imputed to circumstances;

stances; for some we ascribe to times and places; but wherever we go, they are such as still follow us.

The simpleton, *Harpaste*, that attends my wife, hath continued an hereditary burthen in my family; for I own I am much disgusted at such prodigies. If I would divert myself with a fool, I have not far to look for one; I laugh at myself. This silly girl went blind on a sudden; and what I tell you, is very strange, but true: she does not seem to know, that she is blind: she often asks her governess to walk out; for she says, the house is so dark she cannot see (*a*). Now tho' we are apt to laugh at her, we all lie under the same predicament: no one will own himself covetous; no one, lustful: yet the blind desire a guide; but we still wander on without a guide, and say, "*I am really not ambitious, but no one can live otherwise at Rome. I am not expensive, but it is impossible to be penurious while we live in the city: it is not my fault that I am passionate; for I have not yet fixed upon a certain rule of life: it is the failing of youth.*" Why do we thus deceive ourselves? The evil that infects us comes not from without; it is internal, it resides in the very breast: and therefore it is the more difficult to be restored to health, because we know not, or pretend not to know, that we are sick.

Were we to undertake a cure, how long would it be before that of so many pains and diseases could be effected? But we do not so much as seek a physician; who certainly would have much less trouble was he to be called in, upon the first symptoms. Young and tender minds are soon prevailed upon to attend to those, who seriously point out to them the right path: no one is brought back with difficulty to the standard of Nature, but such as have quite deserted her: but the misfortune is, we are ashamed to learn wisdom; we seem to think it disgraceful to look out for a master in this respect; and yet we can never hope so great a good will flow in upon us merely by chance: some pains must be taken; and to say the truth, no great pains are required, if, as I before observed, we only begin to correct and reform the mind before it is too harden'd in depravity; nor, be it harden'd as it will, should I quite despair.

despair. There is nothing but what perseverance, assiduity, and diligent care may overcome (*b*). The hardest oak, however bent, may be made straight; heat will unbend the crooked beam; and things, however designed by Nature for other purposes, are applied to such services as our use requires. How much easier will the mind take any form you please? it is flexible, and more pliant than either air or water; for what is the mind, but a certain indwelling spirit? And a spirit is the more easily worked upon than matter, as it is more fine and subtile.

There is no reason then, my *Lucilius*, that you should entertain the less hopes of any one, because the malignity of evil hath laid hold of him, and had him long in possession: no one learns virtue before he hath unlearned vice: in this respect we are all pre-engaged (*d*): but we ought to apply ourselves more strenuously to amendment; because the possession of good is everlasting. No one that hath once learned virtue, can forget it (*e*): for, the contrary evils are of foreign growth, and therefore may easily be extirpated and expelled. Such things as are in their proper place, abide there constantly: Virtue is according to Nature (*f*); Vice is ever her foe, and ever prejudicial. But as virtues once truly received into the breast, cannot again depart; and consequently the conservation of them is easy; so the first entrance upon them is arduous; because it is the common part of a weak and sick mind, to dread what it has not yet experienced. Therefore the mind must be compelled to make a first essay; and then the medicine will not prove disagreeable, when it gives delight at the time it effects a cure: the pleasure of the remedies is seldom tasted before health is procured; but philosophy is at the same time both salutary and pleasant.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Muretus* (*in his Note*) makes mention of a friend of his under the like delusion, though a sensible and learned man: he was grown deaf with age, being near fourscore; but would not acknowledge his infirmity: he fancied every one spoke in a lower tone than they used to do formerly; and whispered, that he might not hear them.

(*b*) This is a principal maxim of the Stoics, that, *virtue is to be acquired by erudition: Nemo enim per se satis valet, ut emergat, &c.* Ep. 52. *No one is sufficient of himself to emerge, &c.* Vid. *Lipp.* Manud. II. Diss. X.

(*c*) Thus

(c) Thus *Horace*, Ep. I. 1. 38.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinofus, amator,
Nemo aded ferus est, ut non mitescere possit
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

Is fame thy passion? wisdom's pow'ful charm,

If thrice read over shall its force difarm;

The slave to envy, anger, wine or love,

The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove.—Francis.

(d) *The imagination of man's heart is evil continually.* Gen. 8. 21. *Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, &c.* Matth. 15. 19. *Cease to do evil, learn to do well, &c.* Is. 1. 16. 1 Pet. 3. 11.

(e) *Virtue, says Socrates, like truth, admits not either addition, or diminution.* Ep. 72. *See also* Epp. 74. 75. *Lips. Manud. III. Diff. 3.*

(f) *See Epp. 92. 95.*

EPISTLE LI.

Such Places are to be avoided as effeminate the Mind.

EVERY one must do as they can, my *Lucilius*: it is your lot to be near *Ætna*, that celebrated mountain of *Sicily*; which I am surprized that *Messala* and *Valgius* should take to be the only one of the kind, for so they both write; whereas *vulcanos* are to be seen, not only in high places (where indeed they are more frequent, as it is the nature of fire to ascend) but also in the low: for our part, we must be content with *Baiæ* (a); though, I own, I was induced to leave the place the day after I came thither: a place, not the more to be desired because nature hath endowed it with certain qualities, which the voluptuous take delight in, and the luxurious have made their theme of praise.

And what then? Is any place to be cried down at pleasure? No; but as one dress is more becoming to a wife and good man than another; nor has he an aversion to any particular colour, but that he thinks some one less decent for a man who professes frugality; so there may be a country, which a wise man, or one in pursuit of wisdom, may disapprove of,

of, as tending to the corruption of good morals: thinking therefore on a place of retirement, he would never fix upon *Canopus* (*b*), (though as dissolute a place as it is, it hinders no one from being sober and temperate) nor on *Baiæ*, now become the very hostrie of vice: where luxury takes her full swing; and the people, as if by permission, grow more and more dissolute: whereas would we live happy, we should resort to a place, that is not only productive of health for the body, but conducive also to sound morals. As I would not live among the executioners; so neither would I live in a tavern or a cook's-shop. Is there any necessity for seeing men drunk and reeling about the streets; or hearing the riotings of sailors; and the lakes resounding with loose songs, and concerts of musick; with many the like entertainments; which luxury, as if altogether lawless, not only offends in, but makes public profession of. It is our business to fly as far as possible from all allurements to vice: the mind is to be withdrawn from the soft blandishments of pleasures, and inured to hardships. One winter-quarters pulled down the strength of *Hannibal*; and the delights of *Campania* quite enervated that great man, who was impenetrable to the cold and deep snows of the *Alps*: he conquered in arms, but was conquered by luxury and vice. Our condition likewise is a warfare (*d*), and such a one wherein no rest, no leisure-time is allowed. Pleasures in the first place are to be subdued; which (as you see) have drawn in the most savage tempers. If any one should propose to task himself, let him know, that nothing is to be done of a soft and delicate cast.

What have I to do with warm baths or hot houses, where the reeky air exhausts the juices of the body (*e*)? If I must sweat, let it be by exercise. Were we to do as *Hannibal* did; and, during the interruption in the course of affairs, or in the time of a truce, give up ourselves to the pampering the body; no one would unjustly reprehend such an indulgence, dangerous to a conqueror, much more to him who hopes to conquer. We are not allowed so much liberty as those who followed the *Carthaginian* standard: more danger remains for us, if we yield; and even more work, if we persevere in duty. Fortune wages perpetual war against me; I have no mind to yield; I take not her yoke upon me;
 nay,

nay, what requires still greater courage and virtue; when imposed upon me, I throw it off; the mind is not to be thus shattered with delicacies. If I yield to pleasure, I must submit to pain, to trouble, to poverty: ambition would claim the same right over me; and also anger: I shall be distracted with a sad variety of passions, nay, torn in pieces. Liberty is proposed to me; this is the prize to be contended for: do you ask, what is liberty (*f*)? it is to be a slave to nothing; not even to necessity, or accidents; to bring fortune to reason; from the day that I was sensible of my superior power, she could do nothing; and shall I suffer her to triumph over me, *while my mind is still free (g)*?

To a man reflecting on these things no places are proper but such as are serious and sacred: too much pleasantness effeminates the mind, and no doubt but some climates more than others corrupt the internal vigour of the soul. Any road is tolerable to our pack-horses, whose hoofs are hardened and grown callous, by travelling in rough and craggy ways; while such as are fed in soft and marshy pastures are soon fretted and worn out. The hardships of a country life (as in the *Highlands*) generally make better soldiers (*b*) than the idle and tender breeding of the city. The hands that are transferred from the plough to the pike refuse no labour: the spruce and well-oiled boxer gives out at the first onset: it is the more severe discipline of the place that strengthens the disposition, and renders it fit for great enterprizes. *Scipio (i)* thought *Linternum* a more proper place for his voluntary banishment than *Baiæ*: his fall was not to be so pleasantly accommodated. And those great men whom fortune had raised to the highest honours, and conferred on them the treasures of *Rome*, *Caius Marius*, *Cneius Pompeius*, and *Cæsar*, (*k*) built themselves indeed country-seats, in the *Baian* territory, but they placed them on tops of hills: this seemed more soldier-like, to live, as it were, in a watch-tower, that commanded the country far and wide. Behold what situations they chose; in what places they raised their buildings; and what manner of edifices they preferred! you would not call them villas but fortresses. Do you think *Cato* would have chose some pleasant shore for his dwelling-place, that he might count the harlots as they sailed by, and see variety of pinnaces painted with

divers colours; or a lake strewed over with flowers; or to have heard the nocturnal revels of jovial songsters? Had he not rather, do you think, remain within the trenches (*l*), than spend a night amidst such merriment (*m*)? Who that is a man, had not rather be awakened with the sound of the trumpet calling to arms, than with a midnight serenade!

We have quarrelled long enough with *Baiæ*; but never can enough with our vices; which I beseech you, my *Lucilius*, to persecute everlastingly: throw away from you every thing that tears the heart; and if you cannot otherwise get rid of it, spare not the heart itself (*n*). But especially dislodge pleasures; and have as great spite against them as against the thieves, whom the Ægyptians call *Philetas* (*o*), who hug that they may trip up, and embrace, in order to strangle us.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Baiæ*, a city of *Campania*, near the sea, situated between *Puteoli* and *Misenum*, famous for its warm baths: from whence it is supposed all other baths of the like kind are called *Baiæ*.

Nullus in orbe finus Baiis præluet amœnis.—Hor. Ep. I. l. 83.

Ut mille laudem, Flacce, verbis Baias;

Laudabo dignè non fatis tamen Baias:

Baias superbæ blanda dona naturæ. Mart. xl. 81.

The muse, however copious in the praise

Of Baiæ's healing springs, can never raise

The theme above its merit, from where flow

The kindest gifts that nature can bestow.—M.

(b) *Canopus*, a city in *Ægypt*, 12 miles from *Alexandria*. It was built by *Menelaus* in memory of his pilot *Canopus* who died there; and wherein he left all his men who were unfit for service.—*Where the shores, says Strabo, incessantly resound, night and day, with the noise of pipes and feasting, in all manner of luxury and intemperance, among both men and women, on shipboard: so that Canopea luxuria* was become a proverb. *Erasm. Adag. p. 1346.*

Prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.—Juv. VI. 84.

————— Luxuriâ quantum ipse notari

Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo. *Id.* XV. 45.

(c) *Livy* 23, 18. Itaque quos nulla mali vicerat vis, perdidere nimia bona ac voluptates immodicæ; et eo impensius quo avidius ex insolentiâ in eas se immerferant, &c.

And thus, they, whom no hardships, no forces in the field had conquered, were destroyed by luxury and voluptuousness, to which fatal evils the more they were strangers, the more eagerly they plunged themselves into them.

(d) Στρατῆα τίς ἐστίν ὁ βίος ἐκαστα καὶ αὐτὴ μακρὰ καὶ, ποικίλη. *Life is a warfare long and various.* *Epiſt.* III. 24. *The weapons of our warfare, says St. Paul, are not carnal, but mighty towards God, to the pulling down of strong holds, &c.* 2 Cor. 10. 4. *And of himself, I have fought a good fight, &c.* 2 Tim. 4, 7. See also Ep. 6. 14. 17.

(e) In

(e) In fudoribus---corpora exhausturus.] Ep. 108. Decoquere corpus atque exinanire fudoribus,---inutile simul delicatumque credimus. *Supposing it to be a nice and useless custom to scorb the body, and weaken the solids by extravagant sweating.*

(f) Epist IV. 21. Sen. Ep. 75.

(g) Ego illam feram, cum in manu mors sit.] I am again, you see, obliged to give another turn to the sentence, in order to avoid the horrid stoicism, so often advanced in these Epistles, and yet so often refuted by *Seneca* himself.

(b) Hor. Od. I. 12. Fabritium que

Hunc, et incomptis Curium capillis,

Utilem bello tulit, et Camillam

Sæva paupertas et avitus apto

Cum lare fundus.

Form'd by the hands of penury severe,

In dwellings, suited to their small domains,

Fabritius, Curius, and Camillus rose

To deeds of martial glory. Francis.

(i) I must beg leave here to transcribe, at least an abstract of the character of this great man (often mentioned in these Epistles), as most elegantly drawn up by Mr. *Melmoth* in his *Cato* (or *Cicero* on old age) N. 27. "The military talents of the first *Scipio Africanus*, although in no respect excelled by any of the most famous captains, in *Roman* or *Grecian* annals, were by no means superior to the more amiable virtues of his heart." And to crown all, this illustrious *Roman* was impressed with a strong sense of religious duties, and a firm belief of a superintending providence.---But "the important services he had rendered his country, in conjunction with those eminent private virtues which he had upon every public occasion displayed, seem to have given him such an ascendancy in the state, as to have raised, in some of the most distinguished patriots of that age, a strong jealousy of his credit and power."---And accordingly "they commenced a prosecution against him."---But *Scipio*, "instead of vindicating his character from the charges of his impeachment, treated the accusation with disdain; and refusing to comply with the summons for his appearance, withdrew to his villa at *Linternum*,---by a sort of voluntary exile;---where he spent the remainder of his days, amusing himself in the cultivation of his farms, and without discovering the least regret at being excluded from a scene, in which he had figured with so much honour to himself, and advantage to his country." See Epist. 86.

(k) Viam miseni propter et villam Cæsar's, quæ subjectos sinus editissima prospectat. Tac. Ann. 14. 9. The wretched *Agrippina*, mother to *Nero*, from the benevolence of her domestics, received a slight and vulgar grave, upon the road to *Cape Misenum*, adjoining to a villa of *Cæsar's* the *Dictator*; which from its elevated station overlooks the coasts and bays below.

(l) Among the various readings here I have followed *Gronovius*; in actâ. Baias, actas, convivia, commissationes. Cic. pro Cato.---Et in actâ cum suis accubuisset. Cornel. Nep.

(m) Quàm unam noctem inter talia duxisse] al. Quod (vallum) in una nocte manu suâ ipse duxisset. So, the old English, which in one night's space he had digged and caused to be inclosed.

(n) If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee, &c. Matth. 5. 29. 18. 8 Mark, 9, 47. See Ep. 71, 8.

(o) Philetus] qu. *Kiffers*. a Gr. φιλέιν, osculari, amplecti.

Ὅς γε γυναῖκι πεποιθὲς, πεποιθὲς ὄγυς φιλήτησι. Hel. 1. 373.

Too satirical on the fair sex to be translated!

Hesychius. Φιλῆτης, Κλεπῆτης ληστής, fur, latro.

EPISTLE LII.

The Necessity of having a good Tutor. Philosophy despiseth the vain Applause of the Populace.

WHAT is it, *Lucilius*, that, as we are intentionally going one way, still drives us another? What is it that detains us there, where we have no inclination to stay? What is it, that thwarts our spirit nor permits us to determine upon any one thing seriously? Our thoughts are ever wavering; we *will* nothing freely, nothing absolutely, nothing always. It is *folly*, you say; which is constant in nothing, and pleased with nothing long (*a*).

But how or when shall we get cured of this malady? No one has strength enough of himself to emerge (*b*). *Epicurus* says, that *some*, (including himself among them) have been so happy, as to find out for themselves a path, that leads to truth. And these he greatly commends; whose strength of genius hath usher'd them into the world; while others want help, and can never make any figure, unless some one goes before them, whom they follow with success: such a one, he says, was *Metrodorus*. This likewise is excellent; tho' a genius but of the second class. Now we pretend to no more than this ourselves: and we ought not to despise a man, because he has been obliged to a friend, for putting him into a good way; the very desire to be so obliged is of no small consequence.

Besides these, you will find a third sort of men, whom yet we ought not to disdain, who require to be forced and compelled to good (*d*); who want not only a leader, but an assistant with power irresistible: if you desire an example of this sort; *Epicurus* offers you *Hermachus*; therefore he congratulates the one (*Metrodorus*) and admires the other: (*Hermachus*;) for tho' both arrive at the same end, yet greater praise seems due to him, who had the greater difficulty to encounter: as in building two houses

of equal strength and splendour; where the ground was firm and good, the work hath rose presently; but where the foundation is laid in a watery or sandy soil, much labour and time must be spent before it comes to be settled: in the one case, the whole work that hath been done appears in sight; in the other, a great and more difficult part of it lies concealed: I have therefore called him the happier man, who had little or no trouble with himself, but ~~we~~ think him the more deserving, who hath overcome the malignity of his nature, and did not wheedle but force his inclination to attend wisdom. Know then that such is the hard and laborious task, imposed upon us; we are continually meeting with impediments; we must engage therefore, as it were, in battle; and call in some ally (*e*); but whom, you say, must I call? this man or that? It matters not; call whom you please: but I would have you regard the principals, who are at your service; both among those who now are or have been.

Of these who now are, we must not chuse such as with great fluency pour out their words, (*f*) and deal in common place stuff; and strole from company to company: but such, whose life itself is a lecture; who not only prescribe what is to be done, but give proof of it in their own practice (*g*); and who in teaching what is to be avoided, are never found guilty, of what themselves condemn. Chuse him for your guide, whom you admire more when you see his actions than when you hear his doctrine; nor do I altogether forbid you to attend on those also, whose custom it is to admit the populace, and to entertain them with an harangue, provided they do it with this view; to make both themselves and others better men; and not on account of ambition: for what can be more scandalous than a philosopher affecting popularity and applause! Does a patient ever *praise* the physician while he is using the knife or lancet (*b*)? Be silent, be patient, and give yourselves up to proper direction for your cure: should you exclaim, and be noisy, I should pay no regard thereto, except it were, that I thought I had touched you so, as to make you bewail your sins; or, if it be only to shew, how much you attend to, and are moved with the sublime: there is no harm in it; or be it to give your vote and approbation of what is conducive to your amendment, this too I permit.

The

The scholars of *Pythagoras* were enjoined silence for five years: think you then they were allowed to make their remarks, and give their plaudit? Besides, how great must be his folly, who when he dismisseth his audience is highly pleased with the acclamations of the unskilful? What cause hath a man to rejoice at being praised by those, whom he cannot praise himself! *Fabian* harangued the people; but he was heard with decency and modesty: sometimes indeed a loud applause would burst forth, but it was at the sublimity of his sentiments, not at the charming sound of his sweet-flowing elocution. There is a great difference between the applause of the theatres and that of the schools: and there may be abuse and an impropriety in giving praise. Things are known by certain signs and tokens if well observed; and a very little circumstance will give proof of a person's disposition: an immodest person is sometimes known by his gait, by a motion of the hand, by a single repartee, by scratching the head with one finger (*i*), or a leer of the eye: laughter betrays a fool; and the countenance, or dress, a madman: these, I say, are common tokens; and you may also know what a man is, by observing in what temper he receives praise, and by whom it is given: An auditor will sometimes stretch out his hands to a philosopher, and a crowd of admirers rising up, hover, as it were, over his head. Now such a one is not praised hereby; if you understand the thing rightly, it is nothing more than a mere hubbub. Let such acclamations as these be given to those arts, that have nothing more in view than to please the populace. Let philosophy be adored in silence. Young men indeed may sometimes be allowed to follow the impulse of the mind; but then only, when the impulse is so strong, that it is not in their power to refrain: this sort of praise carries with it an exhortation to the whole audience, and particularly encourageth the minds of youth: but let them be moved with the subject proposed, and not merely with the composition: otherwise eloquence is prejudicial to them, if it only stirs up a desire of the like accomplishment, and not of virtue.

But I shall defer this matter for the present, for it requires a singular and long discussion, to shew how the populace are to be addressed, and what liberties are to be taken on each side. There is no doubt but that
 philosophy

philosophy is injured when it is prostituted to any sinister purpose: but it may be drawn in its proper colours and native beauty, when exhibited by a *Sage*, and not a mere pedlar.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) But what does the *Christian* say? Why, that it is the internal depravity of mankind (entailed by *Adam* on his posterity) of which the antient philosophers not knowing the cause in vain sought a remedy in their frantic schemes of philosophy. Nor were the antient poets less sensible of the evil, though alike ignorant of the cause.

Τᾷ χριστ᾽ ἐπισταμεθα, καὶ γιγνώσκομεν,
 Οὐκ ἐκποῦμέν δέ·---Eur. Hippol. 380.
*Our duty well we know, and understand,
 But practise not.*

Euripides likewise introduces *Medea* speaking thus of herself. *Med.* v. 1078.

Καὶ μνησθῶ μὲν, δὶα δρᾶν μέλλω κακά.
 Θυμὸς δὲ κρισσῶν τῶν ἐμῶν βελευμάτων.
*Full well I know the ills by me design'd,
 But passion over-rules the lab'ring mind.* M.

Thus expressed by *Ovid.* *Met.* l. 7.

—Si possem sanior essem :
 Sed trahit invitam nova vis: aliudque Cupido,
 Mens aliud suadet: video meliora, proboque:
 Deteriora sequor.—
*Smit by new pow'rs, my heart unwilling bleeds ;
 Discretion there, and here affection pleads :
 I see the right, and I approve it too ;
 I blame the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.*

Such were the Heathens. *Comp. Rom.* i. 22. II. 14. 15. Such the Scribes, *Mark* xii. 32. Such the Jew, *Rom.* x. 2. II. 17. 18. And such, alas! the Christian, according to the acknowledgment of *St. Paul*; *For the will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not; for the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do: Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.* *Rom.* vii. 18. Where note, the Apostle's expressions of *not willing the evil he doth*, &c. are not intended here to leave any innocence, or excuse upon himself, as not necessary to his fault: but partly to acknowledge the good effect of the law upon him; partly the tyrannical and powerful operation of *sin before grace.* See *M. Fell.* *Rom.* viii. 3. &c. *Gal.* i. 14, &c.

(b) *Nemo per se satis valet, ut emergat.* *Not that we are sufficient of ourselves* (so much as) *to think* (and much less to act) *any (good) thing, as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God.* *Cor.* iii. 5. *For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.* *Ephes.* ii. 8. *Phil.* ii. 18. See *Epp.* 4, (N. a) 45.

(c) *Cicero* (*de Nat. Deor.*) says that *Epicurus* (*gloriabatur, ut videmus, in scriptis, se magistrum habuisse nullum*) *gloried, as we see in his writing, that he was self-taught: Laertius affirms the same, though some suppose him to have been a pupil of Xenocrates.*

(d) *Forced*

(d) *Forced and compelled to good*] as is the supposed case of a *Calvinist*.

(e) *Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and put on the whole armour of God: for we Christians wrestle (or contend) not against flesh and blood (visible enemies) but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in base slaves.* Ephes. vi. 10. See the foregoing Epistle.

(f) *For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure, through much wantonness, those that were for a while escaped from them who live in error; while they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption.* ii Pet. 2. 18.

(g) *For yourselves know, how you ought to follow us; for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you.* ii Theff. 3. 7.—

A living sermon of the truths he taught.—*Chancer's Good Parson.*

(h) It is observable that the physicians in those days professed surgery, and prepared their own medicines, which is not reckoned so reputable among us as in foreign countries, where it is the general practice. See Ep. 75.

(i) This was looked upon as a sure sign of an effeminate coxcomb; *Ἐὼ δακτυλῷ τὴν κεφαλὴν κνᾶδας* (Lucian.) *To scratch the head with the top of one finger*, so as not to discompose the order of the curls. Of whom Juvenal, IX. 133.

Convenient et carpentis et navibus omnes

Qui digito scalpunt uno caput—

— All will throng

To Rome, by boat or coach, to make this match,

Their heads who neatly with one finger scratch.—Stapylton.

EPISTLE LIII.

The great Power and Value of Philosophy.

WHAT can I not be persuaded to when I have been prevailed upon to attempt a voyage? I set sail in an unruffled sea, but the sky look'd heavy as overcharged with dark clouds that generally turn to rain or wind: yet doubtful and blowing as the weather seem'd, I thought, *Lucilius*, I should soon be convey'd so few miles as from your *Parthenope*, to *Puteoli* (a): and to get thither the sooner, we launched out into the deep in a direct course for the island *Nesus*, without coasting it along the shore. But when I had got so far, as to be indifferent, whether I went on,

on, or returned, the smoothness of the sea which first tempted me out (*b*), was gone off: it was not indeed as yet a storm, but the sea began to roll and the surges to swell and clash. Whereupon I desired the master of the vessel to set me somewhere ashore; but he told me it was impossible; as there was no haven near; and that he feared nothing so much in a storm as the land. But I was too much vexed, to be apprehensive of any danger; for I was terribly sea-sick, and could get no relief by evacuation: I therefore insisted upon it whether he would or not, that he should bear to shore; which as soon as we drew nigh to, I waited not, till, as *Virgil* says (*c*), *obvertunt pelago proras*, (*they turn the prow of the ship to the shore*) *aut, anchora de prora jaciatur* (*or cast anchor*). But mindful of my old custom, I flung myself into the sea in my loose robe, as when we go into the cold bath: And you cannot imagine what I suffer'd, when I sprawled among the rocks, seeking or making what way I could: I then perfectly understood, why mariners are so justly afraid of land: and it is incredible to think what I further suffer'd, when I could not bear my own load: know this, that the sea was not so great an enemy to *Ulysses*, either from sickness, or frequent shipwreck, as it is to me; so that was I oblig'd to sail again, I should think it twice ten years before I finish'd my voyage.

However as soon as I was a little recover'd (for, this sickness, you know, soon goes off upon landing,) and had refresh'd my body with anointing it in the sun, I began to reflect with myself, how forgetful we are of our infirmities, not only those of the mind, which the greater they are, the more they lie concealed; but of the body, which now and then admonish us, and make us sensible of them. A slight disorder is apt to deceive us; but when it gathers strength, and a real fever burns up the body, it forces acknowledgment, be the patient ever so hardy, and subject to such distempers. The feet ach, the joints prick and shoot; but as yet we dissemble (*d*), and say, we have sprained our ankle, or overtired ourselves by some violent exercise, or in short, we know not what it is; but when the knots are formed, and the nervous fibres grown so stiff as to disable one from walking, it is then acknowledg'd to be the gout (*e*). It is not so with the diseases of the mind, which the worse they are, are the less perceived. Nor need you wonder at this, dearest

Lucilius; for he that dozes, or takes a nap, sometimes thinks that he is sleeping, even in his sleep: whereas a sound sleep extinguisheth all dreams, and sinks the mind so deep, as to deprive it of its intellectual faculties. Why is not a man ready to acknowledge his faults? because he is as yet plunged in them (*as in a sound sleep.*) To tell a dream is the part of one awake; and to confess our imperfections, is a token of vanity.

Let us awake therefore (*f*) that we may be sensible of, and correct our errors. Now, it is philosophy alone that will rouse us; tis she alone that will shake off a sound sleep: dedicate yourself entirely to her; you are worthy of her, and she of *you*; embrace her most cordially: deny yourself to all besides, boldly, publickly. There is no reason that a philosopher should be at the will and pleasure of any one else. If you were ill, you would not concern yourself with family-affairs; nor with the business of the Forum; nor would you have so great a value for any one, as to appear an advocate in court for him: your whole attention would be taken up, in endeavouring to get rid of your disorder: and will you not do the same now?

Let every impediment be thrown aside, while you attend only to the attainment of a sound mind. No one can attain this, who is busied about other things (*g*). Philosophy exerciseth a regal power: she grants time; but accepts it not: she is no substitute; she is the principal, in waiting, and gives commands (*b*). *Alexander*, to a certain state that promised him part of their lands, and half their property, said, *that he came into Asia with this resolution; not to accept of what they would be pleased to give him; but that they might enjoy what he should think proper to leave them* (*i*). Philosophy useth the same language in all respects. *I will not accept the time of you, which seems superfluous, and you know not how to employ; but you shall have that, which I shall think proper to spare you.*

Give up yourself entirely to her: sit close by her; worship her; so shall there be a wide difference between you, and the commonalty; you shall

shall far excel other mortals; nor shall the gods themselves far excel you. Do you ask in what the difference between you shall consist? they will continue longer. But it is the glory of a skilful artist to include much in a little compass: the few days of a wise man are as much to him, as his eternity is to God: nay, there is something wherein the wise man has the advantage of the gods themselves (*k*), *They* are what they are by nature, *the wise man* is what he is by his own industry: behold, a wonderful thing, to have the weakness of a man and the security of God. Incredible is the strength of philosophy in repelling every violent attack from without: not one of fortune's darts can fix itself in her: she is every where guarded and impenetrable: some she wearies out; the lighter sort she retains in the folds of her outer robe: and others she shakes off unhurt, and even returns them on him from whom they came.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Parthenope*, the birth-place of *Lucilius*; now called *Naples*. *Puteoli*, a city in *Campania*; now *Puzzuola*. *Nefis*, an island in *Campania*, al. *Neffis*. Unde malignum aera respirat pelago circumflua Nefis, *Stat.* II. 2. 78,—now called *Nisita*.

(b) *me corruperat*] induced me to forego the resolution I had in common with *Cato*, *Mari non ire quo terra possẽm*; *not to go by sea, where I could go by land*.

(c) *Virgil. Æn.* III. 277. VI. 3.

(d) So *Lucian*—

Ἀπας γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐυκολῆ ἴευδοστομῶν
Ὡς ἐνσεσηκῶς, ἢ προκυψῆς τοι βᾶσιν,
Ἀγχι φησὶσιν, μὴ φρασας τὴν αἰτίαν.
Ὅ μὴ λέγει γὰρ, ὡς δοκῶν λαθεῖν τινας,
Χρονος δ' ἔγ' ἔρπον μινυει καὶ μὴ θελη
Καί τότε λαμαθους νομοδσας μετ' ἔνομα,
Πᾶσι θριαμβος, ἐμβεβάστακται φίλοις.

*Fain would a man deceive himself, and friends,
Asham'd of bis disorder, (if the gout)
And feigns some accident, a wrench, or sprain:
But owns ere long the sore disease, by name,
When carried by bis friends, as 'twere in triumph. M.*

I indeed, happily, know nothing of the gout; and cannot conceive why any one should have been ashamed of it; unless the *Romans* supposed it not *hereditary*, but always acquired by luxury and high-living. (*Locuples podagra, Juv.* 13. 96—*turpesque podagras Virg. E.* 3. 299.) but, I believe, there are many instances to the contrary.

(e) utrosque pedes dextros fecit] l. distorferit vel detorferit. *Lips.*
Lucian, ib. Εταν δὲ καὶ τὸν ἕτερον ἀλγῆσης ποδα

Στερωὶν δακρυεῖς, ἐν δὲ σὺι φρασαι θελω.

Ταῦτ' ἔστ' ἐκείνι, καὶν θέλης, καὶν μὴ θελής.

But when both feet are favoln, you then cry out ;

And pain obliges you to oton, with me,

Whether you will or not, it is the gout.

(f) This metaphor is frequent in Scripture—*Awake, ye drunkards, Joel, i. 5, knowing, that it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. Rom. xiii. 11. Awake to righteousness and sin not. I. Cor. xv. 34, &c.*

(g) Martha, *Thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful. Luke x. 41. See Ep. xxiii. (N. f.)*

(b) Ordinaria est] So the chief or principal Consuls, who were elected in January were filed *Ordinarii*, as distinguished from the *Honorarii*, and *Suffecti*; the *honorary*, or such as were elected at other times. See *Ep. 110. Sidon. Apol. p. 86. Sueton. Jul. c. 26.*

(i) When *Darius* offered to surrender *Lydia, Ionia, Æolis, to Alexander*, he answered, *that he came not out with the view of so small a recompence, but for the conquest of his kingdom, and the empire of the east. Qu. Curt. l. iv.*

(k) Nothing, with our author's leave, can be more impious and intolerable than this arrogance of the Stoics; who were not satisfied with making their *wise man* equal to the gods, but even in some cases gave him the preference! Though this indeed might seem excusable, if they really believed some facts related of the gods, (for which they were rallied by the poets, and particularly the comedians, *Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence*) which a truly good man would abhor to harbour in his thoughts, and much more to perpetrate. See *Epp. 31. 59. 73. 87. 102.*

EPISTLE LIV.

Against the Fear of Death.

MY malady, *Lucilius*, hath given me a long respite (a), but is now come upon me on a sudden. Do you ask, what malady? really you may well ask; for there is none, I think, but what I am afflicted with. Yet I seem destined to one in particular, which why I should honour with a *Greek* name, I know not (b): for I think I may properly call it, *fuspirium*, (*a cough, or shortness of breath*;) the violence of it, indeed, lasts not long: like a storm, it is generally over within the hour. For who can long want breath? all other infirmities or dangers of the body
 have

have passed by me unregarded; none seeming more troublesome to me than this: for any other is nothing more than *being sick*, but this is to expire: therefore the physicians call it, *the exercise of death* (c). The breath will some time or other go off, as it frequently attempts so to do.

You may perhaps think me chearful, in now writing to you, because I have escaped; but was I to rejoice at this, as if I now enjoy'd a complete state of health, I should act as ridiculously, as one who thinks he has gained his cause, by forfeiting his recognizance. Indeed while I was almost choaked, I was not the less chearful and courageous in thought: what is this, I cried? does death make so many trials of me? he is welcome; I have long since made trial of *him*: do you ask how long? why, before I was born. To die, *is not to be* (d): and what that is I already know: it will be the same after I am gone, as it was before I was in being. Was there any torment in this, we must have experienced the same before we came into the world; but we were not then sensible of any pain or trouble. I ask, whether you would not call him a fool, who thinks a candle in a worse condition when it is put out, than before it was lighted up? We are also lighted up, and (*to all appearance*) put out: in the interval indeed we suffer something; but before and after all is secure. For in this, my *Lucilius*, (*if I am not mistaken*) we deceive ourselves, in thinking that death only follows life, whereas it both goes before and will follow after it: for where is the difference in not beginning, or ceasing to exist? the effect of both is, *not to be* (e). With these and the like tacit remonstrances I communed with myself, (for I had not breath to speak,) till my fit by degrees began to go off, and I enjoy'd still longer intermissions; not that as yet, does my breath flow in a natural and easy course: still I feel my disorder hanging upon me; and let it do what it will, provided I labour not nor sigh in my *mind*.

And be assur'd of this; that I shall not tremble at the last gasp, being already prepared, and quite regardless of the day (f). But let me particularly recommend to your praise and imitation some one, whom it grieves not to die, when it is a pleasure to live: for what virtue is there

in going off when you are forced (*g*)? Yet even here there is room for virtue: I am oblig'd indeed to quit the stage, but I will make a willing and decent exit: and therefore the wise man can never be said to be forced off, because to be forced off, is to be expelled from whence you retire unwillingly: but the wise man does nothing unwillingly: he is not subject to necessity: for what *must be done*, that he also wills (*h*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Commeatum*] More properly a *furlow*: for it is a military term.

(*b*) Gr. *ἄσθμα*, aut *ὀρθόπνοια*, an *asthma*. Vid. *Mercurial*. Var. *Lact.* vi. 16.

(*c*) *Meditationem Mortis*.] Which *Hieron. Mercurial.* not knowing a reason for, alters it to *Exercitationem*. And another learned physician writes it *Modulationem*; but *Gronovius* proves the right reading to be, *Meditationem*, in the same sense with *Exercitationem*; from several passages in *Plautus*, *Cicero*, &c. Vid. *Gronov.* in loc.

(*d*) *Mors nos in illam tranquillitatem*, in qua, *antequam nasceremur*, jacuimus, reponit. *Sen.* ad *Marc.* c. 19. ad *Polyb.* c. 27.

The Tragedian in the same strain:

Quærens, quo jaceas post obitum loco?

Quo non nata jacent.—*Sen.*

So *Andromache* in *Eur. Troad.* 631.

Τὸ μὴ γενεῖσθαι, τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λέγει.

And *Cicero*, *Hoc saltem in maximis malis boni consequamur*, &c. *Ep. V.* 21.

This advantage we may at least derive from our calamities; that they will teach us to look upon death with contempt; which even if we were happy we ought to despise, as a state of total insensibility: but which under our present afflictions, should be the object of our constant wishes. And elsewhere, *Si non ero, sensu carebo.—Una ratio videtur, quicquid venerit ferre moderatè; præsertim cum omnium rerum mors fit extremum.* But the ingenious and learned translator observes, that, *these passages, without any violence of construction, may be interpreted as affirming nothing more than that death is an utter extinction of all sensibility with respect to human concerns.* (Somewhat like this we meet with in *Ecclef. ix. v.* *The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not any thing.* It follows, *v. 6.* *Their love, and their hatred and their envy is now perished,* neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.) Moreover, “that *Cicero’s* real sentiments and opinions are not to be proved from the foregoing; as it was usual with him to accommodate his expression to the principles or circumstances of his correspondence: that in a letter to *Atticus* he expressly mentions his expectation of a future state, *Tempus est nos de illa perpetua jam, non de hac exigua vitâ, cogitare; it is time for us to consider, not the short life we are allotted here, but life everlasting:* and, that his philosophical writings abound with various and full proofs, that he was firmly persuaded of *the immortality of the soul.*” (Vid. loc.) And I think we may say the same, in all respects, of our Author, notwithstanding what he hath advanced in this Epistle, when in contradiction thereto he hath elsewhere alledged, that *the souls of the good and virtuous, after death, are carried up into heaven, and live in a state of bliss.* *Ep. 63.* *Cogitemus ergo, Lucili carissime, citò nos eo perventuros, &c. Let us consider, dearest Lucilius, that we shall soon arrive there, where he is gone whom we bewail;*

betwail: and perhaps (if according to the opinion of some wise men there is a place prepared for our reception hereafter) that he, whom we fondly imagined to have perished, is sent before us to that happy mansion. And more expressly, Ep. 102. *Dies ista, quam, tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis est. The day, which men are apt to dread as their last, is but the birth-day of an eternity.* Nothing surely can heighten more the obligation we Christians owe to the good pleasure of God, in giving us certainty in these high matters concerning himself, and *the immortality of the soul*; wherein the antient philosophers, even the wisest of them, *Socrates, Cicero, Seneca*, were so perplexed and bewildered with doubt and error. Not but that in the more poetical part of Scripture, we have similar passages before us concerning death; as, *Why died I not from the womb? (says Job in the paroxysm of grief) for now should I have been still and quiet; I should have slept with Kings and Counsellors of the earth; I should have been as infants that never saw light.* Job. iii. 11, 19. And Eccles. iii. 19, 20. *That which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other. All go to one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again: which is contradicted, or rather answered in the next verse, if the whole be a dialogue; who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast, that goeth downward to the earth.*—Blessed therefore be God for the vouchsafement of his gracious purpose by the appearing of our Saviour, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. II. Tim. 1. 10.

(e) *Seneca repeats the same thought in Consol. ad Polyb. c. 7. as also in Consol. ad Marc. where he absolutely rejects the notion of future punishments, &c. See Leland, II. p. 289.*

(f) Here again *Seneca* seems to speak like a Christian philosopher: so that if any thing is wanting here, as *Muretus* conjectures, we may regret the loss.

(g) I would recommend to you the example of some young man, who in the prime of life *is not afraid to die*: as for me, I am old, and therefore it is no virtue.

(h) And thinks, in *Mr. Pope's* language, that *whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE LV.

A true Friend is never absent.

I Often return from taking the air in my chariot, as much tired, as if I had walked as far as I had rode; for it is a pain to me to be carried far; and perhaps the more so, because it is not natural: Nature hath given us feet, to walk withal, as well as eyes to see with, for ourselves. I know that an indulgence of this kind is apt to weaken one; and we may leave off walking, 'till by disuse we cannot walk at all; but a little shaking was at present necessary for me, that either I might throw off such phlegm as was troublesome to me, or that by such gentle exercise

I might

I might extenuate the difficulty of breathing; and indeed I found great benefit therefrom, which made me persist in it the longer; especially being invited, by the pleasantness of the shore, that winds between *Cumæ* and the villa of *Servilius Vatia*; forming a neck of land, with the sea on one side, and the lake on the other: the ground too at this time was more firm and solid, by reason of a late tempest; as the waves, you know, by frequent overflowing, level or smooth it; whereas a calm or long ebb, loosens it, when the moisture that cemented the sands is all drained from them.

But, according to custom I was looking round to see, if I could find a proper object for some useful reflection: when I happen'd to cast my eyes upon the villa, that sometime since belong'd to *Vatia*.—In this villa, that rich *Prætorian*, who had signalized himself in nothing but his indolence, spent his days; and living to a good old age, was from this circumstance alone accounted an happy man. For as often as a connection with *Afinius Gallus* (*a*), or the hatred (and sometime after, the love) of *Sejanus* (*b*), (for it was alike dangerous to be his aversion or favourite) had brought any one to ruin; all men would cry, *O happy Vatia, you alone know how to live*: he indeed knew how to lie concealed, but not to live: for there is a great difference, between a retired life and an idle one: I never pass'd by his villa in my life, but I cried, *Vatia hic situs est, Here lies Vatia*. But, philosophy my *Lucilius*, is so sacred and venerable a thing, that whatever pretends to be like it, must rest upon a falsity: for the vulgar think a man who has retired from business must necessarily be free from all care and trouble; well satisfied in and living altogether for, himself: whereas nothing like this can be applied to any one, but to the *wise man*: he indeed is a stranger to anxiety, and knows how to live for himself: such a one, I say (which is the principal good) knows how to live; whereas the man, who flies from men and business, whom the ill success of his ambition hath banished from conversation, who cannot bear to see another happier than himself: who like a timorous and silly animal hides himself for fear---such a one lives not to himself, but to luxury, to sleep, to lust: he lives not always to himself who lives
to

to no one else: yet there is something so valuable in constancy and perseverance, that even the most stubborn indolence gains some credit.

I can write nothing of certainty concerning the *Villa* itself; for I know nothing more than the front and outside, as it appears to us on the road. There are two grottos of curious workmanship, each of whose floors are of equal dimensions with the court yard; the one of which never admits the sun; the other is exposed to it all day long: A river that runs into the sea, and the *Acherusian* lake, divides, like a canal, a grove of plane trees: and this river, tho' frequently drawn, is still supplied with store of fish; but the fishermen spare it when the sea is open to them; and when stormy weather gives them an holyday, every one catches the fish as they can. But what makes this *Villa* most commodious, is, that it hath *Baiæ* on the other side the wall; enjoying all the pleasures of it without its inconveniences. So much I know due to its praise: and indeed it is a *Villa* I think habitable all the year: for it fronts the west wind, and receives so much of it as to keep it off from *Baiæ*.

Vatia therefore seems not injudiciously to have chosen this *Villa*, wherein to retire, and wear out his days in indolence, and a quiet old age. But in truth, it is not the place, be it where it will, that can confer true tranquillity; it is the mind that is all in all. I have seen chagrin and melancholy in the most pleasant and chearful *Villa*; and I have seen men, in the midst of solitude, fatigued, as it were, with business.

There is no reason therefore you should complain of your situation, because you are not in *Campania*. And why should I say, you are not there? Send us your thoughts: a man may very well converse with his absent friends; indeed as often and as long as you please: nay, we enjoy this pleasure great as it is, the more, on the account of absence: for the being present is apt to make us somewhat shy: and because, having an opportunity to talk, and walk together, when we sit down, or are parted, we think no more of those we saw so lately; and what may

make us bear absence the more patiently is, there is no one, who is not often absent, to his friend or neighbour: for consider the many absent nights, and the different employs of the day on either side and the different pursuits, the different studies, and frequent calls out of the city; and you will find, that a voyage or a journey does not deprive us of so much of our friend's company as you imagined. A friend is to be enjoy'd, by the *Mind*; this is never absent; it daily sees whom it pleases. Therefore, still study with me, sup with me, walk with me: we should live in very narrow bounds, could any thing be excluded our thoughts: I see you still, my *Lucilius*, I ever hear thee; in short, I am so much with you, that I am in doubt, whether I shall send you any more epistles or only a complimentary billet.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Tiberius* had long hated him, for that *Gallus* had married *Vipsania*, daughter of *Marcus Agrippa*, and formerly wife of *Tiberius*; who suspected that by this match he meant to soar above the rank of a subject; he possessed also the bold and haughty spirit of *Asinius Pollio* his father. That *Gallus* perished through famine was indisputable; but whether of his own accord or by constraint was uncertain.

(b) The character of *Sejanus*, as drawn by *Tacitus*, is, that he was alike destructive to the state, when he flourished and when he fell. His person was hardy and equal to any fatigue; his spirit daring but covered; sedulous to disguise his own counsels, dextrous to blacken others; alike fawning and imperious; to appearance exactly modest, but in his heart fostering the lust of domination. No access to honours but through his favour, and this purchased. He was at length executed, and his body drawn through the streets; and not only his children, but all those under accusation of any attachment to him, were put to the slaughter.

(c) — A man “may retire and drone life away in solitude, like a Monk, or like him, over the door of whose house somebody wrote, *Here lies such a one*. But no such man will be able to make the true use of retirement.” See *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

E P I S T L E LVI.

On Tranquillity—(a).

LET me die, if I think silence so absolutely necessary for a studious man as it seems at first to be: variety of noise surrounds *me* on every side: I lodge even over a bath. Suppose now all kinds of sounds that can be harsh and disagreeable to the ears; as when the strong boxers are exercising themselves, and fling about their hands loaded with lead (*b*), or when they are in distress, or imitate those that are, and I hear their groans; or when sending forth their breath, which for some time they held in, I hear their hissing, and violent sobs; or when I meet with an idle varlet, who anoints the ordinary wrestlers for their exercise, and I hear the different slaps he gives them on their shoulder, with either a flat or hollow palm; or if a ball-player (*c*) comes in, and begins to count the balls, it is almost over with me. Add to these the rank (*d*) and swaggering bully, the taking a pickpocket, or the bawling of such as delight to hear their voice echo through the bath (*e*); add also those, who dash into the pond with a great noise of the water; and besides these, such whose voices at least are tolerable: suppose a hair-plucker (*f*) every now and then squeaking with a shrill and effeminate tone, to make himself the more remarkable, and is never silent but when he is at work, and making his patient cry for him: add to these the various cries of those that sell cakes and sausages, the gingerbread baker, the huckster, and all such as vend their wares about the streets with a peculiar tone. *Sure you have no ears, you say, or must be made of iron, whose mind is not disturbed with such various and dissonant sounds; when our Chrysiippus (*g*) is almost killed, with only the common salutations of the morning.* I assure you, *Lucilius*, I regard all this noise no more than the ebbing and flowing of the water: though I hear that a certain people, near the River *Nile*, gave this as a reason for changing the site of their city; because they could not bear the noise of the waterfalls (*b*).

But as for me, I own a voice distracts me more than any noise whatever; for that draws off the mind, but this only strikes, and fills the ear: and I will moreover tell you what I reckon among those things that give me no disturbance, the rattling of the carriages in the streets (*i*); a smith's forge in the house, a lawyer's yard next door; and the horrid noise a fellow makes, who, by the *Temple of Peace*, is ever trying his new-made hautboys and trumpets, and does not sing but bawl: the sound indeed, which startles me after intermissions, is somewhat more troublesome to me than that which is continued; but I am so inured to these things, that I could even hear a boatswain (*k*) giving orders to his crew, with the most harsh and hoarse vociferation, without being in the least discomposed.

The truth is; I force my mind to be so intent upon itself, as not to be drawn off by any thing from without. Whatever noise is abroad, I care not, while all is calm and quiet within; no jarring between desire and fear; no dissension between avarice and luxury: in short, no one passion thwarting another; for what availeth all imaginable silence, if the passions are at variance?

Omnia noctis erant placidâ composita quiete;
All things were lull'd, by night, in pleasing rest,

faith the poet (*Varro*); but 'tis false; there can be no pleasing rest, but what is the effect of reason (*l*): the night rather promotes than prevents trouble, and only changes one scene of anxiety for another: for even the dreams of those that sleep, are as turbulent as all the accidents of the day. There can be no true tranquillity, but what ariseth from a sound mind. Behold the man, who endeavours to sleep, while the whole house is silent; and, that the least noise may not reach his ears, all the servants are order'd not to speak a word: and, if they approach near his bed, to tread as softly as possible; yet is he turning from one side to another, and would fain get a nap; still complaining, that he hears noises, while not the least is made. Now, what do you think is the reason of this? why, his mind is disturb'd; this must be appeas'd; the sedition within must be calm'd; the noise is there; for you must

not.

not think the mind is at peace; tho' the body were to lie as still as in the arms of death.

Even rest itself is sometimes restless; and therefore it is proper we should be roused to action, and employ'd in some of the liberal sciences, as often as listlessness seifeth us impatient of its own weight. Great generals when they see a soldier disobedient to orders, condemn him to some hard labour; nor will permit him to join his company. They have no time to play and wanton, who are tied down to business; and nothing is more certain, than that the vices of idleness are thrown off by proper employ.

We often seem to retire, when fatigued with public affairs, and chagrin'd at some unhappy and disagreeable station; yet even amidst this retirement, which fear and disgust have induced us to seek, ambition sometimes rankles at the heart: for it was not quite cut off, but only tired, and sore vexed at things not succeeding to its wish: I say the same of luxury, which sometimes seems to give way: but soon again revives, solliciting those who have professed frugality; and in the midst of parsimony pursues the pleasures it had not entirely condemn'd, but only left for a time; and pursues them now the more vehemently, as the more secretly it can obtain its desires; for the more public all vices are, they are the less daring: diseases likewise are more easily curable, when they break out, and shew themselves what they are: and you may be assured that avarice, ambition, and all the evils of the human heart are the most dangerous, when they subside, and are patched up by a pretended cure. We may seem at ease, but are far from being so; were we really so;—if we have founded a retreat;—if we have despised all specious trifles,—nothing, as I have before observ'd, can recall us; or withdraw our attention; not even the harmony of men or birds, could interrupt our serious thoughts, now become sure and solid. The disposition is light and wavering, which can be moved by any accidental sound: it still retains anxiety, and a dread of something that excites its curiosity and care, as says our *Virgil*, (2, 726).

A. me:

A me quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
 Tela, neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii;
 Nunc omnes terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis
 Suspensum, et pariter comitique onerique timenti.

*I who so bold and dauntless just before
 The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
 At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
 Not for myself but for the charge I bear* (Dryden).

In the former part of these lines *Æneas* resembles a wise and brave man, whom not the brandishing of spears, nor the clashing arms of an engaged troop, nor the outcries of a besieged city, can terrify; in the latter, a meer coward, wrapt in fear, and startled at every noise; whom a single voice, taken for the din of a multitude, quite casts down; and the lightest motions drive to despair: his burthen (*his aged father*) makes him timorous.—Take whom you will, of those rich men who gather much, and load themselves therewith, you will see him (*like Æneas*) fearful for his charge. Know therefore you are then only truly composed, when no alarm can move you; when no voice can shake you from yourself, whether it flatters, or threatens you; or pours forth a variety of idle sounds. What then? is it not more convenient sometimes to be free from noise and brawling? No doubt of it. Therefore I intend soon to change my quarters; I had a mind, once to try and exercise myself; but what necessity is there for tormenting myself any longer; when *Ulysses* found so easy a remedy, for preserving his companions from the sweet melody of the *Syrens*? (*Ep.* 31.)

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) It is impossible to read this humorous Epistle, without being reminded of the late Mr. Hogarth's excellent print, *The enraged Musician*, who cannot be supposed so great a philosopher as *Seneca*; when surrounded with such a variety of external noise as is therein expressed.

(b) Cum lassata gravi ceciderunt brachia massâ. Juv. vi. 423. See *Ep.* 15.

(c) Pilicrepus. So *Turneb.* *Advers.* vii. 4. But *Mercurial.* *Art. Gymnast.* i. 12. (where is explained this whole Epistle) supposes it to be the *stoker*, or he that supplies the fire under the baths with pitchy balls.—al. *Pellicrepus.* al. *Pilicrepus.*—*Vid.* *Cæli.* *Rhodig.* xxx. 19. *Sidon.* *Apoll.* p. 109.

(d) *Scordalum*

(d) Scordalum, qu. Scorodalum. *Erasm. Turneb.* One that stinks of garlick. Ep. 84. Or, one of a rank smell after exercise, qu. scordylum.—al. One that cleans the baths from all filth and ordure, a Gr. ἰσδῶρ.

(e) According to *Horace*, (Sat. i. 4. 75)—In medio qui
Scripta foro recitent sunt multi: quique lavantes;
Suave locus voci resonat conclusus.—
*But many bards the public forum chuse,
Where to recite the labours of their muse;
Or vaulted baths, that still preserve the sound,
While sweetly floats the voice in echoes round.*—Francis.

(f) Alipilum, al. alipilarius, i. e. qui alas depilat. *Juvenal* speaking of one as yet a boy;—
nec vellendas jam præbuit alas. (11. 157.)

(g) *Lipfius* thinks this by no means applicable to *Cbryffippus* the philosopher; and therefore reads it, *Crispus*, a friend of *Seneca's*.

(h) Quem (strepitum) perferre gens ibi a Perfis collocata non potuit, obtusis assiduo fragore auri-
bus, et ob hoc fedibus ad quietiora translatis. *Natural Enust.* iv. 2.

(i)
Stridentum et moderator effedorum,
Curvorum, et chorus Helciariorum,
i. e. of those who tow the barge.

Sidon. Apoll. x. 2.—Sic *Claudian.* de gallicis mulis,
Consensuque pares, et fulvis pellibus hirtæ
Effeda concordēs multisonora trahunt.
*Drawn by mules, match'd in colour and in fixe,
Loud-rattling through the streets the chariot flies.* M.

And *Martial*, iv. 64.

Ne blando rota sit molesta fomno;
Quem nec rumpere nauticum celeufma
Nec clamor valet helciariorum.

(k) *Pausarium*] properly one who gave the (celeufma) command) or orders, to the rowers. *Ovid.*
Met. III. 617.

—— Qui requiemque modumque
Voce dabat remis, animorum hortator Epopeus.

(l) The opinion which is said to be *Zeno's* is somewhat quaint, but may deserve our consideration: he said, that any one may give a guess at his proficiency, from the observation of his dreams, thus: if when asleep he fancied nothing that was immodest, nor seemed to consent to any wicked actions, or dishonest intentions, but found his fancy and passions of his mind undisturbed, in a constant calm, as it were always serene and enlightened with the beams of divine reason. *Plut.*

EPISTLE LVII.

On Fear, and the Immortality of the Soul.

WHEN I was obliged to leave *Baie* again for *Naples*, I easily persuaded myself, that we should meet with another storm, so determined to go by land. But the roads were so bad, and full of sloughs, that I was as much rocked as if I had gone by sea (*a*). I underwent the whole ceremony of wrestlers (*b*); wanting neither the *ceroma* (*anointing*), nor the *hapbe* (*being sprinkled over with dust*), especially in the hollow way that leads to *Naples*. Nothing can be more tedious than travelling through that dungeon-like vale; nothing more disagreeable than the narrow passage, which is darkness itself: so that it was impossible to see our way: or had the place admitted any light, the dust itself would have blinded us, which is troublesome enough in the high and open road; but what must it be, when enclosed, without a breath of air to carry it off; and we only kick it up upon one another? Thus I say we were plagued with two contrary evils; and the same road, on the same day, covered us with mud and dust. Yet even this darksome way yielded matter for reflection; I felt a certain stroke upon my mind, and a change, though without fear, which the novelty and hideousness of the place brought upon me.

I am not speaking, *Lucilius*, as if this was applicable only to myself; who am far from pretending to a tolerable sufficiency, and much less to perfection; let it be applied to one, over whom Fortune hath lost all her power; and you will find that even such a one may be sensible of an attack, and change his colour. For there are certain sensations which even a virtuous man cannot avoid; as when Nature seriously reminds him of his mortality: wherefore his countenance occasionally puts on a gloomy sorrow; he is startled with surprize; and his head as dizzy, as

if he looked down into the deep from a lofty precipice. Now, this is not fear, but a natural affection, which Reason itself cannot discard (*d*). Whence it happens that some brave men, who are ready to shed their own blood in their country's cause, yet cannot bear to see the blood of another person; some have even swooned away at the sight of a fresh wound; and some at the dressing of an old and purulent sore; others had rather receive a stroke from a sword, than see one given. Therefore, as I said before, I felt a certain alteration, but no perturbation of mind.

And now, as soon as the light began to break in upon us, I felt an alacrity, which came upon me, unthought of, uninvited: I began then to say with myself; how ridiculous is it to fear any thing, more or less, when there is one common end of all? for what matter is it whether a man be killed by the falling of a tower, or of a mountain? it is still but death; nothing more: yet there are some who are more afraid of one thing than another, tho' they are both alike fatal: fear is therefore more apprehensive of the cause, than of the effect. You perhaps may think I am now speaking of those little *Stoics*, who suppose the soul of man, when violently pressed down by an enormous weight, cannot make its way any where, but is totally crushed and demolished, because it had not a free *exit*: no (*c*) such matter; they who advance this doctrine seem to me much mistaken: as the flame cannot be suppressed, but still flies round that which would press it down; and as the air is not hurt by any stroke you give it; nor indeed divided, but that by its elasticity it pours back again upon the place it has quitted; so the soul, which is of the finest and most subtile quality, cannot be surprised and crushed within the body, but by reason of its subtilty, breaks forth from whatever seems to overwhelm it.

As the lightning having darted its influence far and wide, returns through a small crevice; so the soul which is far more subtile than flame, takes its flight through every pore of the body. From whence ariseth a question concerning immortality: and this, you may be assured of, *Lucilius*, that, if it survives the body, it can by no means perish, because it is not perishable: since no immortality admits an exception, nor can any thing destroy what is naturally *eternal* (*f*)

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) There is the like metaphor in *Statius* (Silv. iv.)

Nutabat cruce pendulâ viator,
Sorbebatque rotas maligna tellus;
Et plebs in mediis Latina campis
Horrebat mala navigationis.

(b) See *Faber Agonist.* III. 22.

(c) *Crypta Neapolitana.*] A dark way, cut through the mountain *Pesthyo*; by whom, or at what time is unknown: it is now about a mile long, leading to *Naples*. The windows, if there were any, might have been stopped up, by time and neglect in *Seneca's* days; but *Alphonfus* I. king of *Navarre* and *Arragon*, Ann. 1105, cut two new ones, and smoothed the road.

(d) See this whole affair elegantly treated of in *Agell.* xix. 1. and more fully in *Lipsf. Mannu's.* iii. 7. Ep. 85. 116.

(e) *Lipsius* does not recollect meeting with this stoical position any where else but in *Statius* (Theb. VI.) where speaking of a miner, whom the earth fell in upon, and crushed to death, he elegantly, as in general, says,

— jacet intus

Obrutus; ac penitus fractum obductumque cadaver
Indignantem animam propriis non reddidit astris.
Acres o'erwhelm him, as he lifeless lies,
Nor suffer the indignant soul to rise
From the deep load, and claim her native skies. M.

The same opinion was held concerning a person's being drowned. When (*Virg. Æn.* I. 95.) *Æneas* terrified at the approach of a dreadful storm at sea, sighed, not, as *Servius* observes, for fear of death merely, but of such a death, as prevented the soul from making her escape and surviving the body: for being of the same quality with *fire*, it must necessarily be extinguished by the surrounding waters. Thus *Homer*, (*Od. δ.* 511) describing the death of *Ajax Oiliades*, says

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐν θ' ἀπολωλεν, ἐπεὶ πτεν ἄλμυρον ὑδάτος.
And thus he perish'd, in the briny sea
For ever buried —

And *Seneca* himself, (*de ira* iii. 19.) speaking of that haughty and most inhuman tyrant, *Caius Caligula*, seems to lament the case of those, who were proscribed, more bitterly, forasmuch as *Caius* ordered all their mouths to be stopped, at the execution, with a sponge, or part of their own clothes; *What horrid cruelty!* says he, *not to give the soul the liberty of departing, freely and naturally from the loathsome carcase!* but these are vulgar notions, built on too weak a foundation, to impose upon the wisdom of *Seneca*; as is manifest from what follows,—*they who advance this doctrine, &c.*

(f) Hoc quidem certè habe, si (*animus*) superstes est corpori, propter hoc illum nullo genere posse perire, propter quod non perit. But various are the readings here; *Lipsius* is for discarding the latter *propter*, or changing it for the adverb, *propterea*; whence *Gronovius* only strikes out the *propter hoc*; and alludes to the foregoing opinion of some *Stoics*, which *Seneca* thinks absurd, unless it could be proved that the soul is mortal.

Here we see our author, *Seneca*, like the greatest men among the ancients before him, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Cicero*, &c. still wavering in his opinion concerning a *future state*; yet they all seemed inclined to believe the affirmative: no wonder; for though the *immateriality* of the soul, (which none but a

rank

rank Atheist, or a modern P——y, would deny) is certainly a good argument for its *immortality*; as having no divisible parts, no contrary qualities, no principles of death and corruption in it, as our bodies, and other material compositions have: yet this argument, strong as it is, is still subject to objections; as indeed all arguments are in these abstruse points, when drawn merely from the light of unassisted reason: and this serves greatly to enhance the Christian's obligation to his blessed *Saviour*; who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. As before mentioned, Ep. 54 (N. d.)

EPISTLE LVIII.

On the Poverty of the Latin Tongue.

Of Genus, Species, Ideas, Being, and other Logical Terms.

I NEVER yet well understood, before to-day, the great poverty of our language, and extreme want of words (*a*). There are a thousand things, *Lucilius*, when we are talking of *Plato*, which require names, but have them not; and some which had names, but have now lost them, through a scrupulous disgust: but who will allow disgust in a case of necessity? the *gad-fly*, for instance, which drives the cattle madding about the fields, and disperseth them through the woods, was called by the Greeks, *Oestram*, and by our ancestors *Aflum*, as appears from *Virgil* (G. 3. 147.)

Est lucos Silari juxta, ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen *Afio*
Romanum est *Oestron* Graii vertère vocantes:
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita filvis
Diffugiunt armenta:—

*About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen;*

*This flying plague to mark its quality,
Oestrus the Grecians call; Asylus, we:
A fierce loud-buzzing breeze; their stings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.* Dryden.

I think he understood this word to be now lost. And not to detain you long, there were some simple words in use, as *Cernere ferro* (*b*), in *Virgil*, for which we now use the compound, *decernere*; and the use of the simple seems to be lost;

(12. 709)—*Stupet ipse Latinus
Ingentes genitos diversis partibus orbis
Inter se coiisse viros et cernere ferro.*

So they formerly said, *Jusso* (*c*), instead of *Jussero*: and in this likewise I would have you believe *Virgil* rather than take my bare word for it—*Cætera qua Jusso, mecum manus inferat arma.* 11. 467. I say not this with an intention to shew you, how conversant I am with the Grammarians, but that you may understand from hence, how many words, made use of by *Ennius* and *Attius*, are now grown obsolete; when even from *Virgil*, who is daily in the hands of every one, some word or other is continually lost.

What means, you say, this preamble? whither does it tend? I will tell you. I desire to make use of the word, *Essentia* (*d*), (*Essence*), whether it does or does not offend your ear: I have the authority of *Cicero* for it; and I think you will not dispute *that* being a rich one: but if you require a more modern example, I can produce you *Fabian* (*f*); that eloquent and graceful orator, sometimes so very nice in the choice of his words, as to create disgust: For what must we do, my *Lucilius*? How otherwise shall I express the Greek word *ἄνα*, (*i*) *something necessary, comprehending nature, and the foundation of all things*? I beg your permission therefore to use this word; and I will endeavour to be as sparing as possible of such permission, and perhaps be contented with that alone. But be as kind, and easy as you will, what will it signify, if, after all, I cannot sufficiently express the word in *Latin*, and therefore have started this quarrel with our tongue? And you will condemn the scantiness of it the more, when I tell you there is a word of
one

one syllable, which I know not how to translate; would you know what it is? τὸ ὄν, (*Being*)—you may think me perhaps a little too nice, or somewhat dull; since it may be done very easily by rendering it, *Quod est*, (*what is*). But I plainly perceive there is a difference; since I am oblig'd to make use of a verb for a noun: but if it must be so take it as it is; *Quod est*. Now a friend of mine, a most learned man, told me, this very day, that *Plato* had applied this word six different ways: I will explain them all to you having first premised, that it is a *Genus*: now a *Genus* is that upon which the several *Species* depend; from which every division is formed, and under which all things are comprised. And if we enquire after the first *Genus*, we shall find it by proceeding upwards from the several particulars; as thus, man is a *Species*; horse is a *Species*; dog is a *Species*. Therefore some common tie or connexion is to be sought, which comprehends them all, and subjects them to itself; and what is that? *Animal*: therefore *Animal* is the *Genus* of all the things aforementioned, man, horse, dog. But there are some things that are *Animated*, and yet are not *Animals*. For plants and shrubs have an *Anima*, (*a principle of life*) in them; and accordingly we say, they *live*, they *die*. Therefore *animantia*, *things having life*, will hold superior rank, because both *Animals* and *Plants* are in this class. Other things want this principle of life, as stones: therefore there is something that claims a place before the *Animantia*, and that is *Body*; and this too is divisible into bodies *Animate*, and *Inanimate*: there is even something before *Body*; for we say some things are *Corporeal* and some *Incorporeal*: what is it then from whence all things are deduced? Why it is that, to which we have given but an improper name, *Quod est*, (*what is*): for thus may it be divided into *species*; *whatever is*, is *Corporeal* or *Incorporeal*; this then is the first, most ancient, and, if I may so speak, *General Genus*.

There are other kinds of *Genus*, but they are *Special*; as, *man* is a *Genus (b)*; for he contains in himself the *Species* of nations; as *Greeks*, *Romans*, *Parthians*;—of colours, as black, white, brown;—of individuals, as, *Cato*, *Cicero*, *Lucretius*: therefore as it contains many things it is a *Genus*; but as subject to something else, it comes under the name
of

of *Species*. The *Genus*, that I call *General*, hath nothing above it; it is the beginning of all things; it has all things under it. Some stoics indeed are for raising another *Genus* above this, still more principal; of which I shall speak presently, having shewn you that the *Genus* I am treating of, deserves absolutely the first rank, since it is so capacious, as to compass all things in itself. I divide *Quod est*, (*that which is*), into two *Species*, corporeal and incorporeal: there is no third. I divide *Body* into animate or inanimate: again, I divide *Animantia* (*things having life*) into such as have *Animum*, (*a mind or soul*) and such as have only *animam*, (*a principle of life*): or thus, some things have a faculty, whereby they walk, and pass along; while other are fixed in the earth, and grow, and are nourished by their roots: again, I divide *Animals* into mortal, and immortal. But some stoics seem to suppose a still higher *Genus*, τὸ τιτιδδαν, *Somewhat or Thing*), which is thus accounted for: they say, in the nature of things, some have a being, and some have not; and that such as have not, are still in the nature of things which occur to the mind; as *Centaur*s, *Giants*, and whatever else is formed by a false imagination, and find a resemblance in the mind though in reality it hath no substance,

I now return to what I before promised; to shew you the six several modes or ways into which *Plato* divides *the things that are*: the first kind of *Quod est*, (*that which is*) is not to be comprehended by the touch, or sight, or any of the senses, but only in *Mind* or *Thought*; because taken *generally*; as man *in general*, is not an object of sight, but a *special* or particular man is, as *Cæsar*, or *Cato*. *Animal*, is not seen but in the imagination, but the species is seen (*i*); in an horse, or dog. In the next place of *the things that are*, *Plato* subjoins that which excels and transcends all other things; this, he says, is *by way of eminence*; as the word, *Poet*: which indeed is the common name of all versifiers, but among the Greeks it dignifies but one man; as when it is said, *the poet*, you must understand thereby *Homer* (*k*). And what is this? *GOD*, who is greater than, and far above, all things (*l*). A third kind is of those things, which are properly *in being*; and these are innumerable, but placed far beyond our sight: they are the peculiar furniture of *Plato*;

he calls them ideas (*m*); from whence all things were made that are made, and according to which they have all their form; and these are immortal, immutable, inviolable. Now, an *Idea*, or rather what *Plato* calls by this name, is this: *the eternal exemplar of all the things that are made in nature*: but I will explain this definition, to make the thing still clearer to you: I have a mind, suppose, to draw your picture: I take *you* then as a pattern of what I intend to draw; and from this pattern the *mind* gets a certain form, upon which it frames its work: now, this form or pattern which instructs me, and from which all imitation is borrowed, is an *Idea*.

Such exemplars are infinite in the nature of things, as of men, birds, fishes; according to which every thing she intends to make, or that is to be made, is formed.—The εἶδος (*idos*, *image or resemblance*) hath the fourth place: pray attend to what is meant by this word, and impute it to *Plato*, not to me, if you find any difficulty in comprehending these matters: there must needs be some difficulty, in all such abstruse and subtil points. I before made use of a pourtrait by some painter, who when he would draw a *Virgil*, to the life, suppose in colours, looked stedfastly at him: now, the face or form of *Virgil*, the pattern of the work to be formed was an *Idea*; but what the artist took from him, and delineated upon the canvas, is the εἶδος (*idos*). Do you desire to know the difference? The one is the pattern; the other is the form, taken from this pattern, and joined to the piece in hand: the artist imitates the one; but forms the other. A statue likewise hath a certain face or appearance; this is the *Idos*; and the pattern itself hath a certain face or appearance, which the statuary observing, he from thence makes the statue; this is an *Idea*. Or, to give you another distinction; the *Idos* is *in* the work; the *Idea* is *out* of it; nor is it only out of it, but *before the work was*.—The fifth kind is of those things that are in common, pertaining to us; they are indeed all things as men, cattle, and the like. The sixth is of those things, which seem, or are, but, as it were, in being; as a *Vacuum*, *Time*, &c.

Whatever we see, or touch, *Plato* reckons not among those things that can properly be said *to be*: because they are upon the continual

float, and are subject to daily diminution and addition. No one is the *same* man, in old age, as he was in youth; no one is the same in the morning, that he was yesterday; our bodies are carried away as a river: all that you see runs down with time: nothing still remains the same: even while I say these things are changed, I am changed myself. This is what *Heraclitus* means, when he says, *we go not twice into the same River (n)*. The River still keeps its name; but the water passeth away. This indeed is more manifest in a river than in man; but yet as swift a course carries us likewise away; and therefore I am surpris'd at our folly in being fond of so fleeting a thing as is the body; and in perpetual fear, lest we should die one day or other, when every moment is the death of our former habit of body (*o*); and can you be afraid, *Lucilius*, lest that should happen some time or other, which happens every day? What I have said, relates to man, compos'd of matter, fleeting, frail, and subject to variety of accidents. But the world likewise, eternal as it may be and invincible, is still for ever changing, and remains not the same a moment; for tho' it may have all things in it, it ever had; it possesseth them not in the same manner; the whole order is continually changed (*p*).

Do you ask me what all this subtilty profits a man? Truly, I think, nothing: but as an engraver, when he has long been poring over his work, and tired his eyes; takes them off, and gives them rest a while; in order to indulge, and strengthen them, as they say; so we ought sometimes to unbend the mind and refresh it with certain amusements: not but that amusements may be work; and even from these, due observation may pick out something that may be turned to good account. This my, *Lucilius*, is what I practise myself: from whatever I read, however remote it may be, from philosophy (*q*), I endeavour to extract something that may be useful. But what, you will say, do I gain from the dry subjects I have been treating of, so distant from a reformation of manners? How can *Platonic Ideas* make me a whit the better man? What can I extract from these towards restraining my passions? Why, this; forasmuch as *Plato* denies, that all such things as are subservient to the senses, and which incite and provoke the passions, are of a class with those which come under the name of truth: they are all imaginary
therefore,

therefore, and only make their appearance for a time; there is nothing stable, or solid: and yet we desire them as if they were always permanent, and we could have them always in possession.

Weak and frail, we subsist, as it were by intervals: let us set our minds then upon the things that are eternal (*r*): let us admire the universal forms of things, flying on high; and *God* in the midst of them; disposing all things as it seemeth best, and providing, (as he could not make them immortal, because formed of matter) (*s*) that they perish not in death, but through his wisdom overcome the malignity of body: for all things remain, not because they are eternal, but because they are under the care and protection of an Almighty governour: things immortal in their own nature stand not in need of a guardian; but mortal things are preserved by the hand that made them, surmounting the frailty of the materials by his almighty power (*t*).

Let us despise the things, which are so far from being precious that it is a doubt whether they are at all: at the same time let us think, that, if divine providence is pleased to deliver the world, (not less mortal than ourselves) from danger and destruction, our own care and forecast may in some measure contribute to prolong our days, and keep up this little tenement; provided we can govern and restrain the fond passions, that bring untimely ruin on the greater part of mankind. *Plato* lived to a good old age by his prudence: he was favoured indeed with a strong constitution, and took his name from the breadth of his chest (*u*); but voyages and perils had greatly lower'd his strength; temperance however, and moderation of those things that are apt to provoke desire, and a diligent regard for the preservation of health, lengthen'd his days, notwithstanding the many rubs he had met with in the course of his life: for, I think, you know this, that he lived exactly to complete his *eighty first year*, dying on his birth day (*w*): wherefore certain magi or *Wisemen*, who were then at *Athens*, did sacrifice to him after his decease, thinking him something more than man, who had so completely finished the most perfect *climacteric*, nine multiplied by nine: tho' I believe *Plato* would not have scrupled to have remitted a few days of that sum, as also

the sacrifice. frugality and temperance are, no doubt, the great preservatives of old age; which, as I think it is not greatly to be coveted, is not to be refused (*x*): it is pleasant to dwell as long as possible with one's self; especially when a man has rendered himself worthy of self-enjoyment.

Therefore let us examine this point (*y*): whether it be right to disdain the extremities of old age, and not wait the issue, but forcibly close the scene. He is not far from a coward, who chuses to linger out his fate; as a man must be a sot, who drains the pitcher, and drinks up the very dregs; yet this must likewise be enquired into; whether the last stage of life can properly be called the *dregs* (*z*); and whether it may not be the most pure, and clearest part of it; at least if the intellect hath received no injury; and the senses, still perfect, entertain the mind; or the body hath no paralytic disorder, or other extraordinary defect: but there is some difference between a man's prolonging his life, or his death: for if the body is become useless, and incapable of its functions, why should any one desire to retain the reluctant soul? *Perhaps* it ought to be let loose, before it comes to this pass, lest you should not then be able to do it, when you were so inclined. If there is greater danger of living wretchedly than of dying soon, I should think him a silly man, who would not stand the chance of so great a benefit, at the expence of a few days. Few come to their death-bed, even in very old age, without having received some injury: a listless indolence of no service to itself or others hath affected many: how then can you think it hard or cruel to lose something of life, were it to be put an end to? Hear me not with regret, as if this my opinion had any reference to you; but weigh well what I say. I will not quarrel with, or forsake, my old age, so long as it preserves me whole to myself; I mean whole in that better part of me, the mind. But if it hath begun to impair my understanding, and to dull my senses; if it hath scarce left any life, but a soul only, I should gladly leap out of such a rotten and ruinous tenement (*aa*): neither would I seek death, to escape a disease, provided it were curable, and not prejudicial to the mind: nor should pain alone, make me have recourse to violence; for, so to die would be to own
myself

myself conquered; but if I *know* I must for ever suffer such a violent disease (*bb*); I should desire to go, not on account of the disease, but because it proved a let or hindrance to the enjoyment of every thing for which we live. He is a weak man and a coward who dies for fear of pain; and he is a fool, who chuses to live in the certain sufferance of it.

But I grow tedious; tho' I have matter enough on this subject to spin out the whole day. And how can he pretend to talk of putting an end to his life who knows not how to put an end to an epistle? So, *farewell*. Which I fancy you had rather read, than a discourse concerning nothing but death.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Quanta verborum nobis paupertas, imò egestas fit.*—So *Pliny* (Ep. IV. 18.) *Inopiâ ac potius ut Lucretius ait, hac egestate patrii sermonis,*—*And by the want, or rather the poverty of our native tongue.* *Orrery.* Where I would chuse, by his Lordship's leave, to transpose the words *want* and *poverty*; as the former is by much the stronger word. Ep. 17. *Non est quod paupertas nos a philosophiâ revocet, nec egestas quidem.* A man may be *poor*, and yet not in *want*.

Non est paupertas, Nestor, habere nihil. Martial.

The words referred to in *Lucretius* are,

Nunc et Anaxagoræ scrutemur Homæomeriam
 Quam Græci memorant, nec nostrâ dicere linguâ
 Concedit nobis patrii sermonis egestas. l. 830.
 Next let's examine with a curious eye,
Anaxagoras's philosophy,
 By copious *Greece*, term'd *Homæomery*;
 For which our Latin language, poor in words,
 Not one expressive single voice affords. *Græsch.*

The like in III. 260——*rationem reddere aventem*

Abstrahit invitum patrii sermonis egestas.
Fain would I give the cause, was not my song
Check'd by the poorness of the Latin tongue.

(b) *Cernere ferro.* *Servius* acknowledgeth, and confirms this reading; and *Muretus* proves the use of the word *cernere* from *Attius* and *Plautus*. *Pierius*, however, and some moderns contend for *decernere*; absurdly enough! (was the verse to have continued found) against the testimony of *Servius*, and even this of *Seneca* himself.

* The Roman King beholds with wond'ring sight
 Two mighty champions match'd in single fight;
 Born under climes remote, and brought by Fate,
 With swords to try their title in the state.—*Dryden.*

(c) So, capfis, for capueris. Cic. (de Leg. II.) noxiet for nocuerit. Lucilius, &c. See Turneb. Adverf. XV. 15.

(d) Effentiam.] It feems we owe this word to the fagacity of Muretus, all the books before having it *quid fentiam*.

(e) Sidon. Apoll. Lecturus es hic novum verbum *effentiam*; fed fcias hoc ipfum dixiffe Ciceronem.

(f) Fabian.] The fame whom Fabius means by *Flavius*;—Ufiam, quam *Flavius Effentiam* vocat.—His name was, *Serv. Flavius Papinius Fabianus*.

(g) All things fpring from *Oufia* (Ufia) i. e. *God* and *Nature*. Lipf.—*Perionius* thought the word *Natura* would fufficiently exprefs the Greek *Oufia*, which, if fuitable in fome instances, can never be allowed in philofophical difputations, as *Oufia* and *φουσις*, ftrictly fpeaking, fignify very different things. Nor would it be better expreffed by the word *Subftantia*: for when rightly diftinguifhed *ὑπαρξις*, i. e. *Subftantia*, and *Oufia*, (*εἶναι* and *ὑπαρχειν*) have a feveral meaning. No *Latin* word therefore feems more proper to exprefs the Gr. *Oufia* than *Effentia*. Muret.

(h) Homo genus eft] Nay, rather *the moft fpecial* fpecies. εἶδος εἰδικωτατον. For neither are thefe, here mentioned, *Greeks, Romans, Parthians*, different *fpecies* of men; nor does the difference of individuals confift in a difference of fpecies, but of number. *Seneca* therefore we muft own is fomething deficient in thefe niceties; nor indeed were the writings of *Aristotle*, who alone is exquisitely accurate in thefe points fo generally known, or ftudied, in thofe days as they have been fince. *Muret*. And *Lipfius* thinks that *Seneca* moft probably here follows the logic of *Cbryfippus*; which is now quite out of date.

(i) Neither is the *fpecies* properly faid to be feen: but *this horfe* or *this dog*.

(k) Cicero (in topicis)—*Homerus'* propter excellentiam, commune poetarum nomen effecit apud Græcos fuum.

(l) For *God* alone is Πηγὴ πάσης τῆς ἕσις, *the Fountain of all Being*. According to the name *God* is pleafed to affume in Holy Writ, Εγὼ εἰμι ὁ ὢν. *I am That I am*. Exod. III. 14.

(m) Ep. 65. Hæc exemplaria rerum omnium Deus intra fe habet, &c. *The exemplars of all things in the world God hath in his mind,—which Plato calls Ideas, immortal, immutable, indefatigable.*—*Boethius* (de Confol. III.)

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas
Terrarum cœlique fator,—Tu cuncta superno
Ducis ab exemplo, pulchrum pulcherrimus ipse
Mundum menté gerens, fimilique in imagine formans,
Perfectasque jubes perfectum abfolvere partes.

O thou Father, Sovereine of heaven,
And of earthes, that governeft this world
By perdurable reason—Thou that are older faireft,
Bearing the fayre world in thy thought,
Formedft this world to thy likenes fembable,
Of that fayre world in thy thoughts;
Thou draweft all things on thy foveraine enfeplar,
And commandeft that this world perfectly ymakid,
Have freely and absolute his perfite parties. Chaucer.

Ideas] Plato; *Originales rerum fpecies* Macrobius; *Principales formas* Claud. Mamertus dixit; et *Aufonius datas formas*, i. e. rebus a Deo impreffas. Vid. Lipf. *Phyf.* II. 3.

(n) Plato in *Cratylo*. λεγει Που Ηρακλειτος, ὅτι παντα ῥῆι, και ουδεν μενει. κ. τ. λ.

(o) See Ep. 1. 8. 24. (N. 1.)

(p) *And they that use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.* I Cor. 7. 41.

(q) *Philosophy, viz. moral.* Which is always meant by way of eminence.

(r) *Set your mind on things above, not on things on the earth.* Col. iii. 2. *While we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.* 2 Cor. iv. 18. See Ep. 17. 65.

(s) 'Twas an absurd and wicked opinion of the ancients, *that God of his goodness would have all things immortal, but that it was not in his power so to do, on account of the perishable nature of the materials.* As if that God who made all other things had not likewise created matter. More rightly therefore *Lactantius*, *Idem materiæ factor est, et rerum materiâ constantium; The same God, who formed things of matter, formed likewise matter itself.* Ps. 148. 1, 6. If. 40. 26, 42. 5. 43, 12, 19. 1. 16. Rev. 10, 6.

(t) *Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created, and thou renewest the face of the earth.* Ps. 104, 30.

(u) He was before called by his grandfather's name, *Aristocles*, but *Plato* from the Gr. Πλατὺς (*broad*) Epp. 47. Much the same that is here said of *Plato*, is recorded of *Herodicus Selimbrianus* by *Plato* himself, and by *Aristotle* and *Plutarch*. And *Muretus* likewise tells us of one *Alvifius Cornelius*, a *Venetian*, who by temperance and sobriety restored his constitution, though miserably shattered by a loose and debauched life, and given over by his physicians; but by a steady resolution in the observation of a regular and moderate diet, gentle exercise, freedom from anxiety, chearful conversation with his friends, and other innocent amusements, he so recovered as to outlive the physicians themselves, and to reach an extreme old age. But the most extraordinary instance of this kind is the famous *Cornaro* of the same country; whose history is well known.

(w) *Thurgelioris septimo die, (May 7th) A. M. 3522.) al. February 7th.* Plut. Sympos, viii. 1.

(x) *Happy is the man, who, by the blessing of God, can say, Experto credite.*

(y) See it more fully examined in *Lips. Manud.* III. 22, 23. And as *Seneca* here at least speaks doubtfully, but seems rather to reprove the false courage of the Stoic, in this respect, than encourage it, we need not be apprehensive of any mischief: I shall reserve what I have further to say on this subject 'till we meet with something more flagrant, (Epp. 70. 78) in the mean while referring the reader to Epp. 24. q.) 26. (N. d.) 30. 50.

(z) See Ep. I. (N. m.)

(aa) *And who would not, if providence so willed?* The same is quoted, both by *Muretus* and *Lipfius*, of *Gorgias Leontinus* in *Stobæ.* Serm. cxviii.

(bb) *But what mortal can know that? Who can tell what God, with whom nothing is impossible, may be pleased to do for one, even in the last extremity? The Christian therefore would scorn to make such a supposition.*

EPISTLE LIX.

On Joy and Pleasure. A good Conscience the only true Joy.

I RECEIVED great *pleasure*, *Lucilius*, from your epistle: for, give me leave to use the word in its common acceptation, without wresting it to a stoical sense; according to *their* doctrine indeed *pleasure* is *vice*: it may be so; but the word is commonly used to signify a *cheerful disposition of the mind*. I know, I say, that the word *pleasure*, (if brought to *our* standard) is used in a bad sense, and *joy* only allowed to *the wise man* (*a*): for 'tis the elevation of a mind, that confides in its own superlative worth and strength: yet, vulgarly speaking, we say, we had great *joy* in such a one's being chosen consul, or in a marriage, or at the birth of a son; which are so far from deserving the constant name of *joy*, that they often prove the beginnings of sorrow. It is the property of true *joy*, never to cease, or to be changed into the contrary. Therefore our *Virgil*, when he says,—*Et mala mentis gaudia* (*b*) may speak elegantly, but not very accurately, because there can be no *joy* in what is *evil*: he gave this name to certain *pleasures*, and hath expressed what he intended; for he meant to shew that some men are joyous in their *evil* doings. I did not however speak improperly when I said, I received *pleasure* from your epistle. For tho' a plain simple man may well rejoice occasionally, yet as this affection is irregular and changeable, I call it *pleasure* indeed, but such a one, as, being raised upon the opinion of imaginary good, may be immoderate, unreasonable.

But to return: I will tell you what pleased me in your epistle. You have words at your command; yet are not proud of speech, or apt to run on further than you designed; there are many, who are induced to write more than they intended, being tempted by the elegance of some pleasing phrase: but it is not so with you: all is close, and to the purpose:
you

you say as much as you think proper; and yet mean more than you say: this is a sign of great sufficiency; it shews that the mind delights in nothing that is superfluous; nothing that is vain, or bombast: I find indeed some metaphorical expressions; but they are not too bold, nor inelegant; having stood the test of the judicious; I find also some strong images and comparisons; which if any one forbids us to use, and thinks them allowable only to *poets*; he seems to me not to have read any of those ancient authors, who had not as yet affected a smooth and plausible way of speaking: they who spoke in a simple style, and aimed at demonstration generally used *parables* (*c*); which I think necessary, not only as the poets used them, for decoration, but as helps to our weakness, and to tie down, as it were, both the hearer and the speaker to the point in question. But especially when I read *Sextius* (*d*), a smart writer, philosophically displaying *Roman* morals in the *Greek* Tongue (*e*), I am pleased with that *simile* of his; that as an army forms itself into a square (*f*), when an attack is expected from an enemy on every side; so, says he, ought a wise man to act; he must draw out all his virtues on every side (*g*); that whenever any danger threatens, he may be provided with a defence; and that without any disorder they may obey the word of command: as we see in a well-disciplined army, how attentive all the forces are to the orders of their principal officers; being so disposed, that a signal given by one of them, immediately takes place both in horse and foot: this, saith *Sextius*, is much more requisite in our conduct: for in the field, it often happens, for men to be afraid of an enemy without cause; and nothing turns out safer than a way that has been most suspected: but folly is always under alarms: terror attacks it both from above and below: it trembles on every side; dangers both pursue and meet it; every thing is dreaded; it is always unprepared, and even terrified at the beat of its allies.

Whereas the *wise man*, guarded and prepared against every attack, draws not back his foot, whether poverty or sorrow, or ignominy, or pain, assail him: undaunted he stands amidst all these, and strenuously opposes them. For our parts, many things chain us down; many things enfeeble us; we have been long dead in sin (*b*): it is a difficult matter to wash and be clean; for we are not stained, but infected.

But not to run on in this manner, from one metaphor to another, I shall now enquire into what I have been long considering, *whence it is that Folly gets such strong hold of us*,—And it must be, *first*, because we do not valiantly repel it, nor exert our whole strength for our recovery. And next, because those things, which the sons of wisdom in former times devised for our good, have not obtained sufficient credit with us; we receive them not cordially; paying but a slight regard to things of so great importance: how can any one acquire sufficient strength to oppose the whole band of vices, who makes it his study only at leisure hours? We none of us go to the bottom, but still dwell upon the surface: and think we have taken full pains enough if we have bestowed a little time on the study of philosophy. And this moreover is a particular hindrance to us; *we are soon satisfied with ourselves*;—if we meet with those who are pleased to compliment us with the appellations of *good men*, prudent and devout, we really think we are so; nor are we contented with moderate commendation; but whatever encomiums shameless flattery thinks proper to bestow upon us, we think them all our due (*i*). We easily give our assent to those who affirm that we are the wisest and best of men, though we know they are not always given to speak truth: and are even so indulgent to ourselves, as to wish to be praised for that, the contrary of which we know ourselves to be extremely guilty of: are we cruel? we would fain be cried up for our humanity: do we live upon rapine? we desire to be thought liberal; and temperate, though ever so great sots and debauchees. *Alexander*, when he was roving through *India*, and laying waste, by war, nations, that were scarce known to their neighbours, as he was besieging a certain city, and looking out for the easiest place to make a breach, was struck with an arrow; yet, while warm, he persevered, and went on with his enterprize; but soon after, (when, the blood being stanch'd, the wound began to fester and grow painful; and his leg, as it hung down from the horse was gradually benumb'd) being forced to alight, he thus exclaimed; *All men swear, I am the son of Jupiter, but this wound sufficiently testifieth that I am no more than man* (*k*). Let us do the same thing, when flattery, according to our quality, plays the fool with us; and congratulates us upon our abilities: let us say; *you indeed are pleased to call me wise and prudent; but I know*

know myself better; I covet many uselefs, I wish for many hurtful things; and while every brute animal knows from satiety the due measure of eating and drinking, I know it not myself with all my wisdom.

I will now shew you, *Lucilius*, how you may know whether you are truly wise, or not. A wise man is one who full of joy, lives as happy in his condition, as the gods can do in theirs, ever chearful, placid, and unshaken (1). Now consult your own bosom; if you are never depressed with sorrow; nor elevated with hope, in painful expectation of some future good; if both night and day you enjoy an equal tenour of mind; sublime, and full of complacency; you are then arrived at the summit of human felicity.

But if you covet pleasures and pursue them every where, and in every manner; you are as far estranged from *wisdom*, as from *joy*: this is what you propose and desire to attain, but you are mistaken if you think it attainable by riches: or do you seek *joy* amidst the highest honours, I should rather say, amidst cares and troubles? Pursuits of this kind as productive of mirth and pleasure, are generally the causes of pain and grief. All men, I say, are in pursuit of *joy*, but are quite ignorant how to attain that which is truly great and lasting. One man thinks to find it in banquetings and luxury: another in the flights of ambition, and a fawning crowd of clients; another from a kind mistress; another from a vain ostentation of learning, and such studies as avail nothing towards healing the soul. Short and treacherous delights deceive the heart, like drunkenness; which pays for the merry madness of an hour, with sickness and irksome loathing of a day or more: or like the popular and vulgar acclamations, which are not to be purchased or made satisfaction for, but with great loss and pains. Think therefore O *Lucilius*, and be assured that the effect of wisdom is constant *joy*: such is the mind of a wise man, as is the region above the moon, perpetually fair and serene (m¹).

This is therefore a sufficient inducement to study wisdom: because it is never without joy; *that joy* which ever springs from a consciousness of virtue: no one can taste *joy* but the brave, the just, the temperate.

What then, you will say, do fools and bad men never *rejoice*? Yes, as the lions do, over their prey. When men have fatigued themselves with a debauch, when they have spent the whole night in drinking,—when their pleasures, having charged the little body with more than it can hold, begin to suppurate; then it is the wretches exclaim, in that verse of *Virgil*, (6. 513.) *Namque ut supremum falsa inter gaudia noctem.*

Egerimus nosti:—

*You know, that dismal night in joys we past,
And never thought it was to be our last.*

Thus the luxurious spend their time *amid false joys*, and pretend to indulge every night as if it were their last. But the joy which the gods, and godlike-men taste, is never interrupted, never ceaseth: it would cease, if it were borrowed from without; but as it is not dependent upon the bounty, so neither is it upon the will, of another. Fortune cannot take away, what she hath not given.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) With regard to this distinction between *gaudium* (*joy*) and *voluptas* aut *lætitia* (*pleasure or mirth*) *Cicero* (*Tusc. IV.*) ut *confidere* decet, *timere* non decet, sic *quidem gaudere* decet, *lætari* non decet. *As a rational assurance becomes a wise man, but not fear; so does joy, but not merriness.* And *Muretus* quotes a verse from *Afranius* (*if it is not his own*, says *Lipfius*).

Gaudebit sapiens, lætabuntur cæteri.

Others are merry, but the wise rejoice.—See *Ep. 23.* (N. b.) 72.

(b) *Virg. 6. 278.*—*The guilty joys of a perturbed mind.*

(c) Thus besides those things which our *Saviour* concealed under types and figures, he was pleased to express others in *parables*, as the calling of the Gentiles in the parable of the householder. *Matth. x. 5. 6.* And the rejection of the *Jews*, under the parable of persons invited to a marriage feast, who would not come. *Matth. xxi. 1.*

(d) *Q. Sextius.* There were two of this name, both very eminent philosophers, father and son. The father born in the reign of *Augustus*, and supposed the author of a new sect; but was rather the restorer of the *Pythagorean* doctrine. See *Lipf. Manud. I. 5, 18.* *Plutarch* mentions his *quitting all offices and places of honour, that he might the more freely, and without disturbance apply himself to the study of philosophy.* (On man's progress in virtue.)—See also *Ep. 64, 73.* *Plin. xvii. 28.*

(e) He studied and wrote while at *Athens*.

(f) See this fully explained in *Lipf. de Militia, l. v.*

(g) Something like this we meet with in that beautiful metaphor of *St. Paul*: *Take unto ye the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, having your loins girt about with truth; and having on the breast-plate of righteousness. Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.* *Ephes. vi. 11, 18.*

(b) *Diu*

(b) *Diu in istis vitiis jacuimus.*] *And you bask be quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins, wherein in time past we walked according to the course of this world, &c.* Ephes. ii. 1, 5. Col. ii. 13.

“(i) There is no turn of mind so liable to be tainted by this sort of poison as a disposition to entertain too high conceit of one’s merit, &c. *Cic. Læl. p. 132.*—“But into snares of this kind, those men can never fall, who in obedience to the famous Oracle, study to *know themselves*. They will discover such mixture of frailties, follies and vices, blended with their virtues; and will find upon a review of their conduct, so many humiliating occasions of self-condemnation, as cannot fail of rendering them firm and inaccessible against the dangerous approaches of adulation. It was, from this just sense of human imperfections, that *Alexander* used to say, his animal appetites, together with his constantly standing in need of being repaired by sleep, were two circumstances (to which we may add a third from this Epistle) that sufficiently secured him from the flattery of those base courtiers, who endeavoured to persuade him *he was more than man*. *Plut. ib. N.*

(k) *Q. Curtius, l. viii.*—*Arrian* says, he was wounded (in malleolo pedis) in the ankle. *Curtius, (in furâ) in the calf.*

(l) See *Epp. 9. 31. 68. 71. Lips. Manud. iii. 14.*

(m) *Sen. de Ira. iii. 6. Lucan ii. 269,*

Fulminibus propior terræ succenditur aër,
Imaque telluris ventos, tractusque coruscus
Flammarum accipiunt: nubes excedit Olympus
Lege Deûm. Minimas rerum discordia turbat,
Pacem summa tenent.—

*So in eternal steady motion, roll
The radiant spheres around the starry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter’s storm,
Earth and the lower face of heav’n deform,
Whilst all by nature’s laws is calm above;
No tempest rages in the court of Jove.—Rowe.*

EPISTLE LX.

*On vulgar Wishes and Luxury. **

I COMPLAIN, I wrangle, I am quite angry. Do you still wish, *Lucilius*, for what your nurse, or your tutor, or a fond mother wished for you? Alas! you know not what evils they pray’d for; how inimical to our peace and happiness are the wishes of our friends; and the more so,

when they happily succeed (*a*)? I do not at all wonder, that all manner of evils attend us from our very childhood. We grow up, under the *involuntary* curses of our parents.

Let the gods at length hear our disinterested prayer (*b*): how long must we importune them for something *extraordinary*, for our support? How long shall we fill all the fields around our great cities with tillage? How long must a whole province mow for us? How long shall a fleet of ships, from more than one sea, be scarce sufficient to supply the table of one man? The ox is satisfied with the pasture of a few acres: one forest sufficeth for the maintenance of many elephants: but men must be pamper'd with the produce both of sea and land.—Hath nature then given us such an insatiable paunch, with so small a body, that we should surpass the greediness of the largest and most voracious animals? No: for how little falls to the share of nature! and indeed she requires but little. It is not the hunger of the belly, that puts us to this expence, but ambition, pride and luxury. These belly-mongers, therefore, as *Sallust* says (*c*), let us rank among the number of beasts not of men; and some of them not even among animals; but among the dead. *That* man only lives who is employ'd in some useful exercise: such as conceal themselves in indolence, make a grave of their home: you may very justly fix an inscription in marble over their doors; (*hic situs est*—) for they have forestalled their own death.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* This Epistle and the two following *Muretus* supposes not to be entire, but only mere fragments of Epistles. *Lipsius* on the contrary thinks them entire, and looks upon them as certain thoughts or reveries of *Seneca*, which he was pleas'd to publish under the title of Epistles. And, surely, as far as they go, they are equal to the rest.

(a) ——— Pauci dignoscere possunt
 Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ
 Erroris nebulâ. Quid enim ratione timemus
 Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
 Conatûs non pœniteat votique peracti?
 Evertère domos totas optantibus ipsis
 Dii faciles.—*Juv.* x. 3. (f. operantibus.)

*Look round the habitable world; how few
Know their own good, or knowing it pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our lives appears,
So well design'd, so luckily begun;
But when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses of their whole desire possess,
Are often ruin'd at their own request.* Dryden.

(b) —

Si consilium vis
Permites ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. *Juv. x. 346.*

*Receive my counsel, (and your wisdom prove)
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excell;
O that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!* Dryden.

And what says St. Peter in this respect? *Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time, casting your care upon him, for he careth for you.* i. Pet. v. 6. See also Ps. lv. 22. Matth. vi. 25. Sam. iv. 10.

(c) *Omnes homines qui sese student præstare cæteris animalibus summâ opè niti decet. Ne vitam silentio transeant, veluti pecora, quæ natura prona, atque ventri obedientia finxit.* Sall. Bel. Civ. *It is necessary for all men, who would fain excel other animals, strenuously to avoid passing their lives in obscurity and silence, ever growling and intent upon their food. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly.* Rom. xvi. 18. *Whose God is their belly; whose end is destruction.* Phil. iii. 19. See the foregoing verse.

(d) See Ep. 55.

EPISTLE LXI.

On Old Age and Death.

LET us no longer indulge the will. I follow this maxim, *Lucilius*, that, now being old, I may not seem to hanker after those things which pleased me when I was a boy (a). Night and day this is my task, at least

this is my intention; to reform every evil way. And this I do, that one day may be as a whole life; not that I indeed take it for my last; but look upon it, as what possibly may prove so. In such a disposition of mind, I now write this epistle to you, as if death was to call upon me before I had finished it. Be it so; I am ready to attend him; and therefore truly enjoy life; because it is of little concern to me, how far death is off.—Before old age, my study and care was to live well; and now in old age, it is to die well; but to die well, is to die willingly.

Endeavour, *Lucilius*, to bring yourself to such a pass, as to do and suffer nothing unwillingly: *what must be, must be*: necessity is applicable to one that maketh resistance, not to the willing: there is no necessity, where the will submits: he that willingly receives a command, takes off the severest part of servitude, *viz.* the doing that which he would not: it is not obedience to a command, that makes a man miserable, but repugnancy. Therefore let us so compose the mind, that whatever exigence happens, we may meet it willingly; and especially let us think on our latter end without regret or sorrow (*b*). We must provide for death sooner than life: life is sufficiently provided for; but we are still greedy of further means: something seems still to be wanting, and will ever seem so: it is not in the power of days or years to satisfy us with life (*c*); this depends upon the disposition of the mind. I have lived, dearest *Lucilius*, *enough*, and to my satisfaction: and now, satiated, as it were, with life, I expect, and with calm resignation, *wait for death*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) So St. Paul; *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things.* 1 Cor. 13, 11.

(b) O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter-end!—Deut. xxxiii. 29.

(c) Sed omnia perfructus vitæ præmia, marces :
Sed quia semper aves quod abest, præsentia temnis :
Imperfecta tibi elapsa est, ingrataque vita,
Et nec-opinanti mors ad caput adstitit ante
Quàm Satur, ac plenus possis discedere rerum. Lucr. iii. 970.
*If old, thou hast enjoy'd the mighty store
Of gay delights, and now canst taste no more.*

*But yet, because you still desir'd to meet
The absent, and contemn'd the present sweet,
Death seems unwelcome, and thy race half run;
The course of life seems ended when begun:
And unexpected hasty death destroys,
Before the greedy mind is full of joys.* Creech.

*Inde fit ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat, uti conviva sature, reperire queamus.* Hor. Sat. I. i. 117.

*From hence how few, like fated guests, depart
From life's full banquet with a chearful heart?* Francis.

Who adds by way of Note, "Perhaps our poet had in view an expression of *Aristotle*, we should "go out of life, as we ought to rise from a banquet, neither thirsty nor full of wine." See Ep. 30. N. h. i.)

E P I S T L E LXII.

On Business and Study.

THEY talk at random, *Lucilius*, who say, that a multiplicity of affairs prevents their application to the liberal arts: they only pretend to business, or encrease it voluntarily, by continually making business for themselves. But I am happily discharged, my *Lucilius*; I am quite at leisure; and be where I will, I am my own master: for I give not myself up to common affairs, but attend them occasionally: I hunt not after excuses for losing my time: and wherever my situation is, there I continually exercise my meditations, and reflect upon somewhat that may prove salutary to the mind. When I join my friends, I am not the more absent from myself: nor do I tarry long with those, whom I chance to meet at any time, or whom duty obliges me to attend. I am with all good men: these I make my companions in whatever place, or in whatever age they live. I always carry *Demetrius*, best of men, along with me; and leaving those that are array'd in purple, I converse with him half-naked, as he is, and admire him. Why should I not? I saw that he wanted nothing.

Any

Any one may *despise* all things; but no one can *have* all things. The shortest way to riches then, is to despise them (*a*). But our *Demetrius* lives so, not as if he despised all things, but as if (*being a King or master of them*) he grudged not others the use of them.

ANNOTATIONS, &c;

(*a*) See Ep. 73. (N. b.)

EPISTLE LXIII.

Consolatory on the Death of a Friend.

I AM sorry to hear, that your friend *Flaccus* is dead; but would not have you afflict yourself, *Lucilius*, beyond measure: I dare not require of you not to grieve at all; tho' I think it would be better: but who is master of such firmness of mind, except the man, who is greatly superior to the power of fortune? And even such a one cannot but be pinched by such an accident, but then it will be no more than a pinch. Fears are very excusable, if they run not down immoderately, and we endeavour ourselves to suppress them: our eyes ought not to be dry on the death of a dear friend; neither should they stream; 'tis decent to weep, but useless to bewail. You may perhaps think this a hard injunction; but remember, that the prince of the Greek poets, allows, as it were, but one day for a flow of grief (*a*), and says that even *Niobe* bethought herself of food (*b*).

But from whence come lamentations and immoderate wailings! why, by tears we endeavour to express our loss; but, we *persevere* in grief
only

only to make the more shew of it. No one thus sorrows to himself (*c*). O wretched folly! there is even ambition and vanity in grief. What? then you say, “*Shall I forget my friend?*” Truly, the remembrance of him, which you propose, will be but short, if it lasts no longer than your apparent grief: for some occurrence, or other, will soon change the contracted brow into a smile; nor do I think it will require much longer time, ere the loss will in some measure be forgot; and the severest sorrows subside: as soon as ever you cease to be a spy upon yourself, that shew of sorrow will be no more: you are now the keeper of your sorrow, but know, that it often escapes from its keeper; and generally, the more violent it is, the sooner. Let us endeavour to make the remembrance of a lost friend as easy and agreeable as possible: no one returns willingly to that, which he cannot reflect upon without great pain: but if it needs must be, that we cannot hear the name of those whom we loved and have lost, without a certain pang of affliction, it is still such a pang as is not always destitute of pleasure: for, as our *Attalus* was wont to say, “the remembrance of a departed friend hath something grateful in it; as some fruits have a pleasing tartness; or as in old wine the bitterness is not disrelished: it is but for a while, when all that was disagreeable goes off, and pure pleasure revisits its habitation.” If then we believe *Attalus*, to think our friends safe and well, is to feed on cakes and honey; but the remembrance of them, when gone, however sweet, is intermixed with a certain acid. Be it so: who knows not that acids and bitters whet the appetite? I beg leave however to differ from him in opinion: to me the remembrance of a friend is altogether pleasant and agreeable: I enjoyed them while living, as if I was one day to lose them: and I parted from them as if I still enjoy'd them in contemplation, (*or was to meet them again*).

Act then, my *Lucilius*, as becomes your discretion; put not a bad construction on the favours of fortune: she hath taken away, but she first gave. Let us therefore the more eagerly enjoy our friends while we may; because it is uncertain how long it will be in our power. Consider too how often we must leave them, being oblig'd, suppose, to take a long journey; nay, that even dwelling in the neighbourhood we must

be often absent from them; so that we lose them also while among the living. But can you bear the mockery of those, who, having before treated their friends with great neglect, now bewail them most miserably; or who pretended not to have any love for a friend before they have lost him? Then indeed they mourn bitterly; being afraid it should be doubted, whether they loved or no: but methinks they give too late proof of their affection. Besides, if we have other friends remaining, we pay them but an indifferent compliment, in discovering, that they cannot make up, and comfort us, for the loss of one; if we have none, we have more reason to complain of ourselves, than of fortune; she hath taken one from us; and we would not be at the pains of a recruit. Again, it is to be doubted if he truly loved *one*, who could not love more than one (*d*): if a man who was robbed of his only coat, should chuse to sit down, and weep, rather than look about him for somewhat to cover his shoulders, and keep off the cold; would you not take him for a fool? You have lost one friend; look out for another: it is much better so to repair your loss, than to sit down and weep.

I know, that what I am going to say, is trite and common, I shall not however pass it by. Time generally puts an end to grief, where a man will not do it intentionally: but nothing can be more scandalous in a prudent man, than to expect a remedy for grief in being tired of it: I had much rather that you should leave grief, than that grief should leave you: desist then as soon as possible from that, which, if you would, you cannot go on with much longer. Our ancestors allowed women to mourn a year; not that they were obliged to mourn so long, but no longer: but I do not find there was any time fixed for the mourning of men: for the less they mourn, the better. But where will you point me out a widow (even from among those whom you could not pull away from the corpse, and scarce keep from leaping upon the funeral pile) who hath shed tears above a month? Nothing creates disgust sooner than grief; while fresh and decent indeed, it meets with abettors and comforters; but when extravagant, and of long duration, it is to be laughed at; for it is either feigned or ridiculous.

Even

Even I, who write this to you, mourned so immoderately for my dearest relation, *Annæus Serenus (f)*, that (even against my will) I may justly be number'd among those, who have been overcome with grief. But I now condemn myself for it; and understand that the principal cause of my mourning so bitterly, was, that I never reflected on the possibility of his dying before me: I thought of nothing more, than his being younger, indeed much younger than myself; as if the destinies regarded the order of our birth. Let us therefore continually reflect upon our own, as well as upon the mortality of those we love. I should have said, "my *Serenus* is younger than myself; and what then? He "ought in the course of nature to die after me, but may chance to die "before me." Having made no such reflection as this,—fortune surprized me, and struck me unprepared. But now, I think all things mortal; mortal without any restriction: whatever may happen at any time, may happen this very day. Let us consider therefore, my dearest *Lucilius*, that *we* soon must be, what he is, whom we now bewail: and perhaps (if the opinion and report of some wise men be true, that there is a *place prepared for our reception hereafter*) he, whom we fondly imagined to have perished, is sent before us to that happy mansion (*g*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) Hom. II. 7. 228. Where *Ulysses* endeavours to restrain the immoderate grief of *Achilles*, on the death of *Patroclus* :

ΑΛΛὰ χ' ἔτι τὸν μὲν καταδάσσειν ὅς κε θάσσει
 Νηλεῖα θυμὸν εἰχοντάς, ἐπ' ἡμάτι δακρυσαντάς.

Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?

Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:

Enough, when death demands the dead, to pay

The tribute of a melancholy day. Pope.

(b) Hom. II. 6. 601. where *Achilles*, to comfort the good old King *Priam*, when he comes to beg the corpse of his son *Hector*, reminds him of the well known history of *Niobe*.

Νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα θάσσομεν
 Καὶ γὰρ τ' ἠὲ κόμος Νιοβῆν ἐμνησάτο στυγῆ,
 Τῆ περ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὄλοντο ----

But now the peaceful hours of sacred night

Demand reflection, and to rest invite.

Nor thou, O father, thus consum'd with woe,

The common cares that nourish life forego.

*Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine;
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades.* Pope.

But how much more interesting and to the purpose is that admirable description of David's lamentation for his child?—*Then said his servants unto David, what thing is this that thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive, but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread! And he said, while the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept, for I said who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me.* ii Sam. 21. See the last Note.

(c) *Nemo tristis sibi.*—Thus *Martial*.

*Amisum non flet, cum sola est Gellia patrem;
Si quis adest, jussæ profliunt lacrymæ:
Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari, Gellia quærit;
Ille dolet verè, qui sine teste dolet.*
*Gellia, not even her father mourns, alone;
When seen, the ready tears run trickling down:
They mourn not, who in wish'd-for praise succeed;
Who weeps without a witness, weeps indeed.* M.

(a) Because friendship is a social virtue, not so confined as true affection between the sexes. *Et quoniam res humanæ fragiles caducæque sunt, &c. Cic. Læl. ad fin.* “And since man holds all his possessions by a very precarious tenure, we should endeavour, as our friends drop off, to repair their loss by new acquisitions, lest one should be so unhappy as to stand, in his old age, a solitary, unconnected individual, bereaved of every person whom he loves and by whom he is beloved: for without a proper and particular object upon which to exercise the kind and benevolent affections, life is destitute of every enjoyment that can render it justly desirable.” *Melin. Fitzosborn's Lett.*

(e) A year, i. e. the old year of *Romulus*, or the space of ten months: for when *Numa* afterwards added two months more, he did not alter the time he had before settled for mourning; which was also the time appointed unto widows to lament the loss of their deceased husbands; before the expiration of which time, they could not decently marry again. *Plut. in vitâ Numæ. Briffon. de jure Connub. l. 10.*

(f) To whom *Seneca* inscribed his treatise on *Tranquillity*. He was *Præfectus Vigilum*, an officer somewhat like our *high-constable*, but of more authority. He died, with some other great men of his time, by eating mushrooms. *Plin. l. 22.*

(g) *Solonis* quidem sapientis elogium est, quo se negat velle suam mortem dolore amicorum et lamentis vacare. *Vult, credo, se esse carum suis sed haud scio un melius Ennius,*

*Nemo me lacrymis decoret, neque funera fletu
Faxit—*

Non censet lugendam esse mortem quam immortalitas consequatur. Cic. (de Sen.) It is natural, I confess, (with Solon) to desire to be remembered with regret by our particular friends; but I am inclined to give the preference to the sentiment of Ennius:

*Nor loud lament nor silent tear deplore
The fate of Ennius, when he breathes no more.*

In the poet's estimation, Death, which opens the way to immortality, is by no means a subject of reasonable lamentation. Melmoth.

“ Under

“ Under the influence of such a persuasion to indulge unrestrained grief, would be a proof, not of a generous affection to one’s friend, but of too interested a concern for one’s self. *Id.* And again, to bewail an event attended with such advantageous circumstances, would, I fear, have more the appearance of envy than of friendship. *Id.*

However, with regard to two real friends, I will venture to affirm, that in despite of death, they must both continue to exist, so long as either of them shall remain alive; for the deceased may, in a certain sense be said still to live; whose memory is preserved with the highest veneration, and the most tender regret in the bosom of the survivor; a circumstance which renders the former happy in death, and the latter honour’d in life.” *Id.*

Socrates steadily and firmly asserted, that the human soul is a divine and immortal substance; that death opens a way for its return to the celestial mansions; and that the spirits of those *just* men, who have made the greatest progress in virtue, find the easiest and most expeditious admittance. This was also the opinion of my departed friend, *Scipio Africanus*. *Cic. de Amic. Somn. Scip. Id. Cato, N. 86.*

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God; and no torment shall touch them. In the sight of the unwise, they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in peace. Wisd. iii. 1.

In my father’s house (saith our Saviour) are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, ye may be also. John xiv. 2.

But ye are come (and have access by the New Covenant as fellow citizens, and members of the same society) unto the (celestial) mount Sion; and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written (and enrolled) in heaven, and to (the throne of) God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. Heb. xii. 22. See Epp. 54. (N. d.) 65. (N. g.) Lips. Physiol. iii. 11, 14.

EPISTLE LXIV.

On Authors; especially Qu. Sextius; and the Respect due to great Men.

YOU was yesterday with us. If I had said only *yesterday*, *Lucilius*; you might complain; and therefore I added *with us*; for with me you are always. Some friends came in; such, as for whom we generally make a larger fire; not like that, which smokes from the kitchen of
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the wealthy, and is wont to scare the watchmen; but a middling one; enough to shew that I had company. Our conversation turned upon various topics, bringing nothing to a point, but transultory from one thing to another, as it generally happens in a mix'd assembly. At length it was agreed upon, to read a treatise, wrote by *Qu. Sextius*, (*a*) the father; believe me, a great man, and, let who will deny it, a *stoic*. Good Gods! how full of energy, and spirit! such as you will scarce find in the whole tribe of philosophers: some of their writings indeed have a great name, but in all other respects are weak and languid, in comparison. They propose; they debate; they cavil. They inspire us not, with courage and constancy, because they have them not themselves. Whereas when you read *Sextius*; you will say, *this man is alive, he exults, he is free, he is somewhat more than man*: he sends me away full of conviction and confidence: whatever disposition of mind I am in, when I read him, (I will own to you) I am ready to defy all accidents, and to cry out: *why do you loiter, fortune? Come on; you see, I am prepared*: for I wrap myself in a mind like his, which seeks an opportunity to try its strength, and display its valour.

Spumentemque dari pecora inter inertia votis

Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem (*b*).

I long, methinks, to have something for cause of triumph, in the exercise of patience. For this excellency likewise hath *Sextius*; he sets before you the transcendency of a happy life, and gives you hopes of obtaining it. He placeth it indeed on high, yet shews it to be attainable by a willing mind: and virtue herself will teach you, not only to be charm'd with such a life, but to hope for it (*c*).

For my own part nothing takes up more of my time, than this contemplation of wisdom. I look upon it with admiration and surprize, as on the world itself; which I often behold with wondring eyes, as if just entered upon the wide scene, and I now first saw the heavens. On this account I venerate the discoveries of wisdom, and not less the ingenious discoverers: it delights me, as if entering on a large estate: such are the acquisitions prepared for me; such the fruits of their labour. But let us act herein like a discreet householder: let us continually im-

prove what we have got; that our posterity may be still oblig'd to *us* for an accession. Much remains to be done; and will still remain: Nor will any one, born a thousand generations hence, be precluded an opportunity of still making some improvement. And what if the ancients may be said to have found out every thing? yet the application, the knowledge, and the right ordering of such their discoveries will ever be new.

Suppose certain remedies had been found out for every complaint in the eye: there would be no occasion indeed to search for more; but diligence must be used in adapting these to the several disorders and as the occasion may require. If the eye lack moisture, it is to be supplied by one method; by another, the eye-lids, when too thick, are to be attenuated; by another, a sudden flux, or humour is restrained; by another, the sight is sharpen'd; now, the remedies must first be properly prepared; and the time for the application of each, in their respective cases, must be observ'd. So, the ancients have found out proper remedies, for the several maladies of the mind, but how they are to be applied, and when, it is the business of the party concern'd to enquire.

They who have gone before us have done a great deal, but not finished the work: however, they are to be admired, and revered as Gods (*d*). Why should I not keep by me the statues and pictures of great men, as so many remembrancers, and even celebrate their birth days? Why should I not always mention them with honour? The same veneration that I owe my own tutors, I owe to these, the tutors of mankind; from whom the beginnings of so great good have been derived to us. If I meet a Consul or a Prætor, I will shew him all the signs that are usually made, in token of honour and respect: I will alight from my horse (*e*); I will pull off my bonnet; I will give him the way. And shall I not think upon the two *Cato's*, *Lælius* the wife, *Socrates* the good, *Plato*, *Zeno*, and *Cleanthes* with the utmost veneration? Yes, I will always reverence them and rise up at the bare mention of such great names.

A N N O-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 59. (N. d.) Lips. Manud. l. 6.

(b) Virg. Æn. IV. 158.

*Impatient he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some noble beast to cross the way;
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.* Dryden.

(c) You will do right, says *Lipfius*, if you ascribe the whole of this description (of *Sextius*) to *Seneca* himself; for a truer picture of him cannot be drawn.

(d) Lucret. V. 52.——Nonne licebit

Hunc hominem * numero Divum dignarier esse.
*Therefore the man who thus reform'd our souls,
Who slew these monsters, not by arms, but rules;
Shall we, ungrateful we, not think a God?* Creech.

* Either *Pythagoras*, or, (according to *Lactantius*) *Thales*.

(e) When the son of *Fabius* was chosen consul (A. U. C. 743) his father, by reason of age and infirmity, and perhaps from a design to try his son, came up to him on horseback; whereupon the young consul ordered him to alight, if he had any business with him. This infinitely pleased the old general; and though the standers-by seemed offended at the imperiousness of the son's behaviour towards a father, so venerable for his age and authority, yet he instantly alighted from his horse, and embraced his son with open arms, telling him, "Now, thou art my son indeed, since thou understandest the authority with which thou art invested, and well knowest whom thou art to command." *Plutarch. Livy, Val. Max.*

And it is reported of *Pompey*, that he, in like manner, commanded (by one of his liegions) *Tigranes*, King of *Armenia*, to alight from his horse, before he would permit him to speak to him. *Dion. l. 36.* See *Lipf. Elest. l. i. c. 23.*

(f) Adeperiam caput] *I will uncover my head*; i. e. supposing it to be covered, either with the petasus, broad-brimmed hat, seldom or never wore but upon a journey; or the pileus, a cap, allowed to slaves (when made free, and their heads had been close shaved) as a defence from the cold, and as a badge of their liberty; and to other persons under some indisposition; or with lacinia togæ, the lappet of their gown; and this was not a constant cover, but only occasional, to avoid the rain, or sun, or other accidental inconveniences. Hence it is that we see none of the ancient statues with any covering on their heads, except perhaps a wreath, or something of the like nature. See *Lipf. de Amphitheat. c. 20.* *Potter's Rom. Antiq. p. 320.*

EPISTLE LXV.

On the First Cause.

YESTERDAY, my *Lucilius*, my day was divided between sickness and self-enjoyment: the former took possession of the forenoon, and happily resign'd the afternoon to the latter. I endeavour'd therefore to amuse the mind with reading: this done, as I grew stronger, I impos'd a harder task upon it, and spurred it on: I sat down to write, and indeed with more earnestness than usual, as when I undertake some knotty point and am resolv'd to master it: but some friends coming in they laid a restraint upon me, and compell'd me as a sick man, that knows not what is good for himself, to lay aside the pen. We then fell into discourse; part of which, still under debate, I shall here send you; we have chosen you our umpire; and have cut out more work for you, I believe, than you imagine.

There are three different opinions relating to *Cause (a)*. I. Our stoics, you know, say there are two things from whence all other are derived; *viz. Cause*, and *matter (b)*: *matter* lies inert, and helpless, ready for all purposes; but for ever continuing in the same state, if not put into motion. *Cause*, i. e. Reason, (*c*) gives a certain form to matter, and shapes it at pleasure: from whence proceed all the various works of nature: there must be something therefore from whence a thing is made, and something by which it is made: *this* they call *cause*; the other *matter*. Every art is an imitation of nature. What I have said therefore of the universe, transfer to the works of man. A statue, for instance, requires both *matter*, capable of being work'd upon, and an artist to give it form: therefore in a statue brass is the *matter*: and the statuary the *cause*. The same is the condition of all things; forasmuch as they consist, or have their essence, from *that whereof* they are made and *that by which* they are made. The stoics then allow but of this one *cause*, the efficient, or that which makes a thing what it is.

II. *Aristotle* divides *cause* into three sorts, (the *material*, the *efficient* and the *formal*). The *first*, says he, is *matter* itself, without which nothing can be made: the *second*, is the *maker*; the *third*, the *form*, which is annexed to any work whatever, as, suppose, a statue; and this he calls *Idos*: to these he adds a fourth, (called the *final*, or) the end, and design of the whole work.—Now to explain these; brass is the *first cause* of a statue, for it could never have been made, if there had not been that whereon to found, or give it being. The *second cause* is the *workman*; for this brass could never have been fashioned into a statue, had it not fallen into the hands of a skilful artist. The *third cause*, is the *form*; for it could not have been said to be the statue of a *doryphorus* (a life-guard-man) or a *diadumenos* (a King, or a Prince, wearing a diadem) if such an appearance or form had not been given to it. The *fourth cause* is the *design* in making it; for without this it had not been made what it is: what then is *design*? Why, that which inviteth the artist, and which he constantly has in view in the prosecution of his work: whether it be money, if the artist intends what he makes for sale; or glory, if he works for reputation; or devotion and piety, if he design'd it for a gift to some temple; therefore this also is a *cause*, whatever it be, for which a thing is made and without which it had not been made.

III. *Plato* adds a fifth to these, *the exemplar*, or what he calls an *Idea* (*d*): for it is by the observance of this, that an artist forms whatever he hath determined to form. Now it matters not, whether this exemplar be any thing *without*, whereon he may fix his eye, or only what he hath conceived and planned in his mind. The exemplars of all things in the world, God hath in himself: he comprehends in his omniscient *mind*, the number and fashion of all things that have been or shall be made; it is even full of these resemblances which *Plato* calls *Ideas*, immortal, immutable, indefatigable. There are therefore, according to *Plato*, *five causes* (*e*); that *from* which a thing is; that *by* which it is; that *whereby* it is what it is: that *for* which it is; that *according* to which it is: lastly, that which consists of all these: as in a statue (for that is what we have chose to exemplify our meaning by) that

that *from* which it is, is the brass; that *by* which it is, is the artist; that *whereby* it is what it is, is the form; that *for* which it is, is the design of the maker; that *according* to which it is, is the exemplar; and so from all these is formed a statue. And all these *Plato* applies to the great world: the maker, says he, is *God*; from what it is made, *matter*; the *form*, is the disposition and order of things, visible therein; the *exemplar*, that according to which God formed the immensity of this most beautiful work; the *end*, that for which it was made; do you ask, what end God could propose therein? To display his goodness. For truly thus speaks *Plato*: “ what was the cause of God’s making “ the world? He is good; and all that he hath made is good; and being “ good, he cannot envy any good to his creatures; and therefore he hath “ made the world in its best fashion; and furnished it in the best man- “ ner possible (*f*). ”

Now judge you, *Lucilius*, and give us your opinion; who seems to speak with most probability, not who speaks the exact truth; for that is as much above us, (in this our infirm state,) as truth itself. In my humble opinion, the group of causes, as here collected by *Aristotle* and *Plato*, comprehends either too much, or too little: for if that is to be reckoned a *cause*, without which a thing cannot be made what it is; they have said too little; because they must reckon *time* a cause, seeing that without *time* nothing can be made. They must reckon *place*; for if there was not a *somewhere* for a thing to be, it could not be at all: they must reckon *motion*; for without this, nothing could either be formed, or come to decay: without *motion*, there can be no art, no change. But we are enquiring after one first and general cause: now, this ought to be simple, as matter is simple; what then is this first cause? Why, *active wisdom*, i, e, GOD; so that there are not many, and particular causes, but one, upon which all other depend, and that is, *the efficient*. You will say, perhaps, *form* is a *cause*, being that which the artist adapts to his work; no; it is a *part*, but not a *cause*: the *exemplar* likewise is not a *cause*; but the necessary means to a *cause*; it is as necessary to the artist, as his chisel or his file; without these art could not carry on the work; yet they are not part nor causes of the art itself.—But the *design*

for which an artist sets about any work, is said to be a *cause*: be it so, it is not however the *efficient*, but *adventitious*; and these are innumerable; but we are enquiring after *one* general cause. This also they have alledged, not according to their usual accuracy; that the whole world, and all its complete furniture is *a cause*: for, there is a wide difference between the work itself, and the cause of it. Either then, give us your opinion, *Lucilius*; or what is much easier in these cases, deny that it is in your power; being not quite clear in the matter; and so dismiss, and leave us to ourselves.

But why, you say, do I delight to spend my time in these futile enquiries, which check not any fond desire, nor drive from the bosom an irregular passion? Truly, I employ myself on these subjects in order to settle my mind, and fix my attention: I first pry into, and examine myself, and then turn my thoughts to the vast world: nor in this employ do I lose my time as you imagine: for all these things if they are not minced too minutely, and spun out in vain and useless subtilties, mightily raise and refresh the soul; which being heavily pressed down by its usual burthen, desires to be at large and to return thither, from whence it was taken. For this body is the load, and punishment of the soul: the soul perpetually labours under the weight of it; it is actually in bonds (*g*), till philosophy comes to its relief, permits it to breath awhile, and delight itself with the vast prospect of nature; and to transfer the affections from things below to things above; from the terrestrial to such as are *heavenly* (*b*). This is the liberty she from hence enjoys; this her pleasing flight; when she escapes from the guard that confined her here; and makes a tour to heaven. As your artificers, who have been intent upon some nice work that fatigues the eyes when they have only a dim and glimmering light in their shops; go out into the street or some open place, where the people are wont to disport themselves, and there feast the eye with the clear light of day: so the soul shut up in this sad and gloomy tabernacle, as often as it can, seeks ease and freedom, and pleasingly enjoys itself in the contemplation of the works of nature.—

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—The wise man, and even the disciple of wisdom, remains indeed still in the body, yet the better part of him frequently makes excursions: all his thoughts are set upon sublime things; and as if bound by the military oath, he looks on the gift of life as his present pay; and so reforms himself as to have neither love nor hatred thereto; and from hence patiently endures all that mortality is subject to; well knowing, that greater and more solid satisfactions are yet to come (*i*).

And would you, *Lucilius*, debar me from an inspection into the works of nature; and confine me from a view of the *whole* to some scanty part of it? Shall I not enquire into the origin of things;--- who created the universe;---who first divided the mass, and gave motion to inert and lifeless matter? Shall I not enquire, who formed this our world; by what wisdom such an immensity of things came under rule and order; who collected the scattered, and separated such as were confused and blended together; and brought forth the wonderful beauty that lay concealed under one squalid deformity or chaos? Or, from whence so great light is poured all around upon us; whether it be from fire, or something brighter than fire? Shall I not enquire, I say, after these things? Shall I remain for ever ignorant, whence I came; and whether I am to see this world but once, or often (*k*)? whether I am going, and what happy mansion waits the soul, when delivered from the servitude of the body (*l*)? Do you forbid me to concern myself with heaven, i. e. do you command me to live with my head ever bowed down to the earth? No; I am greater and born to nobler purposes, than to be the vile bondslave of my body; which I consider in no other light, than as the chain that deprives me of my native liberty. This body then let Fortune attack when she pleases; she cannot wound me through it: all that can suffer in *me* is the body: subject as this tabernacle is to injury, the soul, that dwells therein, is still free. Nor shall this flesh, however frail, compel me to base fear, or to hypocrisy, or to dissimulation misbecoming a good man; I would by no means say a false thing, were it to do honour to this insignificant little body: if I think proper, I can withdraw myself from all fellowship with it; nor even now while we remain together, is our companionship

nionship upon equal terms; for the soul claims all dominion to herself; and on the contempt of the body founds her true and certain liberty.

But to return to our design: this inspection into the nature of things, that I have been speaking of, is what will contribute greatly to the liberty of the soul: forasmuch as we learn from hence, that the universe consists of *God* and *matter*; that God rules and governs all things, which being dispersed around, follow Him their Ruler and their Guide. Now, the Maker, i. e. *God*, must be greater than the things made, i. e. *matter*, which is ever subject to his Almighty power. And what God is in the world, such is the mind or soul in man; what in the world is *matter*, in us is body. Let the worse then be subservient to the better: let us be firm and strong against accidents; let us not dread injuries, or wounds, or chains, or poverty, or death itself. For, what is death? It is either an end of life, or the passage into another; and why should I fear to be no more, since that is the same as not to have been? much less I have reason to be afraid of passing elsewhere; for, wherever I go, I shall certainly be more at large than I am at present.

ANNOTATIONS, &c

(a) Between the *Stoics*, and *Aristotle*, and *Plato*.

(b) The same according to *Laertius*, called by *Plato*, Θεὸν καὶ ὕλην, which *Thales* calls, *Mentem* et *Aquam*. *Pythagoras*, *Monas*, *unio*, (mens, sive Deus, *God*) Δυσί, *binio*, (*materia*, *matter*) which *Lipfius* carries back to *Homer* δ. 366) under the allegorical characters of *Proteus*, and his daughter *Eidothea*, (al. *Theonomè*. Eur. al. *Eurynomè*, *Zenod.*) *Cicero*, Acad. Quæst. 1. 6. Naturam dividebant (Stoici) in res duas, ut altera esset efficiens; altera autem quasi huic se præbens, ex quâ aliquid efficeretur, &c. Explained by *Lactantius*, vii. 3. Stoici naturam in duas dividunt partes unam quæ efficiat, alteram quæ se ad faciendum tractabilem præstat. Ita isti uno naturæ nomine res diversissimas comprehendêrunt, *Deum*, et *mundum*, artificem et opus, dicuntque alterum sine altero nihil posse, tanquam natura sit Deus mundo permittus: nam interdum sic confundunt, ut sit Deus ipsa mens mundi, et mundus sit corpus Dei. *The Stoics divide Nature into two parts*; the Maker and the thing made, i. e. *God*, and *the world*; as if *God* was the soul of the world, and the world the body of God. It were well (says *Leland*, l. 13.) if the absurdity of this way of philosophising were the worst of it. But besides that it gave occasion to some of those extravagant flights of the *Stoics*, so unbecoming dependent creatures, as if they had a divinity and sufficiency in themselves, which placed them in several respects on an equality with God (see Ep. 53.) this notion was made use of
for

for supporting Pagan idolatry, and was therefore of the most pernicious consequence to the interest of religion.

But the principal error, and what among the Greek philosophers, from the time of *Aristotle*, became the favourite opinion, was, *they all (Plato perhaps excepted) thought it impossible to admit the making any thing out of nothing, and consequently that matter was coeternal with the eternal mind.* A scheme which confounds God and the creature, and pursued to its genuine consequence is subversive of all religion and morality. But as a sufficient answer to these or the like absurd principles relating to the Deity, I shall refer the reader to the words of *Mr. Locke*, (vol. ii. p. 249.) “ ’Tis
“ an overvaluing ourselves to reduce all to the narrow measure of our capacities; and to conclude
“ all things impossible to be done, whose manner of doing exceeds our comprehension: this is to
“ make our comprehension infinite, or God finite; when what he can do is limited to what we can
“ conceive of it. If you do not understand the operation of your own finite mind, that *thinking*
“ *thing within you*, deem it not strange that ye cannot comprehend the operations of that eternal
“ infinite mind, who made and governs all things, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot con-
“ tain.” *Ass.* 14. 15. 24. 16. *Lips.* *Physiol.* l. 4. ii. 2. *Leland*, i. 280.

(c) In the language of the *Stoics*. Thus—*ad Helviam*, Quisquis formator universi fuit, five ille Deus est potens omnium, five incorporalis ratio, ingentium operum artifex, five divinus Spiritus per omnia maxima minima, æquali intentione diffusus, &c. c. 8.—*Whoever was the maker of the universe, whether it was God omnipotent, or incorporeal Reason, the artificer of great works, or the divine Spirit, pervading all things, with equal efficiency, &c.* A remarkable passage, compared with *Genesis*, i. i. 2.

(d) Whatsoever the mind perceives in itself, or is the immediate object of perception, thought, or understanding, that I call *Idea*. *Locke*, vol. i. p. 97. See Ep. 57. (N. m.) *Lips.* *Physiol.* ii. 3.

(e) *Plutarch* contracts them for him into three (ἀρ τῶ, ἐξῶ, πρὸς ἑ) the *efficient*, the *material*, and the *final*, including the *exemplary* and *formal* in the *efficient*.

(f) *God saw every thing that he had made, and behold! it was very good.* *Gen.* i. 31. *All the works of the Lord are exceeding good, and whatsoever he commandeth shall be accomplished in due season. A man need not say, what is this? wherefore is that? for he hath made all things for their uses. Good things are created from the beginning for the good; so to the sinner they are turned into evil.* *Eccl.* xxxix. 16, 35.

(g) From whence *the body*, in Greek, is called ὡς δεδεμένως ὑπ’ αὐτῆ τῆς ψυχῆς ἐνταῦθα κατὰ φύσιν as *enchaining and confining the soul against its nature.* *Lips.* For we know that every creature groaneth, and bewaileth in pain together until now. *Rom.* viii. 22. For we that are in this (ruinous earthly) *tabernacle*, do groan being burthen’d therewith; not for that we would be (utterly) unclothed, but clothed upon, (with our future habitation) that (our present) *mortality* might be swallowed up of life. For we know, that if our earthly house of this *tabernacle* were dissolved, we have a *building of God, an house, not made of hands*, eternal in the heavens. *ii Cor.* v. 1. 5. See Ep. 24. (N. i.)

(b) See Ep. 38. (N. r.) and the following note.

(i) *Seneca* again; not the *Stoic*, but the *Christian*, who considereth, that our *light affliction* which is but for a moment, worketh for us a more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory. *ii Cor.* 14, 17. See Ep. 17. 58.

(k) An *sæpe*? *Nesciam quo iturus sim.* *Vulg. Pincian.* But *Gronovius* and the ancient MSS. an *sæpe nascendum*? quo—alluding either to (παλλεγγενεσία) the *stoical doctrine* of the soul, existing in a former state, or (επιμεψυχωσι) the *Pythagorean Transmigration*; which by the way, *Lactantius* (iii. 18.) gives to the *Stoics*—supersesse animas post mortem Pythagorici et Stoici dixerunt; easque non nasci, sed insinuari in corpora, et de aliis in alia migrare. But *Lipsius* not only doubts this, but

proves

proves the contrary. (Physiol. iii. 12.) This doctrine however prevailed among our ancestors, the Gauls, (as we learn from *Cæsar*) and especially the Druids; whom *Lucan* thus addresseth:

— Vobis auctoribus, umbræ

Non tacitas Erebi sedes vitasque profundi
Pallida regna petunt; regit idem spiritus artus
Orbe olio, longæ, canitis si cognita vitæ. i. 449.
*If dying mortals dooms they (the Druids) sing aright,
No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night;
No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
Nor sink the dreary silent shades below.* Rowe.

It is so antient a doctrine that it is disputable, whether the Druids borrowed it from *Pythagoras*, or *Pythagoras* from them. And among the many nations who are said to have held this doctrine, *Justin Martyr* mentions the latter Jews, according to St. Matth. xv. 16 some say, *that thou art Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the Prophets.*

(1) *Lipsius* resolves this question in the words of *Seneca's* father (*Suasor* vi.) Animus divina origine haustus, onerosi corporis vinculis exsolutus, ad sedes suas et cognata sidera recurrit. *The soul, of divine origin, when released from the bonds of this burthenful body, returns to its native seat and kindred stars.* And from *Seneca* himself (*de Tranquill.* xi.) Reverti eo, unde veneris quid grave est? *Can it be in anywise grievous, to return to the place from whence you came?*

An dubium est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro
In cælumque redire animas, cœloque venire. Manilius, l. 4.

*For who can doubt that God resides in man?
That souls from heav'n descend, and when the chain
Of life is broke, return to heav'n again!*

EPISTLE LXVI.

Deformity no Hindrance to Virtue.---Whether all Good be equal.

I HAVE seen, after many years, *Claranus*, who was my schoolfellow: I need not therefore call him old. Truly he seems even yet in full vigour and strength of mind, struggling perpetually with the infirmities of his little body. For nature seems not to have used him well, in placing such a soul in such a frame; or perhaps she had a mind to shew, that the most noble and happy qualities may be concealed under

der any outward shape whatever. But he hath surmounted all difficulties and discouragements; and from contemning himself, is come to contemn all other things. So that in my opinion *Virgil* seems mistaken, when he says

Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus.

For sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd. (Dryden)

For virtue needs no foreign ornament, she derives her dignity from herself; and consecrates the body she inhabits (a). The more I beheld our *Claranus*, the more comely I thought him, and as straight in body as in mind. A great man may spring from a cottage; and a beautiful and great soul dwell in a deformed body. Nature seems to me, to have produced some such men, in order to demonstrate, that virtue is not confined to any particular place: could she have exhibited souls in a naked and visible state, she might have done it, but now she does more; in producing them entangled, as it were, and enclosed with bodies, yet breaking through all obstacles to the display of their excellency and effects. *Claranus*, I suppose, is set forth as an example, whereby we may learn, that the soul is not polluted by the deformity of the body, but the body is adorned by the beauty of the soul. I had the pleasure of his company but a few days, however we had frequent discourse; and the subjects of our conversation I here transmit to you.

On the first day, the question proposed was, *how all good could be put upon an equality*, when it is generally divided into three kinds (b). Under this title, according to the stoics, some things are *primarily good*, as, joy, peace, and the welfare of our country: next to these are such as originate from some infliction on this wretched material body; as, *patience* under pain, and torture; and *temperance*, and discretion in a severe fit of sickness: the former we wish for absolutely, and directly; the latter as necessity shall require. There is yet a third sort of *good*, such as, a decent gait, a sedate countenance, and a behaviour every way suitable to the character of a prudent man.

Now, how can these things be said to be equal in themselves; when some of them are so very desirable, and other so disagreeable? To distinguish

tinguish them aright, let us return to, and consider the *first good*; what it is. It is a mind, or soul, regardful of truth; well knowing what to avoid and what to pursue; setting a value upon things, not according to fancy, but reason; intermixing herself with the great universe, and contemplating what is doing therein; intent also upon her own thoughts and actions; as truly great as zealous in her endeavours; alike invincible by prosperity and adversity: subjecting herself to neither; eminently exalted above contingencies and accidents; displaying her beauty with gracefulness; and by her strength her sound disposition; undisturbed, intrepid; whom no violence can shake; no changes or chances can either lift up or cast down; such is the soul, when accomplished with virtue (*c*); such her appearance, when, brought under one view she exhibits all her charms: however, there are several species of it, displayed in different actions according to the different circumstances of life, yet in herself she is neither greater, nor less.

For, the summum bonum, or *chief good*, cannot decrease; nor can virtue ever recoil (*d*); however converted into different qualities, being fashioned according to the complexion of the affair in hand; for whatever she hath touched, she reduceth to her own likeness, and paints of her own colour; she decorates actions, friendships, and sometimes whole families which she herself had united and set in order: in short, whatever she hath the management of, she renders amiable, conspicuous, and worthy admiration: therefore her strength, and greatness cannot rise higher at one time, than at another: because what is *greatest* admits no increase. You can find nothing more right than what is right, more true than what is true; more temperate than what is temperate (*e*). Every virtue hath a proper mean; and a mean is a certain measure. Constancy cannot go beyond itself any more than just confidence, truth, and fidelity. Nothing can be added to that which is perfect; it was not perfect, if any thing could be added thereto: and therefore no addition can be made to virtue; if there can, it is as yet defective: so, what is fit and honourable admits of no accession; because it is of the same rank with the things abovementiond; as also what is decent, just, and lawful, forasmuch as they are comprehended under certain limits.

To

To admit encrease, is a sign of imperfection: *all good* falls under the same predicament. Public and private utility are conjoyned, and being inseparable are alike to be commended and maintained by all. Therefore virtues are equal in themselves, and the works of virtue (*f*), and the men conversant therein: the virtues of plants and animals, as they are mortal, frail, weak, and uncertain, rise and fall; and therefore are not to be esteemed of equal value: whereas human virtues are subject to one rule; forasmuch as right and simple reason is one. Nothing is more divine than what is divine; nothing is more heavenly than what is heavenly. Mortal things are raised up and thrown down; they are worn away, and grow again; they are exhausted, and again replenished; and therefore in this their uncertain state, there is an inequality: but the nature of divine things is one: and reason is nothing else but a particle of the divine spirit infused into the human body. If reason then be divine and no good is without reason; then *all good* is divine: but there is no difference between things that are divine, therefore none between things *good*; and consequently joy and a strong and stubborn sufferance of fortune are equal: for, in both these is the same greatness of soul, tho' in the one it is somewhat free and relax; in the other intent and resolute. For why? Do you not think, *Lucilius*, that the virtue of him who courageously besiegeth a city, and of him, who endureth the miseries of a siege, is equal? Great is *Scipio* who lays siege to, and blocketh up *Numantia*; and compels the invincible forces therein, to be their own executioners*: Great also is the undaunted spirit of the besieged, who know no blockade, while the gate of death is open; and who expire in the arms of liberty.

Other virtues are alike, equal in themselves (*g*), as, tranquillity, sincerity, liberality, constancy, æquanimity, perseverance: forasmuch as in all these one and the same virtue subsists; which renders the mind firm and invariable. Is there then no difference between joy, and an inflexible endurance of pain? None, as to the virtues themselves, tho' a great deal as to those things, by which each virtue displays itself: as in the one, there is a natural remission or relaxation of the mind; in the other an unnatural grief: these then are the means, or certain modifica-

tions, that admit a wide difference: but the virtue in both is equal: the object or circumstance alters not the virtue; as no distress or difficulty can make it worse, nor any mirth or joy make it better: either *good* therefore, as *good*, must necessarily be equal; as the virtuous man cannot behave himself better under joyous circumstances; nor if afflicted, under fortune; and two things, wherein nothing better can be done, than what is done, must be equal: for if any thing foreign or external can lessen or encrease the virtue, it ceases to be the *one good*, that is fit and honourable: and if so; there is an end of every thing that is honourable: but why? I will tell you: nothing is honourable which is done unwillingly and perforce. Every thing honourable is voluntary: now, suppose a man, idle, querulous, unsteady, timorous, he then hath lost one of the best qualities a man can have, *viz.* self-complacency: nor can any thing be honourable, that is not free: for what is in a state of fear, is in a state of slavery: every thing that is truly honourable, enjoys security and tranquillity; but if a man refuseth any thing, that is fit to be done, if he complains, if he thinks it evil or an hardship, he must necessarily be disturbed, and in great perplexity; for on the one hand a shew of what is right and fit invites him; on the other, the suspicion of evil draws him back; therefore he that is about to do a truly just and honourable action, should he meet with any opposition, he may think it an annoyance, but let him not think it an evil; let him do it willingly; every thing truly honourable, is neither done by command or compulsion: it is pure without any mixture of evil.

I know what will be objected to me here, that I would fain persuade you, *Lucilius*, that there is no difference, whether a man be in the height of decent joy, or is silent upon the rack (*b*), and has strength enough to weary out his tormentor; I might answer you in the words of *Epicurus* (*i*); a *wise man* says he, *tho' he is roasting in Phalaris' bull, will cry out*, it is pleasant, and does not at all concern me. Why then should you be surprized at my saying, the *good* is equal, of one rejoicing moderately at a banquet, and of another with amazing fortitude enduring torment; when (what is more incredible) *Epicurus* says, *it is pleasant to be tortured*. But here I answer as before, there is a wide difference

difference between joy and pain: were I put to my choice, I should certainly desire to enjoy the one, and escape the other: the one is natural, the other contrary to nature: and as long as they are consider'd in this light, there is undoubtedly a great disparity between them.

But when we come to consider virtue, they are equal, both that which labours hard in a rough and that which glides along in a smooth path. Vexation, and pain, and whatever else seems irksome and inconvenient, are of no consequence; for they are swallow'd up in virtue. As the stars hide their diminish'd heads before the brightness of the sun; so pains, afflictions and injuries are all crushed and dissipated by the greatness of virtue: whenever she shines, every thing but what borrows its splendor from her, disappears; and all manner of annoyances have no more effect upon her, than a shower of rain upon the sea. In confirmation of this, you may observe, with what earnestness a *good* man will fly to do what is just and right; tho' the executioner stands in his way; and the rack and fire are before him; he will persevere in his duty; nor will he consider what he is about to suffer but what he is about to do; and will trust himself to a good action, as to a friend and good man; under whose protection he is safe and happy (*k*): an honourable action, tho' attended with severe and painful circumstances, will have the same place in his esteem, as a good man, however poor, an exile, and pale through want and sickness. Well then, suppose we, on one hand, a good man, abounding with wealth; and on the other hand, one destitute of every thing, but what he hath in himself; each of them will be equally a *good man*, however unequal in outward circumstances.

The same judgment, as I have said before, may be formed of things as of men: virtue is as commendable in a body that is healthful and at large, as in one that is sickly and in prison. Therefore even your own virtue, *Lucilius*, you will not think the more commendable, because fortune hath hitherto preserved your body, hale and sound; than if by some accident it had been wounded and maimed: otherwise it would be judging of the master by the liveries of his servants; for all things,
over

which chance hath any influence, are, at best, but of a servile nature, as riches, the body, and worldly honours: they are weak, transitory, mortal, and of uncertain possession; whereas the works of virtue are free, noble, and invincible; not to be admired the more, on account of being favoured by any flattering fortune; or the less, because pressed and opposed by the crossiest circumstances that can happen.

What is friendship among men, *that* is affection with regard to things: I cannot think you would love a rich good man, more than a poor one; nor one that is strong and brawny better than one, who is lean and sickly; therefore neither will you affect a thing that is honourable, because pleasant and easy, more than what is surrounded with trouble and difficulty: otherwise you will make me believe, that, of two men equally good, you will prefer him, that is spruce and clean, to him that is dirty and slovenly; and further, will rather delight in the man that is whole and sound of limb, than in one that is lame and purblind; till by degrees your delicacy proceeds so far, as, of two men equally just and prudent, you would rather chuse him whose hair is frizzled and curled, than one with a bald pate: but where virtue is equal in both, the inequality in all other respects will soon disappear; for *that* is the principal, all other things are merely adventitious. And who, I pray, is so unjust in his judgment, and partial among his family, as to love a son in health, more than one that is sick; or one that is tall and lusty, more than one who is short and weak? Brutes make no distinction in their young, and we see this particularly exemplified in birds and fowl. *Ulysses* was in as great haste to reach the rocky barren shore of *Ithaca*, as *Agamemnon* was to reach the lofty walls of *Mycenæ*. For, no one loves his country because it is more spacious than another, but because it is his own.

Now whither tends all this? Why to shew you that virtue looks on all her works, as her offspring, with an impartial eye; indulges them all alike; and indeed the more earnestly, when they are in any wise distressed; as the love of a fond parent generally inclines to those who stand most in need of pity (*1*). Not that virtue loves such her
works,

works, as are afflicted and oppressed, the more; but only as a good and tender parent, she is the more concern'd to cherish and comfort them.

But after all, why is not one *good* greater than another? Because, if a thing be truly fit, nothing can be fitter; or plainer than what is absolutely plain: you cannot say there is any difference where there is a parity; neither therefore can any thing be more just and honourable than what is strictly just and honourable. If then the nature of all virtues be equal, the three kinds of good are upon an equality. From hence I say, to rejoice, or to grieve with moderation, is equal; nor does *that* joy excel *this* firmness of mind, stifling its groans upon the rack. The former *good* is indeed more eligible, but the latter more admirable; nevertheless both are equal; because whatever annoyance there may be therein, it lies hid under the veil of greater good: whoever is pleased to think them unequal, turns away his eyes from the virtues themselves, and beholds only the externals. True good hath always the same weight and measure; but the false are lighter than vanity itself; and, however great and specious they seem, are, when brought to the balance, always found deceitful. Depend upon this, *Lucilius*, whatever true reason commends, is solid, is eternal: it strengthens the mind, and lifts it up on high, there to remain for ever: but such things as are injudiciously praised, and extolled by the opinion of the vulgar, puff up the mind with vain delight: on the other hand, those things which are dreaded as evils, affect it as sensibly, as the apprehension of danger affects animals: these things therefore both delight and afflict the soul without cause; neither are those worthy of joy, nor these of fear: reason alone is immutable; and tenacious of its opinion; for it does not serve but command the senses. Now, reason is equal to reason, as right is to right; but all virtue is right reason; and if right, then equal. And as reason is, such are its actions, and therefore all equal: being similar to reason, they are similar in themselves: I mean all such actions as are just and honourable: not but that there may be a great difference in them with regard to the object or circumstance, which may be more enlarged or more confined; sometimes illustrious, sometimes ignoble; at one time appertaining to many, at another to few; yet in all these, the best or principal

principal thing is still the same; as of good men, all are equal as good men; (*m*) though their ages may be different, the one old, the other young; or their shape, the one beautiful, the other deformed; or their fortune, the one rich, the other poor; the one popular, powerful, and well known both in town and country; the other known to very few, or scarce known at all; but in that they are good, I say they are equal. The *sensè* is no proper judge of good and evil; it is ignorant of what may be useful or what not; it cannot give its opinion, but of the thing present; it neither forecasts what is to come, nor remembers what is past: it cannot see to the length of a consequence; though on this depend the order and series of things, and that uniformity of life that leads to perfection.

Reason therefore is the sole arbitress of good and evil: of any thing external or foreign she makes no account; and looks upon such things as are indifferent, as accessions of little or no importance. All *good* with her, subsists in the mind: some things however she receives as primary, and pursues them earnestly with design; such as victory, good children, the welfare of one's country; there are other things as of a second order, which display not themselves but in adversity; as the patient sufferance of a severe disease, or of banishment: and some of a mixed kind, no more consonant to nature, than against it; as, to walk or sit with a good grace; for to sit is as natural as to stand or walk. The two former kinds are different; forasmuch as the first are agreeable to nature; as the dutifulness of children, and the safety of our country; and the second are contrary to nature; as, to sustain torment with courage, and constancy; and patiently endure thirst, while a fever is burning up the heartstrings. *What then, can there be any good that is contrary to nature?* No, but that is sometimes contrary to nature, wherein this *good* subsists; for, to be wounded, or afflicted with a sore disease, or to be broiled to death, is contrary to nature; but to preserve an unconquerable mind amidst these torments, is agreeable to the dignity of nature. To express what I mean, as briefly as possible; the object of *good* is sometimes against nature, but *good* itself never: because no *good* can be without reason; and reason always follows nature. *What*

then

then is reason? The imitation of nature (*n*). And what is the *summum bonum*, or *chief good* of man? The behaving himself agreeably to the dictates of nature. You say, no doubt, “ that the peace is happier, “ which hath never been disturbed, than that which is obtained by “ the blood of thousands; and that it is an happier state of health which “ hath never been broken, than that which is recovered by art and “ patience, from a violent disease that threatened death: in like manner “ you say, that joy is a greater good than a mind capable of enduring “ pain and torment from the sword and fire.” I deny all this: for, however those things that are casual may be subject to a wide difference, being esteemed according to the benefit of the receiver; the only one purpose of good men is to agree with nature, and this is alike in all.

When the senate agree to the opinion of any member, we do not say, that such a one assents more than another; as they all join in the same opinion. The same I say of virtues, they all assent to nature; the same I say of *good*; every *good* agrees with nature. Some go off the stage of life, in their youth; others in old age; beside these, dies the little infant, who hath done nothing more than seen life. Now all these were equally mortal; though death suffered the life of one to run on longer, cut off the other in the bloom of youth, and nipt the other in the very bud. One man is carried off amidst a jovial banquet; to another death is but a continued sleep; another dies in the arms of his mistress; oppose to these, such as are pierced by the sword, or kill'd by the bite of a serpent, or crushed under some ruins, or have died in extreme torture by a long contraction of the nerves: can the end of any among these be called better or worse? Death is the same to all; the means indeed are very different; but the end, I say, is still the same: no death can be said to be greater or less; for it has the same quality in all; to put an end to life; the same is what I affirm to you, *Lucilius*, concerning *good*; one sort is to be found in mere pleasures; another amidst pain and sorrow; *that* with pleasing moderation hath directed the indulgence of Fortune; *this* hath subdued her most violent animosity; the *good* was equal in both; though one walked on in a smooth

path, and the other was forced to climb a rock: the end of all is the same; they are good, they are commendable, in that they follow reason and virtue; and virtue reduceth to an equality whatever she is pleased to acknowledge for her own.

But that you may not be surpris'd, *Lucilius*, at this among other our positions; be pleas'd to recollect, that even according to *Epicurus*, there are two blessings, of which the chief, and most happy good is compos'd, *a body without pain*, and *a soul without passion or perturbation*. These blessings admit of no increase, if they are complete and perfect; for how can that receive more, which is full already? If the body be free from pain, what can you add to this indolence; if the mind be consistent, and well pleas'd with itself, what can you add to this tranquillity? As a clear sky, when the sun shines out in his full glory, is not susceptible of greater brightness; so the condition of a man, who, by his diligence and discretion, enjoys a sound body and a sound mind, and who builds upon these his *chief good*, is intirely perfect; he hath reach'd the end of his wishes; his mind knowing no disorder, nor his body any pain. Whatever blandishments happen from without they augment not the *chief good*, but only give it, as it were, a pleasing relish: for the absolute good of human nature is fully and completely satisfi'd with the peace of body and soul.

But I will give you also from *Epicurus* a distinction of *good*, more like to this of the stoics. There is a sort of *good*, which, he says, he had much rather should be his portion, as, the ease of the body, free from every annoyance; and a relaxation of soul, rejoicing in the contemplation of its own felicity; and another sort, which, though he would not wish them to be his lot, yet have their merit, and what he commends and approves, as, the patient sufferance, before mention'd, of a bad state of health, and constancy in the most grievous pain which *Epicurus* (*o*) himself labour'd under, upon a most happy day: for, he tells us, he was rack'd with an ulcer in the bladder, and an inflammation in the bowels; so that it was impossible to endure more pain: yet even this he call'd a blessed day to him: now, no one can enjoy a
blessed

bleſſed day, without being in poſſeſſion of the *chief good*. You ſee then that even with your *Epicurus* there is a ſort of *good*, which no one indeed would chuſe; but which, if neceſſity requires it, is ſtill to be embraced, to be commended, and placed upon an equality with *ſovereign good*; as the day which cloſed the happy life of *Epicurus*, and for which he gave thanks with his dying breath.

Give me leave, *Lucilius*, beſt of men, to ſpeak ſomewhat more freely; if any *good* could be greater than another; I ſhould prefer thoſe that ſeem ſo very diſagreeable to ſuch as are of a more ſoft and delicate nature: for it is greater, to bear up againſt, and conquer difficulties, than to uſe good fortune with moderation: on this account, I know, the ſame judgment will incite men, to carry themſelves well in proſperity, and not to be leſs patient in adverſity: he may be alike brave, who ſtands ſentinel in the trenches, before the enemy hath fallied to force the camp; with him, who having his legs cut off, fighteth upon his ſtumps, and ſcorns to throw away his ſword. *Go on, and proſper, my brave lads*, is ſaid to the men, who are cover'd with wounds and returning from the field of battle: I cannot therefore but highly recommend this *good*, that hath manifeſted itſelf upon trial, and in a firm defiance to the power of fortune. Can I make any doubt, whether I ſhould praiſe the maimed hand of *Mucius* (*p*) when burnt to the bone, more than the ſound one of the braveſt general? He ſtood contemning both the enemy, and the flames; and looked with a ſteady eye upon his hand, while it was dropping away in the fire; till *Porſenna*, who at firſt took pleaſure in his torture, now envied him the glory of it, and order'd the pan of fire to be taken from him without his conſent. Now why ſhould I not reckon this ſtubborn patience as a principal *good*; nay, think it greater, than ſuch as are ſecure, and untried by torture; as it is more glorious to conquer an enemy with a hand that is uſeleſs, than with one arm'd with weapons? What then, you ſay, would I wiſh this good to be mine? Why not? For unleſs any one can alſo wiſh it, he would ſcarce put it in execution. Or muſt I rather wiſh effeminately to ſtretch out my limbs to my old ſervants to rub and ſoften them, or bid ſome old male-nurſe to ſtraiten my little

toes? No, I think *Mucius* a happier man, in giving his hand to the fire, as to some friendly operator (*g*), whereby he made ample amends for his mistake; when unarmed and maimed as he was, he put an end to the war; and with the stump only of an arm conquered two Kings (*r*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Know ye not that the body is the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? i. Cor. iii. 16. vi. 9.

(*b*) See Lipf. (Manud. iii. 6.)

(*c*) Various are the readings here, but *Gronovius* with all the MSS. and old editions, *Talis Animus est virtus*. So *Ep.* 113. *Virtus nihil aliud est quàm animus quodammodo se habens. Ep.* 78. *Hæc ratio perfecta virtus vocatur. Cic. (Tusc. Qu. l. v.) Hic igitur animus, si est excultus, et si ejus acies ita curata est, ut ne cæcetur erroribus, sit perfecta ratio, i. e. absoluta ratio, quæ est idem quod virtus.* The human mind as derived from the Divine Reason, can be compared with nothing, but with God himself, if I may be allowed the expression: *This then when improved, and its sight so preserved as not to be blinded by errors, becomes a perfect understanding, i. e. absolute reason, which is the very same as virtue.*

(*d*) *Cic. (Parod. iii.) Una virtus est, consentient cum ratione et perpetua constantia: nihil huic addi potest quo magis virtus sit, nihil demi ut virtutis nomen relinquatur. Virtue is uniform, and its uniformity consists in unwearied perseverance, and agreement with reason; no addition of circumstance can make it more than virtue, no diminution can make it less.*

(*e*) *Cic. (ib.) Atqui paræ esse virtutes, nec bono viro meliorem, nec temperante temperantior, nec forti fortior, nec sapienti sapientior posse fieri, facillimè potest percipi. If virtues are equal among themselves, it may very easily be conceived, that a man cannot be better than good, more temperate than temperate, braver than brave, nor wiser than wise.*

(*f*) *Cic. (ib.) Atqui quoniam paræ virtutes sunt, recte facta, quando a virtutibus proficiuntur paria esse debent;—As all our virtues are equal, all good actions, being derived from virtue, ought to be equal likewise.—*

Thus runs the argument; Virtue is right; what is right, admits of no encrease; therefore virtue admits of no encrease: and if virtue admits of no encrease, neither do such things as flow from virtue, and all things rightly done are equal. Such is the doctrine of the stoics; add further,—itemque peccata quoniam ex vitiis manant, sint æqualia necesse est. *It necessarily follows, that evil actions springing from vice should be also equal.*

Now in what sense the Christian is to take this position we may learn from St. *James*, (ii. 2.)—*Whoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all; i. e. with respect to the obedience he ought to pay to the authority of the Legislator, which is violated by the transgression of one point, as of all the rest, because there is an equal authority, or rather the same, which influences the whole, and which connects the one with the other. For (v. 11.) He that said do not commit adultery, said also do not kill; now, if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art a transgressor of the law.*

* Though some of the philosophers among the *Heathens* allowed, yet the best of them condemn'd this *stoical heroism*, as a rash forsaking the station in which the providence of their gods had placed them. See *Epp.* 24, 30, &c.

(*g*) However

(g) However the schoolmen and others may seem to differ from this doctrine of the *stoics*, with regard to a distinction in kind, and a superior excellency, as to prefer *the most rational prudence* to justice, justice to fortitude, and fortitude to temperance; in a word, to think that each virtue rises in value the nearer it accedes to, and the more it partakes of reason, yet considered in itself, (suppose temperance) they allow it to be equal: nor in reality do they contradict the doctrine of the *stoics*; forasmuch as the *stoics* admit not of any good but what is in its highest perfection. See *Lipf.* (Manud. iii. 4.)

(b) In equuleo taceat] Cic. (de fin. 5.) Si vir bonus, cæcus, debilis, morbo gravissimo affectus, exul, orbus, torqueatur in equuleo: quem hunc appellas, Zeno? Beatum, inquit: etiam beatissimum? Quippe inquit, cum tam docuerim gradus istam rem non habere, quam virtutem, in qua sit ipsum beatum—(al. Etiam beatissimum? Quippini? cum.)

If a wise man is blind, maimed, desperately sick, banished, childless, a beggar, and tortured upon the rack; how will Zeno term such a man? Happy. What, supremely happy? Why not? since I have all along declared that happiness, *quæ* happiness, is the same, just as its efficient cause, virtue, is virtue.—If we are to appeal to the common sense of mankind, you can never prove such a man to be happy: if to *the thinking few*, one part of them perhaps will doubt whether virtue has so much power as to make a man happy even in Phalaris' bull. But the other will make no manner of doubt that the *stoics* speak consistently, &c. Ib.

(i) Cic. (Tusc. v.) Epicuro dicere licebit nullum sapienti esse tempus et si uratur, torquatur, fecetur, quin possit exclamare, Quam pro nihilo puto? Denique etiam, Beatam vitam in Phalaridis taurum descensuram. It is allowable for Epicurus, (who only affects being a philosopher, and who assumed that name to himself) to say, that a wise man may at all times cry out, though he be burned, tortured, cut to pieces, How little do I regard it?—nay, that a happy life may descend into Phalaris' bull.

(k) We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. Rom. viii. 28.

(l) So Seneca (Thebaid.) Speaking of Jocasta's affection for her son, 'the wretched Polynices—

Quo causa melior, forsque deterior trahit

Inclinat animus semper infirmo favens:

Miseros magis fortuna conciliat suis.

When unrelenting Fate denies success

To a just cause, o'erwhelm'd with wretchedness,

Either of friend, or relative, the mind

To helpful pity is the more inclin'd. M.

(m) This is another paradox of the *stoics*. Cic. (de fin. iv.) Sapientes omnes summè beatos esse. That all wise men are superlatively happy. (Ib. v.) Quid minus probandum, quàm esse aliquem beatum nec satis beatum? Quod autem satis est, ed quidquid accesserit nimium est, at nemo nimium beatus, et nemo beato beator. Nothing is easier to be proved than that if a man is happy he is sufficiently happy; if any thing were added to what is sufficient it would be too much, but no one can be too happy, nor any one happier than he that is happy. Apud Stobæum Παντα τὸν καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθὸν ἀνδρᾶ τέλειον εἶναι, διὰ τὸ μηδεμίᾳ ἀπολεπισθᾶι ἀρετῆς, διὸ καὶ παντὸς εὐδαιμονεῖν ἀπὸ τῶν ἀειδρωτων τῆς ἀγαθῆς. If a man be truly just and good, he is perfect, as wanting no kind of virtue: and therefore the good are altogether and always happy. Now if all such be perfect, they are equal; if they be altogether and always happy, there can be no addition or diminution of their happiness. *Lipf.* (Maund. iii. 3.) See Epp. 71, 72, 74, 85, 92.

(n) Observe here an explanation of that capital *dogma* among the *stoics*, Naturam sequi, follow Nature, so frequently inculcated by our author. See Epp. 5, 16, 25, 41, (N. i.) To which may

be

be added (De beat. vit. c. 8.) Idem est beati vivere, et secundum naturam. *It is the same thing to live happily, and according to nature.* For this is wisdom, non a naturâ de-errare, et ad illius legem exemplumque formari, sapientia est. *Epictetus* exhorts more than once, Ο μολογ^ωξένως—καὶ συμφωνῶς φύσει ζῆν, *to live conformably, and in perfect harmony with Nature.* Not only the Stoics but *Plato* and the *Academics* asserted that *in no other thing were we to look for the summum bonum, nulla in re alia nisi natura, quærendum esse illud summum bonum, quo omnia referuntur, dicebant.* *Cic.* (de *Academ.*) The *Cynics* also and other eminent philosophers, according to *Philo Judæus*, maintained *this to be the end of happiness.* Τὸ μὲν ἀκολεθία φύσεως ζῆν. *Horace* Ep. i. 10, 12.

Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet.

Would you to Nature's laws obedience yield—

— Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis

Secta fuit, fervare modum, finemque tenere,

Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam. *Lucan.* ii. 380.

Such Cato's manners, such their stubborn course,—

The golden mean unchanging to pursue,

Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view.

Religiously to follow Nature's laws,

And die with pleasure in his country's cause. *Rowe.*

(o) See Ep. 92.

(p) See Ep. 24. (N. f.)

(q) *Traçtatori*] *Martial* iii. 81, 13.

(r) *Tarquin* (expelled *Rome* after he had reigned twenty-five years) and *Porçenna*.

EPISTLE LXVII.

Whether all Good be desirable.

TO begin with the common topic of discourse.—The spring has began to open (a), (and shew its influence on the vegetable world) and is now inclining to summer: but at what time we might expect it to be hot, it is scarce warm; nor is it yet so settled, but that it often turns to a wintry day. And indeed so variable is the weather, that I dare not venture upon cold water (b); and therefore have it somewhat warmed: this, you will say, is neither to endure heat nor cold. It is so, *Lucilius*: my time of life has now cold enough of its own: I am scarce unfrozen

unfrozen in the midst of summer: great part of my time therefore I lie couched upon my matts: however I thank my old age for thus confining me (*c*), seeing now I cannot do, what I ought not to wish to do. My chief conversation is with books: if at any time an epistle from you intervenes, I think myself with you: and such my affection, that I fancy I am answering you, not by way of letter, but by word of mouth: therefore concerning what you enquire after, I will talk to you as if present; and we will sift the matter together.

You desire to know, if *all good be desirable*: “ If it be *good*, you say, “ patiently to bear sickness with a greatness of soul, to endure torment; “ and to suffer burning with constancy and courage; it follows, that “ these things are desirable.” No, I really think none of these things eligible: I know no one that ever wished to be scourged with rods, to be distorted with the gout, or stretched upon the rack; you must make a distinction here, *Lucilius*, and you will see what I mean (*d*): I would by no means desire torment; but if it should be my lot to suffer, I would wish to behave myself with decency, courage, and spirit: I would not desire to be engaged in war; but was I enroll’d, I would wish to bear wounds, hunger and all the cruel hardships that attend such a situation, like a brave soldier. I am not so mad, as to wish to be sick; but should it so happen, I would wish not to be intemperate, stubborn, nor effeminately to make complaint.

Some of our sect maintain, that a brave suffering of severities, though not to be detested and abhorred, yet is by no means to be desired; because no *good* is desirable, but what is pure, tranquil, and out of the reach of vexation. I am not of the same opinion: because, first, it is impossible, that any thing can be really *good*, but what is desirable. Secondly, if virtue be desirable, and there is no *good* without virtue; then is every *good* desirable: and further, if a brave enduring of torture be not to be wished for, I would ask, whether fortitude is to be wished for? Now fortitude is what despiseth all dangers, and defies them: the most beautiful part of it, and indeed the most admirable, is not to yield to either fire or sword; sometimes not to shun a dart, but to receive

it

it with open breast: if fortitude then be desirable, even patiently to endure torture is desirable; for this is a part of fortitude. Separate, I say, these things; and then you can make no mistake. For to suffer torture, is not desirable; but to suffer it manfully, is: and this is what I would wish for; for it is virtue. *But did ever any one wish for it?* Know, *Lucilius*, that some wishes and prayers are manifest, and professedly such, when they are made for any thing in particular; some lie concealed, when many things are comprehended in one wish, without being expressed; for instance, I wish myself an honourable life; now such a life consists in a variety of actions and sufferings; the tub of *Regulus* (e); the wound which *Cato* tore open with his own hand (f); the banishment of *Rutilius* (g), and the cup of poison that raised *Socrates* from his prison into heaven, are all comprehended in this: therefore when I wished for an honourable life, I wished for these, or the like hardships; without which it is sometimes impossible for a life to be honourable.

———O terque quaterque beati,
 Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
 Contigit oppetere (b)!——

And what difference is there in wishing this for another, or confessing it to be desirable? *Decius* devoted himself to the good of the public (i), and spurring his horse into the midst of his enemies rushed upon death: his son, emulous of paternal virtue, having uttered a few solemn, and now familiar words, did the same, solicitous to appease the gods by the sacrifice of himself; and thinking it a desirable thing to die an honourable death. And can any one doubt but that it is a most glorious thing, to die thus nobly in some great work of virtue, and to purchase thereby an everlasting name?

When any one manfully endures torment, he perhaps supports himself with all the virtues, though but one displays itself above the rest, which is *patience*. There is *fortitude* herein; of which *patience*, and *sufferance*, and *endurance*, are but the branches: there is *prudence*, without which no great design can be carried on: and which persuades us to bear that as decently as possible, which it is not in our power to escape: there is also, *constancy*, which cannot be thrown from her seat,

nor will ever depart from her purpose, let whatever torment endeavour to force her: in short there is the whole undivided train of virtues. Whatever is done handsomely, one virtue does it, but it is according to the advice of the whole assembly (*k*). Now, what is approved by all the virtues, though it may seem the effect of one only, must be *desirable*. For why? Do you think those things only desirable, which came from ease and pleasure; such as are manifested by garlands at the door (*l*)? There are some pleasures that have sorrow enough: and some vows are offered up by way of adoration and worship, rather than of applause and thanksgiving. Do you not think that *Regulus* sincerely wished to return to the *Carthaginians*? Assume the spirit of a truly great man; and withdraw yourself awhile from the opinion of the vulgar; take to yourself, as you ought, a semblance of the most beautiful and magnificent virtue; and you will find it decorated, not with frankincense and garlands, but with sweat and blood. Behold *Marcus Cato*, reaching out his most pure hands to that sacred breast of his, and widening the too shallow wound: would you say to him, *I would do as you do, but am sorry you have done it*? Or, *how happy are you, Cato, in what you have done*? I cannot help thinking here of our *Demetrius*; who calls a life that is secure, and unmolested by any attack of fortune, *a dead sea*. To have nothing to incite and rouse you to action; nothing by whose threatening and assault, you may try the strength of your mind; but to live at ease, undisturb'd, and unshaken, is not tranquillity; but a dead calm, (*softness and delicacy*). *Attalus*, the stoic, was wont to say, *I had rather*

fortune ~~torment~~ *should carry me out into her camp than indulge me at home in all manner of delights. What if I am wounded, I bear it manfully; it is well. What if I am slain, I die bravely; it is well. Hear Epicurus, amidst his pains, it is sweet and pleasant. For my part, I know not how to bestow a soft name upon what is so honourable, yet so severe. I am burned, but still invincible. And why is not this a desirable thing; I do not say, to have the fire burn me; but that it cannot conquer me? Nothing is more excellent than virtue; nothing more beautiful: it is good, it is desirable, whatever is done by her authority and command.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Se aperire cœpit*] From whence comes the word *April*, qu. *aperilis*.—See my note on the first line of that sweet old poet *Chaucer*.

Whannè that *Apryl* with his schouris fote,
The drought of March had piercid to the rote,
And bathid every vein in swiche licoure,
Of which Virtu engendrid is the floure ;
Eke whannè Zephyrus, with his fote breth,
Exspireded hath, in every holt and heth,
The tender croppys ; and the yongè sonne
Hath in the rammè half his course yronne—&c.

(b) Either in bathing or washing. See *Epp.* 53, 83.

Horace *Ep. l. 15. 4.*—*Gelida cum perluor unda
Per medium frigus.*—

— *When I mean to bathe,*

The middle winter's freezing wave beneath.—Francis.

(c) *Quod me lectulo affixit*] Not a dormitory, but a room with a couch ; such as they usually had who lived a retired life, or were given to study. *Ep. 72. Quædam Lectum et otium desiderant.* *Juv. vii. 105.*

Est genus ignavum quod lecto gaudet et umbrâ.

They are a lazy people, either laid

Upon their couch, or walking in the shade.—Stapleton.

Perf. l. 53.—*Lectis scribitur in vitreis.*

Them and their woeful works the muse defies,

Products of citron beds, and golden canopies. Dryden.

(d) *Muretus* observes that *Aristotle's* distinction (*Polit. p. vii.*) in this point is short and full. Some things, says he, are good and to be desired absolutely : other, (*ἐπιτηδεύσεως ἐν κλιτῶ*), only hypothetically : *It is a good thing, and to be wished for, that there should not be a wicked man in the city, but if there are any such, it is a desirable good, that they should be punished : sickness is not to be wished for, but if it happens, it is good to bear it with fortitude and patience ; and so of other things.*

(e) *Regulus*, having been taken by the *Carthaginians*, and sent to *Rome*, to advise a change of prisoners, there pleaded for the contrary ; yet having promised to return, he would not break his word, and returned accordingly ; where he was barbarously murdered ; being put into a tub stuck full of nails, and rolled down a hill. *Ep. 98. Sen. de Provid. c. iii. De Tranquil. l. 15. Valer. Max. ix. 2. Tertull. (ad Mart. c. 4.) in arcæ genus stipatus, undique extrinsecus clavis confixus tot cruces sensit.*—*Cum mult. al.*—But I shall only refer the reader to *Horace* (*Od. iii. 5.*)

Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus

Tortor parabat—&c.

Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,

Veng'ful prepar'd by a barbarian foe,

Yet with a countenance serenely gay,

He turn'd aside the crowds, who fondly prest' d his stay. Francis.

And

And especially to *Cic.* (Off.iii. 31.) where the whole story is related, and the propriety of his return, in obedience to his promise and oath, is fully argued; and particularly in the notes of the ingenious translator Mr. *Gutbrie*.—See also N. 74 of *Cic.* on old age, by Mr. *Melmoth*; who observes, that it has been doubted, by some modern writers of considerable note in the republic of letters, whether *Regulus* really underwent those horrid tortures which he is said to have sustained on his return to *Carthage*. It were to be wished, indeed, for the honour of humanity, they have been misrepresented, but the pretence is very strong, from historians as well as poets.

(f) Cato, Ep. 24. See the Index.

(g) Ep. 24, (N. c.)—*Socrates*, Ep. 63, (N. h.)

(b) Virg. i. 90. *O thrice, and four times happy they, he cried,*

Who, under Ilian walls, before their parents died. Dryden.

(i) It was a superstitious fancy among the old Romans, that if a General (*Dictator, Consul, or Prætor*) would consent to be devoted or sacrificed to *Jupiter, Mars*, the earth, or the infernal gods, all the misfortunes which otherwise might happen to his party, would, by virtue of that pious act, be transferred on their enemies; (see the form of this solemnity in *Livy* (viii. 9.) *Cic.* (de Fin. ii. 15. de Nat. Deor. ii.) This opinion was confirmed in the most renowned family of the *Decii*, of whom the father, son, (and grandson) all devoted themselves for the safety of their armies. See *Melmoth's* Cato, or *Cic.* on old age. N. 51.

Phebeia Deciorum animæ Phebeia fuerunt
Nomina, pro totis legionibus hi tamen, et pro
Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni pube Latina
Sufficiunt Diis infernis terræque parenti:
Pluris enim Decii quàm qui servantur ab illis.

*From a mean stock the pious Decii came,
Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themselves more worth than all the hosts they sav'd.* Stepny.

See Fitzosborn's Lett. 57.

(k) This stoical opinion of the concatenation or connexion of all the virtues, seems almost general among the ancient philosophers: thus *Menedemus* and *Ariston*, unam virtutem esse, etsi multis insuperatam vocabulis, *There is but one virtue, though set off under various titles.* Cicero (de Fin. v.) Cùm sic copulatæ connexæque sint virtutes, ut omnes omnium participes sint, nec alia ab alia possit separari; tamen proprium suum cujusque munus. So *the Fathers; Ambrose*, Connexæ fibi sunt concatenatæque virtutes, ut qui unam habet, plures habere videatur. And *Gregory*, Una virtus sine aliis, aut omnino nulla est, aut imperfecta est. See Epp. 66, (N. f.) 95. *Lips.* (Manud. iii. 4.)

(l) Hic nostrum placabo Jovem, laribusque paternis
Thura dabo, atque omnes violæ jactabo colores.
Cuncta nitent longos erexit janua ramos,
Et matutinis operitur festa lucernis. Juv. xii. 90.
*And incense shall domestic Jove appease:
My shining household gods shall revel there,
And all the colours of the violet wear.
All's right; my portal shines with verdant bays,
And consecrated tapers early blaze.* Power.

Perf. v. 181.—*Lips.* Elect. i. 5.

EPISTLE LXVIII.

On Ease and Retirement.

I APPROVE of your design, *Lucilius*: conceal yourself, if you please, in ease and retirement; but take care to conceal this too. Know that what you propose, is allowed, if not from any precept of the stoics; yet by example (*a*): nay, I doubt not, but that I could prove, if you desired me, that you might do the same according to precept. We recommend not the being concern'd in the public affairs of every government (*b*), nor at all times (*c*), without pause or intermission during life (*d*). Moreover, when we have given the wise man a republic, worthy of him, i. e. the world: * he cannot be said to be absent from the same, though he has thought proper to retire; nay, perhaps having left a small corner, he enters a great and spacious palace; where being seated, as it were, in heaven, he learns, in what a low and mean place he sat when he ascended the chair of state, or the tribunal (*e*). Believe me, *Lucilius*, a wise man is never more in action than when engaged in the contemplation of things both human and divine.

But to return to what I was saying in the beginning of this epistle, in order to persuade you to keep your retreat a secret. There is no reason, you should honour it with the name of *philosophy* (*f*); find out some other pretext; ascribe it to an ill state of health, or a weak constitution, or laziness: to glory in ease, is an idle ambition. Some animals, the better to lie concealed, confound their tracks, round about the place where they lodge: you must do the same; otherwise there will be those, who will persecute you: many pass negligently over what is visible; but search after what is hidden and abstruse: things, when under seal, tempt a thief; what lies exposed seems vile and of no account: the housebreaker passeth by an open door. The common people have
all

all the same sort of manners and every blockhead the same: they will desire to break in upon your privacy: it is good therefore not to boast of it: now, there is a kind of ostentation, in shutting one's self up too close, so as never to appear in fight. One man will keep himself close at *Tarentum*; another at *Naples*; another for some years hath not stepped over his own threshold. But such a one only calls a crowd about his door, who makes his retirement the subject of idle stories, and the common talk.

When you retire, it must not be with a design, that others should talk of you; but that you should commune with yourself. And what must the subject be? Why, that which men make the general subject of their conversation, in freely speaking of their neighbours, viz. your own character. Indulge not too good an opinion of yourself: accustom yourself to speak and hear the truth: but chiefly reflect upon whatever weakness you are most sensible of yourself. There is scarce any man but who knows his own infirmity; one man therefore finds an evacuation necessary to ease his stomach, another is continually eating to strengthen him; another thinks fit to lower his corpulency by abstinence: some who are afflicted with the gout abstain from the luxury of wine and the bath; regardless in all other respects, they are chiefly intent upon preventing the painful disorder they are most subject to. So in the mind there are some crazy parts (*g*), which in time must be taken care of in order for their cure. And what is my employ, think you, in my retirement? Why, I am endeavouring to cure this ulcerated part. Were I to shew you a swollen foot, a livid hand, or the dry nerves of a contracted ancle, you would permit me, to lie in one posture, and indulge my disease: but much greater is the complaint within, which I cannot shew you. There is a load and an imposthume in my breast. Prithee, do not praise me, do not say, "*what a great man! he hath despised all things, and having condemn'd the frantic errors of human life he is retired.*" I have condemned nothing but myself. There is no reason you should desire to come to me to learn somewhat for your good; you are mistaken, if you think any help is to be had here: I am not a physician, but a sick patient; I had rather you should say of me, as you
are

are going away: *alas! I took this man for one very happy and learned; I was all attention to him; I have received nothing from him I desired; nothing to make me wish to come again.* If such your opinion, if such your language, I should think, you had made some progress: I had rather my retirement should want an apology, than be envied. *Do you really then, Seneca, recommend ease and retirement? This sounds as if coming from Epicurus.* Be it so; I still recommend retirement to you; wherein you may be employed in greater and more commendable things than those you have quitted. To knock at the proud doors of the great,—to note in your memorandum book such old men, as have no heirs at law (*b*), to be in high reputation at court,—these are but invidious privileges, of no long duration; and, if you think right, beneath the notice of a man of honour. One man excells me in the business of the forum; another hath better pay for his services, whereby he rises to the dignity of the equestrian or senatorial order; another is attended with more clients; I cannot match this man in his train of followers, nor that in popularity; and what then? Provided I could conquer ~~torture~~, I should not so much regard the being excelled and conquered by man. *Justice*

I wish, *Lucilius*, you had been so happy as to have taken this resolution long ago. I wish we had not deferred to think of an happy life, till now we are come within sight of death. But let us delay no longer. We have now learned many things, which we before thought would have proved vain and fantastical in the eye of reason. As they are wont to do, who set out late, and by their speed would recover the time they have lost, let us now spur on. This time of life best suits our serious studies. It is now clarified: it hath quite master'd the vices that were untameable in the first heat of youth; there remains but little fire to be extinguished: and *when*, you say, *will that profit you, which you propose to learn at the end of life? Or to what purpose do you learn it?* Truly, to make a better exit; to die a better man (*i*). There is no time of life more proper for the attainment of a sound mind, than that which by a long experience and a well exercised patience, hath sufficiently humbled itself; and, having assuaged the affections and passions, obliged it, seriously to think of what is good and salutary. This is the short time allotted

allotted as for the attainment of wisdom; and whatever old man is so happy as to attain it, let him own that he owes no small obligation to his years.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) The chief of the stoics, though they maintained that the affairs of government were most properly entrusted in the hands of the wife; yet would never *voluntarily* engage therein themselves. *Sen.* (de beat. vit. c. 28) non quo miserint me illi, sed quo duxerint, ibo. Wherefore *Plutarch* condemns them, as not suiting their lives to their own doctrine.

(b) *every government*] Such, for instance, as are in so deplorable a state, as to give no hopes of their recovery.

(c) *nor at all times*] As some must necessarily be devoted to relaxation, or private studies.

(d) *Nor during life.* Ως γὰρ ἀθλητικῆς, ἔτω καὶ πολιτικῆς περιόδῃ καταλύσις τις ἐστὶ. *Political as well as athletical engagements have their proper periods.* At Rome a senator after the sixtieth year of his age was not compelled to attend the house; and after the seventieth never summoned. And both *Plato* and *Aristotle* think old age more proper for the function of the *priestly office* than for any other. From whence that celebrated verse——

Ἐργα νεῶν, βυλαὶ δ' ἀνδρῶν, εὐχαὶ δὲ γέροντων.

In deeds let youth, in council men engage,

But prayer and sacrifice best suit old age. M.

* A wife man looks upon himself as a citizen of the *world*; and, when you ask him whose his country lies, points, like *Anaxagoras*, with his finger to the heavens.

“ To talk of our abstracting ourselves from matter, laying aside body, and being resolved, as it were, into pure intellect, is proud, metaphysical, unmeaning jargon. But to abstract ourselves from the prejudices, habits, pleasures, and *business of the world*, is what many, though not all, are capable of doing. They who can do this, may elevate their souls, in a retreat, to an higher station, and may take from thence such a view of the world, as *Scipio* took in his dream, *Cic.* somn. *Scip.*) from the seats of the blessed, when the whole earth appeared so little to him, that he could scarce discern that speck of dirt, the *Roman Empire*. Such a view as this will encrease our knowledge,” &c. *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

(e) The wife man seems to abase himself when he mounts the chair of state, being hereby compelled to forego the sublime contemplation of heavenly things. There is an excellent Epigram wrote by the philosopher *Themistius* (and not by *Pallas*, as some injudiciously imagined) who when advanced to the Consulship, thus exhorts himself to despise these worldly vanities, and ascend to the study of philosophy :

Ἀντυγος αἰθέριος ὑπερημενος, εἰς ποδῶν ἥλθε

Ἀντυγος ἀργυρέης, αἰχῆς ἀπειροσπον

Ἦθα κάτω κρεσσῶν· ἀναβὰς δ' ἐγενε μέγα χερῶν

Δεῦρ ἀναβῆδι κάτω. ἤν γὰρ ἄνω κατεβῆς.

High mounted in a silver car I ride;

The wife'd-for summit of ambitious pride.

Greater before, and happier, in the end;

Let me, to rise to what I was, descend. M.

(f) *I see*

(f) *I see your vanity*, said Socrates to Antisthenes, in your threadbare coat, which you are so proud to show. See the like argument in Epp. 5. 14. 18. 103.

(g) *Causaria partes*] A military term; so, in *Livy*, *Causarii milites*, & *causaria missio*, a furlow, or passport granted to a sick or wounded foldier. *Vid. Mercurial. Var. Lect. vi. 1.*

(h) See *Sen. de Benefic. vi. 33.*

(i) As *Solon*, when he was dying, desired something might be read to him, and being asked upon what account he made this request, answered, *that he might die a more learned man.*

EPISTLE LXIX.

On the Affections and Passions.

I WOULD by no means, *Lucilius*, have you rove from place to place (a) because such frequent moving bewrays an unstable and unsettled mind. You cannot improve your leisure time, till you cease to wander, and gape about you. You cannot bring your mind under any rule, before you put a stop to the rambles of your body. And then, by the constant application of proper remedies you may expect a cure: your retirement must not be broken in upon: your former life must entirely be forgot: let your eyes forego their usual practice and your ears be accustomed to more sound discourse: as often as you presume to go out, you will meet with something that will recall your desires: as one that intends to throw off his affection, must shun every thing that is likely to remind him of his beloved object; for nothing so soon revives and grows fresh again as *love*: so he that intends to cast off his inclination for such things as before inflamed his desire, must turn away both his eyes and ears from the object he would fain forsake. The affection is very apt to rebel: which way soever it turns, it will be invited to seize the tempting opportunity: there is no evil but what finds some excuse to authorise it: covetousness promiseth wealth; luxury

luxury many and various pleasures; ambition, purple, applause, and power and all that power can do. Vice ever tempts you with some reward; but know, you must live free and disinterested. There is scarce time enough in a whole age, to subdue, and bring under the yoke, vices, that are grown proud and stubborn with too long liberty; much less can we expect to do this, if we permit the little time we have to be interrupted: daily vigilance and application scarce suffice to bring any one thing to perfection.

If you would attend to me, *Lucilius*, meditate on this; be this your exercise; *calmly* to receive death; nay, if necessity required, to court it. There is little or no difference, whether Death comes to us or we go to him (*b*). Persuade yourself, that it is but an idle opinion of the most ignorant, that, *bella res est, mori suâ morte, it is right and fair for a man to die the death allotted him* (*c*). Think moreover that no one dies, but *when his time is come*: when you die, you have had the time you could properly call *your own* (*d*); what you leave behind you, belongs to another person.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. ii.

(*b*) Undoubtedly, Death, considered as Death, is the same, come when, or from what hand it will. But the means or manner of it, with regard to a rational agent, admit of a wide difference; especially among Christians; as there is scarce one in the whole train of virtues, but what is rejected and destroyed by the horrid custom of suicide; as, *Fortitude, Constancy, Patience, a trust in God, &c.*

(*c*) *Suetonius* speaking of those who murdered Cæsar in the capitol, observes that, *Nemo amplius triennio supervixit, neque sua morte defunctus est, No one survived him more than three years or died a natural death.* As to the sentence here exhibited, though *Seneca*, speaking as a Stoic, seems to condemn this opinion, I doubt not but that every Christian, learned or unlearned, will approve of it. And 'tis notorious that *Seneca* contradicts himself in nothing more than in this point.

(*d*) No one is a proper judge of what is here called *his own time*. The time indeed that a man hath cut off by laying violent hands on himself, is not *his own*; for he is gone, and now hath nothing to do with it: but neither was it *his own*, so as to dispose of it at his pleasure, or to abridge himself of it; for it belonged to his family, to his king, to his God. See the Notes on the following Epistle. See also Epp. 16. 24. 34. 41. 44. 51. 94. 98.

EPISTLE LXX.

On Life and Death †.

AT last, *Lucilius*, I have been to see your *Pompeii*: where something or other reminded me of my youthful days: and so affected me, as to make me fancy myself as young and active as ever; at least to think that few years had passed since that happy time.—We sail, *my Lucilius*, along the coast of life, and as in the sea, our *Virgil* says,

—Terræq; urbescq; recedunt, *we soon lose sight of land*;—
so in the rapid flow of time, we first lose sight of childhood, then of youth, then of middle age, on the confines of both, and then the better years of old age; and at last the common end of mankind begins to shew itself.

And do we think this a terrible rock? we are arrant fools if we do: it is rather a desirable haven (*a*), than to be dreaded; into which if any one is carried in his younger years, he has no more reason to complain, than he that hath made a swift voyage; for one vessel, you know, is made the sport of gentle winds, and is detained, 'till it is quite tired with the tediousness of an idle calm: another by a smart and constant gale is carried along impetuously to the end of its voyage: the same happens to us in life: some are violently hurried thither, where even the most tardy must come at last: others are quite macerated and wasted away with length of days, so as to make life by no means desirable; for it is not a good thing merely to live, but to live well and happily (*b*): therefore a wise man will take care to live well, and as he ought to live, not concerning himself with the length of time: he will consider where he is to live, with whom, in what manner, and to what purpose, regardless, I say, of *how long*. If many troubles afflict him and destroy his peace, *he desires to be gone* (*c*): and not only in the last extremities, but as soon as ever Fortune begins to be suspected by him; he will con-

sult

sult with himself, whether it were not better for him to die: he thinks it of no great moment to him, from what hand he accepts the fatal stroke; nor that it can be any detriment to him, whether sooner or later. He cannot be any great loser who has but a *drop* to lose: it is of no great importance to die soon, or to die late, but to die well or ill: now to die well, is to escape the perils of an evil life: and therefore I think it too effeminately spoken by the *Rhodian*, who, when he was cast into prison by a tyrant, and there kept encaged like a wild beast, said to a person that persuaded him to starve himself, *Omnia homini dum vivit, speranda sunt, while there is life there is hope (d)*. However true this maxim may be, I cannot think life is to be purchased at any rate: some things, however great, however certain, are not what I should desire to obtain, at the expence of confessing myself weak and faint-hearted. Must I think that Fortune can do every thing for him who lives, rather than that she hath no power over him who knows how to die? Yet, I must own that, in *some* cases, though certain death were instant, and a man knew his destined punishment, he ought not to accelerate it by his own presumption (*e*). *It is folly to die for fear of death*. Is the executioner coming? wait for him: why do you prevent him? why would you take upon you the administration of another's cruelty? do you envy him, or spare him, the disagreeable office? *Socrates* might easily have ended his life by abstaining from any nourishment, rather than have died by poison; yet he lived thirty days in prison, and in expectation of death: not because he presumed that every thing would be done that could be done to save him; or that he had any hopes in being respited; but in dutiful submission to the laws, and to give his friends the enjoyment of his conversation to the last. Nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that he despised death, and yet was afraid of poison.

On the contrary, *Drusus Libo*, a young man, as silly, as he was noble by birth, expecting greater things than any man could expect in that age, or he in any; when he was brought from the senate in a litter very sick (or pretending to be so) with no great attendance, (for all his friends and servants had uncharitably forsaken him, not now as an

accused person, but as one condemned, and already dead in law) began to ask counsel, whether he should wait for death, or hasten it himself; *Scribonia* his aunt, (the widow of *Augustus*) a woman of great sedateness and gravity, thereupon said to him, *what pleasure can you have in the enjoyment of a life not your own?* *Drusus* took the hint, and dispatched himself; and I think not without reason (*f*). For if he that is to die within three or four days, at the pleasure of an enemy, chuses to live out the time, it cannot properly be called *his own*. We cannot however absolutely declare in all cases alike, when any external power threatens certain death, whether it is to be anticipated, or waited for: for much may be said on both sides: for if on one hand death is to be attended with any grievous torture; and on the other it is simple and easy, why should not this be preferred? As I would chuse a ship to sail in, or a house to live in; so would I the most tolerable death, when about to die.

Moreover, though life is not the better, the longer it is; yet surely death the longer it is, is so much the worse. We ought in nothing to be more obsequious to the mind, than in death: let a man indulge it with whatever death it is pleased to chuse; let him rush on, according to the impulse within, and break his chains (*g*). In the affairs of life, let him study the approbation of others, but in death let him please himself (*h*). It is ridiculous for a man to trouble himself with the following reflexions; some one will say, *I have been too rash; I have acted cowardly; such a death would have shewed a more generous and noble spirit* (*i*). But would you accept of the advice that is in your power to put in execution, and with which fame or censure have no concern, (*at least that you will be sensible of*); let this be your principal view, to take yourself out of the power of Fortune as speedily as you can; otherwise there will be those who may disapprove and condemn the fact (*k*): you will find even among the professors of wisdom, (*the Peripatetics* or followers of *Aristotle's* philosophy) those who deny, that upon any account a man is at liberty to lay violent hands on himself; who judge it a most heinous crime; and solemnly assert, that *it is the duty of every one to wait the time appointed by Nature*. 'He that says this, seems not

to know that he hath barred up, against himself, the way to liberty: the eternal law hath done nothing better than that it hath given us but one way of entrance into life, but many ways of going out of it (*l*): must I wait for either the cruelty of a disease, or of man, when I have it in my power to escape from the greatest torments, and set myself free from all adversity? This is one reason why we should not complain of life, it detains no one against their will (*m*): human affairs are in such a happy situation, that no one need be wretched but by choice. Do you like to be wretched? Live (*n*). Do you like it not? It is in your power to return from whence you came. To ease the pain of the head, you scruple not to bleed a vein; now there is no need of a much greater wound to reach the heart; you may open to yourself a way to liberty by a single bodkin (*o*).

What is it then that makes us cowards and afraid to die? It is because no one reflects that he must leave this earthly tenement some time or other. Hence fondness for the place, custom, and intimacy, detain us here like some old cottagers, in spite of injuries. Would you be free in opposition to the body? Dwell therein as if always about to depart: suppose with yourself that you must one day forego this fellowship; and you will with greater courage break it off when necessity requires; but how should he ever reflect on his end, who desires to know no end, and lives as if all things were to last for ever?

There is no meditation so necessary as frequent thoughts on our latter end. The thoughts employ'd upon other subjects may prove vain and superfluous. Is our mind prepared against the stroke of poverty? It happens not; our riches have not yet taken wing. Have we armed ourselves so, as to despise all pain? The continued happiness of a sound and healthful body, never puts us to the trial. Have we prevailed upon ourselves, patiently to suffer any loss whatever, particularly the loss of a dear friend or relation? Fortune hath been so kind to us, as still to preserve alive all whom we particularly love and respect. But as the day of death will certainly come, in this alone our meditation cannot be vain or useless.

Nor

Nor must you think, *Lucilius*, that great men only have had strength enough to break the bars of human servitude; as if no one but a *Cato* would dare to let loose his soul with his hand, when his sword had failed him, seeing that men of the lowest rank in life have with great courage and impetuosity set themselves free: and when they could not die commodiously, nor chuse at pleasure the instruments of death, have laid hold on any thing that came to hand, and made weapons of such as seemed by no means capable of doing them any hurt. Not long ago a certain *German*, among those who were condemned to fight with wild beasts, when he was brought out in the morning, pretended a necessary call, where they were admitted without a guard; and being there alone, he took a dirty sponge belonging to the place, and thrusting it down his throat, put an end to his misery. “ This, you will say, was putting an affront upon death: not to die more cleanly, and decently.” Be it so; what can be more foolish than to be squeamish and finical in death? Thou wert a brave man, I say, and worthy to have thy choice of death (*p*)! how courageously would such a one have used a sword; how freely have leaped into the deep, or thrown himself from a precipice! being destitute of means, he yet found out wherewithal to dispatch himself: that you may know there is no let or hindrance, to death, but the being unwilling or afraid to die. Let what will be thought of this fellow’s violent action; it is certain, the most nasty death is preferable to the cleanest servitude.

As I have begun to make use of low examples, I will go on; for it cannot but have the greater influence with every one; who sees, that this *thing, death*, hath been contemned by the most contemptible of men. The *Cato’s*, the *Scipio’s*, and others, whom we are wont to have in great esteem and admiration, may seem indeed to be placed in a sphere above imitation; but I can shew you as many examples of this *virtue*, among the gladiators, as among the chieftains of civil wars. As one of them the other day, was brought out by the guard to the morning *sport*, (as it is called), he went nodding his head, as if yet asleep, and at last stooped it down so low from the carriage, that the wheel laid hold of it and broke his neck: and thus he escaped punishment,

ment, by means of the vehicle that was carrying him to it. Nothing can prevent the man, who is ready and desirous to depart: nature keeps us in an open place and at large: as far as necessity will permit, the most easy death is certainly the most desirable: he that hath not an opportunity for this may take what method he can, however unheard of; however new: ingenuity in dying is never wanting, but, where courage is wanted: you see, how the vilest slaves, when the fear of being scourged impells them, are provoked to make their escape as they can, from the strictest guard: he is a great man, who not only designs his own death, but can find the means to accomplish it (*q*).

But I promised you more examples. In the second *Naumachia* (given by Nero), there was a barbarian, who thrust into his own throat, a lance which he had received to be employed against his adversary; *why* says he *have I not long since endeavoured to escape all manner of torment, and the being made the sport of the people? Why should I wait for death with a weapon in my hand?* Now this was so much the more comely a fight, as it is the more honourable to die one's self, than to kill another man (*r*). Well then, shall they, whom frequent meditation, and reason, have instructed, and ought to have fortified against all casualties, hesitate to do, what is done by men of the lowest characters and criminals? Reason teaches us that the ways to death are various, but the end the same; and that it signifies nothing how soon it comes since it *will* come. The same reason teaches us, that if you can, it is best to die without pain; but, if this cannot be effected, to die as you may. It is injurious and base *to live* by stealth and rapine; but to lay hold on death, and *steal* one's self away is honourable (*s*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c

† *Muretus*, very justly condemning several parts of this Epistle, though, in other respects, there are many excellent things full worthy the great Author, observes, that the former are the dictates of that foolish wisdom of the *Stoics*, whereby they maintained that a man may be so circumstanced as to make *suicide* a meritorious act: and *I wish*, says he, *that Seneca had not been infected with this madness, or at least had more sparingly and moderately defended so great an error.*

For my own part, I am not afraid that this extraordinary Epistle should fall into the hands of such as are of a melancholy cast, or even desponding; provided they will be pleased to join the following

Annotations

Annotations with it. For, strong as this poison of *Stoicism* is, (I cannot call it *Seneca's*, as he so often contradicts himself in this point) I am persuaded that, with reason and a little sense of their own, they will find it attended with a sufficient antidote; especially if they consider its being wrote by an Heathen before the Christian æra, or the happy publication of the Gospel.

(a) This metaphor is in frequent use. So, *Sen.* (ad Polyb. c. 28.) In hoc tam procelloso—*maris* navigantibus, nullus portus est nisi mortis. *To all that sail in this stormy sea (of life), no other haven is to be expected than that of death.*

(b) So *Plutarch.* Μίτρον γὰρ τὸ βίη το καλόν· κ. τ. λ. *The true mean or measure of life consists not in length of days but in virtue.* *Consol. ad Apoll.* c. 29.) And just before; *not he who hath longest professed musick, or rhetoric, or navigation, but he who hath performed best in his proper vocation is most commendable.*

(c) *Emittit se*; stoicum loquendi genus, ἐξαγειν ἑαυτον, εὐλογος ἐξαγωγῆ.—but it is to be observed that this horrid doctrine of the *Stoics* originates from the fond persuasion that *life* and *death* are to be reckoned among the (ἰσοπαροῦσα) *the things that are indifferent.* (Vid. *Lips.* *Manud.* p. 812.) and what can be more ridiculous than for a man to *destroy* himself on the account of any thing that seems *indifferent*!

(d) And (with *Seneca's* leave) I cannot help thinking he spoke like a wise and good man. See the foregoing Ep. (N. d.) Ep. 24. (N. n.) The *Rhodian's* name was *Telephorus*, who when *Lysimachus* (one of *Alexander's* successors) had cut off his ears and nose, was engaged by him as a curious new animal. *Sen.* (de irâ iii. 17.) And indeed this, *if any thing could*, would have justified him in following *Seneca's* advice.

(e) I think, and so ought every Christian to think, that this opinion is entirely right, not only in some cases, but in all: and for the very same reasons that are here mentioned by *Seneca*; *it is absurd to die for fear of death, &c.* So in Ep. 24. (see N. t.) *It is folly or rather madness to rush on death for fear of dying.* As I remember, when I was a boy at *Eton*, a silly old almswoman (Mrs. *Pais*) having been cut down alive, gave this reason for hanging herself, *that she was afraid of dying*: whom I think I may as well take notice of, as *Seneca* of the two poltroons mentioned in this Epistle, the *German* and the *Barbarian*; or even the blockhead *Drusus Libo*, notwithstanding his good aunt *Scribonia* pointed out the way to him. *Tacitus*, *Ann.* l. ii.

Concerning this ridiculous timidity, *Lucretius* (iii. 80)

Ut sæpe usque adeo, mortis formidine, vitæ
Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,
Ut sibi conciscant mærenti pectore letum;
Obliti fontem curarum hunc esse timorem.

*This dread oft strikes so deep, that life they hate;
And their own hands prevent the stroke of fate:
Yet still are ignorant, that this vain fear
Breeds all their trouble, jealousy and care.* Creech.

Many, says *Arcefilaus*, through weakness and the calumny bestowed on death, die, for fear of dying. ΠΟΛΛΟΙ ΔΙΑ ΑΔΙΕΣΙΑΝ, ΚΑΙ ΤΗΝ ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΥ ΔΙΑΒΟΛΗΝ, ΑΠΟΘΝΗΣΚΟΥΝ, ΜΗ ΑΠΟΘΑΝΩΣΙ. *Plut.* (*Consol.* ad Apollonium.

— multos ad summa pericula misit
Venturi timor ipse mali; fortissimus ille est
Qui promptus metuenda pati.—*Lucan* vii. 103.

*In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driv'n the headlong onward on;
Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait
With patience for the proper hour of fate.* Rowe.

This, as indeed every other extreme, is well set off by *Randolph* in his *Muses Looking-glass*.

Colax. ———— Fear you not sudden death?

Aphobus. Not I, no more than sudden sleep. Sir, I dare die.

Deilus. I dare not. Death to me is terrible.

I will not die.

Aphobus. How can you, sir, prevent it?

Deilus. Why I will kill myself.

Colax. A valiant course!

And the right way to prevent death indeed!

Your spirit is true *Roman*.——

(f) Whatever a Stoic may think, I can see no greater *reason* for it than in the case of *Socrates* beforementioned; whose *decent exit*, after a respite of 30 days (on account of the *Delian Festival*) is approved of by *Seneca* himself: as also his submission to the law.

(g) Here the *Stoic* forgets what *Seneca* has many times said in praise of *Patience*, *Fortitude*, *Constancy*, &c. and that *pain must be tolerable or soon over*, and the like; (see N. k.) But the Christian must go further, and rest satisfied, from the sure word of God, that the severer his pain, the greater trial is made of his virtue, and the more glorious will be his reward. (See N. n)

(b) There can be no doubt that the easiest death is the most eligible (as *Seneca* says afterwards); and it may so happen that a man under sentence of death may have his choice; as when *Sir Jeffery Elwes* for the murder of *Sir Edmundbury Godfrey*, desired to be hanged in a *filken balter*; but this is still in submission to the law: he is not at liberty to dispatch himself, at what time or in what manner he pleases; for the power of man, however free he is, is limited in this respect both by the laws of God and nature. (See N. m.)

(i) To me it seems a want of spirit

To shrink from life for fear of future ill;

'Tis to distrust the justice of the Gods,

Or else their power; and in my opinion,

Not courage, but a bold disguise for fear. *D. of Buck. M. Brutus.*

(k) Yes; not only *Aristotle* and the *Peripatetics*, but, among many great names of antiquity, I might mention *Homer*, *Euripides*, *Epicætes*, *Plato*, *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Curtius*, *Apuleius*, and others; of whom, perhaps, in a future Note; at present I shall be contented with adding to this good company *Seneca* himself; who, in Ep. 14, is pleased to say, *When even reason persuades us, it would be happier for us to die, we must not be rash, and hasten the fatal design.* Ep. 26. The passage is still free and open, but there is a strong chain that binds us down; the love of life; that is not to be flung off entirely at once;—Ep. 30. *I esteem them more who welcome death, not out of any hatred or indignation to life, but who rather receive him as a visitor, than force him to them.* Add to what is said even in this Epistle, *'Tis folly to die for fear of death, &c.* See Epp. 24, 76, 104, and particularly 107.

(l) So in *Sen. Thebaid*.

Ubique mors est: optime hoc cavit Deus;

Eripere vitam nemo non homini potest,

At nemo mortem.——

Death reigns throughout; such is the will of heav'n:

Life's tenure they, who please, may take away;

But Death none can prevent.——

(m) This is all mere declamation; for if life be such that in its nature it cannot detain any one against their will; yet the laws of God and man do; nay, life itself does; as self preservation is one of the first principles.

(n) *Do you love to be wretched?* No surely. But a man that puts any trust in the providence of God, will still chuse *to live*; and wait his good time for the removal of all difficulties, which, when he pleases, he can effect in this life, or reward in the next. (See N. g.)

(o) I cannot help transcribing those fine lines of *Shakespeare*, which cannot be inculcated too often, as an antidote against all that *Seneca* has advanced, or any one can advance, on the said topic:

But in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give a pause.—There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,—
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin?—
 But that the dread of something after death,
 'The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles his will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of? *Hamlet*.

(p) I question, *Seneca*, whether any one else will say so, or whether this man would have done any of the great feats you mention, who was afraid to undergo his destin'd lot, and shew his courage in a brave defence of life.

The late Mr. *Donaldson*, on reading this Epistle, sent me the following remark; so take it as it is. “It is difficult to investigate the operations of the human mind; as the machine which infolds it are so various, and oppositely constructed. It is generally governed by situations. Death occupies the mind with all its terrors in sickness; in danger, it seems to be the *mode* of dying, and not the *fear* of death, that agonizes the mind; I will give you two instances to illustrate my position. In the late war, a general officer (P--rr--y) was ordered upon service to *America*; as he approached the scene of action, he became melancholy, and the morning after he saw the land, Admiral *Holmes* found him in his cott, with a sword through his body.—At the siege of *Martinique*, 1759, a Captain in the army stole into the arms of death, through a port-hole of the transport in which he took his passage, in the harbour of *Port-Royal*, the instant he was going upon dangerous service; where he might have made himself as sure of death, and in a manner *more honourable*, as it would have been more in the way of his profession. It was pride in *Cato*; it was patriotism in *Curtius*.”

(q) Surely *Seneca* was never more mistaken in his character of a *great man*, if he thinks it an accomplishment, for one wicked enough to design his own death, to find out the means for it.

(r) Stoicism hath induced *Seneca* here to advance a doctrine, than which nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous, especially among the soldiery.

(s) Rather the contrary; especially in one concerned in arms; and in a Christian, extremely wicked: who ought to rest assured, if he believes there is a God, that he has not made any man a judge in his own case to determine for himself concerning his own life and usefulness, in opposition to the general sense both of Nature and Scripture, and the constant judgment of divine as well as human laws. See above, (N. k, m, p.)

E P I S T L E LXXI.

All Virtues equal.

YOU frequently consult me, *Lucilius*, on particular subjects; forgetful that we are separated from each other by a vast sea: and since it must be long before my advice can reach you; it may so happen, that, my opinion concerning some things may be received at a time, when the contrary would be preferable. For, advice and counsel must be adapted to circumstances, but circumstances are for ever fluctuating and rolling off: therefore advice should be given *the same day*: and even this may sometimes be too late: it must be given, as they say, *on the nail*. I will shew you then how it may at once be given and receiv'd.

As often as you would know, whether such a thing is to be avoided or pursued; have regard to the *Summum bonum*, or chief purpose of life: for whatever we do must be consonant with *that*. He will not act orderly in particular things, who hath not before him the summary intention of his whole life. No one, though he hath his implements ready by him, can paint a picture, without having first made a design of what he intends to draw. We are often therefore guilty of error, because we generally deliberate on the parts of life, without taking in, and reflecting upon the whole. The man, who lets fly an arrow to any purpose, must first know the mark he aims at, and accordingly direct and guide it with a skilful hand (*a*). To one, ignorant of what port he is steering to, all winds are the same; he cannot call any one his own (*or as what is for him*). Chance must necessarily have great power over our lives, because we live, as it were, by chance. Some men are not even conscious of their own knowledge: as we often enquire after those in whose presence we are standing; so for the most part, we are ignorant of the *summum bonum*, that is ever placed before us: nor need there many words, or a long circumlocution, to decypher what this *sovereign good* is: it is to be pointed at, if I may so say, with the finger.

There is no need of divisions and subdivisions here; it consists not of variety; you may say, in general, whatever is *right and fit*, is the *summum bonum*: and what you may still more admire, *this is the only good* (*b*): all other *good* is false and spurious. If you can be persuaded of this and are *fond* of virtue (for it is not enough barely to *love* it) whatsoever she is pleased to appoint, seem it as it will to others, will certainly prove happy and prosperous to *you* (*c*): even were you to be tortured; provided you shew yourself superior to, and even less concern'd than the torturer himself; or to be grievously sick; provided you curse not fortune, nor tamely surrender yourself to your disease. In short, all disasters, which to other men seem evils, will be attenuated, and turn to good; if your virtue riseth eminently above them: only be assured that nothing is *good*, but what is virtuous; and all the inconveniencies attending it, will, in their own right, claim the title of *good*, when virtue hath adorned, and given them a grace.

Many may think that we promise greater things than human nature is capable of accepting, and not without reason: they respect only the body; let them return to the consideration of the soul, and they will take the measure of man from *God*. Exalt thyself, O *Lucilius*, best of men, and quit the trifling schools of such philosophers, as are weighing the most noble things in the world by syllables, and by their minute instructions rather degrade and impair the noble faculties of the mind. I had rather you should imitate those philosophers, who first invented these studies (*d*), than those who teach them; and who make it their business to render philosophy rather difficult, than great: you will follow the former, if I have any authority with you. *Socrates*, who reduced all philosophy to the conduct of sound morality, affirmed that the principal part of wisdom was, to distinguish *good and evil*: *would you be happy*, says he, *be not concern'd to be thought by some a fool*: if any one should reproach you contumeliously let him do it, you can suffer nothing, so long as you adhere to virtue (*e*). *Would you be happy*, being strictly a good man, with an honest heart, you need not be concerned that any one despiseth you. But this happiness no one can obtain, except the man who thinks all *good equal* (*f*). Because there is no *good*, but virtue; and virtue is alike in all.

What

*What then, is there no difference between Cato's being elected Prætor and his meeting with a repulse (g)? Does it make no difference, whether Cato is a conqueror in the battle of Pharfalia, or is conquered? Would this good, in being unconquerable himself, though his party was beat, have been equal to that, which he would have obtained, had he returned victorious to his country, and given the nations peace? Why not? It is still the same virtue, by which bad fortune is overcome, and good aright directed. Virtue cannot be greater or less: she is of one and the same stature. But such is the instability of human affairs;—Pompey shall lose an army; and that most glorious cause shall fail;—men of the first quality, and the flower of Pompey's party, the whole senate bearing arms, shall all be routed in one battle;—the ruin of so great an empire shall affect the whole world; it shall be felt in *Egypt*, in *Africa*, and in *Spain*;—nor shall this wretched Republic have the blessing to fall at once;—though all things be done, the knowledge of places shall be of no service to *Juba*, even in his own dominions; nor the most stubborn valour of his affectionate subjects save him;—the fidelity also of the men of *Utica* (the friends of Cato) now broken with calamity, shall no longer support them;—and the good fortune of *Scipio's* name shall abandon him in *Africa* (b):—what though a decree was made, that *Cato* should receive no detriment, yet *Cato* is conquered; and you may reckon this among his disappointments: the loss however of victory he bore with as great magnanimity as the loss of the prætorship; the day he was rejected he diverted himself at tennis, and the night he was about to die, he amused himself with reading; it was the same to him to lose his life and the prætorship; he knew it was his duty (as a philosopher) to suffer patiently whatever might happen; and why indeed should he not suffer with a great and equal mind, this sudden change of the state? What is there that is excepted from the danger of a change? Not the earth, not the heavens, not the whole form and contexture of the universe, though God be the director and disposer thereof: the present order of things shall not always continue (i): a day will come, that shall throw them out of their course; all things have their time: they spring up, they flourish, and are gone: the glorious orbs we see above us, and all things we are conversant with here below, and on which we stand as on a solid base,*

bare, shall wear away and come to an end: there is nothing but what hath its age and declination: though Nature exhibits all these things at different times, and gives them unequal existence; whatever is, shall not be; and though it perish not, shall be dissolved into its first principles (*k*): to us dissolution is to die.—But the misfortune is, we extend not our view beyond what we see before us; the mind, dull and addicted to the care of the body, stretches not its sight to things remote and at a distance; otherwise it would suffer this our dissolution, and all things belonging thereunto, with more constancy and courage; if it did but consider that all things undergo the vicissitude of life and death; that being dissolved, they are renewed; and renewed to be again dissolved; and that in this work is employed the agency of God, who governs all things.

Cato therefore when he reflects on the life of man, and the state of things, will say, “ All mankind, whoever are, or shall be, are condemned to die (*l*). All those flourishing cities that have the world at command, and all the greatness and splendour of foreign empires, in whatever part of the globe, shall one day be no more, and fall into various kinds of ruin (*m*). War proves the destruction of some; of others idleness and sloth; peace turned into listlessness and inaction consumes others; and luxury is destructive of the greatest opulency: a sudden inundation of the sea shall cover all these fruitful plains (*n*), or an earthquake swallow them up in its hideous cavity. Why then should I complain, or be grieved, that I precede the general fate of things but a few moments?”

Thus let the constant mind submit to providence, and suffer, without a murmur, whatever the universal law of Nature commands. The soul is either set free to enjoy a better life, to remain more bright, and tranquil for ever in heaven; or, at least, without any further inconvenience or ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~noy~~, will according to its nature, be blended and coincide with the *whole* of things. The noble life of *Cato* therefore is not a greater *good* than his noble death: because virtue admits not of extension or increase. *Socrates* was used to say, that truth and virtue were the same thing; as that increaseth not (in the abstract idea of it) so
neither

neither doth virtue: it is ever complete and full. There is no reason therefore you should wonder at my saying, *All good is equal*; both that which ariseth from design, and that which a sudden exigency requireth. For, if you allow such an inequality, as to reckon the enduring torture with magnanimity, a *less good*, you will also account it an *evil*, and call *Socrates* an unhappy wretch while in prison; and *Cato* no less miserable, when he tore open his wounds with more spirit than he gave them; and *Regulus* the most unfortunate of men, in suffering the severest punishment for keeping his word with an enemy: but no one, even of the most effeminate, have dared to say this: they deny him indeed to be happy, yet at the same time deny him to be miserable. The antient *Academics* confess him to be happy even amidst his torture, but such happiness not to be complete and perfect; which can by no means be admitted: for if a man is happy, he hath reached the *summum bonum*, the chief, or sovereign good; and what is chief and sovereign admits of no degree above it, provided it still adheres to virtue, which no adversity can lessen or destroy; and remains sound, however the body be impaired and bruised in pieces; and it certainly does so remain: for, by virtue, I mean that generous and noble spirit, which is incited in the mind, against every molestation that can annoy it: and this spirit or courage will true wisdom give or infuse into the minds of such young men as are of a generous disposition, and are so smitten with the beauty of an honourable action, as to make them despise all casualties, in the steady performance of it: it will persuade them, that the one only good consists in virtue. And that this can neither be lower'd or heighten'd any more, than a ruler, by the direction of which is drawn a straight line; and which if you vary, the least bend or change will destroy the intention. The same we say of virtue: it is ever right and straight; admits of no flexure; is stubborn, and cannot be bent, or raised: it is a square, by which all other things are measured; itself its own measure. And if virtue itself cannot be more right or straight: neither can any thing effected thereby; for every thing must necessarily correspond and answer to this; and therefore they are *all equal*.

. What then, you say, *is it equal to lie upon the rack, and to feast at a banquet?* And does this seem strange to you? Hear then something
more

more strange: I affirm, that to feast at a banquet is a bad thing, and to be tortured on the rack a good thing; if the former be carried on luxuriously and scandalously; and this endured fitly and honourably. It is not the subject matter but virtue that makes the difference: wherever this is apparent, all things are of equal measure and worth. This doctrine perhaps may offend the man who judgeth of another's understanding by his own: and methinks, I see him ready to fly in my face, for saying, that the *good* is *equal* in him, who manfully bears adversity, and him, who carries himself virtuously in prosperity; or in him, who triumphs, and the unhappy prince, who is carried, in chains, before the triumphant car, with a still unconquer'd mind. They think it impossible for a man to do, what they cannot do themselves, and according to their own poor abilities, bear sentence concerning virtue. Why do you wonder at my saying, that some rejoice in being burned, wounded, bound in chains and slain? Nay, that sometimes they have made it their choice (*o*)? Frugality is a heavy punishment to the luxurious; as labour is to the idle; the nice and delicate pity the industrious; and to the indolent, study is torture: in like manner, we think those things hard and intolerable, which we are too weak and infirm to bear; forgetting that it is even a torment to many, to be debarr'd their bottle, or to be disturb'd at break of day. It is certain these things are not hard and severe in the nature of the things themselves, but we are recreant and wavering. Great things are only to be judged of by great minds; otherwise the fault will seem to lie in the things, which is really our own; thus the straightest stick, if you sink part of it under water will appear crooked and broken. It matters not what you see, but how, or through what medium you see it. Our mind is dim in the investigation of truth: give me a youth, uncorrupt, of good parts, and sound judgment; and I make no doubt but that he will own, he thinks him an happier man, who bears up, with a stubborn neck, the heaviest burden of adversity, than the man whom a prosperous fortune hath satiated with all that he can desire.

There is nothing extraordinary in a man's being firm and unshaken in the calm of prosperity: but he is worthy our admiration, who is exalted,

where others are depressed; and there stands his ground, where others crouch and lie down. What evil is there in torment, or in other accidents which we call afflictions? In my opinion, no more than this; to despond, to be bowed down, to be vanquished; none of which can fall to the share of the wise man: he stands erect under any weight whatever; nothing can make him less; nothing, let what will happen, displease him: whatever affliction can befall mankind, he complains not of its being his lot: he knows his own strength; he knows that he is subject to misfortune, and must bear it: not that I suppose him to be as insensible of pain as a rock (*p*); no; I consider him as still having his feeling; but as composed of two parts, the one irrational; and this indeed is wrung with grief and pain; the other rational, which in its resolutions remains unshaken, intrepid, invincible. In this part then is placed the *chief good* of man; which, before it is accomplished, is but an uncertain wavering of the mind, but when it is perfected, becomes an immovable steadiness of temper. Therefore a man, when he begins this study of perfection (*q*), and seriously to follow virtue, though he draws near the *chief good*, yet not having put the last hand to it, is apt to stop, and forego something of the intention of the mind; for he has not yet passed the bounds of uncertainty, but walketh still in slippery places: whereas the man, whose wisdom is compleat, is never better pleased with himself than when he can give some generous proof of his virtue: and such things as others dread, provided they are consequences of some just and honest duty, he not only bears, but embraces them with joy; and had rather be called so much *the better man*, than so much *the happier*.

I come now to what I know your expectation longeth for: that our virtue may not seem extravagant, and beyond the nature of things, I own the wise man will tremble, grieve and look pale; for these are the sensations of the body. From whence then ariseth misery? what is truly evil? It is this: when such things distract the mind; when they reduce it to acknowledge servitude, and cause murmur and regret. A wise man indeed overcomes fortune by virtue; but many who profess wisdom are sometimes terrified by her slightest threats: in this respect

it is our own fault if we require from the proficient the same as from the wise man. I am satisfied that what I recommend is praise-worthy, but I still want resolution: and was I fully resolved to put such things in practice, I should scarce find them in such order, and so well exercised as to be serviceable upon all occasions.—As wool will sometime take a certain dye at once, but will not imbibe other till after being dipped and soaked several times; so, though a fit disposition may receive certain doctrines at once; yet even this unless it descends and remains fixed a long while does not ^{colours} tinge, but only stains, the mind. There is need then but of little time, and few words to shew, that the only good is virtue; at least that there is no *good* without virtue; and that virtue hath its residence in the better part of us, I mean the *rational*.

But after all what is virtue? A judgment true and firm; from whence comes that promptitude of mind, that will strip things of their vain appearances, and will shew them in their proper light: and to this judgment it will be consonant and agreeable, to think all things, that come under the hands, or are the effects of virtue, are *good*; and that all *good is equal*. *Good* belonging to the body is so far good, as it belongs to the body: but not upon the whole: it may have some value, but at the same time it will want *dignity*: for even among these blessings some will be greater, some less: as even among the followers of wisdom, we must necessarily own, there is often a wide difference: some have advanced so far, as to dare to look up to fortune, but not with a steady eye; dazzled with too great splendour, they own themselves vanquished: others proceed so far, as to be able to engage her face to face, and having attained to perfection, are so full of confidence, as never to be cast down. Things not carried on to perfection are never sure; they frustrate themselves, and often fall to decay and ruin. This must certainly be the consequence where perseverance is withheld. If the mind lets go her intention and pursues not her studies faithfully, she has done nothing; nor can what is lost be easily recover'd. We must therefore push on, and strenuously persevere: more remains behind than we yet have encountered: the being willing however to proceed is great part of the way: for my part, I am very sensible of this; and therefore am
 4 willing,

willing, yes, I am willing with all my strength and mind: and tis my happiness, *Lucilius*, to see you also, ready, and eager with all your might, so to adapt your actions, to the fitness of things, as soon to reach the desired goal. Let us then hasten; and life will be a blessing; otherwise it will only be lingering here, among those who are doing nothing, or nothing to the purpose of being: and be this our care; that our time may be our own; it cannot be our own, unless we are masters of ourselves. O, when shall we be so happy, as to despise fortune, good or bad! when shall we be so happy, as having subdued all vile affections, and got the mastery over our passions, we may joyfully cry out, *I have conquer'd*. Do you ask, whom or what it is we have conquer'd? Not the *Persians*, nor the far distant *Medes*; nor any warlike people beyond the *Dabæ*: but avarice, ambition, and, above all, the fear of death; which hath conquered the conquerors of nations.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) Aristotle, (Ethic. i.) Ἀρ' ἐν καὶ πρὸς τὸν βίον ἡ γνώσις τῶ τελευτῆ μεγάλῃν εἶχει βροπὴν κ. τ. λ. *The knowledge of the end is of great consequence in the conduct of life; as archers having fixed their aim, are more likely to obtain their purpose.* Cic. (de fin.) Quid est in vita tantopere querendum quàm quis sit finis, quod extremum, quod ultimum, quo sint omnia bene vivendi, rectèque faciendâ consilia referenda! *What is there in life so requisite to be enquired after, as what is the end, the last, and chief thing, to which all the counsels of good life and just actions are to be referred?*

(b) This is a principal dogma of the Stoics, to which all the rest are to be referred. See Ep, 74. Lips. Manud. ii. 20.

Virtus omnia in se habet, omnia adfunt bona
 Quem penes est virtus. *Plaut. Amphit. ii. 2.*
In virtue all things are contain'd; wherever
Dwells Virtue, there dwells every good.

In all stations of life, virtue hath or ought to have the principal command. Quæ homines arant, navigant, ædificant virtuti omnia parent. *Sallust*—The arts of agriculture, building, navigation, are all owing to the virtues of industry.

Scriptura, inquit Ambrosius, nihil bonum nisi quod honestum asserit; virtutemque in omni rerum statu beatam judicat, quæ neque corporis bonis, vel externis, augeatur, neque minuatur adversis. The Scripture, says Ambrose, admits of no good, but what is right and fit; and that virtue renders life happy, in every condition; not heightened by any external good, nor lowered by adversity.—Deut. xxx. 19. I call heaven and earth to witness against you, says Moses to the Hebrews, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore chuse life, by your love and fear of God.—Pf. cxix. 1. Blessed are they that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the Lord. And Solomon, Wisd. vii. 7. I called upon God, and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me.—All good things together came to me with her, innumerable riches and honour.

(c) Rom. viii. 28. See Epp. 31. 66. (N. k.) 118.

(d) As *Socrates*, *Zeno*, and other philosophers, in the conduct of life.

(e) *Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.* Matth. v. 2. *If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the Spirit of Glory and of God resteth upon you.* i Pet. iv. 14. And accordingly saith St. Paul, *Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we still intreat.* i Cor. iv. 11.

(f) See this professedly and fully treated of, Ep. 66.

(g) *Cato* was rejected by the underhand management of *Pompey* and *Crassus*; when *Vatinius* was elected prætor in his stead. (See his Life in *Plutarch*.)—"Cato lost the election of prætor and that of censor, but is any one blind enough to truth to imagine that these repulses reflected any disgrace upon him? The dignity of those two magistracies would have been increased by his wearing them. They suffered, not *Cato*. Bolingbroke on exile.—However, when chosen prætor, the suffering his authority to create in him the contempt and dislike of established customs, so as to appear in public barefooted, and without his robe, and to sit in that condition to hear causes in open court, caused him to be justly reproached with having undervalued and disgraced the dignity of his office by these indecencies. It is said in the following, *Omnia quæ acciderent ferenda esse persuaserat sibi.* But if he knew *patience* was the duty of a philosopher, did he put it in practice when most required? surely not. If I should say, that he ought, in love to his country, to have reserved himself for a better opportunity of serving it;—that it is probable from the events which followed, that he might afterwards have been an instrument of good to it;—that he rashly, and in a passion, judged of what he could not well judge of; that it was a fullen pride of heart not to deign to live, because in one trial his cause had not been successful;—and that a true greatness of soul had been more seen in accepting his life, (if that had been necessary) at the hands of a man, in whose power *Omnipotent Providence*, or *Fate*, (which he believed irresistible) had put it. All this would be hard to refute upon the principles of any philosophy." See *Watts*, on the unlawfulness of self-murder.

(h) *Cæsar* in a great battle fought near *Thapsus*, took the camps both of *Scipio* and *Juba*, who fled only with a few of their men, and the rest were cut in pieces, *Plut.* ib.

(i) *Lipsius* thinks this to be referred to the Stoic *εκπύρωσις*, conflagration of the world. *Consol.* ad Polyb. cxxi. *Lips.* (Physiol. ii. 22.)

(k) The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.—*Shakeſp.* Tempest.

(l) *As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.* Rom. v. 12.—*It is appointed for all men once to die.* Heb. ix. 27.

(m) *Behold the day of the Lord cometh, when the stars shall fall from heaven, and the constellations shall not give their light, the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine, &c.* If. xiii. 10. Ezek. xxxii. 7. Joel. ii. 31. Matth. xxiv. 29.

(n) This is likewise a stoical tenet.—So *Cic.* (somn. Scip.) *Propter eluviones exustionesque terrarum quas accidere tempore certo necesse est, non modo non æternam, sed ne diutinam quidem gloriam assequi possumus. When we consider the inundations and conflagrations that must necessarily happen in the course of things, we must be sensible that all the glory we can attain to, far from being eternal, cannot be lasting.* See *Lips.* Physiol. ii. 21.

(o) *Others were tortured not accepting deliverance, that they may obtain a better resurrection, &c.* Heb. xi. 35. *Not only so, but we glory also in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope.* Rom. v. 3.—*But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.* Jam. i. 4.

(p) See Epp. 85. 116. *Lips.* Manud. iii. 7.

(q) Sc. The *Proficient.* *Lips.* Manud. ii. 9. See Epp. 72, 75.

E P I S T L E LXXII.

On the Study of Philosophy.

THE solution of the question you proposed to me, *Lucilius*, I should have sent to you, if my memory had not failed me; but it is grown very deficient of late, for want of exercise. It is with me, as with books, that, having been laid by in some damp place, grow mouldy, and the leaves stick together: the mind must be often unfolded: and whatever is deposited therein, must be frequently canvassed; in order to have it ready for use, when called for. We must therefore defer this your request for the present; as what would demand more labour and application, than I can now spare: as soon as I can get more leisure, and can make a longer stay in the same place, I promise you I will take it in hand. For there are some things, which a man may write in his chariot; but there are some that require musing, leisure, and privacy (*a*). Nevertheless something may be done, though the whole day be taken up with business; for when will it be otherwise? As one new business generally creates another; we sow it, as it were, and from one spring many; till at length we recover ourselves; so that when I have finished the work in hand, I will give up my whole attention to your request; and, having got over this troublesome task sit down to my studies.

• But know, *Lucilius*, that philosophy admits of no delays: it is not to be deferred to leisure hours; every thing else is to be postponed that we may apply ourselves closely to this: no time can be sufficient for it. Though extended from youth, to the longest term of human life, with regard to philosophy there is very little difference between omission and intermission; for where it is interrupted, it abideth not; but as some things by being overstretched are broken; philosophy being discontinued returns to its first principles. We must resist all other engagements,

ments, not to be put off for a time only, but quite set aside. There is no time less fit than another for such salutary studies: but many study not for such ends as they ought principally to study.

Should any obstacle interfere, it concerns not the wise man, whose mind in every business is intent, yet ever chearful: such as are imperfect find continual interruptions in their mirth; but the joy of the wise man is firm and lasting (*b*): it has no connexion with chance or accidents; it is always calm and easy: for it depends not upon any thing foreign; nor waits the applause of men, or the smiles of fortune: its felicity is truly domestic and within: it might depart out of the mind, if it had entered in: but it was born there: it is sometimes indeed reminded of mortality by an external accident, but what is generally slight and only grazeth the top-skin: it may be somewhat blasted by a small annoyance, but the *chief good* is still permanent and fixed: some inconvenience, I own, may attend it from without, as in a body otherwise hale and strong, some pustules or small eruptions will break out, that strike not deep enough to do any harm within. This then I say, is the difference between a man of consummate wisdom, and one in his way thereto (*c*); the same as between a man in sound health, and one that is upon the recovery from some grievous and chronic disorder; when instead of health he enjoys only a shorter or less painful fit. Such a one without constant care and application, is now and then afflicted and in danger of a relapse: whereas the wiseman neither fears the return of any former disorder, nor the attack of a new one: to the body a good state of health is but precarious; which though the physician hath restored, he cannot insure: and is often recalled to the same patient: but the mind when healed, is healed once for all.

And I will tell you, *Lucilius*, how you shall know, when a man is thoroughly well;—if he is content and satisfied in himself, if he rests well-assured, and knows that all the desires of mortals, all the blessings that are given or pray'd for, are of no great moment with regard to an happy life. For that to which any accession can be made, is as yet imperfect; that which can lose any thing, cannot be perpetual: he whose
joy

joy is like to be perpetual, for ever triumphs in his own: whereas the things that the vulgar are gaping after, are ever upon the ebb and flow: fortune gives not the conveyance of any thing in perpetuity; yet even these casual things can give delight, when reason hath well temper'd and blended them together: this is what also recommends external things, when they are not too greedily coveted, and if gained, used with discretion. *Attalus* was wont to use this simile: "you have sometimes
 " seen a dog, catching with open mouth a bit of bread or flesh tossed
 " him by his master, whatever he gets, he strait devours, and still
 " gapes in expectation of more: so it is with us; whatever fortune is
 " pleased to throw to us, we swallow it down, without any taste or
 " pleasure, and are still intent and eager after another morsel." This is not the case of a wise man; he is full; if any thing offers, he accepts it without any agitation, and lays it by; his joy is perfect and constant, because it is his own: whereas the man, who, however good his disposition, or whatever progress he hath made, hath not yet reached the summit of perfection, is alternately raised or depressed; one while lifted up to heaven, and now again thrown down upon the earth: nay to the ignorant and unskilful, there is no end of their fall; down they go, as it were, into the *Epicurean* Chaos (or *Vacuum*) that knows no bounds.

There is a third sort of men; who likewise pretend to wisdom; but have not attained thereto: they keep it still in sight, and, if I may so express it, can reach her with their hand (*d*); these stand their ground, so as not to make a slip: they are in the haven but not yet safe ashore. Seeing then there is so great a disparity between the highest and the lowest, and even the middle state is still subject to storms: and still in danger of being carried out to sea again; we must by no means indulge any avocation from this our study; one business will still introduce another without end: we must therefore prevent them in their first rise: it is better and easier not to suffer them to begin; than when once begun to put an end to them.

ANNOTATIONS, &c

(a) Lectum et otium] See Ep. 67. (N. c.) Plin. Ep. (4. 5.) Visus est sibi jacere in lectulo suo, compositus in habitum studantis. Caius Fannius dreamt that he lay on his couch, in an undress, fit for study, with a desk as usual before him. Orrery.

Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam scribimus, hortis;
Nec, consuete, meum, lectule, corpus habes. Ovid.

Not in the garden now, as erst, I write,
Nor on my usual couch these lines indite.

(b) Ep. 27. Aliquod potius bonum mansurum circumspice; nullum autem est nisi quod animus ex se sibi invenit: sola virtus, præstat gaudium, perpetuum, securum, &c. See also Epp. 23. (N. b.) 59.

(c) This distinction between the complete wise man, and the proficient, is frequent. See the foregoing Epistle, and Ep. 75. (N. b.) Lips. Manud. ii. 9.

(d) Sub ictu habent.] As a mark, at which an archer hath taken aim, but hath not yet let fly his arrow. Or, alluding to the gladiators when they lift up their hands over an adversary, and are ready to strike. So Lactantius, vii. 12. Nec vim repellere potest, quia sub aspectum et sub ictum venit. Gruter.—Be that as it will, the sense is plain from the like expression in Sen. (de Benef. ii. 29) nihil mortale non sub ictu nostro positum—Its contrary we read in l. 7. Deum contra ictum sua divinitas posuit. See also De Vit. beat. c. 12. Ad Marciam, c. 19. Lucan. v. 729.

— Quòd nolles stare sub ictu
Fortunæ, quo mundus erat, Romanaque fata,
Conjux sola fuit.—

See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome, and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to Fortune, but his wife. Rowe.

EPISTLE LXXIII.

On Philosophers,—considered as Friends to Government.

THEY seem to me, Lucilius, greatly mistaken, who think that such as have given up themselves strenuously to philosophy, are stubborn and refractory, despisers of magistrates and kings, and of all that bear office in the administration of public affairs (a). On the contrary, none are more grateful, none more affectionate; and with good reason; for to whom can we be more obliged, than to those by whose means we live in the enjoyment of ease and tranquillity? They therefore to whom a peaceful

peaceful government gives leisure and opportunity of designing to live well and happily, cannot but think themselves obliged to the kind author of this blessing, and honour him as a parent; much more than such as are ever restless and busy in public life; who owe many things to their princes and governors, yet still think them in their debt for more; and whom no liberality can so fully oblige as to satisfy their desires; which are still increasing the more they are indulged: for whoever is thinking upon what he is still to receive, generally forgets what he has already received; nor hath covetousness any greater evil attending it, than that it is ungrateful.

Add, moreover, that none of those who are conversant in public affairs, consider whom they may surpass, but by whom they may be surpassed in dignity; nor is it pleasant to see many below them, as it is grievous to see one above them. Ambition of every kind hath this failing, never to regard what is past: nor is it ambition alone that is thus unsettled; but all manner of covetousness; for wherever it leaves off, it begins again: whereas the man who is upright and sincere, who hath left the court, the forum, and all concern for public business, that he may apply himself to something greater, cannot but have a respect for those who permit him to do this in safety: he acknowledgeth the favour, and is ever ready to give ample testimony of gratitude, as being obliged to them for a blessing, which they *unknowingly* have conferred upon him. As he admires and reverenceth his predecessors, by whose instructions he divests himself of all vice; so does he those, under whose protection he freely exerciseth the discipline of virtue.

But does not a king by his great power protect others likewise? who denies it? But as they, who have traded for the more precious wares on the same seas, think themselves the more obliged to *Neptune* for a successful voyage; and as a merchant pays his vows more heartily than a passenger; and as among the merchants he is more profusely thankful, or has reason to be so, who hath brought over spices, and cochineal, and gold, than those who have freighted a vessel with ordinary things, that only supply the place of ballast; so the blessing of peace

belonging to all in general more deeply affects those, who make a right use of it (*in cultivating the mind*): for there are many in the retinue of the great, who find more work in peace than in war: and do you think they are under the same obligation for the enjoyment of peace, who are given to drunkenness, and riot, and other vices, which war alone can break off? unless perhaps you judge so unjustly of the wise man, as to suppose that he thinks himself in particular under no obligation for common blessings: for my part, I think myself indebted to the sun and moon, though they rise not to me alone; and I own an obligation to the seasons, and the Almighty power that directs them, though they are not appointed to do me any particular honour. The foolish covetousness of mortals makes a distinction between possession and property, nor thinks any thing his own that belongs to the public: but the wise man judgeth nothing more his own, than what he enjoys in common with mankind (*b*): nor indeed could these be said to be common unless every one partook of them: a participation of the least portion whatever creates fellowship. Add now that what is great and truly *good*, cannot be so divided, as that part of it alone can be obtained by any single person: no; the whole of it belongs to every one. A largess is distributed at so much a head; a treat, or dole (*c*), or whatever the hand can receive, may be divided into shares; but of such an individual *good*, as peace or liberty, the whole belongs as much to all as to any single person whatever: therefore the wise man considers by whose assistance he enjoys the benefit of these things, and by whose wise administration he is not compelled to bear arms, or keep watch, or guard the walls, and pay such exorbitant taxes, as necessity requires in time of war; and therefore is thankful to his governor. For this too philosophy especially teacheth; to acknowledge favours; and duly, if possible, requite them; but sometimes a bare acknowledgment serves for payment: he will acknowledge therefore that he is infinitely indebted to those by whose wise administration and forecast he happens to enjoy fattening ease, and to be master of his own time, and to live undisturbed by any public employ.

O melibæ, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit:
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus.—

This

*This soft retirement some kind God bestow'd,
For never can I deem him less than God.*

Now if such pleasurable times owe much to their Author, the great benefit whereof consists only in this :

Ille meas errare boves, (ut cernis) et ipsum
Ludere quæ vellem, calamo permittit agresti. *Virg. Ecl. i.*

*He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.*

Of how great value must we think that tranquillity which the gods enjoy, and which of man makes a god! Yes, *Lucilius*, thus it is: and thus in a compendious way, I even call you to heaven.

Sextius was wont to say, Jovem plus non posse quam bonum virum, Jupiter could not do more than a good man (*d*). *Jupiter* indeed hath the means to be more liberal to man; but among two men that are good, he is not the better who is the richer; any more than among two pilots, who are equally skilful in guiding and navigating a ship, you call him the better, who is master of the larger and finer vessel. In what does *Jupiter* then excel a good man? He is everlastingly good. The wise man however does not think the worse of himself because his virtues are confined within a narrower space. As of two wise men he that dies an old man is not happier than he whose virtue is terminated within a few years: so the gods excel not a wise man in happiness, though they excel them in the duration of happiness. Virtue is not greater for being of long duration: *Jupiter* possesseth all things, but he obligeth others with the use of them. This one enjoyment then belongs to him, that he is the cause of enjoyment to all others: the wise man likewise is pleased to see others enjoy these things; but despiseth them with as much æquanimity as *Jupiter* himself: and in this admires himself the more, as *Jupiter* cannot use these vanities, and the wise man will not.

Let us therefore believe *Sextius* shewing us the most excellent way, and crying out, Hac itur ad astra, *this is the way to heaven*; this I say,

by frugality, by temperance, by fortitude. The gods are neither disdainful, nor envious; they admit, and reach out their hands to, those who are ascending (*e*).—Do you wonder that men should ascend to the gods? God descends to men (*f*); or rather he dwells within them: there is no good man without God (*g*). The divine seeds are sown in the human breast, which, if they meet with a good husbandman, produce fruits like their original, and a divine crop springs up; but if with a bad husbandman, they die as in a barren and marshy ground; or bring forth cockle and weeds instead of corn (*h*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

e (a) *Seneca* (de Clem. ii. 5.) observes that this behaviour is frequently laid to the charge of the Stoics (*Scio malè audire apud imperitos sectam stoicorum tanquam nimis duram, et minimè principibus regibusque daturam bonum consilium*) sed nulla secta benignior, leniorque est, nulla amantior hominum, et communibus bonis attentior; ut cui propositum sit, usui esse aut auxilio, nec sibi tantum, sed universis singulisque consulere. *Whereas there is no sect more kind and gentle; none more a friend to mankind, and attentive to the common good; none more ready to aid and assist their friends when called upon; and to consult the happiness, not only of themselves (like the Epicureans,) but of every individual—Lipsius Manud. l. 151. enters further into a defence of the Stoics in this respect. But our business is to observe the same of the primitive Christians, whose behaviour and writings sufficiently clear them of the like charge. Esteem all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King. i Pet. ii. 17. Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For Rulers are not a terror to the evil: Wilt thou not be afraid of the power, do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same: for he is the minister of God to thee for good. Rom. xiii. 1—8. I exhort therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for Kings, and for all that are in authority: that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. i Tim. ii. 1, 2.*

(b) This is another paradox of the Stoics, *Omnia sapientis; the wise man possesseth every thing.* See Epp. 9. 12. 13. 62.—Cic. Parad. vi.—*Empir.* (contr. Mathem.) *Qui ea possidet quæ sunt magnæ æstimationis et pretii, est dives, virtus autem est magnæ æstimationis et pretii, solusque sapiens eam possidet; solus ergo est dives: He that possesseth what is of great esteem and value, cannot but be rich; virtue is of great esteem and value; and the wise man alone possesseth virtue; therefore the wise man alone is rich.* See *Lips. Manud. iii. 11.*—And what say the Scriptures to this point? *They that seek the Lord shall not want any thing that is good. Ps. xxxiv. 10. Wisdom is a treasure to men, which never faileth. Wisd. vii. 14, &c. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you. Matth. vi. 33.*

(c) *Visceratio*] The same word is used in Ep. 19. (see N. i.) but there it relates to a private sacrifice or entertainment; and here to a public one, given by some prince or magistrate. See *Plut. Quæst. Conviv. 11.*

(d) All this is ridiculous vanity, and one of the most objectionable points in the whole system of Stoicism. The comparison however runs smoothly enough under the character of *Jupiter*, whom the

the poets and others made so free with even from his birth. But what Christian can bear such expressions as, *Quæris quæ res sapientem efficit? Quæ DEUM*, (Ep. 87) and the like? See Epp. 31. (N. e) 53. (N. k.)

(e) *The Lord is nigh to all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.* Pf. cxlv. 18.

(f) *Deus ad homines venit, imo in homines.*] Though the Stoic means no more here by the word *Deus*, *God*, than *right Reason*, which they held as (*divinæ particula auræ*) part of *God*: in a Christian sense, I think we may justly apply it to that of *St. John*. *The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, &c.* John i. 14. See Ep. 31. (N. d, h.) and particularly the following Note.

(g) *Hereby we know that we dwell in God and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.* i John iv. 13. *We have known and believe the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* Ib. 16. *Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* i Cor. iii. 16. vi. 19. *For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* Phil. ii. 13. See Ep. 41. (N. c.)

(b) See the parable of the Sower, Matth. xiii. 18. Luke viii. 5. See Ep. 38. (N. a.)

EPISTLE LXXIV.

On Virtue, and the Gifts of Fortune.

YOUR Epistle, my *Lucilius*, gave me great delight, and roused my drooping spirits: it also refreshed my memory, which now begins to fail me. Why should you not think this persuasion to be the chief means of an happy life, that *virtue is the only good (a)*? He that hath this opinion engraven on his heart, is happy in himself: for he that thinks there is any other *good*, subjects himself to the caprice of Fortune, and the pleasure of others, having no will of his own. Such a one gives himself up to sorrow at the loss of his children; he is troubled at their being sick, and greatly afflicted at their disgrace: you will see him tortured with the love of another man's wife, or perhaps of his own.

own (*b.*) There are those who cannot bear a repulse of any kind, and those whom honour itself fills with vexation.

But the greatest part among the wretched crew of mortals are those whom the expectation of death keeps in perpetual dread; as every where, and from every thing, impendent. Therefore as in an enemy's country a man is obliged to look about him, and apt to be startled at every the least noise, unless the *fear of death* be eradicated from the mind it is impossible to live, but with an aching heart. Here we meet with such as are banished, and turned out of their possessions; in another place with (what is the most grievous sort of indigence) those who are poor amidst plenty of wealth: we meet also with some that have been shipwreck'd; and others that have suffered as great afflictions; whom popular fury (*c.*) or envy (that pernicious plague to the best of men) hath flung down from their height of grandeur, when they thought themselves quite safe and secure; like a storm, that riseth in the sea at the time of an assured calm; or like a sudden burst of thunder, at the sound whereof all things around tremble: for as in this case, he that stands near where the fire falls is not less terrified, than if he had been stricken with it; so, in these forceful accidents, calamity strikes one person, and fear many; and the possibility of suffering affects not less with painful sorrow than the suffering itself: the sudden affliction of others harrasseth the minds of all about them: as the sound of an uncharged sling terrifieth the birds; so are we frightened, not by any stroke, but a mere noise.

No one therefore can be happy without being divested of this timidity: nothing can be happy but what is intrepid: it is a miserable life to live in suspense and fear: who gives himself up to the dread of accidents, creates himself an infinite deal of trouble, very difficult to be got rid of. The only way wherein to walk securely, is to despise all external things, and be satisfied with doing what is right and fit (*d.*) For he that thinks there is any thing that excels virtue, or that there is any other good, opens his breast to the casual largess of Fortune, and expects it with great anxiety. Form in your mind this picture;
Fortune

Fortune proclaims an holiday; and among the crowd of mortals assembled on this occasion distributes her favours, riches and honours, some of which, among the hands of the scramblers, are torn and greatly abused; other favours are unfairly divided among faithless companions; others prove of great detriment to the receivers; among whom are some who were thinking of nothing less than such favours; others by grasping at too much, get nothing; or by greedily catching at more, lose what they have got; and even they who have happily succeeded, enjoy the fruits of their rapine but a little while. Therefore such as are most prudent, as soon as the *play* begins, quit the theatre, well knowing that such trifles often cost a man very dear. Disdainful of her favours, no one contends with him that retires; no one strikes him who is going off; the contest is there only, where the prize is exhibited. Thus it is with regard to those things which Fortune scatters at random from above. We labour, and sweat, wretched creatures as we are; we crowd; we are torn in pieces; we wish Nature had given us more hands: we look with envy upon one man, and then upon another; Fortune is dilatory; her gifts seem too slowly to fall to our lot; they provoke our appetite; and though few can enjoy them, yet all expect them; we are eager to come in Fortune's way, and rejoice to have got a chance; or are grieved at being disappointed; we suffer some great detriment to obtain a booty, which if obtained deceives us, by being of little or no value. Let us therefore retire from these idle sports, and give them up to the scramblers; let them hanker after these uncertain gifts, and live for ever in suspense. Whoever desires to be happy, let him think that *whatever is, is right*; if he thinks otherwise, he by no means judgeth rightly of Providence; since many inconveniencies happen to just men, and since whatever is our lot, it is but of short duration in comparison of the time past, and to come. From this murmuring it follows, that we are very ungrateful interpreters of divine matters; we are continually complaining, that we enjoy but few things, and them not always, or at best they are uncertain, and of short duration: and from hence it is, that we neither wish to live, nor wish to die: we grumble at life, and are afraid of death: our thoughts are ever wavering, and no felicity whatever can fill our minds with com-

placency and satisfaction. Now, the reason of this is, we are not come to that immense and superlative *good*, where the *will* must necessarily stop; for, beyond the last and *chief good* there is no room for progression.

Do you ask, *Lucilius*, why virtue knows no want? It is because she rejoiceth in what she has, nor hankereth after what she has not: every thing is great to her, because, be it what it will, it satisfies. Set aside this opinion, and there can be no piety, no fidelity; as many things, which are called evil, must be endured by him who desires to perform his duty in these two points; and many things of those we call good, and are therefore fond of, expended: there can be no fortitude, which cannot be known but upon trial: there can be no magnanimity, but when displayed in contemning those things which the vulgar look upon as the greatest blessings; all courtesy is lost, and the requital of a good turn accounted unnecessary labour, if we think any thing preferable to a faithful discharge of duty, and the pursuit of what is best.

But to pass by these, either such things as are good, are not so, or man is happier than God: because the things that are provided for us, God hath no need of for his own use; no inordinate pleasures, no banquetings, no wealth, nor any of those things that decoy and ensnare man with the vile bait of pleasure, belong to God. Therefore either (what is incredible) God must want such things as are *good*; or, this is an argument that such things are not good, because God does not want them. Add also, that of many things which unto man seem *good*, other animals enjoy a greater portion: they eat with a better appetite; they cloy not themselves with love; their strength is greater, and more constantly firm; from whence it would follow, they are happier than man; forasmuch too, as they live without malice, and dishonesty; and enjoy their pleasures more abundantly and easier, without fear either of shame or repentance.

Consider therefore, *Lucilius*, whether that can be called *good*, in which man surpasseth God: no, as the seat of the chief good is in the
mind,

mind, it loseth all its value when transferred from the best part of us to the worst; and even to the senses, which are stronger and more alert in many brute beasts. The sum of our happiness consists not in gratifying the flesh (*e*). That only is the *true good*, which is prescribed by reason; solid, and everlasting; which cannot decrease or be diminished: other things are good merely in fancy and opinion; they may have the name of *good*, but without propriety: let them be called, if you please, *conveniencies*, or, as we say, revenues; but we must consider them as conveyed over to us for a time, not our certain portion; we may have them, but must remember at the same time they are foreign to us; even if we have them, I say, we must look upon them as too low and mean for a man to pride himself in: for what can be more foolish than to vaunt of those things which a man hath not done himself (*f*)? They may come near to us, but not cleave so close to us, as when taken away to distract and tear the man; we may use them, but not glory in them; and we must use them sparingly too, as things deposited with us, only for a season (*g*).

Whoever possesseth these worldly goods, without regard to reason, holds them on a weak tenure; even happiness becomes a burthen to itself, if it be not used with discretion: if it hath trusted in such transitory goods, it soon finds itself deserted; or if not deserted, chagrined and cast down: few men can forego their happiness calmly and gradually; the generality fall at once with all their grandeur; and the very things that exalted them, now serve only to depress them. Providence therefore, which teacheth moderation and parsimony, must be timely applied, because a disordinate liberty hurries on the destruction of its own wealth; nor can ever so great an abundance last long, unless conducted and restrained by instructive reason. This is manifest from what hath befallen many large cities, which, in their most flourishing state, have been ruined by licentiousness, and whose luxury and intemperance have destroyed all that valour and virtue had gained.

We must be guarded against these accidents: but as no wall is impregnable against the power of fortune, we must be well armed within:

if this the better part be safe, a man indeed may be assaulted, but he cannot be taken. And if you desire to know how he must be armed, let him not repent or repine at any thing that may befall him; and know, that those things which seem to hurt *him*, tend however to the preservation of the whole; and without which the order and course of the world would be defective. Let whatever hath pleased God, please man (*b*). Let him admire and reverence himself, and all that belongs to him on this account; that he cannot be overcome; that he is above misfortune; that he can subdue by reason (than which nothing is more powerful) chance, pain, or injury.—Love Reason: the love of Reason will arm you against the severest troubles. Affection for their young, drives the wild beasts into toils; whom otherwise their natural ferocity and rash vehemence render untameable. A thirst of glory hath impelled some young and brave dispositions to the contempt of fire and sword; even the resemblance or shadow of virtue hath forced others upon a voluntary death (*i*). Now by how much stronger and more constant than all these incitements Reason is, by so much the more strenuously will it make its way through all manner of dread and danger. But you will say, that “we contradict ourselves, when we deny there is any other good but the *honestum*, (*what is right and fit*); or pretend that this is a sufficient protection against fortune: forasmuch as we allow a place among good things to dutiful children, affectionate parents, and a people of good and sound morals; and that we cannot see any of these in danger without concern: or not be troubled if our country is besieged, if our children die, or our parents are carried into slavery.” Now, I will first lay down what answer is generally made for us, to such as make these objections; and then I will add what further answer, I think, may be given them.

I. Very different is the nature of things; some, when taken away from us, substitute in their room what may be disagreeable and hurtful to us; as a good state of health, when impaired, turns to sickness; and the sight of the eyes, when extinguished, affects us with blindness; or if the hamstring be cut, not only our speed is taken away, but perpetual lameness ensues. But there is no such danger in the things before
spoken

spoken of: if I have lost a faithful friend, there is no reason that perfidiousness should supply his place; or if I have buried a dutiful child, that impiety should succeed him: neither by their deaths have I lost either the friend or the child, but their bodies only. Good is to be lost but one way; by being changed into evil; which is contrary to the nature of things; because every virtue, and every effect of virtue, remain incorruptible. Besides, though our friends, and dutiful children, answering every wish of a fond parent, have died; there is still something to supply their place: even *virtue*, that also made *them* good.

Virtue suffers no vacancy in the place she inhabits; she fills the whole soul; takes away the sensibility of any loss, and is of herself sufficient: for in *her* consists the origin and strength of all *good*. What matters it if a stream be interrupted or cut off, if the fountain from whence it flowed be still alive? You will not call a man more just, more temperate, more prudent, more honest, and consequently a better man, because his children are either alive or dead; a goodly troop of friends make not a man more wise, nor the want of them more foolish; and consequently not more happy in himself, nor more wretched. So long as virtue is preserved entire, you cannot be sensible of any loss. What then? is not a man the happier for being surrounded with friends and children? perhaps not; for the *chief good* is not to be diminished or increased: it ever remains in its proper station; let Fortune behave herself as she pleases, whether a man hath reached a good old age, or died in his prime, the measure of the *chief good* is still the same, whatever difference there may be in years. Whether you describe a larger circle or a less, the difference relates only to the space, not to the form of it: though one remains a long while, and you obliterate the other, the form was still the same in both: what is right and fit, is not measured by greatness, or number, or time; it cannot be extended or contracted. Reduce a virtuous life, as much as you please, from an hundred years to one day, it is equally a virtuous life. Virtue is, one while, expanded; and displays itself in the government of cities, kingdoms, provinces; it cultivates friendships; and dispenseth its good offices among our neighbours and children; at another time, it is con-

tracted within the narrow bounds of poverty, banishment, solitude; without a child, without a friend; yet it is not the less, for being reduced, from grandeur to a private state; from royalty to a mean condition; or from the enjoyment of a spacious field of liberty, to the scanty boundaries of an house, or a little cell; nay, it is equally great, if, being every where extended, it retires into itself; forasmuch as it still keeps up a great and noble spirit, is strictly prudent, and inflexibly just; consequently is equally happy: for this happiness is situated in one and the same place; it is fixed in the mind, ever steady, grand, and tranquil: which cannot be effected without the knowledge of things both human and divine. But,

II. With regard to what I proposed as a further answer from my own opinion---A wise man is not afflicted at the loss of children or friends, for he bears *their* death with the same firmness of mind that he expects *his own*: he no more fears the one, than he grieves at the other. Virtue consists in the fitness of things, and all her works in their agreement and consonancy thereto: now, this concord is dissolved; if the mind, which ought to be sublime and stately, ever submits to demean itself with grief and sorrow: all manner of trepidation, anxiety or remissness in any action is unfit and dishonourable. For the *honestum* (*virtue*) is secure, expeditious, unterrified, and prepared against all events. What then? will not a wise man be obliged to suffer something, that looks, at least, like perturbation (*!*)? Will he not sometimes change colour; his countenance be disordered; his limbs tremble; or whatever else happens, not by command of the will, but by a certain unadvised impulse of nature? It may be so, but still he will retain the same persuasion, that none of these things are evils, nor worthy that a sound mind should grieve, much less despond on this account. All that is possible to be done, or he ought to do, will be performed with earnestness and courage.

It is consummate folly for men to do what they do, with regret, idly and frowardly; to have the body impelled one way and the mind another; and to be distracted with a variety of contrary motions. Hence

it is, that where they expect admiration and honour, they meet with shame and contempt; nor do they undertake those things willingly and with affection, wherein they glory: if any evil is apprehended, they are disturbed with the expectation of it, as if it were really come; and what they are afraid lest they should suffer, they suffer through fear. As in our bodies certain symptoms precede a fit of sickness, a sudden listlessness seizeth upon the nerves, we gape and yawn, and, without any toil, weariness and a shivering run through the limbs; so, an infirm mind, before it is oppressed with any evil, is shaken; it anticipates the evil, and submits to an untimely fall. But what can be more ridiculous, than to be troubled for what is not yet come to pass? not to reserve, as it were, one's self for it; but to provoke misery and call it to ourselves, when it is certainly the best way to put it off as long as possible, though it cannot be prevented? Would you know, why no one ought to torment himself with what is to come? Consider, when a criminal has got a reprieve for fifty years, he is no longer troubled at the thoughts of his punishment; unless he skips over the intermediate space, and flings himself upon anxiety an age beforehand; in like manner it happens, that even former ills, and such as ought to have been forgotten, disturb the minds of those who are voluntarily sick, and catch at every cause of grief and pain: whereas, both the evils that are past, and such as are to come, are alike absent; we feel neither the one nor the other; and there can be no real pain, but from what we at present feel.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) — Neque ulla officii præcepta firma, stabilia, conjuncta naturæ tradi possunt, nisi aut ab iis qui solam, aut ab iis qui maximè honestatem propter se dicant expetendam. Cic. (de Off. l. 2.) Neither can any firm, permanent, or natural rule of duty, be laid down, but by those who esteem virtue to be the sole, or by those, who deem her to be the chief object of desire. See Ep. 71. (N. b.)

(b) Like *Mæcenas*. Ep. 19. But I believe examples may be found in every age.

(c) As lately in this our metropolis, see Ep. 8. (N. b.)

(d) He that walketh uprightly, walketh securely. Prov. x. 9. xxviii. 18. Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? i Pet. iii. 13.

(e) It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. John vi. 63. For they that are in the flesh cannot please God. Rom. viii. 1, 13. Remember that ye were in time past Gentiles in the flesh, aliens from the commonwealth in Israel, having no hope, and without God in the world. But now ye are

no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. Ephes. ii. 11, 19. See also Rom. vii. 6. ix. 8. Gal. v. 16, 19. Phil. iii. 3, 11. Cor. vii. 1. i Pet. iv. 2, 6. ii John, 15, 17.

(f)

Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi

Vix ea nostra voco. Ovid. Met. 13, 140.

We cannot call another's deeds our own.

(g) Conveniences, comoda ΕΥΧΗΝΙΣΤΑ. Thus saith the Lord, *Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his strength, nor let the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that gloryeth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord.* Jer. ix. 23. i Cor. i. 31. ii Cor. x. 17. *But this I say, the time is short: it remaineth that they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.* i Cor. vii. 29.

(b) Resting assured, as before, that *whatever is, is right.* Thy will be done. Matth. vi. 10.

(i) I know not but that we may justly apply this to the *Decii, Curtius*, and other ancient Heathens, animated with expectation of immortal fame after death; who had some excuse for thus *glorying in their shame*; but are by no means to be set up for our guides or patterns, in the ordinary situation of human life.

(k) Ep. 120. *Magnam rem puta, unum hominem agere.* D. Ambros. Ep. 83.—*Vetus dictum est, adfuesce unus esse; ut vita tua quandam picturam exprimat, eandem fervans imaginem, quam acceperit. Endeavour to be always one and the same; representing a lasting picture.* See Ep. 20. (N. b.)

(l) See Ep. 57. (N. d.) 75. (N. e.)

EPISTLE LXXV.

Our Actions must agree with our Words.—There are certain Degrees in the Way to Perfection.

YOU are pleased, *Lucilius*, to complain, that my Epistles are not so accurate as usual: he that studies to speak accurately, generally speaks affectedly: in the same free and easy stile that I would converse with you, were we sitting or walking together, I would fain write my Epistles; without any thing forced or disguised by art. If it were possible, I should chuse to express my mind rather by signs than words.

Even

Even were I disputing, I would not stamp with my feet or toss about my hands, or raise my voice; I would leave such gestures and vociferation to public orators, being satisfied with conveying to you my meaning, without endeavouring to adorn, and explain it away: and of this one thing I should be glad to convince you, that I speak as I think; that whatever I advance, I not only *believe* myself, but *love* it also. Men salute not their children with that ardency they do their mistresses, yet even in that sacred and moderate embrace they give sufficient testimony of their affection. However I would not what I write on these great matters should be dry and jejune; nor indeed does philosophy renounce all manner of wit and humour: yet there is no necessity for taking much pains in seeking proper words. Let this be the sum of our intention, to speak what we think, and to think what we speak: let our speech agree with our conduct in life. He hath fulfilled his engagements, who, both when you see, and when you hear, him, is the same man. We shall soon see, what, and how great a man he is, whose importance consists in ever being one and the same (a).

Our words must be formed rather to instruct, than to please; yet, if a man is not over-anxious after eloquence, if it flows naturally, without pains or affectation, let him use and employ it on the most worthy subjects; yet so as to display the thing design'd, rather than his own vanity. Other arts belong wholly to ingenuity and fancy; but here the very soul is concerned. The sick man enquires not after an eloquent physician, one that can prattle, but one that can cure him. But should it so happen, that the same person who knows how to cure, can also harangue fluently and neatly upon what he is about, let it be taken in good part; there is no reason however the patient should congratulate himself upon the happiness of having so facetious a doctor; for this is no more a necessary qualification in a physician, than for a skilful pilot to be an handsome man. (I should say, were it my case, " why do you tickle my ears? why do you study to delight me? " This is not our present business, I am to be cauterized, to be lanced, " * to be almost starved: you are called in to prescribe such things, in " order to cure an old, stubborn, and grievous disease; you have as
" much

“ much business cut out for you, as for a physician in time of pestilence; and do you think that talking is all you have to do? it will be time enough to talk and even to rejoice, if you can perform a cure.” (Or without a metaphor) When will you learn the many things that are to be learned? When will you so fix them in the mind that they cannot be erased? When will you put them to trial? For it is not enough to treasure up these like other things in the memory; they must be called forth to action. He is not the happy man, who knoweth these things, but he that *doeth* them.

What then, is there no degrees below such a one? Is a man exalted at once to the perfection of wisdom? I think not. For though a man, who has made a beginning, may still be reckoned among the ignorant, yet there is a wide difference between them; as there is even among the proficient themselves (*c*); who are divided, according to some, into three classes: the first are they (*d*), who, though they have not reached wisdom, are come to the borders of it; and being only near, are still *without*: I mean those, who having laid aside all vicious passions and affections, are come to the knowledge of what is right; but they have not put their confidence to trial, nor their good in practice: yet even now, there is no fear of their relapsing into those vices they have solemnly eschewed; they are arrived there, from whence they cannot go back: but this is not as yet manifest to themselves; or, as I have elsewhere expressed myself in a former Epistle, they *are ignorant of their own knowledge*; they are so happy as to enjoy their *good*, but not so happy as to confide therein. Some consider these proficient of whom I am speaking, as men who have escaped the diseases of the mind, but not being as yet entire masters of their affections, they still walk in slippery places, because no one is out of the reach of malignity, but he that hath entirely thrown it off; and no one hath entirely thrown it off, but he that hath substituted virtue in its room.

I have shewn you, *Lucilius*, the difference between the diseases of the mind and the affections (*e*); and shall now remind you of it again. The diseases of the mind are inveterate and stubborn vices, such as avarice,
and

and vain-glorious ambition: when they have infected the mind, and begin to fix a perpetual residence therein. In a word, it is a grievous disease, when the judgment is so perverted as to be pertinacious of trifles; as if those things that are attainable by the slightest means were to be pursued with all our might; or thus, if you please:—to desire that over-vehemently, which ought scarcely to be wished for, or perhaps not at all (*f*); and to hold *that* in great esteem, which deserves but little, or perhaps contempt. But the affections are certain motions of the mind, unaccountable, sudden, and violent, which being frequent, and for a while neglected, introduce a troublesome malady; as a small defluxion of rheum, not yet grown constitutional, causeth a cough; but by continuance and neglect brings on a confirmed asthma.

Therefore, they who have made the greatest proficiency in the way we are speaking of, however subject to the affections, yet being free from the diseases of the mind, come nearest to the adepts in wisdom.

The second sort are they who have thrown off the greatest evils of the mind, and all untoward passions; yet not so as to be in full possession of their security; for 'tis possible they may relapse.

A third sort are they who have taken leave of many and great vices, but not all. They avoid covetousness, but are still subject to anger: they are not solicited by voluptuousness, but still are ambitious; they are not much tortured by desire, but they still live in fear; but even amidst their fear, the mind is sufficiently firm against some things, yet yields to others; it despiseth death, yet dreads to suffer pain.

Let us reflect a little upon the last order; it were well if we were admitted even here: by a particular felicity of nature, and by continual study and application of the mind, a place in the second is attainable; yet the third has its merit. Consider what numberless evils are spread around: there is no sin but what you see exemplified: wickedness is daily making greater progress both in public and private life: and you will learn from hence, that it is somewhat commendable, not to be so wicked as the rest of the world. But, you say, you hope to be admit-

ted of an higher order. This indeed is what I could rather wish for ourselves than promise: we seem pre-engaged: we aim at virtue, but are busied in vice: I am ashamed to say it, we follow what is good only as opportunity serves (*g*).

But how great will be our reward if we throw off our present engagements, and release ourselves from these bonds! So shall no unwarrantable desire nor fear assail us; unharrassed by terrors, uncorrupted by pleasures, we shall fear neither death, nor the power of the gods; we shall know that death is no evil, and the gods too good to be the authors of evil (*b*): he that hurteth is as weak as he that is hurt: the best things have no noxious qualities. If then we disengage ourselves from these dregs, and rise to the sublime and noble height of wisdom; tranquillity of mind, and absolute liberty, all sin and error excluded, will be our portion (*i*). And what is this, but not to fear man below, nor dread the powers above; not to will what is base and vile, nor covet superabundance; and especially to have an absolute command over ourselves? for believe me, *Lucilius*, to be master of one's self, is to be in possession of an inestimable treasure.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

I cannot but think, the former part of this Epistle instead of concluding this Volume, would have served very well for a Preface to it; but supposing somewhat more would be required, I endeavour'd to oblige the courteous reader therewith.

(*a*) See Ep. 20. (N. b.) 35. 74. (N. k.)

* I have somewhere before observed that the *physicians* of old, were likewise *surgeons*. So, in *Homer*, λ. 832.

Ἰντροὶ μὲν γὰρ ποδολαεῖτος ἠδ' ἔ Μάχαον.—

Of two sur'd surgeons Podolarius stands

This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;

And great Machaon wounded, in his tent,

Now wants the succour, which so oft he lent. Pope.

Who observes in his Note, that *Machaon* in having cured *Philoctetes*, was an abler physician than *Chiron*, who could not cure himself of the like poisonous wound.

They are still so abroad; as under a print of my friend, the incomparable *Handel's* father, there is a *German* inscription, to the following purpose:

This print George Handel's pourtraiture displays;

'Tis hard to say, which most demands our praise,

His dextrous hand, or well experienc'd art,

In the physician's, or the surgeon's part.

(*b*) See

(b) See Ep. 16. (N. c.) 20. (N. a.) *If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.* John xiii. 17. *Not the bearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified.* Rom. ii. 15. *Be ye doers of the word, not bearers only, deceiving your own selves, &c.* James i. 22. See also Matth. vii. 21.

(c) See Ep. 71. 72. (N. c.) *Nostrium vitium est, qui quod dicitur de sapiente, exigimus et a proficiente.* Sen. (de vit. beat. c. 24.) *We are much to blame if we expect from the proficient the perfection of a wise man.*

(d) Stobæ. 101. Ο' δ' ἐπ' ἀρχῶν προκοπῶν, ἀκατὰ παντὸς ἀποδίδωσι τὰ κατὰ φύσιν, κ. τ. λ. *Cbryſippus asserts, that though a proficient of the first class should do every thing, and leave nothing undone, that becomes a good man; yet his life cannot be said to be completely happy, until these ordinary actions are worked up into habit, and a peculiar firmness and constancy of mind.*

(e) Cicero often confounds them, and calls *affections* diseases.—Tuscul. iv.—Intelligatur perturbationem (*Seneca*, affectum) jactantibus se opinionibus inconstanter et turbide, in motu esse semper; cum autem hic fervor concitatio que animi inveteraverit, et tanquam in venis medullisque infederit, tum exiit et morbus. *Let us then understand perturbation, (called by Seneca affection) to imply a restlessness from the variety and confusion of contradictory opinions; and that when this heat or disturbance of the mind is of any standing, and has taken up its residence, as it were, in the veins and marrow, then commence diseases and sickness, and those aversions which are in opposition to them.*

(f) The like definition in *Laertius*; Νοστήμα, ἵστιν οἰσὶς σπουδρα δὸκῶντος ἀρετῆ· *It is a disease, to set so high a value upon any thing, however desirable.*

(g) See Ep. 52. (N. a.)

(h) This reminds me of the extravagant rant in *Randolph's* Muses' Looking-glasses.—

Aphobos. "What can there be
"That I should fear? The gods? If they be good,
" 'Tis sin to fear them: if not good, no gods;
"And then let them fear me."—Act ii. Sc. 2.

(i) *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But if ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are you; be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled, but sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, &c.* 1 Pet. iii. 13.

I shall conclude this volume, with an observation from *Cicero's Lælius*, pertinent to this Epistle. "I would not be thought (says he) to adopt the sentiments of those speculative moralists, who pretend that no man can justly be deemed *virtuous*, who is not arrived at that sort of absolute perfection, which constitutes, according to their ideas, the character of genuine wisdom. This opinion may appear true, perhaps, in theory, but is altogether inapplicable to any useful purpose of society; as it supposes a degree of virtue, to which no mortal was ever capable of rising.—In my opinion, whoever restrains his passions within the bounds of reason, and uniformly acts, in all the various relations of life, upon one steady consistent principle of approved honour, justice, and beneficence, that man is, in reality, as well as in common estimation, strictly and truly *good*: inasmuch as he regulates his conduct (so far, I mean, as is compatible with human frailty) by a constant obedience to those best guides of moral rectitude, *the sacred laws of Nature*."—So far *Cicero*; and his elegant translator, as a good and grateful Christian, is pleased to add his acknowledgment of the superior excellency of divine revelation; "which not only exhorts to virtue, upon motives far more suitable to the moral constitution and circumstances of human nature, but supplies in the person of its sacred Author, that real and animating example of *consummate* perfection, which the disciples of *Zeno* could only form to themselves in *imagination*." (Remark, N. 19.)—Moreover, though it is certain, on the Christian scheme, that ever since the apostacy and rebellion in Paradise, *be that saith*

be

he hath no sin deceives himself, and there is no truth in him; yet it is also certain that there have been in all ages, and still are, we trust, many who so earnestly give their hearts unto wisdom, as to act upon steady principles, imbibed by a virtuous education, and their own strong sense; and who so live in the fear of God, with due respect to his Commandments, that notwithstanding many human frailties and infirmities, they come under the scriptural title of good and righteous men, the sons of wisdom, and the children of God; who, we trust, will be graciously pleased to accept our hearty endeavours instead of performance, and our sincerity instead of perfection. T. M.



THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

