A Select COLLECTION of LETTERS OF THE ANTIENTS.

Written Originally by

Greeks.	Romans.
Phalaris,	*Cicero*,
Solon,	*Seneca*,
Socrates,	*Augustus Cæsar*,
Pythagoras,	*Mark Anthony*,
Euripedes,	*Brutus* and *Cassius*,
Xenophon,	*Pompey*,
Aristotle,	*Mithridates*,
K. *Philip*,	*Germanicus*,
Alexander the Great,	K. *Herod*,
Democritus,	*Agrippina*,
Heraclitus,	*Poppæa*,
Diogenes the *Cynick*,	*Caracalla*,
Isocrates,	*M. Aurelius*,
Hippocrates,	*Aurelian*,
The Emp. *Julian*, &c.	Qu. *Zenobia*, &c.

Whereby is discover'd the Morality, Gallantry, Wit, Humour, Manner of Arguing, and in a Word, the Genius both of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

Multa ignoramus, quæ non laterent, si Veterum *Lectio nobis esset familiaris.* Cicero.

By Mr. SAVAGE.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Hartley*, next door to the *King's-head* Tavern in *Holborn*; *F. Coggan*, in the Inner *Temple-Lane*; *W. Davis*, at the *Black-Bull* in *Cornhill*; *R. Gibson*, at the *Roe-Buck* between the two *Temple* Gates in *Fleet-street*; and *T. Hodgson*, over against *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*. 1703.

TO

Anthony Hammond Esq;

ONE OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

OF

Her MAJESTY's Navy.

SIR,

THE *Honour* I have had of a long *Acquaintance* with you, has given me *Assurance* to present you the following *Sheets*; your known *Sence* will confirm the *Reader* of their *Merit*, and for my own part I know both my self and you too well, to shelter any thing under your *Name*, which is not in some measure worthy it. This I may venture to say for our *Book*, being made up out of the *Performances* of the most celebrated *Men* and *Authors* of *Antiquity*; and if the *Translators* should any where fall short of their *Originals*, we might in *Vindication* ask, Whether any *Translation* from the *Greek* or *Latine* has ever yet kept up with

them? I'm sure I may aver, we have not fallen short of any yet publish'd in *English*, either in our *Choice* or *Version*.

This is the only *Collection* of *Letters* entirely *Antient*, (without any Allay of *Modern Originals*) wherein you will have a near and familiar *View*, of the *Great Men* of *Antiquity*; you will hear 'em speak in their own proper *Persons*, and see their *Interests*, *Inclinations*, *Passions*, *Reasonings* and all else work, that could bring a *Man* perfectly acquainted with them. *Letters* are of this *Nature*; They are a second-hand or distant *Conversation*, where the *Mind* is freely spoke, and the most private *Transactions* and *Intrigues* manag'd. We have given a *variety* no *Collection* before this can boast, and I may venture to affirm, there are hardly among the whole *Number*, any trifling, unentertaining or not conducive to a true *Prospect* of the *antient Greeks* and *Romans*.

I could easily lay down the *Rules* and *Excellencies* of this *way* of *Writing*, whereby a *Judgment* might be form'd how near our *Authors* come to *Perfection*. All *Letters* are either *Narrations*, that is *Accounts* of *Things* and *Business*, or else they are to *Persuade* or *Dissuade*, to *Praise* or *Dispraise*, to *Accuse* or *Defend*, under which *Heads* will all other *Species* of this *kind* fall. Now every *Letter* is *good* or *bad*, as it justly and closely pursues the *end* it aims at, to which *Test* we leave our *Collection*.

Should any supercilious *Critick* assert that some few of this *Collection* are not *Genuine*, let him enjoy his *Opinion*; I shall never think a *Dispute* like that about *Phalaris's Epistles*, tho' learnedly manag'd on both *sides*, worth the *Heats* and *Pains*, where the *Consequence* is not of any great *Importance*;

tance; especially when I may justly say, that if there be any such in this *Book*, they carry such an *Air* of *Antiquity*, and are so built on the *Customs*, *Manners* and *History* of those *Times*, that they may very well pass for *Originals*; inasmuch as they contribute to our common *end*, of bringing the *Reader* acquainted with the *Antients*.

There is one *Thing* very *remarkable* in these *Roman* and *Greek Letters*, and that is an *honest* and *hearty Love* which the *Writers* of them have frequently shewn for their *Country*, a *Virtue* too many among us want at this Time: Yes, *Sir*, we want more *Hammonds* to rouse up a publick Spirit. You are not a meer pretended *Patriot*, a *noisy Boaster* of an *impotent* and *unactive zeal* for your *Country*; but you exert it in *Action*. That *Understanding* and *Honour* which has drawn the *Royal Eye* upon you, to repose so *weighty* a *Trust* in you, as part of the *Care* of the *Navy*, has by that means furnish'd your *zeal* for the Good of your *Country*, with a *Power* of endeavouring to make it *Prosperous*.

But while I consider you as a Patriot, I must not forget that *essential Quality* of one, *Religion*, without securing *which* our *Country* cannot long be secure. And this warns me to take *notice* of the *Epistle* of *Symachus* in *Vindication* of *Paganism*; and those of the *Emperour Julian* the *Apostate*. They were inserted here for the *Service* of *Religion*, to shew what a shallow *Reasoner* the wisest of those two was, when he oppos'd the *Christian Religion*. St. *Ambrose* has sufficiently confuted the *Former*, and I shall only examine the *Latter*.

The *Quality* and *Consideration* of this *Author* indeed seem to demand a *Word* or two in the *Translator's behalf*, not as to the *Truth*, *Justness*, or *Value* of the *Translation* of these Letters, but as to the Translating them at all. The *Character* of the *Emperour Julian*, as to his *Apostacy*, is in every bodies *Mouth* with *Contempt* and *Abhorrence*; while his *particular Qualifications*, which are in themselves *Meritorious*, are not justly regarded, tho' his *Sence* and *Learning* are greater *Arguments* of his *Condemnation* than the *want* of them could be; for tho' *Folly* and *Ignorance* might be suppos'd to be impos'd on, by the *Arts* and plausible *Sophistry* of a *Pagan Philosopher*, to make one forsake the Light of the *Gospel*, yet one would scarce imagine it possible, that a *Man* of *Reason* and *Learning*, nay and of *Judgment* in other *Things*, should by any *Argument*, either of *Stoick*, *Peripatetick*, or *Platonick Philosophy*, be wrought from the *Credit* of his *Reason*, as *Julian* was by *Maximus* the *Philosopher*.

In his Second *Letter* here Translated, he tells us of his *Fondness* for *Books*, which from a *Boy* were his chief *Delight*; for certainly he was well skill'd in *Physick*, *Sculpture*, *Poetry* and *Philosophy*, as appears even by these *Letters* of his, tho' in the last he was too much involv'd in a *Faction* or *Party*, to be a sincere *Enquirer* into *Truth*, being a profess'd *Disciple* of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, and one that allow'd that *Authority* to their *Names* which he deny'd to *Reason*, wherein he had forgot a *Saying* he has himself in one of his *Letters*, *I love* Plato (says he) *I love* Socrates, *but I love Truth better.* Had he done so, he might easily have distinguish'd betwixt the *Absurdities* of the *Polytheism* of the *Gentiles*, and

and the *Excellence* and *Demonstration* of one *Eternal*, *Omnipotent* and *Just God* of the *Christians*; and have also had more *Confidence* in the *Providence* of that *God*, than in *Auguries* and foolish *Dreams*, to which he discovers, in his *Letter* to *Oribasius*, &c. a very great *Deference*.

But setting aside his *Sins* of *Judgment* in *Religion*, his *Life* shin'd equal to most of his *Predecessors*, and *Ammianus Marcellinus* gives him a very *noble Character*, for had he never known *Christianity* and its *undeniable Truths*, he might have been very justly compar'd with *Antoninus*, *Marcus Aurelius*, &c. He says of himself, *that he was slow to punish, but much slower to forgive when once he had resolv'd on punishing*. He was very *abstemious* in the *Pleasures* and *riotous Luxury* of the *Time* wherein he liv'd, patient of *Heat* and *Cold*, a good *General*, and, as he would have you to think, an *honest Man*; for he has not a few *Maxims* of great *Probity*, one of which especially is worthy the *Mouth* of a *Christian* of his *Age*, which was, *That a short time well and innocently spent, was, in his Opinion, preferable to an Immortality of Sinning*. He was moreover a *Prince* not covetous of *Money*, as you may find from that *Letter* wherein he remits *part* of a *Tax*, affirming, *That he had much rather do his People good, than take their Money from them, which was their Support*.

Amidst his *virulent Hatred* to *Christianity*, he profess'd a sort of *peculiar Moderation* in his *Conduct* towards the *Professors* of it, leaving them entirely at *Liberty* to *conform* to the *Emperor's Religion* or to enjoy their *own*. The small *Progress* this *Liberty of Conscience* produc'd towards a *Return* to *Idolatry*, is every way evident from

ſome of theſe *Letters*; and which occaſion'd that to *Arſacius Arch-Prieſt* of *Galatia*, to ſtir him up to an *Imitation* of the *Chriſtians* of his *Time*, in their *Charity*, *Bounty*, and the like, as thoſe *Things* that had ſo far promoted and ſpread our *Holy Religion*. In the ſame *Letter* he endeavours to reform the *Abuſes*, or rather *degenerate Lives*, of the *Heathen Clergy*; whereby to gain them a *Reputation*, which was naturally productive of *Authority* with the *People*, the ſureſt way of ſpreading *Error* as well as *Truth*.

But notwithſtanding his *Profeſſion* of *Moderation* towards the *Chriſtians*, in his *Letter* to *Artabius*, and in that againſt the *Chriſtian Teachers* making *Uſe* of the *Greek Authors*, he burſt out into *Expreſſions* contrary to his *Decrees* of *Liberty of Conſcience* in his *Heat* againſt St. *Athanaſius*, and at the ſame time that he could recall *Arrian Biſhops* from *Baniſhment*, he compell'd *Athanaſius* to go into *Exile*, not allowing him to be in any part of *Ægypt*. And this leads me to the tranſlating theſe *Letters* at all, which was on *account* of the *Service* it might be to *Religion*, againſt the *Atheiſts* of this *Age*, who when you urge the *Fathers* and the *Accounts* of the *Primitive Chriſtianity*, deny their *Authority*, as brib'd by their *Intereſt*, or magnifying their own *Party*; whereas here we find the *violent Enemy* of *Chriſtianity*, propoſing the *Chriſtians* of his *Time* as a *Pattern* to follow, to make the *Abſurdities* of his own *Superſtition* go down the better with the *People*. Can there be a greater *Teſtimony* of the *Zeal* of St. *Athanaſius*, than his *Baniſhment* by this *Profeſſor* of *Moderation*, only for his *Spreading* the *Goſpel*, *Baptizing* ſome *Greek Ladies* of *Quality*, and the like? He could correſpond with

Georgius

Georgius the *Arrian Bishop* of *Alexandria*, may resent his *Murther* by the *People*, yet could not forgive *Athanasius* who every where oppugn'd his *Favourite Idolatry*.

This being the chief *Motive* of the Translation of his *Letters*, I judge it may not be *amiss* to shew his *false Reasoning* in one *Letter*, wherein he forbids all *Professors* in *Schools* the *use* of the *Greek Poets* and *Authors*, except such as were *Idolaters*. The whole *Stress* of his *Argument* is, that it was not *honest* in the *Christians* to teach those *Authors* in their *Schools*, which they did not themselves believe. The *Fallacy* of which is visible, for he names *Historians* and *Poets*. If he means that the *Christians* did not believe the *fabulous Stories* of the *Poets*, I answer he himself nor any of the *Heathens* ever did believe them true. If he means the *Lessons* deduceable from their *Examples*, the *Christians* believ'd those as much as the *Pagans*, as having more lively *Principles* of *Morality* in their *Religion*. If he means the *excellence* of their *Descriptions*, *Language*, *Versification*, &c. these were as much believ'd by the *Christians*, and for that *end* taught by them. But if he comes to *History*, I suppose they gave as much *Credit* to *Thucydides* and *Herodotus* as a *rational Heathen* could, that is as far as they kept the *face* of *Truth*, &c. So that indeed I think the *Objection* extremely trifling in the *Emperor*. But, says he, are not the *Books* of one dedicated to the *Muses* and of the other to *Mercury*? And if they, meaning the *Christians*, will read their *Books*, why will they not imitate them in their *Piety* to the *Gods*? Because their *Religion* was *absurd*, and what no *Rational Man* could believe, and likewise because their *Religion* had nothing

nothing to do with their *Writings*. *Rhetorique*, *Poetry*, *History* and *Philosophy* are no *essential parts* of any particular *Sect* and may be study'd by any *Party* without any *Communion* in *Divinity*. And it had been fully as reasonable to have forbid them *Painting*, *Statuary*, *Architecture*, &c. by reason *Apelles*, *Phidias*, *Vitruvius* and the other *Primitive Masters* of those *Arts* were *Idolaters*. But we find *Julian* follows not the *Rule* he prescribes, for in his *Letter* to *Arsacius*, he is teaching him *Morality* and *Charity* from the *Christians*, which have an *immediate Dependance* on *Religion*, without believing that of those he proposes for *Examples*, whereby he is really *guilty* of what he falsely imputes to the *Christians* on the former *Account*. I suppose I need not now add, that his *Epistles* being publish'd in *Greek* and *Latine* by *Divines*, I had no reason to scruple giving the *Publick* some of them in *English*, both on *Account* of *History*, and the *Motive* I have already urg'd.

Now if I would follow the *common Mode* of *Dedicators*, I should before I conclude, run out into a *large Encomium*, but Mr. *Hammond*'s *Virtues* and *Sence* are too well known, to need or so much as bear *Hyperbolical Exaggerations*: His real *good Qualities* recommend him to the *Love* of all *Men*, who can distinguish betwixt *Merit* and *Affectation*, among whom none more respectfully values you than

SIR,

Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant,

John Savage.

A Cronological TABLE,

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LETTERS

LETTERS OF THE ANTIENTS.

LETTER I.

Quintus Aurelius Avianus Symachus *Governour of* Rome, *to the most* Sacred *and always* August *Emperours* Valentinian, Theodosius *and* Arcadius; *requesting that the Altar of VICTORY might be restor'd to the Senate-House whence it had been taken; to which and the spreading of the Christian Religion the Heathens attributed the Inundations of the* Goths, *the Famine*, &c.

NO sooner, most August Emperours, had your illustrious Senate of *Rome* found the Vices of the Times reduc'd by the force of your Laws, and seen the Infamy of the past Age wash'd out by the Piety of this, but by the example and authority of your Conduct, the Reverend Conscript Fathers gave Words to their Sorrows, and have again

deputed me the Messenger of their Complaints, which were deny'd the Audience of your most sacred Majesties, only because they were sure to find there a Redress, which some by no means desir'd. I am therefore oblig'd both, as your Governour of *Rome* to give you an Account of the publick Acts, and as the City's Deputy to recommend to you what they have entrusted to my Charge. In this there is an Unanimity of Votes, a *Nemine Contradicente*, since now Men believe no more, that they can Complement the Courtiers by their Dissenting. There is no Empire, O Emperors, like the Love of the People. It has been too shameful a thing to suffer private Disputes to interfere with the publick Good, and the Senate with a great deal of Wisdom and Justice, prosecutes those, who have made no difficulty of having more regard to their own Power, than to the Fame and Reputation of their Prince. What we now labour to obtain, is a proof, that we watch for the Advantage of your Clemency; for to whom can our Endeavours for the Preservation of the Laws of our Ancestors, and the Defence of the Rights, and Fate of our Country, be more justly address'd, than to the Glory of this Age? Which will appear the greater when you consider, that you ought to attempt nothing contrary to the Customs of our Forefathers. Let us, therefore, look back on the state of that Religion, from which our Common Wealth for so many Centuries deriv'd such considerable Advantages; and if we examine the Princes of both Sects, we shall find that the first reverenc'd the Ceremonies of our Ancestors, and the latter depriv'd us not of them; if there is no example to be drawn from the Religion of the Ancients, let it at least

be

be deduc'd from the Permission of the Moderns. Is there any Man fall'n to so great a Barbarity, as not to desire the restoration of the Altar of Victory? But I shall be more Cautious in my Expressions, avoiding the too naked exposing what may be too invidious. Permit us only to pay that Honor to the Name, which is deny'd to the Deity! Your Eternity is not a little indebted to Victory already, and much more shall be; let those therefore be averse to this Pow'r, who never deriv'd any Benefit from it; but never let it be said that you deserted that friendly Patroness of your Triumphs, when indeed there is neither Nation, nor Man, that pays her not his Vows? for no Man can deny worship to that, which he professes is to be desir'd. But if you have no regard to the ill Omen of removing the Altar of Victory, you ought at least to spare the Ornaments of the *Senate House*. Great is the Power of Custom, and we humbly implore you to permit us in this our Age to deliver those things to our Posterity, which we receiv'd in our Youth from our Forefathers. 'Twas not without great Reason, that the Act of *Constantius* was of no long duration, and you ought to avoid all those, which you have seen quickly disanull'd. We are concern'd for the Eternity of your Fame, and your *Divinity*, that the succeeding Age, may find nothing in the Transactions of your Reign, which may deserve any Correction. Where shall we swear to your Laws and Commands? By what Religious Dread shall the fallacious Mind be terrify'd from giving false Witness? 'Tis true all things are full of God, and there is no Refuge for the perfidious; but the Influence of a present Religion is a powerful Check

on Transgressours. This Altar of Victory was the Band of all our Concord, and the Repository of the Faith of every one in particular; nor is there any thing, that gives greater Authority to our Decrees, than, that the Senatorian Order is, as it were, sworn to all, that it determines. Believe me, illustrious Emperors, those who think themselves only secure by the Public Oaths, will, by this means, think, there is an open Inlet made for Perjuries to the Senate, when it is thus publickly profan'd. But it has been urg'd, that the Emperour *Constantius* has given a Precedent for this. Let us imitate other Actions of that Prince, rather, than what he never had done, had he seen any preceding Emperor guilty of the like Mistake; for the Successour corrects himself by the Errors of his Predecessour, and the Condemnation of a foregoing Example begets a just Conduct in him, that succeeds. That illustrious Prince, your Father, might well be allow'd to make a Mistake in a new Attempt while he did not apprehend the Judiciousness of the Fact; but can we plead that excuse shou'd we imitate him in that very thing, our Conscience condemns? But if your Majesties will Copy that Prince, make choice of others of his Acts more worthy Imitation. He rifled not the holy Virgins of any of their Privileges, he decreed the Priesthood to the Roman Nobility, and deny'd not the necessary Expences of our Ceremonies; and following the joyful Senate through the eternal City, with a pleasing Eye beheld the holy Temples, enquir'd after their Originals, read the Names of the Gods inscrib'd on their Roofs, and admir'd their Founders; and tho' he was himself of another Religion, yet this

this he protected. For every Man has his peculiar Customs, and his particular Religious Rites; the Divine Mind has distributed to all Nations different Guardians; and, as differing Souls are distributed to all that are born, so are there various fatal *Genii* allotted to several People. Let us add to this, the Benefit and Emolument, which gives Man the greatest Tye to the Divinity. For since Reason is but the Twilight of the Mind, and it's Decisions uncertain, as obscure; Whence can we better derive the Excellence of any Deity above another, than from the Records of Time, and those Lessons, which happy Events have taught us. If then Religion draw any Authority from its great and immemorial Antiquity, we ought to preserve that Faith, which has liv'd so many Ages, and in it follow our Forefathers, as they did theirs with all the Rewards of Good Fortune. Let us but imagine we saw *Rome* her self make her present Address to your Majesties in these pathetique Expostulations: *Ye best of Princes, Fathers of your Country, have some Respect to that Venerable Old Age to which those pious Rites have preserv'd me, and permit me to enjoy those paternal Ceremonies, which never yet gave me Cause of Repentance; suffer me to live as I us'd to do, because I am free: This is the Worship, that has reduced the World under my Jurisdiction, driven* Hannibal *from my Walls, and the* Senones *from my* Capitol. *Have I been thus long preserv'd to be School'd in my old Age? Con'd I discover what these Institutions, that are thought fit to be advanc'd are, yet the Reformation of old Age is shameful and opprobrious.* We supplicate therefore for Peace to the Gods of our Forefathers, and

of our Country. 'Tis juſt enough to think the Object of the Worſhip of all Mankind is but *One*; we all behold the ſame Stars, the ſame Heaven is our Canopy, and the ſame Earth our Dwelling: What ſignifies it therefore by what different Ways we enquire after Truth? *One* way is too narrow, and too little to arrive at ſo vaſt a Secret. But this is a Diſpute fit only for thoſe, who have nothing elſe to do; at this time we offer not Arguments but Prayers. Where are the mighty Profits, the Spoils of the Prerogatives of the Veſtal Virgins have brought to your Exchequer? We find thoſe things deny'd them under Princes moſt remarkable for Liberality, which the moſt penurious have granted: That ſtipend of Chaſtity conſiſts only in Honour; and as their ſacred Fillets are the only Ornaments of their Heads, ſo is their exemption from Rewards the Mark of their Prieſthood. All they require is but a ſort of bare and empty Name of Privilege, being ſecure by their Poverty from apprehenſions of Loſs. Thoſe therefore who leſſen their Subſtance, add the more to their Praiſe, when the Chaſtity, that is devoted to the Public, encreaſes when it is depriv'd of Reward. Far be thoſe baſe Gains from the Purity of your Treaſury; for the Exchequer of a Good Prince ſhou'd be augmented by the Spoils of his Enemies, not Robberys from the Prieſthood. And is there any Gain, that can ſufficiently balance the Envy this brings? And the Miſery of theſe whoſe ancient Revenues are ſeiz'd on, is the greater, becauſe Avarice is a Vice, that cannot be laid to your Charge; for under Emperors, that are not rapacious of the Properties of their Subjects, but Maſters of their Appetites, that is

turn'd

turn'd wholly to the Detriment of the Loser, that moves not the Desire of the Spoiler; and thus those Fields and Possessions left to the holy Virgins and Ministers by the Testaments of the Dying, are brought into the Exchequer. Of you, O Priests of Justice! I implore that the Rites of your City may have the same advantages of Property and Possession, which private Persons have. Suffer your Subjects to make their last Wills without Apprehension, and let them know, that under Princes free from Avarice, their Legacies shall not be violated. And you, O Princes, be pleas'd with this Happiness of Humane kind; for Examples of this Nature have already disturb'd the last hours of the Dying. Have not the Revenues of Religion the same Benefit with those of the Profane? Are they not under the Protection of the *Roman* Laws? I know not what Name, what Apellation to give to the seizing those things, which no Law, nor any Chance have made liable to Forfeiture. The Freed men receive their Legacies, nay the Slaves are not deny'd the just Benefit of *Wills*, and the *Noble Virgins* alone, and holy Ministers of the *fatal Rites* are deny'd the Possessions of those Revenues, which they derive from Inheritance. At this rate it is better being a Slave to Men, than to devote the Body to Chastity for the public Good, than to prop the Eternity of the Empire with heavenly Supports, than to assist your Arms and Standards with Amicable Virtues. By this means we offer an Injury to the Common Wealth, which ought never to be ingrateful. I would not have any man believe, that I defend the Cause of Religion alone, for from Attempts like these spring all the Disquiets and Inconveniencies

of Humane Life. The Laws of our Forefathers honour'd the Veſtal Virgins, and the ſacred Miniſters of the Gods with moderate Subſiſtence, and juſt Privileges; which for many Ages continued inviolate, till the time of a Company of degenerate Bankers, who diverted the Maintenance of holy Chaſtity to the Reward of baſe and ſervile Flatterers. But what was the Conſequence? Public Famine, while the ſickly Harveſt in every Province deludes our hopes of Relief. Nor can we aſſign this Dearth to the Sterility of the Ground, the Blaſting of the Winds, the Stars, Cankers in Trees, or Tares in our Corn; but this Sacrilege alone conſum'd the Products of the year: For it was but juſt that all ſhou'd want that, which was deny'd to Religion. If we can parallel this great Famine with any Example, then let us attribute it to the common Cauſes of Nature, and the Accidents of the year. The People were again reduc'd to their primitive Food of Acorns and Berries of the Woods. Had our Anceſtours ever any ſuch Calamity, while the public Honour fed and maintain'd the Miniſters of Religion? When did they ſhake the Oak, or tear up the Roots of Herbs for Food? When were all our Provinces inſufficient to ſupply us with Bread, while it was not deny'd the ſacred Virgins? For the Food of the Prieſthood nourith'd the Product of the Earth, ſo that it was rather a Remedy, than a Bounty. Can any man doubt but that was given to all for their ſakes, when all want it ſince they are deprив'd of it. Some may perhaps reply, that 'tis the Public Money is deny'd to bear the Expences of a contrary Religion; far be that pernicious Notion from a good Prince, to think

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that Particular Donations to particular Uſes belong at all to the Imperial Revenue. You govern all, but preſerve every Man his Right; and Juſtice is more prevalent with you, than an arbitrary Licentiouſneſs. Conſult your own Acts of Magnificence, and then conſider whether you wou'd be ſatisfy'd, that thoſe Gifts you have beſtow'd to particular ends, ſhou'd by being part of the Public Revenue be liable to be perverted to another uſe by your Succeſſors. Thoſe Donations, that are once made to the Honor of the City ceaſe to be any longer in the power of the Donor, and that which was at firſt a Favour, by preſcription of Time becomes a Debt. Let your Clemency view the ſecret Supports of all Sects with an impartial Eye, and eſpecially that to which your Anceſtors ow'd their Aſſiſtance, and which defends you, and is follow'd by us. We petition for that Form of Religion, which preſerv'd the Empire of your ſacred Father, and ſupply'd that fortunate Prince with a Lawful Iſſue. Behold that God looks down from his Starry Palace, views the Tears of the Prieſts, and thinks himſelf blam'd for the Violation of that Cuſtom, which he willingly preſerv'd. Correct that evil Counſel, that was given your ſacred Brother, and which he knew not ſo diſpleaſing to the Senate; for 'tis evident their Meſſengers were deny'd Admiſſion to him, that he might be deprivd of the Knowledge of the Public Decree. And 'tis but a juſt honour you pay the former Age in revoking that which We can prove was no free Act of the Prince.

LETTER

LETTER II.

St. Ambrose's *Answer Address'd to the Emperour* Valentinian, *containing a full Vindication of the Christian Religion.*

AT the Time that the Noble *Symachus*, Governour of *Rome*, made his Adresses to your Clemency for the Restoration of the Altar of Victory, which had been taken out of the Senate House, and that you (yet in the very Noviceship of your Youth, tho robust and old in the Virtue of Faith) rejected the Petition of the Gentiles; I, as soon, as I had any knowledge of the Attempt, offer'd you a small Paper of what I then thought fit to say on that Subject at that Juncture, and demanded a Copy of his Letter. Wherefore I send this Answer to it, not out of any Diffidence of your Faith, but out of a provident Caution, certain of a pious and just examination; only desiring, that you wou'd have more Regard to the Force of the Thing, than to the Elegance of the Language; for the Tongue of the learned and wise Man (according to the divine Scriptures) is Gold, which inrich'd with pompous Words, and exulting in a sort of dazling Force of a brillant Eloquence, blinds the Eyes of the Mind with the Appearance of Beauty. But if we examine the Gold, we shall find, that the Value is from the outside Stamp, within 'tis nothing but common Metal. I beseech you but to weigh well and examine the Sect of the Gentiles, and you'll find that their

Boasts

Boasts and Pretences are noisie and specious, but what they defend is abominable: In Words they talk of God, but it is the Idol they adore. Three things I find the illustrious Governour *Symachus* has propos'd, which he thought solid and unanswerable. 1st. That *Rome* demands the Restitution of her Ancient Rites and Religion. 2dly. That the Revenues of their Priests, and Vestal Virgins be allow'd them; and 3dly, That the depriving the Priests of their Benefices had produc'd the Public Famine. In the first Proposition he introduces *Rome* in a pityful manner complaining, and begging the Restoration of her former Worship, and Ceremonies; those, she says, drove *Hannibal* from her Walls, and the *Senones* from her *Capitol*; but while she thus extols the Power of her Religion, she betrays its Weakness; for *Hannibal* according to this was a long time an over Match for the *Roman* Gods, and spight of them brought Fire and Sword to the very Walls of *Rome*. How cou'd they suffer themselves to be cooped up within their Walls, for whom the Arms of the Gods were zealously employ'd? I know not what to say of the *Senones*, who had been too hard for the *Romans* had not the fearful Geese betray'd them, when they enter'd the *Capitol* it self. Think but what glorious Protectors the *Roman* Temples boast of; where then was *Jupiter*? Was it he that spoke in the Geese? But I have no great need to deny that the *Roman* Rites fought for *Rome*; for *Hannibal* worship'd the very same Gods. Let them therefore choose which they please; if the Gods overcame in the *Roman* Cause, they were beat in the *Carthaginian*, and so *vice versâ*. No more therefore of unjust Complaints of the *Roman* People; they

never

never gave any Authority for ſuch a Petition; and *Rome* Adreſſes her ſelf to you in a much different Manner. Why (ſays ſhe) do you to no purpoſe daily imbrue me with the Blood of innocent Cattel? the Trophies of Victory are won by the Courage of the Warriours, not the Fibres of Beaſts; 'twas by another ſort of Diſcipline that I vanquiſh'd the World: The Valour of *Camillus* drove thoſe *Gauls* away whom the Gods had ſuffer'd to Lord it in the City. *Scipio Africanus* found Victory in the midſt of *Hannibal*'s Army, not among the Altars of the Capitol. To what purpoſe do you produce examples of Antiquity? I abominate the Religion of *Nero*. What ſhall I ſay of the Monthly Emperors, and of thoſe, whoſe Reign began and ended almoſt on the ſame day? Or perhaps you'll urge, that the Inundations of Barbarians are what is new and without Precedent. What need I anſwer by the Inſtances of *Valerianus* and *Gallienus*, no *Chriſtian* Emperors; the firſt of which was held in Captivity, and under the latter the whole Empire was enſlav'd? But thoſe Ceremonies, that promis'd them Victories deceiv'd them! Had not they the Altar of Victory? I repent, my Errours, and my aged Cheeks glow with ſhame for my Miſtake. I have no Reaſon to bluſh to be converted, with the reſt of the World, ſince there is no time too late to improve our Knowledge. And that old Age has more reaſon to bluſh, that is incapable of Amendment, for it is not the Ripeneſs of Years but Manners that demands our Commendation; nor is it any Infamy to change for the Better, before which I had nothing common with the Barbarians but my Ignorance of God. Your

Sacri-

Sacrifices, and Rites are to be ſprinkled with the Blood of Cattel. Why ſeek you in the Entrails of dead Beaſts for the Voice of God? Approach ye, and learn on Earth the Warfare of Heaven. Here we live, but 'tis for Heaven we war. Let God himſelf that form'd all things teach me himſelf, not Man who knows not his own Being. Whom ſhou'd I rather believe concerning the Nature of God, than God himſelf? With what Aſſurance can you deſire me to pin my Faith on your Sleeve, who confeſs your Ignorance of what you worſhip? You ſay, *That one Road is not ſufficient to bring us to ſo great a Secret*; but we know, that by the Voice of God, which you are ignorant of; and we are inform'd of, that by the Wiſdom, and Verity of God, which you enquire after by blind Conjectures. You and we do not at all agree, you ſeek Peace for your Gods from the Emperors; we ſeek it for the Emperors from *Chriſt*. You adore the Works of your own Hands, we think it an Injury to Reaſon to think any thing, that can be made, a God: Nor will God be worſhip'd in Stocks and Stones; an Abſurdity ſo groſs, that ev'n your own Philoſophers have laugh'd at it. But if you deny Chriſt to be God becauſe you do not believe his Death, (for you are ignorant, that this Death was of the Fleſh, and not of the Divinity, which he underwent that none that believ'd in him ſhou'd dye) What can be more imprudent, than you, who contumelioſly worſhip, and diſhonorably derogate from him? For you believe your God to be Wood. Oh! ſhameful Worſhip! And you cannot believe that Chriſt cou'd die. Oh honorable Obſtinacy! Thus you chooſe rather to believe in a God that never had Life, than in him

him whoſe Divinity never ſuffer'd death. But he inſiſts, that the ancient Altars ſhou'd be reſtor'd to the Idols, and their old Ornaments to the Temples: But are theſe Demands made to a Prince of their own Superſtition? No. Yet a *Chriſtian* Emperour knows no Honour due to any Altars but thoſe of *Chriſt*. How! ſhall they compel the pious Hand, and faithful Lips to miniſter to their profane Sacrileges? Let the Voice of our Emperour ſound only Chriſt, and ſpeak only for him, that employs the Sentiments of his Mind, for *the Heart of the King is in the Hand of the Lord.* Did any of the Heathen Emperors ſet up an Altar to Chriſt? While they demand the Reſtitution of what once they poſſeſs'd, they put us in mind, by their own Example, how great a Deference and Reſpect the Chriſtian Emperours ought to pay to the Religion, they follow, when we find, that the Heathen made all things ſubmit to theirs. We began, let them follow. We glory in the Blood, we ſhed for our Religion, they are diſturb'd at the loſs of their Riches. We lookt on our Sufferings as a Victory, they on theirs as an Injury. They never did us greater Service, than when they commanded the *Chriſtians* to be laſh'd, proſcrib'd, and put to death, and Religion made that a Reward, which Infidelity meant, as a Puniſhment. See our Magnanimity! we encreaſe our Belief by Injuries, Poverty, and Puniſhment; but they think their Ceremonies cannot laſt when their Profits are taken away. Let the Veſtal Virgins (ſays *Symachus*) have their Immunities; this they urge, becauſe they do not know how to believe, that there can be a Chaſtity without proſpect of Intereſt, and therefore they incite

incite that by Rewards, which they despair of from Virtue. But how great is the Number of those Virgins, that these promis'd Rewards have made! Scarce Seven Vestals: Behold the mighty Number! so many Ornaments of Person, Pomp of Retinue, vast Privileges, extravagant Revenues, have press'd, and that only for a limited Time, That is not Chastity; that is purchas'd with Money, nor that Integrity, which is bought for a time with a Price, as at an Auction. The first Victory of Chastity is to conquer the desire of Wealth, because a lust of Gain is a temptation to Modesty. But let us suppose, that Supplies of Largesses shou'd be given the Virgins, what Rewards shall the Christian Virgins have? and what Exchequer will be able to furnish so great an Expence? But if they think none but the Vestal Virgins shou'd enjoy this Benefit, sure they might allow us to share with them under a *Christian* Prince, who engross'd all to themselves in the Times of Paganism. But the Remonstrance goes farther, they complain, that the Public Provisions are deny'd their Priests and Ministers: And here how he launches out into an Ocean of Words! But on the contrary, by new Laws our Priesthood too is deny'd the Benefit of hereditary Succession, and yet not one of us complains; nor do we think it any Injury, because we look on it as no Loss. If a Priest aims at the Privilege of being exempt from all publick Employments, he obtains it with the surrender of all his Paternal Rights, and of his whole Possessions. What loud Complaints wou'd the Gentiles make if their Priests were to purchase their Office with the loss of their whole Patrimony? and that a private Person shou'd at the expence of

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all manner of Profit and Advantage, buy a capacity to devote himself to the Public Service, comforting themselves with the Reward of Domestic Want, while they watch for the common Safety, because they make not Sale of their Ministry, but purchase Grace? Let us make a Comparison betwixt the two Causes. You wou'd exempt your Senatorial Priests, when it is not lawful for the Church to exempt her holy Ministers. The Priests of your Temples may make their Wills, and receive Legacies; nor is there any so profane, of so low a Condition, so prostitute in Modesty, that wants this Privilege; the Clergy alone are barr'd from this common Right, who alone undertake, and offer the common Vows for all, yet can accept any Legacy or Donation whatever. And where there is no exception to be made against the Manners and Probity of the Person, his very Office is a sufficient Cause of the Penalty. Shou'd a Christian Widow bequeath any Legacy to the Priests of a Heathen Temple, it stands good in Law; but if she bequeath any thing to the Ministers of God, it is null and void. This I have mention'd, not, as by complaint, but to shew them what it is, that we do not complain of; for I had much rather we shou'd be inferior in Money, than Grace. But they may reply, that whatever has been given, or left to the Church, has not been violated. Let them also tell us, who has rob'd their Temples of their Donations, which has been done to the Christians? and if this were done to the Gentiles, it wou'd not be offering but returning an Injury. What? do they now at last lay their Claims to Justice, and now, after all this time, demand Equity? Where were these Pretences when contrary

trary to Law, Justice and Equity, they rift'd the Christians of all their Goods, and having envy'd them the very Breath of Life, deny'd them the common Benefit of Burial? while those Bodies the Gentiles have thrown into the Sea, the Waves have return'd to the Shoar? To hear them now condemn the Actions of their Ancestours is a Triumph and Victory of Faith. How then can they desire the Donations of those, whose Actions they condemn? But no body has depriv'd the Temples of their Donations, or the Southsayers of their Legacies, only the Farms and Possessions being taken away, because they made not a Religious use, of what they pretended to shelter under the Rights of Religion. Why shou'd not those, who make use of our Example, do, as we do? The Church has no proper Possessions but *Faith*, that is the Returns, that the Fruit she gathers. The Possessions of the Church defray the Expences of the Poor. Let the Temples cast up what Slaves they have redeem'd, what Food they have given to the Poor, and what Subsistance they have supply'd to the Banish'd, and they will find Nothing at the foot of the Account, that will justifie their possessing those Farms, which for this defect are seiz'd but no Rights violated. Behold that dismal Deed, that cou'd not be expiated without a publick Famine, since that, which was the Priests Advantage was subservient to the Publick Interest. And for this therefore they tell us that Men are forc'd to refresh and moisten their languishing Mouths with the wretched Juice of the Barks of Trees, and compell'd again to fly to Woods for the sad Repast of Beasts, the *Chaonian*

Acorns to appeaſe their miſerable Famine; that is to ſay, theſe were Prodigies new and unheard of, while Idolatry had poſſeſſion of the whole Earth. In ſhort when before did the Earth deceive the hopes and toils of the Husbandman? And whence had the *Grecians* their Oracles from their Oaks, if they had not thought that *Silvan* food a Remedy, and ſupply convey'd to them by a heavenly Gift; for ſuch they eſteem the Gifts of their Gods? Who but the Heathen people ador'd the *Dodonean* Trees, when they paid Honours to the melancholly Food of the ſacred Grove? It is by no means likely that their Gods ſhou'd ſend that in their wrath for a Puniſhment, which they us'd to beſtow, as a Benefit when they were pleas'd. But where is the Equity of the Gods, that ſhou'd deny food to all men in their Reſentment for its being deny'd to a few Prieſts? The Puniſhment bears no proportion to the Offence. It is not therefore a ſufficient Cauſe to blaſt the expected Crop in Harveſt, and bring ſo great an evil on periſhing Mankind. But long before this the Rights of the Temples, had in every part of the World been invaded, and ſeiz'd on; and did it never enter into the Heads of the Gentile's Gods, till juſt now, to revenge the Affront? And has the *Nile*, that patiently bore the inſults offer'd its own Prieſts, now ſo far eſpous'd the Quarrel of thoſe of this City, as to refuſe to ſend down its Waters to fructifie the *Ægyptian* Plains, for their ſakes? But granting this, How comes it, that thoſe Gods, who were ſo ſevere in revenging themſelves the laſt Year for this Indignity, have ſuffer'd themſelves to be contemn'd this Year? For now the Country people have no recourſe to Trees or Hedges for ſubſiſtance, but the plentiful Crop

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o'erpays the Plowman's Labour, and the Earth makes Returns, with an Intereſt beyond expectation. Who therefore is there ſo much a Stranger to theſe viciſſitudes of humane Affairs, as to be ſurpriz'd at the Changes of Seaſons, and the Products of the Year? But 'tis well known, that even that very Year, inſtanc'd with ſo much force, there was ſufficient Plenty in ſeveral Provinces. Both the *Gauls* abounded; the *Pannonians* beſides what they had for their own uſe, exported great Quantities; and the fruitfulneſs of *Rhætia* felt the Injuries it brought upon her; for loſing that Barrenneſs, in which ſhe was once ſecure, her Abundance drew her Enemies upon her. *Liguria* and the *Venetian* Grounds wanted not their Autumn Grains. Whence it appears, that the very Year objected, was not every where made barren for the pretended Sacrilege, and the next abounded in the Fruit of Faith. They alſo tell us that the Vintage was no better, than the Harveſt, but the Barrenneſs of both, that Year, was the cauſe of our Plenty in both this. The laſt Topic yet remains, and that of the greateſt Conſequence O Emperors! Whether, or no you ought to reſtore thoſe Revenues, which have been beneficial to you? His Words are, *YOU they defend, and are venerated by* US. This is what I cannot bear, O moſt faithful Princes! For they upbraid you that they ſupplicate their Gods in your Name, and taking your ſufferance for conſent commit the moſt abominable Sacrilege, without your Command. Let their Gods keep their aſſiſtance to themſelves, and, help if they can their Devotes, and defend their Rights. For if they cannot help their Worſhippers, how can they defend you, that pay 'em no Adoration? But, ſays he, we ought

to preſerve the Rites of our Foreſathers. What when all things are mended, and improv'd by time? Did not the World it ſelf, which in its Infancy either form'd an infirm Orb, out of the coalition of the Seeds, and Particles of the Elements in the vaſt expanſe, or elſe in a primitive Chaos and Confuſion, rude and horrible yet under an indigeſted Cloud of Obſcurity and Darkneſs, did not, I ſay, this World receive afterwards a beautiful Form, diſtinguiſh'd into Heavens, Earth, Sea, and Land? The Earth juſt diveſted of its damp and humid Darkneſs, beheld, with wonder and ſurprize, the Sun. The Day ſhines not out at its firſt appearance, but its encreaſe of Light and Heat riſes from its length and continuance. The Moon it ſelf (by which the Prophets decipher the Church) in its Monthly Revolutions, finds its beginnings obſcur'd with Darkneſs: by degrees filling up its Horns of Light it ſhines at laſt in its full Glory. Husbandry was unknown to the firſt People of the World, but when once the Husbandman begins his Empire o're the Fields, and to cloath the uncouth Hills with Vines, ſoften'd by the civilities of a domeſtick Life, Men put off the Ferocity of the Woods and Wilds their former Habitations. The Infancy of the year receives the Seed, the Spring ſucceeds, with its tranſitory Flowers, but it is the latter end, that furniſhes with the Product and Fruit of all the reſt. And Man himſelf in his Infancy has the imperfect thoughts and apprehenſion of Children, which we throw off, as Years and Experience improve our Underſtanding. Let them therefore aſſert, that every thing ought to have continued in its primitive State, and that the Light of the Sun diſpleaſes them becauſe the World was firſt

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in Darkneſs. But how much better is the Light of the Mind, than that of the Body, and how preferable the Rays of Faith to the Beams of the Sun? The Ways therefore of the World, like all things elſe, have alter'd to make way for the venerable old Age of hoary *Faith*. Thoſe that diſlike this let them condemn the Harveſt becauſe it is ripe no ſooner; let them condemn the Vintage becauſe in the Cloſe of the Year; let them reject the Olive becauſe 'tis the lateſt of Fruits! Thus our Harveſt is the Faith of Souls. The Vintage of the Church is the Grace of Good Works, which in the beginning of the World flouriſh'd in the Saints, but in the latter end diffus'd it ſelf among the People, that Men might obſerve, that the Faith of Chriſt ſtole not on the Minds of the Ignorant. For without an Enemy there is no Crown of Victory; but that opinion which prevail'd before being now exploded, 'tis with Juſtice we prefer the Truth. But if her ancient Rites were ſo ſacred how came this very *Rome* to admit ſo many Foreign? I paſs over the covering the Ground with its price, and the Shepherds Hovels ſhining in degenerate Gold: But (to come to what they ſtand on) what was the Reaſon you receiv'd the Gods of the vanquiſh'd Countries, and their Ceremonies into your Religion? Whence that Example of *Cybele*'s waſhing her Chariot in the diſſembled Waters of *Almon*? Whence came the *Phrygian* Prophets, and the Deity of *Carthage* always invidious to the *Romans*; Her, whom the *Africans* call Cœleſtial, the Perſians *Mithra*, and moſt adore under the Name of *Venus*, differing only in Name not in the Object of Worſhip? Thus they have made a Goddeſs of Victory, which is a Gift not a Power; 'tis beſtow'd,

but governs not: 'Tis the Favour of the Legions, not the Power of Religion. She must indeed be a great Goddess, who owes her self to the numerousness of the Army, or to the Event of Battel. The Altar of this imaginary Goddess is what they contend for the erecting in the Senate-House, that is in the place where many Christians meet together: They celebrate their Sacrifices on Altars in all their Temples, even on the Altar in the Temple of Victories (since they have such a fancy for Pluralitys) what therefore is it but a design to insult the Faith, to stand so much on this one Altar? Is it to be born? Is it to be suffer'd, that the Christians shou'd be oblig'd to be present at the *Gentiles* Sacrifices? Let the smoak, says he, offend their Eyes, the Ashes their Mouths, the Incense their Nostrils, the Symphony their Ears; let the Sparkles fly from our Altars into their averted Faces, so they be present. Do the Gentiles think, that they have not Images enough, when their Baths, their Portico's, and their Streets are full of them? But must this common Council of both *Gentiles* and *Christians* be confin'd to a singularity of Worship? Shall the pious part of the Senate be bound by the voices of those, that invocate their Gods? oblig'd by the Oaths of the Idolaters? If they reprove them and refuse compliance, they seem to utter a Fiction and betray their Worship; if they acquiesce, to acknowledge the Sacrilege. Where, says he, *shall we swear to your Words, and to your Laws?* What then does your Will (which is contain'd in your Laws) collect by the Ceremonies of the Gentiles the Suffrages, and bind the Faith not only of the Present but Absent? What more remains, O Emperours! Your Faith is driven away, for if you command you compel The

Emperour

Emperour *Constantius*, of August Memory, before he was admitted to the *Sacred Mysteries* of *Christianity*, cou'd not but think himself polluted if he beheld that Altar there. He commanded it to be remov'd, but he never commanded it to be restor'd. *That* carries the Authority of Fact, and not this of Precept. You are the Heads and Directors of the Meeting of the Senate, for you they assemble, to you they offer their Consciences not to the Gods of the Gentiles, and you they prefer to all things, but their *Faith*. That is the Love, that is to be desir'd, that the Love better, than Empire, when the Faith, that preserves that Empire is secure from Insults and Danger. But some perhaps may be mov'd to see that most faithful Prince so forsaken and forlorn, as if the Merits of our present Actions were to be judg'd by the Accidents of frail and transitory Life! But what wise Man is there that does not know, that humane affairs, are set on a Bowl, or Globe as it were, and perpetually subject to various and contrary Successes and Vicissitudes. What more fortunate Man have the *Roman* Temples sent abroad, than *Pompey*? Yet he after three Triumphs over the several Parts of the World, is routed in Battel, and flying from the Wars, perish'd by the Hand of an *Ægyptian* Eunuch. What nobler Prince has the Eastern Nations given us, than *Cyrus* King of *Persia*? Yet he after he had subdu'd all the Princes, that oppos'd him, fell a Victim to a Woman's Sword, and being dead was a Jest to a Woman's Resentment, his Head being cut off, and thrown into a Tub full of Blood by her Command. Thus in the narrow circuit of Life how far are the Successes from being the same, nay how very different and contrary do we find

them? Is there any Man, that History can furnish us with, that was more devoted to the Sacrifices, than *Hamilcar* General of the *Carthaginians*? Who applying himself to Sacrificing to the Gods all the while of Battel, and finding his Victims did him no good, but, that his Army was routed, threw himself into that Fire, which he was nourishing for the Gods, at least to extinguish with his Blood those Flames, that had been so inefficacious in his Cause. What shou'd I instance the Emperour *Julian*, whose unlucky credulity in the Southsayer's Promises depriv'd him of the Power of returning? In the like Case therefore there is not the like Offence; for our Promises have deluded no Man. I have reply'd to the injurious, as if not injur'd; for I aim'd more at the confuting the Matter of Fact alledg'd, than confounding the Superstition. And let this their unfair Relation give you, O Emperour! a greater caution for the future how you credit what they tell you. For when he had divided the foregoing Princes into two, he draws this Consequence from the first Division, following their Ancestors Rites, and the Second's permission; If the *Religion of the Antients makes no Example, let the permissive dissimulation of the Moderns*: He evidently demonstrates what you owe to your Faith, not to follow the Example of Gentiles Rites, and to Piety not to rescind your Brother's Statutes.

LETTER III.

Auguſtus Cœſar *to the Married Men of* Rome. *In Commendation of their Condition.*

THE ſmalneſs of your Number in proportion to the vaſt Extent of our City, and the abundance of Criminals of the contrary Perſuaſion gives you a juſt Title to my Love, my Thanks and my Applauſe; for Singularity of Virtue amidſt a multitude of Offenders, raiſes the Value of the Merit, and makes the Perſon ſo much the more Illuſtrious. You only have had Regard to my Decrees, you only have taken care to repleniſh your Country with People, therefore to you alone will Poſterity be indebted for the Roman Empire's not being left a Prey to the next Invader. On your Principle our firſt Founders made *Rome* to excel all other Nations; for they not only regarded the Virtue of its Inhabitants, but likewiſe their Number. A *Roman* Life falls ſhort of the Divine only in its Duration, but you by following this Example of your Forefathers, make us to loſe the fated Mortality of our Kind, by giving us a ſort of Eternity in our Children. Thus without doubt you comply with the Aim and Intention of that *Firſt* and *Greateſt* Being, who form'd us all, and who having divided Mankind into two ſpecies *Male* and *Female*, gave to each a mutual and ardent Deſire of Reunion, and moreover bleſs'd that Union with a Fertility, to which we

owe

owe that Immortality in our Race, which Fate has deny'd to our Persons. Nay if I may build an Argument of the excellency of Marriage, on our traditional Theology, this State has had its Charms even for the Gods themselves, who standing in no need of our Helps for the perpetuity of their Beings, have nevertheless made use of them to give a strong Proof of the Natural Excellence and Pleasure of a Conjugal Propagation. Imitating therefore thus the Gods and your Forefathers, you will receive from your Posterity, that Honour and that Deference, you now pay to your Progenitors, since they will have from you an Empire, with the same Ornaments your Forefathers deliver'd it to you. I wou'd fain hear from these Marriage-Haters but a shadow of a Reason, why I shou'd not pronounce a *Modest Wife* the greatest of Humane Blessings, and most noble of our Desires. She is the Safety of that House, whose Affairs she administers. She is the tender and careful Nurse of your Children. She is the Joy of your Health, and your Cure and Relief in Sickness; the Partner of your *Good* Fortune, and Comfort in your *Bad*. She sooths and breaks the headlong Violence of Youth; and tempers the morose Austerity of Old Age. Will any offer to persuade us, that the Production and Education of Children, which are the very Images of our Bodies, and Pictures of our Minds, and in whom we see, as it were, our very selves born again anew, affords not a Delight sincere to the last degree? Or that it is no Satisfaction, when we come to obey the Laws of Fate, to see a Son of our own, to whom we can bequeath those Honours, and Possessions of our Families, which we receiv'd from our Parents? I have here only touch'd at

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ſome of the *private* Benefits of a Marry'd Life, which however are nothing in compariſon of thoſe, the Public derives from it; to which all good Men are accuſtom'd to Sacrifice both their Intereſts and Inclinations. For what can be of greater uſe, or more neceſſary, than to have the Publick ſo abound with People, as amply to ſuffice either for manuring the Ground, managing of Trade, exerciſing, as well, as Improving of Arts and Sciences in Peace; and furniſhing ſupplies to the Wars in the room of thoſe, that fall either for the Defence, or Glory of their Country? To this, therefore, O *Men!* (for none but the Marry'd can deſerve that Name) and *Fathers* (which I Stile you, that I may with Juſtice and Pleaſure ſhare my Publick Title with you) you owe the Applauſe, the Honours, Dignities and Rewards I have decreed you, and whence you may derive no ſmall Profit, and Advantage both for your Selves and your Children. But on the contrary the Batchelours (to whom I ſhall next deſcend) as they fondly deviate from the Footſteps of their Anceſtors and yours, ſo ſhall they find a much different Fate at my Hands, both in Words and Deeds, and this to convince you of the real Preference I ſhall always give you. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

The ſame to the Roman *Batchelours: Recommending Marriage, and decrying Cœlibacy.*

WRiting to you I am not only at a Loſs what Title to give you, but alſo find in my ſelf different Sentiments from those I uſually have when I ſpeak to *Romans*. As to the Firſt of theſe, I cannot think it proper to call you *Men*, ſince you give no Proofs of your *Manhood*, neither can I ſtile you Citizens, inaſmuch as all your endeavours are directly levell'd at the Deſtruction of the City: Nor can I name you *Romans*, who aim at the aboliſhing that very Name. And for the Second, whereas till now it has always been my Deſire to ſpeak to full Aſſemblies of *Romans*, it extreamly grieves me to think that at preſent I'm writing to ſo many, who without Regard either to the Providence of the Gods, or Gratitude to the generous Care, their Parents had in beſtowing Life on them, have admitted a Thought ſo pernicious, as that of extinguiſhing a Poſterity committed to their Charge by the very Breath they receiv'd from their Progenitors; and ſo meanly ſubjecting their Race to Death after a manner ſo fatal, as muſt immediately ſink, ev'n the whole *Roman Name* and Glory. For conſider, I beſeech you, ſhould your Example paſs into a Mode, with the reſt of Men, what would become of the whole Progeny of Mankind? And reflect that by being the Source of this Wickedneſs, you will

will assuredly be thought guilty of *universal Murther*: This is the most you can hope from the Success of your Folly, for you have Reason to fear, if none should (as no reasonable Man will) think you worthy of Imitation, the inevitable Censure and Detestation of *all* Men; and surely that must be an unaccountable Principle, that if it pleases destroys *all*, and if not provokes the contempt and Hatred of *all the World*. 'Tis Punishment not Pardon we give to *Robbers*, Spoilers of Temples, Murtherers, and such like hainous Offenders, and this for the Singularity of their Practice, against the universal Consent and Approbation of the Generality of Mankind. And yet Robbery, Sacrilege, Murther, and the rest of the horrid Scroll of monstrous Crimes, when compar'd with yours, lose more, than half their Blackness. You are guilty of a kind of Parricide, in refusing that Being to your Children, for which the Laws of Nature and Generation call loudly on you. You are guilty of Impiety towards your Forefathers, in conspiring the Abolition of their Honours, and their Name. You are guilty of Sacrilege by robbing the Immortal Gods (in suppressing the Manifestation of their Power in your Race) of their Victim, most noble in it self, and most agreeable to them, HUMANE NATURE; and by that one Deed o'rethrow all their Temples, and all their Altars, and utterly dissolve their Cities, which are compos'd of Men, and not of empty and desolate Buildings. I wou'd have you to reflect, O Batchelors! (if you ever give your selves leave to think) whether our great and holy Founder *Romulus* will not have abundant Cause of Indignation against you, when he shall put your Resolutions

lutions of Cœlibacy in balance with his Nativity? And what will his Companions in eſtabliſhing this City, think you, report of you above, while the Native Virgins of *Rome* are neglected by You, They compell'd thoſe of a Foreign Nation to afford them that Poſterity, they ow'd to Heav'n, and themſelves? What they bravely fought to obtain, you poorly refuſe, tho' peaceably offer'd you by *Rome*. With what Aſſurance can you ever think of the Noble *Curtius*, who devoted his Life to preſerve the Wives of the *Roman People*? How can you reflect on *Herſilia* without ſhame, who following her Daughter to *Rome*, here inſtituted the ſacred Rites and Duties of Marriage? Remember, that as we made War upon the *Sabines* for our Wives, ſo it was thoſe very Wives and their *Sabine* Mothers, that thruſt themſelves betwixt the two contending Nations, calm'd their Rage, and kindly compell'd them to ſheath their Swords, uniting and fixing them by ſolemn Oaths into one Confederate People. All theſe holy Tyes, all theſe ſacred Contracts are what you endeavour to confound and diſſolve: But under what ſpecious Pretext, and for what mighty end I would fain know? Why only to live like the Veſtal Virgins. But liſten a while, I beſeech you, If you chooſe thoſe Virgins for the Patterns of your Cœlibacy, you ought likewiſe to have their Puniſhment on the breach of your Chaſtity. This I'm perſuaded, you'll cenſure as too ſevere a Judgment; but you are at the ſame time to remember that in deſperate Caſes like this of ours, the Surgeon doubts not to apply his Cauſtics, when neceſſary to the Cure of his Patient, and further that it is much againſt my Will, that I write to you after this manner,

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where the very motive of my Discourse is the Crime I object against you. If what I say offends you, continue not in that Practice, which provokes me to deliver my self in terms so disagreeable, and be assur'd that if what I now write gives you any Pain, your Actions must of Necessity give me and all true *Romans* no less. But if you are really touch'd with what I say, repent and rather be the Objects of my Praise, than of my Reproach, whose easie and gentle Nature you have long been acquainted with, and to you I appeal if I have ever omitted any thing that a just Lawgiver ought to have remember'd. Nor am I the first that has taken care, that Marriage and Procreation of Children should not grow into neglect, and disuse; the *Roman* Laws were extreamly cautious of that at the first Institution of our Common-wealth; and I should be too tedious and impertinent to sum up all the several Laws, that have been since made by the Senate for the same end. I have indeed augmented the Penalty to the disobedient, and encreas'd the Reward to those who comply'd with the Laws, to that degree, that no Virtue besides has such beneficial motives to engage you to the Propagation of your Kind, if all others shou'd fail. But you, unmov'd either by Punishment or Rewards, presume still to pursue the false Track of Life, you have long continued in, and live as if you were no part of the Common-wealth. It is not, that you are enclin'd to renounce all Commerce with Woman kind, but you assume the specious Name of Cœlibacy, the more freely to indulge and follow the dictates of your Lusts; for 'tis not Copulation but the Legality of it, that offends you, who prefer the lawless and deceitful Embraces of

a Harlot to the ſincere Careſſes of a modeſt and Virtuous Wife. I have endeavour'd to obviate all difficulties from what Age and Degree ſoever, by allowing Virgins in their Bloom to your Embraces, and marrying the Daughters of Freed-Men to all but the *Patrician* Order, that if Love or any other Proſpect ſhou'd make ſuch Matches neceſſary they might be juſtify'd by Law. You that derive your Selves from the old Roman Stock, and number among your Anceſtors, the *Valerij*, *Quinctij* and *Julij*, will you leave the City to the Poſſeſſion of the *Greeks* and Barbarians, or ſhall I ſet free the Slaves, and call in our Allies to ſupply us with People, and with that Poſterity you refuſe to beget? I am aſham'd, I am aſham'd to think of, and much more to be oblig'd to write what I do. Put therefore, put an end at length to this deſtructive Madneſs, which muſt of Neceſſity ruin this City, while it damns up all thoſe Sources of People, that ſhould ſupply the Places of thoſe, whom both the Wars and Diſeaſes daily carry off. I wou'd not have any of you to think, that I am not ſenſible, that Marriage and Children have their Difficulties and Inconveniencies attending them, but then I wou'd have you likewiſe to reflect, that there is no *Good*, that we covet, but has its mixture of Diſquiet, and that the moſt and greateſt of *Benefits* are nearly ally'd to the moſt ſenſible and afflicting of Griefs, which there is no way of eſcaping but by purſuing no *Good* at all; ſince we can arrive at no ſincere Virtue or Pleaſure without a great deal of Pain, and Fatigue both in the Purſuit, the Attainment, or Preſervation of them. There is no neceſſity of giving you the *detail* of this, which wou'd force me on a Prolixity I wou'd avoid;

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Granting therefore that Marriage and Children bring ſome uneaſineſſes along with them, yet if you balance them with the Advantages they afford, you will find them much more conſiderable both in Number and Neceſſity: for beſides the Benefits that ariſe from the Thing it ſelf, the Rewards I have propos'd by the Laws (for a very ſmall part of which many a Man wou'd venture his Life) methinks ſhould encline you to be won over to an Obedience to them; For it wou'd carry the Face of a peculiar Stupidity, not to be gain'd to the Propagation of your Kind, by a Motive for the ſake of which others wou'd not ſcruple to embrace the greateſt Hazards, ev'n of their Lives. I thought my ſelf oblig'd, my Fellow-Citizens (for by this time I'm confident I have perſuaded you to retain and preſerve the Name of Citizens, of Men, of Romans, and the Surname of Fathers) I thought my ſelf oblig'd, I ſay, to expoſtulate with you on this Point, and that being prevail'd on more by Neceſſity, than Choice imagin'd you would look on me as an Enemy guided by Hatred to your Perſons, but rather as your Friend, whoſe unſatisfy'd Love will not be content till you ſhall give it living Copies of your Selves in your Off-ſpring, that we may together with our Wives and Children, approach the Gods from our lawful Dwellings repleniſh'd with a numerous Progeny, and all converſe together beſtowing equal Benefits on the Public, and receiving equal Advantages from it. How can I with Juſtice, diſcharge that Truſt committed to me in my Government, if I perpetually ſuffer your Numbers to be diminiſh'd? How can I own the Name of *Father*, if I permit you to neglect giving Children to the Public? Where-

fore if you wou'd have me to believe that you do really love me, as you have often pretended; and that the Title of *Father* which you have bestow'd on me, was confer'd more out of Respect than Flattery, apply your selves in earnest to become *Husbands* and *Fathers*, that you may partake of that Name with me, and I bear it with Justice, and without Blushes. Be advised, and Farewel.

LETTER V.

Seneca *to* Lucilius, *dissuading him from Travelling.*

RAmble not from Place to Place; for first, 'tis an Argument of Levity to do so; nor can you ever want Employment, 'till you find no more Errors in your Life, or cease to consider, that the way to fix your Mind is first to fix your Body; and secondly, nothing so effectually makes a Cure of any Distemper, as continuing the old Medicines. You shou'd not break your Rest or Retirement, nor renew the Remembrance of your Life past. Suffer your Eyes to forget the Multiplicity of Objects, that have entertain'd them; suffer your Ears to be acquainted with Words more sound and wholesom. You can never Travel, but you will meet with some Object or other that will a-new stir up your Desires and Passions. As he who has a mind to cure himself of the Passion of Love, shou'd avoid all the Allurements and Counsels of his

his Miſtreſs, for Love of all things rekindles with the moſt eaſe; ſo ſhou'd he that has a mind to extinguiſh thoſe Deſires which once enflam'd him, turn his Eyes and Ears abſolutely away from things he pretends to forſake. Let him look which way he pleaſes, he will ſtill find ſome preſent Reward of what he employs himſelf about. There is no *Evil* that does not offer its Followers ſome Wages, as a Recompence for the Iniquity. *Avarice* propoſes Wealth, *Luxury* many and various Pleaſures, *Ambition* Purple Robes and Applauſe; and from them, Power, with all that Power can effect. Vice ſolicits you with Bribes, while Virtue offers nothing but it ſelf. 'Tis the Work of an Age, to ſubdue and reduce Vices, confirm'd and grown ſtubborn by a long Indulgence: Nor will that ſuffice, if we give them any Reſt and Intervals; all our daily Watchings and Application being ſcarce able to bring any one thing to Perfection. If you will take my Advice, conſider, and enure your Mind to ſuch Thoughts, that you may welcome Death when-ever it comes; or haſten it, if the Neceſſity or Convenience of Affairs ſo require: For there is no material Difference whether Death comes to us, or we go to it. Reject that vulgar Proverb of every Fool, that *'tis beſt to dye one's own Death.* You may reflect, That no Man can dye before his Time; of which, what you leave, is no more yours, but anothers. Farewel.

LETTER VI.

The same, to the same; inveighing against the Multiplicity of Books, and the Sophistry of some Philosophers.

YOU complain, my *Lucilius*, that where you are, there is a mighty Scarcity of Books. But you shou'd consider, that it is not the Multiplicity, but Goodness of that Commodity, which you ought to regard. Perusing abundance of Books, 'tis true, gives Pleasure; but 'tis a fixt and certain Reading, that affords Benefit: For whoever resolves to arrive at any particular Place, pursues his Journey thro' one, not various Roads; for that wou'd be not to travel, but to wander. You'll say perhaps, you had rather I shou'd send you Books, than Advice. I am ready to send all I have, and likewise convey my Self with them to you; and had I not thought your Business wou'd be soon finish'd, I had e'er now impos'd this Progress on my Old Age; nor shou'd *Scylla* or *Carybdis*, or any other Fabulous Gulph or Rock have had any Terrors capable to hinder my Voyage. I had swum to you, if need had requir'd, without the help of Shipping; and shou'd have thought my Toil sufficiently recompenc'd, cou'd I but have embrac'd you at my Landing, and have been a present Judge of the Improvement of your Mind But as for your Request, that I wou'd send you Books; it will no more persuade me that you are Eloquent, than your sending for my Picture wou'd make me think

think my ſelf Handſom. I look on thoſe Deſires, as the Effect of your Friendſhip, not Judgment; or at moſt, of your Judgment influenc'd and impos'd on by your Friendſhip. But leaving others to their Merit in Reading, pray reflect, That I am an Enquirer after Truth, and but an Enquirer, not Maſter of it; yet one that with Obſtinacy will perſue it. For I have not ſlaviſhly follow'd any one Man, nor diſtinguiſh'd my ſelf by wearing the Badge of any particular Title. I pay a mighty Deference to the Judgment of all Great Men that have wrote; yet however, muſt be excus'd, if I ſtill allow ſomewhat to my own: For even they have made no abſolute Diſcoveries, but left us room enough for Enquiries; tho' perhaps their Diſcoveries had been of things more neceſſary, if they had not vainly amus'd themſelves with the Purſuit of what was ſuperfluous. They trifled away abundance of Time in cavilling about Words, and curious Diſquiſitions, that might exerciſe the vain Subtilty of their Wit. Firſt, we embaraſs Words with Difficulties, and ambiguous Meanings; and then ſpend our Time to explain them. We ought to employ all our Caution, that we be not deceiv'd and impos'd upon by *Things*, not *Words*. Why d'ye amuſe me with your Diſtinctions of Words, which no body ever miſtook, but in the Schools? Things themſelves are apt to lead us into Error, thoſe therefore we ought throughly to examine. We embrace Evil for Good. Our preſent Wiſhes contradict our paſt; our Deſigns, our Counſels, and our Deſires are at War with each other. How great a Likeneſs bears Flattery to Friendſhip? It does not only imitate, but exceed and ſurmount it; we

hearken to it with both our Ears, and swallow it with delight, nay it sinks down into our very inmost Soul; pleasing by the very wound it gives. Inform me how I shall be able to distinguish justly betwixt this fair Copy and that bright Original. I receive a plausible Enemy as a Friend: And Vices steal upon us under the Name of Virtues. Rashness assumes the Title of Fortitude; Sloth hides it self beneath the specious Veil of Moderation and Temperance; and Fear skulks behind the name of Caution. And yet if we err in any of these, we err at the expence of a great deal of Danger. Set a certain and distinguishing Stamp on all these, that we may evidently know the Counterfeit from the Real. But there is no Man so very a Fool, but knows he has not Horns, without feeling his Forehead, tho you shou'd with all the subtilty of your Sophistry endeavour to persuade him he had. These things please like the Balls and Cups of a Juggler, in which the very deceit affords the delight. The same may be said of those Tricks of *Leger-de-main*, for I can find out no more proper Name to express your *Sophisms*, the Ignorance of which hurts no Man, more than their Knowledge benefits. But if you wou'd truly distinguish betwixt and avoid all Ambiguity in Words, teach us this Lesson, that he is not happy whom the Vulgar call so, who abounds in Wealth, but he whose happiness is plac'd in his Mind, lofty and great, trampling on those things the foolish World admires; who sees no Man with whom he wou'd exchange his condition, who values Man only for that by which he is a Man; who has no other Mistress, or Teacher, than Nature; who conducts himself, and his Life according to her Laws; whom no force

force can rob of his Treasure; he that can turn Evil into Good; of Judgment firm, unshaken, and intrepid; whom Violence may move, but never disturb; whom the most sharp and deadly Bolts of Fortune may sometimes touch, and that but seldom, yet never can wound: But from whom the lesser Shafts that beat down the rest of Mankind, drop like Hail from the Housetops, dissolving without Damage to those that dwell within. But why do I dwell so long on this Point, which you your self call false Reasoning and Sophistry, of which so many Volumes have already been compos'd? When our whole Life deceives us, reform that, reduce that to Truth, if you are a Man of Penetration. It esteems a great many things *necessary*, great part of which are superfluous, and that which is not so, is of no consequence, not at all conducive to Happiness. For the *Necessity* of any thing confers not immediately on it the Quality of *Goodness*; for we shou'd prostitute the Name, shou'd we give it to Bread and other Food, that are *necessary* to the Support of Life. 'Tis true, what is *good*, is *necessary*; but it does not therefore follow, that what is *necessary*, is *good*; they are not convertible Terms, because some of the most vile things in Nature are necessary: But no Man can be so very ignorant of the Dignity of *Good*, as to think any thing perishable, and whose Use endures but a Day, can merit that Title. What then wou'd you have me do? Is it not better to transfer your Care and Endeavours to make it appear to all Men, that they pursue superfluous things at the Expence of abundance of Time; and that a great part of Mankind pass away their whole Lives, only in providing, and

heaping up the Necessaries and Supports of Life. Make a Review of Particulars, and consider the Whole. There is no Man's Life which is not employ'd on *to Morrow*. If you demand the Evil of that, I must tell you that the Evil is infinite, for they never live at present, their Life is in *Posse* not *Esse*, and the future takes up their whole Care for what they will never find a present time to Enjoy, deferring all things to the time to come. Life in spight of all our Attention and Care makes haste before us; but now we lagg in the care of Things of no kin to us, it flies swiftly by us, and the last Day coming closes the Scene, and all our mighty Designs perish and come to nothing. But not to exceed the bounds of a Letter, I shall defer this dispute, and the subtilty of the *Dialectics* to another opportunity. Farewel.

LETTER VII.

The same to the same, Insinuating, that all Ages are alike Wicked; with the natural Punishment of Vice.

YOU are, my *Lucilius*, under a great Mistake if you take Luxury, Immorality, and the other Vices, which are usually by Men of every Age objected to the Times they live in, to be the Product only of our Days. Those are the defects of Men, not Times. Nor has there been any Age without its Vices; and if we take the Liberty

berty of cenſuring the Licentiouſneſs of any Age, I am aſham'd to tell you that Vice was never more barefac'd and without diſguiſe, than in the Time of *Cato*. Some may perhaps imagine, that Money had a great hand in the Deciſion of that Cauſe where *Clodius* was accus'd of a ſecret Adultery with the Wife of *Cæſar*, violating thoſe Sacrifices which they pretend to offer for the Safety of the People, ſo remov'd from all Mankind that the very Pictures of the Men had a Veil drawn over them. Money was given the Judges, 'tis true, but that was leſs infamous than their exacting, as a farther Bribe, or Salary for their Injuſtice, the proſtitution of Matrons, and of the young Noblemen of *Rome*. And here the Crime was a leſs Guilt than acquitting the Offender. And he that was guilty of Adultery diſtributed Adulteries among his Judges; for till he had render'd them as criminal as himſelf, he cou'd have no ſecurity of his Life. Thus was this cauſe manag'd, which if for nothing elſe, was at leaſt conſiderable for *Cato*'s giving Evidence in it. I will give you the Words of *Cicero*, becauſe the Matter of Fact ſeems to tranſgreſs the Bounds of Credibility. 'He ſent 'for them to him, he negotiated, promis'd and 'brib'd. But now! ye gracious Gods! What ex'ceſs of Profligate Wickedneſs! When ſome of 'the Judges were bought off by the Proſtitution 'of ſeveral Matrons, and young Noblemen of '*Rome*. I have not leiſure to complain of the pecuniary Bribes. The additional Rewards were far more abominable. Wou'd you have the Wife of that ſevere and rigid Fellow? I will procure her for you. Or wou'd you have the Wife of that Wealthy Citizen? I will ſecure you the Enjoyment of her; and when you have once been guilty

guilty of Adultery, condemn it. That beautiful Girl you doat on ſhall melt in your Arms; I promiſe you the happy Night with her without Delay, you ſhall find me exactly punctual to the Minute I appoint. 'Tis worſe to diſtribute and procure Adulteries, than to be guilty of 'em but once; this is to expoſe, that to abuſe Mens Wives. Theſe Judges of *Clodius* had demanded and obtain'd of the Senate, an Act of Indemnity to bear them harmleſs, which is only neceſſary where they deſign to condemn. Which gave occaſion to *Catullus* ſo wittily to ſay, *Why was this Indemnity demanded of us? What that your Money and Bribes ſhou'd not be taken from you?* But for all theſe Jeſts, the Adulterer had already evaded Puniſhment and Bawding ev'n in the Court, and eſcap'd his Condemnation with more Wickedneſs and Infamy than he had deſerv'd it. Can you imagine that there can be any thing more corrupt and abandon'd than theſe, whom neither Religion, nor Law cou'd reſtrain? Who in that very Court of Judicature, which was conven'd out of the Ordinary courſe by an Act or Decree of the Senate, committed a more heinous Crime, than that for which they were thus ſummon'd to a Tryal of. The Cauſe and End of the Tryal was to decide whether any Man might be ſafe after he had been guilty of Adultery? And by the Tryal it appear'd that he cou'd not be ſafe but by Adultery. And this Infamy acted in the very midſt of *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, of *Cicero* and *Cato*; of *Cato* who had ſuch an awe on the People, that they wou'd not ſuffer themſelves before him to demand the Rites of *Flora*, perform'd by naked Whores! Do you believe the Eyes of the People of that Age were more chaſte and ſevere, than their Judiciary Sentences?

Sentences? Thefe things have been done and will be done again: For the Licentiouſneſs of a City may ſometimes by the ſeverity of Diſcipline, and Fear be reſtrain'd, but never of its own accord. You have therefore no Reaſon to think that new Luſt has a greater dominion, than Law. Our Youth are much more modeſt than theirs, for the Guilty deny'd his Adultery to the Judges, while the Judges confeſs'd theirs to the Accus'd. When Adulteries were the price of Abſolving the Adulterer, when *Clodius* is favour'd for the ſake of thoſe very Crimes, which made him an Offender, and to ingratiate himſelf with the Judges, acts them ev'n while his Cauſe is pleading before them. Cou'd any Man believe, that he who ſhou'd have been condemn'd for one Crime could be acquitted by multiplying the Offence. All Ages can furniſh us with *Clodij*, but few with *Cato*'s. We eaſily ſlide down to Vice corrupted by Company and Example, nay Vice inſinuates it ſelf even in Solitude, without either Company or Example; for we go to it not only down-Hill, but down a Precipice. And that which makes moſt Men incorrigible is, that tho' the Errors of all Arts and Faculties give the Artiſts a ſhame and trouble, yet the Errors of Life produce a pleaſure to the Sinner. The Pilot finds no Joy in the Wreck of his Ship, nor does the Phyſician rejoice at the Death of his Patient, nor the Lawyer in the loſs of his Clients Cauſe. But on the other hand, all the guilty find a pleaſure in offending. This Man is pleas'd with Adultery, and the difficulties he meets with in accompliſhing his deſires whets, nay gives life to his endeavours. Another is pleas'd with Theft and Circumventing, nor is he diſſatisfy'd with the Crime, till the

Fate.

Fate that attends it alarms him. This 'tis true is the effect of an ill Custom and Habit. But to shew you there is a sense of Good in Mens Minds tho' never so deprav'd, and that that *Good* is not so unknown as neglected, is prov'd by all Mens disguising and dissembling their Vices; for tho' they have met with a lucky Event, yet they make use of the Benefit of the Sin, and conceal the Crime. But a good Conscience loves the Light, and covets to stand the Scrutiny of Mens Enquiries while Wickedness is affraid ev'n in its Refuge, Obscurity. The very Shades that hide it give it a fear of Discovery. *Epicurus* therefore has well observ'd, that the Guilty may happen to conceal their Crimes, but can never have a confidence ev'n in that Concealment. Or if you will render it better, thus; The Criminals have no Advantage from the Concealment of their Offences, because if they have the means to conceal them, they have no trust in those Means: Which is, that the Wicked may be safe, but can never think themselves secure. I can't believe this has any Opposition to our Sect; because the first and greatest punishment of the Offender is to have been guilty; nor is there any Sin, however deck'd, adorn'd and defended by the Gift of Fortune that escapes its Punishment, because Wickedness finds that even in it self. And yet these are persu'd with a Second Punishment, and that is always fearing, to be apprehensive and mistrustful of their Security. I disagree with *Epicurus* where he says, that there is nothing Just by Nature, and that we are to avoid Crimes, because we cannot avoid Fear. But in

in this we agree, that evil Deeds are perpetually ſcourg'd by the Conſcience, and that its greateſt Torment is that continual Fear and Solicitude, that haunts, preſſes on and laſhes it, that cannot confide in the Sureties of it, Security. And this is the Argument of *Epicurus*, that we have by Nature an Abhorrence of Sin, becauſe no Man ev'n in the higheſt Safety is void of Fear; Fortune delivers many from Puniſhment, but None from Fear. The reaſon is, becauſe we have fix'd in us an Averſion to what Nature Condemns; and hence it proceeds that the Guilty can have no Confidence in their Concealment ev'n while they are Conceal'd, becauſe Conſcience accuſes and expoſes them to themſelves. Timidity is proper to the Guilty; for we were in but an ill condition, from thoſe Criminals that eſcape the Eye of the Judge, the Edge of the Law, and the Puniſhments eſtabliſh'd, if Nature had not fix'd a weighty and preſent Revenge, and that Fear ſought not the Seat of Execution. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

The same, to the same; exclaiming against a Fondness of Life.

THere's not a Day, my *Lucilius*, nor even an Hour, but demonstrates to us what *Nothings* we are; and by some fresh Argument admonishes those that have forgot their own Frailty, when it obliges them to turn their Eyes towards *Death*, who wou'd stretch their Thoughts forward to Eternity. Perhaps you'll ask, what I aim at by this solemn Beginning. You were acquainted with *Senecio Cornelius*, a *Roman* Knight, magnificent and friendly. He had from small Beginnings, advanc'd himself to a Figure in the World, and having gain'd that Point, had an easy greensword Way to whatever else he had a mind to persue; for Dignity admits an easier Encrease, than Beginning: Money too, when a Man is just creeping out of Poverty, makes but slow Advances. But *Senecio*, even in Obscurity, was Master of no small Wealth, which he rais'd by two very efficacious Means, that is, the Arts of Getting and Saving; either of which is sufficient to make any Man Rich. This frugal parsimonious Gentleman, who was not less careful of his Body than Estate, coming, as he us'd to do, to see me in the Morning; and after he had the whole Day, and part of the Night sat with his Sick Friend, whose Life was almost despair'd of, and just made a hearty Supper, was suddenly snatch'd away by hasty and unforeseen Death.

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He, whose Industry had omitted no kind of Gain that Sea and Land cou'd supply, was snatch'd away, even in the midst of his Prosperity, and in a full Tide of his flowing Money.

Now plant your Trees, and range your springing Vines.

How fond and silly a thing is it then to burthen our selves with supererogatory Care and Disposition of our coming Life; which never may be ours, while we have not the Command of to Morrow! Oh! How great a Madness is it, to busy our selves with distant Hopes? I'll buy, I'll build, I'll put out my Money, I'll exact, I'll arrive at Honours and Dignities; and then in a full and good Old Age, sit me down and enjoy them. Believe me, even the Fortunate have nothing certain, for Happiness it self stands on a very slippery Bottom. No Man in Reason ought to promise himself any thing that is to come; for even what we hold, slips through our Grasp like Water; and this Margin, this Brink of the World we stand on, Chance often undermines, and sends us headlong to the dark Regions of Death. Time rolls about by a certain, but obscure Law; and what Advantage have I, that what is to me uncertain, is sure and fixt to Nature? We propose to our selves long Sea-Voyages, and after much Travel to different and foreign Coasts, a late Return to our own Country; we propose the slow and remote Glories and Rewards of War, the future Advantages of Governments, and the Returns of our Good Offices hereafter, when Death all the while stands close by our side; which because we give not our selves time to reflect on, we forget

forget as ſoon as the firſt Surprize is over, the Examples we meet with of the Mortality of others. But what can be more fooliſh, than to be ſurpriz'd at an Event of one Day, which may happen every Day. Every Man has his ſtated and fixt End of Life, but no Man knows how near he is to it. We ought therefore ſo to conduct our ſelves, and regulate our Minds, as if that Laſt Hour were now at hand. Let us avoid all manner of Delays, and every Day even our Accounts with Life. One of the greateſt Defects of Life is, that 'tis never compleat, but ſome part of it is ſtill behind. Whoever ſhall ſuppoſe the preſent always the laſt Day of his Life, will never find his Time lye on his hands, or ſtand in need of more than that Day affords: For out of this Want of Time ſprings Fear, and that Avarice of the Future, that gnaws and devours the Mind. No Condition is more unhappy, than a Doubt of what is to come, and whither it tends. And the Mind, in its Conſiderations of how much of Life remains, and what kind of Face that Remnant will bear, is toſs'd and rack'd with an inexpreſſible Concern and Apprehenſion. The way to avoid this Toſſing, theſe tumbling tumultuous Waves; is to collect Life into it ſelf, and to pare away all that ſwells it above the Compaſs of a Day; for he is ever in Suſpenſe about the future, who is unſucceſsful at the preſent. But when a Man conſiders he has already receiv'd all that is his Due; and when the Mind is confirm'd in it ſelf, it knows that there is no Difference betwixt a Day, and an Age; but looks down on all Things and Days that are to come, and reflects on their *Series* and Courſe of Time, with no ſmall Laughter: For how

how can the Variety, and fickle Vicissitudes of Chance give you any Trouble, if you are stedfast in the midst of Uncertainty? Make haste therefore, my *Lucilius*, make haste to live; and imagine, that every Day is a New Life. That Man must rest in a happy and wise Security, who thus brings himself to believe, that he ev'ry Day enjoys his whole Life. Whoever lives on Hopes, loses his present Time; while Avarice, and the most wretched Source of all Evil, the Fear of Death, succeeds. Hence sprang that base and unmanly Wish of *Mecænas*, who refus'd not the Decrepidness of extream Old Age, Deformity, nor sharpest Racks themselves; so that he might in the midst of these be suffer'd to prolong his Life.

Give me trembling Hands and Feet,
Knees at distance, Toes that meet;
Build a Mountain on my Back,
Give me ratling Teeth that ake;
Give what Malice else can give,
All is well, if I but live:
Give but Life, I nothing lose;
Ev'n on a Cross, I Life wou'd choose.

He wish'd for things, that must have made him most miserable if he had obtain'd them; and begg'd Life, ev'n by prolonging his Punishment. He must be a most contemptible Wretch sure, that cou'd desire to live upon the Gallows. "But, says he, take, take away my Strength, "my Force, my Vigour, provided you let me "*breath*, tho' in a broken and uselefs Body. "Mishape me, if you please, into any Mon-"strous Form, let but this Monster have more "Time added to his Infamy: Pierce my Hands,

" and fix me on a Crofs, fenfible of all Pain; " provided Life but continue. Is it fo valuable a thing then, to bear upon his Wounds, to fupport the Weight of his extended Body, if he can but delay, and put farther off, that which of all Evils is certainly infinitely the beft, the *End* of Punifhment? Is the meer having Life and Motion, a thing of that ineftimable Value, as to outweigh all thefe Inconveniences, all thefe Miferies? What cou'd any Man wifh to a Wretch in thefe miferable Circumftances, but propitious Gods, and a fpeedy Paffage? What can that Infamy of thofe Effeminate Verfes mean? What thofe wretched Conditions of Agreement of a Mad-Man's Fear? What fo bafe and mean a Begging for Life? Wou'd any Man believe this Perfon had been acquainted with, much lefs read *Virgil*.

Is then to dye, an Evil thought fo great?

He begs the utmoft of Miferies, and defires Life to be continu'd, and fupported by thofe very things, which it is the laft, and moft infupportable Shock to undergo. But for what Benefit, what Advantage? Only to live longer in the Perfection of Wretchednefs. But what is the Life he feeks, but to be long a dying. Cou'd one imagine any Man cou'd be found, that fhou'd prefer a long, a lingring and piecemeal Death to a fpeedy one, a Death all at once? Yes, there is One, who amidst fo many Caufes to defire Death, wou'd prolong his Life, ev'n on the Gibbet, oppreft with fo many Torments. Deny now that Death is a Benefit of Nature; for there are thofe who wou'd make yet a more infamous Bargain for Life; they wou'd betray their Friends, proftitute their Wives,

Wives, their Children, or commit any other most abominable Crime, to lengthen their Lives under all this Guilt. You must divest your self of all Fondness of Life, and learn, that there is no Difference in the Time of Suffering, what you must once undergo. Desire rather to live well, than long. Farewel.

LETTER IX.

The same, to the same; describing the Villa *of* Scipio Africanus; *together with a Comparison between the Luxury of* Nero's *Time, and the Manners of* Scipio's.

I Write to you now from the *Villa* of *Scipio Africanus*, where I at present am, and have worship'd his *Manes*, and his Altar; both which I respect as the Monuments of so great a Man. I am persuaded his Soul is return'd to Heaven, whence first it came: Not because he was Leader of great Armies, (for the mad *Cambyses* was the same, and even successful in all his Rashness) but for his vast Moderation, his Temperance, his Piety; more conspicuous and admirable in his leaving, than defending his Country. There was a Necessity, that either Liberty or *Scipio* shou'd quit *Rome*. "I will not (says he) derogate from the Laws and Constitution of my Country; let the Laws and Rights of *Rome* be open and free to all her Citizens: And

" then, O my Country! Enjoy thou the Benefit
" I have brought thee, without me: As I have
" given thee Liberty, so will I be the Example
" and Proof of thy having it. If I am grown
" too Great for thy Safety, for thy Service I de-
" part from thee. How can I but admire such a
Grandeur of Mind? To ease *Rome* of her Fears, and remove her Dangers, he went into a voluntary Exile. Affairs were then in that Posture, that either *Scipio* must injure *Liberty*, or *Liberty Scipio*; neither of which being fitting and just, he gave way to the Laws, and retir'd to *Liternum*, thinking his Banishment as necessary to the Commonwealth, as that of *Hannibal*. I survey'd this *Villa*, built with square Stone, and surrounded with a Wall; I view'd the Groves and Towers planted and erected on each side; a capacious Cistern and Basin for Water, was below the House and Gardens, large enough to supply a whole Army; next a small Bath, and that some thing dusky; for our Ancestors thought a Bath cou'd never be warm and light. It was a very sensible Pleasure to consider the Manners of *Scipio* with ours. In this little Hole, this Corner, did that Terror of *Carthage*, he to whom alone *Rome* ow'd her not being taken a second time, wash and refresh himself, after he had been tir'd with his Country Toils; for he us'd the Country-Exercises, and Plough'd his Ground himself, as the Antients were wont to do. Beneath this humble Roof he stood, and this plain unartful Floor supported him. Who now in our Days, wou'd endure I mean a Bath? Every Man now thinks himself poor, if the Walls of his Bath shine not with large Orbs of Precious Stones; unless the

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Alexandrian Marble be embos'd, crusted o'er, and vary'd with *Numidian* Bordetings; unless they are cover'd all over with *Mosaic* Work; if the vaulted Roof be not all beset with Looking-Glass; unless the *Thusian* Stone, formerly so rare, and only to be found in some particular Temple, or Public Building, line the Cistern, into which he descends after his Sweating, without Soul or Life, if the Water pours not on him from Silver-Conduits. I speak only now of the Pipes and Baths of the Vulgar; but what shall I say, when I come to those of the *Freed-Men?* How many Stages are there? How many Rows of Pillars supporting no Weight, but plac'd there meerly for the sake of the Expence and Ornament? How many Cascades of Water, that tumble with broken Murmurs down several Steps or Falls. We are arriv'd to that Degree of Luxury, that we disdain to tread on any thing, but Gemms and Precious Stones. The obscure Light enters these Baths of *Scipio*, by little Chinks rather than Windows, made in the Stone-Wall, so as not to weaken the Building: But now they call those Baths Beetles-Nests, that are not built so open, as on all sides to admit the Sun in its Meridian-altitudes, at Windows spacious as magnificent; unless from their Seats they can survey the Fields and Seas. The New Inventions of Luxury, throw the Old into the number of things antiquated and out of fashion. Formerly there were but a few Baths, and those plain, and without Ornament. For why shou'd those things affect Ornament which were invented for common Use, and not for Pleasure? The

Antients had no Water pour'd on them, nor fresh running Streams, as if they rose from hot Springs. Nor did they think it of any Consequence, in what Water they made themselves clean. But, you cannot imagin with what Pleasure I enter'd these obscure Baths, ceil'd over with a vulgar Plaistring; and which you must know, was temper'd by the Hands of *Cato*, *Fabius Maximus*, or one of the *Corncii*, in their *Ædilships*: For formerly, the *Ædils* of the greatest Quality perform'd that Office, by entring those Places of Public Reception of the People; and examining the Water, that it was of a useful and wholesome Temperature; not so hot as this Modern Invention makes it, where there is no difference between the Heat of the Baths, and that of a boiling Furnace. And now it wou'd, to a reasonable Man seem a Punishment, to wash a condemn'd Criminal in. How rude and unpolish'd will some of our Times think *Scipio*, that he let not the Day into his Sweating-Room by large Windows; that he was not boil'd in the Eye of the Sun, and had not a Prospect round him, while he sate sweating in his Bath? Alas! poor Soul, he knew not how to live! He was not wash'd in purifi'd Water; nay when it rain'd, perhaps in what was muddy. Nor indeed had he much reason to be concern'd how he was wash'd; since he came thither to cleanse himself after his Toils, and rinse off the Sweat, not Ointments. I envy not *Scipio*, wou'd some of us say; he was truly an Exile, who was bath'd after so wretched a manner; but much more wou'd they say, if they knew that he bath'd not every Day: For if we believe those that have

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transmitted down to us the Customs and Manners of our Ancestors, they wash'd only their Legs and Arms every Day, which by Labour had contracted Dirt, but their whole Bodies only every Ninth or Market-Day. Here perhaps some may reflect, that they were extream nasty, and without the help of Perfumes, Ointments, and Sweet-Waters, must needs smell rank of the Camp, the Field, or the Sweer Man. But after these neat beautify'd Baths were invented, Men had more ingrateful, as well as unnatural Scents about them; which *Horace*, describing a Fop and Effeminate Fellow, hints at, when he says,

Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius Hircum.

Of Goats *Gorgonius* stinks, *Rufillus* of Perfumes.

If I have renew'd too many Melancholy Thoughts in you, by what I have said concerning the degenerate Luxury of our Age, you must attribute it to the *Villa* of *Scipio*, where now I am. Farewel.

LETTER X.

The same to the same, concerning his Journey from Baiæ *to* Naples, *with its consequences.*

REturning from *Baiæ* to *Naples*, I easily to avoid the Sea, beliv'd that the Season and Storms forbid our Voyage, and yet the Roads were so dirty all the Way, that I might very well be said to have gone by Water. All that Day I was oblig'd to undergo the Wrestlers Fate, first to be anointed with the Dirt, and then be sprinkl'd with Dust in the *Neopolitan* hollow Way; than which Prison nothing sure can be longer or more dark; but were there any Avenues for the Light, certainly the very Dust wou'd deprive the Traveller of it, which being troublesome enough in an open Road, what think you must it be there, where it has no way of driving with the Wind, but rolls round in Circles on those who raise it? We the same Day and in the same Road, underwent contrary Misfortunes, that is both the Dirt and the Dust. Yet this very Darkness offer'd me some Matter of Thought. I found my Mind shook in a particular manner, and a Change within me without any mixture of Fear, proceeding from the Novelty and Filthiness of the Place. What I say now I speak not of my self, who am so far from Perfection, that I approach not near that of a Man of moderate Excellence, but of One over whom Fortune can claim no Sovereignty; for such a Man shall change his Colour, and have

have his Mind affected with an involuntary Concern. For there are ſome things, my *Lucilius*, that no Virtue can avoid; Nature puts him in Mind of its Mortality. You may find Grief in his Countenance, Fright at ſuddain and unexpected Accidents and Paleneſs if he caſt but his Eyes down a Precipice of vaſt profundity. Nor is this Fear but a Natural effect, that cannot be vanquiſh'd by Reaſon. By the ſame Rule there are ſome of the higheſt Bravery, who are ready and forward to let out their own Blood, that cannot ſee that of another. Some faint at the handling a freſh Wound, and ſome at the digeſted Matter of one which is old. Some can receive a Sword in them with more eaſe than behold it. I found therefore, as I was ſaying, a Change not Concern within my ſelf in the midſt of this dark and diſmal Paſſage, as well as an unbidden and ſuddain Alacrity at the return of the Light; which led me to the reflection of the Vanity of fearing one thing more than another, when the ſame is the End of all things. For what ſignifies it to the Sentinel, whether he be cruſh'd to Pieces by the fall of a Mountain or that of a Tower? Nothing at all. Yet are there many Men that have a dread of one, and not the leaſt of the other, tho' equally Mortal. So that Fear regards more the Efficient, than the Effect. Now perhaps you'll think I mean the *Stoics*, who fancy that the Soul of a Man that is cruſh'd to death by a great Weight, can't paſs out together, but is diſſipated into ſeveral Particles for want of a free *Exit*. Thoſe who are of this Opinion ſeem to me in an Error: For as the Flame cannot be oppreſs'd and cruſh'd, for it flies round the Weight that preſſes it, as the Air is not hurt nor

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cut in two by the Blow, but rolls round the thing again that drives it, thus the Mind compos'd of the fineſt and moſt ſubtil Particles, cannot be taken hold of, or ſqueez'd in the Body, but by the benefit of its Subtilty breaks through thoſe very things that preſs on it. As the Light when ſtretcht and ſhining fartheſt can retire thro the leaſt creviſe, ſo the Soul, that is much more thin and refin'd than Fire, can paſs away through all parts of the Body. Therefore our Enquiry ought to be, Whether this ſubtil Being be immortal or not? This you may hold for a certainty, that if it ſurvive the Body, it can in no wiſe for that Reaſon periſh, by what it then did not; becauſe there is no Conditional Immortality, nor is there any thing hurtful Eternally. Farewel.

LETTER XI.

The ſame to the ſame, giving Directions about the Choice of, and Duty to our Friends.

YOU tell me you have writ to me by your *Friend*, and preſently caution me not to ſpeak freely of all your Affairs to him, becauſe you your ſelf never do: So that in the very ſame Letter you have call'd him and deny'd him to be your Friend. Therefore I find you gave him the Appellation firſt as a Word of courſe, a uſual Civility; as we call our Jury-Men good Men and true,

true, and ſalute every Man whoſe Name and Quality we know not, with *Sir*. But no more of this. If you have a Friend that you are upon your Guard with, or have more Reſerves for, than for your ſelf, you are guilty of the greateſt Error in the World, nor are you acquainted with the Nature of true Friendſhip. A Man of Buſineſs, who is wholly taken up, and beſieg'd with his own Affairs, can have no greater misfortune than to think, any Man his Friend, for whom he has no Friendſhip: But let me adviſe you to communicate all things to your Friend. But firſt of him. After you have contracted a Friendſhip you ſhou'd not confide, before you ſhou'd judge. For that is a very prepoſterous and ridiculous method, when Men contrary to the Precepts of *Theophraſtus*, never conſult their Friends Judgment before his Intimacy, and when after it he has recourſe to it he repents. Weigh well with your ſelf, and conſider long and throughly the Merits and Qualities of the Man before you make him your Friend; but when you have found him Worthy, throw off all Reſerves, admit him wholly into your Boſom, and be as free with him as with your ſelf. Live ſo that you may have nothing to confide to your Friend, but what you might with ſafety truſt to your Enemy. But ſince every Man has ſome Affairs, which cuſtom makes Secrets, ſhare all your Cares, all your Thoughts with your Friend. Not to miſtruſt him is to have no cauſe of Miſtruſt, for Confidence produces Fidelity; for many Men by their fear of being deceiv'd have taught the ſuſpected to be falſe, and given them by ſuſpicion a Right to deceive. Why ſhou'd we therefore, ſet a guard on our Tongues in the preſence of our Friend? Or

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why ſhou'd I not believe my ſelf alone and only by my ſelf when none is by but my Friend? There are a ſort of Men, who tell every one they meet what only their Friend ſhou'd know, and unload themſelves of every thing that troubles them to any one that will give them the hearing; others on the contrary are ſo tenacious of what they eſteem a Secret, that they will not entruſt any Man with it tho never ſo intimate and dear to them; nay as I may ſay, if they cou'd poſſibly avoid it, wou'd not confide it even to themſelves. But neither of theſe are worthy Imitation: For the fault is as great to truſt none as to truſt all. Tho this I think the more generous Error, that the more ſafe. Thus thoſe who are never at reſt and thoſe who are never in Action are equally reprehenſible, for that love of Tumult and Hurry is not Induſtry, but the buſie action or roving of a diſtemper'd Mind; nor is that Reſt or Sedateneſs which thinks all Motion Pain, but a nerveleſs Diſſolution and a languid Sloth. Fix therefore in your Mind this Sentence of *Pomponius*. "Some have ſo entirely withdrawn themſelves "into Shades and Retirement, that they think "every thing the Light beholds tumultuous; "but Action and Reſt are to be mingled to-"gether, and Action muſt ſucceed Reſt, and "Reſt Action. Conſult Nature, and you'll find ſhe has taught you by pointing to the Day, and the Night, which diverſity ſhe has made for thy Example. Farewel.

LETTER XII.

The same to the same; of Life, and the true Value and Mensuration of it.

I Found not that Justice and Equity in your Letter about the Death of *Metronaites* the Philosopher, which us'd to abound in You, to all Persons, and in all Things, except in this, where indeed all Men fail. I have known many just to Men, none to the Gods. We daily chide our Fate, complaining that this Man is snatch'd away, before he has run half his Course; that another is suffer'd to live too long; that Old Age, that is burthensom to it self and others, shou'd be of so long a Duration, *&c.* Which, think you, is most requisite and just, that you shou'd obey Nature, or Nature you? What signifies it to you, how soon you go that Journey, which you must once go? We are not to be solicitous of long Life, but that we may live while we live. The Duration of Life we owe to Fate, the Use of it to our own *Minds.* Life is long, if it be compleat; and it is compleat, when the *Mind* is Master of it self, and renders its own Good to it. What Advantage has Fourscore Years been to him, who has thrown them away in a slothful Stupidity! He can't be said to have liv'd, but to have loiter'd, or saunter'd about in Life; nor that his Death was late, but long. He liv'd, you say, Fourscore Years; and yet there's not a Day of those Years, from whence you may not begin to reckon his Death. Here's another who is taken away in an early and unripe

unripe Age; but has perform'd the Duty of a good Citizen, a good Friend, and a good Son. He was active in all Particulars, deficient in none; so that tho' he was not old, his Life was perfect and compleat. The other you say lived Fourscore Years; that is, he had a Being Fourscore Years; which is more properly phras'd; unless you wou'd say, he liv'd as Trees do. I beg you, my *Lucilius*, to measure your Life by Action, not Years. Shall I shew you the Difference betwixt this Drone, over whose Head so many useless Years have pass'd; and the vigorous robust Contemner of Fortune, that has pass'd thro' all the Stages, and perform'd all the Duties of Life? This last survives his Death, the former dies even before it. That Man therefore is worthy our Praise and Imitation, who makes a just Use of those Days, be they never so few, which Nature and Fortune have lent him. For he saw things in a true Light; he was not one of the Vulgar, and truly lived with Vigour; sometimes in the Sun-shine of Prosperity, sometimes under the Clouds of Malicious Fortune. To what purpose shou'd you ask how many Years he liv'd, since he liv'd to Posterity, he leap'd over the oblivious Gulph of Death, and deliver'd himself to a perpetual Memory. Conclude not from hence, that I wou'd refuse the Accession of more Years to my Life: I only urge, That if they are cut shorter, there has been no Time wanting to a Happy Life: For I conduct not my self by a View of the utmost Day which avaricious Hope wou'd promise me; but I have always look'd on the present Hour to be my last. To what Purpose do you ask me when I was Born? I can't be reckon'd among the Young, I have

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had my Time already. As a little Man may be perfect as a larger, so may a short Life be compleat as a longer. Age is what depends on things without me; for how long I live, depends on something foreign; but how long I am a Good Man, depends on my self alone. I wou'd not pass my Days in an inglorious and vulgar Obscurity: I wou'd be active in Life, walk through its Path and Mazes, not be carry'd. You ask me, What is the greatest Extent of the Life of Man? I answer, To live to arrive at Wisdom; and whoever reaches that, has attain'd the greatest, if not longest Point of Life. He may with Assurance boast, and give the Gods Thanks; and attribute his Being in some measure to himself, and Nature, as well as them. This he may justly do, because he has improv'd that Life they gave him, and return'd it better than he receiv'd it; having left behind him an Example of a Good Man, and given sufficient Proofs of his good Qualities and Excellence: In so much, that if Fate had thought fit to have added any more Years to his Life, they had assuredly been of a Piece with the former. While we live, we enjoy our Thoughts and Contemplations on all things. We know from whence the principal, and supreme Nature raises it self; how he disposes the Oeconomy of the World, by what Vicissitudes and Changes renews the Year, how he has shut up all Things that ever had a Being, and made Himself his own End and Aim. We know the Stars move by their own proper Impulse, that nothing but the Earth is fix'd and motionless, and that all things else run round with a continu'd Velocity. We know how the Sun presses the Moon, and why the flower

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Motion leaves behind it the more nimble; as likewise how it receives and loses its Light: What Cause brings Night upon us, and afterwards restores the Day. Thither we must go, where we can have a much nearer View of all these things. Nor does this Hope, says this Wise-Man, give me greater Courage to depart this Life, because I think Death opens the Road to come to my Gods: I desire to be admitted, and I am already among them; for I have sent my Soul and Mind to them, as they have done theirs to me. But suppose that after Life nothing at all remains of Man, that his Soul dies with his Body; I have the same Courage and undaunted Spirit, even if Death were to put an entire End to my whole Being. He liv'd not so long as he might by the Course of Nature, yet was his Life like a short but curious Poem, full of Matter and Instruction; while some Mens long Lives are like the voluminous Annals of *Tamusius*, tedious and contemptible; abounding with Words, but defective of Matter. Do you think him that dies on the last Day of his Office, more happy than him that is cut off in the middle of it? The Space of our going before our Fellows, is but short; for Death drives his Triumphant Chariot over all; and he that dies to day, follows but him that dy'd yesterday. 'Tis but a Trifle we make all this ado about: For what signifies it, how long you avoid that, which you cannot always avoid? Farewel.

LETTER XIII.

The same, to the same; about Ingratitude, the Duty of Obliging Men, the Nature and Duty of Gratitude, and Returns for Benefits.

YOU complain, you have met with an ungrateful Man; if this be the first time, you are exceedingly oblig'd either to Fortune, your own Care, or Caution. Yet Diligence and Wariness in things of this Nature avail nothing, unless it be to pervert your Virtue, and advance your Avarice: For to avoid this Danger, you must do no Service to any body, and so, that your Benefits may not perish in another's, you let them do so in your own Hands. 'Tis better they shou'd have no grateful Returns, than be not at all bestow'd. Tho' the Harvest be bad, the Husbandman sows again; and oftentimes the Fertility of one Year, pays him for the Losses of many. To find out one Grateful Man, is worth the trying of many ungrateful. No Man is so sure and infallible in distributing his Favours, but that he will be often deceiv'd: We wander, that we may at last find a Place to fix on. We venture to Sea again, tho' we have already been shipwreck'd; nor does the Usurer leave off putting out his Money, for one Broken Debtor. Life wou'd soon degenerate into Sloth, if we shou'd avoid every thing that does not please us. And 'tis my Opinion, that this Disappointment shou'd heighten our Bounty: For we ought to make

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many Experiments, whose Events are uncertain, for one successful Enquiry. But of this, I have treated at large, in my Book of *BENEFITS*. I think I ought rather to inquire here, what is not there sufficiently discuss'd; and that is, Whether or no a Man who injures us afterwards, cancels our Obligations for former Favours; nay make it, that the Injury he has done extremely exceeds the Benefits he bestow'd. If you require the just Sentence of a severe Judge, he will acquit one for the sake of the other; and will tell you, that tho' the Injury be the greater, yet must it yield to the Benefit: What the Injury exceeds in, is to be laid to the Priority of the Benefit. But then again, we must inquire, how willingly he oblig'd, and how much against his Will he injur'd you; because Benefits and Obligations, as well as Injuries, are more to be weigh'd by the Intention, than Effect. Perhaps the Favour was granted unwillingly, either out of Shame, Hope, or the Importunity of the Suitor. The Returns of Benefits, are in the same Degree as they were bestow'd; and they are not measur'd by their Quantity, but the Quality of the Intention that bestow'd them. But removing all this Uncertainty; that was a real Benefit, and all of this that exceeds the Benefit, is an Injury: But a Good Man will circumscribe himself in these Matters, nor take in all the Latitude that perhaps Justice will allow; he will add to the Benefit, and lessen the Injury. But were I a more moderate Judge, as I wou'd be, I shou'd remember the Benefit, and forget the Injury. This at least is agreeable to Justice, to give every one his due Thanks to the Benefit, and a like Injury to the Injury; or at least, Ill-will: But

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this will only hold, when the Benefit is done by one, and the Injury by another; for the Injury of a Benefactor, is to be loſt in the Benefit: For whomſoever we ought to forgive without any previous Merit, we certainly ought by a much ſtronger Tye, more than barely to pardon for an Injury. But I give not each its due Value: I have a far greater Regard to a Benefit, than an Injury. All Men do not know how to return an Obligation; That only belongs to the Wiſe: For tho' a Fool may, while yet the Benefit is freſh, aim at ſome ſort of Return; yet will he be out, either in the Proportion, Time, or Place. A Wiſe Man will examin all things with himſelf; the Magnitude of the Benefit, the Perſon that beſtow'd it, the Time, the Place, the Manner. We deny therefore that any but a Wiſe Man, can either make a juſt Return to, or beſtow a Benefit; for he is more pleas'd with what he gives, than another with what he receives. This, to ſome, may ſeem a *Paradox*; and they may ask me, *Whether or no any knows how to be grateful, but a Wiſe Man?* That is as much as to ſay, Whether none elſe knows how to anſwer a Debt to his Creditor, or pay for what he buys. To avoid the Reflexion, I affirm no more than what *Epicurus* has done before me: And *Metrodorus* expreſly has it, *That a Wiſe Man only knows how to be grateful:* The ſame Surprize and Wonder may follow the Aſſertion, *That none but a Wiſe Man can love, or be a Friend.* But Gratitude, and paying Mutual Benefits, is a part of Love and Friendſhip; nay the Duty of Gratitude reaches more than either Love or true Friendſhip. Thus too will they wonder to hear, That Faith and Truſt are to be

put in none but a Wise Man: For can he have any Faith or Fidelity, who is ignorant in the very Laws of Gratitude? Let them therefore no more accuse us of boasting things beyond Credibility, and know, that the Vulgar have only the Images and Shadows of Honour, while Wise Men alone possess its Substance. Tho' none but a Wise Man knows the Laws of Gratitude, yet let the Ignorant, to the best of their Knowledge, be grateful; and let them rather want the Knowledge, than the Will; for the latter cannot be either acquir'd or learn'd. The Wise Man will compare all things with each other, for the same Benefit is improv'd or lessen'd, in reference to its Time, Cause and Place. It may happen, that Twenty Pounds given opportunely, may be more beneficial than as many Hundreds at another time: For there is a great deal in it, whether you have given as a Present or supply'd your Friend in time of Trouble and Necessity. The Consequences of a Gift, are often vastly more considerable than the Gift itself. But to avoid being thrown on what we have already sufficiently examin'd; in this Decision, betwixt an Injury and a Benefit, a Good Man will consider the Equity of the Cause, and yet will incline more to the Benefit than the Injury. The Person also, in things of this Nature, is of no small Consequence; for perhaps you have oblig'd me in my Servant, but injur'd me in my Father; you have preserv'd my Son, yet deprived me of a Parent. After this manner he will pursue all the just Means and Heads of Distinction in this Affair; and if the Difference be not great, he will sink it; nay where the Injury exceeds, if it can be remitted without

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offending either Faith, Religion, or Piety, he will do it. The Sum of the Matter is, he'll be easy in balancing the Account, and still adjudge the hardest Part to himself; likewise he extremely unwilling to acquit himself of a Benefit, by opposing it to an Injury. To this he'll incline so far, as to wish that Gratitude was due, and accordingly desire to shew it: For that Man is in a great Error, who is more pleas'd to receive, than return a Favour. By how much more joyfully we pay than borrow, with so much greater Pleasure shou'd we discharge the Debt of a Benefit, than receive a greater Obligation. In this also are the Ungrateful deceiv'd, who think they shou'd pay Extorsion to their Creditors, but no Interest to their Benefactors Yet the Delay of the Repayment, increases the Debt; and the longer it be before you pay, the greater will be the Sum you must pay. He is Ungrateful, that returns a Favour without Usury; which ought to fall into the Consideration, when we compare our Receipts and Expences; We shou'd do all things, that cou'd prove and advance our Gratitude. This is our own proper Good; not like Justice reaching to others, according to the Vulgar Opinion, for the greatest part of it returns to it self. No Man ever did Service to another, but he therein serv'd himself. I mean not here, that his Benefit begets another to himself, by Example; but because all Virtue has a Reward in it self; for Virtue is not mercenary, and practis'd for Gain. The Reward of a Good Action, is the doing it. I am grateful, not to provoke Benefits from others, by their being Witnesses of my Gratitude for past Favours; but that I may have the Pleasure of

doing a noble and delightful Action. I am grateful, not because 'tis advantageous, but pleasing. And to know the Truth of this, I wou'd with Satisfaction pass through Infamy to Honour, if I cou'd not be grateful to my Benefactor without being in some sort injurious to another Person. I think no Man can give a greater Proof of his Love to Virtue; none is more its Devoto, than he, that rather than offend his Conscience, will forego the Character of an Honest Man. For this Reason, I say, you are grateful more for your own sake, than another's. To receive what you have bestow'd is a vulgar, and every-day's Advantage; but *to be grateful*, brings you a great and uncommon Happiness, proceeding from a most Divine State of Mind: For if Malice and Vice make a Man miserable, Virtue must needs render him happy. *To be grateful*, is a Virtue; and you have by a common Means purchas'd the Satisfaction of conscious Gratitude; which finds only Place in a Fortunate and Divine Soul: On the contrary, whoever is Ungrateful, is miserable; I say not he will be so, but is effectually: Let us therefore for no body's sake but our own, avoid being Ungrateful. Very little of our Vices reaches others, the greatest and most noxious Part goes along with us; and as *Antiphanes* us'd to say, Vice and Malice pour the greatest Part of their Poison on themselves. The Poison Serpents produce, remains innoxious to themselves, and is not like this, which most afflicts them that breed it. The Ungrateful Man tortures and racks himself: he hates and extenuates the Benefits bestow'd on him, because they must be return'd; but heightens and magnifies his Injuries. And what can be more miserable, than one who forgets his Obli-

Obligations, and always remembers the Wrongs done him? Wisdom, on the contrary, beautifies adorns and raises every Benefit it receives, it recommends it to it self, and delights daily in the Remembrance of it. An ill Man has but one and that a short Pleasure, which is the Moment only wherein he is oblig'd, while the Wise Man extracts from Benefits a long and permanent Delight for his Satisfaction consists not in receiving a Favour, but that he has receiv'd one; which is renew'd every Day, and never dies. He contemns those that Injure him, and not thro' Remissness but voluntarily forgets them. He makes not things worse than they are, nor hunts out particulars to lay Accidents to their Charge, but chuses rather to lay the errors of Mankind on Fortune. He gives no detracting Interpretations either to Words or Countenances, ever construing all Accidents the most favourable way he can; he lessens, he renders them less obnoxious. nor has he a better Memory for Injuries, than Benefits: he holds remembrance fast as to that which is best, nor is he apt to change and alienate his Mind towards those who deserve well at his hands, unless many ill turns are repeated, and at the same time that he dissembles it, he plainly sees the Disproportion and Difference; and then it is that tho' the Injury be greater, than the Benefit, yet it leaves him on the same Bottom with the Benefactor, as he was before he had receiv'd the Benefit: For when the Injury is but equal to the Benefit, there still are some Remains of Good Will in his Mind. As the Guilty is acquitted when the Votes are even, and as Humanity gives the most favourable Construction to any thing that bears a doubtful Face; so a Wise Man when

the Good deeds are equall'd by the Ill, ceases indeed to owe any thing to the Benefactor, but does not do so to desire, that he may yet be indebted to him. But no body can be grateful, that does not contemn all those things, whence the vulgar derive their Madness. The Duties of Gratitude are not so easie, as some may imagine for those subject you to Exile, Death, Poverty, nay the Extinction of your good Name, by subjecting it to the malice of evil Fame. Men are too apt to think nothing so dear as a Benefit till receiv'd, and nothing so light and trivial when once obtain'd. The Avarice of new Favours, destroys the Remembrance of those that are past. Men are diverted from Truth, by Wealth, Honors, Power, and those other things, which tho' vile enough in their own Natures, are yet esteem'd valuable by common Opinion. We know not how to judge of things, we shou'd weigh by the Nature of them, and not by Vulgar Reputation. There is nothing in these Magnificent and Great enough to attract our Minds and Affections, only we are accustom'd to admire them, for we give them our Praise not because they are worthy Objects of our Desires, but we desire them because they are generally extoll'd, and as the Public Error is made up out of the Error of Particulars, so reciprocally are particulars led astray by the Public Mistakes. But if in that let us also in this believe the common Vogue, that there is nothing more Honourable and Noble than a grateful Man. In this all Nations, all Cities, even the Barbarians agree: in this both Good and Evil are of the same Mind. Tho' Men are of such different Tempers, that one prefers Pleasure, another Labour, some think Pain an evil, others think it none, some esteem

Riches

Riches their ſupream Good, and others declaim againſt them as the Bane of Humane Life; in the midſt of this oppoſition, they are all unanimous that a grateful Return ought to be made for a Favour receiv'd, and all this diſagreeing Multitude in this are of the ſame Mind, at the ſame time, that we ſo commonly return Injuries for Obligations. 'Tis ſometimes a motive of Ingratitude when the Benefit is above a Return. And the Madneſs is come to that extravagance, that 'tis extreamly dangerous to do a Man any conſiderable Service: For becauſe 'tis baſe not to return a Favour, he will not ſuppoſe any one to whom a Return is due. Keep what you have receiv'd; I require no Return. Suffer a Man to do good with ſafety. There is no Hate ſo pernicious, as to be aſham'd of having violated a Benefit. Farewel.

LETTER XIV.

Symachus *to* Auſonius; *a Complemental Letter.*

YOur Letter that found me at *Capua*, gave me in your Eloquence a Joy ſincere; it had a pleaſing Gayety ſweeten'd with the Honey of *Cicero*; and was not ſo much a true, as a friendly commendation of my Diſcourſe and Language. I am therefore in ſuſpence which to admire moſt, the Ornaments of your Tongue, or thoſe of your Mind; for you ſo far exceed all in Eloquence, that no Man preſumes to write without fear, and concern; However your Approbation of what I do com-

compels me to break Silence. Shou'd I say more I shou'd seem to conspire with you, to claw one another, and rather to imitate than approve what you have said. Since you do nothing ostentatiously, I ought to be cautious left I praise those things as acquir'd, which are indeed the genuine advantages of your Mind. But I desire you to believe a certain Truth, that there is no Man alive whom I prefer or love above you, you have so bound me by an honourable Friendship. Your condemning me as the Betrayer of your Book, seems to make you guilty of a Modesty too great, and almost criminal; for a Man may with more ease hold burning Coals in his Mouth, than keep a Book of Beauty and Value a Secret, yet when once you have let it pass from your Hands, you have licens'd it to launch out into the Public. You can be under no Apprehension that the poison of an emulous Reader shou'd infect and consume your Book. You alone have ow'd nothing to the Favour of your Reader, or lost any Praise by his Envy; both the Good and Bad join in your Praises. Banish therefore your needless Apprehension, and indulge your Pen that it may often be in my power thus to betray you. Inscribe my Name to some doctrinal or learn'd Piece of instructive Poetry, and try if I can keep the Secret; which tho I wish I may, I dare not promise to do. I am well enough acquainted with the itching desire a Man has to communicate and publish what he approves himself: for he that can deliver another Man's Words with Beauty and Grace, has a sort of Avarice for a Partner in his Praise. Thus the Poets in our Comedies have the first, and supream Praise, but *Roscius*, *Ambicius*, and the other Players are not without Applause. I beg you there-

therefore to ſacrifice your leiſure Hours to ſome ſuch undertaking, and ſupport my Faſting and hungry Appetite with more of your Compoſitions. But if ſecure from all Boaſts your ſelf, you fear my Garrulity, be ſure you keep my Counſel throughly, that I may ſafely pretend what you write to be mine. Farewel.

LETTER XV.

Auſonius's *Anſwer*, *being no leſs Complemental*.

I Have now experience of the ſweetneſs, and agreeableneſs of Diſcourſe, and how ſoothing and perſuaſive Eloquence can be; for you have almoſt perſuaded me that my Letters which found you at *Capua* were not abſolutely rough, and unpoliſh'd. But that held no longer than while I read your Letter, the Witchery of whoſe Charms lead me where they pleaſe, and make me to fancy wonders in what I write in ſpight of my own hoodwink'd Judgment to the contrary: But I no ſooner lay aſide your Letter and ask my ſelf the Queſtion, but I find the Cup fill'd with Aloes, whoſe Brim was rub'd only with Honey. This I often do by taking up and laying aſide your Epiſtle. This affords me a Delight not unlike a Painted Cloud, that is ſo no longer, than I ſee it, and like the *Camelion* I change my Colour with the next Object that comes in View. My Judgment is one way influenc'd by what you write, and another by the conſciouſneſs of my own

own Defects. Have you assurance enough to honour me with those Praises, which none but the most Eloquent can challenge? Will you who have arriv'd at Perfection beyond all Correction and Improvement, thus take notice of my poor Abilities? There is scarce one to be found Master of any Perfections, which compar'd with yours are not vile and mean. You who have made such Approaches to the Politeness and Beauty of *Æsop*, the wise Conclusions of *Socrates*, the Arguments of *Demosthenes*, the Abundance of *Tully* and the Propriety of *Virgil*? Who has affected any of these with that Grace and Perfection as you, who comprehend and are Master of them all; for what are you Sir but a perfect and absolute Collection of the Excellence, and knowledge of all generous Arts? As extravagant as these Encomiums look, I have no Apprehensions, my Son and Lord *Symachus*, that they should seem said of you with greater Kindness than Truth. You have had experience of my Judgment of you by permitting the disparity of my Age to be no Obstacle to our Conversation, in which you have shew'd your self an old Soldier, in your very Apprenticeship, as I may call it; and I in my old Age have return'd to my Noviceship. When I was with you, you always found me speak Truth concerning you, therefore I hope you will not believe I wou'd feed you in my Absence with a fabulous *Encomium*, whom you have found when we were together in Conversation, which exposes the Face, and hides the Mind, love more than a Father or a Friend or any thing that has yet a dearer Name. But to pass from this to what follows; how cou'd you with so much Affectation desire me to send you some doctrinal and instructive piece of Poetry? Shall

Shall I pretend to teach and instruct you, who if I were young enough ought to learn my self? Or shall I pretend to affect and move you, that are so Sprightly and Spirituous? By a parity of Reason I might exhort the Muses to sing, the Seas to flow, the Air to refresh, the Fire to warm; and so be a superfluous Prompter to any thing else that Nature of its own accord produces. 'Tis enough for me that one of my Books being publish'd, to my sorrow, is fal'n at least into the Hands of my Friend: For if it had not, you wou'd not have been able to persuade me that I cou'd please. Thus far I answer your's, and for what remains I shall be brief, my Letter being already too long. If you have a mind to enquire about me, I send *Julianus* a familiar Friend of our Family to you, and at the same time desire you when you have heard the Cause of his coming, you wou'd assist him in what you have already favour'd him. Farewel.

LETTER XVI.

Phalaris *the Tyrant of* Agrigentum *to* Demoteles, *a Scholar that had desired him to cease from his Tyranny.*

THere is not any thing so wide as the Sense of a Man in business, and of one in a Cloyster; 'tis upon this account, *Demeteles*, your Letters are so diverting to me, and that I allow of their Freedom. It pleases me to read your refin'd Notions and honest Mistakes: But your last surpris'd me

a little, and gave me a melancholly Delight; for you that never was a Tyrant advise one that is so, to lay down his Tyranny, without considering that to give up such a Power is infinitely more dangerous than to get it. We shou'd think of Tyranny as we wou'd of our Being; and as no one, if it were possible for him to foresee the troubles and calamities that attend Life, wou'd desire to be born; neither wou'd an Ambitious private Man, if he knew the miseries of Tyranny, desire to be a Tyrant. Thus, *Demoteles*, 'tis my Opinion, that not to be born is better than to be born and live all ones Life a private Man, rather than a Tyrant. If therefore you had given me your Sence of these Evils before I was ingag'd in 'em, you had easily extinguish'd my Impatience for ruling; but now I am a Tyrant, and from the necessity of my Affairs am become obnoxious to many Dangers, to forsake my self now, neither a Man nor a God shou'd persuade me. I am too well acquainted with the Temper of my People, and know, as soon as I shou'd strip my self of my Defences, how miserably I shou'd pass my time. I have no Friends but what I hire, and those I dare not lay aside; for Souldiers (the support of Tyrants) will either be for us, or against us. You see, *Demoteles*, how unfortunate I am! Lust, Rapine, Violence (the life of Armies) are the only Preservers of my quiet! 'Tis not every Body that Providence will punish in so extraordinary a Manner, as to make him a Tyrant. A sickly Prince of the *Leontines* has aim'd at it these Twelve Years; the People too seem fitted for Slaves, and most of the Chief Ministers are in the Conspiracy, yet Heaven has preserv'd him from a Misery so great, and he is like

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to die much happier than he wiſhes himſelf. Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

Phalaris *to the Poetaſter* Ariſtolochus, *concerning his comparing himſelf with the famous Poet* Steſichorus, *and ſetting up for Wit and Courage.*

IF my pardoning *Steſichorus* has mov'd you to write Tragedies againſt me, as if I wou'd be kind to all Poets, you are extreamly miſtaken, for I am not fond of every Poet indifferently but of good ones; nor of all Enemies but of generous ones: But you, *Ariſtolochus*, that are a bad Poet and a Coward, have yet the Vanity for Bravery and Wit, to ſet your ſelf on the level with *Steſichorus!* You ſhall know in a very ſhort time, I promiſe you, what difference there is between you and him; not becauſe you write againſt me, *Ariſtolochus!* I were the pooreſt ſpirited of Men if your Writings cou'd diſturb me; but being, as you are, ſuch a Poet and ſuch an Adverſary, you ſhou'd think you merited the ſame Reward with *Steſichorus.* I hear you act too in your own Plays, and always chuſe for your ſelf a Conquering Part, to have a ſafe opportunity of ſhewing your Courage as well as your Wit; and that you avoid being of the Part that is to be beaten, as much as if your Enemy were not fictitious, and are affraid that Infamy will follow even the Imitation of Cowardice. Thus one wou'd think

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he cou'd never want Sence nor Bravery that pass'd his whole Life in writing and fighting! Yet is this Paradox very clear; that *Aristolochus* wou'd not write if he had any Wit, nor fight if he had any Courage. Farewel.

LETTER XVIII.

Phalaris *to* Adamantus, *another Poetaster, particularly deriding a Difference he had with his Patron.*

I Am told a Dispute has lately happen'd between you and your Patron, which was the greatest Rogue. It began it seems about the Wit that is between you; which however slight an occasion yet when once you were rob'd of that, neither of you cared a Rush for being honest. He begin with calling your Muse a Prostitute, and you stung him with answering that She was not your Wife too: Which is the only piece of Wit he ever had from you without paying for. He added that you had been Caned by every one that knew you but him, and you kept to your Text and told him that his Wife was not the only Prostitute in his Family, and tho' she had been common to Coachmen and Porters, yet all People agreed that the most infamous action of her Life was marrying him. Upon this, *Adamantus*, the Cause was given against you, but I am of Opinion you are wrong'd; and tho he may be a greater Rascal than all the rest of the World, yet am I fully persuaded, neither he nor any one else is comparable to you. Farewel.

LETTER XIX.

Phalaris *to* Hegesippus, *about the Banishment of* Clisthenes; *with a Satyrical Character of the* Vulgar.

YOU and the rest of the Relations of *Clisthenes*, who are troubl'd at his Banishment, are now at last sensible of his ill Conduct in those Affairs, which drove him from his Country, when no Remedy remains but Repentance. But I was more concern'd for him in the midst of his vain Ostentation in the Common-Wealth, and by my Letters forewarn'd him of the Event to no purpose; for transported with the Pleasure of Honours, and negligent and forgetful of Fortune, he imagin'd what I writ either perfect Madness, or entire Ignorance of State-matters; or else suppos'd my Fondness of the Tyranny, made me unwilling to hear that any one besides shou'd be just to a limited Administration; till being too much puff'd up by his own overweening Temper, he was the Author of his own Fall, and by a Proof dear enough to himself, has demonstrated that *Phalaris* was not blinded in Policy by his Love of the Throne, but that *Clisthenes* was entirely to seek in the Nature of the common People. For the Vulgar betray those that follow and court them into certain Miseries, and however fair their first Applause may seem, infallibly at last shew their Inconstancy to the cost of those that trust to them. For this Reason both I, and all that pretend to the least portion of Sence,

 choose

choose rather the Hisses than Huzza's of the Rabble; for their Hate, is ev'n sooner extinguish'd than provok'd, nor is it generally very fatal while it is yet in a flame. But an Opinion of their Love and good Will produces Exile, Death, Proscriptions, or at least Evils not a jot less intolerable. By the Greatest *Jupiter*, *Hegesippus*, I freely declare my Mind to you, the Rabble are always Rash, Wild, Idle, Variable, Covetous of Novelties, Uncertain, Treacherous, Fraudulent, and in a Word of no Value or Use, easie to Applaud and Condemn, prompt to Anger, and swift to Praise: By this those perish who in the Administration of the Public endeavour to please the People. Yet some Men are so very Mad, and so born away with a blind Impetuosity, as to hunt after these empty Honours and Applauses destructive to the applauded, that the Miser is not fonder of his Gold, the Father of his Son, the Bridegroom of his Bride, nor the Warrior of the *Olympic* Prizes. And indeed the People's Applause ought to be a Pain to our Friends, and a Satisfaction to our Enemies. To you therefore, the Relations of *Clisthenes*, I recommend the Consolation of his Sorrows, if they exceed, for the common Calamities of Life, and to dissuade him from ever repeating the same Errors, if Fortune shou'd once again put it into his Power. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Phalaris *to the Poet* Stesichorus, *to desire him to write an Elegy, on the deceas'd Wife of* Nicocles *of* Syracuse.

YOU cannot certainly be ignorant that *Nicocles* of *Syracuse* (whose Quality and Family *Stesichorus* must needs be acquainted with) is carry'd away with a most immoderate Grief, for the loss of his Wife doubly endear'd to him, both as a Wife, and a Daughter of his Sister by the Mother. This made him, when he understood the Correspondence you and I held, to send his Brother *Cleonicus* to me to beg my Mediation with you, to celebrate her in your Verses. Indeed, if we may credit the *Syracusian* Accounts of this Lady, she highly merits your Song, for her incredible Modesty and Chastity, besides her other Virtues. And tho' a Poet ought to be extreamly Cautious in praising any One of our Age, lest it shou'd seem to make the sacred Art low and venal, yet cannot I suffer here a denyal: For *Phalaris* when he asks a Favour of *Stesichorus* ought not to meet a Repulse; not that I challenge it as due to any Obligation receiv'd from me, but as a Proof of that Kindness you have often profess'd to me: Bestow therefore a Favour worthy your Wit, with such a readiness as may double it, which in my Friend I shall accept as done to my Self. I shall only add what is necessary for you to know about *Clearistе*. She is by birth of *Syracuse*, the Daughter of *Eclecratida*, Sister of *Nicocles*, and his Wife. She marry'd at Sixteen;

and dy'd in her thirtieth year; leaving behind her two Sons. These are the heads of the Subject, on which those Goddesses, who are always with you, inspire you, and may the Kindred-Muse adorn your sacred and glorious Brow with Laurels, both in all your other Panegyrics, and in this on *Clearistе*. Farewel.

LETTER XXI.

Phalaris *to the same Poet, expressing his Thanks for the Verses he had made at his Request in the former Epistle.*

I Want words to express the Thanks I must pay you for your Compliance with my Desire of Writing on *Clearistе*, both in regard of the Promptness of the Grant and the wonderful Art of the Performance; which has met with a greater Applause, in its Publication, than ev'n what you before produc'd. I was not the only Man of *Agrigentum* who was transported at the reading of it (for what ever *Stesichorus* writes pleases me) but all that heard it, as what was not to stop at the Praise of one Age, but must carry your merit to distant Times yet unborn. I confess my self therefore infinitely in your Debt for these Verses, for to my Importunity both the present and succeeding Ages will be endebted for those heavenly Lays. As for what you hint in your Letter concerning me, I wou'd not have any Mention made of me in your Verses either in my Praise or Dispraise, and this I beg by the Hospita-

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ble *Jove*, and our common *Lares*; for Rumor and the Enmity of Fame has made my Name odious. *Phalaris* desires to be written in *Stesichorus* himself, let him be either better or worse, than the vulgar Opinion conceives him. Farewel.

LETTER XXII.

Phalaris *to* Lycinus, *declaring his own Family and Virtues, and exposing the Vices of* Lycinus, *&c.*

THe Questions you put me in the *Leontine* Consult, as if I had been present to Answer you, were not fairly demanded, *viz.* Who I was? Whence I came? And who were my Forefathers? I answer I am *Phalaris*, Son of *Leodamas*, a Native of *Astypalea*, an Exile from my Country, and Tyrant of *Agrigentum*, who have gone thro' the Experience of many Affairs, with a Mind yet unbroken; nor am I less acquainted with *Lycinus*, to Boys a *Bardash*, salacious to young Men, an Adulterer to Women, Insulter of the Laws, in Pleasures Luxurious, Sloathful in Peace, and a Deserter in War; whom I will punish not only for these Vices I have mention'd, but likewise for your fine Speeches against me, if not immediately yet as soon as the *Leontines*, weary of the fury of my Arms, shall deliver thee up.

LETTER XXIII.

Phalaris *to the* Leontines, *demanding* Lycinus *of them to save their City.*

IF you have any zeal, or desire to put an end to this War, surrender *Lycinus* to me, that spending all my Rage and Indignation on him, your City may escape my Resentment. For his Punishment shall not exceed what I'm inform'd most of you desire he shou'd have. Farewel.

LETTER XXIV.

Phalaris *to* Zeuxippus; *a threatning Letter.*

I Pardon your Son in consideration of his Youth, and you in Regard of your Age, tho' neither of ye have any pretence to Forgiveness; but if you persist in your Rashness, neither his Youth nor your Age shall deliver ye from Punishment; nay it shall be augmented in proportion to that motive that prevail'd on me to pardon you.

LETTER XXV.

Phalaris *to* Evenus, *concerning his saving his Son as a Punishment.*

ON the taking your Son I adjudg'd him to Death, for the Injuries he had done my Admirals,

Admirals, but finding that immediate Death wou'd be an eaſe to your Sorrows, I have chang'd his Sentence, and condemn'd him to Life.

LETTER XXVI.

To Lacritus *on the Death of his Son.*

THE Grief your Son's Death gives you, is truly worthy Compaſſion; ev'n I that am not much touch'd at Loſſes that cannot be help'd, yet pity you ſincerely; for I can ſee no Benefit ariſe to thoſe who give themſelves up to an immoderate Sorrow in Misfortunes. But you have many Motives of Alleviation in his Death: Firſt he fell defending his Country, next the Fates enobl'd his Death by Victory, then his Life was ſully'd with no Vices, and his Death concluded all his paſt Virtues with a greater. There is no ſmall doubt whether a good Man can exchange this Life for a worſe; for Fortune has certainly a greater ſhare in Human events, than either Will or Judgment. But he that dies without Reprehenſion, is fix't in the nobleſt and moſt happy Station of Glory. Reflect that you have receiv'd from him Returns anſwerable to your begetting and breeding him up, while he perſever'd in the Paths of Virtue even to his lateſt Hour. Do him this Juſtice, that ſo you may bear his Loſs with more Moderation. Farewel.

LETTER XXVII.

Phalaris *to* Aglaus, *Remembring him that Liberality to Friends is the best way of hoarding Treasure.*

I Hoard up all the Treasure the Gods bestow on me, *Aglaus*, against the Changes of Fortune; yet not in the Bowels of the Earth as you advise, but with those Friends who do not disdain to accept my Gifts. Nor are you friendly in this Advice, for thereby you endeavour to deprive me of all Retreat, if it shou'd be my Misfortune to be depos'd. If you have hitherto refus'd my Donatives, you shall now receive them in trust at least for me, and by that means perform a Friend's Part: For how can we think any part of the Ground can be faithful to us if we shou'd not put greater Confidence in good and just Friends than in the Dust. I shou'd be joyful in the midst of Misfortunes to see your Prosperity, and to think, that I had contributed to it. Farewel.

LETTER XXVIII.

Phalaris *to* Herodicus, *about his generous Temper in Revenging.*

OTher Men when injur'd and affronted, keep him that has affronted them less on his Guard by expressing no Resentment or Threats; but

but I am of opinion, 'tis unworthy a generous Temper to attack a Man unprepar'd, and unexpecting; wherefore I advise you, whenever you shall injure me, to expect a certain Revenge, that so you may first be tormented with the Expectation, and afterwards with the Punishment.

LETTER XXIX.

Phalaris *to* Stesichorus, *concerning his ill Policy in being his Enemy*, &c.

I Am inform'd your Reflections on my Power, and what you have done against me, encrease your Apprehensions. But I am surpriz'd you had no thoughts of this in your first Attempts upon me, when you pretended to free *Himera* from an unjust Tyranny. You imagin'd, I suppose, that the Projects you laid down to the *Himerians* were feasible. If therefore you like a wise Man contemn Death, whence comes now your Concern, when you may generously undergo that at present which at a distance you look'd so big on? But if you are a Coward and apprehensive of the approaches of those Dangers, and Punishments your Attempts demand, how foolish were your Declamations against me, and how weak were you to raise your self such an Enemy, by repeating your Verses in the midst of the People? But for the Gods sake, what made you who are both a Poet and Musician, forsake the Sedate and quiet Course of Life which those Arts afford, to throw your self into the tumultuous state of a busie Patriot, when you might have enjoy'd that pleasing Ease,

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the Muſes delight in, unforc'd, to more troubleſome Buſineſs than a Poet deſires. But ſince your Ambition has tranſported you from a Poet to a Stateſman, you muſt expect not the Rewards either of a Poet or Muſician, but of a pretending Medler in Government, who aims at things above his Capacity. Farewel.

LETTER XXX.

Steſichorus *to* Phalaris, *in anſwer to the foregoing Letter, juſtifying ſome part of his Conduct, and accuſing* Copron, *a Scoundrel Poetaſter, of the reſt. Alſo proving a Poet to be the beſt Stateſman.*

AS wiſe a Prince, and as Jealous a Tyrant as Fame has reported you, your Intelligence concerning me has deceiv'd you in two particulars. Firſt as to my Fears at the approach of the event of my Counſels. That I advis'd my Countrymen to ſhake off the invidious and unnatural Load of a foreign Dominion I own, for I will never deny that I love my Country, and her eaſe and happineſs above all other Conſiderations; for whoſe ſake ſince I wou'd not ſpare my ſelf, you may be ſure I ſhou'd not you. The Event is not yet come, and Succeſs is as yet in the Hands of the Gods. Our Cauſe is Juſt, and our Wills united, and to be ſo very apprehenſive of a diſtant evil that ne'er may come, is to be more a Slave to Fear than I am at preſent. But were thoſe Puniſhments as certain, as your Threats imagine them, I ſhou'd not repent what I have done, to perſuade my

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Countrymen to be free if they can; for Death is a Debt I muſt pay, and your Cruelty can't invent any Torment but will have a ſpeedy end; and ſure you know a Poet little, that believe he wou'd value any tranſitory Evil in competition with ſo great a Glory as attempting the Deliverance of his Country. One thing I muſt add, that you can inflict no Puniſhment, providing I ſhou'd fall into your Hands, which I do not expect, and that the only way to diſappoint my expectations wou'd be to find you merciful. But I am not ſo fond of this intended ſervice to my Country to take thoſe Imputations on me, I do not merit. Whatever I declaim'd againſt you, reach'd not your Perſon; I oppos'd the Tyranny, not the Man. And thoſe other Perſonal Reflections, which you ſeem to hint at, were the Doggrel of *Copron*, a wretched Dabler in Metre, to me contemptible, as to you Odious; and if you get him, this City will be oblig'd to your Braſen Bull to deliver it from him. He is the very Spirit and Quinteſſence of Ill Nature, the Gods have ſtigmatiz'd his Outſide to give us a Caution of his Inſide. He is ſatisfy'd with no Government nor any Perſon, he rails at all, and hates all but himſelf; for there he's fond without a Rival. Shame has given him a Name that comprehends his Qualities. Envy, Avarice, Lying, Obſtinacy, Cowardice, Tricking, and all the known perfections of one truly abandon'd, are his Virtues: If he's civil to you, 'tis to pick your Pocket, or at leaſt to promote ſome Intereſt of his own; and then 'tis no longer, than you are preſent, for the Abſent fare alike; that is, are all rail'd at. Nature deſign'd him a Broaker, and his Friends prudently conſulting his *Genius* put him to a Trade, which

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he impiously forsook, to make him yet more intolerable, for Versifying; for what he writes is never to be term'd *Poetry*, the Muses being too generous to own him. As his Soul is low and groveling, so are his Verses dull and creeping; yet this does not rob him of a jot of Vanity. He is so blind, tho' no Body ever lik'd a Word he wrote, to think himself at the Top of *Parnassus*, and that 'tis ill Fortune, not want of Merit, that makes him despis'd. Sometimes to vent his Spleen, his Envy I mean, he will scribble a Lampoon, which nothing but Malice having occasion'd, the Mobb is pleas'd, and he beaten. He is so avaritious that he wou'd write an Elegy on a Cobler to save a Dinner by it, and to save Parchment wou'd transcribe it on one of his old Shoes. Indeed he seems willing to punish his Body on the Score of the Vices of his Mind, for unless he get it free cost, he fares harder than necessity compels the unhappiest of Men to do. No Kindness can oblige him, nor any Abuse provoke him, that is, to a Manly Resentment. Then for Truth, he's so very averse to it, that if telling it wou'd save him Money (which he loves exceedingly) he wou'd rather lose that, than the pleasure of a Lye. Some people tell Lies for Excuses, or to avoid some great Inconveniency, but he does it out of mere Wantonness. Then for his Honesty, he will rob his Benefactor ev'n in the very Benefit he receives. *Lycosthenes* newly arriv'd from *Marseilles*, tells me there is a custom in that City, that once a year some person must be singled out to be devoted to the *Evil Manes*, the People heaping on him all their Sins, by repetition of various Prayers and Curses. Were *Lycon* there he wou'd truly represent the Vices of the whole People, nay he would

likewise have them, and so might well be sacrific'd for the Nation. In short, *Phalaris*, the Scoundrel Lampoon on your personal Vices, was *Copron*'s, *Copron* wrote it, *Copron* rehears'd it to the People, and *Copron* is proud that he once has pleas'd them, tho' I hear he had no small help from another hand, which he very naturally denies. He that used to rail at the puplic Applause is now vain of it, tho' it did but just bear his Verses neither. I must needs say, I believe their hatred to Tyranny betray'd 'em to like any thing against the Tyrant, otherwise *Copron* had met his usual Fate, of being laugh'd at, kick'd and despis'd. Believe me, *Phalaris*, I have no Malice to thy Person, nay I have a value for thy personal Qualifications, thy love of the Muses, thy Understanding, Esteem for Arts and Sciences, *&c.* but I mortally hate the Oppressions of thy Office, if Tyranny can be term'd so; and that Hand that endeavours to destroy this, shou'd be stretch'd out to save that. I speak not this to mollify thy Resentment if I shou'd fall into thy Hands, for I know attempts against his Power no Tyrant ever forgives. I wonder at your odd Notion, that because I'm a Poet and Musician, I shou'd not arm at State-Affairs; for do you think he that has Capacity to write as a Poet, shou'd find any difficulty in administring the Common Wealth? The difficulty of that is not so great; 'tis only made so by Knaves of a private Spirit, to contrive and interweave their own Interest with that of the Government. For the Administration of Justice, the execution of the Laws, the punishing Vice, rewarding of Virtue, encouraging Arts, providing for public Security, disciplining the People, securing Trade and the like, are things perhaps none

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are so fit for as a Poet: For he is not byass'd by private Gain to Partiality; he regards his own Interest last, and knows, that while the Public's in Danger, nothing Private can be Secure. A Poet loves the Public Good and Public Liberty above any Private Advantage, for he can never enjoy that Sacred Ease you hint at, under a *Despotic* Power, where nothing is Secure the Tyrant dislikes, and no Words spoke that are not liable to be punish'd, and while liberty of Acting and Words are restrain'd, there can be no room for any generous Art. Farewel.

LETTER XXXI.

Phalaris *to the Citizens of* Himera, *Acquainting them that he had got* Stesichorus, Conon, Copron *and* Dropidas *into his Power.*

I Have taken your Ambassadors to *Corinth*, *Stesichorus*, *Conon*, and *Dropidas*, together with your new Favourite *Copron*. *Dropidas* I may perhaps discharge, *Conon* had his speedy Fate, and as for *Stesichorus* he is yet alive, of whose death I think a while to deliberate: For his demerits with me are held in balance by the excellence of his Poetry, and I know not if by his death I shou'd not rather punish my self than him. All *Greece* wou'd have cause to complain of my Resentment, and I shou'd be the first that shou'd repent of making away with him, by wanting the Noble Relief of his Poems, from the daily Fatigues of my Dignity. But this you may

may assure your selves, if I pardon him, I shall for the future think of Revenging my self on you rather than him, if he any more stirs you up to Mutiny. If you give him any Public Employ, you shall answer for all the Ill Consequences of it. As for *Copron* I wou'd study some new manner of Death for him, the Wheel, the Cross, the Ball, are too common for his particular desert: For he that sets up for a Poet without Genius, for Liberty without Honesty, for a Mutineer without Courage, shou'd have a particular Fate. If therefore you wou'd engage me not to resent your Insolence to the Ruin of your City, send me all the numerous Volumes of his Scribling, and particularly that which he wrote against me. That he shall be oblig'd to feed upon or starve, and after he has devour'd that, the rest of his Works shall devour him in the midst of their Flames, for 'tis but just he should perish by those very Things, which he has abus'd and teiz'd every body else with. Farewel.

LETTER XXXII.

Phalaris *to the* Messenians, *reproving them for accusing* Polycletus, *the Physician, for Curing him.*

I Have receiv'd Advice that you are not asham'd to avow your Prosecution of *Polycletus* the Physician, as a Betrayer of *Agrigentum*, for his curing me of a Distemper, in which he might have kill'd me: Thus under the face of Justice seeking to punish the Justice of *Polycletus*, in the execu-

execution of his Faculty. But I muſt aſſure you, Men of *Meſſina*, I admire his Art much, but his Principles yet more, that when he had me in a deſperate Diſtemper confided to his Skill, he thought not ſo much of deſtroying a Tyrant, as recovering a Patient. Your Calumnies cannot at all affect him, for by my Liberality he is equal in Wealth to any of the *Sicilians*. But I am ſenſible my Preſents to *Polycletus* have made you rather deſire to find Betrayers of *Agrigentum*, than Murderers of *Phalaris*, that is, the Wealth of this City tempts you more than the Reſtoring her Liberty. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIII.

Phalaris *to* Pythagoras, *inviting him to* Agrigentum *and his Court.*

THO' perhaps the Odium a *Deſpotic* Government lies under in *Greece*, may make the Court of *Phalaris* a place very diſagreeable to the Philoſophy of *Pythagoras*, yet I can ſee no Reaſon why a Name ſhou'd deter you from trying by experience what my Qualities are. Fame has aſſur'd me that you are a Man of unqueſtion'd Probity; as ſuch I hope you will not credit the falſe Reports which Malice ſpreads about me, nor by common Vogue cenſure a Man you do not know. Cou'd I, with ſafety come to you, your Wiſdom wou'd certainly oblige me; but the Name of Tyrant (for ſo here they term all arbitrary Princes) is ſo odious in *Greece*, that I can't without the greateſt Madneſs venture my ſelf out of my own Ter-

Territories. For ſhou'd I come without a Guard, they wou'd ſeize me; if with arm'd Squadrons, I ſhou'd move their Jealouſie. But in your Journey to me there are none of theſe difficulties; with ſafety you may come, ſecurely live here, and freely depart when you have try'd whether I deſerve the odium caſt upon me or not? If your expectations are to ſee the Pomp of a Tyrant, you'll be diſappointed by finding me more like a Subject than a King; but if you expect to find me perfectly a Private Perſon, you will ſee that Neceſſity has caſt in ſomething of the Tyrant. For a Power of this Nature is not to be preſerv'd without Cruelty; yet if there is a poſſibility of being at once a Prince and Merciful, I wou'd fain learn that Leſſon of you, as well as many others; for I wou'd willingly by the Inſtructions of *Pythagoras* purſue a milder ſort of Government, if at the ſame time, and by the ſame means I cou'd ſecure my Safety. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIV.

Phalaris *to* Georgius, *about the Fear and Certainty of Death, and fatal Neceſſity of enquiring into Futurity*, &c.

THO' I approve the reſt of your Letter, I cannot but tell you, your Exhortations concerning Futurity are extreamly ſuperfluous; for I am not affraid either of Death, or much ſollicitous about what kind of Death I am to die. This wou'd be a very fooliſh and whimſical Concern, ſince wiſe Fate is not to be govern'd and directed

by Man. I assure you I must always condemn those over-curious People, who ridiculously pry into what's to come, either out of hopes to foreknow their Fortune, or else to prevent it when foreknown. For if they cannot alter Destiny, and if what will be, will be; what avails all their stir and inquiry into what they cannot alter. But if they suppose this foresight will enable them to exchange a malevolent Influence of Fate for a better, I must confess I am far from their Opinion, for that is certainly the Work of a God, not of a Man: Let them call to mind the nominal Sons of *Jupiter*, *Æacus*, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and other Demi-Gods, and they will find they were not immortal, and that they all submitted to their several Fates in Death. That Man seems to me the wisest, who neither fears, nor repines at his Death. I wou'd therefore have you persuade your self, not to be concern'd with those Inquietudes, in the midst of doubtful Events, which will by no means affect me, for whom you entertain 'em. Farewel.

LETTER XXXV.

Phalaris *to* Nycias.

THE Motives of your Hatred to your Son, because he will not follow your Steps, make every one else love him; of which the Consequence is plain, that all that admire and love Him must hate You.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Phalaris *to* Adiamantus.

I Hear you and your Brother have had a whimsical Dispute, whether of you two was the worst; but I will soon decide the Controversy, by assuring you, that as he is worse than all Men besides you, so you excel him in a more profligate degree of Villany.

LETTER XXXVII.

Phalaris *to* Epistratus, *assuring him that he can by no means be stil'd Fortunate.*

THE Air of the Address of your Letters, seems meant to a Fortunate and Happy Man; therefore to undeceive you, I will in a very few Words fairly lay my Condition before you. I have been an Orphan from my Infancy; from a Youth, by the iniquity of Fate, an Exile; I have lost most part of my own Fortunes; I have had an unpolish'd Education, for the most part, in Barbarous Nations, been driven from all other Places by Injustice and Injuries, and persecuted not only by my Enemies, but by such who have receiv'd Benefits from me; and ev'n in this Post of Grandeur they strike at the Tyrant with the Tyranny: If one thus surrounded with Evils can be stil'd Fortunate, I am truly so. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Phalaris *to the* Himerians, *acquainting them that they ought not to be griev'd at the Death of* Stesichorus.

THere is nothing I wou'd not do for the sake of *Stesichorus*, and I wish it in my Power to arm against Fate, to deliver the Body of that Divine Man, whom both you and others with Justice extol for his Poems, from *Catana*. For him the Muses prefer to all other Poets, since he brought not a few Graces both to Musick and Poetry. However, I wou'd have you to reflect, that where-ever *Stesichorus* is bury'd, he is yet a Native of *Himera*; and tho' his Virtue and Merit had made him free of all Cities, yet does he still remain yours. Nor do you look on *Stesichorus* as dead, since he still lives in his Poems, which he imparted to the whole World. You ought to comfort your selves, O ye Men of *Himera*, that he was born with you, educated among you, in your City wrote his admirable Verses, and that he grew Old in *Himera*, tho' he surrender'd his Breath in *Catana*. Let an immortal Temple be erected to him in *Himera*; and a Monumental Sepulchre in *Catana*. But this I leave to your Consultations. I wou'd not have you to doubt what Money and Force I can furnish for this purpose; but I must give you one Caution, that as it will not be thought very glorious for you who are *Sicilians*, to take any *Sicilian* City, so it will not be safe for you not to do it. I wou'd not therefore have you to throw too many Tears

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away on the Death of *Stesichorus*, or be too much affected with his Fortune; for tho' his Body be dead, yet his Name will be preserv'd perpetually alive in a glorious and happy Memory. I farther advise and desire, that you wou'd oblige every one to have his Poems both at home and in the Temples; for then only will *Stesichorus* die when there are no Remains of him left. Send them also abroad to other Countries, assuring your selves, that the City that produc'd such a Man, will be more honour'd than that which has given a thousand Warriours. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIX.

Phalaris *to* Abaris, *commending his Travelling to* Greece *and other places to learn Wisdom.*

IF I am truly inform'd, you have travell'd from the more Northernly Nations, even to our Region in pursuit of Wisdom; and that you have conversed with and learn'd many things from *Pythagoras* the Philosopher, *Stesichorus* the Poet, and some other *Greeks*. I am also inform'd that, unsatisfy'd with this, you are very desirous to meet with others, that may instruct you in different Histories and Things. If you have suffer'd the Calumnies of any Enemies to prevail over you, and have giv'n into their Abuses, 'twill be no easie matter to undeceive you, and remove that prejudice. But if you are of Opinion that Truth is to be persu'd by all, especially by Philosophers, follow the Example of other illustrious Men,

and come and ſtay with me. For Experiments, which beſt lead to true Knowledge, you ſhall be more capable of enjoying with me than elſewhere; for aſſure your ſelf, *Phalaris* is not diverted from the love of Knowledge by any Cares of a Crown; nor will you find me leſs humane or knowing, than the other *Grecians* you have convers'd with. Farewel.

LETTER XL.

Phalaris *to his Son* Paurolas, *adviſing him to apply himſelf to his Studies, and never to aſpire to Tyranny.*

WHen ſome neceſſary Buſineſs had brought me to *Himera*, I had the ſatisfaction of hearing the Daughters of *Steſichorus* ſing ſome Verſes and Poems, both of their Fathers and their own. The latter tho' leſs excellent than thoſe of their Father, yet infinitely excell'd all others. Which made me to eſteem both him who had taught them, and thoſe who by ſtudy had gone beyond the ordinary Bounds of Nature, in a Learning uncommon to their Sex. This, my *Paurolas*, has raiſ'd my deſire that you ſhou'd give your ſelf up to your Studies. And pray tell me what Reaſons you move by, when you exercise your Body with Arms, Hunting, and other Labors, and at the ſame time leave your Mind uncultivated with any of the *Virtuous* Arts and Sciences; which ought to be your firſt aim to learn? For we ought to take care of our Bodies only for the advancement of Health and Strength.

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but he who wou'd make any just Figure in the State, must make the improvement of the Mind his chiefest endeavour; unless perhaps (as some accuse you) you aspire to Tyranny, as if you had a legal Right to it; and for that reason only exercise your Body, as the most necessary Qualification for obtaining that Dignity. But if you are Master of any true Wisdom, you will take the Advice of him in that point, who repents that he ever attain'd it, tho' he assum'd it out of Necessity not Choice. Were he to choose again, he would prefer living under a Tyrant, to the being so; for this has only the Tyrant to fear, free from all other Apprehensions; but a Tyrant fears not only those who are perpetually conspiring against him, but ev'n his Guards who are to defend him, for he lies under a Necessity of being jealous of them above any others. Take therefore, take, my Son, your Father's Counsel, and strive not to be above your Equals; for when ever you aim to make your self singular, you banish all Repose, and enter into a perpetual War for ever, with all those who either envy or hate your Dignity or Person; and thus transmitted from Father to Son, for the Children of your Enemies are bred up in hatred to you. But if led away by the Ardor of Youth, you look on this Supream Power as a glorious and happy State, and not as the height and perfection of Misery, you are betray'd still to a greater and more dangerous Error, by your very Ignorance of the Truth. But I desire that your Prayers to the Gods may be, that you may never by experience find the certainty of what I have assur'd you, for 'tis both more prudent, and more happy to believe than prove Misfortunes. Farewel.

LETTER XLI.

Phalaris *to his Wife* Erythia, *who refus'd to send his Son to him, for fear of his Tyranny.*

IF the Tyranny I here exercise makes you fearful of sending my Son *Paurolas* to *Agrigentum* to see me, I can easily forgive you both as a Woman, and a Mother too careful of her only Child. But if you think him only yours, without allowing me a share in him, you are too partial a Judge of the Right of Parentage, for the most rigid Laws make him his Father's not Mother's Son, tho' Nature indeed divides the Care and Right betwixt both. If you imagine the sending him to me will be a lessening to your Right, what have I to urge, that have not yet shar'd with you in that agreeable Dominion? If you send him to me, his stay here shall not be too tedious, but he shall return with those Presents which are worthy the Son of *Erythia* and *Phalaris*; so that if I cannot have the Happiness of living with you, you may at least by me live in Plenty and Honour. For who is there that wou'd desire Riches for the sake of his Acquaintance, at the same time that he neglects his Wife and his Son? For my Part I own that Love and Zeal for you which a Husband and Father ought to have, and as such I have design'd to bestow on you, whom I love most, not the least share of what I possess, and I am willing to make this Settlement with all imaginable speed, on account of Old Age, which now comes on apace, as well as several other motives, among which

which the chief is a Diſtemper which I have lately got, whoſe violence remembers me that a Man ſhou'd think the preſent Day always the laſt. I wou'd have you aſſure your ſelf that your Fears are vain, and that under his Father's Protection he may ſail from *Crete* to *Agrigentum*, and thence return to you with more ſafety, than you apprehend. Farewel.

LETTER XLII.

Phalaris *to the* Meſſenians, *in Vindication of his Tyranny.*

HOW ſhou'd my Conduct ſurprize you, as if my Puniſhments of Traytors, Conſpirators and Aſſaſſins were greater than their Deſerts. Methinks that Terror ought to deter you from ſuch Practiſes. You deplore the Misfortunes of the Condemn'd, yet take no care to adviſe them not to be guilty, nor provoke me by Injuries I merited not at their Hands. For I had much rather never be compell'd to a Neceſſity of taking theſe ſevere Courſes to defend my ſelf againſt unjuſt Aſſaults; and you wou'd certainly be wiſer not always to ſacrifice to Raſhneſs. For if you do not forget your ſelves and what you have done againſt me, if I us'd not this ſeverity, what Conſultations, what Attempts ſhou'd I not expect from you? When in the midſt of your Fears and Terrors of that, you are Fool-hardy enough to expoſe your ſelves to them? If you therefore will leave off your Injuring me, I will ceaſe to be Cruel: if you think this Condition too hard condemn not what you provoke. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

Phalaris *to* Aristinetus, *about his Concern for him.*

I Am very easie under the Burthen of Age: And it is *Phalaris*, not the Face and Strength of Tyranny that is grown old. Yet I confess I am touch'd with your Grief, when I find your Concern for me so great. For if your Grief and Cares for me were infinitely greater, Fate would come on unmov'd by all your Inquietude. He that fears not a future Loss, bears it with greater ease than he that is under perpetual Apprehensions of it; to bring a Poetical Instance to you, *Aristinetus*, who are so conversant with Poets. Farewel.

LETTER XLIV.

Phalaris *to* Polycletus *a Physician, admiring his Honour in Curing a Tyrant*, &c.

I Am at a stand, *Polycletus*, what I ought most to admire, your Skill or your Honour; your Skill gave you a Power over the Health and Safety of a Tyrant's Life, and your Honour vanquished the Rewards of the Murder; your Justice exacting both these things at once, deliver'd *Phalaris* from two Dangers, the Force of an incurable Disease, and the Rewards of my Enemies. You only had it in your Power to have turn'd my Death to an Advantage, if I had fallen in my Distemper, by allaying the Mean of killing me; and if my Disease had failed, while I willingly made use

of what even you prescrib'd for the restoring of my Health; with as much ease might you have given me my Bane; which wou'd have been of unspeakable Advantage in reaping the Rewards of such a Deed. But you could not be prevail'd on to prefer an unjust Reward, to a just Praise, for there was no just cause to conspire my Death with my Distemper. But I am at a loss how to proportion my Thanks to the Kindness to me, when I was in your Pow'r. I only can affirm, that your Skill in Physic is worthy that God who first invented that Art. But with my Praises of your Virtue in your Skill, I have sent some Testimonies of my Love and Value for you; Four Phials of pure Gold, Two Silver Bowls of antique Work, Ten pair of Goblets, Twenty untouch'd Virgins, and Fifty Thousand *Attic* Crowns. And I have order'd *Tacer*, that out of my Revenue he pay you the Salary of a Captain of my Galleys, of my Guard, and other Officers in my Army, a Return too mean for so great a Benefit; but let this Gratitude make some amends, since I am my self too Poor to be able to pay, what the Obligation deserves. Farewel.

LETTER XLV.

Polycletus *to* Phalaris, *in Answer to the foregoing Letter, being a Defence of Liberty against Tyranny, and remembring him that a Prince ought to have no Favourite: Likewise persuading him to quit Tyranny.*

THE Gratitude of your Temper proves you not only worthy the Dignity you enjoy, but, like-

likewise the Benefit I bestow'd, by my Art, in restoring you to your Health. Real Services to Princes, are what are most commonly least regarded; while the officious Flatterer's Venom is received as Zeal, and the faithfullest Adviser is sure of Neglect. Else 'tis the Nature of Tyrants to love those most who deserve least, as the least dangerous Dependants. But, Sir, I confess I am as great a Lover of Liberty, as any of the *Messenians*, whom my Cure of you has made so loud against me, and wou'd do as much for the freeing *Sicily* from that invidious Dominion; but then I wou'd not destroy one of them to purchase the Name of Villain. I owe all things to my Country but my Honour; my Life I wou'd lay down to serve it, and venture as far as any Man in the public Cause, but I find no rational Obligation to betray my Trust. I own 'tis my Opinion that the Power you possess, is against the Right of Mankind, for certainly Nature made all Men free, and tho' necessity brought them to choose some Forms of Government for their mutual Security, yet whatever it was, it was the effect of their Choice; so that the Magistrates they elected, had their Power from them, and were by Consequence accountable to them. *Jupiter* and Fate, to whom all Mankind are equally dear, cou'd not make a Multitude for One, but rather One for a Multitude. The Good, Ease, Liberty and Safety of the Multitude therefore, ought to be the Magistrates chief Aim; and when he deviates from that to usurp a false Grandeur, he becomes a Public Enemy, and liable to be so treated by all that have any Power to do themselves Justice. The not observing those Regards is what has made Monarchy so odious to all the *Greeks*, who are a spi-

spirituous and wise People, not to be us'd as the Barbarous Nations are by their Tyrants; and that Prince in any of the *Greek* Settlements, who shall be fond of Depostic Power, may exercise it a while, yet must not expect to escape always their Resentments. His very Guards will in time do his Work, and deliver those People by his Death, whom they oppress'd by his Command when Living. For that Power, which is with the Consent of the People is more glorious and more lasting. For is it not more glorious to command over Men than Beasts? And can any Government of Violence that sets all Hands and Heads to work to pull it down, be so lasting and firm, as that which ev'ry one is concern'd to defend ev'n for their own sakes. I know Tyrants are often excus'd for their Maleadministration by throwing their ill Actions on their Favourites. But, O *Pharis!* believe me, that Prince that will have any Favourite, will never be popular, nor ever attain the true end of Government; for he will lean to the Instigations of the Favourite, tho' to the Ruin of his People; the Favourite having always private Ends to drive on, too distinct from the Public Good: but a Prince ought to be the Common Father of his People; and he that is not so is answerable for the Transgressions of his Favourites, since he transgresses the End of his Government, by having any Favourite at all. Tho' this be my Principle, yet can I never do an ill thing to promote it; and to have murther'd you on your trusting me with your Life, might have pleas'd some, but must justly have gain'd me Infamy enough among the Wise and the Good. And again, what Advantage to *Agrigentum* shou'd I have done? By removing you made way for another,

who

who might have had less Moderation and Goodness. For *Agrigentum*, that cou'd suffer any Tyrant to Reign over her, will never be without one; and if she must have one, 'tis happier for her to have *Phalaris*, than any other. Your Presents are truly Royal; your *Thericlean* Goblets very useful, and the Antique Work of your Bowls worthy Admiration; your Twenty Virgins very beautiful; and your Salary exceeding magnificent; the *Attic* Crowns I have divided among the Virgins in Marriage; and the Salary I must not meddle with, lest taking Pay from a Tyrant, I shou'd justly bring my Principles into question; your Phials and Bowls are Monuments enough of your Gratitude, which when we sacrifice to *Bacchus* will always bring you in our Minds. I wish I cou'd as well cure your Mind of the Distemper that debilitates it, as I did your Body of that which brought you so low. You have a Soul, you have Wisdom, you have Reason, and how can all these be satisfy'd with oppressing Mankind, and living in perpetual Apprehensions of the Assassinator's Sword? Is it not more noble, more worthy a great Soul, to be a Benefactor, than an Oppressor of Men? The Gods that made us, prove this; is there any can there be any thing more excellent, more wonderful, or more wise than *Jupiter*? and yet he it is that has made all the Delights and Benefits of the Universe for the happiness of Men. He chooses to be our Benefactor, and Rules over us without regard to the Rules of Reason. Imitate the Gods, consult your Wisdom, follow your Reason, set *Agrigentum* free, and doubt not your own Safety; for shou'd you die, you had better die belov'd by Men than hated by them, doing rather good than ill; and in a word delivering your

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Country rather than oppressing it. Your Country, I say, for tho' you are no Native of *Agrigentum*, yet while you govern it, it is peculiarly yours. You praise my Honour in not betraying my Trust; imitate what you praise; you are intrusted with the Liberty and Happiness of *Agrigentum*, destroy her not, for the Rewards of Tyranny, the foolish Witchery of a *Despotic* Command; betray not the Public Trust for a Private Gain, for had I betray'd a Private Trust for a Public Gain, *Phalaris* had been now forgot. But this is a Distemper no Herbs can cure, the Gods alone can heal a distemper'd Mind, which in Return for your Presents I wish they may. Farewel.

LETTER XLVI.

Phalaris *to* Nicippus, *thanking him for receiving his Presents, and acquainting him what he design'd on his refusal of them.*

YOU have extreamly oblig'd me in accepting my Presents: And now I must tell you what I design'd on your refusing them. Whereas you said, you were apprehensive that the *Syracusians* might take fatal Cognizance of your taking Presents of me, I resolv'd if you refus'd them to accuse you, as having accepted them, and so your Refusal had been as dangerous as your Acceptance, or rather the Refusal had been greater; for my denying the Presenting them if receiv'd, had brought you off, but my declaring your Acceptance, if refus'd had certainly condemn'd you. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

Phalaris *to the People of* Astypalæa *his Native City, expressing his satisfaction for their applying themselves to him to serve his Country.*

YOU, my fellow Citizens, have been the Cause of the greatest Grief to me, tho' I have had many and sudden Events, and of the greatest Joy of all my Life, for I wou'd not be thought insensible of Pleasure. The Grief you gave me when you Banish'd me unjustly from my Country, which is almost insupportable, ev'n to them who by Crimes have deserv'd it. The Joy was when you publickly remembring me, and the Injustice of my Banishment, in the Punishment of the Authors of it, apply'd your selves to me as a Man who lov'd my Country, and wou'd do any thing to serve it, tho' I had suffer'd by it; for no Man wou'd seek a Favour of him he thinks his Enemy, nor accept a Benefit from the Person he hates. I will not now complain that you never made use of me before, but thank you for doing it now. So that you seem to bestow the Favours you demand upon me; so great a value I have for the Address you have made me; for I shou'd not receive a Benefit from my Country with half the Satisfaction I bestow one on it. What can be more desirable to a Lover of his Country? What more glorious than to serve his Countrymen? You must accuse the Winter Season of the Year, not me, nor your Ambassadors, that the Presents I sent you, came later than they shou'd have done.

for neither of us wanted zeal enough to haſten the Diſpatch, but the uncommon Tempeſts that diſturb'd the Sea, deter'd all the Seamen from venturing their Ships out of the Harbours. But if what we ſend you reach your hands you are indebted to Fortune. What we have elſe to ſay your Ambaſſadours will inform you. *Eubulus*, to whom I have given Letters for you, accompanies them, and will give you a Liſt of what I ſend, and particular Orders about ſome of them: As to the reſt I leave them to your Direction. The Money I wou'd have employ'd in the Reſtoration and Ornament of our City; nor wou'd I have you to do this in Complaiſance to my Advice, but thro' your own conſents and zeal for the Public, for no Man ever yet was good out of Complement to another. But ſhou'd you divert theſe Subſidies from their Public uſe, which I can never believe you wou'd be guilty of, aſſure your ſelves, the Givers Praiſe wou'd not be leſs, than the Abuſers Shame and Infamy. Perhaps it may ſeem abſurd for an Exile to be ſo ſolicitous for the Good of his Country, as to part with his own Money to ſtop its fall, yet is it really ſo, for thoſe who live in it neglect its Decay, and do not ſtrive to reſtore it by a foreign Expence. But if you think my Preſents worthy that Honour, believe I ſend them to Poſterity, to my Country, and to my Countries Gods: And thus you will reap a greater Praiſe than by beſtowing your private Treaſures. The Giver has his Praiſe from his Gifts, the Receiver from a right uſe of them. I had rather have you receive a Proof of my Virtue, than Liberality; for one is an Argument only of a large Fortune, the other of a large Soul. Farewel.

LETTER XLVIII.

The People of Astypalea, *to* Phalaris *Tyrant of* Agrigentum, *inviting him home, as Lord of their Country.*

YOUR Presents shew'd at once the Magnificence of your Mind, and your Love to your native Country, your Banishment from whence has since been punish'd in its Authors; tho' indeed the Public was oblig'd to their Guilt, and you have the Benefit of their Injustice, for without it you cou'd never have been a Benefactor to your Country. The propitious Gods drove you from us to preserve us; for while your Virtue was with you, you cou'd not be unhappy, and your native Wisdom must needs make you Great wherever you shou'd settle. Fair *Agrigentum* was the Place that Fate had destin'd for your Glory and our Happiness, for while you were her Lord, she had Wealth and Power enough to save your falling Country from Perdition. The Gods that preserv'd you, convey'd your Presents safe, and we have dispos'd them according to your Order, assuring our selves, that no better use cou'd be made of them than our common Preservation and Dignity. The City of *Astypalea*, confesses her Restorer, and almost Founder, and as dear as Liberty has always been to her, thinks she cannot lose it by entrusting it in his Hands, whose zeal for her, ev'n in Exile, has given her that Youth and Vigour, without which she must have expiring. She envys those of *Agrigentum*, that must possess the

the Hero, that shou'd make her Glorious, while the *Leontines*, *Himerians*, and other Rival Cities of *Sicily*, contribute to the Prowess of *Agrigentum*, under the Conduct of *Phalaris*. What Trophies might not this City hope from such a Conduct, Valour and wonted Success? This, O *Phalaris!* is the common Voice: If a Party banish'd you, the whole City invites you home, and on those advantageous Terms that may make amends for her past Error, while she commits her Liberty into your Hands. Farewel.

LETTER XLIX.

Phalaris *to his Countrymen of* Astypalea, *blaming them for courting him to the Tyranny of his own Country: with a description of Tyranny.*

YOU amaze me, O ye Men of *Astypalea!* and make me almost to repent of the Presents I sent you, and that I have preserv'd my falling Country, which you have thus a mind to destroy. What wou'd you make me a sacrilegeous Purchaser of the Liberty of my Country? And did I only rescue her from Ruin, to destroy her my Self? No, no, my Countrymen; whatever Necessity has thrown me on this Tyranny over *Agrigentum*, believe not that any shall make me oppress my own Native City. Lust of Power has not yet so much infected me, as to bury all other Considerations; I am not insensible of the *Odium* I have drawn upon me by being a Tyrant over a foreign People, how must that encrease, if I shou'd repent

it over the Place of my Nativity. Necessity, not Choice gave me this Throne, wherein I have only this Pleasure, that thereby I have preserv'd my Country. Parricide, nor all the Cruelties I'm accus'd of wou'd be sufficient to harden me enough for so impious an Undertaking. If these are my sentiments of my self on so vile an Enterprize, how great is your Guilt, who wou'd betray your selves to Thraldom? Sure you are the First that of a Free People ever courted Slavery. You have not sure consider'd enough what Tyranny is, take from me then the Picture of it. 'Tis to have no more Power o'er your Words and Actions, over your Wife and Family, your Goods and Estate, your Sons and Daughters, for all is the Tyrant's; your Property all devolves to him and his Creatures, and is seiz'd with your Lives when once you begin to murmur or be uneasie. There is no Law but his Will, nor any Redress for the Injuries he does you, but the Power that does it, which will never be against its own Existence. A Tyrant cannot be Just if he wou'd; he is surrounded by Guards and Courtiers, who defend him at once from the Assaults of the People, and of Truth, for all he hears is by others Ears, and what he sees by others Eyes, nor can he distinguish betwixt the true and false Representation of Things, because the Representers have not only an interest in Falshood, but likewise an Art to make it pass for Truth, whereby both the Prince is impos'd on and the People abus'd. Nor is there any Remedy but free access for the People, but that is Popular, and contrary to the Jealousie of a Tyrant; so near an approach of promiscuous People, wou'd too often alarm his Fears. So that in a Tyranny, the happiest State is to be mise-

miſerable and content; for if you ſtir you die, and with you deſtroy your Family, for to put the Father to death and leave the Children, is to leave Ten Enemies for One you remove. If this be an inviting Proſpect, ſummon ſome other, not me, to ruin that Country I have ſav'd; but do it not till I die, for if the Force of *Agrigentum* will Revenge it, the *Leontines* and other vanquiſh'd Foes were happy to what you ſhall be! My Brazen Bulls ſhall be multiply'd, and Croſſes and Wheels ſurround the Walls of *Aſtypalea*: Think it enough that I ſacrifice you not to the People on this Account, and grow honeſt, and love your Country, that is your ſelves; for when the Public's unſafe, there can be no private Security even to the Richeſt, whoſe Wealth alone will make them an eaſy Prey to Power. Farewel.

LETTER L.

Phalaris *to the* Athenians, *in Defence of his putting* Perilaus, *Maker of the Brazen Bull, firſt into it.*

YOUR Artiſt *Perilaus*, ye Men of *Athens*, I brought me a Piece of wonderful Workmanſhip, the Art of which was ſo extraordinary that at the ſame time it procur'd my Wonder it gave him a welcome Reception, obliging me to make him Preſents worthy his Performance and Country. This encourag'd him, in a little time, to bring to *Agrigentum*, a Bull made of Braſs, much bigger than the Life. I confeſs I was not a little pleas'd at the Preſent of ſo artful a Figure of an

Animal so friendly to humane kind, and thought it indeed a Present worthy a King, for he had not yet discover'd to me the secret Tortures it contain'd: But opening its Side, he disclos'd it full of Cruelty, and pregnant of the most infamous and terrible of Deaths. Then I thought, I ought to punish the ill Principles of *Perilaus*, as well as praise his Art; being of Opinion that the wicked Artist (since I cou'd find none more wicked) shou'd first make Tryal of his own ingenious Mischief. Shutting him up therefore in the Body of his Brazen Bull, according to his own directions a Fire was lighted about it, and in he made a true experiment of his own Invention, as the Executioners inform me, for I did not care to see it as much a Tyrant as I am, his Groans and Lamentations making a solitary noise like the Bellowing of a Bull. But ye Men of *Athens*, I am surpriz'd at your taking this Punishment amiss, nor am I able yet to persuade my self Report in this particular does you Justice. If your Resentment proceed from an Opinion that this Punishment was not severe enough, I confess if I had known any greater he shou'd have had it; but if you think he deserv'd none at all, you seem to contradict that Character of Humanity which the World gives you, by defending and extolling the greatest of Cruelties; for this must be the Sentiment of some particular Man, or of the whole City, which will be most easily discover'd by your Conduct towards me. If his Death was just, and there be no *Athenian* of his cruel Temper, then you blame me for a Benefit; but if you make his Death unjust, you at the same time make your selves as wicked as *Perilaus* was. I must confess, I cannot yet repent of what I have

have done, and as long as I cannot convict my self of any Injustice, I shall not much concern my self at the false Censure of others. But I own if I have dealt unjustly by *Perilaus*, I have robb'd my self of my Caution, and the greatest defence of my Royalty; yet I am fully persuaded neither you nor any of the *Grecians*, will think my Punishment of him contrary to the severest Rules of Justice, in making him undergo that Death he had invented for others. I consider'd not only the Reputation of *Greece* in general, but my own in particular in what I did: By making me such a Present, he in some measure insinuated, that I my self deserv'd the like Fate. And tho' he by this invented a most cruel Torment for Traytors and Conspirators against my Person and Dignity, which might seem a sort of Obligation to me; yet I overlook'd all those Benefits, to give way for Caution and Royal Jealousie, which he wou'd have brib'd; which make my Justice and Sentence the more excellent and perspicuous, in letting no private Considerations corrupt the Dictates of Justice, or mingle in its Decisions. Nor was I ignorant, that the pardoning of greater Criminals cou'd be no Injury to my Interest. I knew that an Opinion of my Mildness, wou'd but encourage Conspiracies; and I was sensible that this Punishment of *Perilaus*, wou'd be construe'd by all as an Aversion to Cruelty, and I saw perhaps that I had better make use of his Genius for the Terror of Conspirators; but notwithstanding all these Reflections, being under no necessity of hunting after Praise, I thought it an Impiety to let such a Man escape, whose mischievous Brain was employ'd in Inventions of so cruel and fatal a Consequence to Mankind. This prevail'd on me to

deliver him over to that Torment he had found out for others, who had never design'd him any Wrong. Some perhaps among ye, O *Athenians!* may devote me to the Furies, and think that no one Man can be able to undergo all those Punishments I deserve, and imagine, that I condemn'd him to what I merited my self. But if you wou'd lay Prejudice aside a little, and consult not your Hatred and the *Odium* you have to my Dignity, I dare believe, on a just Deliberation, you wou'd find, that whatever I do, that has the face of Cruelty, is not out of my own Desire, or Inclination, but meerly the effect of Necessity; and I ought not to have the Commands of Fortune, which cannot be disobey'd, imputed to me as a Crime, which must always be voluntary. The necessity of being cruel, which Tyranny brings along with it, takes not away my Knowledge of the Evil, which is yet heightned, by being incapable of Amendment; for sure no Man desires to be Cruel if it cou'd be avoided: And I wish with an earnestness not to be express'd, that I was not compell'd to those Actions I cannot shun. for setting those aside, I may pretend to a Virtue above the Common Level. I put it to your selves, *Athenians!* Whether on a discovery of a Conspiracy against you, you wou'd not punish the Guilty to the utmost extremity? I am very sensible, how little Advantage I reap from this Conduct, yet comfort my self, that what I do, is not what I desire. I wish those I punish, had the same excuse for, their Conspiracies, for Most wise *Athenians*, I imitate your Manners in this Execution on *Perilaus*, and he has only experienc'd a Tyrant's force according to his own *Idea* of it, not according to my Temper. I wou'd have you throughly convinc'd

convinc'd, that had I been a Private Man I had not been *Perilaus*, nor wou'd he have been *Phalaris* had he been a Tyrant; for he, that in his private Capacity cou'd have no motive of Cruelty, and yet cou'd invent such barbarous Torments, had he been a Tyrant, must have depopulated his Kingdom; and I who punish'd a Cruelty of this Nature, shew, that what I do is out of Necessity, and a greater pain to me, than to the Sufferer. Wherefore you wou'd bring the last Infamy on you, not only if you shou'd resent the Death of *Perilaus*, but also if you shou'd suffer any of his Temper to Live. By his Invention he affronted and sinn'd against Humane Nature it self; but more immediately against you, by casting the Barbarity of his own Temper on the City of his Nativity, as if it were a National not a Particular Offence. After what I have said, I do not doubt but I shall have the Applause of all *Athens* for what I have done, for so just a Sentence is worthy so noble a People; and if there be any who are not pleas'd with this sort of Death, let them consider, it was not more agreeable to *Perilaus* himself. Farewel.

LETTER LI.

Phalaris *to* Agesilaus, *inviting his Return from* Syracuse *home to him, and his Wife* Thelesippe.

THE fair *Thelesippe*, seems to be very much concern'd, at your long and tedious stay at *Syracuse*. She acts the Wife with that tenderness

and

and modesty, that she presses me as if I had a particular Authority over you to hasten your Return, unable it seems to bear so anxious an Absence. She presses also her Father, on the same account: I suppose you are not ignorant of what she threatens to do, on your longer delay. She imagines I have power to oblige your Return, on the contrary, I tell her, she has; for I can't believe you value *Phalaris*, equal to *Chelesippe*. Make haste therefore back to those who desire your Company, whether she, or I be the Motive; for tho'I am so much your Friend that Gratitude wou'd demand some power over you, yet has she Charms and Merit which justly challenge your Obedience to so kind a Command; and who else wou'd not flie to Arms so agreeably beautiful and so chaste? So whether Friendship or Love have most power in your Breast, *Agrigentum* will soon be happy in your Presence. Farewel.

LETTER LII.

The Emperour Marcus Aurelius, *to the Ladies of* Rome, *that had made and play'd a Farce upon him; being a severe Satyr on the Fair Sex.*

WHilst I continue at *Rhodes*, improving my self in the Art of Oratory, you, I understand, have made and play'd a Farce upon me at *Rome*, on the Feast of the great Goddess *Berecinthia*. What you intended by this sort of Proceeding I have also learn't, which was to expose my Life and trample upon my Fame. The Author

of this piece of Scandal I have likewise heard to be, *Avilina* for the Composition, *Lucia Fulvia* for the Transcribing, and you *Toringula* for the Singing Part. It seems you represented me after different Manners. You gave me a Book turn'd upside down, to signifie I was an absurd Philosopher: You made me go with my Tongue lolling out, to shew I was a bold Speaker: You planted Horns upon my Forehead, to make me pass for a common Cuckold: You put a trayling Pike into my Hand, to denote me a Cowardly Leader: You represented me with no Beard, as an effeminate Person: And lastly bound an Handkerchief about my Eyes, to make me look as if I had been a condemn'd Criminal. Moreover not contented with all this, you at another time equipp'd me after a new Manner. You made me a Statue with Feet of Straw, Legs of Wood, Thighs of Brass, Belly of Horn, Arms of Pitch, Hands of Paste, Head of Plaister, Asses Ears, Serpents Eys, Cats Teeth, a Scorpions Tongue, Hair of Vine-Roots, and a Forehead of Lead, whereon were engraven the following Capitals, M. N. T. N. I. S. U. S. which signify'd, as I take it, *That this Statue of mine, was compos'd of no more different Materials, than I was of variety of Falsehoods.* Now after all these affronts put upon me, I cannot but wonder how you cou'd have the Assurance to send *Fulvius Fabritius*, to ask me a Question in your Names? Yet to shew you, your harmless Satyr does not in the least affect me, I will gratifie your Request, tho' you have so little deserv'd it of me. Your Question is, *Whether I have found in all the course of my Reading, of what, by whom, where, when, what and how the first Woman was made?* To which I answer, that according to the great variety

ety of People that have been in this World, their Opinions have been likewise various. The *Ægyptians* held that by the Overflowing of the *Nile*, certain fat clots of Earth being thrown upon the Shore, and there left, upon the Reflux the Sun by its prolifick virtue impregnated them, and turn'd them to Worms, one of which afterwards became Woman. Now your Ladiships must know, that had not this River overflow'd, your Sex had never had a Being. All other Creatures have proceeded from their Mothers Bowels, except Woman only, who you see never had a Mother. And this seems to be true in all respects, for as Woman was at first irregular in her Birth, so has she been ever since both in her Life and Death. Truly that Man has a great deal to suffer, many Wiles to find out, a long time to Think, much Assistance to require, many Years to wait, many Women to search amongst, before he shall meet with one that will be govern'd by Reason. Be the Lion never so wild, at length he may be brought to be led by his Keeper; be the Bull never so fierce, at last he may be taken by the Horns: The Horse in time submits to the Bit, and the young Colt to the Saddle; only Woman the most perverse of all Animals, never loses either her Imperiousness or Disobedience. The Gods have made Man wise, and endu'd Beasts with natural Instinct, yet are neither of them able to defend themselves against the Subtilties of Woman. Her Obstinacy also is not less remarkable than her Cunning; for if she has a mind to Stay, no Spur can make her go forward; and if on the contrary she enclines to go, no Reins can hold her in. In a Word, no Law can bind her, Shame restrain her, Fear abash her, nor Punishment reform her. To

what a hard Fate is he expos'd that is oblig'd to take care of a Woman's Conduct? For where once she entertains an Opinion, all the Arguments in the World shall not beat her out of it. If a Man give her warning of any Danger, she will never believe him; if he gives her good Advice, she will never take it; if he threatens her, she presently complains; if he flatters her, she immediately grows Proud; if he bears with her, she becomes Spiteful; and if he applauds her, Bold. In a Word, a Woman never pardons an Injury, nor acknowledges a Benefit. Now a days the most simple of the Sex, will pretend to Wit; and yet the wisest of them swerves from Wisdom. They know not how little they know, and how much they are ignorant. They will determine suddenly upon the most arduous Matters, as if they had study'd for it a Thousand Years. Yet if you contradict them in their Opinions, they will take you for the very worst of Enemies. Bold is that Woman who presumes to give Advice to a Man, but much bolder he that thinks fit to take it. As he is a Fool that hearkens to it, so is he much more that asks it, and yet more that follows it. Let him that has not a mind to stumble among so many Stones, prick himself among so many Thorns, nor blister himself among so many Nettles, give Ear to the Advice I give: When he is to promise, let him not do it sparingly; and when to perform, acquit himself niggardly; that is to say, let him do just nothing. I would fain have divers dead Heroes ask'd, how they far'd with Women while they liv'd? I'm sure they were dealt so ill by, on their accounts, that they would never desire to return to Life, for their sakes. But if you do not think fit to give Credit

to

to what these Men suffer'd, demand of me how I have far'd with that Sex? Oh Women, Women! The very remembrance I had my Being from ye, makes me abhor Life; and for fear of living any longer among ye, wish for Death; this being by much more eligible than your Conversation. I have often wonder'd how a Man can dote on a Woman so much, as to gaze on her all Day, tumble about with the Thoughts of her all Night, be continually enquiring after her when Absent, and when present making her offers of Service; chuse Darkness before Light, prefer Solitude to Company, torment himself incessantly, and all about such a trifle as Love? In this Case he neither hearkens to the Counsel of his Friends, the Reflections of his Enemies, the Danger of his Life, the Hazard of his Honour, or the Loss of his Estate; nor during this Enthusiasm, ever sees with his Eyes, hears with his Ears, tastes with his Mouth, or feels with his Hand. All his Senses are surrender'd up to Love, and all his Resolutions dedicated to Folly. I would fain have these Lovers know how this Love of theirs is occasion'd. The Bowels wherein we were conceiv'd being of Flesh, the Breasts we have suck'd being of Flesh, the Arms we were nourish'd in being of Flesh, the Women we have always convers'd with being of Flesh, our Affection must naturally encline towards the Flesh. Yet, Ladies, I wou'd not have ye Vain, because I have allow'd it natural to love ye, since I must at the same time affirm, that ye are loose in your Thoughts, subtle in your Actions, and designing in your Words. Now let us come to the Second Opinion concerning the Making of Women, which was long since pronounc'd by the *Greeks* after this manner. They said that the

the Sun displaying his Beams more in the Desarts of *Arabia*, than in any other part of the World, at the beginning first appear'd there one Woman and one *Phœnix*, the one being the Production of Fire and the other of Water. Of the *Phœnix* I shall say nothing, but as for the Woman, they affirm'd her produc'd by the Influence of the Sun, on the Dust that fell from a Worm-eaten Tree, which when fir'd burnt till it became Woman. Now tho' I am a *Roman* Philosopher and no *Græcian*, yet do I not much dislike this Opinion, since it is most certain that you amorous Ladies, have your Tongues of the Nature of Fire, and your Conditions not different from the Rottennesses of a Worm-eaten Tree. According to the great variety of Animals, Nature has plac'd their Strength in different parts of their Bodies. The Eagle has hers in her Beak, the Unicorn his in his Horn, the Serpent in his Tail, the Bull in his Head, the Bear in his Paws, the Horse in his Breast, the Dog in his Teeth, the Boar in his Tusks, the Wood-Dove in her Wings, and the Women in their Tongues. Truly, Ladies, the flight of the Wood-Dove is not so lofty as your fantastick Notions: The Bear does not wound more with his Paws, than you do some Mens Minds with your Importunities: The Boar does not more tire the Dog that assaults him, than ye do the poor unhappy Lover that Courts ye: He does not run so much risque of his Life, that catches a Bull by the Horns, as he that falls into your unmerciful Clutches: In a Word, the Serpent carries not so much Poyson in his Tail, as you Women do in your Hearts. Now tho' I have hitherto been so severe upon the Fair Sex in general, yet must I except all those *Roman* Ladies, who have any

Title

to the Character of good, whereof there are many. My design is only to expose such as are bad, than whose vicious Courses no Poyson is more pernicious to Man. But since the Gods have ordain'd and our Destinies do permit, that we should not pass our Lives without them, I advise all young Men, beseech all that are old, rouze up the faculties of the Wise, and Instruct the Simple, to beware and flie from Women of an ill Fame, as they would do from a common Pestilence. Reading the other day the Laws of *Plato*, I observ'd this Passage concerning ill Women: *We ordain*, said that famous Law-giver, *That every Woman who has been publickly Infamous, should be as publickly lash'd out of the City, wherein she has behaved her self so infamously; to the end that other Women beholding the Punishment that has been inflicted on her Crime, may avoid the like Vice, for fear of the like Fate.* Also, in another place of the same Law, he says, *We farther ordain, that the Woman who shall commit a fault only in her Person, shall be forgiven, providing there be any hopes of Amendment seen in her; but as for her that shall offend with her Tongue, let her never be pardon'd; inasmuch as the former Crime proceeds from a natural frailty, when this is the Offspring of a study'd Malice.* O most divine *Plato*! Mirror of Understanding and Prince of Philosophers, if thou mad'st this Law in the time of the Golden Age, when there were so few ill Women in the World, and so many good in *Greece*, what wouldst thou now have done in *Rome*, where we have so many bad and so few good? Women are to be modest in their Countenances, sparing in their Speech, wise in their Understandings, sober in their Gate, sweet in their

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Dispositions, wary in their Words, and circumspect in all their Actions. They are also to be true to their Promises, and constant in their Affections. Likewise she that has a mind to be well esteem'd by all, let her trust to the Wisdom of wise Men, and flie from the Flattery of Fools. Let a Virtuous Woman have always so great regard to her Reputation, as to suspect him that makes extravagant Promises; since when the Flames of *Venus* are once kindled, and *Cupid* has deliver'd his Arrows, the rich Man offers all he has, and the Poor all he can; the wise Man swears he will ever be her Friend, and the Fool professes himself her humble Servant; nay both proffer to lay down their Lives for her sake: The old Dotard crys he will be a Friend to her Friends, and the young Bully vows he will be an Enemy to her Enemies. Some promise to pay her Debts, others to revenge her Injuries; but all this while she suffers them to make their Brags, and takes to the Course she pleases. I shall now cease to say any more of the Virtuous Women, it being not my Intention to Counsel those that have no occasion for Advice, and proceed to ask you Amorous Ladies, if *Plato* was among ye, when ye play'd a Farce upon me, and dragg'd a Statue, representing me, about the Streets of *Rome*? No certainly, for according to what I have seen, and what others have told ye, there are but few among ye, that his Laws would have excus'd from Punishment. One thing ye cannot deny me, and that is, that if I had been the very worst of Men, ye would by this time have found the end of my Villanies, whereas the least wicked among you, by far exceeds the most blameable Action that ever I was guilty of. Yet Women run no small risque in living near

the Foolish, Modest near the Shameless, Reserv'd near the Talkative, Meek near the Bold, Chaste near the Defil'd, nor Reputable near the Defam'd; for Women that are Infamous themselves, either think all others so, desire they should be so, strive to make them so, or procure to have them so, and then affirm they are so; all which they do, that they may conceal their own Infamy, by exposing others to the like Character, tho' undeservedly. O you Ladies, 'tis now a long time since I have known you, and you me, therefore if you are dispos'd to speak, I am dispos'd to do so also, if you know any thing, I likewise know something; if you are silent, I am so too; but if you think fit to divulge Secrets, I can do so too. You know well, *Avilina*, you that made the Farce on me, that *Eumedes* sold Calves dearer at the Market, than you did innocent Virgins in your House. You must needs remember, *Toringula*, that whilst you were reckoning up your Lovers in my presence, your Fingers being too few to do it, you requir'd a Bushel of Peas for that purpose. You cannot forget, *Lucia Fulvia*, that when you were with you know who, you know where, your Husband intervening amidst your Jollities, you told him plainly, that unless he would consent you should lie out once a Week, you would never bed with him more. You must needs own, *Rotoria*, that whilst you continu'd two Years on board a *Sicilian Corsair*, you told him he need provide no other Mistress, for all his Ships Crew. You, *Eugenia Curtia*, must of necessity recollect, that at such time as the *Censor* visited your Quarters, he found four Mens Gowns, which you wore a Nights, and but one Woman's Gown, which you went cloath'd with in the Day. You cannot de-

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ny, *Pessilina Fabricia*, but that after *Alvinus Metellus* had espous'd you before the *Censor*, he demanded his share of what you had got before Marriage by your Gallants. You must confess, *Camilla*, that not being contented with the Stallions of your own Nation, you entertain'd Strangers, and by that means came to the Knowledge of several Languages. Thus I have only persecuted those that first attack'd me, and only attack'd such as first thought fit to persecute me. As for others of your Sex, I have nothing to say to them, as not having ever been concern'd in any Scandal upon me. As I have begun my Letter by resenting the Injuries done to my Person, and carried it on with some sort of Revenge, so shall I conclude it with advising all Men not less to dread your Company, than that of a publick Pestilence, for as all other Harms may be escap'd by abstaining from them, Women alone can be avoided by flying them. This from *Marcus Aurelius* the *Rhodian*. Farewel.

LETTER LIII.

The same to his Mistress Bohemia, *dissuading her, from coming to the Wars to him.*

I *Marcus Aurelius*, Prætor of *Rome*, and Imperator in *Dacia*, send Health to thee, my Mistress *Bohemia*, living in all the Luxuries of Life. Having escap'd from a late dangerous Battle, I met a Letter of thine here, which gave me no less Disturbance, than all the Malice of my Enemies has hitherto been able to procure me Disquiet.

When I had got my Body disengag'd from thy Embraces, I thought my Heart would, at the same time, be freed from the Venom of thy Love. When we had mutually consented to part, I believ'd a Divorce of Affections would have follow'd that of our Persons; but you Women are such cunning Purveyors, that tho' you banish our Bodies yet you entertain a Correspondence with our Minds. Your Love may easily be purg'd away, but your Lust can never be remov'd, with all the Rhubarb of *Alexandria*. You shew your Selves very backward in pardoning Enemies, and yet are continually changing of Friends. I have curiously observ'd your Conduct, all the while my Youth was subject to your Charms, and I could never yet find you kept any bounds either in your Love or your Hatred. Your present Levity quarrels with my past Youth, because you see I do not love you as formerly, nor proffer you Service as most nowadays do; and certainly hearing your Accusation and not my Justification, you as justly punish me with Impertinence as I do you with Forgetfulness. Yet would I not have you to think that I have forgot the Laws of *Venus*, which altogether require a Man to exercise his Heart in Love; also to take care that his Soul be vigorous, his Body robust, his Voice soft and whining, his Countenance sad and melancholly, his Eyes always gazing about, and his Heart ever ready to fly into the Air upon the slightest occasion. Truly, my Mistress *Bohemia*, he's but a foolish Lover that suffers his Will to be enslav'd while he has his Understanding at Liberty. This I say, that thou may'st know that however unfit my Age may be for the Exercise of Love, yet do I still retain the Art. You greatly complain of me, that I have

given

given my self up altogether to the neglect of you, which I confess I have, my reason being that it is neither consistent with my Gravity nor your Years, to spend our time so idly as in Love. What may be overlook'd in Youth, in Age deserves Correction. Our Vagaries while young proceed from Folly, but when old are the Effects of a distemper'd Brain. When I was a young Rattlehead, I strutted about Streets, sung Catches under Ladies Windows, ogled them while I were doing so, play'd upon Musical Instruments, scal'd their Walls, broke their Windows, and do you think I knew what I did all the while? No certainly. But now that I find my self wean'd from these Pleasures, and have my Head cover'd with Snow, and my Body diversified with Aches, I either believe I was not then or am not now. Not knowing the way I stray'd, not seeing the Stones I tripp'd, not minding the Snares I was entrapp'd, having no Guide I was suck'd in by the Whirlpool, and by my too great forwardness was lost. But now that I am out of the Thorns, why should'st thou desire to have me in again? Tho' I have stood Centry all the Night, yet call'st thou me in the Morning to my Arms? By our former Amity beseech thee, and by the immortal Gods conjure thee, that since my Heart rebels against thy Desires, thy Desires may comply with my Heart; lest that thou may'st not argue my grey Hairs guilty of Ingratitude, as I can prove thy fair Face wrinkled with Lust, I beg that we may cast up our Accounts, and see whether we have all this while lost or got by our Amour. Tell me what has been the Event of all these Pleasures, but time ill-spent, a good Name sully'd, a tolerable State wasted, Credit lost, the Gods offended;

Virtue ſcandaliz'd, the Title of Brutes acquir'd, and the Surname of Infamous procur'd. Thou writeſt in thy Letter that thou wilt leave *Rome*, to come and viſit me in the Wars of *Dacia*. Reflecting upon thy Folly I laugh, and conſidering thy Hardineſs I believe thou wilt be as good as thy Word. Whilſt I am thinking thus, I take thy Letter again out of my Boſom doubting if it be thine, when my Pulſe immediately begins to beat low, and my Colour changes in my Face, imagining that either Immodeſty abounds in thee, or Gravity is wanting in me; for ſuch inconſiderate Proceedings can only be credited by thoſe that are likewiſe raſh and inconſiderate. I would fain know whither thou haſt a mind to go? Thou haſt already been gather'd for Verjuice, and yet would'ſt be ſold for Wine. I have eaten thee in the Bloſſom, and yet thou wouldſt needs paſs upon me for Fruit. The Kernels be very good, but the Shells hard: Thou haſt been ſoon ripe and ſoon rotten, therefore art now to be loath'd. Thou art not pleas'd that of Forty years that hang over thy head, twenty five ſhould have paſs'd away in taſting; as of Wine that was to be ſold, or Strawberries, that lay conceal'd, under corrupt and rotten Leaves. Tell me prythee, *Bohemia*, art not thou the Lady that has loſt moſt of her Teeth before, has hollow Eyes, white Hair, and a ſhriveld Face, with one Hand lame of the Gout. and two Ribs marr'd by Childbearing? Whither wouldſt thou go, *Bohemia*? Put thy ſelf into a Barrel, roul with it into a River, and ſee if thou doſt not come out Wet. We have already feaſted upon the freſh Fiſh, and now thou wouldſt put us off with the ſalt and muſty. O *Bohemia*, *Bohemia*! I am thoroughly ſatisfied, that there is no

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Truſt to be put in Youth, nor any Hope in Age, ſince ſcorching Embers can lurk under cold Aſhes. Thou complain'ſt thou haſt nothing, which is an old Quarrel of the *Inamoratas* of *Rome*, who taking from All pretend ſo, for what they want in deſert, they make up with good Luck. But believe me, *Bohemia*, what is unjuſtly got, gives little Security to the Gainer, and leſs Fame. I can't imagine how thou coud'ſt be ſo ravenous as to worry me thus, for if thou pleightedſt thy Hair with one hand, thou wouldſt be ſure to handle my Purſe with the other; inſomuch that I had a harder Task to keep thee from my Coffers, than I have found to keep my Enemies out of my Dominions. I never had any thing of value but what thou wouldſt ask of me, and whatever thou didſt ask in thoſe days, I had not the Power to refuſe; but now being experienc'd by Years, I have diſcover'd the Follies I was guilty of while Young. Thou complain'ſt of Labour and Poverty, when 'tis I only that have occaſion for a Plaiſter for thoſe Sores. Doſt not thou remember, *Bohemia*, how to ſupply thy Neceſſities, I wou'd neglect my own? Nay thou hadſt ſuch an abſolute Controul over my Reaſon, as to make me go naked in Winter, and in Summer over-charg'd with Cloaths; to walk a Foot thro' the Mire, and ride in the fair Way; to Mourn where I ſhouïd Laugh, and Laugh when I ſhould Mourn; my Fear made me Bold, and my Boldneſs cowardly; the Night I ſpent in Sighs, and the Days in Patience; and in a Word, whenever thou hadſt occaſion for any thing which I wanted, I choſe rather to rob my Father of it, than not ſupply thy Neceſſity. Tell me, *Bohemia*, how could'ſt thou have nouriſh'd thy open Follies, but at the expence of my ſecret ill Conduct?

What do you think you amorous Ladies of *Rome* seem to me to be? I look upon ye at Court to be Eyesores to the Old, Pastime to the Young, Treasurers to Fools, and Sepulcres to vicious People; and if in your Youth, every body presented you, that you might be in a condition to present every Body; now, on the contrary, you present your selves to every body, that all may give themselves to you. Thou sayst, *Bohemia*, thou hast two Sons, and wanteſt wherewithal to support them; upon which my Advice is, that thou be not a little thankful to the Gods, for the favour they have done thee; for whereas the Fifteen Sons of *Fabricius* have but one Father, they have given thy Sons Fifty; whereof if the Children were to be divided among their Parents, each Father would not have a Finger. As for our Daughter *Lucia*, thine in reality, and mine but in imagination, I would have thee to remember, I did more in Marrying her, than thou in Conceiving her, for as to her begetting thou calledst in many, the Marriage of her thou lefteſt to me alone. I write to thee but little in regard of what I would willingly have written, for *Cornelius Batrius*, having harangu'd me largely on thy account, I design he shall do the like Office to thee on mine. Having long been acquainted with thee, and knowing thee to be thoroughly Malicious, I expect no Answer from thee, but what shall be stuff'd with all the ill Nature imaginable; yet I earneſtly entreat thee, nay conjure thee by all our past Kindneſſes, not to defame me openly, while I write to thee in secret, and that whatever thy Resentments may be, thou wouldst at least remember, what occasion thou hast given me for mine. Altho' by this time we may be thought

to

to be no great Friends, yet will I ſtill continue to ſend thee Money, to the end I may have occaſion to reproach thee, not only with Infidelity but Ingratitude. The Gods amend thee and deliver me from this War. Farewel.

LETTER LIV.

Bohemia's *ungrateful and upbraiding Anſwer.*

B*Ohemia*, thy *quondam* Miſtreſs, to thee *Marcus* of Mount *Celius*, her mortal Enemy, wiſheth all the ill Will imaginable. I receiv'd thy Letter, whereby I underſtand thy damnable Malice and cruel Reſolutions. Such ill Men as thou art have a Privilege to have private Lewdneſs born with, that they may not hurt us in publick; but for my part, *Marcus*, I defie thee, do thy worſt: If I am not in poſſeſſion of thy Treaſure, I am of thy ill Name, and where I cannot revenge my ſelf with my Perſon, I will be ſure to do it with my Tongue; for tho' we Women be weak, and our Bodies conſequently eaſie to be overcome, yet are our Hearts never conquer'd. You ſay, that eſcaping from a Battel you receiv'd my Letter, and therewith great diſturbance. I muſt confeſs it is a common thing, for worn-out Lechers to talk of Love, Fools of Books, and Cowards of War. I ſay this, becauſe in Anſwering a Woman's Letter as mine was, there was no neceſſity of telling her, whether it was done before an Engagement or after. I know well you eſcap'd, becauſe I could gueſs before hand, you would not be the firſt that ſhould engage, or the laſt that ſhould run away. When you went to the

the Wars in your Youth, I never doubted your Safety; for being convinc'd of your natural Timidity, I could never imagine you would ever bring your Life in danger. Now since I've told thee what thou didst in thy Youth, prythee *Marcus*, satisfie me what thou do'st now thou art old? Why I fancy thou carry'st a half Pike, not so much to offend thy Enemy, as to bear thee up under the Affliction of the Gout; and as for thy Helmet I believe thou wear'st that more for a conveniency to drink out of in a Tavern, than to ward thy head against a Back-Sword: Thy Gaunlets I'm sure have been often pawn'd for a Pot of Wine, and why should I think thou mak'st any better use of the rest of thy Armour? I never saw thee strike a Man with thy Sword, but I have known thee to fight a thousand Women with thy Tongue. O unhappy *Marcus!* if thou hadst been as valiant at thy Hands, as thou art malicious in thine Heart, the barbarous Nations would have as much feard thee, as the *Roman* Ladies now hate thee. Tell me what thou wilt, yet thou can'st not deny that thou hast always been, and still art, an impotent Lecher, a Hen-hearted Commander, an ungrateful Lover, an immoderate Miser, an Enemy to all Men, and a Friend to none; therefore we that have known thee while a young Coxcomb, do now condemn thee for an old Fool. Thou fly'st thou thought'st to have rid thy self of the Venom of my Love with my Embraces, but I must tell thee, 'tis not so easie a matter for one Malignity to part with another. Thy Heart is the common receptacle of Poyson, and therefore like *Mithridates* 'twere a hard matter to do thee any harm with it. For my part I believe it impossible it should, for one Venom is always said to destroy the force

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of another; and yours being by much the greater, must of consequence prevail over the lesser. O *Marcus!* if all the Women in *Rome* knew thee as well as the unhappy *Bohemia*, they would soon be convinc'd how different the Words of thy Mouth are from the Sentiments of thy Heart: Insomuch that if by thy Writings thou hast deserv'd the name of a Philosopher, by thy Actions thou hast much more merited that of a Tyrant. Thou sayst thou never couldst find any beginning in Womens Love, nor end in their Hatred. I am heartily glad that other Ladies besides me have discover'd thy Worthlessness. Observe me, *Marcus*, for I intend to undeceive thee. As thou never hast deserv'd that any Woman should begin to love thee, so wilt thou have the fate that none will cease to hate thee. Dost thou require a certainty in Love, who of thy self art all Infidelity? Canst thou expect we should have a real Passion for thee, whereas thou hast none but a feign'd one for us? Do'st thou think to have the Enjoyment of our Persons without some Expence to thy Pocket? Canst thou fancy there will be no Complaints of thee, altho' thou never ceasest malicious Reflections? Thou know'st us Women but ill, for I would have thee to know that neither we are such Novices as thou may'st imagine, nor you Men so wise as ye take your selves to be. Hitherto it has been observable, that more of your Sex have follow'd the Inclinations of ours, than ours those of yours. Also where a cunning Woman is able to deal with a thousand Coxcombs, one Coxcomb cannot make his part good against the weakest of our Sex. You say you are surpriz'd at my Folly in desiring to leave *Rome*, to come seek you in the Wars. Great is the Love of our Country, since it

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occasions many to quit their Riches abroad, to lead a Poor and Private Life at home. But much greater must my Love be construd towards you, since I purpos'd to leave the Delights of *Rome*, to go in quest of you into a strange Country, amidst the Rage of War. Oh unkind *Marcus!* Oh ungrateful *Aurelius!* If I had an inclination to forsake *Rome*, it was to go in search of my Heart, which remain'd with thee in the Wars; and when ever I have been so unhappy as to reflect on thy Absence, I have always fell into a swoon. My Love is not like that of Beasts, which has only regard to the Brutal part. My Affection was consecrated to thy Soul and all its Faculties. I swear to thee, *Marcus*, by the Goddess *Vesta*, and her Mother *Berecinthia*, that thou art more endebted to me for one Day's Love, than for all the Services I have done thee for these two and twenty years. Consider, ungrateful *Marcus*, to what a degree I have lov'd thee. When present I have always gaz'd on thee, when absent doted on thee, when a sleep dreamt of thee, when at the Temple pray'd for thee, and when at a Feast remembred thee. Thy Troubles have ever caus'd me Tears, and thy Prosperity, Joy. My Wealth I have with'd in thy Possession, and taken thy Poverty to my self. But I must tell thee one thing, *Marcus*, and that is, that I have never been so sensible of thy ill usage towards me, as of the ill Returns thou hast made me for all my Kindnesses. It must needs be of great concern to the Covetous Man, to see his Goods lost; but it will be much greater to the Lover, to have a Passion ill plac'd. That may well be call'd Grief that still continues so, Pain that is always painful, Harm that never ceases, and Death that never ends. Oh! if you Men did but

know

know to what excefs we Women love, when we once fet our Hearts upon ye, and to what extravagance we hate when we once begin to diflike ye, you certainly would either never encourage us to love, or provoke us to hate, inafmuch as immoderate Hatred generally proceeds from immoderate Love. But you, *Marcus*, may fet your Heart at reft, for never having been much belov'd, you need not fear being much hated. The forrowful *Bohemia*, has lov'd you two and twenty Years, and fhe can only hate you till the hour of her Death, which fhe hopes is not far off. You tell me I have been prefs'd for Verjuice, and yet would be fold for Wine: I muft confefs I have err'd in my Youth, but then as foon as I came to underftand I was out of the road, I halted and proceeded no farther. I err'd like an inconfiderate and weak Woman, but you have prefumptuoufly gone on in an Error, tho' you ought to have known better. I was mifled by native Ignorance, while you mifcarried thro' wilful Malice. I fail'd by not knowing better, but you all along knew what you did. I trufted to your Word as a Man of Honour, and you deceiv'd me as a Perfon that had none. Tell me, *Marcus*, didft thou not feek an occafion to get acquainted with my Mother *Getulia*, on purpofe to betray me? Did'ft thou not promife my Father to have me taught to read, and then thou thy felf read'ft to me *Ovid* of the Art of Love? Did'ft thou not Swear to be my Husband, and afterwards withdrew'ft thy Hand as a bafe and falfe Adulterer? Art thou not confcious that I never found Sincerity in thee, nor thou Treachery in me? At leaft thou can'ft not deny, that by thy ill Practifes thou ha'ft render'd thy felf odious to the Gods, infamous

mous to Men, obnoxious to the *Romans*, ſcandalous to all that are good, an example to all bad, and in a Word, haſt prov'd treacherous to my Father, a Deceiver of my Mother, and an ungrateful Lover to me. Oh unkind *Marcus!* Haſt thou not cut me in Leaves, and offer'd thy ſelf to be a Protector of our Vineyard? But not a little overſeen are they that confide their Chickens to the Kite, their Lambs to the Wolves, or their Daughters to ſuch Hypocrites as thee. Neither a cluſter nor a ſingle Grape could eſcape being nibbled by thee. You eat me while I was green, and you have ever ſince ſet my Teeth on edge. I would fain know when you marry'd *Fauſtina* whether you found her Green or Ripe? But I know well, and ſo do you likewiſe, that another had the Tapping of the Veſſel, and you only drank the Lees; another gather'd the Grapes, and you only glean'd the Vine; another preſs'd out the Juice, and you gain'd the Pummice. Oh accurſed *Marcus!* Conſider how great have been thy Crimes, and thou can'ſt never wonder at the Severity of thy Puniſhments: Thou that neither deſerved'ſt a kind Miſtreſs while thou wert young, nor a faithful Wife now thou art old. I could not have wiſh'd myſelf more effectually reveng'd, than by thy Marrying *Fauſtina*; and I dare promiſe, that hadſt thou but known the thouſandth part of what would have been ſaid of both of ye at *Rome*, thou wouldſt never have ceas'd to lament thy Knowledge of her, or thy Ignorance of me. O careful *Marcus!* tho' thy Learning occaſions thy Houſe to be fill'd with Philoſophers by Day, yet by Night thy Wife's Luſt fills it with more Ruffians and Stallions. A juſt Judgment this of the Gods upon thee; for ſince thy ſingle Malice was

sufficient to ruin a thousand good Womens Reputations, the wickedness of one Woman has suffic'd to destroy thine. One considerable difference there is betwixt my Case and that of your *Faustina*, for whereas my Disrepute is only conjectural, hers is demonstrable; mine is only suppos'd to have been acted in Secret, where hers was done in the Face of the World. If I deserve Punishment for one imaginary Crime, what ought she to suffer that has been convicted of so many real ones? My Dishonour ends with my Fault, and vanishes with my Amendment; whereas hers and yours spring from your Inclinations, are continued by repeated ill Practices, and grow up equally with your Lives. In a word, your Infamy can never die, because 'tis most certain ye can never be prevail'd upon to live well O unthinking *Marcus!* With all thy Learning thou know'st not that a bad Name is acquir'd by losing a good one, and a good by relinquishing a bad one. You maliciously affirm whatever you suspect, and would you have me to conceal what I have seen with my Eyes? However one thing you may always be secure of, and that is, that neither you, nor your *Faustina*, are likely to suffer by false Witnesses, since what is so evident as your Miscarriages needs not a Lye to support it. You say we *Roman* Ladies wanting all other good Qualities, are only honour'd for our Pride; to which I answer, that as there is nothing to be expected but Prickles from Thorns, and Venom from Serpents, so nothing proceeds from thy Mouth but Slander. Upon a frequent Observation I have remark'd, that as thou never speak'st well of any Body, no Body ever yet spoke well of thee. I desire no greater satisfaction for all the ill Offices thou

thou haſt done me, than to be aſſur'd that all the Ladies of *Rome*, wiſh thee no better than I. The Life of that Man muſt be ſuperlatively bad which all bewail, and for whoſe Death every Body wiſhes. It is peculiar to ſuch ungrateful Wretches as thou art, to forget the Plenty they receive, and to grudge the Pittance they give; whilſt the generous Soul glories in his Bounty, and refuſes all Preſents, inaſmuch as by giving he makes himſelf a Prince, and by receiving a Slave. I would ask thee what thou ever gaveſt me, and what thou haſt not receiv'd from me? Have not I given thee poſſeſſion of my good Name, my Life, my Eſtate, and baniſh'd my ſelf from my Country for thy ſake, and what haſt thou done in return but to make me miſerable? Thou never gav'ſt me any thing with a good will, nor did I ever receive any thing from thee but unwillingly. All things of this kind gain a good Character not from their outward Appearance, but from the ſecret Intention with which they were given; and I think 'tis now pretty plain, that you did not preſent me for the ſake of enjoying my Perſon, but with deſign to make your ſelf Maſter of my Wealth; therefore inſtead of the Title of a generous Lover, which you affect, you ought to be branded with that of a Thief and a Robber, which you deſerve. The Ring I receiv'd from thee, I have already thrown into the River, and the Cloaths I had from thee, I have burnt; and as for my Body, if I thought it ever the better for the Meat and Drink I have had of thine, I would open my Veins, and ſluce out the contagious Nouriſhment. O prejudic'd *Marcus*! Thy black Malice would not ſuffer thee to underſtand my plain and eaſie Letter: for I did not deſire

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Money of thee out of any want I had of thy support; but to satisfie my well inclin'd Heart, with an occasion for due Acknowledgments. Such vain and covetous Wretches as thou art, are continually hankering after Presents, whereas an Heart truly loving, as mine was, required only Love for Love. There is little trust to be put in a Man that loves only to gratify his Lust, or in a Woman that has meerly regard to her Interest; inasmuch as the Passion of the former will end with the Beauty of the latter, and that of the latter with the Wealth of the former. If thy Love proceeds barely from the Charms in my Face, and mine from those in thy Purse, we cannot deserve the name of Lovers, but rather that of Impostors. O *Marcus!* tho' thou all along pretendedst thy self a Slave to my Beauty, I never had any Passion for thy Purse, yet as I did from my Heart love thee then, I as heartily hate thee now. Thou intimatest that the Gods have done kindly by me in giving me but two Sons, and to those two many Fathers. The worst quality in a Woman is Shamelessness, and the worst in a Man Slandering and Lying. Now as we Women ought in some measure to be born with, on account of the frailty of our Natures, so a Man's Wisdom should never allow him to expose us. I say this, because I never yet observ'd so much Discretion in thee as to conceal thy own Malice, or so much Temper as to excuse our Weaknesses. Thou sayst my Sons have many Fathers, and I say to thee that tho' thou shouldst die, the Sons thou hast had by *Faustina*, will not be Fatherless; and if as thou tell'st me, the Gods have been kind to my Sons, thou hast been no less kind to those of Strangers; for *Faustina* could never have put thee to any better use

than to cover her Frailties, and breed up her Bastards. O stupid *Marcus!* thou may'st now well set thine Heart at rest, and take no farther care for thy Children; for I dare assure thee, those that are thy own, will never have occasion to be married. One thing however we must all acknowledge our selves oblig'd to thee for, and that is for that admirable example of Patience given us, in bearing so dastardly with the Freedom of *Faustina*; but as thou hast tolerated so many publick Infamies in her, I can't think it Prudence to trust thee with any more Secrets, so bid thee Farewel, desiring an end of thy Life with this of my Letter. Farewel.

LETTER LV.

Marcus Aurelius, *to* Matrina *a* Roman *Lady, with whom he was fallen desperately in Love by seeing her at a Window.*

MArcus, the most loving Emperor of Rome to thee *Matrina*, his best belov'd Mistress sendeth Health. I know not whether it was thro' my Fortune, or Misfortune, that seeing thee the other day at a Window I fell in Love with thee; however this I know for certain, that the Beginning of our Acquaintance was the End of my Liberty. From the flying of Business proceed several Evils to Man; for had I not been idle, I had not gone out of my House; and had I not gone out of my House, I had not pass'd thro' the Streets; and had I not pass'd thro' the Streets, I had not seen thee at the Window; and had I not seen

thee

thee at the Window, I had not fallen in Love with thee; and had I not fallen in Love with thee, I had neither given thee this trouble, nor tormented my ſelf with the Thoughts of thee, and what is more, expos'd both of us to the common Tittle Tattle of *Rome*. Moſt certainly, *Matrina*, thou wert as blameable for giving occaſion for my Love, as I were for indulging it; and ſince thou expoſedſt the But of thy Beauty to view, how could I forbear ſhooting my Heart at it? Sprightly rouling Eyes, Carnation ruddy Cheeks, Alabaſter poliſh'd Teeth, golden Locks, pouting Lips, ſwelling Breaſts, with all the advantages of Art to back them, are more than ſufficient to ruin a Man of my Complexion. How then ſhould I be able to reſiſt ſo many Charms, when ſo fairly ſet to Sale in a Window? I am apt to fancy ſince thou hadſt the Goodneſs to ſhew thy Body ſo publickly, thou wert willing I ſhould dive into thy Mind, which I flatter my ſelf to be in my favour. And if ſo, *Matrina*, as I dare promiſe it was, why ſhouldſt thou not deſire one that deſires thee; countenance one that admires thee; and underſtand one that I'm ſure underſtands thee? As I were going thro' the Street *Salaria*, to ſee ſome Thieves executed, what Object ſhould my Eyes firſt meet but you, whereby my Heart was immediately put on the Rack? You made a more ſevere Example of me, than I could do of the Malefactors; for whereas I could only make them undergo one Death, you made me to ſuffer a thouſand. The Gibbet could not be ſo unjuſt to them that never did any good, as thou art to me that never did thee any harm. One moment took away their Lives, but I have been dying ever ſince I ſaw thee. I am puniſh'd wrongfully, they deſervedly;

ſervedly; they openly, I ſecretly. What ſhall I ſay more? They wept Tears becauſe they were to die, and I weep drops of Blood, becauſe I am to live. This difference there will be moreover betwixt us, and that is, that their Torments were extended all over their Bodies, and mine are concentred in my Heart. O cruel *Matrina!* what Juſtice can that be that puniſhes Robbers of Goods with Death, and yet permits Purloyners of Hearts to eſcape? If they are to be hang'd that cut Purſes, why ſhould thoſe be forgiven that wound our very Entrails? I beſeech thee by thy noble Birth, *Matrina*, or conjure thee by the Goddeſs *Venus*, either to reſtore me my Heart, or grant a Satisfaction to my Longings. I had rather thou ſhouldſt be convinc'd of the Sincerity of my Affections, than acquainted with the Scribbling of my Pen. If my Fortune were ſo favourable, and thy Condeſcention ſo great as to grant me an Interview, I might then hope to gain that by my Preſence, which I deſpair to obtain by my Letters. The Reaſon is, that what I write, thou wilt hardly read, whereas my Tears, might probably work a better Effect. Would to the Gods, *Matrina*, my Mouth were able to expreſs the Torments my Heart feels. I ſhould not then doubt but the Exceſs of my Afflictions would ſuffice to awake thy extravagant Indifference, for as thy Beauty and my Affection have already made me thine, I then ſhould have reaſon to hope thy knowledge of my Paſſion would make thee mine. Certainly the day my Heart was captivated by ſeeing thee at the Window, I had leſs force to reſiſt than thou Power to conſtrain me; and it was more in thy inclination to leave me, than in my Ability to quit thee. Now, *Matrina*, what

would

wouldſt thou have me to ſay more to thee? Thou art ſo much Miſtreſs of me, and I ſo little Maſter of my ſelf, that whether I will or not, I am oblig'd to reſign up my Liberty, yet wilt thou not ſo much as inſinuate thy ſelf to be mine. But ſince of neceſſity I muſt approve my ſelf thy Slave, do thou be as ſecure of my Fidelity, as I am doubtful of thy Amity. Thus much ſhall ſuffice at preſent; I only deſire thee to make as much account of my Death, as I do of thy Life. I have ſent thee Ten ſmall Gold Rings, with as many *Alexandrian* Stones in them, which as often as thou ſhalt put on thy Fingers, I conjure thee to admit me into thy Thoughts. This *Marcus*, the Amorous Emperour, writes to thee, *Matrina*, with his own hand. Farewel.

LETTER LVI.

The ſame to the ſame, acquainting her how his Paſſion encreas'd for her daily.

MArcus, now a Neighbour to *Rome*, writes once more to thee, *Matrina*, his delicious Enemy. I call thee delicious, becauſe thou art the delight of Mankind; I call thee Enemy, becauſe thou refuſeſt to contribute to the preſervation of my Life. I know not how it happens, but ſure I am that ſince the Feaſt of *Janus*, I have written thee three Letters; in Anſwer to which I ſhould have been over-joy'd to have receiv'd but one. If I proffer thee Service, thou refuſeſt it; if I offer to look on thee, thou turneſt away thy Head; if I ſpeak to thee, thou wilt not vouch-

ſafe an Anſwer; if I write, I hear nothing in return; if I preſume to viſit thee, thou wilt not ſee me; and what is yet worſe than all theſe, if any one inform thee of my Afflictions on thy account, thou turn'ſt them all into Ridicule. Oh! if I had as much Knowledge how to deal with thee, as thou haſt Power to plague me, my Wiſdom would be no leſs admir'd among wiſe Men, than thy Beauty is among Fools. I beg thee not to regard the Confuſion of my Reaſoning, ſince my Tears alone diſcover the Sincerity of my Soul. I cannot imagine what Benefit thou can'ſt propoſe to thy ſelf from my Ruin? What Security from my Danger? or Pleaſure from my Uneaſineſs? The Meſſenger I ſent with my laſt Letter, brought me word that without reading the leaſt part of it, thou in a fury tor'ſt it to pieces. I know not, *Matrina*, what could encline thee to do this, but ſure I am, I had much rather be torn into Mammocks my ſelf, than thou ſhoud'ſt do the like to what I now ſend, becauſe I would not have thee ignorant of what I am about to ſay. You Ladies are ſo extravagant in your Reſentments, that for the fault of one Man, you could willingly wiſh all the Sex deſtroy'd. You are alſo always in extremes, for ſhe that at one time ſhall profeſs Love to all Mankind, ſhall at another join with an hundred others, to procure the Ruin of one Man. You will pardon all in Publick and in private plot their Deſtruction. For my part, *Matrina*, I don't much value what you did to my Letter, but I took moſt unkindly what you bid my Neighbour *Valerius* tell me. I would have you remember one thing, and by no means forget it, and that is, that whereas I have ſo little Liberty left, and am become altogether yours, by the

great

great Power you have over me, you ſhould look upon all Injuries done me, as done to your ſelf. I would not have you to proceed in this cruel Courſe you have begun, ſince you ſee you may thereby endanger the Lives of us both. Pardon me, *Matrina*, if I ſay any malicious Thing of you, but conſidering you ſtill perſevere to deſerve it, I cannot ſometimes help it. You were wont to be better condition'd, or at leaſt you had the Reputation of being ſo, but now you extinguiſh your former good Name, by your preſent bad one. You muſt needs know that nothing can be more blameable in any one than Ingratitude, for you cannot have an entire claim to Virtue, without the contrary neceſſary Quality. Ingratitude never ſhews it ſelf more than in Love, for tho' I viſit you often, and you never return my Viſits, that's nothing; if I ſpeak to you, and you vouchſafe me no Anſwer, that's nothing; if I take notice of you, and you won't know me, that's nothing; if I weep and you laugh, that's nothing; if I ask a favour, and you deny it me, that's nothing; if you owe me Money, and don't pay me, that's nothing; but if I love you, and you don't return my Love, that's a great matter; and which neither your Looks can diſſemble, nor my Heart forgive. All Crimes may be excus'd in us Mortals, by reaſon of our natural frailty, except Womens Unkindneſs and Mens Ingratitude only, both which are the Product of Malice. For all the Services I have hitherto done thee, *Matrina*, as alſo for many more that I am ſtill diſpos'd to do, I ask only one Thing, which I hope thou wilt no more ſcruple to grant, than I do to run the hazard of requeſting it. If thou ſay'ſt thy Husband *Patroclus* has the ſole Propriety of thee, admit me

to thy Embraces and I will ſoon vindicate a Right to thee; when the Vain-glory of being thine will quickly extinguiſh the Thoughts of thy not being legally mine. I have often wonder'd how to the ſake of refuſing one poor pittance of Pleaſure, thou couldſt expoſe thy ſelf to the Plague of ſo much Importunity? 'Tis certain we often grant that to an importunate Perſon to get rid of him, which we would have denied him, if he had been modeſt. If you are ambitious of the Title of Conqueror, I own my ſelf conquer'd; if of a Deſtroyer, I am ruin'd; and if of a Murtherer, I am dead. My frantick Behaviour before your Window, and my melancholy Carriage at home, are evident Tokens of my being in a fair way to become your Martyr. If you would have me eſcape this Fate, deny me not the means that may enable me to do it: And I dare affirm it will be much more commendable in you to expoſe your Virtue by ſaving my Life, than by deſtroying it. I can't think what I ſhall do to make you my Debtor; for then I might reaſonably hope for a Recompence: But alas! having no Merit, I muſt pretend to no Debt in Love. By the Meſſenger you ſent me, I ſend you this Letter, and tho' you were pleas'd to expoſe your Meſſage, I have thought fit to conceal mine. I ſend you likewiſe a Jewel of Pearls, and a Pendant of Gold, and praying the immortal Gods that thou may'ſt receive this my Letter, with the ſame Affection and good Will with which I wrote it, I bid thee Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

The same, to his Friend Pyramon, *concerning the Duties of Friendship.*

MArcus the Orator, native of Mount *Celius*, to thee, *Pyramon*, of *Lyons*, his particular Friend, wishes all manner of Prosperity and Refuge against ill Fortune. On the third of the *Callends* of *January*, I receiv'd a Letter of thine here in *Rome*, by which I learn thou hast had another of mine. Tho' I make no great account of thy Words, yet do I greatly value the Meaning of them; which gives me to understand that both thou and thine are in Health. But to come to the purpose; thou know'st well, my Friend *Pyramon*, how nearly we are allied by Blood, how antient we are in our Friendship, confirm'd in our Love, united in our Hearts, and unanimous in our Wills. Thou must needs remember how when we liv'd at *Rhodes* together, we lodg'd in the same Bed, and eat at the same Table. Whatever thou had'st once determin'd, I immediately put in Execution; and whenever I had advanc'd any Opinion, thou wert never known to contradict me in it. Certainly we both inform the same Body; and tho' we may seem to be two in appearance, yet are we but one in reality. But what's the meaning, my dear *Pyramon*, that thou writ'st me word thou art melancholy, and yet dost not tell me why? That thou complain'st of Designs against thy Life, and yet dost not acquaint me who it is that has laid them? If thou wilt not communicate thy Misfortunes to me, being thy Friend,

Friend, I muſt tell thee, I have a Right to demand the Knowledge of them. The piteous Gods have long ſince decreed, that all Content and Satisfaction ſhould leave my Houſe, and that from thence forward I ſhould become the Prince of Tribulation; ſo that thou wilt find it a hard matter, *Pyramon*, to keep out of the bounds of my Territories. But Raillery apart: Tell me prethee, when didſt thou ever ſee me red whilſt thou wert hungry, when ſleep and thou watch, when play and thou work? Certainly, tho' Eſtates have Proprietors, Misfortunes have none, but come to all in common. One thing, Friend *Pyramon*, I muſt needs beg of thee, in caſe thou haſt a mind to continue our Friendſhip; and that is, that thou wouldſt take to thy ſelf my Delights, and in exchange give me thy Perplexities; ſince I know well thou wert born for Pleaſure, whereas I were deſign'd for nothing but Trouble. The greateſt Inſtance of this, thou might'ſt have perceiv'd at the Death of thy Siſter *Jamaria*; for while I lamented thy Loſs, thou laughedſt at thy own Affliction. Having this Example of my Fidelity, how can'ſt thou ſcruple truſting me with the Cauſe of thy Grief? Yet as often as I have ask'd it of thee, thou haſt always found ſome frivolous excuſe to avoid ſatisfying me: Nevertheleſs continue to require it of thee, and conjure thee by the Immortal Gods to let my Heart be acquainted with thy Sorrows; for whatever thou art diſpos'd to do, I will do the ſame; if thou walk'ſt, I will walk; if thou ſtand'ſt ſtill, I will do ſo likewiſe; if thou art weary'd, I am tyr'd: if thou work'ſt, I will do the like; and if thou leav'ſt off, I will do ſo too; in fine, if thou dieſt, thou know'ſt it is out of my power to live; there-

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fore choose, Friend *Pyramon*, whatever Condition thou wilt, and be assur'd that both our Afflictions shall torment one Heart. If thou art displeas'd, nothing pleases me; if thou dost ween, I swear never to laugh; if thou seek'st to lay down thy burthen, I presently resolve to take it up; if thou art enclin'd to love Solitude, I immediately hate Company; and if to love Company, I soon hate Solitude. In a word, whatever thy Inclination is, I am determin'd the same shall be mine. Thou complain'st that in all the Troubles of thy Life, thou never yet could'st find Relation to assist thee, nor Friend to Advise thee; whereupon I must tell thee, my *Pyramon*, that the like disappointment has all along befallen me, Assistance ever favouring Riches, and Consolation Wisdom, neither of which Qualities I can pretend to; for so my unlucky Stars would have it, that Negligence should ever deprive me of Knowledge, and Fortune of Wealth. Thus all I can do is to lament thy Disaster, for thou may'st hereby perceive I am no ways able to remedy it. You say in your Letter, your Neighbours and Friends have promis'd you many things which they never perform'd. This I am apt to believe, inasmuch as a wise Hand is not oblig'd to give whatever a foolish Tongue shall promise. Certainly if our Feet should always dance, and our Hands work to the Musick of the Tongue, in few days we should neither have Life nor Reputation left; however it is the custom of the World, for the Tongue to ride Post and the Hands to go but a Foot pace. But coming more particularly to your Case, I must tell you, you ought not to be concern'd, that you have been able to find but in few, what many have found plentifully in you; for 'tis the Custom to

receive

receive briskly and quickly, and to give slowly and with an ill Will. Those that be presumptuous do the one, and those that are slothful the other. The *Greeks* are wont to say, that he is a good Friend that does but Promise, tho' he be long in fulfilling; whereas we *Romans*, on the contrary affirm, that it is better to deny presently, to the end the Person that asks, may be as quickly undeceiv'd in his Expectations. Hereupon I say, that he that has it in his power to give, and does it not, is an open Enemy; whereas he that immediately promises and performs slowly is a doubtful Friend. What occasion is there for Words to our Friends, when we can assist them with our Works? It is not reasonable that he that gives me his Heart, which is the best part of the Body, should have nothing in return but my Tongue which is the worst. Certainly, it is neither agreeable to the Laws of the Gods, nor Friendship, that when I ask a favour of a Friend in haste, he should think fit to grant it me at leisure. *Plato*, in his Laws has this Article, *We ordain* (says he) *that in our Commonwealth, the Prosperous have Counsel given them, that they may not fall; and the Unfortunate Assistance, that they may not despair.* Under these Words is compriz'd much matter, for thou knowest well, my *Pyramon*, that an afflicted Heart receives but little comfort from bare Words; and that those that have had the Benefit of our good wishes in Prosperity, ought to have likewise that of our good Works in Adversity. Yet I would ask thee one thing: Why art thou so presumptuous in Resenting, and nevertheless refusest another the like liberty in Denying? Undoubtedly as there is a Shame in immoderate Desiring, so is there sometimes a necessity for a Denial; for an impor-

importunate Man deſerves not even the leaſt favour to be done him. I would have thee to know, my *Pyramon*, if thou hitherto art ignorant of it, that to obtain all is demanded, belongs only to the Gods. In caſes of Men, to give all is the ſign of Slavery, and to deny ſomething, that of Freedom. To be concern'd at what is refus'd becomes Tyrants, and to be unthankful for what is given is the cuſtom of Barbarians: But to ſupport with Reſolution the Thoughts of what is with held, is only the Condition of the *Romans*. One of the Things wherein *Julius Cæſar*, ſhew'd his Courage moſt, was, in rejoicing after he had had any great Diſappointment in the Senate; for he was wont to ſay, that *Rome* could not oblige him more, than when ſhe ſaw him moſt eager in asking, to be as forward in denying; ſince ſhe thereby gave him an Opportunity to obtain by Force, what ſhe was not able to keep from him. Methinks it were better to have recourſe to the Gods, with peaceable Virtues, than to offend them by Quarrels. For the quiet of thy Conſcience when thou ſhalt find thy Petition rejected, either by the Gods or Men, conſider the great deal they have before granted thee, and the little they have refus'd. O! How ungrateful are we both to the Gods and one another! inaſmuch as we are accuſtom'd to leſſen what we receive, and magnifie what we have deny'd us. If I am not miſtaken, my *Pyramon*, thou art now Fifty years of Age, during all which time thou haſt been continually oblig'd by ſome Body or other, and yet wert never known to have done any Body the leaſt Service; ſo that thou haſt no reaſon to complain of only eight unlucky Days, which Fortune has allotted thee ſince thou haſt been unthankful to her, for ſo

many

many years Kindnesses. You tell me in your Letter, you extremely wonder at your Neighbours envying you; and I must tell you, that all wonder proceeds from Ignorance, and want of Experience: for the World is now come to that perfection, that whatever we suffer we imediately find a Remedy for. If we are hungry we eat, if a cold warm our selves, if weary rest our selves, if sick cure our selves, and if melancholy divert our selves, in a manner that all the troubles of our Lives, are alleviated by some Diversion or other, except those of Envy only, from which no Fortress can secure us, Cave conceal us, Mountains remove us, nor Money redeem us. Envy is a Serpent whose Venom extends so universally, that never any Mortal could hitherto escape it. The more any one is elevated by Fortune, my *Pyrame*, the more he is expos'd to this Infection. Envy always reaches those soonest that are remov'd farthest from her, and ever prepares her rankest Darts for the most prosperous Condition. Of all the Books I have perus'd in several Languages, and of all the Men I have convers'd with in divers Faculties, I could never yet learn what Security there was to be made use of against an Envious Man; unless it were to renounce Prosperity and sit down contentedly with adverse Fortune. Oh! How unhappy then are all those that covet either Wealth or Grandeur? Since they cannot pretend to escape the Danger of *Scylla*, without falling into *Carybdis*; nor get clear of one Plague without incurring a worse; I mean the malignity of Envy will not suffer them to avoid Death, nor the Remedy we apply suffice to secure their Lives. I dare not offer to determine which is best, or to say better which is worst, extream Misery free

from

from the risques of Fortune, or extream Prospe-rity expos'd to all the accidents of Life, for as one endangers our Lives, the other does our good Names. I may say to thee, my *Pyramon*, what wise *Cicero* said heretofore to those that perse-cuted him at *Rome*: *Look ye*, Romans, *I neither take you to be so good, nor my self so bad, that you should always speak Truth, and I Lye; for I am certain, you do not so much envy me, that I am not as you are, as that you cannot be what I am; in which Case, I had rather my Enemies should re-pine at my Prosperity, than my Friends at my Ad-versity.* Truly, my Friend *Pyramon*, I know not what Remedy to advise thee to against Envy, since the World so abounds with it. We must be sen-sible we are born with it, live with it, and die with it. The antient Sages counsel'd Rich Men never to have any Poor by them; and the Poor that they should not live near the Rich; and all this with good Reason, for the Envy of the Poor Man, always proceeds from the Wealth of the Rich; and whatever abounds in the latter, and is wanting in the former, occasions Discord in the Common-Wealth. I swear to thee, my Friend *Pyramon*, altho all ill Men would have me to swear falsely, that as many Rich Men as Cove-tousness can make, so many Slanderers are pro-duc'd by Envy; but I must tell thee, 'tis not good Counsel to fly the contrary Virtue, that thou may st avoid this Vice. *Homer*, acquaints us that in his time, there were two *Greeks*, equally Ad-mirers of Extreams; whereof *Achilles*, was ex-ceeding valiant, and envy'd by every Body; and, *Thersites*, excessive malicious, and envy'd by no Body: Now were I to chuse, whether of these two I would be, I should rather wish to be

Achilles

Achilles with Envy, than *Thyestes* without it. Thou know'st well, my *Pyramon*, that we *Romans*, seek only for Repose during our Lives, and Honour after our Deaths; wherefore 'tis not probable, that we that have taken so great pains to be envy'd, should escape it. Thou writest me word how all are chearful and healthy at *Lyons*, except thy self, who art sickly and melancholy. Now since they do not seem pleas'd at thy Uneasiness, do not thou seem displeas'd at their Happiness; for a Day may come that the Scene may change, and then thou wilt be quits with them. There can be nothing worse in an ill Man, or a greater Crime in a good, than to take Pleasure in another Man's Misfortunes, or to envy another's Wealth; for as Envy is not a little prejudicial, yet is it still more irksom from a Friend, than an Enemy; because I am aware of the latter, and consequently take care to avoid him, whereas the former deceives me with his pretended Friendship, and makes me to neglect my self. Of all Enemies none are worse than those, that from Friends become envious of our Happiness. I conclude, my *Pyramon*, with this Advice, that thou rather chuse to keep Company with thy Friends than Enemies. I know not what to write more to thee, except that I am exceedingly afflicted at the several late Misfortunes that have befallen thee. I suppose thou hast already heard how my Niece *Brusia* was slain lately with a Dagger, by her own Husband, whose Death I extreamly regret, and whose Fame I exceedingly rejoice in. Your Uncle *Flavius Priscus* has been a new chosen *Consul*; and the Law-Suit between my Brother *Furnius* and *Brillus*, is at last happily ended by Arbitrators. I have finish'd my Book entire-

entituled, *A Comforter for the Distress'd*, and have laid it up in the *Capitol*; but because I wrote it in *Greek*, I have declin'd sending it to you; however have sent you a rich Sword, and a good Belt. My *Faustina* salutes you, and sends your Lady two Female Slaves. The Gods be your Protectors, and comfort you in your present Troubles. This from *Marcus* the Fortunate, to *Pyramon* the Unhappy. Farewel.

LETTER LVIII.

The same, to Domitius *of* Capua, *comforting him under his Banishment.*

I *Marcus*, the *Roman* Orator, and Native of Mount *Celius*, to thee *Domitius*, of *Capua*, wish Health and Consolation from the Comforting Gods. This rough Winter has produc'd a mighty Wind, which has occasion'd great Floods, which have caus'd much Humidity, which has bred many Diseases, and whereof for my share, I have the Gout in my Hands, and a *Sciatica* in my Thigh. For this reason I am neither able to come to visit thee, nor have ability to write to thee; especially so much as thy sad Hap requires and thy Merit deserves. I have been inform'd that on account of an Horse, thou hast had a Difference with thy Neighbour the *Patrician*, which has occasion'd thee to be banish'd from *Capua*, and him to be thrown into the Prison *Mammertina*. They also tell me thy Goods have been confiscated, thy Family beggar'd, thy House demolish'd, and thy Nephew expell'd the Senate for

Ten years, all which has made thee to lament continually by Day, and grieve immoderately by Night. In Company I understand thou art uneasy, and in Solitude desponding, which I cannot however much wonder at, since sorrowful and aking Hearts, as thine must needs be, can never be expected to have dry Eyes. I am exceedingly concern'd to hear all this, and the rather in that so trifling an Occasion should be the Cause of so much Ruine. Oh how variable is Fortune, and how soon may an ill Accident happen! Before our Eyes we have daily these Evils, yet see them not; we touch them, yet feel them not; we stumble on them, yet mind them not; they speak to us, yet we hear them not; and cry to us, yet we understand them not; and all this is, because we have no inclination to become acquainted with them. In a word we then and not before, begin to be sensible of our Misfortunes, when it is out of our Power to Remedy them. 'Tis certain a small Spark will fire a House, a small Stone founder a Horse, and a small Rock split a Ship. I mean we often receive the greatest damage from what we expect the least danger. The Surgeon dreads that *Fistula* most which appears the least: The Pilot is more apprehensive of conceal'd Shelves and Sands, than the roughest Sea: The General is more affraid of a secret Ambuscade than an open Force: All which implies, that a wise Man is not so much to stand in awe of his Enemies, as his Friends; of a cruel War, as an over-secure Peace; or of a publick Peril, as of a private Danger. Oh! how many have I known, that in the most disastrous Cases Fortune could not shake, yet a little Negligence has afterwards made them subject to her Power. I would fain know

know of thee, what ſtability can a Man propoſe to himſelf in Proſperity, ſince ſo ſmall and inconſiderable a matter as this Crime of yours, could be able to alter his Condition. Being thus made wiſe by Obſervation, I will for the future neither ſtand in awe of the Storms of Fortune, nor put any Truſt in her *Halcyon* Weather. Her Thunder ſhall not fright me, nor her Sunſhine cheer me. I will neither be thankful that ſhe remains with me, nor ſorrowful when ſhe leaves me. Her Flatteries ſhall not move me, nor her Treachery concern me. I will neither lament for her diſappointing me, nor rejoice at her complying with my Wiſhes; of all which if you would know the Reaſon, I will tell it you: Our Happineſs is ſo doubtful, and Fortune ſo wayward, that ſhe does not always ſtrike, where ſhe threatens, nor threaten when ſhe Strikes. The wiſe Man does not act ſo cautiouſly as to think at every ſtep to fall, nor ſo careleſly as to expect ſtumbling in a plain Way, for oftentimes falſe Fortune makes her Weapons, and never wounds, whereas ſometimes ſhe wounds, and never gives any warning by brandiſhing her Weapon. Believe me, *Domitius*, a Man is then moſt expos'd to Danger, when he believes himſelf in the greateſt Security. Would'ſt thou be ſatisfied of this, thou muſt recollect the Caſe of *Hercules*, who after he had invaded many great Perils both by Land and Sea, died at laſt in his Miſtreſſes Arms: *Laomedon* alſo periſh'd not under the Walls of *Troy*, where he had frequently ſought Death, but was kill'd in his own Houſe: The famous Warriour, *Alexander* the *Great*, died not in his many Expeditions abroad, but was poyſon'd at home: *Julius Cæſar*, tho' he had eſcap'd the Fate of Two and Fifty

[illegible]ls, yet at length was slain in the Senate-House: *Asclepius*, Brother to *Pompey* the *Great*, after Ten years escaping the dangers of the Sea, was drown'd in a Well: And lastly, good *Drusus*, having conquer'd the *Parthians*, and being about to receive his Triumph, as he was going into the *Sella Curulis*, a Tile fell on his Head, and dash'd out his Brains. Wouldst thou have any more examples, *Domitius*, of the Inconstancy of Fortune? Thou must know then, that my Sister, *Lucia*, holding a Needle in her Hand, and her Child betwixt her Arms, the innocent Infant playing with its Mother's Hand, happen'd to strike the Needle into her Breast, whereof she soon after died. Also *Cneius Rufinus*, who had been pitch'd upon by the Senate, to command in chief against the *Germans*, going one Day to comb his Head a little more hastily than ordinary, one of the Teeth of the Comb chanc'd to peirce his Skin, whereof follow'd an Impostume, which quickly ended his Days. What think'st thou of these Accidents, *Domitius*? As I have related these few, I could, were I so minded, have brought infinite other Instances of this kind, wherein great Disasters have succeeded the greatest Happinesses; the lowest Infamy, the highest Honour; and the vilest Death, the most glorious Life. In my Opinion he that has a mind to acquit himself like a Man, ought to endeavour much to live well, and yet more to die so; for at the end of his Days, a bad Death may expose a good Life to risque, as dying well may in some measure attone for living ill. I wrote you at the beginning of my Letter, that the Humidity of the Earth having brought the Gout upon me, I could not satisfie your Request so largely as I intended; now to convince you of the

the Truth of this, I must acquaint you, that for these two Days past, the Love I bear you and the Grief I feel, have had a considerable Combat within me on your account. My Will would fain have written to you more copiously, but that my Fingers could not sufficiently obey my Inclination. My *Faustina* salutes you, who by reason of my Illness, is at present somewhat indispos'd. Hearing of the Wound in your Face, she has sent you some Balsam to prevent a Scar. If you can get any green Almonds or new Nuts, she desires you to send them by the Bearer. I have but little Money, and therefore present you with a Gown, and your Lady with a Petticoat. I have no more to add, but that I pray the Gods to give thee what I desire, and to bless thee with what thou deserv'st; for tho' I write to thee only with my Hand, yet I withall present thee with my Heart. Farewel.

LETTER LIX.

The same, to his Friend Cincinnatus; *reproving him severely, for that being a Gentleman born, he had turn'd Merchant.*

I *Marcus Censor-Ædile*, to thee *Cincinnatus* of *Capua*, wish Health to thy Person, and Courage to thy Mind, to enable thee to bear up against all bad Fortune. Since the Feast of *Berecinthia*, Mother of the Gods, I have neither seen any Servant of thine, nor receiv'd any Letter from thee; which makes me greatly to suspect, that either thou art not well, or hast dispenc'd with

our antient Friendſhip. I would not have thee, my *Cincinnatus*, to practiſe this Unkindneſs towards me, inaſmuch as thy trouble cannot be half ſo great in writing to me, as my pleaſure is in reading thy Letters. I would not have thee to grudge me the labour of thy Hand, ſince I never yet refus'd thee that of my Heart. True Friends ſhew themſelves in that they reciprocally ſtudy to free each other from Diſquiet, and labour to give all the Satisfaction they can. Thou know'ſt well that as the ſmall diſtance betwixt *Capua* and Mount *Celius* was not the occaſion of our Friendſhip, ſo neither ought the large one between me and *Illyrium*, be any Cauſe of Enmity. As the moſt generous Wines become ſtronger the farther they are carry'd from their own Country, in like manner true Friends the greater diſtance their Perſons are remov'd from each other, ought to join the cloſer in their Wills. Tell me, I beſeech thee, *Cincinnatus*, ſince thou haſt always found me faithful in my Actions, why ſhould'ſt thou go about to queſtion my Inclinations? Green Leaves ſhew the Tree is not dead within; and apparent good Works argue conceal'd good Thoughts. Where there is no perfect Love, the Service done may well be imperfect; but where the Friendſhip is ſtrong as ours, both Parties muſt of neceſſity perfectly love and perpetually ſerve. I am as much affronted at thy Negligence to require a Favour of me, as I am at my own Cowardice for not proffering thee any. Formerly when I was young and thou old, thou wert wont to give me good Counſel, and I thee Money: but now thy Grey Hairs proclaim thee Antient, and thy mean Actions pronounce thee Childiſh, thou ought'ſt on the contrary to aſſiſt my Poverty, and

and I to counsel thy Levity. Out of the good will I bear thee, and the many Obligations I owe thee, I will acquaint thee how a wise Man ought to behave himself in this Life. He ought always to remember the Benefits receiv'd, and forget the Injuries done him; esteem little his own Lot, and not despise that of another Man; favour the Good and dissemble with the Bad; be grave among his Superiours, and of a communicative Temper to his Inferiors; do good Deeds to those that are present, and speak well of all that are absent; value little the Frowns of Fortune, but have strict regard to those of Honour; for one uncertainty not venture much, and for many, nothing; and finally to be a Friend to One, and an Enemy to None. These Precepts he must observe, who has a mind to be reckon'd among wise Men. I have been inform'd thou hast quitted thy *Prætorship* in the Wars, and taken up the Trade of Merchandizing; which truly not a little afflicts me. What wilt thou cease to conquer thine Enemies as a *Roman*, and begin to persecute thy Friends as a Tyrant? Wilt thou seek to impoverish thy own Country, and make it all thy endeavour to enrich Strangers? Wilt thou take away their Bread that nourish thee, and afford a Livelihood to those that wish thy Death? Wilt thou give Peace to such as profess themselves thy Enemies, and always strive to oblige them, that at all times wish thee ill? Wilt thou prove a Traytor to our Republick, and neglect to continue a Defender of thy Country? All these thou art about to do, whilst thou forsak'st the honourable Profession of Arms, and tak'st up with the mean and base Trade of Merchandize. I know not what Excuse thou can'st have in this Case, unless it be that being

old thou could'ſt not climb the Mountains, but hadſt vigour ſufficient to rob in the Plains? Old Men generally when they begin to want outward Force, ſupply that defect with inward Malice. This I ſpeak of ſuch covetous Wretches as thou art, who no ſooner perceive their Perſons to fail, but fear their Purſes will do ſo likewiſe, and therefore ſtick at nothing to ſupport them. One thing I muſt needs tell thee, and that is, that what thy Companions had been ſtealing for many Days, thou monopolizeſt to thy ſelf in one Hour, which nevertheleſs thou may'ſt perhaps loſe the next Minute. Thus the Immortal Gods permit that one Perſon ſhould be the Puniſher of another, and that at laſt all ſhould be puniſh'd together. Whence comes it, my *Cincinnatus*, that in thy Father *Cecinna*'s Houſe, I have always ſeen Arms hanging, and not Files of Letters? His Hall was furniſh'd with Armour, and not Bills of Lading: His Study was fill'd with Engineers, and not Merchants Boys with Bills for Money. In a word, his Family was the School of Valour and Virtue, whereas yours is that of Cheating and Vice. O *Cincinnatus!* accurs'd be that villanous Calling, that obliges Men to live ill, that they may die rich; nay be it thrice accurs'd in that the Covetouſneſs of one Ill Man, may turn to the Prejudice of many Good. I will not afflict thee with any account of thy paſt Actions, but adviſe thee to avoid the Miſery of thoſe that are to come. If I had thought thy Wiſdom could have laſted as long as thy Perſon, which I find to be pretty far advanc'd by thy Grey Hairs, I would have ſpar'd my ſelf the Trouble of counſelling thee, and thee that of hearkning to me; but ſince there is ſo much reaſon for Inſtruction, thou

thou canſt not blame me, if I adviſe thee. However fine the Razor be, yet is it neceſſary it ſhould come to the Hoan; and whatever Perfection the Judgment may pretend to have, yet ought it to paſs the Teſt of wiſer Opinions. The wiſeſt Men may ſometimes err, not becauſe they have a mind to do ſo, but by reaſon the Matter in queſtion may be of ſuch a Nature, that their Judgments may not be able to comprehend it; when they would do well to give way, and receive their Neighbours Approbation. Take heed my *Cincinnatus*, for where the Foundation is not well ſettled, the Superſtructure will be in danger of falling. The Hovels of this World, wherein we Sons of Vanity live, are only founded on Sand; and however ſumptuous they may ſeem, a ſmall blaſt of Wind will overſet them, a little Heat of Proſperity fire them, the leaſt drop of Adverſity drown them, and a ſhort ſpace of time bring them level with the Ground. Altho' their Pillars ſhould be of Silver, their Walls of Gold, their Inhabitants Kings, and their duration Fifty Years, yet muſt they at laſt come to nothing. The Gods have parted with every thing to Man except their Immortality, which they ſtill keep to themſelves, and therefore are ſtil'd Immortal; whereas we muſt ever be contented with the Title of miſerable ſhort liv'd Mortals. Two things they have eſpecially left free to us, which are neither in the Power of Fortune to controul, nor of time to deſtroy: Theſe are, either a good or bad Name in this World, or Rewards or Puniſhments in the other. O my *Cincinnatus*! ſhall our Perſons have ſo ſpeedy an end, and our Wealth never? Let the Fruit fall from the Tree in its due Seaſon, and I take no notice of it, becauſe it is natural for it to

periſh,

perish, but when the Frost or Hail brings it to the Ground, I cannot forbear being concern'd at it. Long is the Web in making, but it comes to nothing in a Moment. In like manner, it is a sad thing to see a Man, that has had all the Advantage of Education, when he is just ripe for Preferment, snatch'd away without leaving scarce the Memory of his Deserts behind him. O my *Cincinnatus!* by the Love we bear each other, and by the Immortal Gods, I conjure thee not to put any Trust in the World; for tho' its outward appearance be Gold, yet inwardly it is nothing but Dross, and under the colour of one Truth, it deceives us with a thousand Lies. Moreover for one Delight it gives us, it dispenses a million of Troubles: To those it professes most Love to, it proves the most unkind: To whom it affords the greatest Possessions, it procures the greatest Losses: Those that comply with it in Jest, it rewards in earnest: And those that are in earnest with it, find it but in Jest with them. In a word, from out of the most secure sleep it awakes us to the greatest Dangers. What then must we think of this fickle Station here below? One thing I must needs tell thee, which methinks thou should'st not forget, and that is, that we ought not to give so great Credit to those Vanities we see daily with our Eyes, and neglect the Wonders we hear as frequently with our Ears. I have observ'd, and by my large Experience known, that in *Rome* there have been but very few painted Houses, or exalted Conditions which have not in a little time admitted of great Cares among themselves, cruel enmities from their Neighbours, greater envy from their Heirs, immoderate importunities from their Friends, redoubled Malice from their Enemies, repeated

repeated Law-ſuits from the Senate, inſomuch that what they have all along been heaping for one Heir, by the uncertainty of Juſtice has been decreed to another; for it is but juſt, thoſe that have been cheating all their Lives, ſhould be themſelves cheated in their Expectations, at the hour of their Deaths. The Gods would be unjuſt, if they ſhould ſuffer an ill Man to tranſmit that to his Poſterity, which he has got to the prejudice of many better than himſelf. Methinks 'tis a ſtrange folly to be born weeping, to die ſighing, and to live laughing. A Rule is neceſſary in all theſe extreams. O *Cincinnatus!* who has bewitch'd thee, that for a little Water thou haſt occaſion for, thou ſhouldſt deſire a whole Well? What ſhall I ſay more to thee, but that for a ſmall drop thou ſhalt undergo a thouſand perils, and run the riſque of thy Reputation to boot; yet ſhall thy Thirſt continue to laſt as much as if thou hadſt not the leaſt matter to quench it? If thou wert wiſe thou would'ſt rather deſire Death to free thee from this Torment, than Riches to ſupport thee in thy Miſery. I have often lamented ſeveral Friends in *Rome*, when I have ſeen them depart this World, and I have no leſs frequently condol'd your Misfortune in ſeeing you return to it. The Influence of my Friendſhip, the Authority of the Senate, and the Duty you owe to your Country methinks ſhould reſtrain you from this courſe of Covetouſneſs. O *Cincinnatus!* thy honourable grey Hairs ought to be employ'd in good Works. Be aſſur'd, my Friend, it would be much more adviſeable for thee to follow the Good in the paths of Reaſon, than the Bad in the road of common Opinion; for if the former way be narrow, it will not afford ſo much Duſt to blind

blind thy Eyes, as the latter which is larger. Want of knowing better may excuſe Youth for practiſing Levities, but immoderate Covetouſneſs in an old Man, nothing can attone for in this World, and perhaps nothing in the next. While he lives it proves a Torment to him, when he dies a Trouble, and after Death the eternal loſs of his good Name. O *Cincinnatus!* take this Advice from a Friend; do not for the future ſo covet the Goods of this Life, ſince thou haſt but ſo ſmall a ſpace of time to enjoy them in. Do not truſt too much, my Friend, in preſent Proſperity, ſince that is but as it were a Prognoſtication of the ill Fortune that is to follow; therefore having hitherto proceeded like a Madman or Fool, begin at length to practiſe Wiſdom; which you can only do by quitting your former Folly, and taking up with the true Conduct of Prudence. I have no more to ſay to you but the Gods be ever your Guides, and undeceive you, in the wrong courſe of Life you have all along led. My *Fauſtina* ſalutes you, and deſir'd me to tell you from her, that 'tis time you had Wit when your Neck is full of Hairs; wherefore I would adviſe you to ſend immediately for a Barber, to the end that your Hair being once taken off, your Sence, if you have any, may have room to ſprout forth. Nevertheleſs I am very much affraid that Covetouſneſs will not forſake thee ſo ſoon as we may imagine, nor Folly *Fauſtina*, nor the Gout me; and that our Souls will be ready to leave our Bodies, before Inadvertency ſhall be diſpos'd to depart out of our Hearts. This *Marcus* of Mount *Celius*, writes to *Cincinnatus* with his own Hand.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

Marcus Aurelius, *to his Empreſs* Fauſtina, *ſeverely repremanding her Impertinence and Importunities.*

'TIS moſt certain where any one is contented with his Condition, he ſpeaks more with his Tongue, than he keeps reſerv'd in his Heart; and, on the contrary, where he is melancholy and diſſatisfi'd, he does not weep ſo much with his Eyes, or lament with his Tongue, as he grieves in his Heart. Vain Men proclaim their Vanities by vain Words, whereas prudent Perſons diſſemble their Diſcontents with prudent Expreſſions. Among wiſe Men he will ever be eſteem'd the Wiſeſt, that knows much, and yet pretends to little Knowledge; but among Fools his Folly is ever moſt apparent, who boaſts of knowing much and nevertheleſs knows Nothing. A wiſe Man will not preſently anſwer, tho' he be ſpoke to; whereas a Fool is ready to ask you Queſtions before he ſees you. I ſay this, *Fauſtina*, to let thee know, that thy Impertinence hath ſo diſmounted my Intellect, that I can neither explain what I feel, nor hope to make thee comprehend what I would have. Thoſe that have hitherto written concerning Matrimony, have left us many *Memorandums* on that Subject; yet have they not been able to expreſs in all their Books, ſo many Plagues attending that State, as one Woman is alone capable of furniſhing her Husband with in

in one Day. Certainly 'tis a very pleasant Thing, to hearken to the Impertinencies of a Child, when, on the contrary, it must needs be a very irksome one, to bear with the Importunities of its Mother. Children daily do something that gives us Pleasure, whereas you Mothers seldom or never do any thing that ought to please us. We may well pass by the Vagaries of the one, if we reflect on the more substantial Disturbances of the other. I have observ'd that the just Gods generally remit the Punishments of unjust Men to the other World; however where they commit any thing to pleasure a Woman, she is left to punish them, which, for the most part, she does severely enough. A Man cannot have a more unmerciful and dangerous Enemy than his Wife. I never knew a Man concern'd with any Woman in any vicious Act, but that very Woman prov'd at last a sufficient Chastisement to him for what he had done. One thing I am certain of, and speak by Experience, which is, that tho' a Man should do all that his Wife could require of him, yet would she in return do nothing that he should desire of her. As it is a great Cruelty in Barbarians to make Slaves of their Wives, so is it no less a Folly in us *Romans*, to let them be our Governesses. A wise Man ought not to curb his Wife so much as to make her his Servant, nor give her so loose a Rein that she may make her self his Mistress. You Ladies, *Faustina*, are so exceeding extravagant in all your Actions, that if one favours you never so little, you will become proud and imperious; and if discountenance you never so slightly, turn envious and mali-

malicious. There can be no perfect Love but where the Lovers are equal, and how that ſhould be expected in you I cannot imagine, being naturally ſo imperfect as you are. I well know, underſtand me not however, and would have you to know, that I ſay no more than you deſerve. There is no Woman that would willingly have another ſet over her Head, neither is there any that can in the leaſt bear a Rival or Equal; for if they have a thouſand *Seſterces* a Year, yet have they ten thouſand fooliſh Fancies in their Pates; but the worſt is, tho' the Husbands that brought all this Wealth ſhould happen by their Deaths to forfeit it to the State, yet will theſe Wives nevertheleſs think to continue the ſame Port. All Women have an eternal Inclination to talk, and never to hold their Tongues; to command, and never to obey; to be free, and never to be controul'd; and in a Word, to rule and never to be govern'd. In two things only they join, which are to ſee and be ſeen. The reſult of all this is, that thoſe who comply with their vicious Deſires they make Slaves of, and look upon thoſe that will not as Enemies. In *Pompey*'s Annales, I have met with one thing, among others, worthy of Obſervation, and which is, that when that General went on an Expedition into the *Eaſt*, he found, on the ſides of the *Riphæan* Mountains, a ſort of People nam'd *Maſſagetæ*, who had a Law among them, which ordain'd, that the Husband and Wife ſhould for the moſt part live ſeparate. In the Husband's Cave, for Houſes they had none, were to be the Maſter of the Family, his Sons, and Male Servants; and in

in that of the Wife, were to be the Mistress, her Daughters and Female Servants. On Feasts only they eat together, and once a Week lay together. The great *Pompey*, surpriz'd at this manner of Living, enquir'd the occasion of it, and was answer'd by one of these People thus: *Look you*, Pompey, *for so I think you are call'd, the Immortal Gods have granted us but short Lives, for few or none of us exceed Sixty years, and those we do all we can to live in Peace after the manner you see; for should we take our Wives to us, we should die even while we liv'd by hearing their Complaints continually by Day, and their Curtain-Lectures by Night. We judge therefore we do better by keeping our selves asunder, to the end our Children may be educated peaceably, and our Family govern'd without strife and Opposition.* In truth, my *Faustina*, I must needs tell thee, that tho' these *Massagetæ* were term'd Barbarians, yet were they more in the right, in this particular, than we *Romans* are now. One thing I must of necessity say farther to thee, to which I require thy utmost Attention, and that is, that if the beastly motives of the Flesh, had not enclin'd Man to desire Woman, even against his Will, I much question whether she would have been so much belov'd as she is, or so much as suffer'd in civil Conversation: For certainly in case the Immortal Gods had made this sort of Love voluntary, as they have made it natural, Man would have look'd upon it as an uncommon kind of Punishment, to have been oblig'd to have any thing to do with it. For what secret purpose the Gods have destin'd Man to

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undergo this Misery is scarce accountable for, insomuch that a little Flesh should have so great a Dominion over his Heart, as to make him love what he should abhor; and desire what does him so much damage: This is what Man is every day sensible of, and yet has no power to rid himself from. I envy the living Gods and dead Men only in two things, the former that they live free both from Envy and Malice, and the latter in that they are freed from the Plagues of Women. O *Faustina*, the Love of Flesh is so great towards the Flesh, that tho' we have never so much Inclination to fly from ye, yet are we nevertheless soon taken Prisoners; and tho' Reason as Reason may find some way to escape, yet Flesh as Flesh must of necessity submit to the Conqueror. This from *Marcus* of Mount *Celius* to his impertinent Consort *Faustina*.

LETTER LXI.

Another Letter to his Empress Faustina, *on the same Subject.*

I Remember well, *Faustina*, that I have often, in my younger days, resolv'd to have no more Commerce with Women, but then I don't forget that I have at the same time as often relapsed; for if I had good Thoughts in one Hour, I was sure to part with them the next. Oh! to how many Perils does that Man expose himself, who has any thing to do with the fair Sex! If he

loves them not, they take him for a Sot, and if he does love them, for a Fool; if he leaves them, they esteem him a Coward, and if he follows them, look upon him as ruin'd; if he respects them, they regard him not, and if he serves them, prove ungrateful to him; if he seems desirous of them, they slight him, and if negligent persecute him; if he frequents them, he becomes infamous, and if not, scandalous: In fine, if he does not make it the whole Business of his life to be their Coxcomb one way or other, they will account him no Man. What then shall the unhappy Wretch do? Let a Man take it for granted, that tho' he shall do all he can for his Wife, perform all he owes her, labour continually to keep her from Poverty, put his Life often in danger on her account, yet will the ungrateful Quean not be satisfied, but think all he has done not enough, or else done for the sake of some other Woman. I have long desir'd, my *Faustina*, to tell thee this, but for want of an Occasion to make thee sensible of what I feel upon thy account, I have thought fit to defer it till now. It would not become a wise Man, upon every trifling Difference he has with his Wife, to rally her with Words, since what is not spoken to the purpose, signifies little or nothing. I think it is now about six years since thy Father *Antoninus Pius*, chose me for his Son in Law, and I thee for my Wife, wherein I suppose we were both deceiv'd; thou being not proper for the one, nor I for the other. He had his Name of *Pius* from his good and merciful Actions, to me however in this respect he must needs be said to have been merciless and cruel; for as on account of thy Beauty thou

wert ſought after by many, ſo for thy bad Life haſt thou been abhorr'd by all. Oh how unkind have the Gods been to thee, *Fauſtina!* by giving thee Wealth and a fine Face for thy Deſtruction, and no good Qualities for thy Support? I ſay they have been unkind to thee, in that they have expos'd thee to all the Tempeſts of ill Fortune, and afforded thee no Sail or Oars wherewithal to eſcape. The Thirty and Eight Years I was without a Wife, ſeem'd not above ſo many Days, whereas barely the Six Years I have been Marry'd, ſeem to me above an Hundred. I do aſſure thee, that had I but known before what I know now, and felt then what I feel at this time of writing to thee, I would not, tho' the Gods ſhould have commanded, and my Lord *Adrian* requir'd it of me, exchang'd my Poverty and Repoſe for thy Perſon and Empire. Hitherto I have complain'd but little, and yet have ſuffer'd a great deal; my reaſon being that no Man can endure ſo much with his Wife, but that he muſt ſtill be oblig'd to undergo more from her. Let a Man therefore conſider that he will but be eſteem'd a Fool for brawling publickly with his Wife, ſince if ſhe had prov'd good, he ought to have encouraged her, that ſhe might have grown better; ſo as ſhe proves bad is he to bear with her, to prevent her growing worſe. Every one knows that all Creatures ſubmit patiently to Chaſtiſement except Woman only, who expects to be rewarded even there where ſhe deſerves to be puniſh'd. Believe me, *Fauſtina*, if the Fear of the Gods, and the Diſrepute among Men

are not ſufficient to keep Women from ill doing, all the Chaſtiſement in the World will not be able to do it. A Man's Heart is ſo generous, and a Woman's ſo delicate, that ſhe always expects to be recompens'd and never refus'd; therefore whenever one has determin'd to enter into the State of Matrimony, one ought at the ſame time, to reſolve to bear patiently whatever ſhall happen on that account. It is but a very imprudent humour in a Man, to puniſh that publickly in his Wife which has been committed between them in ſecret. He that has a mind to live at Peace with his Wife muſt obſerve this Rule, which is to admoniſh her often, reprove her ſeldom, and never to lay his Hands upon her, for otherwiſe he muſt not expect Fidelity from her, nor ſhe good Treatment from him, nor the Children of both good Education, nor the Gods good Service, nor Mankind any Benefit from either of them. I have no more to ſay to thee at preſent, *Fauſtina*, only deſire thee that thou wouldſt conſider, that I know thee thoroughly, tho' I do not ſhew it outwardly, and therefore require that thou would'ſt let my Diſſimulation ſuffice to amend thy Life. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

The same to the same, severely reprimanding her Impertinence for requiring the Key of his Study; and pretending she should Miscarry if her Request were not granted.

For the better understanding this Letter, the Reader must know, that the Emperour Marcus Aurelius, *had his Study or Closet, in the most retir'd part of his Palace, where he suffer'd neither his Empress nor any of his Domesticks to come; which inciting her female Curiosity, she one Day importun'd him to be admitted into that Privacy; but he being unwilling to grant her so great a favour, and at the same time not caring to deny her by word of Mouth, writ her what follows.*

HOping that I have pretty well prepar'd thee by former Letters, I will proceed to Answer thy present Question, for it cannot be expected that Physick should do any good till the Stomach be in a condition to receive it. In like manner no Man must pretend to do his Friend any Kindness by Counsel, till he has fitted him to digest his Instructions. You ask me, *Faustina*, for the Key of my Study, and threaten that in case I refuse it, you shall be likely to Miscarry of the Burthen you go with. You big-belly'd Ladies have a fine time on't, for under a pretence you shall come

before your times, you get all you have a mind to granted you. When the sacred Senate heretofore made a Law in favour of the *Roman* Matrons, Women were not so humoursome as they are now; for whereas then all were ambitious of performing good Works, they now-a-days do nothing but entertain bad Thoughts. If my Memory fail me not, when *Camillus* had made a Vow to the Goddess *Cybele*, upon account of a Victory, and obtain'd it thro' her means, *Rome* being at that time unable to furnish wherewithal to make her a Statue according to Promise, the Women crowded to the *Capitol*, and presented all they had for that purpose, thinking it unreasonable that after their Husbands had sacrific'd their Lives to her Honour, they should have refus'd their Riches. It was certainly a wonderful sight to see, that so many Women should agree to part with their Bracelets from their Arms, Pendants from their Ears, Necklaces from their Necks, Crotchets from their Breasts, Rings from their Fingers, and Money from out of their Pockets, meerly to gratify a commendable Zeal for the Good of their Country; which Presents of theirs, altho' they could by no means be term'd small, yet was their good Will much greater. These Riches were so excessive, that they not only suffic'd to satisfy the Deity, but likewise to carry on the War. And as it was then the custom in *Rome*, for the State immediately upon any Service done to return as speedy a Recompence, on the same Day that these Matrons offer'd their Treasure at the *Capitol*, the *Senate* out of Gratitude granted them Five Privileges. *First, That for the future they should have Orations pronounc'd at their Funerals, to celebrate their*

good

good Works. Secondly, That they ſhould be allow'd to ſit in the Temples; whereas before they had all along been oblig'd to keep Standing. Thirdly, That they ſhould be permitted to wear their Gowns lin'd, having been formerly forbid to line them. Fourthly, That at the time of any great Sickneſs they ſhould have leave to drink Wine; whereas they had all along before been confin'd to Water. And Fifthly, That thoſe Women among them who ſhould at any time happen to be with Child, might requeſt whatever they would, and have it at all times granted them. Undoubtedly theſe Laws were exceeding juſt, and ordain'd with a good Will by the *Senate*; but the true occaſion of making the laſt of them was what follows. Whilſt the *Conſul Fulvius Torquatus*, was abſent in his Expedition againſt the *Volſci*, the *Mauritanian Equites* brought a Wild one Ey'd Man to *Rome*, whom they had hunted and caught in the Deſerts of *Ægypt*: At that time this *Conſul*'s Lady was great with Child and ready to lie down. She was a Woman of ſo great Repute for Honeſty, that ſhe was not leſs fam'd for her reſerved demeanour during her Husband's being from her, than he was for his Exploits in the Wars. In Fourteen Years he had been away, ſhe had not been ſo much as once at the Window, neither in all that time had there ſo much as a Boy of eight Years of Age been ſeen within her Apartment. Nay not content with all this, ſhe to give a farther Example of Fidelity and Conſtancy to all *Rome*, and thereby to attain perpetual Remembrance, having had three Sons by her aforeſaid Husband, they no ſooner came to be Eight Years old but ſhe ſent them to be educated by their

Grandfather. Thus did this excellent *Roman* Lady behave her ſelf during her Husband's abſence, to the end that under colour of being her own, no male Child might enter her Gates. At length the good old Man *Torquatus* returning, and the One-Ey'd Monſter happening to come by his Houſe much about the ſame time, and while his Lady was in the Straw, ſhe hearing of his odd Form long'd to ſee him, but having no Body to bring him to her by reaſon all were affraid of him, ſhe pin'd away at the diſappointment and died. Now this Monſter had often gone by before her Husband's Return, and ſhe would never ſtir a Step to view him, tho' it was in her Power, chooſing rather to part with her Life, than occaſion any diſtruſt of her Integrity. Her Death was much bewail'd in *Rome*, inaſmuch as ſhe was greatly belov'd and admir'd there, no Woman having been before known that had any ways equall'd her Excellencies; wherefore the *Senate* caus'd this Inſcription to be carv'd on her Tomb. *viz.*

Here lies Torquatus'*s happy Wife,*
A Woman great by Name;
Who hazarded her deareſt Life
To ſave her dearer Fame.

Now you muſt know, *Fauſtina*, this Law was not made to raiſe this Lady from the Dead, but that her virtuous Life might ſerve as a laſting Example to all you Women that were to ſucceed her. And as it was reaſonable it ſhould have been made to ſave the Lives of Women with Child, ſo, in my opinion, none but ſuch as are virtuous ought to have the benefit of it; for by the ſame Rule that

they

they require this Privilege, they are oblig'd to qualify themſelves for it, by a blameleſs Conduct. I ſay no more of this, ſince you know my Mind and your own Deſerts. Farewel.

LETTER LXIII.

Pontius Pilate, *to the Emperour* Tiberius; *acquainting him with the Life, Miracles, Death and Reſurrection of* Jeſus Chriſt.

I Am Witneſs of the *Jews* entailing Miſery on themſelves, and their Poſterity, prompted by a pernicious Envy, to an unjuſt and cruel Sentence. The expreſs Declaration of the *Oracles* eſtabliſh'd among them, by the venerable Authority of their Anceſtors, promis'd the coming of their God by the medium of a young Virgin, to be their Rightful Prince; and theſe Oracles had their Event in the time of my Government of *Judea*; for there is ſcarce a Man of theſe Parts but is Witneſs of his giving Sight to the Blind, cleanſing the Leaprous, and curing the Lame: He in the Eyes of all Men drove out Devils, and deliver'd thoſe that were poſſeſs'd with unclean Spirits: From the Graves he reviv'd the Dead; the tempeſtuous Winds obey'd him, and the Waves like firm Land ſupported him. Theſe and a vaſt number of other Miracles got him the Title of the *Son of God.* But the Envy and Hatred of the Chief Prieſts, prompted them to an open Oppoſition of him, which ended lately in ſeizing him, and bringing

bringing him as a Criminal before me, laden with the odious Names of a Magician, Deserter, Oppugner of, and Apostate to, the Laws of their Country. Deceiv'd by their specious Pretences, and believing their eager Complaints, I caus'd him, pursuant to the *Roman* Laws, to be scourg'd, and afterwards deliver'd him into their Hands, to be proceeded against according to their own Customs and Laws: In pursuit of these they condemn'd and hung him upon a Cross; and when his Friends were permitted to bury his Body, they set a Guard of Souldiers over him, of which number were several of my Troops, who beheld him arise the Third Day from the Dead. But in nothing did the Villany of the *Jews* more appear, than in extending their Malice beyond the Grave, by bribing with large Rewards the Souldiers to say, that his Disciples came by Night and stole him away. The Souldiers took the Money, however they every where declare, that they saw both the Vision of Angels, and *Jesus* rise from the Dead. These things I thought it my Duty to acquaint your Majesty with, least any one through the false and insinuating Arts of the *Jews*, shou'd endeavour to impose on you, in so important a Matter of Fact.

LETTER LXIV.

Lentulus *Governour of* Jerusalem, *to the* Senate *and People of* Rome; *giving a Description of the Person of* CHRIST.

THere has lately appear'd in these Parts a Man of singular Virtue, who is yet alive, nam'd JESUS CHRIST, whom the Gentiles call the Prophet of Truth, and his Followers the *Son of God.* He cures all Distempers, and redeems the Dead themselves. As to his Person, he is tall and comely, and of a Venerable Aspect, which gives both Love and Awe; his Hair bright, curling, and flowing down his Shoulders, parted in the middle of the Head after the *Nazarite* Mode. His Countenance plain and most open, his Face without Spot or Wrinkle, and adorn'd with a modest Blush; his Nose and Mouth of a graceful turn, a Beard forked, large, tho' not long, and red, as his Hair; his Eyes bright and voluble; when he reprehends, terrible; when he admonishes amiable and pleasant, as is consistent with Gravity. He has never been seen to laugh, but often to weep. His Discourse is modest and grave, without loquacity; his Limbs justly proportion'd, and to the Eye agreeable, and beautiful among the Sons of Men.

LETTER LXV.

Mithridates *King of* Pontus, *to* Arsaces *King of* Persia; *persuading him to a War with* Rome, *and exposing the Ambition, and Perfidy of that City.*

WHen a Prince in Prosperity is courted to a warlike Alliance, the first thing he ought to consider is, whether he has it in his Power still to continue in Peace, and then to examine either the Dishonour, Piety, Safety or Glory of the War propos'd. I own you have a great probability of enjoying perpetually the Happiness of an uninterrupted Peace, if it were not for so enterprizing and profligate an Enemy as *Rome*; to reduce whose exorbitant Power will be as extraordinary, as a singular Glory to your Arms. I dare not pretend to ask your Alliance, and it would be a vain and flattering Hope, to expect you shou'd mingle your prosperity with my misfortune; and yet if you consider the matter with a true Judgement, you will find, that those very things, that seem to obstruct, ought most to promote this Confederacy; I mean your Resentment of the late War of *Tigranes*, and the low Ebb of my Affairs, for he being obnoxious will on any Terms, purchase your Friendship. Experience from my many Losses, has enabled me to give you the best Advice; and tho' my martial Powers are small, I can by Precedents in-

inform you in the Conduct of your Affairs; a thing of the last Consequence to, and which ought most to be sought after by, a Wise Prince, while yet his Affairs carry a fortunate and prosperous aspect. The *Romans* are now animated by the same Motives, that from the beginning have engag'd them in War with all the Kings and Princes that surrounded them, that is by an insatiable Lust of Wealth and Dominion. This was the Original Cause of their Quarrel with *Philip* of *Macedon*; this made them, after they had diverted *Antiochus* from joining him, while they were hard press'd by the *Carthaginians*, by a faithless profession of Friendship and the concession of all *Asia* to him, suffer *Philip* to take all the Countries from him, on this side Mount *Taurus*, with 10000 Talents. Nor was it long e're they gave fresh Proofs of their Perfidiousness, in the Person of *Perses* the Son of *Philip*, for by an equivocal evasion of their public Promise of Life, which had betray'd him to surrender himself, they destroy'd him by keeping him perpetually from Sleep. Thus they betray'd their boasted Friend *Eumenes* to *Antiochus*, as a Bribe for Peace; and when they had made *Attalus* no more than their Deputy of the conquer'd Countries, they reduc'd him from a Monarch, to the most wretched of Slaves, by continual Expence and Affronts; and after his Death by forging a Will, they us'd his Son *Aristonicus*, as an Enemy, leading him in Triumph for only Petitioning to succeed his Father in his Dominions. *Asia* is besieg'd by them, and lastly on the Death of *Nicomedes* they plunder'd all *Bithynia*, tho *Nusa* (whom they confess'd Queen of *Bithynia*) was then deliver'd of

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a Son. After this it wou'd seem superfluous to mention my self, whom my distance from them cou'd not secure from their Assaults, because they understood I had Wealth, and a Resolution not to be a Slave to their Empire: They therefore made way through the Kingdoms and *Tetrarchies* that were a Mound betwixt us, by engaging *Nicomedes* in a War against me, tho' I was sensible enough of their villainous designs, and had before hand declar'd what has since happen'd to *Ptolomy* and the People of *Crete*, who alone, at that time, were free. But endeavouring to revenge the Injuries that were offer'd me, I drove *Nicomedes* out of *Bithynia*, reduc'd *Asia*, once the Prize and Plunder of *Antiochus*; and deliver'd *Greece* from the most insupportable of Slaveries. These glorious beginnings were deprived of as noble a prosecution by the Treason of the most profligate of my Servants, *Archelaus*, who betray'd my Army to the Enemy; and those who through sloathfulness, or a false cunning would not Arm, while they were secure by my pains and labour, have met with a Punishment equal to their Folly. *Ptolomy*'s Treasure buys yet a suspension of Arms, and those of *Crete* being already attack'd by the *Romans*, must not expect an end to their Disasters, till they are entirely broke and ruin'd. But when I found, that their Domestic Quarrels had only deferr'd the War, not given me Peace, tho' *Tigranes* was averse to me (who now too late approves my Conduct) tho' you were too remote, all other Nations subject to, or influenc'd by, the *Romans*; I began the War alone, vanquish'd the Consul *Marcus Cotta* in *Chalcedonia*, and destroy'd

ſtroy'd their noble Fleet by Sea. At the Siege of *Cyzicum* my vaſt Army wanted Proviſions, having no Confederates to ſupply me all round thoſe Parts, and the Winter debarr'd me the Conveyance of the Sea: Thus I was compell'd, not by any force or valour of the Enemy, to raiſe the Siege, and retire into my own Dominions, loſing by Shipwrack, near *Para*, and *Heraclea*, the beſt of my Men and Ships. But having reinforc'd my Army at *Cabira*, I had ſeveral Skirmiſhes with *Lucullus*; we were both reduc'd to great Streights for want of Proviſions; he had at his Back the whole Kingdom of *Ariobarzanes*, that had not felt any thing of the War; And all the Country round being already harraſs'd and waſted, I withdrew into *Armenia*. The *Romans* following not me, but their old cuſtom of deſtroying Kingdoms, boaſt the Overſight of *Tigranes* as a Victory; becauſe in the defilés and narrow places, they hinder'd the main Body of our Army from coming to the Engagement. I wou'd therefore deſire you to weigh well with your ſelf, whether you wou'd be better able to defend your ſelf againſt them when we are reduc'd, than now we are yet able to aſſiſt you. I know very well, that you abound in Men, in Treaſure, and in Arms, and for that Reaſon we ſeek you to join in our Common Defence; They court you to make you their Prey. But ſince we can neither Conquer nor be Vanquiſh'd without detriment to you, *Tigranes* is reſolv'd to finiſh the War at a Diſtance from home, with my experienc'd Soldiers, little Labour, and the expoſing our own Perſons. You cannot

not be ignorant of the *Romans* turning the force of their Arms this way, when the Ocean had put a stop to their farther Progress to the West; that from their very Origin they had neither House, Wives, Country nor Empire but by Rapine; being at first Vagabonds without any fixt place of abode, without Parents; a People founded for the Plague and destruction of Mankind; who have no consideration or regard for any thing Humane or Divine, that should interpose betwixt their designs, and the Ruin of their Friends and Allies, Neighbouring or distant Countrys, the Weak or Powerful, esteeming all great Monarchies hostile, as well as all others, that are not subject to them. Great part of Mankind chuse to live under a Just Monarchy, and some few under Free States or Common-Wealths; but I was suspected as a Rival of their Glory, and a suddain Revenger of the Nations they had oppress'd. But you, O *Arsaces!* Monarch of the *Persians*, Master of *Seleucia*, the largest and noblest City of the World, as well as of inexhaustible Treasures; what Benefit or Favour can you expect from them, but a false and flattering Friendship at present, and when we are remov'd, an open War? The *Roman* Arms are ready to attack all Nations, but most prompt, and implacable, where the largest and richest Spoils are expected, having arriv'd at this Pitch of Grandeur by daring, treachery, and building one War on another; and by these Arts they will oppress, or destroy all Men, which will be no difficult matter

Matter if you March with your Army about *Mesopotamia*, without Provision, and I wander in the same Condition thro' *Armenia*, for they owe their Security, not to their Valour, but to our ill Conduct. By joining us you will have the Reputation of having succour'd two great Monarchs, and of having destroy'd the Robbers and Spoilers of Nations. This I wish and advise you to do, unless by our Destruction, you had rather add to the Grandeur of one Universal Empire, than be a Conqueror in Conjunction with us. Farewel.

LETTER LXVI.

Phryné, *the* Theban *Whore, to the Philosopher* Xenocrates; *reproaching him with Frigidity, Insensibility*, &c.

I Am in doubt (O *Xenocrates!*) whether to term thee a Man, or a Stone. A Man, I'm sure thou can'st not be, since humane Flesh and Blood could never be able to withstand the Allurements of *Phryne*. Neither can I take thee for a Stone, because Stones have always Fire in them, and thou hast never any. What must I think thee then? A Philosopher! Oh, no, their Business is to search after the Wonders of Nature, whilst thou despisest even Beauty the Perfection of it. What name then would best befit one that is more insensible than Things inanimate? I might call thee a Monster, did I not know that Nature could never produce any thing that should oppose its own Conservation: However, thou art one, and being Born out of the Intention of Nature, art a Product of thy own begetting, nothing being like to do that Office for thee, but thy self. Cannot that Beauty move thee, which has rais'd Veneration even in the most Haughty, and exacted Admiration from the greatest Princes, who knew me only by Fame? I may commend my self without a Blush, since every Captain is allow'd to relate his own Victories. If every one speaks in Praise of me, why may not I repeat it, and like an Eccho send back

back the Voice. But what signifies all this Praise, if one single *Xenocrates* shall despise me? Yet will I believe thou slightest me meerly out of Consciousness of thy being unworthy to enjoy me. Thy little Merit confounds thee, and makes thee to forego all the unexpected and unmerited Favours have been cast away upon thee. Yes, thou art unworthy of my Embraces, thou that art a poor, naked, sunburnt sort of a Philosopher, and in Possession of nothing but thine own Folly. Wo be to the World, if all Men were Philosophers, or all Philosophers like thee. Thou despisest the means that begot thee, and would to the Gods, thy Parents had done so too. Then should we not have been plagu'd with one that disobeys the Laws of Nature, and was Born even for her Destruction. Wretch! Art thou not sensible of thy Ingratitude to thy Country, Posterity, and thy self? All these thou offendest, whilst thou persists in this frigid Resolution. What signifies (O *Xenocrates*!) thy Philosophy, since it does not teach thee the Knowledge of these Principles? Vain is that Learning, which makes one insensible of ones Duty, Glory and Immortality. How weak are the Judgments of us Women. I once thought Philosophy even deify'd Men, but now I believe they are rather debas'd, than advanc'd by it. Hast thou observ'd, (O *Xenocrates*!) whilst thou wer't contemplating the Wonders of Nature, the Aspects of the Heavens, the Courses of the Planets, and the Disposition of the Stars? Tell me, (Prithee) did'st thou ever see that Folly in them which reigns in thee? They have all their Conjunctions whilst thou affectest to live Single. I find you Philosophers have little

Knowledge of these Matters, nor do I think your Learning amounts to any more than bare Guess. Your Persons are a Cheat, for under your squalid Bodies, and grave Beards, you hide both perfidious and ignorant Souls. Do you think that this obstinate Resolution of yours can pass upon me for Virtue? No, no; Virtue consists in meeting and conquering, and not in flying. What Merit can he pretend to, who abstains from what he can't enjoy, or despises a Jewel which he has no Knowledge of? Yours is not Continence, but Stupidity. Continence is only a Virtue, which keeps People from pretending to do more than they are able. Experience a little (O Statue!) the Sweetness of these Lips, the Softness of these Hands, the Allurements of these Arms, and the Fragrancy of this Bosom. First Essay, the delights of Love, and then set up for Chastity. If all these prove Bitter or Nauseous, then forsake and despise them; but if on the contrary you meet Satisfaction in them, then is the time to exercise your Virtue. Judgment is blind without Reason, and how can Reason persuade a Man against what he never experienced. Is it possible (O *Xenocrates*!) that these Arms cannot Conquer thee, nor these Kisses soften thee? A Kiss is the closest Conjunction of Souls, and the best Herald of the Heart. I shall insist upon no other Arguments, for what a Kiss in this Case cannot do, the whole World cannot. Renounce then (Friend *Xenocrates*!) this obstinate Stupidity, which if you won't do for the Reputation of my Charms, do at least for your own Interest. Do not you perceive that all hoot at you upon this Occasion, all fly from you, and

and all hate you. Hatred is even displeasing to those who cannot Love. Love like Praise is sought after by those who have devoted themselves to Infamy. You'll tell me, perhaps, that he that does not value his Life, is never afraid of losing it; and I must tell you, that before I would undergo the publick *Odium*, I would bury my self alive to prevent a worse Fate. I was once thinking that some other Beauty might have engag'd your Heart, and a new *Circé* bewitch'd you, but then I could have no Opinion of my own Charms, which I know would not yield to the strongest Inchantments. *Phryné* would have but little to boast, if Sorcery or Witchcraft could supersede the force of her Beauty. Do not imagine (O *Xenocrates!*) that I say this to encline thee to Love me. I am now satisfy'd my Attempts are in vain upon an Heart more Obdurate, than Adamant. My Charms pretend to go no further than a Possibility. If I could succeed, I might easily claim the Golden Apple from *Venus*. What I have been all this while aiming at, was only to do my Beauty justice, by comparing it with thy Obstinacy. Yet does it not displease me that you despise it, since nothing is more usual than for a base Soul to slight its Benefactor. But where is your Soul? (*Xenocrates*) Where is your Heart? Nay, where are your Affections? Buried it may be in the Bowels of the Earth, with the Treasures you seem to despise: If so, supply your self a new from my Mouth. There I have Riches beyond what Fortune can bestow. But foolish Creature that I am, what do I pretend to? To catch him by the Ears, that I could not take by

the Eyes. Yet be not deceiv'd *Xenocrates.* Do not think I ſay this to make you believe I love you, I could not be ſuppos'd to dote on what is ſo very Unaimable. I would rather be condemn'd to the greateſt of Torments, than be oblig'd to fancy you. All my aim is to try the force of my Charms upon what's impoſſible to ſucceed in. That's but a vulgar Beauty, which can captivate a yielding Heart. My deſign is upon a Statue, a ſenſeleſs Marble. But whilſt I ſpeak thus, I contradict your Humanity, therefore (O *Xenocrates*) if Obſtinacy has not altogether render'd you Blind, pay the Debt you owe to Nature, ſatisfie my Requeſt, do due Honour to my Beauty, and become the ſubject of my Triumph. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

Xenocrates's Answer, upbraiding her vicious Life, and vindicating his own Profession.

I Have determin'd (O *Phryne*) to answer thee, that thou may'st not mistake Virtue for Stupidity. Thou hast just Reason to value thy self, since thou hast occasion'd *Xenocrates* to write to thee, who has refus'd that Honour even to the greatest Princes. But do not believe I write out of any Inclination rais'd by thee. I should abhor the Name of a Philosopher, if a Woman could make any the least Alteration in me. The design of my Answer is to undeceive, and if possible to reclaim thee. I Glory (*Phryne*) in what thou upbraidest me with, and would willingly be the Monster thou mak'st me, if I had no other way to free my self from thy Temptations. Nay, I could wish my self a Stone, rather than by being Flesh and Blood, become subject to thy Lust. You make me Laugh to think that you should believe me capable of being enamour'd on what the World calls Beauty. My Eyes were given me to look more inward, and not to dote upon a meer superficial Out side: They are the Guides, but not the Tyrants over my Soul. The Heart of *Xenocrates* is neither to be seduced, nor impos'd on by them. A Philosopher, of which I boast the Character tho' you grudge it me, is oblig'd to have more regard to the Instruction of his Mind, than Pleasure of his Eyes. Those that trust too much to out-

ward Appearances, are most commonly recompenc'd with the Embraces of a Shadow. If thou did'st but know *(Phryne)* what that Beauty is which thou valuest thy self so much upon, thou would'st soon lament thy abus'd Opinion. Thou would'st then be sensible it was nothing but an Imposition on the Eyes, a Torment to the Mind, and a Vulture on the Heart: Nay further, a fleeting, short-liv'd Blessing, expos'd to all the Censures, Injuries and Accidents of Time and Chance, and which all the united Reproaches of Mankind would be but too little to revile as it deserves. The Glory of thy Beauty (*Phryne*) depends therefore on a meer deception of Sight, for tho' an Error happen sometimes to be approved, yet is it however always an Error. I should think some Beauty of the Mind was the occasion of that of the Body, did I not know that nothing of that kind could Cohabit with what had sacrific'd it self to Infamy. The Vices of this shew the Imperfections of that. If your Soul were beauteous, (*Phryne*) you should soon have *Xenocrates* for a Lover. That would be the surest Charm to circumvent my Heart. I should be unworthy of the Honour of being a Philosopher, if I could love you upon any other account. I could sooner wish to be nothing, than to be your Admirer, upon any other Score. You see then what a horrid thing a polluted Beauty is, that a Man would rather chose to forego his Being, than have any thing to do with her. I have no Genius for Flattery, nor any Heart for Lies, therefore, were I so enclin'd, am but ill provided for making a Conquest over you; and besides, I cannot away with what does not only displease

me

me, but which I despise. Rarely two Contraries Unite. The Elements only concur to the making of the World, and when Brutes intermix without regard, 'tis because they are Brutes. Now whereas you invite me to the Experience of your Lascivious Embraces, I must tell you, (*Phryné*) I refuse it, and that not so much on account of the Pollution, as to let you see that my Body is subordinate to my Mind. Tho' you tell me the Heavens, Stars and Planets have all their Conjunctions, and thereby intimate that Love presides even over them, yet is not that such Love as yours. Their Conjunctions are Pure, Chast, and not intermixt indifferently as yours are. This I learn from that Philosophy which you so much despise. I am surpriz'd that you cannot distinguish betwixt Continence and Obstinacy, yet that soon vanishes when I consider the Person I write to, who having so little of the former, easily believes all that oppose her, to be guilty of the latter. And now how can'st thou desire me (*Phryné*) to have to do with thee? Thou that hast nothing to regale me with, but the Reliques of anothers Concupiscence. Besides your Profession destroys the very ends of Love, which are Generation. To what an height of Folly are Men arriv'd, that for a little momentary Delight they will interrupt the Continuance of the World! Such Women as you Sin against Nature, by exposing that Beauty to Sale, which was freely given you. I am amaz'd that Princes, whose Duty is to govern Mankind, should not only submit to, but encourage such Practises. 'Tis such as you, (*Phryné*) that not only debauch the Young, but seduce even the

Old;

Old; and in a word, play the Tyrants over our Minds, our Health, our Wealth, and our Liberty. I know you would willingly have me to conceal these Truths, but 'tis certain *Xenocrates* could not flatter thee, tho' he lov'd thee. I admire that having devoted your self altogether to Infamy you should talk to me of Reputation, and that knowing me for a Philosopher, you should think to move me by proposing my Interest. What signifies it to me if all fly me, since *Xenocrates* has no greater Pleasure than to avoid all Men. Believe me, they that know me well will not hoot at me, as you say they do, and if they should the hatred of the *Mob* and *Phryné*, would yet be more grateful to me than their Love. But I would kill my self, before I would be lov'd on the same account as thou art. Men love *Phryné* meerly for their own sakes, for what else can be aimable in her, but the fancy'd Pleasure in enjoying her? Every thing in her besides is unworthy any Man's Love. How can one love that Face so us'd to a dissembled Countenance? How those Locks that have been Sacrilegiously taken from some Sepulcre? How those Eyes whose only Business it is to entrap Men's Hearts? How that Mouth which is always fill'd with Deceit and Lies? How those rapacious Hands which are continually for taking, but never for giving? How that Bosom which has been defil'd by the repeated Pollutions of all Mankind? And in a word, How can one dote upon that Mind, the sole Object of a Philosopher's Love, which has been all along contaminated with sordid Thoughts, and vile Conceptions? If I thought there were any Hopes of

thee, I would employ the whole force of my Philosophy to reclaim thee: But I give thee over for lost. Innate Vice is the most difficult to be eradicated, and Custom in all Things is a second Nature. What would it signifie for me to read thee a long Lecture on the Advantages of Chastity and Temperance. It would be but words thrown away, therefore I will conclude with telling thee, that if after all has been said, thou hast still a Mind to Triumph over *Xenocrates*, thou must live another Life, and drive another Trade; his Inclinations leading him altogether to the Esteem of Virtue, and Virtuous Persons. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

The Emperor Caracalla, *to his Mother the Empreſs* Julia, *to whom he bore inceſtuous Love.*

I Have always hitherto thought (O *Julia!*) that the Pangs of Love were meer Fables invented by cunning Men, to humour the Credulity of ſilly People. But now I am of another Mind. The little God has now made me fully ſenſible of his irreſiſtible Influence over us Mortals. All the other Gods and Goddeſſes have been ſubſervient to his Power. Even *Jove* himſelf, has condeſcended to aſſume mean Forms by his Command. The ſtrangeneſs however of my Love at firſt ſtartled me. I blam'd in my ſelf thoſe extravagant Deſires, which both Nature, Law and Cuſtom deteſt and abhor. I repreſented to my Mind nothing but Impoſſibilities in attaining what I wiſh'd. My Courage fail'd me in revealing my Thoughts. My Mouth durſt not open to utter my raſh Sentiments. My downcaſt Eyes dreaded to meet thy Diſdain. My Sighs voluntarily buried themſelves, rather than offend thy Power. My impriſon'd Tongue however at length regains its Freedom, and having ſurvey'd thy unparallell'd Goodneſs, boldly pronounces my Love. Yes, I Love thee, *Julia*, and if that word ſeem too mean, I Worſhip, I Adore thee. No humane Language can ſufficiently deſcribe my Flame, and therefore 'twere

Pity

Pity, but I had a Divine one which might better suit with my excessive Devotion, and thy transcendent Beauty. Thy looks are a Paradice, where one may surfeit on all the primitive Blessings. Yet do not believe (O *Julia*) that I expect to gain thy Affection by praising thee. That were a ridiculous Attempt, where there is so much good Sence join'd with so much Worth. My only aim is to do thy Perfections justice, wherein if I fail, blame not me, but thy extraordinary Merit which exceeds the force of Words. I know thy Modesty will blush to hear all this, but I had much rather thou should'st be asham'd, than I appear to be a cold, poor spirited Lover. All the while I am celebrating thy Praise, I proclaim my own. *Æneas* was much more valu'd for being descended from *Venus*. Likewise, Love being a kind of Symmetry of Customs, it is impossible but that being thy Lover, I should resemble thee in some particular. Also being so nearly related, I have a better Claim to thee, the greatest Favours being ever reserv'd for the nearest of Kin. If *Jupiter* call'd his Sister *Juno* to his Bed, why may not I my Mother *Julia*? That Example alone is sufficient to stop the Mouths of all that are offended at our Amour. As Princes we ought to be imitated, and not be oblig'd to imitate our Inferiors. Perhaps thou may'st Object, that my Love cannot be so great as I pretend. Thou wrong'st me, (*Julia*) if thou hast any such Thought. I love thee as much as any thing so very aimable can be belov'd. There's not a drop of my Blood, but I would freely exhaust in thy Service. Nay, if I could not possess thee without ceasing to be

what

what I am, I would kill my ſelf immediately to arrive at that Happineſs. I would not have thee to think (O *Julia*) that I love thee the leſs, becauſe thou haſt ſome Years over thy Head. The Conſtancy of my Affection is not to be alter'd by ſuch mean Thoughts. I look upon thy Beauty to be perfected by its Duration. He's not a true Lover that loves only with his Eyes. Fools dote in Perſpective. I am for a nearer View. The Beauty I admire is reſident in the Soul. That alone has rais'd all the moſt violent Paſſions in me which a Lover ever experienc'd. Light moleſts me, Darkneſs afflicts me, Reſt diſturbs me, Food diſguſts me, Sleep confounds me, Pleaſure diſpleaſes me, Recreation tires me, and Friends cannot comfort me. If I gaze on thee, thine Eyes conſume me, and if I do not, Deſire, and Jealouſie torment me in their turns. Both when I am in and out of thy ſight, I ſubſiſt by pure Miracle. I ſufficiently experience that Truth, which ſays, that a Lovers Soul generally reſides in the Object belov'd. Remov'd from thee, I have no Sence but to Grieve, no Words but to Complain, no Eyes but to Weep, nor no Breaſt but to ſend forth Sighs. If any one ſpeaks to me, I hear him not; if he wrongs me I mind him not, and if he ſtrikes me I feel him not. If I had ſettled my Affections on any other but *Julia*, I ſhould have been Melancholly, and lamented the loſs of my dear Liberty; but now on the contrary I rejoice in that of my Freedom, ſince I will flatter my ſelf, I ſhall thereby gain her Affections which are preferable to all other humane Happineſs. Beauty brought glory to *Greece*, by the ruin of *Troy*. Why then ſhould I

grudge

grudge being depriv'd of my Liberty by it? He that has not the ſame ſence of thy Charms never div'd into thy Mind, nor look'd on thy Face. It is not in the power of the moſt extravagant *Hyperbolé* to reach the height of thy Perfections. The antient *Helvetij* worſhip'd the Sun with a Finger in their Mouths. Let him then that deſpairs of doing thee Juſtice by ſpeaking, adore thee in Silence. If all this while my Pen has not been able to move thee to my Happineſs, I have no *Mercury* to employ in my Favour as *Jove* had. I muſt wholly relie on that Goodneſs, which was given thee to relieve the Wretched. Pardon me, O my Goddeſs! If I have abus'd thy Kindneſs, by aſſuming too much Liberty, for as I have thought the Time, Ages, wherein I have been in purſuit of thee, ſo do I now count thoſe but Minutes that I have been writing to thee. My Thoughts and Words abound, and tho' they may be both Ill plac'd and Ill-choſen, yet does not the Sun in attracting Vapours, diſtinguiſh between the ſubtil, and the condens'd. But two Things thou may'ſt ſtill object to me, which are the accuſtom'd Inconſtancy of Lovers, and the Freedom Men too often take in publiſhing Ladies Favours. This may indeed be ſaid. But ſhall I change? Shall I alter my Affections to *Julia*? Oh, never, never. She has too a great Dominion over my Heart to allow it. A Muſhrome Love ſprung from a tranſitory View may indeed as ſoon vaniſh, but mine that is grown up with Time, and invigorated by it muſt of neceſſity ſtand the Teſt of Ages. My Love is not a Child; It has been brought up to Years of Diſcretion by your Converſation, and

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in your Presence. As the Ostridge enlivens its young with its Eyes, so you by yours have nourish'd my Affections to that degree, that they are arriv'd to a Monstrous Greatness, even beyond the reach of Imagination. Having prov'd it impossible for me to be Inconstant, I must likewise make it Improbable, I would divulge the great Secret. Should I be guilty of such a Crime, I might well expect Thunder and Earth-quakes to revenge the Sacrilege. My Love can only be reveal'd to the Goddess of Love, and that's your self. You can only heal my Wounds, you can only know my Secrets, unless my Breast should happen to burst with the mighty Passion, and discover your Image on my Heart. The Pleasures of Love are not truly enjoy'd, if not conceal'd. Silence and Theft are its best Companions. I begin to hope, my *Julia*, my words have at length made some Impression on thee, but they must nevertheless give way to Effects, which I doubt not will soon appear in my Favour. Those Kindnesses are Tyrannical, which make Use of too long Delays. Let us hasten then my Fair One to the gathering of those Fruits, which shall be dispens'd with so prodigal a Hand, by Love and *Julia*.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

Lisistratus *to* Tlepolemus, *concerning the Choice of Friends.*

HOW much you esteem those Parasites and Trencher-flies that daily haunt your House, I am not able to determine. Can you think they love you, that follow you meerly for a Supper? How can you take them for Friends, that speak one thing of you at Home, and another Abroad? There they shall proclaim your Wisdom, here censure your Folly for believing them. These are even the very worst of Men, and not unlike the Adder that stings while it lies conceal'd. Rather esteem those your Friends who affirm you are not infallible, and may stand in need of Counsel, who remove Pickthanks from you, join with you in the Preservation of your Estate, and chide you when you act contrary to their Advice. These are the Men you are to value, and the others, those you ought to avoid. Be more cautious for the future; and Farewel.

LETTER LXX.

The same to Philocles, *making a Comparison between a Wife and a Mistriss.*

YOU know well, *Philocles*, Marriage is a no small Check to the Growth of Learning and Philosophy; and that the Blessing of Children turns all a Man's Thoughts from the Liberal Arts, towards the Care of Maintaining his Family. Nevertheless, be not you apprehensive of more Plagues and Disturbances at Home, than you shall surely meet with Abroad; for among other Things, whatever you buy for your Wife, you may dispose of again at pleasure; but, on the contrary, when you have once presented your Mistriss, you must not expect to have any the least Part of it return'd. Again, whenever any Strife happens at Home, you by your single Authority may easily reconcile or overrule it; but what you shall be engaged in Abroad, either with Rivals or Mistrisses, you will not find so easie to conquer. Moreover, you will be much more sensible of a Wrong from a Mistriss, than from your Wife; for the former always abounds with Suspicions, and the latter seldom has any. Matrimony has ever this peculiar Good in it, that a Wife may be trusted at all times, when a Mistriss can scarce ever be confided in. But providing your Wife should occasion you any Trouble, yet ought she to be sooner born with than a Mistriss, inasmuch as she bears you Legitimate Children, which are to succeed in your Estate. When you marry, pitch upon a Woman of good Parentage,

rentage, Virtuous Education, and not Over-rich, so will you avoid all the Occasions that commonly produce Vice in that Sex. Farewel.

LETTER LXXI.

Misitheus, *Commander of the* Prætorian *Bands, to his Son-in-Law the Emperor* Gordianus, *commending his Reformation.*

'TIS no small Pleasure to me, My Lord and Emperor, that I can now observe how Times have been alter'd since the Eunuchs bought and sold every thing. They dispos'd of all like Friends, yet were really the greatest Enemies you had. I am glad however, they are at length remov'd from you, and, as I understand, you are not a little pleas'd with it your self, which rejoyces me yet more, inasmuch as I can thereby perceive, that however Faulty Affairs have been, they were nevertheless transacted without your Privity. I am satisfied, it was not your Intention that the Commands in the Army should be disposed of at the Pleasure of these Vermine, that Persons of Merit should be refus'd the Rewards due to their Services, that the Guiltless should be put to Death, or the Guilty go unpunish'd, on any Account whatever. You certainly were not the Occasion of the Treasury's being exhausted, but all was managed by a vile Cabal, who being able by their Intrigues to keep all good Men from your Presence, easily prevail'd upon you to admit of none but bad, whereby they jointly enrich'd themselves, and impoverish'd both you and the

Empire. But Thanks be to the Immortal Gods, you are at last sensible of all this Mismanagement, and have already begun to redress your Errors, and reform the State. I am happy in having so good a Prince to my Son-in-Law, and the rather, because he has banish'd those Men that sold him by Auction to the highest Bidder. Farewel.

LETTER LXXII.

Besolus, *King of* Lydia, *to* Sapor, *King of* Persia, *in Favour of the Emperor* Valerian, *whom having taken Prisoner, he made his Footstool.*

COULD I think it practicable that the *Romans* should ever be totally vanquish'd, I would congratulate you upon this extraordinary Use you have made of your late Victory; but as they are a People, whom both Fate and their own Virtue have furnish'd with uncommon Power, you would do well to take Care, that the Captivating their old Emperor, and that too by Fraud, does not at last redound to the Prejudice, both of you and your Posterity. You may please to consider, how many great Nations, and those even their Conquerors, they have at length subjugated and forc'd to buckle. Tho' the *Gauls* beat them, and fir'd their City, they at a long Run became their Slaves, and still continue such. What though the *Carthaginians* often routed them, those very *Africans* now serve and obey them. Not to go so far for Instances of the *Roman* Fortune, I may produce *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, who,

who, tho' once Master of all *Asia*, was at last made subject to the Imperial Eagle. All this consider'd, I cannot but advise you to embrace the Offers of Peace made you, on Condition you release *Valerian*. Hereby I shall certainly have Occasion to rejoyce in your Prosperity; whereas, on the other hand, I may with like Certainty have no less Reason to deplore your Adversity. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIII.

The Emperor Valerian *to* Ragonius Clarus, *Proconsul of* Illyrium *and* Gaul, *concerning the Discipline he would have observed in the Army:*

AS you are naturally a good Husband, I would have you, my Kinsman, to imitate *Ballista*, in the disposing of Quarters, and providing the Soldiers with Necessaries. Have you not observ'd how he makes every thing easie to the People, where he comes with our Army? Where he finds Plenty of Forrage, he Quarters the Cavalry, and where Store of Corn, billets the Infantry. He requires no Provisions where they are not to be had. He never burthens the Publick with the Expence of Carriage, but always takes what he wants on the spot where it grows. Thus you may quarter your Foot in *Galatia*, *Illyrium* and *Thrace*, which abound with all sorts of Grain, and your Horse in *Thrace* likewise, for there the Fields are well stor'd with Grass. Thus acted *Ballista*, who never charg'd more than one Commodity upon one Province. Moreover, if you

desire to please us thoroughly, you must curb the Licentiousness of the Soldiers. Be not one of them suffer'd either to steal or commit Waste. Let every one be satisfied with his daily Allowance, or if he must needs plunder, be it upon the Enemy, and not the Subjects of the Empire. Let the Soldiers Arms be kept clean, bright and sharp; Be their Clothes preserv'd in good Order, and do you take Care that they do not lavish away their Pay. See every Man have his Collar, Bracelet and Ring, and that he provides for his own Horse. Let the Physicians demand nothing of them for their Cures, nor the *Augurs* for their Predictions. In a Word, be careful that the Soldiers live quietly, and whoever presumes to do otherwise let him be punish'd severely. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIV.

The Emperor Aurelian, *to* Zenobia, *Queen of* Palmyra, *requiring her to surrender the City.*

WHAT I now require, you ought to have done long since of your own accord. I command you to surrender the City, and thereupon promise both you and yours your Lives, but not your Liberty. You, *Zenobia*, and your Children must be content to go, where I and the most August Senate of *Rome* shall think fit to place you. Your Jewels, Gold, Silver and other Riches must all be confiscated to the *Roman* Treasury. Your subjects alone will be freed from Captivity, and have their Privileges confirm'd to them.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

Queen Zenobia's *Answer to this haughty Letter.*

NO Man ever yet presum'd to command what thou hast done. Bravery, *Aurelian*, is the only Means to bring about our Ends in War. Thou requirest me to surrender this my City of *Palmyra*, as if thou couldst be ignorant that my Ancestor *Cleopatra* chose rather to die with the Character of Queen, than live a Slave, of how great Quality soever, to thy Predecessor *Augustus*. We wait for the Succours of the *Persians*: The *Saracens* arm for us: The *Armenians* have declar'd in our Favour: A Band of High-way Men have defeated thy Army in *Syria*. Judge then what thou art to expect when all these Forces shall arrive. Thou wilt then assuredly alter thy Tone, and not imperiously command me thus to give up what is my Birthright, as if thou wer't absolute Disposer of the Universe. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

The Emperor Aurelian, *to his Friend* Mucapor, *acquainting him how he had been baffled before* Palmyra.

THO' I hear my Expedition is ridicul'd at *Rome*, yet let me tell you, Friend *Mucapor*, Queen *Zenobia* has more of the Man in her, than ye

imagine. Her Fear and Despair betwixt them, make her wild, and furnish her with more Courage, than can be found in all our Army. 'Tis inexpressible, what vast Flights of Arrows, Darts, and Stones she sends us every Moment. To inform you how well she is provided for her Defence, you must know, that no Part of the Wall is without two or three Batteries, whence she continually hurls on us Fire and Destruction from her Engines. In short, she acts not like a Woman, but with all the Bravery of a great Commander; yet I hope the Gods, who have never hitherto frustrated my Undertakings, will assist me with the like Favour at this Juncture, to the Glory of the *Roman* Empire. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVII.

The same to the Senate of Rome, *vindicating his Triumph over* Zenobia, *and giving her Character.*

I Hear I am censur'd for having acted an unmanly Part, in triumphing over *Zenobia*. I know not those who have been thus free with me: However am assur'd, that if they had but known what manner of Woman *Zenobia* is, they would have been so far from blaming, that they would rather have commended me. You must know then, she is a Lady of that wonderful Chastity, that she refus'd to Bed with her Husband, after she had once conceived by him: She has liv'd with the Pomp of a *Persian*, and yet harangu'd her Soldiers with all the Affability

of

of a *Roman* Emperor. She was prudent in her Councils, and diligent in all her Affairs. She has a ſhrill, manly Voice, a tawny Complexion, black, ſparkling Eyes, an excellent Shape, a noble Mien, and exceeding white Teeth. She has in Caſes of Neceſſity, had all the Severity of a Tyrant, but wherever there was occaſion for Mercy, ſhe could be as well acquainted with Clemency. She generally wore a Helmet on her Head, and an Imperial Purple Robe on her Shoulders button'd with a Crotchet of Diamonds on her Breaſt. She managed the Publick Revenue with all the Prudence imaginable. She ſometimes us'd a Coach, but oftener rode on Horſeback, and would frequently walk on Foot ſeveral Miles together. She has naturally the Reſervedneſs of a *Spaniard*, yet will drink beyond any of the Officers of her Army, nay, outdo even the *Perſians* and *Armenians*. She is learn'd, and is ſaid to have abridg'd the Alexandrian and Oriental Hiſtories. She has alſo read our Hiſtory in the *Greek*. It was thro' her Means *Odenatus*, her Husband, overcame the *Perſians*, and forcing King *Sapor* to fly, advanced as far as *Cteſiphon*. This Queen, I aſſure you, has been ſo great a Terror to the *Eaſt*, that neither the *Egyptians*, *Arabians*, *Armenians*, or *Sarazens* durſt to move for her. Nor would I have ſav'd her Life, had I not known that her very Uſurpation aſſerted the Limits of the Empire. Let them therefore that are pleas'd with nothing, take the Poiſon of their own Tongues to themſelves. For my part, I think I can eaſily juſtifie my ſelf. If it is not commendable or honourable to triumph over a Woman, what might have been ſaid of the Emperor *Decius*, that great Commander, who intended the ſame Thing, had he

he been at leisure. He prudently suffer'd her to Reign in quiet, that he might have an Opportunity to prosecute his Expedition against the *Goths*, whilst she preserv'd inviolate the Ancient Bounds of the Eastern Empire. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Euripides *to* Archelaus, *King of* Macedon; *containing his Reasons for returning the Present he sent him. Written at* Athens *long before* Euripides *went to* Macedon.

'TIS not out of vain-glory I return the Present you sent me by *Amphias*; nay, I am conscious you will rather be angry at than approve it. I shall incur the Censure of affected Ostentation by my proceeding, and have little Hopes to find any one favourable enough to impute it to true Greatness of Mind. Add to this, that *Clito* sent me very pressing Letters to urge my Acceptance of it, threatning me otherwise with his Anger, but having Riches sufficient for my self and Family, I must, however, persist in my Resolution. Besides, the Present you sent was too great for my Circumstances; and what I could not easily secure to my self. I have often wrote to you concerning the *Pellæan* Youths, and now renew my Importunity, that you would vouchsafe to preserve and deliver them from their Chains. In my Opinion their Guilt is not very evident, or if it be, I dare engage they shall transgress no more, if you but forgive them now. I hope my Demand is so reasonable, you will

not

not deny me, and that you will so far compassionate the Misery of their aged Father, a Man of the first Quality among the *Pellæans*, who flying to *Athens*, apply'd himself to me, in the most pathetick Manner imaginable, to mediate in their Behalf, supposing my Interest sufficient with you to obtain their Liberty. I therefore desire you, nay, I conjure you, not to prove me less capable of serving him, than he believes. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIX.

Euripides *to* Sophocles; *congratulating his Escape from Shipwreck, and condoling the Loss of his Plays. Written at* Athens, *when* Sophocles *was in* Chios.

THE Misfortune of your Voyage to *Chios*, O *Sophocles*, has reach'd your Friends in *Athens*. Your Loss has so affected the whole City, that even your Enemies share the Sorrow of your Friends. I can't but attribute it to a particular Providence, that you and all your Family should escape so great a Danger. 'Tis true, the Loss of your Tragedies, is common to all *Greece*; yet such a Loss, as may easily be repair'd, since you your self are preserv'd. I desire you rather to consult the Safety, than Speed of your Return: Stay where you are to refresh your self, and take your own time to come Home, since I can assure you, here you will find all your Commands punctually executed. Salute *Chionicles* and *Lapreta* from me, and let them know their Escape

ſcape has given me equal Joy with yours. Recommend me likewiſe to *Autigines* the Phyſician, if he have not yet left *Chios* for *Rhodes*; for let me aſſure you, he is a Man of Honour and Probity. This with my Reſpects to the Sons of *Cratinus*, ends my Letter. Farewel.

LETTER LXXX.

Euripides *to* Archelaus, *King of* Macedon; *containing Thanks for his Pardoning the* Pellæan *Youths, at his Interceſſion.*

THE venerable old *Pellæan* Gentleman, together with his Sons, came lately to me at *Athens*, and afforded me a Sight, O beſt of Kings! extremely ſatisfactory, eſpecially when I conſidered for whoſe ſake their Boon had been granted. Neither was it leſs honourable or glorious to you, and admirable in the Eyes of all my Friends the *Athenians*, who in Numbers beheld it. Not one Man was preſent, who was not full of the Praiſe of your Humanity, and loud in his Prayers for your Proſperity. The aged Father, tranſported with Joy at the Liberty of his Children, (who in a deſponding and mournful Condition, had juſt before gone thro' the City) now, with both of them richly clad, goes about Sacrificing to the Gods, and celebrating my Name, as the Preſerver of his Sons. The City of *Athens* likewiſe, which has bred Citizens of ſo much Merit, partakes of the Ceremony. I have much more to ſay on this Subject, but which I ſhall omit, leſt by magnifying the Good you have done

your

your self by this Action, I should seem to lessen the Gratitude I owe your Complyance with my Request. But I acknowledge you have laid a very great and sensible Obligation on me, and therefore assure you, I will not rest till I have made you some sort of Return. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXI.

Euripides *to* Archelaus, *praising that King for his Bounty; together with an* Encomium *on the Royal Prerogative of doing Good*, &c.

I Cannot but take Notice of the Justice of your Conduct, O best of Princes, not only in the Affair of the *Pellæans*, but likewise to me and many Persons of Worth and Honour. Believe me, I am desirous to know the generous Actions you have done, not so much out of a Lust of Curiosity, as that the Fame of your good Deeds, may give me a fresh Delight, and oblige me to as great Thanks for them, as if they had been solely directed to my Use; for I think my Joy ought not to be so great on Account of any private Benefit you bestow on me, as to find your Benefits heightned by the Publick Value and Merit of the Benefactor. I derive this Joy from every Favour I hear you confer on Men of Desert. I would have you remember, most excellent *Archelaus*, that if you take a View of all Things the Gods have given you, you will find them replenish'd with Cares, and Fatigues; but they have nevertheless added this Sweet to that Bitter, that you can do Good to whom you

please

pleaſe, and are pleas'd only to do it to the Worthy. The Gods can likewiſe deprive you of all you have, if they pleaſe; but the Benefits you have beſtowed, they can never diveſt you of, tho' they had ever ſo much a mind to it. Believe me, O King, a Man in Power can have no greater Remorſe, when the Gods have taken away his Ability from him, than the Memory of having done Good to no Man, when in Poſſeſſion of it. But that is a Pain, you ſhall never Experience, though both Power and the Gods depart from you, as having loſt no Opportunity of being a Benefactor to Mankind. This Satisfaction will never leave you with Fortune, but always ſtand by you with this Comfort, That you ſtill deſerve to enjoy that Favour you employ'd ſo well. Nay, ſhould the Gods this Moment ceaſe to ſmile on you, there is no City, no Nation, nor private Man, that has felt your Pow'r with any Detriment, or that has not taſted ſome Portion of your Happineſs. Shou'd you, by the Crime of Fortune, fall from your Regal State, you wou'd loſe all the Labours, Cares and Dangers that ſurround a Throne, but the Conſciouſneſs of the Benefits you have diſtributed, will remain both to you, who beſtow'd, and to thoſe that receiv'd them. A Fruit and Poſſeſſion not at all to be deſpis'd, and which are both, ev'n in Adverſity ſufficient to ſupply you with a Pleaſure not to be exhauſted. If I might prevail in your Counſels I would adviſe you never to be weary, or tir'd with theſe Actions, ſince they can never breed a Satiety, each of them conſtantly producing a freſh Delight. As to other Things, I would have you exerciſe your preſent Pow'r with Prudence and Moderation, by which Means you will

have

have so voluntary an Obedience from your Subjects, that they will prefer doing their Duty even to Life it self, all being equally interested in the Joy of obeying a King of so celebrated a Fame. You have besides raised your self a Name from your peculiar Care and Patronage of the *Grecians* of Reputation, and particularly of Men of Art; inviting all to your Court, who have made any Progress in Learning from all Parts, with so plentiful and large a Provision of all Necessaries for their Subsistence and Convenience, that being thus freed from all Care and Sollicitude, they need fear no Interruption in their Studies and Labours towards the Perfection of their several Designs. You throng your Palace with Men of these Qualifications, not with Flatterers, Jesters, and such-like Vermine; and that you value them more, than you do the other, is owing to their Doctrine, by which inform'd, you have learn'd to think the Benefits deriv'd from Learning, of greater Value than the Largesses of Power: For shou'd they fail, and their Sources be dried up, yet the Fruits of what is past are immortal, and carry with them a Pleasure, which Money cannot impart; and moreover, the Glory you have purchas'd by these Inclinations will never decay. These are Things will make all Men admire and pronounce you Happy, and so much the more in that every Body confesses your Humanity so signal to your Acquaintance, that you derive a great Advantage from it, and that the Title of *King* does not a-whit abate your Love towards your Friends. Farewel

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

Euripides *to* Cephisophon; *being an Account of his Arrival in* Macedon; *together with the Consequences thereof; as likewise a Vindication of that Journey.*

I Am arriv'd in *Macedon*, dear *Cephisophon*, after an easie and quick Journey. My Reception from *Archelaus* was, as I expected, very Honourable, both as to Presents, which I had no Occasion for, and as to an Affability above the Ambition of those, who court the Smiles of Kings. Here I found *Clito* in good Health; with whom I frequently converse, as also with the King himself, whose Conversation is by no means disagreeable; nor am I excluded the Debates of State. Both *Clito* and the King are very importunate with me to write something in my Way, so *Archelaus* seems to exact a Return for those Favours bestow'd on me at my first Arrival. Though this Request be not altogether disagreeable to me, yet cannot it be answer'd without some Labour and Pains; to induce me to undergo which, I am every Day entertain'd with more magnificent Banquets, than I desire. As to the News you send, I own your Kindness in informing me what I ought to know; yet would have you to believe that I am now no more affected with the Reflections of *Agatho* and *Mesatus*, than, you were witness, I was with the Fictions of *Aristophanes*; and shall be so far from thinking any Reply from you, in my Defence, necessary, that I shall [illegible] one for an Injury, though they still pursue [illegible] Affronts.

But

But if any Man of Worth, thro' Ignorance of the Motives that induced me to it, condemn my Journey to *Macedon*, you have free Leave, O *Cephisophon*, to impart to him what you know. Such a one being thus undeceiv'd, will cease to impute it to a desire of Mony; none will say, I came hither in pursuit of Purple, and Scepters, the Dominion and Viceroyship of the *Triballians* or the like; but invidiously Confine my Ambition to Money. Yet these Detractors should answer me this Query, Why I shou'd now in my old Age be captivated by a Passion, which all the rest of my Days were free from, especially since my Mother died, for whose sake, if on any Account, I cou'd only have desir'd Wealth; and since ev'n then I refus'd those very Riches offer'd me at *Athens*, why shou'd they imagine I wou'd travel so far for them now, when my Years deny me the Use of them, unless they wou'd suppose I could desire to die in a strange Country, meerly to leave *Archelaus* Master of the Wealth which my impotent Avarice had at the Expence of so great a Fatigue, heap'd together. 'Tis plain, I was Proof against all Temptations that Way, by my absolute Refusal of the forty *Talents* of Silver, press'd on me with no small Importunity by *Archelaus*, who was not at all pleas'd that I rejected so Royal a Present. As for what other Gifts I have vouchsafed to accept both from *Clito*, and *Archelaus*, the Benefit I have from them, is only transmitting them with the Bearer of this Letter to you, to be distributed among my Friends. After which, who can be so malicious and envious of my Reputation as to suspect this Journey of an Avaritious End. But they may perhaps impute it to Pride, and the Lust of some extraordi-

nary Power. Yet the Interest I had with *Archelaus*, and the Influence I had o'er him when at Home, was as much as I could promise my self from this Journey to his Court: But *Clito* had not that Ascendant over me, as to prevail on me to quit that Course of Life, I had always chose, or that I shou'd end my Days in a Place, which I by no Means lik'd, nor give my Enemies any just Ground for their Reflections. If I had been covetous of any greater Power than I possess, I shou'd have made use of it for the Service of my Friends and Country. If this Imputation had been just, I shou'd rather, out of Ostentation, have desir'd Power in the Eye of my Friends, and the Sight of my Enemies. But to prove I am not guilty of that Mutability of Temper, either as to my Study, my Friends, or my Enemies, they shou'd reflect that I have always had the same in all these Particulars, except in *Sophocles* alone. But in regard of him, perhaps they have not ever found me the same. Him I never hated, but, on the contrary, always admir'd, tho' I must confess I have not ever lov'd him in the same degree, neglecting him where he affected Contention, and receiving him earnestly into my Bosom, when he laid it aside. But since we came to a true Understanding, we have ever maintain'd a mutual Love, and I hope ever shall. But, O my *Cephisophon*, I know well what Sort of Gentlemen these are, that spread these Reports about me among the People. However, as all their malicious Endeavours against me, have only serv'd to make themselves hated and laugh'd at, so assure your self, they will be the only Persons that shall suffer by their Calumnies. I own your Friendship in giving me an Account of these Things, which

you

you suppose related to me; but as I have before told you, I shall think it an Injury if you take Pains to justifie me any farther to Men, who are not worthy the Satisfaction of a true Information. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Euripides *to* Cephisophon: *In Answer to an Account of* Cephisophon's *of the Boasts of* Agatho *and* Mesatus, *and their Contempt of his Plays.*

THE greatest Pleasure I have receiv'd both from this Journey into *Macedon*, and the Favour I have found with the King, is the News you send me of the Acceptance of my Presents by my Friends. Believe me, O *Cephisophon*, a Man of Sense and a Poet can have no greater Satisfaction, than being serviceable to his Friends, and Country. The Pleasure he finds in the Applauses of the Stage, is notwithstanding all the Regulations and Laws of *Athens*, the Judgment of the Elected, and sworn Censors, too false and precarious, not to be dash'd with the Consideration that Poetasters too frequently meet with the like. This is to be imputed in some measure to the Overseers of the Stage, whose Avarice often prefers a cheap Piece of some Fifth-rate Scribler, to the Performances of the greatest Poets. This we have experienc'd in the Divine *Sophocles*, for I shall not be so vain as to urge my self, tho' the Approbation of Good and Learned Men, nay, of *Socrates* alone, be sufficient to persuade me, that I

have no Cause to envy the Success of *Mesatus*, who thinks a few rumbling Words, and some scatter'd Pieces of Epigramatick Wit, are the highest Excellency of the *Drama*. I have seen a Copy of that Piece you mention, and find the Fool aims at the Stile of *Æschylus*, without his Genius to support it. He knows not that the Justness of the Dramatick Language appear'd not on the Stage, till *Sophocles* introduc'd it, and having a Natural Aversion to all Contemporaries, easily prefers one he did not know, to one he did; and for all he knows to the contrary, had *Sophocles* wrote when *Æschylus* did, and *Æschylus* in our Age, the first had carried the Crown, and the latter been exploded, not because the latter was really inferior to the former, but because he liv'd after him; for he has that humble Opinion of himself, in spight of his Vanity, that he imagines nothing Excellent can be his Contemporary. Should his Writings live beyond his Life, (which is a sort of Impiety to think) Posterity might in Reason believe so; but for the Comfort of *Athens*, the Infamy of producing his Plays, will be lost, and the Glory of those of *Sophocles* be perpetual. You urge the Contempt he has for my Plays, as Low and Mean, as an Argument to examine his Last. If I were capable of Envy, and so diffident of my self to think him a dangerous Rival, perhaps I might comply with your Desires; but since I find not my self infected with either of those Sentiments, I must not throw my Time away upon it. I confess, what you next urge, is a more prevailing Argument, the Curiosity of my Friend *Glycon*, and your Assurance, that my Letter shall be Sacred to your Eyes alone. And

yet, my best *Cephisophon*, you must assure your self, it is with a great Reluctance I comply, and that I shall not run thro' all the Faults and Absurdities of it, with which almost every Line abounds. No, no; that were a Task for *Hercules*, more Nauseous than his *Augean* Stable: I shall therefore only touch at some of the most visible. His Hero's Character is inconsistent with it self. He appears as a General, a King, and a Conqueror, and yet all his Sentiments smell of the Pedagogue: He is barbarous to a Prince, for Words wrung from him by the Extremity of his Fortune, yet extends a foolish Mercy to a profligate Rogue, that out of his own abounding Villany, attempts his Life, forgetting that to spare a Villain, is no Part of Heroick Vertue, but rather an Encouragement to those Vices, Heroes were produc'd to destroy. He is sometimes extremely Pious to the Gods, and Religion, in his declamatory Way; but to the Assassinating Priest, he talks impiously enough of the Gods he pretends to adore, and the Religion he avows the Profession of. Next the Heroe has so little to do in his Play, that it will be no Injury to the Poem, if you take him entirely out; for indeed he understands nothing of Design, and is an utter Stranger to the whole Art of the *Drama*. When I seek for Nature, the great Original that a true Poet ought to pursue, you find her not in one Line of his; the Whole indeed being like a sick Man's Dream, Extravagant and Unaccountable. His Words seem jumbled together, like the Atomic Systems of some of our Philosophers, though indeed the Dance here has not produced such a Piece of Harmony as the Universe,

but carries ſtill the Stamp of their Primitive Confuſion. The ſecond Perſon of any Conſideration, if there be any Second, (for the three ſtand on a very equal Bottom of Merit) is perfectly Mad, and ought to have ſuffer'd that Confinement at the Opening, which he was condemn'd to at the Cloſe of the Play. The third is a Perſon not more in his Wits, tho' his Frenzy be indeed not altogether ſo noiſie, a Character I'm confident *Greece* never ſaw before, fond of a Woman, after ſhe had betray'd her Vows to him in the Embraces of another: That ſhe is forc'd to marry him, is no Excuſe, for ſhe ought to die, rather than break her Vows, if ſhe pretend to be an Example worthy Imitation. Sure the Audience was very merry at this Tragedy, as I have ſeen them at another of his, when from the Stage, he made this Reflection, *Sure theſe People that come to laugh at a Tragedy, are merrily diſpoſed*, never reflecting, that his ridiculous Language and Poetry, gave the Occaſion, for Laughter proceeds from nothing that is truly Serious. Let him therefore, and his new Friend *Agatho*, contemn my Writings for the poorneſs of their Stile, I am proud the Characters I introduce riſe not above Nature, that I burſt not the Stage with Grief, nor ſwell the Language of Anger, beyond the Bounds of Probability. They are the firſt Coxcombs, I dare ſwear, that ever condemn'd a Painter for following the Life, and that thought what was Monſtrous, more Beautiful than Nature. *Agatho* has a Privilege of Railing; he has corrected himſelf from Writing by the Rebukes he has met with, or by the Decay of even, that ſmall *Genius* he formerly boaſted. The

City

City has Reason to bless the Gods, that as his Reign in Wit was violent, so it was short, and he cou'd not have chosen a more just and better qualified Successor than *Mesatus*. Yet I confess *Agatho* has much the Advantage of him, if there be any Degrees in Dulness, or of Poetasters; for in his Tragedy, there is some Design, tho' preposterous and unjust: He aims at something, stumbles upon some Turns he thinks surprizing, and directs all his Incidents and Characters to one End, and tho' his *Catastrophe* be Faulty, yet has it a Face of Right, whereas this of *Mesatus* is nothing at all. 'Tis a Play without a Plot, (tho' that be Essential to a Play) Characters without Nature, and inconsistent with themselves; Dialogues without Design or Connection, Verses without Numbers, Language without Grammar, and Words without Meaning. By this you see the Power of your Friendship over me, who am naturally satisfied with my own Reputation, without either envying that of another, or enquiring so solemnly into the Merit of it. I am content to contemn a Scoundrel Author my self, without declaiming against his Success. In the Numbers of Dramatick Writers in *Athens*, 'tis no wonder the Worthless sometimes get a Vogue: I am content to find the Publick Judgment not always in the Wrong, when we see *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* admir'd, by the People, as well as *Agatho* and *Mesatus*. The sincere Merit of an Author is fixt among the Vulgar by time, tho' known at first by Men of Sense: And this I hope will better vindicate me, and set a better distinction betwixt me and *Mesatus*, than all I can say. Present Artifices of designing Poetasters may a while do a Poet some Prejudice, but merit like Truth, will

in time prevail. The Vanity of Succeſs often makes a Coxcomb ſo intolerable to his blind Fautors, that they grow weary of their Zeal for his Promotion, and leave him to ſink with his own proper Weight, which the Popularity of their Breath till then ſupported, and afterwards the beſt of his Fate is Oblivion. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Piſiſtratus *King of* Athens, *to* Solon *the Law-giver; requiring him to return Home, after he had voluntarily baniſh'd himſelf.*

NEITHER do I labour under the Character of the only *Greek* Tyrant, (O *Solon*) nor am I without a Title to the Kingdom I poſſeſs. My Right I derive from *Codrus*, of whom I am lineally deſcended. What the *Athenians* formerly ſwore to give him and his Heirs, and afterwards unjuſtly took from him, I have recover'd. No otherwiſe, to my Knowledge, have I offended either the Gods or Man. Thoſe Laws you have contriv'd for your Countrymen, I have made them ſwear to obſerve, which, 'tis certain, they may better be able to perform under my Adminiſtration, than that of a *Democracy*. I allow none to do Wrong, neither do I pretend to any other Privileges, which are falſly term'd *Tyrannical*, than what conſiſt with my Honour and Dignity, and which my Predeceſſors have enjoy'd before me. Every *Athenian*, 'tis true, pays the Tenth of his Yearly Produce, yet that not to me, but towards the Maintenance of Publick Expences, as well in

War,

War, as Peace. You I blame not for prying into my Designs; I'm satisfied, you did it more out of Love to your Country, than Hatred to me. Had you but known my Intentions, and what Government I was about to establish, I'm confident you would neither have voluntarily banish'd your self, nor disapprov'd my Proceedings. Return then (O *Solon*) and be assur'd, thou shalt never have any just Occasion to apprehend Injury from *Pisistratus*. He that never gave his Enemies Cause to mistrust him, will much less do so to a Friend, as I hope you are. If you'll come to me, and experience these Truths, you shall be sure of the first Rank in my Friendship, for I never yet observ'd any thing in you that in the least savour'd of Guile or Deceit. But if, on the contrary, you are disposed to live in any other Part of our Dominions, than in *Athens*, use your Freedom; for I would not for all the World you should deprive your self of your Country for my sake. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXV.

Solon's *Answer*.

I Believe I have no Reason to apprehend any Injury from thee, *Pisistratus*, for before thou wert a Tyrant, which Title I can't spare thee tho' thou wouldst have me, I were thy Friend; However, I think thee the very best of Tyrants, and am no more thy Enemy, than any other *Athenian* may be who has no relish for Tyranny. Whether a *Democracy*, or thy Administration, be the better, I leave to both Parties to determine: But as for coming either to *Athens* or any other Part of thy Dominions,

nions, I absolutely refuse it, least I incur Censure, for having first settled an Equality in the *Athenian* Republick, and afterwards contradicted it by approving thy Actions. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Solon *to* Periander, *King of* Corinth, *advising him well.*

YOU write me, That there are many continually plotting against you, whom you have never offended: If you should put them all to Death, there will still new ones arise, either out of Hatred to you, or to ingratiate themselves with the City. I would advise you therefore, if you have a mind to be free from Jealousie, to take away the Cause of it: But if you rather chuse to continue in your Tyranny, provide your self with more Foreign Strength; so shall you have no need to put any Body to Death, or to fear any Man. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Thrasibulus, *Tyrant of* Miletum, *to the Same; with contrary Advice.*

I Gave your Messenger no Answer, but taking him into a Field of Corn, lopp'd off with my Cane, all the Ears which stood higher than the rest: So must you do likewise, if you have a mind to be settled on your Throne. Take off the Heads of the chiefest Citizens, whether your professed Enemies, or not. A Tyrant must suspect every Body. Farewel.

LET.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

The Philosopher Pythagoras, *to* Hiero *King of* Sicily: *In Answer to an Invitation of his, to come and live with him.*

MY Life (O *Hiero*) is here secure and quiet, whilst that of yours will by no Means suit me. A Moderate and Self-denying Person, stands in no need of a *Sicilian* Table. *Pythagoras* wherever he comes, has all Things sufficient for him; but to depend on any Man, is what he never yet could stoop to. Self-sufficiency is a great and safe Thing, whence it comes to be a Divine Attribute. The Pleasures of this World enslave Mens Minds, whilst Indigence leads to Virtue and Freedom. Endeavour not then to get *Pythagoras* to come and live with thee, for wise Physicians never fall sick to bear their Patients Company. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Solon *to his Friend, the Philosopher* Epimenides.

MY Laws will signifie little, since those that had the Charge of the *Athenian* Commonwealth so easiy gave Way to *Pisistratus*'s Usurpation. When I foretold what would happen, they laugh'd at me, and chose rather to hearken to his Flatteries, than my Truth. Laying wherefore my Arms down before the *Areopagus*, I affirm'd, I was wiser than they that did not see *Pisistratus* aim'd at Tyranny, and stouter than those that durst not resist

resist him. For this, I got the Character of a *Madman*. Thus being the only Person that opposed this Tyrant, I fled my Country, and left the *Athenians* to his Mercy. They paid him all manner of Deference, as having wholly gain'd their Hearts; for you must know, Friend *Epimenides*, the Man came very cunningly by the Kingdom: The Manner this; He at first comply'd with the *Democracy*, then wounding himself, pretended he had been assassinated by his Enemies, and therefore requir'd a Guard of 400 young Men for his Security. This was granted, and these soon plac'd him on the Throne. I have since laboured all I could to keep the People from Slavery, but they had carried the Matter too far, so that now they all groan under the Oppression of one *Pisistratus*. Farewel.

LETTER XC.

Epimenides's *Answer*.

BE of Comfort, (Friend *Solon*) for tho' *Pisistratus* has lorded it over the *Athenians* for some time, yet do they now begin to be sensible of thy wholsom Instructions, and will not much longer brook his Tyranny. They have hitherto, as void of Discipline, submitted to Servitude, but at length they will certainly cast off his Yoke as a Free People. It is not probable, that such as have altogether been bred up under excellent Laws, as yours unquestionably are, should truckle long to a *Despotick* Power. Wonder not therefore (O *Solon*) any farther, but come to me to *Crete*, where you may live easie under a mild Government:

But

But take Care however, you meet with none of the Tyrant's Faction on the Road, left they do you ſome Miſchief. Farewel.

LETTER XCI.

The Great Philoſopher Ariſtotle, *to King* Philip *of* Macedon; *adviſing him to favour* Greece, *and cultivate his Philoſophy.*

THOSE who enter upon Publick Commands, purely to do Good, and without the Aſſiſtance either of Fortune or Nature, rely not upon themſelves, but Vertue, which notwithſtanding all Things daily change, never does. Nature, like a Tragedy, interweaves our Lives with Misfortunes, and Men, like Flowers, have all their fixt Periods of flouriſhing. Behave your ſelf therefore (O Prince) neither tyrannically nor negligently towards *Greece*, for as the one argues Petulancy, ſo does the other Temerity. Wiſe Princes are more to be admir'd for their Governance, than Government, inſomuch that tho' all Things ſhould alter, yet will they ſtill have the ſame Praiſe. What farther I have to ſay to you, at this Juncture, is only this, that as you preſerve the Health of your Body by Exerciſe, ſo ſhould you do that of your Mind by Philoſophy. Farewel.

LETTER XCII.

The same to Alexander *the* Great, *prescribing him Means to preserve his Fame, and to transmit it to Eternity.*

BEING to write to so great a Man as you, I am in doubt how to begin; for on what Part of your Life soever I look, all seems great and wonderful, yet good Precepts and sound Instructions have ever been relish'd from a Master: I advise you therefore, to use your Power not in oppressing, but obliging every Body, so shall you never want true Friends, nor faithful Subjects. Nature, which must yield at last, and give way to Fate, by these Means obtains an Eternal Remembrance. Consider this well, for you are not wont to despise my Exhortations. Your Descent is Royal, your Kingdom Hereditary, your Learning Great and your Glory Admirable. Endeavour then to surpass all Men in Vertue, as you exceed them in the Favours of Fortune. In a Word, do nothing but what is profitable, and finish whatever you begin. Farewel.

LETTER XCIII.

The Senate of Abdera, *to the Great Physician* Hippocrates, *entreating him to come and cure their Philosopher* Democritus *of Madness.*

OUR City, *Hippocrates*, being like to become desolate by the Indisposition of one who has long prov'd an Ornament to it, we cannot but have recourse

recourſe to thee and thy Art for Relief. Our great Philoſopher *Democritus* is fallen ſick, and his Malady is ſuch, that if not ſpeedily remedied, we fear his continual Study, and great Learning may at laſt turn his Brain. He ſits up and raves both Night and Day, and laughs at all Things of all Kinds, tho' the Objects be never ſo Melancholy or Serious: Moreover, he dives into the Infernal Regions, and writes concerning them. Alſo affirms, the Air to be full of Images, that the Birds have a Language which he underſtands, and that he often travels into the Infinity of Things, where he meets with many ſuch as himſelf. Thus he not only deſtroys his Body but impairs his Mind. Wherefore having juſt Cauſe to apprehend ſome bad Conſequences, we entreat thee, *Hippocrates*, nay, we conjure thee, to come and preſerve us and him, by thy Advice. Deſpiſe us not, for we are not inconſiderable; and though we know you prefer Learning before Wealth, yet if you ſucceed, which we do not doubt but you will, you muſt give us Leave to expreſs our Gratitude proportionably to what you ſhall deſerve. If our City were all Gold, we would give it, rather than loſe *Democritus*. While he is ſick, our Laws, nay, our whole State, are languiſhing; and if he ſhould die, which the Gods avert, we ſhould all expire with his Breath. Come then, thou beſt of Men, come cure the moſt excellent of Philoſophers: Come and be not only our Phyſician, but Founder, Law-giver, Preſerver, for by reſtoring him to Health, thou wilt be all theſe to us: Nay, thou wilt hereby recover our drooping State, and prevent its Diſſolution. Yet is it not our City alone, but all *Greece*, that entreats this Favour of thee. Imagine Learning it ſelf to be

our

our Interceſſor, and Wiſdom our Ambaſſador, in behalf of their Darling *Democritus*. Thou art nearly allied to *Æſculapius*, both by Blood and Profeſſion. He deſcended from a Brother of *Hercules*, from whom came our Founder *Abderus*. Therefore if no other Argument can move thee, let Affinity prevail with thee to come and aſſiſt us in this Extremity. If you do not come, our whole Nation will run mad, to ſympathize with him, they have always ſo dearly lov'd. Strange! that the Exceſs of Good ſhould become a Diſeaſe. *Democritus*, who is in poſſeſſion of the Perfection of Wiſdom, runs mad, whilſt the Populace of *Abdera* continue to enjoy their Sences, and even thoſe who have ever been eſteem'd uncapable of Thinking, are now able to diſcern Errors in the wiſeſt of Men. Come therefore, great *Hippocrates*, reſtore him to his Intellect, who has been a common Preceptor to us all. Bring along with thee all thy *Recipe's* and Drugs. As for *Botanic* Remedies, we have enough, and ſure our Soil never produc'd Herbs ſo ſeaſonably as now, for the Recovery of our dear *Democritus*. Farewel from *Abdera*.

LETTER XCIV.

Hippocrates's *Anſwer*.

THO your Meſſenger, *Amelesagoras*, deliver'd me your Letter at *Coos*, on a Day of great Solemnity amongſt us, yet perceiving by the Diſorder in his Looks, that his Buſineſs requir'd haſte, I reſolv'd immediately to diſpatch him. I find your City no leſs concern'd for the Indiſ-

Indiſpoſition of one Man, than if there had been but one Man among ye. However, you are truly happy in that you eſteem Wiſdom of greater Defence to you, than Walls and Bulwarks. As Art proceeds from the Gods, and Man is the Work of Nature; ſo, you Men of *Abdera*, I look upon my ſelf to be more ſummon'd by both theſe than by you. Both the Gods and Nature require me to preſerve *Democritus*, and ſince they have neither of them promis'd me any Reward, you do ill to offer one. A free Art ought to be always free, when they who take a Recompence for what they have done, do but enſlave a Liberal Science. Such as theſe will refuſe when deſir'd, and come when they are not ſent for. Human Life is indeed miſerable, in that it is continually invaded by an inſatiate Deſire of Wealth. This is the Madneſs which Phyſicians ought moſt to employ their Art upon. This is the Frenzy which moſt moleſts our Quiet, and which can only be cur'd by Vertue. For my Part, if Riches had been my Aim, I had long ſince gone to the Court of *Perſia* to Practiſe; but I refus'd to comply with the repeated Invitations of that Prince, both out of a Contempt of his Wealth, and the Conſideration of his being a Barbarian, and an Enemy to *Greece*. It would have been highly blameable in me to have ſought to do him Good, who endeavour'd all he could the Ruine and Deſtruction of my Country. I look upon it equally ill to oblige an Enemy, and take Money of a Friend. If *Democritus* be really diſtemper'd I will come and do my beſt to cure him, if not, my Buſineſs will be only to reproach your Credulity: Farewel from *Coos*.

LETTER XCV.

Hippocrates *to his Friend* Damagetus, *concerning the Condition he found* Democritus *in: Being a severe Satyr upon Man.*

I Found my Patient just as I expected. He is not mad, but rather they that thought him so. He is exceeding Wise, and has taught me Wisdom. As soon as I came to *Abdera*, the People flock'd about me in great Numbers to welcom me, and when I refus'd to go to any House, till I had seen *Democritus*, they ran before me, calling out upon *Jupiter* to assist me. I comforted them by telling them, that it being the Season of the *Etesian* Winds, his Disease could not last long. They conducted me behind a Tower upon a Hill, whence I could plainly see the Habitation of this Philosopher, about the middle of the Descent. He was then without Doors sitting upon a Stone, under a low Plantane-Tree, with a Book upon his Knee, and several Others, with dissected Bodies, lying about him. His Habit was a squalid course Rugg. He appear'd wan and lean, and had a long Beard. I observed he sometimes wrot hastily, then paused and consider'd, after which he went and por'd on the dissected Animals, and in a little time return'd to his Seat. The *Abderites* told me, with Tears in their Eyes, that I might well perceive what Condition he was in by his Actions. I bad them be patient, and I would go down and feel his Pulse. When I approach'd, he was pondring upon some weighty Matter, which made me to wait till he had done. It was not long before he

saw

saw me, when he saluted me in these Words, *Hail Stranger!* I answer'd, *Hail also* Democritus, *thou wisest of Men!* Upon this, he made an Apology for calling me Stranger, and said he should not have done so, had he but known my Name, which he therefore ask'd me. I told him I was *Hippocrates* the Physician. *Then you are* (reply'd he) *the Glory of the* Æsculapians *whose Fame has reach'd even me. What brought you hither, I beseech you?* (continu'd he) *But first sit down. This Seat* (proceeded he) *you may observe is very pleasant and secure; wherein it is preferable to Thrones, which are all subject to Envy.* As soon as I was sate, he ask'd me, if 'twas Publick or Private Business that occasion'd my Coming. I told him 'twas purely to see him. *Then* (reply'd he) *let my House be your Home.* I answer'd, I had already been entertain'd by one *Philopæmen*, whom I ask'd him if he knew. *What the Son of* Damon (reply'd he) *I know him very well, he lives hard by the* Hermæan *Fountain. The same* (answer'd I) *he has been my old Acquaintance. But I pray,* Democritus (said I farther to try him) *what is that you are Writing?* To which, after some Pause, he reply'd, *A Treatise of Madness, with its Causes and Cures, for the better Discovery of which, I have dissected all those Animals you see there, and that not out of Hatred to the Works of the Gods, but to discover the Seat of Choler, which most commonly occasions this Malady. Truly* (quoth I) Democritus, *you enjoy that Quiet in your Life, which I cannot arrive at. And why not?* (answer'd he) *Because* (said I) *many Things interrupt that Pleasure I should otherwise have.* Hereupon he fell into a great Fit of Laughter; and upon my asking the Reason, laugh'd more than before; which the *Ab-*

derites obſerving aloof off, they beat their Heads and tore their Hair for Grief. I preſs'd him earneſtly to know what I had ſaid, that was ſo very ridiculous. He anſwer'd me only, that if I could make it otherwiſe, I ſhould effect a greater Wonder than ever I did yet. *What* (ſaid I) *is it not abſurd to laugh at ſad and ſerious Matters? True* (ſaid he) *but I find you do not rightly apprehend the Occaſion of my Laughter, which when you come to do, I doubt not but you will think your ſelf obliged to teach me Phyſick in requital of the Knowledge I ſhall teach you. You think* (continued he, looking ſtedfaſtly upon me) *that I laugh at both Good and Ill, but I muſt acquaint you, 'tis Man only is the Object of my Mirth. Fooliſh Man that plays the Child in all his Actions, undergoes great Toil and Hazard for no Benefit, travels to the end of the World, and ſearches the utmoſt depth of it, for what, when obtain'd does but add to his Diſquiet. He digs, into and rends his Mother's Bowels, by the Hands of Slaves, whereof ſome live there, as in their Native Soil; and others are buried there. They are continually employ'd in ſifting one Sand from another, to extract the trifling Treaſure. Is it not Man alſo that marrys, and ſoon after procures a Divorce? that gets Children, and diſinherits them when he has done? That purchaſes Land to ſell again, and that warrs upon his Neighbour, to ruine himſelf? To what endleſs Changes and Chances is he ſubject? When he is Poor, he deſires Riches, and when he has them, either hoards them up, or laviſhes them away. He violates the Laws of Nature and Friendſhip by Contention. Both Parents and Friends are at continual Variance with each other, about Nothing. What is really valuable, is deſpiſed, whilſt that which is of no Worth is beſt valued. Man always eſteems most*

what

what is hardest to come at. When he is at Sea, he longs for the Pleasures of the Land, and when at Land, for those of the Sea. In War he commends Valor, and yet is at the same time a Slave to Sloth and Luxury. How could you therefore, Hippocrates, *reprove me for laughing at these Enormities? Men generally laugh at anothers Follies, and not at their own. They that think themselves sober, laugh at those that seem to be drunk. All this* (reply'd I) *is true, but it must be imputed to the innate Mutability of Man's Mind, and is rather to be pitied, than ridicul'd: For,* O Democritus, (continu'd I) *what Man is there that when he marries, thinks of a Divorce, or when he begets Children, intends to disinherit them? None can foresee what shall happen to them, and every one flatters himself with Hopes of Success. You yet misunderstand me* (reply'd *Democritus*;) *I blame not their Weakness, but their Will. They have it in their Power to do better. If they would but consider the common Mutability of Things, that alone were enough to make them wise. Those that had the use of their Reason would never look upon the Matters of this World as fixed and settled. But if, on the contrary, a Man would rightly weigh what he attempts, and endeavour to understand himself and his Ability, he would not let his Desires be so exorbitant, but follow Nature, out of whose Store he might be plentifully nourish'd and supply'd. As a fat Body is more liable to Diseases, than a lean, so is an high Estate ever in most danger of falling. Great Minds are best known in Extremities. This is,* Hippocrates, *the true Reason of my Laughter. Man's Behaviour, as to Vertue,* (proceeded he) *is yet worse than all has been said. He affects Lying, follows Pleasure, and disobeys the Laws. My Laughing condemns his Inconsiderateness, whereas he alone, of all Creatures, is qualified*

to foresee Futurities. His Mutability is such, that he first hates a Thing, and then applys himself to it, finds fault with Navigation, and then puts to Sea; speaks against Husbandry, and then falls a ploughing, gets divorc'd from one Wife, and then marries another, disinherits his Children, and afterwards begets more, so that he never remains constant in any one Condition whatsoever. Princes commend a private Life, private Persons a Publick. Statesmen are for being Tradesmen, as the more innocent Calling, and, on the contrary, Tradesmen Statesmen, out of Envy to their Power and Grandeur. Some are govern'd by Incontinence, others by Avarice. Ambition carries a third sort into the Air, and then lets them fall down headlong to their Destruction. Some do Good, and after repent of it, and having violated the Laws of Friendship, turn all their commendable Actions into Enmity. Wherein do these differ from Beasts or rather in what Brutalities do they not exceed them? What Lyon will bury Gold, or what Wolf or Tygre, contend for more Sustenance than he has occasion for? Both Nights and Days, however, are scarce sufficient for Man to riot in: All Brutes have their Seasons of Coition, but Man's Lust lasts the Year round. How could I, Hippocrates, *forbear to laugh at him that laments the Loss of his Goods, and yet exposes them to all the Hazards of the Ocean? Why should he blame the Sea that swallows the Vessel he had surcharg'd with Merchandize? I must confess such sorts of People, entitle themselves, in some measure, to our Pity; yet they deserve not the Help of Physick, since the Founder of it* Æscu-lapius *was struck dead with Thunder for his Kindness to one Man. I might well be thought mad for looking after the Seat of Madness in Animals, when it is best to be found in Man, who is Infirmity from his very Cradle. When first born he's wholly helpless,*

as he grows up loose and ungovernable, when at Man's Estate, vicious and intemperate; and when going to his Grave, altogether miserable. Some Men are continually employ'd in Strife, others in Whoredoms, Rapes, Drunkenness and Gluttony; some in Avarice, and others in Prodigality; so that if the Walls of our Neighbours Houses were but transparent, we should discover some Quarrelling, some Debauching, some Swilling, others Gormandizing; some Vomiting, some raking up Wealth, and others scattering it abroad. Most despise what they enjoy, and covet what is out of their Reach. Some set their Minds on Horses, some on Women, others on Doggs; some on Stone, or Wood; others affect Command, but very few Obedience. The Delight of some is in the Field, of others in the Forum, *and of some at the Theatre, to see their own Frailties represented and expos'd. Men are naturally so inconstant, that I question whether your Art can equally please all, for 'tis certain the sick are no sooner cur'd, than they ascribe the Cause of it either to the Gods or Chance. Nay, some are of that untoward Disposition, that they will be angry at their having Occasion for your Help.* This said, changing his Smiles into a Divine Look, his long Discourse ended. I told him I would carry all his excellent Instructions to *Coos*, where, no doubt, I should be applauded for my Journey, tho' I came on a Fools Errand. After this, we parted, and I return'd to the *Abderites*, whom having thanked for the Opportunity they had given me of seeing *Democritus*, I departed, and left them under no small Confusion, to think of the Folly they had committed. Farewel.

LETTER XCVI.

Democritus *to* Hippocrates, *after his Departure from* Abdera.

YOU came to *Abdera* (*Hippocrates*) to cure me of Madness, at the Instigation of a foolish People who thought Study and Contemplation so. At that time I was writing concerning the Fabrick of the World. As soon as you understood me well, you justly excus'd me from the Imputation of Frenzy, and laid it wholly on the Stupid *Abderites*. I have div'd into the depth of Nature, and found out the Causes of all Things, witness the Books I have written. If you therefore, *Hippocrates*, had administred *Hellebore* to me, as being mad, you had made me so indeed, which would have brought a Reflection on your Art; for that Root given to a sound Person, clouds his Intellect, and confounds his Understanding. If you had found me only contemplating, and that in an odd Posture, you might have had some Colour for crediting what had been suggested to you, but finding me quite contrary in Rational Action, you had no Reason to have such Thoughts of me. A Physician is not to judge of the Affections and Passions of Men, by the Eye only. He must penetrate the inward Causes, which is the surest Way to discover the Disease. Farewel.

LETTER XCVII.

Hippocrates's *Answer*.

IN Matters of Physick, Success is not commended in the Artist, but altogether attributed to the Gods; but where the Art fails, the Gods are excus'd, and the Physician only blam'd. For my Part, I must own I am yet oftentimes to seek in Medicine; neither was *Æsculapius* himself, that invented it, arriv'd at the Perfection of it. Your Letter condemns *Hellebore*, and that with Reason in your Case; for tho' I was sent for to cure a Mad-man, yet did I soon find you quite otherwise, and do acknowledge you to be the best Interpreter of Nature, and to have no Occasion for Physick. Since this Accident has begot an Acquaintance betwixt us, I desire a frequent Correspondence with you. I have sent you a Treatise of *Hellebore*. Farewel.

LETTER XCVIII.

Xenophon *to his two Friends*, Symmias *and* Cebes, *concerning his Commentaries.*

IT is a common Paradox, *That No-body is richer than a poor Man*; and which I find to be true by my self, for tho' I possess but little of my own, yet as long as you, my Friends, take Care to supply me, I cannot be said to want any Thing. As for my Commentaries, I would not have them, by any means, seen in my Absence, as I have

have often told you, least they should be blown upon. A Book once expos'd, is hardly ever retriev'd. *Plato* indeed got Honour by his Writings, during his Absence in *Italy* and *Sicily*; but for my Part, I cannot be of Opinion they deserved that Respect which was paid them. I am not so much concern'd at the Loss of Reputation I may incur by the Publication of my Works, as tender of the Honour of *Socrates*, who is the Subject of them. I look upon it equally the same thing to calumniate, and not to give a Man his due Praise, while we write of him. I shall have these Apprehensions, my dear Friends, till I hear from you, which I desire may be speedily. Farewel.

LETTER XCIX.

The Empress Agrippina, *to her Son the Emperor* Nero, *upon his enclining to favour the Accusation against her, by one* Silana.

I Wonder not (O *Cæsar*) that barren *Silana* should have no Sence of Maternal Affections. She that never bore a Son, might well be ignorant how to bear the Loss of one. Nature renders those Objects either hateful or indifferent, which do not strike our Sences. Esteem flows from the Fountain of Knowledge; but, on the contrary, I am greatly surprized (my Son) that your Prudence should suffer it self to be impos'd upon by such Incredibilities, that your Ears should receive so malicious an Accusation, and that your Fancy could admit of such a monstrous Imagination. I admire your Soul did not start at the hor-

rid

rid Thought. I am amaz'd that the utmost Magick of Words, could be able to make you give the least Credit to such a barbarous Inhumanity. In Cases so unnatural and improbable, we ought not to believe our Eyes, we ought first to doubt lest they should prove false Guides to us. Dost thou not know (O Son) the Affection all Mothers naturally bear their Children. Our Love is without Bounds, being incessantly fed by that Tenderness, which is incredible to all but our selves. Nothing ought to be more dear to us, than what we have purchased, with the Risque of our Lives; nothing more valuable than what we have undergone so great Grief and Pain to procure. These are so sharp and intolerable, that were it not for the Prospect of a happy Birth, which makes us unmindful of our Agonies, Generation would soon be at an end. Canst thou be ignorant (O *Nero*) that Nine full Months I have carried thee in my Bowels, and nourish'd thee with my Blood? How unlikely is it then that I would destroy that very Darling, I had taken so much Care to bring into the World? It may be the just Gods took Offence at my over-fondness of thee, and made use of this Way to punish me. A thousand times, I must own, I have likened thee to the Deities themselves: A thousand times have thought that all the Blessings of the *Elysian* Shades were concenter'd in thy Looks. I have defied both Nature and Art, to form any thing like thee: Nay, I have been tempted, by my rash Love, to believe thee a God. *Rome* however has not hitherto been accustom'd to produce such a Monster as I am represented. The Benignity of our Climate could never yet admit of such malign Influences. Our Soil never had Occasion

for

for Blood to enrich it. In *Thebes*, *Argos*, or *Messina*, Places fam'd for Cruelties, such Tragedies perhaps might have been acted; but here, if either Envy or Malice, had at any time suggested such an abominable Thought, it would soon have been recoil'd upon the Black Instigator. Unhappy *Agrippina*! Thou art suspected of a Crime which no Body could think thee guilty of. Who would have thought that thy House should all of a sudden have been so abandon'd? Visiters avoid thee, Friends forsake thee, and Suitors fly thee. At once discountenanc'd by the Supreme Authority thou art depriv'd of all Power and Command. Petitions to thee are turn'd into Libels against thee. Those that have been most oblig'd to thee are the forwardest to seek thy Ruine. To what a Degree of Malice is envy arriv'd. Thy Innocence cannot secure thee against its contagious Influence. All thy best Actions are rendred suspected by its Malignity. All the Dignities and Honours thou hast been in Possession of, are weak Antidotes against its Poison. Thy Condition that has been ador'd even by the remotest Nations, now finds it impracticable to defend it self against the Rigor of ill Tongues at Home. The height of *Olympus* were not sufficient to secure one from the Clouds of Calumny and Prejudice. *Rome* is now grown so degenerate, as to nourish a Viper in its Bosom, which devours the Reputation of the Mother of *Cæsar*. What signifies the Title of *Empress* to me, if I am suppos'd Guilty of what the basest of Women would abhor? What avails me any Authority, if I'm believ'd Guilty of so execrable an Intention? But what would the World farther say of me, if I were not the Mother of *Nero*? No. Torments would

be

be great enough to condemn me to, were my Enemies not under some faint Apprehensions of his Displeasure. Unhappy those that depend upon the Breath of the Court. The wisest of People are not secure from Tempests in that Harbour. There even a Calm is dangerous. But why do I blame the Court? Can that be the Cause of my being suspected of Parricide? No, I ought rather to complain of thy Imprudence, *Nero*, in giving Credit to such an improbable Barbarity; of thy Justice in consenting to tax my Innocence; and of thy wonted Goodness in trusting to the bare Allegations of Calumny. I ought to blame thee for forfeiting the Reputation of our Family, by believing thy Mother guilty of such a Crime, and my self for having so little Merit as to give thee any Grounds for the Suspicion thou hast entertain'd. I know that to excuse this over-Credulity thou wilt have Recourse to that Maxim which enjoyns a Prince or Judge to hear all. The Safety of the State or a Prince's Person ought indeed oblige him to hearken to all, but not to give Credit to all. Believing all is equally the same Fault with believing Nothing. But to give ear to that which is repugnant to Nature, Custom and Possibility is only the Act of a barbarous Temper altogether devoted to Cruelty. My Belief was at a stand, to think that *Cæsar* could have entertain'd any of these Thoughts of me. I could not have imagin'd a Woman could make him afraid of his Life. The End is chiefly to be consider'd in all Things. Tell me then (O *Cæsar*) to what End should I plot against thy Life? To plunge my self in a worse Fate? That's not likely: What Hopes then could induce me to build upon thy Ruine? I know the Lust of Empire often corrupts

the

the Laws of Nature, That Justice has no Sword to punish such as offend in that Respect, and that Ambition never takes Notice of Wrong so long as it succeeds in its Aim. My Commands have been obey'd in the Provinces, influenc'd the Armies, directed the *Cohorts*, govern'd Nations and deterr'd the Enemies of *Rome*. My Name has had Acclamations from the *Legions*, been applauded by Strangers, respected by Kings, adored by the Senate, and had Incence paid to it by Priests. My Statues have had Divine Worship, and Altars have smoaked to my Honour; yet all this has not hinder'd ill Tongues from inventing improbable Lies against me, that have amounted to the Violation of my own Bowels. One would have thought my High Quality, protected by the Supreme Authority, might have been sufficient to have aw'd such Insolence. But who can accuse me of seducing the Army or corrupting the Provinces? Could I expect any tolerable Reward for promoting the Interest of *Britannicus* or *Platuius*; or might I not more reasonably think, that if I should advance them to the Empire, by dethroning my own Son, they would look upon me as an unnatural Mother, and set Spies upon my Actions, which would deprive me of all future Comfort? Nay, to what Deity could I have Recourse for Absolution after I had been Guilty of so black a Deed? Would to Heaven (my Son) *Silana* had the same Affection for thee, as I have ever had, or that her Accusation did not proceed more from a Desire of my Fall than saving thy Life. I would in this Case be thankful to the shameless Strumpet for giving me an Opportunity of sacrificing my self for thy safety. I should no more think of her Malice, were I but satisfied

that

that Love, and not Envy, was the Cause of my Death. I can argue nothing better in my Defence than the Infamy of my Accuser. She is well known to have long led an Adulterous Life with the Pander *Atimetus*, and the Stage-Player *Paris*. How then can her Testimony be credited? She that could violate her Husbands Honour, will never scruple to take away my Life. But has there any *Consul* or *Prætor* accused me? Have the People required my Blood for the Security of the Commonwealth? Or have the Senate convicted me of this intended Parricide, and petitioned for my Execution? If so (O *Cæsar*) behold me ready to lance my own Veins, in Compliance with the welcome Sentence. Pardon not her that could admit so heinous an Intention into her Heart, tho' thy Mother. Divest thy self of all Natural Affections towards her, and let thy Justice blot from thy Memory one that could harbour so villainous a Design. But if my Accuser and her Accomplices be of the very Dregs of the People, not worthy to look upon me or mention my Name, and much less to arraign me at the Tribunal of my Son, why should not more Credit be afforded to the known Integrity of my Actions than to their Words? Now what Recompence can they make me for the *Odium* cast upon my Fame? What will the World not believe of these slanderous Depositions, since every one is at Liberty to think what he pleases. What will the Vulgar not imagine, since they are always more govern'd by the first Impressions, than Reason? The Blood of these Harpies can never be a sufficient Attonement for the Malignity of their Tongues. The united Deaths both of them and their Posterity, can hardly make me amends for what

what I have suffer'd from their infectious Calumnies, insomuch that tho' thou shouldst endeavour (O *Cæsar*) to restore my Reputation, yet will thy Goodness seem more to flow from Natural Affection, than Justice; and my supposed Crime appear more worthy of Pity, than Pardon. Thy Absolution may indeed free me from the Punishment, but not from the Imputation of Guilt, since the Family of *Cæsar* ought not to admit even of the least Suspicion. But tho' my own Conscience acquit me, yet will that not avail to satisfie others Doubts. They will still accuse me of this horrid Crime, and which I have incurr'd the Jealousie of, by loving thee too much, and by hazarding my Life to promote thy Grandeur. What Dangers have I not undergone to procure thee the Empire? What Impossibilities have I not surmounted to place the Lawrel on thy Temples? But I offend thy Gratitude by remembring thee of my Services. My Innoence ought not to defend it self, but to rely wholly on thy Justice. Farewel.

LETTER C.

The Emperor Probus, *to the Senate of* Rome, *concerning his Success against the* Barbarians.

I Am exceeding thankful to the Immortal Gods, Most Equal Fathers, that they have been pleased to justifie their Approbation of your Choice by the great Success they have bestow'd upon my Arms. All that wide extended Country of *Germany* is subdu'd: Nine of its chiefest Kings have prostrated themselves at my Feet, or I might better say, at yours. Its Subjects now labour for you, and

and instead of any farther defending their Possessions proffer to fight your Battels. I beseech ye therefore to decree those Rites to the Gods as have been customary on the like Occasions. Four hundred thousand of the Enemy are slain, and sixteen thousand have listed in our Service. Sixty Noble Cities are recover'd, and *Gallia* is entirely at Liberty. Those Crowns I have had presented by the *Gauls*, I desire your Fatherhoods would consecrate to the Omnipotent *Jupiter*, and the other Immortal Gods and Goddesses. Whatever has been formerly lost, is now regain'd with Surplusage. The Fields of *Gallia* are ploughed with *Barbarian* Cattle, and their Oxen tamely yield their Necks to our Yokes. Their Sheep now graze upon our Mountains, and yean in our Plains. Our Barns are filled with their Corn, and Cavalry remounted on their Horses. In a Word, we have all; which if the Divine Providence shall think fit to continue to us, we ought to return repeated Acknowledgments, lest we seem ungrateful for those Blessings we have receiv'd. Farewel.

LETTER CI.

Cicero *to his Son* Marcus, *to reclaim him from his loose Course of Life.*

CAN I think (O *Marcus*) thy vicious Course of Life could offer to eclipse my Glory? I would question even the Oracles of Truth in this Case, for nothing is more difficult than to make a Man believe what he does not like. Yet am I obliged to give Credit to my Sences. I see thee daily involv'd in all Kinds of Luxury, and

hear thee as often discoursing on nothing but Vanity. Ill Fortune had no other Way to attack me. My Country owes its Safety to me, and both the Senate and People have stil'd me their *Preserver*. I have surmounted the Meanness of my Birth, and baffled all the Attempts of Envy, Malice, Pride and Calumny against me. Nothing but the Vagaries of *Marcus* could render me Unhappy. Poor unfortunate *Cicero!* reduced to that State by the Disobedience of a Child, which thy Enemies could not bring thee to. Thou (*Marcus*) thou alone robbest me of my Honour, obscurest my Vertue, and clog'st the Wings of my Fame. Upon what a weak Foundation have I founded my Hopes? Upon one, who, instead of striking in with me towards the acquiring of Glory, will, if he does not reform, leave to Posterity the Character of a *Libertine*; and whereas he might inherit the Renown due to my Labours, will deprive his Father of all Content, and himself of all Esteem. But it is yet time (O my Son) both to recant thy Errors, and return to thy Studies. By one, thou wilt restore my Quiet; and by the other, enrich thy self. 'Tis never too late to learn. I have known a Man of an hundred Years old thirst after Instruction; nay, all wise Men will hearken to their Friends, even when they are dying. Cast off then that Yoke which Vice has put on thee, and whereby thy Mind is deprav'd, thy Sences stupified, thy Reputation lost, and mine obscur'd. Consider these worldly Pleasures as *Syrens* that decoy thee to thy Ruin, and which are really nothing but vain, vile, frail, short-liv'd Things, subject to a thousand Accidents, and whose End is only Torment and Repentance. Yet all this while I do not speak against those Diversions that unbend

unbend the Mind. A Bow always bent is soon broken, and the Imbecility of our Nature requires some Recreation. I blame only Incontinence, Luxury and a Superfluous Use of Meat and Drink. No Vice is more abominable than Intemperance, from whence all other Vices flow: Yet to those thou hast raised Altars; to these thou pay'st thy Vows. I wonder thou dost not fly the common Society of Mankind, to get rid of their continual Reproaches. Thou art either not a Man, or not my Son. Drunkenness has transform'd thee, and like that of *Alexander* the Great, has tarnish'd all thy Glory. The Delights of *Capua* enervated the Prowess of *Hannibal*. Whilst thou art drunk (O *Marcus*) thy Head turns round, thy Tongue falters, thy Eyes deceive thee, thy Feet fail thee, and thy Stomach offends thee. Wherefore if thou art not altogether become stupid, thou must needs be sensible thy self of the Inconveniencies of this Vice. My Cheeks burn with Shame, while I reprove thee for these Enormities, and my Mind is under Apprehensions of contaminating it self by the bare Naming them. Believe me (*Marcus*) Vice has got the Ascendant over thy Reason, and will not suffer thee to be sensible of thy Folly. It will not permit thee to look thro' the thick Fogs that envelope thy Brain, and conceals its own Deformity from thee. It keeps thee from discerning the Splendour of Vertue and the Brightness of thy Race. If thou couldst but view the Beauties of Virtue I'm confident thou wouldst soon be in Love with her. No Heart can be so harden'd, but must be affected by her Charms. The wide World cannot shew any thing more Amiable. She is Praise to her self; & without her Perfection would be Nothing. She

gains us by her Authority, even the Love of our Enemies. The Sun once ſtopped his Courſe to admire her. Alſo Death it ſelf, which nothing elſe can conquer, and which buries every Thing in Oblivion, yet yields to her, and ſubmits to that Immortality which is only acquir'd by her. Tell me, I beſeech thee, my Son, what is become of all the Antient *Greek* Magnificence in Building? Is it not devour'd by Time? Yet the Works of Vertue live, and will do ſo to all Eternity. Both the Names and Actions of Virtuous Perſons will endure the utmoſt Teſt of Time, and, thro' all the endleſs Revolutions of Ages flouriſh. He need not to fear the Horrors of Death (O *Marcus*) who can be ſure to out-live the Bounds of Life by his Vertue. Whilſt thou, if thou continu'ſt in this Senſuality of thine, as thou haſt liv'd unregarded wilt die unlamented, and rot in the Grave unremembred: Or if thou ſhouldſt leave any Name behind thee, it will be devoted to Infamy, than which it were far better to have been condemned to Oblivion. That's but a fooliſh Opinion which ſome entertain, and which I daily reflect upon with Contempt and Diſdain, that our Happineſs ends with our Lives and our Glory ceaſes with our Deaths. Thoſe Men know not that true Life begins at the Grave, and ſprings from the very Boſom of Death. Our Souls are *Phœnix's*, which revive from our own Aſhes. Then are our Names Eternized; Then have Envy and Malice no more Power to obſcure our Merits, or to diſpute our Title with us to Fame. The Privileges of our Souls would be nothing, if they were ſubject to the Corruption of the Body. Now, Son *Marcus*, if this Obſtinacy will not give thee leave to lay hold on theſe Inſtructions; if thou

will

wilt still continue thy Converse with Brutes, who have no other Sence than their Lusts: If, in a Word, thou wilt persist to forfeit both mine and thy own Reputation by thy ill Courses, I have no absolute Authority over thy Will, I can only satisfie my self in that I have thus far opposed thy vicious Inclinations. Farewel.

LETTER CII.

Another Letter of Cicero, *to his Son* Marcus, *upon the same Subject; being a Sequel of the former.*

WHAT I wrote to you lately, I do not think sufficient to acquit my self, and therefore send you this second Letter. I must once more earnestly conjure thee (Son *Marcus*) to forsake the dissolute Course of Life thou hast taken up, which if thou wilt not do for the sake of thy own Reputation, do at least for that of mine, which I have acquir'd not so much by the Favour of Fortune, as by pure Merit. Do not endeavour to rob thy Father of that Happiness which he has been all his Life labouring after. But if Nature has not made thee capable of knowing either thy Honour, or thy Interest, she could not sure but have allow'd thee a Sence of that Duty which all Children owe their Parents. That alone, one would think, ought to excite in thee an Inclination to Vertue, which thou knowest I have not only long desir'd, but also commanded. Not to obey thy Father, is meer Madness; not to love him, extreme Impiety; but to trample on his Fame is worse than Parricide. Neither Wit nor

Words are able to expreſs how commendable and neceſſary a Thing Obedience to a Parent is. The utmoſt extent of Time owns it ſelf at a Loſs to reward ſuch Children as are dutiful. I will give thee ſome Examples, *Marcus*, of ſuch Sons as with the Hazard of their own, have ſav d their Fathers Lives. *Manlius Torquatus*, the firſt that gave the Name to that famous Family, to free his Father of an Accuſation before the *Tribune* of the People went arm'd and alone to the *Tribune's* Houſe, and by a generous Force compell'd that Magiſtrate to deſiſt from hearkning to any farther Proſecution. *Scipio Africanus* had ſcarce attain'd the Years of Manhood, when he reſcu'd his Father from out of the Hands of *Hannibal*, to whom, being grievouſly wounded, he had become a Prey. Neither his unexperienced Youth, nor the Misfortunes of the Day, could hinder the Vehemence of his Virtue and Affection from doing an Act that has got him more Renown than all his Victories afterwards. *Caius Flaminius* while *Tribune* of the People, publiſh'd a Law to divide the Conquer'd Lands in *Gallia*. The Senate oppos'd it, firſt with good Words, then with Threats, and at length with an Army; but all in vain, till at laſt upon his Father's bare Requeſt only, he abandon'd his Reſolution, and ſubmitted to Authority. I could give thee other Examples, *Marcus*, of Sons that ventur'd their All to ſecure their Fathers Safety; whilſt thou, on the contrary, wilt not forego a few brutal Delights to favour my good Name, the Loſs of which is worſe to me than Death. I might, and that with Reaſon, imitate thoſe Parents who have prov'd Tyrants to their Children, ſuch as *Junius Brutus*, *Torquatus*, and not long ſince *Aulus Fulvius*, who rather than endure their diſobedient

dient Issue let out the degenerate Blood. Is it not better to lopp off the contagious Member, than suffer it to spread its Venom? With much greater Reason might I rid my self of a Child, who, by his dishonest Life, robs me both of my Quiet and Reputation, and is in danger of poisoning the Commonwealth to boot. Whilst my Paternal Affection, which can neither be alter'd by my Ambition nor my Honour, is only anxious of thy Safety and long Life. I must confess, it gives me some Uneasiness when I consider what the World will say of me for taking no more Care of thy Education. I'm sensible they'll accuse my Indulgence of nourishing thy Propensity to Vice. But then when I can make it appear, as 'tis well known I can, that the Cause is in thy perverse Nature, and neither in my Will nor Power, that Accusation will soon vanish. Truly I cannot but wonder, that being of Human Kind, thou should'st be insensible to all the Calls of Emulation, and the Reproaches of Infamy. But I soon change my Mind, when I conclude that one that could prove ungrateful to him, whom he owes his Being to, will easily be so to himself. One would think the many Obligations I have laid upon thee might have mov'd thee as my Friend, if not as my Son; but I find Fortune, to afflict me yet the more sensibly, has brought that under the Denomination of Certainty, which I thought Impossible. But since thy extravagant Obstinacy despises my sincere Good-Will, since my Words that have all along had so great Applause in the World, are but thrown away upon thee, I will henceforward renounce thee for my Son, or look upon thee only as an Excrement, which tho' it be Part of me, yet can I live without it. Farewel.

LETTER CIII.

Sylla *the* Dictator, *to* Mithridates, *King of* Pontus. *Written from the Camp.*

I Matter not, O *Mithridates*, that the War is distant from *Rome*, Fortune having always hitherto waited upon her, how remote soever she were. But since you say she never fail'd you, nor has ever been acquainted with me, you shall soon find that according to her natural Mutability, she leaves you to court me; yet supposing she should not, I value neither her nor you, always hoping the Gods will prove more favourable to my Justice, than Fortune can possibly do to your Arrogance. Farewel.

LETTER CIV.

The Emperor Adrian, *to* Servianus *Consul of* Rome; *giving him an Account of the Customs and Manners of the* Ægyptians.

HAVING perfectly acquainted my self with *Ægypt*, pursuant to your Desires, my dear *Servianus*, I shall not, out of Gratitude, fail to send you my Observations upon that Nation: You must know then, The *Ægyptians* are a Proud, Injurious, Loose, Light and Inconstant sort of People, always in Suspence, and ever changing with the least Turn of Fortune. They are strange Libertines, and excessive Lovers of Novelty. They will not be afraid to sing Seditious Songs about Streets, nor to versifie upon the Persons of their

Princes

Princes and Magiſtrates. They are made up for the moſt Part of Aſtrologers, Soothſayers and Empiricks. They are always varying, and ever diſpleaſed with the preſent Times, againſt which they continually rail. They equally pay Adoration to their God *Serapis*, nay, even the Votaries of *Chriſt* and *Moſes*, that live among them. The Chriſtian Patriarch as often as he comes to *Alexandria*, is alſo obliged to Worſhip this God. This City is ſplendid, rich and populous: No Body lives idle in it. Every Body is employ'd in one Thing or other. Some work on Glaſs, others on Paper, and others on Linnen. Not ſo much as the Gouty or Diſabled are excuſed; for they have all ſomething to do: Even the Blind are buſied on ſome Art or other. All I can ſay farther is, That 'twere to be wiſh'd this were a better-govern'd City; for its Magnitude and Populouſneſs ſufficiently entitle it to the Dominion of *Ægypt*. For my Part, I have conſiderably augmented its Privileges, and added ſome new, which the Citizens have often expreſſed their Gratitude to me for. However, I had no ſooner turn'd my Back, but they railed exceedingly at my Son *Ælius Verus* and my Friend *Antinous*. I ſhall therefore for the future, leave them to their Eggs and Poultry, which how they hatch in Dunghils is almoſt a Shame to mention. Make much of the *Ægyptian* Cups I ſend you, and let them be only us'd on Feſtivals. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CV.

The Philosopher Heraclitus, *to his Friend* Aphidamas; *giving him an Account of his Distemper.*

I Am fallen sick (*Aphidamas*) of a Dropsie. Whatsoever abounds in us, occasions a Disease. Excess of Heat brings a Fever; Excess of Cold, a Palsie; Excess of Wind, Cholick. My Distemper proceeds from Excess of Moisture. The Soul keeps all these in due Proportion. The best Thing we have is Health: Nature her self is Health. We cannot foresee what is contrary to Nature, but it always comes by Surprize. I know the Nature of the World, I know that of Man; I know Diseases; I know Health: I will cure my self; I will imitate the Gods, who make Equal the Inequalities of the World, by committing them to the Governance of the Sun. *Heraclitus* shall not die of this Indisposition: He shall rather by his Conduct kill the Disease that afflicts him. In the Universe moist Things are exsiccated and hot refrigerated. My Wisdom knows most Things, but if my Body should happen to be over-presd, it must yield and descend to the destin'd Place; My Soul however shall not do so, but being Immortal, shall ascend to the Ætherial Mansions, where I will be sure not to forget to accuse the *Ephesians*. Then shall I converse not with Men, but Gods; and have Altars rais'd to me instead of erecting them to others. There *Euthycles* will not be able to accuse me of Impiety, but I rather him of Malice. Men have always wondred why I continually look'd sad; but then they

they did not consider the excessive Wickedness of the World. Let them refrain from their ill Courses, and then perhaps I may smile. My Malady is the less irksom in that I am alone, or it may be because my Soul foreseeing she shall shortly get free of this Mortal Prison, compos'd of Phlegm, Choler, prurulent Matter, Blood, Nerves, Bones and Flesh, is pleas'd with the Prospect of her Native Country; for unless there were these Diseases, we should never be Ambitious of this Freedom, which is the Perfection of Bliss. Farewel.

LETTER CVI.

The Same to the Same; exposing the Ignorance of the Physicians of his Time.

THE Physicians (*Aphidamas*) have often consulted about my Distemper; but having neither Art nor Nature to guide them, they as often fail'd of giving any probable Account of it. They did nothing but handle my Belly, as if it had been a Leathern Bottle, and would have undertaken my Cure, would I have but consented to their Operations before they had found out the Nature of my Disease. They at first betray'd their Ignorance, and plainly discover'd they had not so much Knowledge of the Matter as my self. *How* (quoth I) *can you pretend to be Professors of Physick, and yet not be able to give a tolerable Guess at the Malady? I shall cure my self sooner than you can; and therefore will have nothing to do with your Prescriptions. I have known some cur'd by your* Recipe's, *'tis true; but then that could only be by Chance.*

These

These Doctors, *Aphidamas*, do very ill; for they profess an Art they know nothing of, and undertake Cures they do not understand, by which Means they do wrong both to Art and Nature. It is abominable to profess Ignorance, but much worse to pretend to what one is really ignorant of. What Delight they take in Lying? But thereby, however, they grow Rich. 'Twere better for them to beg for Bread; then they would be pitied; whereas now they are hated of all Men. I would give some Credit to your Science, if you could but shew me how a Drought could be made out of Moisture. These were the Men that kill'd my Uncle *Heracleodorus*, and took Money for it when they had done. They are ignorant how God cures the Diseases of the World, and therefore may well mistake mine. They know not how he dissolves the Dry into Moist, and then condenses the humid Air. This is the Cure of the sickly World; and this I will imitate. To all others I bid Farewel.

LETTER CVII.

The Philosopher Antisthenes, *to the Philosopher* Aristippus; *advising him to quit the Luxury of* Sicily.

IT is misbecoming a Philosopher (O *Aristippus*) both to converse with a Tyrant, and to revel at *Sicilian* Feasts. It were more commendable to be content with little in ones own Country. You nevertheless count it a great Happiness to acquire Riches, and live at *Siracuse*. But I must tell you, tho' you take *Dyonisius* for your Friend,

no unlearned Person, especially a Tyrant, can be such. If you are so much in Love with Pleasure, as to forget you are a Philosopher, I would advise you to go to *Anticyra*, and cure your self by drinking *Hellebore*; for that would, in this Case, be much more proper for you, than to debauch with *Sicilian* Wine. How much Health and Discretion differ from Sickness and Folly, you will soon be sensible by this Experiment. Farewel.

LETTER CVIII.

Aristippus's *Answer, Ironically deriding his Friends Austerities.*

WE are, I must own, *Antisthenes*, unhappy beyond Measure: But how can it otherwise happen, whilst we daily converse with a Tyrant, and fare deliciously every Day. The choicest of Unguents are our Perfumes, and the richest loose *Tarentine* Garments our Attire: Yet no Body will free *Aristippus* from this Cruelty of *Dyonisius*, who neither fears the Gods nor Men, who detains me not as a rude Philosopher, but one vers'd in *Socratick* Learning. My Misfortunes (*Antisthenes*) have also lately been encreased by his presenting me with three young luscious *Sicilian* Virgins of great Beauty, and when this Profuse Man will give over bestowing his Favours, I cannot tell: Therefore you do kindly to be concern'd at my Miseries, in requital whereof, I rejoyce at your Happiness, and return you Thanks. I likewise advise you to hoard up your Figs and *Cretan* Meal against Winter, both to wash and drink of the same Fountain of *Enneacrunus* and to

continue

continue to wear always one sordid Habit, as becomes a Free-Man of *Athens*. For my Part, I knew as soon as ever I came hither, how I should be us'd. I am extremly admir'd and belov'd by the *Sicilians*; and therefore as a Punishment to my Madness for coming hither, I wish I may never go hence. Being of Years of Discretion, I chose rather this Ramble, than to undergo Hunger and Cold, to despise Glory, and wear a long Beard. I will send you speedily some * *Lupines*, to encourage you in acting *Hercules* to the Boys. Of other Matters consult *Simon* the Leather-Dresser, than whom you esteem no Body more wise. For my Part I am not allow'd Familiarity with such Scoundrels; and therefore bid you heartily Farewel.

* *A sort of Pulse.*

LETTER CIX.

Xenophon *to* Crito, *concerning the Education of Children.*

OUR wise Master *Socrates* was wont to say that those Parents who took more Care to enrich their Children, than educate them virtuously, did like Grooms that fed their Horses high, and neglected to train them to the *Manege*. Hereby tho' these Beasts were in better Case, yet were they nevertheless the worse for Service; whereas the Excellency of that Creature consists not in his Fatness, but his Serviceableness in War. No less mistaken are all Fathers that purchase great Estates for their Sons, and then omit to bestow the same Care on their Persons, by which Means their Pos-

Possessions will be more valu'd than themselves; whereas, on the contrary, a Man ought always to be more esteem'd than his Land. Whosoever therefore breeds his Children well, gives them much, though he leaves them little. The Condition of the Mind is alone to be respected. Good Men require only what is sufficient: Bad ever thirst after Excess. Supply your Child's Necessities, and being well educated he will despise superflous Plenty. Farewel.

LETTER CX.

Socrates *to* Xenophon; *approving his Expedition into* Asia.

I Hear you are at *Thebes*, and that *Proxenus* is gone before you to the Assistance of *Cyrus* in *Asia*. The Gods only know whether your Designs will prosper, or not. As for the *Athenians*, some among them exclaim highly against your Expedition, as thinking it improper they should assist a Prince who sided with the *Lacedemonians*, and fight for him that fought against them. For my Part, I cannot much wonder at these Reflections of theirs, since their State being changed, 'tis Natural to suppose, that some of them would accuse you of Temporizing. The greater your Success is, the greater must you expect will be their Calumnies. This I know for certain, as being throughly acquainted with the Dispositions of many of them. Do you, however, approve your self an honest Man; and since you have undertaken this Expedition, proceed in it with all Chearfulness and Integrity. Do you call to mind,

that

that above all Things you ought not to discredit your Family. Two Qualities are absolutely necessary in a Warriour: Courage will make you fear'd of your Enemies; and Bounty procure you the Love of your Friends. Farewel.

LETTER CXI.

The same to King * * * *, *in Defence of his* Dæmon.

I Do not much wonder you should give no Credit to what I have delivered concerning my *Dæmon*; I have met with many a-like incredulous. The *Delians* did not believe me, when I sallied out of their City with them to fight the Enemy; but being vanquish'd and forced to run the Sign came upon me in our Flight. I stopp'd and bid them to halt likewise, for I told them I heard my *Dæmon's* Voice. They flouted at me, and many of them were angry that I trifled away such precious Time. However, some were prevailed upon to follow me, and we got safe Home by another Road; whereas those that obstinately persisted to continue the same *Route*, fell into an Ambuscade of Horse, who slew them all. The Person that brought this News was dangerously wounded, and escaped only by Means of his Shield. This I take to be the Gift of Prescience, for which I am only beholden to my *Dæmon*. Farewel.

LETTER CXII.

The great Athenian *Orator, and Moral Philosopher* Isocrates, *to his Friend* Demonicus, *advising him how to behave himself in this Life.*

WE are all sensible the Opinions of good and bad Men, differ much, and in many Things, especially in Matters of Friendship and Conversation. The latter will only value you when present; whereas the former always shew the same Respect for their Friends, tho' they be never so remote from them. Likewise the Friendship of these lasts to perpetuity, whilst that of the others vanishes, as soon as profess'd. Judging therefore it would be more proper for such as thirst after Wisdom and Glory to hearken to the Virtuous than Vicious, I have determin'd to send you this Letter as well to confirm the Friendship betwixt us, as to revive the Memory of that long Familiarity, which was between your Father and me, since it is but reasonable a Son should succeed to his Father's Friends, as well as to his Estate. Those that instruct Youth how they should speak, certainly do well, but those that teach them how to live, undoubtedly do better: For the former only direct the Tongue, whereas the latter reform the Mind. As for the first, I shall at present omit giving you Rules for Discourse, and confine my self, wholly to instructing you how you ought to live, shewing what you are to avoid, what to seek, and with whom you are to converse. Vertue is certainly the most Noble

and ſecure Poſſeſſion a Man can have. Beauty is worn out by Time, or impair'd by Sickneſs. Riches lead Youth rather to Deſtruction than Welfare, and without Prudence are ſoon laviſh'd away. While Virtue alone, the only Good that is ever durable, always remains with the Perſon that has once entertain'd her. She is preferable both to Wealth and a Noble Extraction, Sloth being ever eſteemed Blameable, and Labour Honourable and Praiſe-worthy. Why elſe was *Hercules* ſo much commended, or *Theſeus* ſo highly valued by his Poſterity. But conſidering the good Life of the honeſt Man your Father, you need go no farther than your own Family, for an Example to ſquare your Actions by. His ſingle Pattern will diſplay more Conduct than all the Doctrine I can preach to you, Whilſt he liv'd, he paid the greateſt Deference to Virtue, nor ever ſuffer'd himſelf to be overcome by Eaſe and Idleneſs. He rather continually devoted his Life to Labour and Exerciſe, whereby his Body grew more Robuſt, and Mind more Enlivened. He never ſought after more Riches, than were neceſſary for his ordinary Support, and uſed thoſe he had with ſuch Moderation as if he had only Regard to Immortality. He was not a Mechanick in his Way of Living, tho' in his Profeſſion; but liv'd like a Gentleman, always endeavouring to be as Serviceable to his Friends as he could, ever ſetting a greater Value upon Vertuous Perſons, than his Parents. But I ſhould never have done, ſhould I proceed to relate all the commendable Cuſtoms of that Great Man. I ſhall therefore reſerve what is farther to be ſaid for another Occaſion, where it may be more proper to ſpeak of him. My preſent Purpoſe was only to let you know by the By

what

what a good Man you had to your Father. By his Life you ought to regulate your own, taking a Pattern of your Proceedings from his Practice, which you are no less acquainted with than I can be. Nevertheless to acquit my self of the Duty of a Friend, I have determined to present you with the following Instructions.

1. Shew your self at all times Religious towards the Gods; and that not only by Oblations and Sacrifices; but also with Vows and Prayers, that you may be said both to employ your Wealth well, and to satisfie the World of your Faith.

2. Always Honour the Gods, that you may not only be esteem'd devout, but likewise obedient to the Laws.

3. Behave your self so to your Parents, as you would have your Children do to you, when you shall have any.

4. Exercise your Body frequently, that you may thereby become robust and healthy.

5. Be not immoderate in Mirth, nor over-forward in Talking, the one proceeding from Folly, and the other from Presumption.

6. What is improper to be done, do you esteem improper to be said.

7. Do not put on a Melancholy Air, for fear Men take it for a Token of Ignorance.

8. Do not think to conceal an ill Act, for tho' no Body should come to know it otherwise, yet will your Conscience discover it in your Face.

9. Fear the Gods, honour your Parents, respect your Friends, and obey the Laws.

10. Partake only of Virtuous Recreations, for as these divert, the contrary hurt.

11. Avoid giving Occasion for Calumny, if possible, tho' never so improbable, because the

Majority of Men, not knowing the Truth, are apt to be govern'd by Opinion.

12. Do every thing as if every Body saw you; for tho' you have a Mind to conceal any thing, yet will it at length come to be known.

13. You will always be valued, if you do nothing that you should blame in others.

14. It is as discommendable a Thing to refuse Instruction, as a Present from a Friend.

15. Employ your Time in improving your self by other Mens Documents; so shall you come easily by what others have labour'd hard for.

16. Prefer Knowledge to Wealth, for the one is transitory, and the other perpetual.

17. Do not grudge travelling into distant Countries for Knowledge, when the Merchant does the like after Gain.

18. Be Affable in your Address, and Inoffensive in your Behaviour.

19. Be courteous to every one, but converse chiefly with good Men; so shall you frustrate the Calumnies of the Bad, and acquire the Favour of the Good.

20. Do not always keep Company with the same Persons, nor discourse still on the same Subject, for the best Things at length grow tedious.

21. Accustom your self to bear with Misfortunes, that you may be able to do so when you are obliged to it.

22. Be more careful of keeping your Word than your Money, it being not a little commendable for a Man to behave himself so that he may be trusted as much on Account of his Honesty, as his Bond.

23. Tell your Secret to no Body, unless where it is as beneficial to him that hears it, as to you that discover it.

24. Never

24. Never engage in Friendſhip with any one, till you know how he has dealt by his other Friends.

25. Do not be over-haſty in declaring your ſelf a Friend, but when you have once done ſo, perſevere in your Friendſhip, for it is equally as unreputable to change ones Friends often, as to have none at all.

26. To make Tryal of your Friends, communicate to them what you would have divulged, for if they reveal that, no damage will acrue to you, and if they conceal it, you have the Satisfaction you deſir'd.

27. Always prevent your Friends Neceſſities, by ſupplying them before they ſhall ask.

28. Eſteem it no leſs a Misfortune to be outdone by your Friends Benefits, than your Enemies Injuries.

29. Admit into your Friendſhip not only thoſe that lament your Adverſity, but likewiſe thoſe that envy your Proſperity, becauſe the former many times turn to the latter.

30. Talk often of your abſent Friends in Company of thoſe that are preſent; to the End they may think they ſhall be well ſpoken of upon the ſame Occaſion.

31. Not only endeavour to get Riches, but to enjoy them when you have done, for in the former Caſe, you'll have the pleaſure of heaping them up, and in the latter of uſing them.

32. Never torment your ſelf with repining at your Condition, be it what it will; but rather do all you can to better it.

33. Never reproach any Man's Misfortune, becauſe Fortune is common to us all, and no Body knows what he may come to.

34. Always relieve good Men; but he that is charitable to the Bad, bestows Favours upon Dogs, that will bark even at their Benefactors.

35. Be not grave in slight Matters, nor slight in grave, because all that is out of Season is Impertinent.

36. Be careful how you behave your self in Drink, and always rise before you are fuddled; for when the Mind is once over-charg'd with Wine, it is like a Horse that over-throws its Rider.

37. When you have a mind to gain any Man's Friendship, speak well of him, to the End it may come to his Hearing.

38. The beginning of Friendship is Praise, and of Enmity Detraction.

39. When you are about to do any thing, have Regard to what's past, which will give you a great Light into what's to come.

40. Be not over-hasty in your Deliberations, but when you have once determin'd a Thing, be sure to persevere in it.

41. Happiness is the greatest Blessing that can come from Heaven, and good Counsel that which comes from our selves.

42. When you have not Courage to begin an Attempt, confer first with your Friend in the third Person, so shall you have his Opinion, without discovering your self.

43. When you are determin'd to advise with any one, about doing any thing, consider first how he has behav'd himself in his own Affairs, for it is unlikely he will be able to counsel you well, when he could not do so to himself.

44. No-

44. Nothing can ſpur a Man on more to take Care of himſelf, than the Conſideration of Loſſes he has ſuſtain'd by his Indiſcretion, for we ſhould not be ſo deſirous of Health, were it not for the Incommodities of Sickneſs.

45. Always conform to the Manners of your Prince, whereby you'll ſecure his Favour, and conſequently have greater Authority with the People.

46. When you ſhall be promoted to any Poſt, never adviſe with bad Men, that are your Inferiors, for if you do, you'll be ſure to bear all the Blame of their Counſel.

47. Lay down a Publick Charge, rather with Reputation, than Riches; ever conſidering, that a good Name is at all Times preferable to a good Eſtate.

48. Endeavour to get a Superiority, and yet content your ſelf with an Equality.

49. 'Tis better to be a poor good Man, than a rich Knave; for Riches are only of Uſe to the Living; and Vertue is of much greater Service to the Dead.

50. Do not envy thoſe that enrich themſelves unlawfully; but rather thoſe that ruin themſelves, by doing Good; for though theſe laſt have nothing elſe to rely upon, yet will they ſtill have Virtuous Hopes.

51. Enure your Body to Labour, and your Mind to Thought; ſo ſhall you be able to effect whatever you undertake, and to foreſee what will be moſt Beneficial to you.

52. Conſider well what you have to do, becauſe oftentimes the Tongue foreſtalls the Mind.

53. Reflect that there is nothing permanent in this World; and then you will neither be over-joy'd at Prosperity, nor dejected in Adversity.

54. Take only two Occasions of speaking, either of those Things you are well acquainted with, or of those you stand in need of; for of all others, 'tis for the most Part better to hold one's Tongue, than to talk.

55. Enjoy good Things moderately, and bear with Bad patiently.

56. Endeavour to be as secret as you can, for it would be absurd to keep your Money locked up, and let every Body know your Intentions.

57. Ever apprehend Reproach, more than Danger.

58. Death is a frightful Thing to wicked Men, but the Virtuous need only stand in awe of Dishonour and Ignominy.

59. Live always as securely as you can, but if Honour calls you to risque your Life, 'tis better to fight bravely, than to avoid it shamefully, especially considering we are all born to die, and virtuous People have only the Privilege to die well.

Do not wonder, dear *Demonicus*, that many of the foregoing Precepts, suit not with your Years. I at first determined not only to Counsel you for the present, but to leave you Instructions for the future, which I doubt not you'll soon be able to relish. Not being willing that you should have Recourse to any other Master, I took Care to insert at once all that I thought might be useful to you. Though Youth, like sick People, be generally apt to desire what is hurtful for them, yet I thank the Gods, I have Reason to conceive another Opinion of you. I can easily perceive by

you

your Studies, what your future Life will be, for he that so early can apply himself to Vertue, must of Consequence delight in the Rules that lead him to it. There's no better Incentive to commendable Actions, than Consideration of what Content they bring; whereas, on the contrary, Sloth and Luxury both tire and disgust us. Virtue alone can occasion a durable Delight. I cannot say, but that Vice has its Pleasure in the beginning, yet Grief and Repentance soon succeed, and what at first was a Satisfaction becomes at last a Torment. In all Affairs of this Life we have more Regard to the End, than Beginning, and judge of every thing by its Event. You may also consider, that wicked Men have no Constancy in their Proceedings, whereas Virtuous Persons cannot alter their Course without exposing themselves to the greatest Infamy, for what is looked upon as unnatural in the former, will be reputed Monstrous in the latter. If we blame Lyars for uttering Falsities, much greater Reason have we to do those that have all their Manners irregular, for they not only do Injury to themselves, but likewise prove ungrateful to Fortune, who has blessed them with Riches and Honour. Moreover, if we have Regard to the Immortal Gods, we may see what Difference they have always put between Virtue and Vice. *Jupiter* that begot both *Hercules* and *Tantalus*, raised the one to Immortality for his Vertue, and severely punish'd the other for his Wickedness. These Examples must needs induce us to abhor Vice and love Virtue. To conclude therefore, dear *Demonicus*, I do not desire you should confine your self wholly to my Precepts: You have many great Poets that will instruct you how to live; and as the Bee flyes

flyes from Flower to Flower, and takes from each what is proper for its Purpose, so do I advise you to inspect all the Manners and Writings of Mankind to form the Conduct of your Life. Farewel.

LETTER CXIII.

Socrates *to King* Ochus, *refusing his kind Proffers, and for what Reason.*

YOU proffer me Part of your Kingdom, and invite me to it, but that not so much to share with you in the Government as to govern both your Subjects, and your self. For my Part, Lord *Ochus*, I have never yet known how to command, and would no more undertake such a Task, than pretend to play at Dice without ever being taught. If others were of the same mind, we should doubtless have fewer Troubles than we have, whereas now the Confidence of those that are Ignorant exceeds the Ability of such as are Skilful. Hence it comes that Fortune is made yet greater than she really is by these Men whose Folly encreases her Power. Besides, I know well that more Honour and Esteem is due to a King, than a private Person, and as I had rather go a Foot, than ride without Skill to manage my Horse, so shall I never take Care to guild my Days with Glorious Afflictions. Farewel.

LETTER CXIV.

Cicero *to* Cælius Rufus ; *acquainting him how he obtain'd the Title of* Imperator.

I Cannot be perſuaded you have not written to me, upon your being declar'd *Curule Ædile*, inaſmuch as you were elected with ſo much Diſgrace to you know who, and ſo much Joy to all your Friends. However, notwithſtanding this happy Creation, which ſo delighed my Heart, I have not heard one Word from you ſince, which makes me to fear your Letters may have miſcarried, as well as mine. For my Part, I aſſure you I never wrote a Packet Home, but you had an Epiſtle encloſed ; neither could I have done otherwiſe, the whole World being not able to afford me a dearer and better Friend than your ſelf. Be more careful for the future how you ſend your Letters, ſince the Perſon you write to, may not only meet with a Diſappointment, but a great Diſſatisfaction in not hearing from you. As to Matters concerning me, behold, *Cælius*, how it falls out ; I ſhall gain a Triumph without ever joining Battel with the *Parthians*, whoſe Power you doubted was far ſuperior to mine ; but you ſhould have conceiv'd, at the ſame time, that as ſoon as I heard of their Approaches, and conſidered my own Weakneſs, I would retire to ſome Poſt of Advantage, which I did to the Mountain *Amanus*, that parts my Province of *Cilicia*, from that of *Syria*, govern'd by *Bibulus*. The Mountainous People no ſooner ſaw me, though they knew me only by Fame, than they cry'd out,

Is this that Cicero *who deliver'd* Rome *from the Conspiracy of* Cataline, *and to whom the Senate decreed so great Honours? Let us Worship him! Let us Worship him!* I avoided their Superstition, and bid them pay their Adoration to the Gods, for that I was but a Mortal. *Cassius*, to my great Satisfaction, has victoriously driven the Enemy from the Siege of *Antioch*, and I have been a great while in pursuit of some Rebels in these Mountains, Part of which have been slain, Part taken, and the rest are fled, of whom, nevertheless I doubt not but to give a good Account speedily. They had a few strong Places, which surprizing, we took and set on Fire. This Success, though not hitherto compleat, has however occasioned the Army to salute me *Imperator*, according to Custom. I received this Honour before *Issus*, the Place, where I suppose *Clitarchus* has already inform'd you, *Alexander* the *Great* formerly vanquish'd *Darius*. Soon after I continued my March against the aforesaid Rebels, who had done much Damage to my Province; but being not able to meet with them, I sat down before an exceeding strong Town call'd *Pindenissus*, which I have invested these five and twenty Days, and do not much question but to take it, whereof, as soon as accomplish'd, I shall not fail to acquaint the Senate. These Circumstances, dear *Cælius*, I thought fit to let you know to enliven those Hopes you seem to have of my Success. But to return to the *Parthians*, though we have done well enough hitherto with them, yet by Reason all Events are doubtful, I desire to be released from my Command, which if you cannot procure on my Behalf, Noble *Rufus*, endeavour at least that it may not be prolong'd. As for

for what remains, I desire a frequent Correspondence with you about all Affairs, whether past or present. Farewel.

LETTER CXV.

Servius Sulpitius *to* Cicero; *comforting him upon the Death of his Daughter.*

FOR the Death of your Daughter *Tullia*, I was as truly sorrowful as became me; and had I been present when that dismal Accident befel you, I should have lamented so much, that with your own Eyes you might have read my Concern: But this being a Common Calamity, to which we are all Subject, I shall now rather chuse to debate with you the Reason of your Grief, than endeavour to promote it. For what End then should you so exceedingly lament the Loss of your *Tullia*? Are not we all liable to the Inconstancy of Fortune? She has already depriv'd us of all we ought to esteem, no less dear, than our Children? Why then should the Death of them afflict us? Do you lament the Loss of *Tullia*, because she is dead? Yes, I know you do: But then you do not consider, that it were much better for her to die now, than when she had the Cares of the World more upon her? But why should she have desired a longer Life? For what Purpose? Upon what Hopes? To marry another young Man, equal with her in Quality, to see her Children attain to a flourishing Estate, and arrive successfully as Honour and Grandeur. These indeed were Blessings, were they not ordinarily so

accom-

accompanied with Cares and Troubles: Oh! but you'll ſay, the Loſs of a Child ſits neareſt the Heart. True; but though this may be call'd a *Misfortune*; yet are there thoſe that are much worſe. I'll tell you a Paſſage, which, not long ſince, gave me a great deal of Comfort, in Hopes that it may afford you the like. Sailing from *Ægina* towards *Megara*, in my Return out of *Aſia*, I happen'd, on a ſudden, to caſt my Eyes about: Behind me lay *Ægina*, before *Megara*, on my Right Hand *Pyræeus*, and on my Left *Corinth*, all four formerly famous Cities; but now all deſolate and demoliſh'd. Hereupon I made this Reflection: *Do we poor wretched Mortals* (quoth I) *ſo afflict and torment our ſelves for loſing one Friend, when we ſee ſo many fair Cities could not withſtand the Force of Time?* Therefore may I ſay to you, *Cicero*, *Do you ſo much lament the Expiring of one ſilly Woman's Breath, when both the Empire and Provinces lye waſte?* Conſider with thy ſelf, *Marcus*, that if thy Daughter had not now died ſhe muſt of Neceſſity have done ſo e're long. Alas! Baniſh this Paſſion from thy Breaſt, and rather recal to thy Mind Things that are more worthy of thee; *viz.* That thy Daughter liv'd as long as was requiſite, and that in the moſt flouriſhing Eſtate of the Commonwealth; That ſhe ſaw her Father *Prætor*, *Conſul*, *Augur*, and *Imperator*; That ſhe had been married to one of the nobleſt young Men in *Rome*, enjoy'd all the Pleaſures of her Time; and, in a Word, that ſhe at length died at the very Inſtant, wherein the Commonwealth it ſelf fail'd. Conſider therefore, that neither ſhe nor you have any Reaſon to complain of Fortune. Moreover, remember that you are the ſame *Cicero* that was wont to perſuade and comfort others,

therefore

therefore ought, by no Means, to grudge your ſelf the Satisfaction of being comforted. Do not you imitate thoſe fooliſh Phyſicians, who, while they pretend to heal other Mens Maladies, cannot cure their own. Rather have Recourſe to the ſame Remedies you have ſo often ſucceſsfully experienced. There is no Grief, but what length of Time can leſſen: Yet ought not you to wait for that Time, but rather to foreſtal it by your Prudence. If it be true, that the Soul is Immortal, then *Tullia*, queſtionleſs, out of the Love ſhe bore you, and the Affection ſhe always had for your Friends, would not have you to commit this Error. Refuſe not therefore this Satisfaction to your Daughter's Soul: Refuſe it not to your Friends, who almoſt die to ſee you Grieve; nor to your Country, who lament every Tear you ſhed. Take Care you do not occaſion a Publick Cenſure, that you are more concern'd at your Daughter's Death, than the Calamities of the Commonwealth. I am aſham'd to write any more upon this Subject, leſt I ſeem diffident of your Wiſdom. We have long experienced your prudent Conduct in Proſperity; let us now ſee you are able to behave your ſelf, no leſs commendably in Adverſity. As for what has lately happen'd in theſe Parts, when I hear your Mind is wholly Calm, I will give you an Account of it. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

Cicero's *Answer.*

I Could wish with all my Heart, My Dear *Servius*, you had been in *Rome*, when this grievous Accident befel me, for since I have had so great Consolation from your Letter, I cannot suppose, but your Person would have been much more comfortable to me. You have laid before me such Reasons as are almost singly sufficient to assuage my Grief; yet do not your Words only chear me, and Fellow-feeling support me: Your Authority also turns to my Relief; for methinks I am asham'd of not being able to bear Afflictions with that Fortitude of Mind, which your great Wisdom thinks fit I should. Sometimes I am so over-whelmed with Sorrow, that I can no wars resist it, as wanting those Comforts, which others in like Cases have enjoy'd. *Quintus Maximus*, *Lucius Paulus*, and *Marcus Cato*, though they had all lost Sons of great Worth, yet then the Commonwealth was in that flourishing Condition, that she easily recompenced their Sufferings with equivalent Honours and Employments. But now no other Comfort remains for me, than that which Death has depriv'd me of. I have long lost all those Ornaments which you recount, and which I, with many painful Endeavours, have purchased. My Mind is now no more busied with managing the Commonwealth, or my Clients Suits. I am not able now to plead a Cause nor counsel the Senate. In *Tullia* alone, I am bereft of all the Fruits both of my Labours and

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Fortunes. But, on the other Hand, while I consider this Misfortune has not happen'd to me alone, but extended it self to you and all my true Friends, then do I begin to be patient, as knowing whither to fly, and where to repose me. In your Bosom will I unload my Melancholy Thoughts, and expel the Vapours from my Mind by the Brightness of your Conversation: Yet now does this new Wound make my old Ones to bleed afresh, which I looked upon to be long since healed. When I was heretofore banish'd the Commonwealth, I found Comfort in my own Family; but now, alas! I have no such *Asylum* to have Recourse to. Death has now depriv'd me of all such Consolation, in taking away my Wife and my Daughter. Thus I have lost all, both Publick and Private Comforts, having nothing left, but the Conversation of Friends to prop me from sinking into my Grave. This makes me the more earnest in desiring that your Return may be speedy. Letters signifie little in Respect of that Benefit which Learned Conversation affords. 'Tis for this Reason I request to see you out of Hand, and the rather that we may consult together before it be too late, how to frame ourselves to the Humour of one Man, to whom we are now all Subject. Farewel.

LETTER CXVII.

Brutus *and* Cassius, *to* Mark Anthony; *in Vindication of their Murthering* Cæsar.

WE have read your Letters, much of a Piece with your Edict, Outragious, Threatning and Unworthy both your self and us. *Mark Anthony*, we have no ways injured you, neither could we have thought you would have wondered that as *Prætors* and Men of Quality, we should demand any thing of the *Consul*: Yet tho' you take it ill, and we were so bold as to do it, give us leave to admire, that you should think much to vouchsafe this Favour to *Brutus* and *Cassius*. Whereas you say, you complain'd not of our Levying Soldiers, Imposing Tribute, Mustering Armies, and sending Messengers beyond Sea, we easily believe you, nevertheless confess not that ever we did any of these Things. We rather wonder, that having conceal'd these Matters your self, you could not suppress your Choler, which has so far transported you as to make you cast in our Teeth the Death of *Cæsar*. How that can be defended, I leave you to imagine. What the *Prætors* have done to maintain their Liberty and Property, by Way of Edict, is no sufficient Cause for the *Consul* to threaten them with Arms. It matters little you should go about to frighten us, neither is it probable we, on any Account whatever, would be frighted. *Mark Anthony* does ill, in endeavouring to enslave those very Persons by whom he himself and the whole Commonwealth has obtain'd Freedom. If we were any Ways

enclin'd to raise a Civil War, your Letters could be of no Effect, since resolute Persons that prefer their Liberty to all Things, have little Regard to Threats. One would think you should know that we cannot easily be provoked; yet perhaps you believe, what we do out of Choice, meerly proceeds from Fear. However, our Desire is, that as long as the Commonwealth may be free, you should therein enjoy both Honour and Grandeur. Our Intentions are not to be at any Enmity with you, yet you must give us leave to make more account of our own Liberty, than your Amity. Consider well what Enterprize you are about to undertake, and what Force you have to support it. Think not how long *Cæsar* lived, but how little he reigned. We beg of the Gods that your Proceedings may be Beneficial to the Commonwealth, and if otherwise we likewise pray that they may not be too prejudicial to your self. Farewel.

LETTER CXVIII.

Cicero *to* Lucius Lucceius, *an Historian, entreating him to write of his Actions.*

I Have determin'd to break my Mind to you by Way of Letter, which cannot blush, since I never durst do so when present in Person, and that through a certain innate Modesty, or I might better say Rudeness. I have long had a wonderful Inclination, and, unless I am deceived, a commendable one too, that you should celebrate my Fame among your other Writings, which tho'

you have often offer'd me to do, yet now you must pardon me, if I sollicite you to it; for I am exceeding desirous of having my Atchievements transmitted to Posterity by your Pen. This I would have you to do, not only because I hope that thereby Death it self shall not be able to extinguish the Respect due to my Name, but likewise, that, while living, I may enjoy that Reputation which shall accrue from your Testimony. Now, though I know you have already finish'd both the Foreign and Civil Wars, and have interweav'd my History with them, yet am I farther desirous that you should write my Transactions a-part, as among the *Græcians*, *Calisthenes* has done those of the *Trojan* War, *Timæus* those of *Pyrrhus*, and *Polybius* those of *Numantia*. Perhaps this may contribute little to my Renown, yet I am satisfied your *Genius* will have a larger Scope to shew it self in, by writing the Life of one Man, than relating the Actions of many. While I sollicite this Favour of you, *Lucius*, I am conscious of my great Want of Consideration, in imposing such a Task on one that is so continually employed on better Things, and in importuning a Person to praise me, that it may be has no Opinion of my Merit. But having once begun to exceed the Bounds of Modesty 'tis usual to lay aside all Bashfulness. I therefore entreat, nay, I require you, to set the best Lustre on my Actions, even though they do not deserve it, and rather to strike in with my Friendship, than abide either by Truth or the Laws of History. Neither, do I promise my self, is this a Subject that shall any Ways be ungrateful to you, for beginning with the Conspiracy of *Catiline*, and proceeding to my Return from Banishment, you will meet with such

such Variety of Accidents, as may sufficiently enable you to compile a considerable Volume. Herein you may display the Origin of our Civil Discords, and prescribe Remedies for future Evils, ever discommending what is blameable, and praising whatever occurs that is commendable. Likewise, if you shall think fit to write with your wonted Freedom, you may remark the many perfidious Practices, Plots and Treacheries that have, from time to time, been devis'd against me. My continual Misfortunes will prevail on him to take Notice of me, whom nothing else could move; and tho' these Disasters have not been a little irksom to me, yet will they nevertheless be apt to please and delight their Reader. Which among us feels not a secret Pleasure and Satisfaction in reading the Death of *Epaminondas* slain at the Siege of *Mantinea*, who being mortally wounded, and hearing his Shield was safe, plucked out the Dart, and yielded contentedly to his Fate? Who will not give more than ordinary Attention to the Flight and Return of *Themistocles*? 'Tis true, a General History pleases by its orderly representing Matters, yet does a particular Relation of the Variable and Doubtful Events of one excellent Man's Life afford no less Delight. It at once fills us with Wonder and Expectation, Joy and Sorrow, Hope and Fear. Now I cannot think that this Request of mine can raise any Jealousie in you that I go about to flatter you, since he will rather be reputed Envious that admires you not, than a Flatterer that praises you. I am neither so foolish as to desire to be celebrated by one that should not be like to purchase a particular Reputation for Wit and Learning by his Performance. *Alexan-*

der the *Great* would have none to paint him but *Apelles*, nor to carve him but *Lysippus*, his Reason being, that they should both acquire thereby immortal Renown, and himself Eternal Remembrance. No less Power has History to transmit our Memories to Posterity, for *Agesilaus*, we see, still lives by Means of *Xenophon*'s Pen, though he would never suffer any Statue or Picture to be made of him. By having my Actions related by you, *Lucius*, I shall not only have the Advantage which *Timoleon* had from *Timæus*'s Writing his Life, and *Themistocles* from the like Performance of *Herodotus*, but likewise have your Representation of me confirm'd by the great Authority you enjoy in the Commonwealth. Also 'twill be my Fortune in this Case not only to hear that shrill Trumpet which *Alexander*, when he came to *Sigæum* said *Homer* had founded in Honour of *Achilles*, but withal shall see the Testimony of a great and learned Man concerning me. I like that *Hector* well, whom *Nævius* brings in rejoycing, not so much that he had been praised, as that it had been his good Luck to have it done by a Praise-worthy Person. If after all it must be my Misfortune, dear *Lucius*, that through Business or any other Hinderance, you cannot comply with my Request, I am determined to do this Office for my self, and that after the Example of many famous Men. But then you know I must write sparingly both of my Excellencies and Faults, or my Performance will gain me little either of Credit or Authority. I must imitate herein the *Grecians* at their Games, who, though when they put the Crowns on others Heads, they were accustomed to proclaim their Praises, yet when themselves came to be Crowned, they introduced

ed a Stranger to pronounce the Harangue, *left* they *should* be guilty of publishing their own Victories. To avoid the like Imposition and Confinement, I most earnestly renew my Suit to you to satisfie my Request; and to the end you may not wonder I use so many Words, I must once more inform you, as I did at first, that I would, by all means, have Men to judge of me by your Character, and that while living, I may enjoy the Fruits of my Glory. If your Affairs would give you leave, I should be exceeding glad of your speedy Answer; and if you can comply with my earnest Sollicitations, I will prepare an Abstract of my Life for your perusal. Oblige me with your Consent, and persevere in loving me. Farewel.

LETTER CXIX.

Lucius Lucceius *to* Cicero; *exhorting him either to quit his Sorrow or his Solitude.*

IF you are well, I am glad; for my Part I remain as usual, or rather something worse. I have often enquired after your Health, been still desirous to see you, and always wonder'd, as I now do, how you could continue so long out of *Rome*. The Cause of this is absolutely unknown to me, but if you love Solitude for the sake of Writing, after your wonted Custom, I see rather Reason to commend, than blame you, for in these troublesom Times, your Mind will certainly be more in quiet Abroad than at Home. Besides, after so many Agitations of Thought

your Soul muſt needs grow weary, and deſire Repoſe, whence having been long full Fraught with Knowledge, you have the Opportunity of ſending daily into the World, ſome Noble Work or other, which, as they greatly delight and inſtruct us, ſo do they no leſs augment your own Glory. On the other Hand, if the Occaſion of your Retirement be to give your ſelf up a Prey to Sorrow and Grief, I cannot but reprehend you. Alas! what mean you? Will you obſtinately neglect to diſcern what is moſt manifeſt and apparent, when you are able, by your Wit, to diſcover even what is moſt Secret? Will you not underſtand that continual Lamenting ſignifies nothing; and that Calamities are rather redoubled, than remov'd, by giving Way to them? But if I cannot prevail upon you, by Exhortation, yet methinks our Mutual Love ſhould encline you to hearken to my Requeſt. I entreat you therefore to rid your ſelf of your Troubles, and to return to *Rome*, to the end we may enjoy each other in our common Studies. Two contrary Things equally diſtract me; I would not be burthenſom to you with my Admonitions, and yet I would have you to give over your pernicious Reſolutions, which, however, I fear are too deep rooted. Either take my Advice in the one or continue to afflict me with the other. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXX.

Germanicus's *last Letter to his Wife* Agrippina, *his Children, Relations and Friends; requiring them to revenge his Death.*

IF the common Course of Nature had snatch'd me so soon from my *Agrippina*, my Children, my Country and Friends, I should have had just Reason to have complain'd of the Injustice of the Gods, for granting me no longer time to assist the former, instruct the other, and to serve the latter, but since I see my self depriv'd of Life by the Wiles of *Piso*, the Witchcraft of his Wife *Plancina*, and the Treachery of my Enemies, I shall lay aside all Reproaches and Complaints against Heaven, and only desire that my Death may be reveng'd. The Pains I feel, are in some measure, alleviated by the Hopes I have that Justice shall be done upon my Murtherers. Represent, I beseech ye, to the Emperor, my Father and Uncle, that after having undergone all the Injuries imaginable, and been persecuted by a thousand Treacheries, I was hurried out of the World by Means so much the more cruel and tormenting, as they were unmerited, and most unjust. I know those, who either through Ambition or Love were Partizans of my Greatness, will accompany my Ashes with Tears of Blood. I am satisfied, that even they that either envy'd my Rise or feared my Valour, would have sacrificed their Snakes for my Safety. In a Word, I'm sensible that all the World will pity my Misfortune, in becoming a Victim to the Baseness of a wicked Man,

Man, and the Villanies of a vile Woman. Justice therefore, the severest Justice I require at the Hands of the most Just *Senate*. Friends are not so much obliged to lament over the Corps of their deceased Relation or Companion, for that were but vain and fruitless. as to keep in their Memories his last Commands, and to see them accordingly executed. Tears *Germanicus* shall never want. He shall be wept over, even by those that never knew him, and only heard of him by Fame. Your Business it is to see my Death reveng'd: To you it belongs to get my Murtherers punished, if ye would not have the World to think that ye had a greater Value for my Fortune, than Person. I have not so mean an Opinion of my Friends as to require only Tears from them; Those you see I can have from the greatest Strangers. Revenge is what I ask; Justice is the Thing I desire. Should I not show an Inclination to have my Innocence vindicated by the shedding of their Blood that wrought my Ruine, I should tacitly own a Guilt and Desert of what I had suffered. But while I thus preach up Revenge, I must confess Mercy would better become me, as best suiting with the Magnanimity and Grandeur of a Great Man. Many Princes have received those again into Favour, who had been convicted of Plotting against their Lives. Yet can *Germanicus* never forgive an Injury he has never merited. He would be an Enemy to his Country if he pardon'd those that had so greatly injur'd them by his Death. But what signifies Revenge to me! The executing a Murtherer could never yet restore him to Life that had been murther'd. All my Concern is for you and my Country. For my Part I am

lost

loſt to the World. You will all certainly ſurvive me, therefore, if ſuch Villains as theſe be ſuffered to go unpuniſh'd, how can any of ye propoſe Safety to your ſelves? Your Security lyes in their Extirpation. Nothing encourages Villany more than the forgiving it. Violent Remedies are only fit for violent Diſeaſes. But I offend againſt your Love and Friendſhip, while I ſeem to have the leaſt Diſtruſt of them. I am ſatisfied you will lay my ſad Caſe at large before the *Senate*, and procure me that Juſtice I have ſo well deſerved at their Hands. I know you will ſtrenuouſly defend my Cauſe againſt thoſe Enemies of mine that may think to invalidate your Teſtimony; but I would not have you, nevertheleſs, to riſque your own Lives in my Vindication. You may meet with Opponents of great Power, and my Deſign is not to hazard your Safety, but only to intereſt your Affection in my Favour. I ſhall ſay no more on this Head, becauſe I'm ſatisfied I write to thoſe that both love me and will value my Memory. But, O my *Agrippina*! I beg of the Gods, that as thou haſt ever been the Miſtriſs of my Affections, thou mayſt not, in like manner, inherit my Afflictions. The Goodneſs of thy Diſpoſition, the Holineſs of thy Life, and the Greatneſs of thy Birth deſerve a better Fate than that of the Unfortunate *Germanicus*. Yet all I can do, is, to wiſh thee a better, and to ſhow thee, by my Example, how thou mayſt avoid being Unhappy. I believe it will not be a little difficult to incline thee to forbear hating thoſe that have been my Murtherers. I foreſee it by the Knowledge I have of the Greatneſs of thy Mind. Yet I conjure thee, *Agrippina*, I intreat thee by the Love thou beareſt me living, and the

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Remembrance thou oweſt me after I am dead; nay, by thoſe dear Pledges our Children, that thou wilt moderate the Sallies of thy Soul and humble thy ſelf before the Rigours of Fortune, which are not to be contended with. Deſtiny is not to be oppoſed, and all our Efforts againſt the Power of Fate are alike vain. What has been decreed by the Eternal Gods muſt ever be comply'd with. Time, perhaps, that has always been found a Remedy to our Diſaſters in this World, may, at length, relieve our Afflictions, and take off the Malign Influence of the Stars from my Family and Poſterity. They that will have the Benefit of Time muſt obey the Laws of Time. This I earneſtly beg of thee, My *Agrippina*; this Favour I moſt paſſionately require at thy Hands. The *Egyptians*, to repreſent our ſtruggling with Adverſity, figur'd Gallies in their *Hieroglyphicks*, which were row'd againſt Wind and Tide. Our Humanity is ever to give place to Deſtiny, nor can we any otherwiſe combate the Decrees of Heaven than by Patience and Reſignation. Endeavour then, My *Agrippina*, by a requiſite Toleration to baffle the Malice of thoſe who hate thy Virtue, fear thy Authority, and envy thy high Birth. Being arrived at *Rome* with my Aſhes, do not, by untimely Tears, revive the Grief of ſuch as lov'd me, nor by immoderate Mourning augment the Diſdain of thoſe that hated me. Both are alike to be kept quiet, leſt the one injure me yet farther by their Love, as the other would do by their Hatred. Be therefore circumſpect and prudent, My *Agrippina*, not ſo much that thou mayſt not diſturb the Aſhes of thy dead *Germanicus*, who ſhall enjoy endleſs Repoſe in the *Elyſian* Fields, as that thou mayſt be

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in a Condition to preſerve thy Family, educate our Children, and ſecure thine own Safety: Take heed above all Things not to give any Jealouſie to ſuch as exceed thee in Power, for Great People always make it their Study to rid themſelves of thoſe whom they ſtand in awe of. Do not ſide with the Mob, in Oppoſition to thoſe Enemies of mine, who are in Authority, for they will not be able to defend thee, eſpecially in *Rome*, where the Common People have not all the Liberty they may deſire. I know thoſe People lov'd me, I know they will accompany my Body to the Funeral Pile, with all the Expreſſions of Sorrow imaginable; yet are they not to be truſted; for having no Conſtancy in their Natures, they will be apt to vary with every Turn of Fortune. Thou wilt alſo find that I have been beloved by the *Senate*; but do not make too much uſe of that Happineſs, leſt thou ſtir up either Envy or Jealouſie in that great Body, wherewith they always abound, and which may one way or other turn to thy prejudice. After all has been ſaid, conſidering the many Perils thou wilt inevitably meet with in this Life, I believe I ſhould deſire thee to die with me, were it not for the Ambition I have to be lamented by thee after my Death, that I may yet live in thy Heart, and reign in thine Affections. My Children likewiſe encline me to perſuade thee to live, that unhappy as they are, they may not be yet worſe, by being left Orphans to the wide World. Friends, Relations, Children, my *Agrippina*, I have little more to ſay to ye, and think I need not recommend my laſt Will any farther to you. Do not grieve that I die young, ſince I have liv'd to merit your Affections; nor be concern'd at

my

my Death by Vile Hands, as being ſtill better than to have died by thoſe of Juſtice. Ceaſe therefore to grieve for my Death, and only join your united force to get ſo execrable a Murther revenged. This will be the beſt Proof of your Love towards me, and procure the greateſt Reſt to my Soul. Farewel for ever.

LETTER CXXI.

Polycrité *to* Alcibiades; *paſſionately expreſſing her Love to him.*

I Thought to have ſtil'd thee my Heart! my Life! and my Soul! but all theſe, be Witneſs Great *Jupiter*! not being ſo dear to me as thy far dearer ſelf, and not being able to find a Name more proper to ſalute thee by, I will call thee my *Alcibiades*, mine whilſt thou wer't at *Athens*, mine whilſt we were happy, but now *Jove* only knows, to whom or how many thou haſt reſign'd thy Heart. If I were an Eye-witneſs of this Treachery, and ſaw thee in my Rival's Arms, yet my only Revenge would be my Tears as the ſole Thing which Fortune had left me, to ſacrifice to thy Memory. But do not believe, my *Alcibiades*, that whilſt I fear I can ever think thou wouldſt forſake me, for if I did, my Death and not my Pen would have ſhewn the ehow greatly ſuch a Loſs affected me. Whilſt I am thus without Art, demonſtrating my Love, to convince thee, my *Alcibiades*, that I am grateful for the leaſt Favour, I return thee Thanks for the Preſent ſent me by *Archimenides*, which I have nevertheleſs refus'd. Give thy Riches *Alcibiades* to her that has an Heart ſo mean as to receive them; for my

my Part I ask only a sincere and disinteressed Love, such as mine is; which thou well knowest thou hast long been in Possession of, whilst thousands of others have languish'd for my Embraces. Whilst all others were rejected, thou alone wer't received into my Bosom, and they the Subject of our Mockery and of my cold Disdain. To what end, my *Alcibiades*, thinkest thou I write this? That it was not out of a design upon thy Riches is plain, since thou seest I have already refus'd them, neither have I any Hopes of ever seeing thee again; yet, my *Alcibiades*, it seems to me no small Gust of Delight that I have an Opportunity thus to evaporate my Love, which, in a manner, consumes me. Whilst I am now writing comes into my Mind, the many ravishing Minutes we have spent together; the little Arts we practiced to deceive my Mother and Sister; and the delightful Conversation and mutual Vows of an Amour, which in those Days, I looked upon unparallellable. For the Love of the Gods, don't altogether frustrate my Opinion of thee; Let me die in the Belief that Fortune, and not *Alcibiades*, was the Occasion of my Disappointment. To effect this, thou hast no more to do than to write me a Letter; but I conjure thee, my *Alcibiades*, let it be such as may abound with Passion and Tenderness, and do it quickly or I die, but it matters not if I die presently, being not in a Condition to contribute ought to the Happiness of my *Alcibiades* while I live. Yes, I will go to the Gods and beg to be thy Guardian-Angel, whereby, though I pray it may be long first, I shall at length have the Pleasure to accompany thee to the *Elysian* Shades. There no cruel *Senate* shall be able to proscribe thee; there no Foreign

reign Wars ſhall robb me of thy Embraces; but I can no more, I languiſh, I die, wiſh thee Victory, and bid thee Farewel.

LETTER CXXII.

Thais *the* Corinthian *Harlot*, *to an* Athenian Chiliarchos, *or* Centurion; *threatning to beat up his Quarters.*

YOUR extravagant Reſolutions and obliging Emotions, Dear *Praxagoras*, have had no leſs Influence over me, than your ſelf, for by the ſame mighty Power of Love that triumphs over Abſence, I find my ſelf always in your Arms, tho' I am at never ſo great a diſtance from you. I am equally regal'd and tormented by Solitude; for while I think on you, Solitude is welcome to me, as it preſents me with the agreeable Proſpect of your Perſon; but when any Body elſe comes into my Mind, I am every where, and no where, in two Minutes. I fly from my ſelf to avoid thinking on any other of your hideous Sex, and would willingly give all the World that it were lawful to pray to and adore you, as ſomething of Divine. To convince you, Modeſty has not the ſame Influence over me, as you ſay it has over you, I will ſhortly beat up your Quarters in ſpite of your *Myrmidons*; and then, though you ſhould requeſt it of me, expect no Mercy, dear *Chiliarchus*. I will batter you worſe than a Broad-ſide could, and rouze your Faculties, beyond the Power of a Demi-culvering. No more, but that I bid you Defiance, and deſire

you

you to relie upon ſeeing me ſpeedily, before your Walls; till when Farewel.

LETTER CXXIII.

Aſclepion *to* Idimantus, *a* Cynick; *commending his obſcure Life.*

I Envy thee exceedingly, *Idimantus*, and highly approve thy Wiſdom, in that being deſirous to live at eaſe, thou avoid'ſt marrying leſt thou ſhould'ſt quarrel with thy Wife, keeping of Servants for fear of being at the trouble of beating them, or having any other Living Creature about thee, that thou may'ſt not have the Care of maintaining them. Alone thou dineſt, alone thou ſuppeſt, alone thou ſleepeſt, and whilſt thou liveſt thus alone, thou enjoyeſt all the Satisfaction that can be had in this Life. Having none to controul thee, thou obeyeſt no Body, nor doeſt thou deſire to command over any Body. Solitude is thy Delight, Contemplation thy Diverſion, and the Products of the Earth thy Food. Whatever is in thy Inclination, thou ha'ſt, for thy Deſires are always moderate. In a Word, I ſhould have long ſince taken thee for a God, did I not know that Gods have for ſome time ceaſed to aſſume the Shapes of Men. But as thou art in a manner Divine, thou wilt no doubt be canonized after thy Death. Reject my Envy, but accept my Love, and Farewel.

LETTER CXXIV.

The Same to Chariclea, *dissuading her from turning Whore, though she had an ill Husband.*

YOU say, *Chariclea*, you are ill married, and therefore hope you may have Leave to seek for that Satisfaction in a Gallant, which you have been disappointed of in a Husband. If there were nothing to be consider'd in this Case, but your being pleased, I should entirely be on your side; but as there are Laws and Ordinances, both of Nature and the State, which require you to be true to your Husband's Bed, I can, by no means, discharge you of that Obligation. True it is, most Fathers, like yours, have more Regard to the Riches of those they would marry their Daughters to, than either to their Persons or good Qualities; whence it follows, that though the Women have great Equipages when they go abroad, yet commonly they Cuckold their Husbands before they come home. The best Way to remedy this, would be to match Minds and Persons, as well as Estates; for a Woman, however prone she may be to Adultery, will hardly commit it, where she has no manner of Provocation. Some Vicious Ladies perhaps will not be confin'd by this Restriction; yet, generally speaking, Men are the Erectors of their own Horns. If a Woman can refrain from Incontinence, she certainly better deserves Praise, than she would have done Pardon, if she had yielded to it. The Fair Sex also, in this Case, come off always with the

greater

greater Glory, becauſe they are the weaker Veſſels. Though I know, *Chariclea*, you have all the Incentives that can encline Men to tempt you, yet muſt I admoniſh you to bear up againſt them; aſſuring you it will ever be reputed a greater Honour for you to be reckon'd among the obſcure honeſt Women, than the moſt celebrated Whores. Be adviſed, and Farewel.

LETTER CXXV.

Marc-Anthony, Imperator, *to* Hircanus *High-Prieſt and Prince of the* Jews; *aſſuring him, and his Country, of future Favour and Protection from the* Roman *Senate.*

HAVING underſtood by your Ambaſſador how great an Eſteem and Value you have for us, as alſo how well, both you and your Countrymen, behaved your elves againſt the Enemies of the *Roman* Empire that ravaged *Aſia*, for which I ſuppoſe the Sun has ſince obſcur'd himſelf, as well as for the Crimes committed againſt *Cæſar*, we receive ye all into the Number of our beſt Friends, and having totally ſubdued *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, and puniſhed them ſuitably to their Merits, you may aſſure your ſelves both you and your Country ſhall be made Partakers of this our Happineſs, becauſe we have a Kindneſs for ye, and deſire to promote your Intereſts no leſs than our own. For this purpoſe, we have already diſpatched Circular Letters into all our Provinces, ſtrictly requiring and commanding our Subjects, that thoſe *Jews* which

Caius Cassius had sold, should be forthwith set at Liberty; and, moreover, desiring that ye be all admitted to the Privileges, which *Dolabella*, and we have formerly granted ye. We have likewise forbid the *Syrians* to molest ye in any manner whatever; and have also commanded them to restore all they have taken from ye. In a Word, I accept the Crown ye sent me, and so bid ye Farewel.

LETTER CXXVI.

Lucius Antonius, *Brother of* Marc-Anthony, *to* Augustus Cæsar, *upon his having besieged and taken him Prisoner.*

HAD I been a Stranger, O *Augustus*, and no *Roman*, I should have blushed exceedingly, and have blamed my self for my Pusillanimity in submitting so easily to thy Power; but as I am a Citizen of *Rome*, and have contended with thee a Citizen and my Colleague, I cannot think I have any Reason to repent of what I have done Yet do not believe, *Augustus*, that I say this any ways to excuse my self, or to evade the Punishment thou ha'st design'd me, since I would never have resign'd my Arms, if I had not first resolv'd to submit to whatever thou could'st inflict on me My Intentions in surrendring were not to obtain Pardon for my self, but for those who thought all they did was for the Service of the Commonwealth. On me therefore, let thy Vengeance light, be mine all the Punishment. I undertook this War against thee, not out of any Ambition

to ſeize the Supreme Power, but out of an Inclination to better the State, and reform what had been violated by the *Triumvirate.* This I know thou canſt not blame me for, ſince when you three conſpir'd together againſt our Liberty, ſo great is the Force of Truth, you could not but own that your Dominion was unjuſt and worthy Reproach, and only neceſſary to free you from *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, Rivals of your inſupportable Tyranny. Whilſt they lived, thou hadſt no other Thoughts than their Deſtruction, well knowing that ſhould their Power have prevailed, thine muſt of Conſequence leſſen'd; but after they were dead, you very modeſtly ſeized upon the Republick, and managed all as you pleaſed. This I being not able to ſee unrevenged, endeavoured to reſtore our City to its Ancient Laws and Cuſtoms; but ſince Fortune has determined that what before was common to all, ſhould now belong peculiarly to *Auguſtus*, I am contented to ſtoop my Shoulders, and take upon me the Yoke of thy Violence. This is my Caſe, and this the Cauſe of my Inſurrection, which I have been the more willing to relate, that thou mayſt have Compaſſion on theſe Followers of mine, who have acted only by my Command, and not out of the leaſt ill Will to thee, but rather to reconcile thee to the Commonwealth, and to Reaſon. If you find any Fault in them, I am the Occaſion of it; let me therefore, and not they, be puniſhed for it. Farewel

LETTER CXXVII.

Augustus Cæsar's *Answer*.

I Had no sooner understood that you were taken Prisoner, O *Lucius Antonius*, but I immediately disposed my self to see you, laying aside all Thoughts of Revenge, that I might give you the freer Access to my Person; since I find you so generously submit to me. You have deprived me of all Power to hurt you. Of all the Injuries you have hitherto done me, I esteem this the greatest, inasmuch as you have hereby ty'd up my Hands, and taken from me the Liberty of doing my self Justice, and not as a Captive, but a Conqueror, have put me under a Necessity of suing to you for Reconciliation. This looks as if I had rather been obliged than injured by you, since you can so confidently surrender your self and Army into my Hands. By these Means you have wholly disarm'd my Anger, and robbed me of all Power to treat ye as Enemies. I will therefore behave my self towards ye, as becomes the Character of *Augustus*, swearing by the Immortal Gods, that ye shall not go from me deceived in those Hopes, with which I know ye come to me. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Herod *King of* Judea, *to* Augustus Cæsar, *in Vindication of his siding with* Marc-Anthony, *at the Battel* of Actium.

I Must acknowledge, O *Augustus*, that I have all along been a faithful Friend to *Anthony*, and that not only as my Duty obliged me, but as my Gratitude moved me, having received many Favours from him, especially the Kingdom I enjoy. This I would have made known to him in Person, had not I been prevented in that Design through the Envy of *Cleopatra*, and the Invasions of the *Arabs*. Thus you may see Necessity only, and not Fear, withstood my Meeting you in the Field in his Favour. *Anthony* however has no Reason to complain of me; for though I could not come my self to his Aid, yet did I send an Army, and good Store of Provisions. Neither ought you to esteem me ungrateful in the *Attick* War, since I there did all that became me, and all that could be expected from me. I would rather chuse to declare my self an Enemy to *Cæsar* than not appear a Friend to *Anthony*, for which I doubt not but to merit rather your Approbation, than Displeasure. With you Merit is ever safe, whilst Vice and Ingratitude are ever in Danger. You may observe, O *Cæsar*, that I never abandoned my Master *Anthony*, whilst he was in Prosperity, neither do I fly him, now he is vanquish'd and

dead. You have not only conquered him with your Invincible Legions, and your Counsel, but likewise with your Manners. His Queen *Cleopatra* overcame him, *Egyptian* Beauty betray'd him, and *Alexandrian* Luxury destroy'd him. He chose rather to be conquered with *Cleopatra* than to be a Conqueror without her. I would have fain persuaded him to have killed her, and to have taken timely Care of himself; but he would never hearken to me. I proffer'd him Comfort in his Afflictions, I proffer'd him Forces, and my self for a Companion of his Fortune, but all had no Effect upon him. The Witchcraft of *Cleopatra* had taken too great Possession of him, and my Advice was wholly neglected. Thus both *Anthony* and I are conquer'd; he by *Cleopatra*, and I by Him. He could never be brought to forsake that wicked Woman, nor I be induced to forego his Interest. The Kingdom he gave me I cannot now pretend a Right to, unless I have it confirmed by you; therefore when I come to ask that Favour, I shall leave the Ensigns of Royalty behind me, but not the Courage to justifie what I have done for my Friend. Judge of this as you please; however, let the Construction be what it will, which you shall put upon my Proceeding, I shall still have this to comfort me, that I never abandon'd my Friend, either Living or Dead. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIX.

Augustus Cæsar's *Answer.*

THE Gods ever be thy Protectors, O *Herod*, and mayst thou enjoy the Kingdom that has been given thee with greater Security than thou hast hitherto done. I do not envy thy Virtue, but rather take Pleasure in it, and highly approve of it. Truly thou art worthy to have the Government of many, since thou couldst so well discharge the Part of a Friend to one, and even in Adversity didst not fear, to own thy Friendship. What a Friend thou hast been, thou hast equally shown in both Conditions. Though I have conquer'd *Anthony*, yet do I not pretend any Conquest over thee, since he that can be so good a Friend, is equal even to the greatest of Conquerors. For this Reason thou shalt not only be always commended, but valued by me, in as much as no Event could alter thy Mind, for thou didst never abandon *Anthony*, but *Anthony* thee; and that in inclining more to *Cleopatra*'s Words, than thy Works. His Ignorance of his true Interest is perspicuous, since he could forsake the very best of his Friends, for the worst of his Enemies. It is nevertheless no wonder that *Anthony* should cling so close to *Cleopatra* after he was conquer'd, since he was taken by her, even while he was Victorious. Do you admire that this *Egyptian* Queen should have the Power to separate her Paramour from you, when she could even divide him from me, and from my Companion in the Empire, make him my Mortal Enemy. Thus you and I, being equally slighted and rejected, let us reign toge-

together. You deſerve no leſs than a Crown for ſubduing the *Barbarians*, during my abſence in the Wars; for I ſhall always look upon the Enemies of the *Jews*, as my own, and think thoſe that riſe againſt you, to be Rebels to me. Whilſt you conquer'd for your ſelf, you fought for me; why then ſhould I not confirm the Gift of a Kingdom to a Prince that has ever been the Defender of it. What you deſerv'd from *Anthony*, you have much more merited from me, therefore I ſhould be highly ungrateful, if I leſs rewarded you. Take the Kingdom you have ſo juſt a Title to, and be aſſured I will never give you occaſion to lament the Loſs of *Anthony*; for after I had conquer'd him in Battel, I ſhould have had Cauſe to bluſh, if I had ſuffer'd him to exceed me in Generoſity. Farewel.

LETTER CXXX.

Poppea *to* Nero, *upon his recalling his Empreſs* Octavia *from Baniſhment.*

BEHOLD, O *Cæſar*, a Petitioner for a Security of the Remainder of her Days, who could once pride her ſelf in the Poſſeſſion of thy Heart. Behold her a Suppliant to thy Pity, who was once a Companion of thy Authority. *Jupiter Liberator* had almoſt been tyr'd with Sacrifices for her Safety, and *Hymen* as often been appeas'd for her injuring her Husband's Bed. Yet unhappy *Poppea* thou haſt been raiſed to all this Monſtrous Greatneſs, meerly that thy Fall might be the more terrible. What do thy Eyes, and thy other Beauties now ſignifie, ſince *Cæſar* can be guilty not only of Inconſtancy, but

Treachery

Treachery towards thee. I thought that Princes, resembling Gods, they could not have been wrought upon to commit any Thing ill, yet has *Cæsar*, without a Cause, forsaken his *Poppea*, *Cæsar* without a Scruple, has forfeited all his Vows and Promises made her. By this so sudden Change, O Emperor, thou hast unhinged my Resolutions, and made me to doubt whether it would be more for my Benefit, to cast my self at thy Feet, or my Husband's. But why may I not hope Favour from thee, when *Octavia*, that has been a Prostitute to an *Egyptian* Slave, has recover'd the Possession of thy Heart. When she that has polluted thy Name with her brutish Practices, is a-new received into thy Bosom. However, *Cæsar*, I must take the Liberty to complain that the Excess of my Affection was never known to thee; otherwise thou couldst not have prov'd thus ungrateful as to have rejected me for *Octavia*. All the World will satisfie thee, nay, even my Enemies, that I have lov'd thee to an extravagant Degree; yet hast thou given no Credit to my Passion, meerly that thou mightest have Occasion to withdraw the Reward due to my Constancy. Consider Ingratitude as the very worst of Vices; and though Justice has not assigned it a Punishment suitable to its Enormity, yet is it not nevertheless the more to be tolerated. Recal to thy Memory, O *Cæsar*, the many Services I have done thee, how I have forsook and polluted my Husband's Bed, only to gratifie thy Desires, slighted the Honour of my Family, despised the Indignation of my Parents, contemned the Hazard of my Life, and what is much more, proved ungrateful to my over-kind Husband *Otho*, meerly for thy sake. Whilst thou, on the contrary, after having

having filled my Ears with empty Promiſes, and vain Expectations, abandoneſt me to the miſerable Contempt of thy Slaves, and my Enemies. But let me believe, *Cæſar* was not Inconſtant to me. His Gratitude would never ſuffer him to be guilty of ſuch an Omiſſion. 'Twas the malign Influence of the Stars that occaſion'd my Misfortune. I have merited this Juſtice from the Hands of the Gods. My Crimes, through the Permiſſion of the Fates, have chang'd my Maſter's Humanity to Rigour: For betraying my Husband *Otho*, I have deſerved to be betraved my ſelf; and by violating my Faith to him, have given *Cæſar* an Excuſe for forfeiting his to me. Yet pardon me, My Dread Lord, for giving too great a Looſe to my Tongue. My Deſign is to lament my own Wrongs, and not to reflect on your Inclinations. You are at Liberty to enjoy the polluted Adulteres, ſince no Body dares to contradict you in it; but yet loving you as I do, how can I forbear to tell you, that you are betrayed. The Friends of *Octavia*, or rather her Adulterers, have Deſigns againſt your Life. How do you think you can ſave your ſelf, if ſhe ſhould come to *Rome*, ſhe that, at a Diſtance, breaths Sedition and Rebellion into her Slaves. Conceal'd Enemies are ever the moſt dangerous. They always hide the Hand after they have ſtruck the Blow. The Rock that lyes lurking under the Waves, deceives the utmoſt Sagacity of the moſt expert Sailor. Who knows, O *Cæſar*, but thy moſt intimate Friends may be thy ſecret Enemies? Who knows, but that Faith which thou haſt repoſed in them may be corrupted to thy Ruine? Who can ſecure thee, but that thoſe that pray for thee in thy Preſence, may in thy Abſence Sacrifice

crifice for thy Deſtruction? Even the Reſolutions of thoſe that mean thee beſt, are continually aſſaulted by Hopes and Fears. What may not a Woman do, that naturally tyrannizes over the Affections of Men? Our Sexes Tears, though for the moſt Part derived from the Fountain of Hypocriſie, have yet the Virtue to alter the moſt reſolute of Hearts; What then will they be able to do, who have the ſtricteſt Obligations to *Octavia*? They will, no doubt, ſoon ſpread Snares for thy Greatneſs, and force thee at once to fall a Sacrifice to the Pleaſure of their Miſtriſs. But I conjure thee, O *Cæſar*, do not offer to inſinuate to me, that my Reſtoration may reſult from *Octavia*'s Diſgrace. I ſhould abhor the Happineſs that was obtained by ſo mean a Cauſe. The Glory of my Anceſtors will not permit me to deſire another's Ruine. My Concern is only for thy Safety. Thou haſt not undoubtedly forgot the late Rumours of Arms, and the Inſolencies of the Mob, who could ſcarce be refrain'd, by the Prudence of the Conſuls, from aſſaulting thy Sacred Perſon. Conſider, O *Cæſar*, if, during *Octavia*'s Baniſhment, the People have been ſo daring, what will they be when ſhe, that influenced them, is reſtor'd, and become Supreme Arbitre; when ſhe that ſet them on ſhall have the Power to favour her Party, and reward thy Enemies? I fear ſhe may then think to waſh away the Stains on her Reputation with thy Blood. Alſo Revenge, that, in a more peculiar manner, informs our Sex, may then put her upon retrieving her loſt Honour by thy Death: But far be theſe fatal Suggeſtions from happening to thee. Thy Virtue and Fortune, I hope, will deliver thee from ſuch Calamities; or if they cannot, rather let the

dreadful

dreadful Blow be levell'd at *Poppea*, than light upon thy Head. Though I have seen my Statues thrown down by the Fury of the Inconstant People, though they have set Fire to my Trophies, and loaded my innocent Name with infamous unjust Reproaches, yet shall I bear all patiently, provided the down-fall of my Images may secure the Establishment of thine; the burning of my Trophies serve to light up Incence to thy Glory, and the blaspheming my Name, contribute to the celebrating of thine. On these Conditions I absolve thee, *Nero*, from thy Marriage-Oath, and dismiss all future Pretentions to thy Affection; only I require from thy Clemency a Protection for the Remainder of my miserable Life: Yet have I never deserved thy Indignation, *Cæsar*, nor forfeited my Title to thy former Kindnesses. Tell me in what one thing I have erred? Perhaps, in bringing into the World an Heir to the Empire, or else in loving thee too much. The first I did to set aside the Issue of that vile *Egyptian* Strumpet; and the latter was wholly owing to my want of Power to prevent it. If excess of Love be a Fault, blame thy Goodness only that allowed me that Presumption; and if bearing Children, who could have hindred that better than thy self? To justifie my Love, I cannot omit to remember thee, how thou wert pleased to express thy self upon the Death of *Plautus*; Thy Words were these: *What hinders* Nero *now from preparing for those Joys, which his Marriage with* Poppea *will certainly afford him, and which have been hitherto deferred, through a thousand Fears and* Chimera's? *What hinders him now to rid himself of the odious Company of* Octavia, *on account of the hated Memory of her Father, and the inconsiderate Favours of the People?*

People ? All these, my Lord, were irresistible Engagements to make me love you. After thou hadst destin'd me for thy Consort, and proclaimed me thy Empress, what less Gratitude could I show than a reciprocal Affection ? Yes, I have loved thee, *Nero*, and will continue to do so, as long as the Fates lend me Breath. May I die the Minute I am guilty of Ingratitude, yet do not I desire to live meerly for the sake of Life, but to enjoy sometimes the sight of him that has ever been my Idol. I ask no other Light than what reflects from his Eyes, nor any Breath, but what is communicated to me from his Lipps. So sincere a Love as mine, O *Cæsar*, is rarely to be met with, therefore I hope for a suitable Return; but if thou art determined, notwithstanding all I have writ, to Sacrifice me to *Octavia*, I obey, I yield to thy Pleasure. *Poppea* will religiously meet that blow that comes from thy Hand ; but I conjure thee, My Lord, let no other Person be concern'd in my death, since what may be called *Justice* in thee, will be accounted *Sacriledge* in another, after I have been dedicated to thy Divinity. No other Sword but thine ought to cancel that Affection which thou hast allowed in my Breast. Strike then, plunge the fatal Steel into my Heart, for after thou hast thus long deluded me with Hopes, it will be but just to deliver me at once of my Enemies, and my Breath. Farewel.

LETTERS of the Emperor *Julian*, the *Apostate*.

LETTER CXXXI.

The Emperor Julian *to his Friend; congratulating his Return from* Ægypt.

BELIEVING that *Ægypt* enjoy'd the Fruits of your Presence l[illegible] ago, I could not but think on my usual Exclam[illegible] when I were wont to reflect on that Country O Fortunate *Egyptians*! who derive so many Advantages from your Benefactor *Nile*; yet now much more happy, being in Possession of Learning a Benefit no less, nay, in my Opinion, greater, than the Blessings that flow from that River: For the Fertility of their Soil, which they owe to his Streams, makes them Rich; but the truest Wealth they may still derive from your Tongue, which, by rouzing the Minds of their Youth, will direct them to the Treasure of Wisdom. In like manner, as *Pythagoras* did of old, and after him *Plato*,

Plato, when both those Philosophers were among them. These were my secret Reflections on the Happiness of *Ægypt*, from your Presence; when you all the while lay *Incognito* so near us. Wherefore on the Receipt of your Letters, my Surprize betrayed me to a Suspicion of their Reality, mistrusting some Deceit so strongly, that I could scarce give Credit to my own Eyes; but how great was my Satisfaction in being convinced, after I had once read them over, from their Easiness, Propriety and Eloquence, that they were yours, since none could forge a Stile with so many Charms. The Hopes of your Arrival drawing near, I could not but rejoyce at it, as I ought; because by that you would present your Country, at least a while, with something very desirable. Nor can I take what you say against your Native Land for any thing, but a pleasant Railery: For tho' what you write of the Clime be true, and that it cannot be denied, but the drinking Water is brackish, and most of the Bread, Barley, (from an Aggravation of which, the Love of your Country has restrained your Pen) yet we owe abundance of Thanks to that Place that made you a Philosopher. Give, give us at length a Proof, that you really at last contemn the Delicacies of *Ægypt*. The Wise *Ulysses* could not be induced by *Calypso*, nor any other advantagious Change, to quit his Barren Isle of *Ithaca*, or not to prefer that to all other Climates. Nor do I believe the Noble *Spartan*, that was in *Ægypt*, ever accused his Country, when he reflected on the homely Fare of *Sparta*. But I have found the Cause of your Quarrel to your Native Soil.

You are infected with a Desire of Money; and when you are at a little distance from Gain, you fall into Exclamations, and long for the *Nile*, and the Wealth it produces. This is that which makes you think your self but a Stranger or Guest, and as neglected and meagre as *Chærephon*. But I rather believe you are detained by some Friendly Nymph, and that at last with much Repugnance, you experience the mighty Force of Love. Yet be this as *Venus* pleases, my Vows shall in the mean while be for your Health and Presence; and, in a Word, that you may e're long be a happy Father. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXII.

The Emperor Julian *to the Philosopher* Aristomenes; *inviting him to come and see him.*

DO you delay your coming till you are summoned? Are those Agreeable and Noble Strifes in Friendship quite worn out of Fashion, when each Friend contended for performing the first Friendly Office? Let us have a Care of introducing an unequal Law into Friendship, by which we expect these Formalities from our Friends, we require from our Common Acquaintance. Some may perhaps ask, *How we can be Friends who never so much as saw each other?* Which *Query* I shall answer

answer by another, *Whence came we to love those who liv'd a thousand, nay, two thousand Years before us?* You may answer, their Goodness produces our Love; for we value them because they were good Men. Such would we too be; and tho' I confess, in regard to my self, we are indeed far from that, in Act, yet in Desire, we make the nearest Approaches to it. But, in short, if an Invitation to come can bring you, you ought now to come; or if you desire Importunity, I repeat my Prayers; Wherefore I beg you, by *Jove the Hospitable*, that you come and show us a True *Grecian* among the *Cappadocians*: For as yet I see many Sacrifice unwillingly, very few with a good Will, though indeed they are not Men of Learning. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIII.

The Emperor Julian, *to* Ecdicius, Præfect *of* Ægypt; *ordering the Banishment of St.* Athanasius.

YOU ought to have sent me some Account of that Enemy of the Gods *Athanasius*, tho' you had given me Notice of nothing else, especially when you had long before heard our illustrious Decree. I call the Great *Serapis* to witness, that unless that Enemy of the Gods, *Athanasius*, be expelled, not only that City, wherein he lives, but likewise all *Ægypt*, and the Cohorts you command, shall be fined an hundred Pound Weight of Gold. You know how slow

I am to condemn; and yet how much slower to forgive after Condemnation. 'Tis to me the last Mortification, that he should by his Industry spread so Universal a Contempt of all the Gods. In short, you cannot send me more agreeable News of your Transactions, than the Expulsion of that wicked *Athanasius*, entirely out of *Ægypt*, who has presum'd, in my Empire, to prompt and persuade the *Grecian* Ladies of Quality to *Baptism*. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Artabius, *in Favour of the* Galilæans.

BY the Gods, I will not have any of the *Galilæans* either put to Death, or undergo any Severity, contrary to Law and Equity; yet am I absolutely for preferring to them Men of Piety and Holiness. The Madness of the *Galilæans*, has brought all things almost to Ruin; we being all protected and safe by the Favour and Benevolence of the Gods. For which Reason, we ought to adore the Gods, and honour both Men and Women remarkable for Piety. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Georgius, *Bishop of* Alexandria; *in Praise of his Eloquence.*

I Could cry out with *Ulysses*, in the Poet, *Art thou come my* Telemachus? For you I have beheld in your Letters, and viewed even the Image of your Mind expressed in Miniature, as I have seen the Figure of some Great Deity graved on a little Seal. The Fame of the Learned *Phidias* sprang not alone from his *Olympick*, or *Athenian Jove*, but likewise from his small Sculptures, wherein he discovered abundance of Art in a very little Compass. In this Number are his Grashopper, Bee and Flye; whose Lead and Brazen Substance received a sort of Life from the Hand of the Artist: Yet perhaps the smallest of these Animals help'd out the Industry of the Artist the more easily to deceive and impose on our Eyes. But look on his Statue of *Alexander* Hunting on Horseback, carved within the Bigness of a Nail of ones Finger, and you'll find it expressed so perfectly, and with so great Mastery, that *Alexander* both wounds the Beast, and strikes the Beholder, at the same time, with the Terrour of his Countenance. The Motion of the Horse also is so very lively, that Art seems to make him disdain the Bounds of the *Base*, where he stands, and to move forward, with a fiery Face. The same Effect have you (most worthy *Georgius*) had on me: For by those few Words you lately uttered, you have sufficiently demonstrated your Virtue and Excellence;

and

and that in a wonderful manner. You have often born away the Prize of Eloquence; and you truly copy the *Homerican Ulysses*, who astonished and frighten'd the *Phæaceans* with the Eloquence and Force of his Speeches. If therefore my Friendship can be of any Use to you, O *Georgius*, you may freely and at all times command it. The Mouse in the Fable, who rewarded the Lion with his Safety, may prove that the Friendship of even the Lowest, is by no means despisable or unuseful. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVI.

The Emperor Julian *to* Ecdicius, Præfect *of* Ægypt; *demanding a narrow Enquiry after the Books of* Georgius, *Bishop of* Alexandria, *murther'd by the People.*

EVERY Man has his peculiar Pleasure; some are taken with Horses; others with Birds; and some with wild Beasts; but I even from a Boy have always had a violent Passion for Books. Wherefore I esteem it an unpardonable Absurdity to relinquish this Treasure to those, whose Avarice cannot be satiated even with Gold, especially when there is so little Difficulty in depriving them of it. This Favour and particular Service, you shall therefore do me; use your utmost Endeavours to procure me all the Writings of *Georgius*. He had many Philosophical, many Rhetorical Pieces, and not a few of the *Galileans* Doctrine: Which indeed I wish entirely lost; but least with them, all the rest should perish

perish, I would have you to make a very strict Enquiry after the whole Library. His Library-Keeper will be your best Guide in this Search, whom you may assure of Liberty, as his Reward; if he be diligent in this Discovery: And on the other side, let him know he shall not escape the Rack, if he prevaricates, and acts either maliciously or knavishly. I sent him again those Papers he left with me in *Cappadocia* to transcribe. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVII.

The Emperor Julian, Cæsar, Maximus *and* Augustus, *to the People of* Alexandria; *Reprimanding them for Assassinating* Georgius, *an* Arian *Bishop of that City.*

IF neither the Founder of your City, the Great *Alexander*, nor the Great God *Serapis* had any Influence on you; yet methinks the Love of your Country, the Sentiments of Humanity, the Precepts of your Duty, and the Consideration of me, ought to have been regarded by you. Of me, I say, to whom all the Gods, and chiefly *Serapis*, has committed the Empire of the World, and who had a Right, and Interest to enquire into any Injury or Affront that was offered you. But you were perhaps milled by Anger, and that furious Rage, which, when once it has disturbed the Mind, impels Mankind to the committing of the most barbarous and bloody Cruelties, which by a sudden Impulse betrayed you to the Penetration of this Wickedness, withou

fear of that Reprehenſion your ſelves would juſtly have given to the tumultuous Riots of a People without a Head. For tell me, by *Serapis* I charge you tell me, I ſay, what were the heinous Offences of *Georgius*; that raiſed you with ſuch Violence againſt him? I ſuppoſe you will anſwer, his Inſtigation of *Conſtantius* againſt you, His calling an Army into the Holy City; His invading arbitrarily, like a King, the moſt Sacred Temple of all *Ægypt*, ſpoiling it of all its Holy Statues, Gifts and Ornaments: And for pouring his armed Soldiers in upon you, when he found your Zeal for the God and his Sacred Treaſures, had raiſed your Anger; and made you fly to the Help of the Deity. But was it a ſufficient Motive for you to pollute the Holy City a ſecond Time, becauſe he had done it once? Imagine not that your Zealous Anger for the Gods, will juſtifie the Outrage, when the Laws were open for Puniſhment of the Guilty; to which had you left *Georgius*, you had not incurred the Crime of Murther, for then you had applied the juſt Remedy to the Evil; Law and Equity, which would have been an abſolute Security to your Perſons and Innocence, a ſure Puniſhment to the Author of theſe Impieties, and a Reſtraint and Awful Curb to all others who contemn the Gods, and have no Regard for thoſe Noble Flouriſhing and Populous Cities, who think the Exerciſe of Cruelty againſt them, an Addition to their Power. Compare therefore this preſent with my former Letters to you, and you'll eaſily find I cannot ſend you theſe Praiſes now, with which my former were filled, becauſe you have tranſgreſſed theſe

Bounds

Bounds of Right, the Obſervation of which till now made you dear to me. Conſider, take a View of what you have done; a civilized People have preſumed to aſſault, and like ſo many Dogs or Beaſts of Prey, to tear a Man to Pieces, without Shame and Confuſion, for the Brutality of the Fact; who have not taken Care to preſerve their Hands pure from Blood, to offer Sacrifices to the Immortal Gods. But you may urge in your Defence, That *Georgius* deſerved the Sufferings he met with: I own it, nay, that he merited far greater at your Suit, but not by your Hands: For you all ought religiouſly to obſerve and pay a Deference to the Laws of your Country; nor ought any private Violation of them to encourage a Publick Invading of the Laws and Inſtitutes of our Forefathers, which ought always to be Sacred and Holy in the Adminiſtration of the Publick. You have weighty Reaſon, O ye Men of *Alexandria*, to thank the Gods for your good Fortune, that theſe Crimes of yours are committed in my Reign, who am bribed to a Partiality for you, both out of my Reſpect to the Gods, to whom your Piety betray'd you to this Tranſgreſſion, and by a fraternal Love, which I yet preſerve for you from my Grandfather and Uncle, who govern'd both you and *Ægypt*. For 'tis moſt certain, that the Inſolent Riots of a tumultuous People, are never ſuffered in a ſevere and good Reign, whoſe Authority is not contemned, but like a grievous Diſeaſe is cured by a more grievous Medicine: But, for the Reaſons I have juſt mentioned, I apply a much more eaſie Remedy, that is, Friendly Admonitions, which I hope you will have the more Regard to, in as much as you are of the *Greek* Original, and yet retain

retain among you, both in Mind and Body, Great and Illustrious Marks of True Nobility; and lastly and chiefly because you are my own peculiar People. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

The Emperor Julian *to his Uncle* Julian; *to clear himself of the Death of* Constantius.

I Have scarce time to write this to you, it now being the third Hour of the Night, and all about me so busie, that I have none to depute this Office to. I am alive by the Favour of the Gods, and delivered from the suffering or doing the greatest Mischiefs imaginable. But the *Eternal Sun*, (whose help and Assistance I, in the first Place, implored) And *Jupiter* the Sovereign of Heaven, are my Witnesses that I not only never wished the Death of *Constantius*, but, on the contrary, always most earnestly desired his Life. You will ask me then the Reason of my advancing towards him: I answer, in Obedience to the Gods, who had apparently promised me Security and Success, if I comply'd with their Commands, imposing a Condition on my Stay where I was, which I beg the Gods to avert. Farther, being already by him declared a Foe, I advanced in order only to terrifie him into Reason, and by those Means that we might have come to a more friendly Parly, and an amicable Interview. Or if there were no avoiding War, I resolved to leave the success of all to Fortune, and the Gods, and expected

pected whatever their Clemency thought fit to bestow. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIX.

The Emperor Julian, *to the Philosopher* Maximus; *who was the Person that perverted him.*

I Use your Letters as *Alexander* the *Great* is said to have done the Poems of *Homer*; I sleep with them under my Pillow, and read them daily over and over, with as fresh a Desire, as if they were always new. Wherefore if you would allow me the Conversation of your Pen, that is, if you would give me a perfect Picture of your self, write, and write daily, or rather by the Favour and Permission of the Gods come to me, assuring your self that I have no perfect Enjoyment of Life in your Absence, except in your Letters. Farewel.

LETTER CXL.

The Emperor Julian *to the Same; sent together with his Writings, which he submits to the Correction of that Philosopher.*

THE Fables assure us, That the Eagle soars aloft with her Callow Young, opposing them to the Rays of the Sun, that the God might discover his true from his spurious Issue. In like man-

manner ſend I my Writings to you, as to *Mercury*, the God of Eloquence, that, if you can bear them, you may determine, according to your Judgment, whether they ſhall be publiſhed, or if not that you immediately throw them away as Strangers to the Muſes, or elſe commit them to the Floods as Adulterous. The *Rhine* thus does the *Gauls* no Injury, when it bears away their ſpurious Iſſue, as the Revenger of the polluted Nuptial Bed, ſince it bears up, and ſupports on the Surface of its Waters the Off-ſpring of the Virtuous Embraces, and reſtores them to the Arms of the trembling and expecting Mother, and by ſaving the Infant, proves a certain Teſtimony of the chaſt and uncorrupted Marriage-Bed. Farewel.

LETTER CXLI.

The Emperor Julian *to* Oribaſius; *Being an Account of his Dream, and a Complaint of* Euſebius *the Eunuch.*

THE Divine *Homer* tells us, There are two Doors to the Place of Dreams, and that a far different Credit muſt be given to the Predictions of thoſe that come out of each. Yet certainly, if ever you foreſaw any thing in Sleep, your laſt Dream was very Prognoſtic, for I my ſelf had one not unlike it. *Methought I ſaw in a large Hall, a lofty ſpreading Tree, bending towards the Ground, under which, at its Root, was a ſmall flouriſhing tender and kindred Sprout: But I was not a little concerned, leſt that little Tree ſhould be de-*

ſtroyed

ſtroyed and grubbed up with the greater. Approaching nearer, I ſaw the great one faln all along on the Earth, and the little one upright, but ſuſpended above the Ground; which when I ſaw, I, with a great deal of Rage and Labour, cried out, Alas! how great a Tree is fallen, and how near periſhing too is its little Kindred Sprout! Here a Man, to me entirely unknown, bid me reflect and conſider what I ſaw, and to be of good Courage, for ſince its Root yet remained in the Ground, that little Tree would revive, and fix it ſelf the more firmly. This was my Dream, yet what it forebodes, the Gods alone can tell: But I earneſtly deſire ſome Information about that wicked Eunuch, and whether what he ſaid of me was before or after he ſaw me, in which I would have you to give me the beſt Light you can. He knows very well, how often I have overlooked, and connived at his vexing the People of the Province, to ſo partial a degree, as was unworthy indeed of my Dignity, while ſome Complaints I would not hear, others I would not allow, others I would not believe, and imputed many to the Fault of his Friends and Domeſticks. But when he would Stigmatize me with ſo foul a Blot, by ſending his Miſſive Pamphlets abroad, full of all the Infamous Contumelies and Accuſations he could forge, what ought I not to have done? Should I be Paſſive, hold my Peace, and put up the Affront, or attack him? The firſt would be baſe and ſervile, as well as diſpleaſing to the Gods, the latter, 'tis true, would be both juſt and brave, and worthy a Freeman, but this could not then be executed, by reaſon of thoſe many important Affairs, I was embarraſſed with and involved in at that time. You will ask me then, what Courſe I took; why before a

great

great many Persons, who I knew would be sure to give him a full Account of the Matter, I only said, *There is no doubt but he will correct his Writings, for now he is extremely intemperate, and outragious.* This Moderation of mine, was so far from reducing him to Modesty and Temper, that he flew out into such Extravagancies, as no modest Tyrant would have attempted, especially when he knew me so near him. What could a Disciple of *Plato* and *Aristotle*'s do upon this Occasion? Should I surrender the Miserable into the Hands of Robbers? or rather defend those as well as I could, who now (I believe) are near their End, by their abandoned Contrivance. Certainly there can be nothing more base, nor more unworthy the Rites of *Burial*, than for the Military Tribunes to quit their Ranks, though in the Face of Death, when they were to rescue the Unhappy from Injury, especially when they were to fight against such a Company of *Banditti*, with so well furnished an Army as mine, and with the Gods as Friends. But in all the Events of Fortune, and all our Enterprizes, the greatest Comfort a Man can find, is a clear and unspotted Conscience. I hope the Gods will spare that Man of Probity *Salustius*. Nor should I esteem it any Evil, if he were to be my speedy Successor: For a short time spent innocently and well, I judge preferable to an Immortality of Sinning. The *Peripatetick* Philosophy is not more sluggish than the *Stoick*, notwithstanding the false Imputations of some Men: Betwixt which I take this to be the true Difference, that one is the more cunning and turbulent, and the other more prudent, that is to persevere in our Opinion without Change. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXLII.

The Emperor Julian, *to* Eugenius *the Philosopher; Desiring him to write to him.*

THEY tell us, that *Dædalus* attempted by Art to vanquish the Defects of Nature, making his Son *Icarus* Wings of Wax to bear him aloft from his Confinement. I admire his Art, but cannot his Prudence, in committing the Safety of his Son to so frail a Support before any one else had made Tryal of the Experiment. But could I have the Wish of *Anacreon*, and be converted into a Bird, it should not be to fly to *Olympus*, or on any Amorous Expedition, or Complaint, but to the Summits of your Mountains, *to Embrace thee my Care*, as *Sappho* has it. But since Nature has confined me to this Prison of my Body, and does not permit me to bear my self thro' the sublime Regions of the Air, I'll follow you at least on those Wings she gives me, for I will write to you, and so be with you that Way I may. Certainly *Homer* used the Epithet *Winged* to *Words*, because they might be sent into what Part of the World we please, for they fly away like swift Birds where-ever we command them. But you, my Friend, in your turn, ought to write to me; for you have a Pen of as strong, or stronger a Wing than mine, by which you can touch your Friends, and variously delight them, as if you were present. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIII.

The Emperor Julian *to* Ecebolus; *persuading him that in Returning Silver for Gold, he dealt fairly by him; since Silver was the more Excellent Metal.*

PINDAR, says the *Silver Muses*, comparing their Brightness and Splendor, to the most Bright and Excellent Matter of the Universe. The wise *Homer* gives the Epithet *Illustrious* to Silver, and says, *You Silver Streams* to the Water; because they gave a gay and bright Reflection, as if enlightned by the Rays of the Sun. The Beautiful *Sappho* says, *You Silver Moon*; and for that reason will have it, that all the other Planets are obscured by her: Wherefore suffer me to compare the Gods to Silver, rather than Gold. For I am not the first that assert, that Silver is more adapted to the use of Mankind, than Gold, that is more commendable, nor hides it self in the Ground from the Eyes and Hands of Men, like Gold, but is agreeable to the View, and more convenient for the Necessities of Life. All this is the Opinion of the Antients themselves, If therefore, in Return for the Gold you sent me, I remit you Silver, believe not your Present under-paid, or that you are less obliged than I am; nor imagine you have had in this the Fate of *Glaucus* in the Exchange of his Arms; for *Diomedes* himself would not have changed Silver Arms for those of Gold, because these were much more useful, and fitter like Lead to blunt and rebate the Edge of a Sword, than those of Gold. I have from your own Words, taken this Handle of Jesting with the greater

greater Freedom. But if you would ſend me Preſents more precious and valuable than Gold write daily to me; for I ſhould prefer the leaſt Letter from you much beyond the greateſt Advantages I am capable of expecting. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Euſtochius; *calling his Friend to the Honour of the* Conſulſhip.

THE Wiſe *Heſiod* ſays, We ought to invite our Neighbours to our Feaſts, that they may be merry with us, who have a ſhare of our Misfortunes. But I'm of Opinion, we ought rather to invite our Friends, than Neighbours, becauſe a Neighbour may be our Enemy, which a Friend can no more be, than Black White, or Cold Heat. But that you have always been my Friend, of a Conſtant and unſhaken Fidelity, my Zealous Love for you is a ſufficient Proof. Come therefore, come to me that you may take Poſſeſſion of the Dignity of the *Conſulſhip*. If you deſire any thing more, know I have ſent for your Friends *Enodia*, and *Enodius*. Farewel.

LETTER CXLV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Callixina, *bestowing on him a double Priesthood, for his Constancy to the* Polytheism.

A Just Man is only try'd by Time, according to the Antients; but I shall Venture to add, That by Time I have try'd a Pious and Religious Man. You'll say, the Love and Faith of *Penelope* to her Husband, was discovered by Time; but who, that has not made a Debauch in the Juice of the drowsie *Mandragora* would prefer a Woman's Love of her Husband to Piety and Religion. Nor will any Man, that considers rightly think the Love of *Penelope* to her Husband, though the perpetual Theme of succeeding Ages, bears any Proportion to thy Merit, when they reflect on the Iniquity of the Times, and the different Causes, as well as different Tryals ye have both gone through. But do not you look on that as a small Praise, when for your Actions the whole Senate of the Gods will return you their Thanks, and when I crown your Merit with a double Priesthood, adding to that you already enjoy those of *Ceres*, and the *Mother of the Gods*, in the Sacred City of *Pessinum*. Farewel.

LETTER CXLVI.

The Emperor Julian *to the illustrious* Serapion; *containing the Praise of Figgs, and of the Number of* 100, *from a Present sent by him of an Hundred Figgs of* Damascus.

THE Present generally made our Friends, is Praise, but I send you an Hundred long Figgs of *Damascus*, the agreeable Prospect of a delicious Banquet. Their Number, I must confess, were too inconsiderable to Delight, did not their Beauty sufficiently supply that Defect. If you'll believe *Aristophanes*, there is nothing sweeter, or more delicious than a Figg, except Honey; nor, a little after, will he yield the Preference even to Honey. *Herodotus*, to give a lively Image of a perfect Solitude and Desart-Place, says, *It had neither Figg, nor any other Thing that was Good*, as if a Figg was the King of Fruits, or that where Figgs are to be found, there could no other Good be wanting. Wise *Homer* also, who praises the rest of Fruit, either on Account of their Magnitude, Beauty or Goodness, to the Figg alone, gives the Title of *Sweet*. He calls Honey *Yellow*, to avoid bestowing the Name of *Sweet* on that which sometimes is Bitter. But to a Figg he appropriates the Epithet, *Sweet* by Reason in its Propriety it challenges that Name. *Hippocrates* tells you, *Honey is sweet to the Taste, but bitter to the Smell*, from whom I, by no Means, dissent, because, by Universal Opinion, it breeds the Spleen, and changes the Humours into a contrary Taste; which yet plainer demonstrates its bitter Nature: For if that were not its Original, it could never

be changed into Bitter. But the Figg is not only sweet to the Taste, but odorous to the Smell; and so useful to Mankind, that *Aristotle* thinks it a *Specifick* against all manner of Poison, and that for this Reason, in that it is eaten both at the beginning and end of a Meal, as if it were the only Sacred Remedy against the Injuries of Food. Whoever knows its use, will not doubt but that Figgs were consecrated to the Gods, made use of on all Altars, as fit for all Incense, by the Institution of some wise Priest, skill'd in the Holy Rites of Heaven. The Learned *Theophrastus* in his Treatise of *Agriculture*, speaking of those Trees that would admit of Inoculation, chiefly celebrates the Figg-Tree, for receiving the Buds of other Trees in greater Variety, and with more Success than any other whatever; insomuch that if you lopp'd off ev'ry Branch, and grafted a several Cien on each, yet would it maintain and suffice them all; so that a View of this one Tree could sometimes supply you with a Prospect of a whole Garden, sending from its own Body Nutriment and Substance to the various and numerous Progeny of different Fruits. And whereas the Fruits of other Trees last but a while, unable to bear any Age, that of the Figg Tree out-lives the present Year, and remains Good at the Appearance of the ensuing. *Homer*, in his Description of the Gardens of *Alcinous* tells us, the Fruit there had several Ages; and though that might be but a Poetical Fable, as to the rest, yet 'tis certainly true, as to the Figg, which is the most lasting Fruit the Garden produces. This is the general Nature of the Figg, but with us, it is much more Excellent, for as in Comparison with other Plants, it, without Controversie, carries away the

the Pre-eminence, so among Figgs those of *Damascus* excel; nor without Reason, for it is but Just the True City of *Jove*, the Eye of all the *East* (I mean the Large and Sacred *Damascus*) as she excels all others in the Pomp of her Sacrifices, Magnificence of her Temples, Seasons of the Year, Brightness and Clearness of her Fountains, the Multitude of her Rivers, and Fertility of her Soil, should be particular in the Excellence of this Fruit. For which Reason this Tree will not endure Transplanting, nor retain its Goodness out of its own Clime, as disdaining a Foreign Birth. Gold and Silver are to be found in many Countries: But ours alone bears this Plant, which plainly refuses to grow to Perfection any where else. As the *Persian* Silk, *Indian* Rarities, and whatever is most precious in the *Æthiopian* Countries, is, by the Merchants, transported to other Nations, so export we our Figgs to all Regions, as being in no other Place to be had Good; nor is there any People so distant, or Island so remote, which has not a Value for this Traffick, and a Relish of its Sweetness. The Tables of Kings have the Figg for an Ornament; and it crowns the Pomp of every Banquet. Neither Cheescake, Tart, Biscuit, or any part of the nicest *Desert* can boast half the Charms of this Fruit; so wonderfully does it excel all others whatsoever. Other Figgs are only Good in *Autumn*, or when dry'd, but these of *Damascus*, are so, both on the Tree and when they are laid in the Sun. If you view their Beauty on the Trees, and how, with their long Stems, they dangle down from ev'ry Bough; how the Tree surrounds its Fruit in a Circle; and how, by that Roundness, it varies its Form, you would think them so many Jewels hanging from a Chain about the Neck. There

is a Myſtery in the Art of preſerving theſe Figgs, as curious as they are pleaſant; for they are not like others of this kind thrown up in Heapes, and placed in the Sun; but they are gather'd one by one, and ſingly hang on the Walls from Thorny Branches, partly, that they may whiten, by the daily Influence of the pure Rays of the Sun, and partly, to ſecure them from Vermin, and the Beaks of little Birds by the Thorns and Prickles. Thus much for the *Birth*, *Sweetneſs*, *Preparation and Uſe of our Figgs of* Damaſcus. Now I ſhall ſhow you the Excellence of the *Centenary* Number. *Homer*, in my Opinion, did not lightly, and without Cauſe furniſh *Jove*, in his Poem, with a *Hundred-fold Shield*, but couches under that Number ſome great and hidden Secret; that is, he gave the moſt perfect Number to the moſt perfect of the Gods; or becauſe the whole Univerſe, expreſſed by the Orb of the Shield, could not be deſcribed but by the *Centenary* Number. For the ſame Reaſon the *Hundred-handed Briareus* is plac'd next that God, and contends with his ſaid Father, to expreſs the Perfection of his Strength, by the moſt perfect of Numbers. Thus the *Theban Pindar*, ſinging the Triumphs of *Jupiter* over the Giant *Typhœus*, thinks he deſcribes the Grandeur of the Vanquiſher ſufficiently, by telling us he overthrew the *Hundred*-headed Monſter at a Blow; as if no other Giant durſt contend with *Jove*, but he whom his Mother had arm'd with an Hundred Heads, or that no God, but *Jupiter*, could obtain ſo ſignal a Victory. The *Lyric* Poet *Symonides*, calls *Apollo*, by Way of Praiſe, *Ekaton*, and by this alone, as a Sacred Note or Mark, adores his Surname, for killing the Serpent *Python* with an Hundred Arrows: Nay, he ſeems more

pleas'd

pleas'd to be call'd *Ekaton*, than *Pythian*, as taking that for an Hereditary Name or Title. *Crete*, that was the Nurse of *Jupiter*, as the Reward of her first receiving the new-born God, receiv'd the Glory of one Hundred Cities. *Thebes* was call'd *Hecatontapolis* by *Homer*, from the Magnificence of having an Hundred Gates. I'll pass over the *Hecatombs* of the Gods, the * *Hecatomped* Temples, Altars of an Hundred Pedestals, the *Centenary* Cloysters or Galleries; Fields of an Hundred Acres, and all other Things, as well Divine as Humane, distinguish'd by the Number of an *Hundred*. This Number distinguishes the Orders of War and Peace, the Military Forces being divided into *Centuries*, under *Centurions*, and the Judges of Civil Affairs, Marshal'd in that Number. But the Laws of an Epistle forbid my proceeding farther; and I think I must ask your Pardon for bringing more Instances already than the Matter requir'd. If, by your Approbation, my Letter be allow'd to rise to a Mediocrity of Goodness, I am satisfied, for then it may justly pass on the Eyes of others, supported by the Authority of your Judgment; but if it stands in need of Correction, it cannot fall into better-qualified Hands to transmit it perfect to the Publick View. Farewel.

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* *Temples spreading open* 100 *Foot on every side, as that of* Minerva *in* Athens.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVII.

The Emperor Julian; *to* Jamblichus *the Philosopher; celebrating his Praise.*

ULYSSES thought it enough to repress his Son's Opinion of him, by saying,

I am no God, why dost thou equal me to the Immortals?

But I am, indeed, scarce so much as a Man, while I am absent from *Iamblichus*; yet must I avow my self studious to serve, and desirous to see him. Nor shall any ones Opinion of my Unworthyness, deter me from that Love of you, which I shall ever profess. I find not that the Multitude of Admirers of excellent Statues, has ever lessened the Praise of the Artist, but, that on the contrary, by their Passion for them, they have render'd them a more true and lively Delight. Your Complement of placing me among the wise Men of old, makes me not so blind, as not to see that I am as far from their Merit, as I own my self short of their Discipline and Learning. But in you are not only join'd *Pindar*, *Democritus* and the Antient *Orpheus*, but also all the *Greek* Philosophers that have ever flourish'd in that kind of Knowledge, in like manner as the Harmony arising out of the various Sounds of the *Lyre*, produces a perfect Musical Composition. They tell us the *Ægyptian Proteus* chang'd himself into various Forms, as being afraid to discover his Wisdom to those that enquir'd any thing of him:

But if *Proteus* was wise indeed, as *Homer* assures us he was Master of a great deal of Wisdom, tho' I must approve that, yet must I always condemn his Temper, it being altogether unbecoming a good Man, and the Part indeed of a wicked Impostor, to conceal himself on purpose to avoid doing Good to Mankind. How great an Admiration and Veneration therefore, do you challenge from us, first in that your Wisdom equals that of *Proteus*, and much more, because you are not a Niggard of your Noble Qualifications, as he was, but rather impart your Vertue and Knowledge of the sublimest Sciences, and disperse your shining Rays around, like the Sun, to all Men, not only by instructing the present by your Discourses and Example, but likewise the absent by your Writings. In this you excel the Antient *Orpheus*; for whereas he consum'd his Time and Art in soothing and taming Wild Beasts; you, as if you were placed in this World for nothing but the Health of all Mankind, in all Places imitate the Hand of *Æsculapius*, and with that Salutiferous and Eloquent Voice, dispense Instruction to all the Earth: Which makes me judge that *Homer*, if alive, would more justly have said of you, than of him he did,

One yet alive spreads round the spacious Globe.

For you alone cherish and nourish that Fire of Antient Form, which is, as it were, a Sacred Spark of Real and Fruitful Learning. Wherefore grant (O *Jupiter* the Preserver, and Holy *Mercury*) the Enjoyment of long Life to *Iamblichus*, the Common Benefactor to Mankind: And since it is not to be doubted, but that the *Anti-*

ents made ſuch juſt Vows and Prayers for, and by them lengthened the Lives of *Homer*, *Plato*, *Socrates* and other Perſons of Conſpicuous Merit that appear'd among them, ſo it can't be amiſs in us to pour out the like to the Immortal Gods to prolong to an extreme and happy old Age, the Life of a Man equal to them all, both in Morals and Eloquence. Farewel.

LETTER CXLVIII.

The Emperor Julian *to* Amerius ; *comforting him upon the Loſs of his Wife.*

YOUR Letter concerning the Loſs of your Wife, I aſſure you, coſt me ſome Tears. 'Tis indeed a juſt Cauſe of Grief to have a young, handſome, chaſte and dear Wife ; and, moreover, the Mother of a beautiful Off-ſpring ſnatched away before her Time, like a Taper juſt lighted, and ſoon after extinguiſhed ; but that this ſhould be your Caſe, is what gives me a ſenſible Concern : For, indeed, my Dear *Amerius*, you, of all Men, deſerv'd leaſt to taſte the bitter Cup of any Misfortune, or Sorrow, being ſo Eminent for your Eloquence, and your Friendſhip. But were I writing to any other, on this Occaſion I ſhould be much more Prolix, by muſtering up all the Arguments I could draw from the Common Fate of all Men, which is compell'd by inevitable Deſtiny, to undergo Diſaſters, eſpecially the Death of Friends ; the Conſideration of which is the greateſt Comfort on ſuch Accidents, and

and many other Topicks for the easing an exorbitant Sorrow; but since it would seem too mean to urge those Arguments we use to the Ignorant, to one that teaches and instructs others, omitting all other Lenitives, I will only relate you a Fable, or rather the true and real Saying of a wise Man, perhaps not unknown to you, tho' to many, from whence you may take as healing a Draught of Joy as *Telemachus* is said to have done from the *Spartan* Damsel. They assure us, that *Democritus* of *Abdera* told *Darius*, when nothing could allay his Grief for the Death of his young beautiful Wife, that he would raise her from the Dead, if he would but supply him with the Necessaries requir'd for such an Operation. The King bid him command whatever he pleas'd, without Regard to the Expence. The Philosopher, after a little Pause, replies, *All Things else I have sufficient, only one Material Ingredient I want, which I can by no Means imagine how to come by, but you perhaps* (speaking to *Darius*) *being King of all* Asia, *may be able to find it out.* Being ask'd, what wonderful Thing this was, which only so great a King could find? He reply'd, if the King would command the Names of three Women to be ingrav'd on his Wive's Tomb, whom no Body had ever grieved for, she would undoubtedly return to Life. But *Darius*, on Enquiry, finding none of that kind, *Democritus* laughing, as he us'd to do, cry'd out, *Art not thou*, O Darius! *one of the foolishest of Men, who alone desirest to escape that, which no Man else ever did, or ever will, for you will find that the most happy and fortunate of this Life, have felt some private Sorrows.* This indeed was a just Method to take with *Darius* a Barbarian, and one obnoxious and obsequious

to Pleasure and Grief; but you, being both a *Grecian* and studious of True Learning, ought to derive the Command of your self from your self: For indeed it would be a shame, too infamous, to deny that to Reason, which Time would certainly obtain. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIX.

The Emperor Julian *to* Arsacius, Pontifex *or Chief Priest of* Galatia; *about the Methods of promoting the Restoration of Idolatry.*

THE small Progress the *Gentile* Religion makes so very short of my Desires, is owing to the Professors thereof. The Gifts we have received from the Gods, are Splendid, Great and more Excellent, than we could have the Confidence to wish or hope: For such and so great a Change in so short a Time (be *Nemesis* propitious to what I say) who could not long since, have expected. But what is the Cause of our acquiescing here, of our resting satisfied with what is already done, as if there were nothing farther requisite to be done? or why do we not rather turn our Eyes to consider what has given such Growth to the Impious Religion of the Christians? I mean their Care of and Benignity to Strangers, their Burying the Dead, and that Sanctimony of Life which they put on. All this, I am of Opinion, we ought truly and sincerely to perform. Nor do I think this sufficient, but would have you to oblige all the *Galatian* Priests, either by Threats or Reason to be Men of Honour

and

and Honesty, or otherwise to degrade them from the Priesthood, if they, their Wives and Family are not exemplar in their Assiduity, in adoring the Gods and attending their Temples, and that they suffer not the Wives, Servants or Children of the *Galileans* to behave themselves insolently to the Gods, or prefer Impiety to Piety. Next exhort the Priests not to go to any of the Publick Showes, or drink in Taverns, and Pubick Houses, or profess any mean or infamous Art or Trade. Reward those that are obedient to you in this Reformation, and expel the Refractory. Build a great many Hospitals, and Inns, in every City, for the Benefit of Travellers; to the end Strangers may enjoy the Advantages of our Liberality, and not only those of our Religion, but likewise the Professors of the contrary, may have the Benefit of them, if they are destitute of Mony. I have found out a *Fund* for supplying you with Necessaries for perfecting all this I have ordered. For I have commanded to be deliver'd to you 30000 Bushels of Wheat, and 60000 Quarts of Wine Annually, the fifth Part of which I allot to the Poor that serve the Priests, and order the rest to be distributed among the poor Travellers and Beggars for their Relief. For 'tis a shame that whereas none of the *Jews* are suffer'd to beg, being supplied by their Sect, and the Impious *Galileans* not only feed their own, but our Poor also, that the followers of our Religion should seem destitute of that Help and Relief, which we ought to supply ours with. Teach therefore the *Gentiles* to lay out their Money in such good Offices; and use the Country People to offering their first Fruits to the Gods, and these sort of Acts of Beneficence, and make it appear to them, that this is a Duty of

very

very Antient and Venerable Original; for *Homer* introduces *Eumæus*, speaking thus:

If some poor Guest should to my House resort,
My Smiles should give him welcome: My Wealth (and Wants
Proceed from Jove; *not Great my Store, but (Free.*

Let us not therefore suffer others to rob us of our Praise, by an Imitation of our good Actions, whilst we, through Sloth and Negligence, become infamous; lest we thus seem to betray our Piety to the Gods. If I hear of your Diligence in the Execution of these Commands, you will give me a great deal of Joy and Pleasure. Very seldom go to the Palace, to make your Court to the Governours, but often write to them. Let no Priest go out to meet them in the Street on their Publick Entries; and only attend their coming within the Temple, when they design thither, nor shall any Soldier march before them, though they are at Liberty to follow in what Number they please. But as soon as they enter the Temple, they become private Persons, and you are Chief of all within those Sacred Walls, according to the Divine Law. Those that obey you are Pious, and those, who, out of Arrogance, resist you, are Ostentatious Boasters, Hypocrites, and Seekers of Vain-glory. I am ready to bring Relief to *Pessinus*, provided he propitiates the Mother of the Gods: But if he presumes to despise and contemn her, he will not only incur the Penalty of the Laws, but, what is yet more, will provoke me to a very high Degree. *For 'tis an abominable Wickedness to assist him who makes War with*

with the happy Gods. Persuade him therefore to adore the Mother of the Gods, if he desires I should take him under my Care and Protection. Farewel.

LETTER CL.

The Emperor Julian, *to the Christian Professors in the Schools; forbidding them to make use of, or teach any of the* Greek *Authors.*

WE esteem True Doctrine to consist in a solid Affection of the Mind well instructed, a true and certain Judgment, and in Maxims of Good and Evil, of what's Honest or Dishonest, not in the Ostentatious Sound of Tongue, and Pompous Words. Those therefore, who believe one thing and teach their Scholars another, seem as distant from Knowledge as Honesty. Nay, the least Difference betwixt the Tongue and Mind is Dishonest, though the Guilt do not exceed. Those that, in Matters of highest Importance, teach what they do not credit themselves; are like ill Vintners, whopalm on the Company stum'd Wine, which they know to be abominably Bad. All Professors therefore of any Part of Learning, ought to be Honest Moral Men, and should not advance new upstart Opinions, foreign to the Sense and received Notions of the People. Such especially ought those to be, who instruct Youth in the Writings of the Antients, be they either *Rhetoricians*, *Grammarians*, or principally *Sophists*, who pretend not only to instruct in Words, in Language, but even in Morals, and chal-

challenge to themselves a Right to Political Lectures, and delivering Rules and Maxims of State, the Administration of Commonwealths, *&c.* Whether these Pretences are just or not, I shall not now enquire; I commend their Aim at so Noble and excellent a Science, but they should have a much greater Praise from me, if they were more Veracious, and did not confute themselves, by believing one thing, while they teach a contrary to their Scholars. *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Demosthenes*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, *Isocrates*, *Lycias*, &c. learned and wrote under the *Auspices* of the Gods. Does not one of these think himself sacred to *Mercury*, another to the Muses? Wherefore it seems to me absurd for these Pedagogues to explain and teach these Books, who ridicule and contemn those Gods which these Authors ador'd. But not because I think this Absurd, do I oblige or command them to change their Opinion for the sake of their Scholars; I give them this Choice, that either they teach no more what they think not Good, or if they had rather still teach on; that they teach first sincerely and truly, and convince their Scholars that *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and the rest of those whom they explain, and whom they condemn as guilty of Impiety, Madness, and Error to the Gods, were no such Men. For else they must argue themselves guilty of the highest Avarice, and Baseness, living by the Writings of these Men, which they do only for the sake of a few poor *Drachma's*. Till now indeed there concur'd a great many Circumstances and Things, which deny'd them the Freedom of a Recourse to the Temples; and Fear might be allow'd a sufficient Plea for their not explaining the True Notions, and Opinions of the Gods. But now when Liberty,

berty, by the Favour of those Deities, is established, it seems to me extremely absurd to teach Men those Authors, whom they esteem Wicked: Yet if they think there is any Wisdom in the Books they teach, and whose Interpreters they sit, let them first study to imitate their Piety to the Gods. But if they think those Authors guilty of Offence against the most Holy Immortals, then let them go into the Churches of the *Galilæans*, and there explain *Matthew* and *Luke*; in Obedience to whom you forbid Men our Religious Worship. I would have your Ears, and your Tongue (to use your Phrase) to be born again in these Things, of which I wish always to participate, and that with all that Love me. This Common Law shall be establish'd for all Teachers, School-masters and Instructors of Youth: For there shall be no Force us'd to those that have a mind to hear, but they shall be left to their Liberty. I think it unjust to thrust out the Youth from the Right Path, who are yet ignorant of the Road they take, or to compel them by Force to pursue the Institutes of their Forefathers. Although indeed it would be just perhaps to cure them against their Will, and in spight of their Resistance as impotent and mad: yet, for my part, I leave them all to a Liberty of enjoying their Disease, for we ought to help, not punish, those that are Delirious. Farewel.

LETTER CLI.

The Emperor Julian *to* Ecebolus; *concerning the* Arrian *Christians at* Edessa.

MY past Decrees, regarding all the *Galilæans* in general, are full of Clemency and Humanity, which ordain that no Force be offer'd to any of them, that none be obliged against their Will to go to the Temples, nor that any suffer Indignity or Abuse. But those of the *Arrian* Church, being wanton in their Abundance of Riches, have invaded the *Valentinians*, and done those Things at *Edessa*, which never before happened in any Civilized and Well-govern'd City; wherefore, in pursuit of the Command of their admirable Law, to the end they may find the easier Passage to Heaven, I have ordered all their Money and Wealth to be seized, and afterwards to be divided among the Soldiers, and as for their Estates, I have ordain'd them to be distributed among my Friends. This I have done, that their Poverty might teach them Wisdom, and that they might not be depriv'd of the Kingdom of Heaven, which they hope for. We also now decree and command, that those of *Edessa* refrain all manner of Sedition and Riotous Frays, lest that despising my Humanity and Mildness, they bring upon themselves the Punishment of the Insolence and Intemperance of the rest, by Sword, Exile and Fire. Farewel.

LETTER CLII.

The Emperor Julian *to the People; containing a Remission of some Arrears of their Taxes, upon a Petition presented him.*

A Prince that had an Eye on his Profit, and Gain, would never hearken to your Petition, or suffer the Publick Revenue to be lessen'd by any private Favour. But since my Design is to be as Beneficial, as I can, to my Subjects, and not to gather as much from them as I can; I forgive that which is due to me. That is, one half I give to the Soldiers, the other to your selves; who will enjoy even that which they receive, since 'tis bestow'd for your Peace and Security. We therefore remit what is due from you to the Third Tribute: But, for the future, pay as you us'd to do; for this Gift is very Large, and we must not wholly neglect the Commonwealth. I have wrote about this to the *Præfects*, that you may, in Effect, enjoy what I have now given you by Words. Farewel.

LETTER CLIII.

The Emperor Julian *to* Zeno, *a Christian Physician; recalling him from* Exile, *into which he had been driven by the* Arians, *on Account of his Religion.*

AMONG many Proofs of the Excellence you are arriv'd to in Physick, as well as to an equal Temperance and Constancy of Morals, at this time your drawing the Eyes, Hearts and Wishes of all the *Alexandrians* upon you, is the greatest, so great a Sting have you left behind you in them; nor indeed without Reason, for *Homer* justly has it, That

One Physician is worth a thousand Common Men.

But you are not only a Physician, but a Master and Instructor of all those that profess that Science, you being to them What they are to the People. This is the Cause of your honourable Recalling from Exile: For if you were driven out of *Alexandria* by the *Georgian* Faction, you were illegally expell'd, and may justly return. Go back therefore with Honour, and your Antient Dignity, and I challenge the Favour of both, by restoring *Zeno* to the *Alexandrians*, and *Alexandria* to *Zeno*. Farewel.

LETTER CLIV.

Cicero *to* Curio; *recommending* Milo *to him; with a great deal of Earneſtneſs, and requeſting that he would have as much Care of his Dignity and Conſulſhip, as of his own.*

WE had not yet the News of your Arrival in *Italy*, when I ſent *Sextus Julius* the intimate Acquaintance of my Friend *Milo*, with theſe Letters to you: But aſſoon as your Return was thought near, and it was known you had left *Aſia*, on your Journey to *Rome*, the Importance of my Buſineſs requiring a ſpeedy Conveyance of my Pacquet, I was not apprehenſive of having diſpatched it too ſoon. Were I ſenſible my Services to you were as great as you are always pleaſed to declare them, I ſhould be much more cautious, and modeſt in preſſing a Requeſt of any conſiderable Conſequence; for 'tis with Reluctance, a Man of Prudence beggs a Favour of Moment of one whom he thinks he has obliged, leſt he ſhould rather ſeem to exact it as a Debt, than deſire it as a Kindneſs. But ſince the Benefits I have received from you are either known to all, or diſtinguiſhed for their Excellence and Greatneſs by the very Novelty and peculiar Emergencies of the times of my Adminiſtration, and ſince a Candid and Ingenuous Mind, would chuſe to encreaſe the Obligations it has to a conſiderable Benefactor, by deſiring freſh Services, I made no Difficulty of begging a Favour of you by Letter, which I eſteem both the greateſt and moſt neceſſary I could ask. For

I found in my self not the least Suspicion that I was not capable of behaving my self as I ought under your innumerable Obligations; especially when I hop'd there was no Benefit so Great which my Mind was not capacious enough either to receive or return with all the Additions of Gratitude: I have placed and fixed all my Study, Labour, Care, Industry, Thought, nay my whole Mind on *Milo*'s *Consulship*, and am of Opinion, that therein I ought not only to seek the Fruit of my Service, but also the Praise of Piety: Nor do I think any Man ever had so sollicitous a Concern for his Safety, and Fortunes, as I have for his Honour, in whom I have center'd all is dear to me. I know it is so much in your Power to serve him, (if you please) that we need not apply our selves to any Body else. What we have on our own side already, is the Good Will of all Good Men, won by his *Tribuneship*, on my Account, as I hope you are sensible, of the Vulgar, by the Magnificence of his Donations, the natural Liberality of Youth, and the Zeal of Men of Interest in the Suffrages, by his particular Excellence and Address, or Diligence in that Kind: Also he has my Vote due to Justice and past Favours, which perhaps gives it a Reputation, and Advantage it might otherwise be destitute of. Wherefore if you can reasonably conclude from my Zeal and Solicitude for *Milo*, that I am not forgetful of Obligations, or ungrateful to you, but that I am an honest Man, and, in a Word, if you can think me Worthy your Favours and Services, I must beg with the last Importunity you will free me from my Care by answering my Desire, that

you

you devote your Endeavours at present to my Praise, or, speak more truly to your own Safety. As for *Milo*, I can assure you, and dare engage, you shall never meet with a Man of a more solid Mind, more Constancy or more Gratitude. If you but embrace his Cause, you will so infinitely oblige and engage me, that *I* must acknowledge *I* shall then owe as much to you in my Reputation, as in my Safety. *I* should write more on this Point, as how much my Duty engaged me in it, and how all *I* value is concerned in this Petition, for the *Consulship* of *Milo*, so that *I* should leave nothing unattempted to compass it, were *I* not suddenly to see you. All *I* shall now add, is, that *I* commend and deliver into your Hands this whole Affair, this whole Cause, nay, my whole self, with an Assurance, that if you grant this Request, *I* shall think my self more obliged to you, than to *Milo* himself: For my Safety (in which he assisted me) was not so dear and valuable to me, as the Return of his Service would be agreeable and pleasant, which *I* am confident *I* may compass by you alone. Farewel.

LETTER CLV.

Cicero *to* Servius Sulpitius; *debating, whether they ought or not to fly from* Italy *to* Pompey.

I Received yours at *Cumanum*, on the Third of the *Calends* of *May*, from which I perceiv'd the Neglect and Imprudence of *Philotimus*, who sent me that Letter by another Hand, which he ought to have brought himself, being charg'd with so much of your Business to me, as that Epistle seem'd to intimate: But after the perusal of it, I saw your *Posthumia*, and my *Servius*, who desir'd me to urge your Coming to *Cumanum*. As for your desire of my Advice, that I can sooner follow than give: For what could I presume to persuade a Man of your Wisdom and Authority to? If we enquire what is the most Rightful, that is as plain, as what is the most convenient and safe is obscure. But if, as we ought, we esteem nothing Convenient and Safe, but what is consistent with Justice and Honour, there could remain no Doubt of what Course we ought to take. As for your Opinion, That both our Causes are the same, 'tis most true we were equally in an Error, when our Sentiments were equally Just: For all our Councils and Aim were to keep Things from an open Rupture; which being what would have been the most advantageous Thing in the World to *Cæsar*, we believed our Zeal to that End, could not likewise fail of being very acceptable to him. But

you

you ſee how far he has deceived us, and to what an Extremity he has driven the Diſpute: Nor are you only a Judge of what immediately falls under your preſent View, and what has been already paſt, but with a juſt Penetration, you ſee the Bottom of future Deſigns and Affairs. Wherefore we muſt either approve of what's done, or, at leaſt, be in the midſt of it, tho' we do not approve it. One ſeems baſe, the other dangerous: So that it only remains we leave the Place; and we only have to conſider, what Conduct we ſhall purſue, and to what Place we ſhall retire in our Departure Home. But as there never happened a more miſerable and unfortunate Conjuncture of Affairs, ſo never was it more difficult to determine what Counſel to follow: For every Thing we turn to, oppoſes ſome great and difficult Obſtacle. I would have you, if you think fit to follow my Advice, to ſpare the Pains of this Journey to me, if you reſolve on any Methods different from what I propoſe: But if you have any Buſineſs to conſult me about, I will here expect you: I deſire you to make what haſte hither you can with your own Convenience, which *Poſthumia* and *Servius* equally requeſt with me. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLVI.

Cicero *to the Same; containing a Complaint of the Iniquity of the Times; and that Comfort may be drawn from a Good Conscience.*

I Am daily informed, and that from several Hands, that your Sollicitude and peculiar Grief and Concern for our Common Miseries is very remarkable. Which, though I confess I cannot at all wonder at, as finding something like it in my self; yet am I troubled that a Man of your singular Prudence and Wisdom should not rather be pleas'd and satisfied with your own Advantages, and Happiness, than be uneasie at other Mens Misfortunes. I find no small Comfort from many Things, but chiefly from my Consciousness of my past Councils and Conduct, tho' I will not yield, that any Man is more affected with this Plague and Ruine that is befallen the Commonwealth. I foresaw, as from an high Tower, the Tempest gathering long before it broke, not alone, *I* confess, by the Force of my own Judgment, but by your Warning and Prognostication: For tho' I was absent great part of your Consulship, yet was I not ignorant of your Opinion and Counsel in foretelling, and Caution to prevent this pernicious War, of which I my self was Witness in the beginning of your Consulate; when you remonstrated to the Senate by representing the Examples of all the former Civil Wars, inform'd them what they had Reason to fear, from what they remembred had before happen'd, and that they might reflect if those

prov'd

prov'd so cruel, which had no precedent in the Commonwealth to copy after, how much more cruel and intolerable the future Oppressors of the Republick would prove: For Men think whatever they can bring a Precedent for, Lawful; and so venture to make new additions and those neither small in their Consequence, nor few in their Number; so that you ought to comfort your self by remembring that those who are now wretched, are so out of their own Choice and Obstinacy, when by following your Counsel and Advice, they might have prevented their Misery, and yet have possessed an impregnable Security. But you may reply, What avails this Remembrance in this (perhaps perpetual) Night of the Commonwealth? I confess it is a Grief almost beyond Consolation, amidst that Wreck of all Things, and so violent a Despair of ever recovering them. But *Cæsar* himself and all the *Roman* Citizens have this Opinion of you, that your Probity, Honour, Prudence and Dignity, when all others are extinguished, shine out, as some great Luminary to Mankind. And the Consideration of this ought to furnish you with a considerable Alleviation of your Concern. But as for your Absence from your Friends, that frees you from a great many Inconveniences, your being with them would bring; which your not seeing makes you far happier than us, who are compelled to be Eye-Witnesses of it. Thus far, I hope, *I* have justly administred my Consolatory Advice, having laid down Motives of lessening your Trouble, with all the Zeal and Candour of a Friend. What remains you must seek in your self; whence you may draw, *I* am very certain, the greatest Comfort and Satisfaction; of which

my

my daily Experience challenges so high an Approbation, that they seem to restore me a sort of Health and Security, which the Publick cannot now possess. *I* know very well, that from your Childhood you have been a Lover of all Sorts of Learning; and that with a particular and extraordinary Application, you have made your self entirely Master of all the Maxims of Philosophy, that instruct us in the Means and Methods of a good and happy Life: Which are both useful and pleasant in the midst of Prosperity, but are now in these profligate Times, our only peaceful Retreat. I will not dare to direct you peremptorily, nor advise a Man of your Knowledge, Capacity and Temper to renew your old Acquaintance with those Studies of your Youth and Maturer Age. *I* shall only hope your Approbation of my betaking my self wholly to the Study of Philosophy, when the State of the Commonwealth denied me any use of those Arts *I* had given my self to all my Life, either in the *Senate* or in the *Forum*. Nor is there much more Room for the Exercise of your Profession and Knowledge, than of mine. Where *I* presume not to direct you, but *I* fancy that you have Recourse to the same Study as I have, which, though I confess not be of that Use and Benefit to the Publick, are yet capable of disengaging the Mind from an Anxious Sollicitude. Your Son *Servius* makes such a Progress in all ingenuous Arts, and particularly in Philosophy, (which I have told you is the Object of my Studies) that he is arriv'd to an Excellence. Nor will I yield to any, but your self, in Love and Affection for him, nor is my Love sown in a Barren Soil. And he believes that his

Regard

Regard to me will be equally agreeable to you. Farewel.

LETTER CLVII.

Cicero *to the Same ; containing an Account of the Restoring* Marcellus.

I Allow your Apology, for your often sending me Letters to the same purport, no farther than your fear of their Miscarriage by the Negligence or Roguery of the Post. But I can by no means allow your Plea of Poverty of Language, (for so you are pleas'd to term it) which compels you to make use of the same Words in all your Letters; and though you, by Way of Jest, give me a Wealth or Richness of Language, yet shall I freely own that I am not conscious of any great Streights, and Indigence of Words; for I can see no great Occasion of a false Modesty, with such a Friend as you; yet I am not so vain neither, but that I as freely own I give Place (I speak not this by way of Flattery, or Irony) to your Subtilty and Elegance. Tho' I always approv'd of your not refusing this Affair of *Achaia*, yet my Approbation is much stronger from the Reasons I found in your last Letters : For all the Motives you urge, are nicely Just, and Worthy of your Reputation and Prudence. I cannot agree with you by any Means, that the Event has not answered your Expectation. But because there is so great and general a Perturbation and Confusion of

Af-

Affairs, every thing lies in so forlorn and distracted a Condition, by this most infamous War, that every Place where a Man is, seems the most intollerable. And this is the Reason that you repent your self of the Resolution you had taken, and which makes you think us here in a happy Condition: But, on the contrary, we do not suppose you free from Trouble and Fatigue, but happy in Comparison of us. In this your Condition is infinitely better than ours, that you dare write the Grievances you lye under, while we are not permitted even the Liberty of that with any Safety: Nor is this the Fault of the Victor (than whom no Man can show greater Moderation) but of the Victory it self, which in Civil Wars is always insolent. The only Advantage we have had over you, is, that we knew of the Revoking of your Collegue *Marcellus* something before you, and were Witnesses of the Conduct of that Affair. Assure your self, that since these Miseries we groan under, that is, since first the Publick Laws and Right were decided by the Sword, nothing but this was perform'd with the Dignity of the Commonwealth. For *Cæsar* himself, after he had accused the Sowerness (as he call'd it) of *Marcellus*, and very honourably extoll'd your Equity and Prudence, on the sudden and beyond all our Expectations declared he could not deny that to the Senate, which he was ready to give to the Person himself. The Method of it was thus: *Lucius Piso*, having mentioned *Marcellus*, and *Caius Marcellus* having thrown himself at *Cæsar*'s Feet, the whole Senate arose, and approach'd him in a suppliant Manner. Enquire not any farther, so Joyful, so Noble did this Day appear to me, that methought

thought there was some little Appearance of the reviving Commonwealth. Wherefore when All that been ask'd before me, had given *Cæsar* Thanks, except *Volcatius*, (who said, if he had been desir'd he would not have done it) on my being as'kd I changed my Resolution: For not out of Sloth, but want of the Antient Dignity of the Robe, I had resolv'd on a perpetual Silence. But the Magnanimity of *Cæsar*, and my Duty to the Senate, broke my Design. I therefore gave *Cæsar* Thanks in an Oration of some length; and I fear have depriv'd my self by it of that honourable Retirement, which was my only Comfort, in our Misfortunes. But since I have thus avoided his Disgust, who might interpret my continual Silence to my Belief that this was no Commonwealth, I shall do it, but moderately, dividing my time betwixt him and my Studies. For though from my Youth, I have taken a peculiar Pleasure in all manner of Arts, and Liberal Learning, particularly in Philosophy, my Love of which, I believe is heighten'd by the Maturity of my Age, and the prevailing Vices of the Times, there being nothing else that can free the Mind from Trouble, and Anxiety. I find by your Letters that your Business divorces you from these Studies, though the long Nights will now give you some Relief, allowing you a time to enjoy the severer Muses. Your, or rather my, *Servius* pays me a particular Deference, whose entire Honesty, extraordinary Virtue, Studies and Learning afford me a singular Pleasure. From him I have frequent Advice of your Stay in and Removal from a Place. I am as yet of Opinion, that *Cæsar*'s Will ought to be the Measure of our Actions. Affairs are at *Rome* in such a Posture, that if you

were

were here you would find nothing agreeable, but your Friends they being the best of all Things in this City. But as for both other Men, and other Things, they are such as are better heard than seen, if one of them must be done. This Advice I give you is extremely against my own Satisfaction, who earnestly desire to see you, but in it prefer your Pleasure to my own. Farewel.

LETTER CLVIII.

Cicero, *to* Marcus Marcellus, *persuading him to Return to* Rome, *and to make Tryal of* Cæsar's *Humanity, contrary to his Resolution of remaining in perpetual Banishment.*

THOUGH I dare not blame your Conduct, not but I dissent from you in it my self, but cannot presume to prefer my own Sentiments to the Resolutions of a Man, of whose Wisdom I have so high an Opinion, yet both the long time of our Mutual Friendship, and your extraordinary Benevolence to me, Experienc'd from my Childhood, persuades me to offer those Reasons to you, which may be serviceable to your Safety, and not at all Repugnant to your Honour. I know you are one of those, who long before saw these Evils in their Rise, and remember very well the most honourable and just Discharge of your Consulship. I also found, that you neither approv'd the Counsels nor Me-

thod

thod of the Management of the Civil War, that you never approved *Pompey*'s Forces, nor the Nature of the Army he had got together, nay, that you had the laſt Diffidence of them. And I believe you remember, that I was of the ſame Opinion. And this was the Reaſon that you medled but little in the Management of thoſe Affairs, and I always took pains to avoid being concern'd in them at all: For we fought not with thoſe Weapons, in which we were Superiour to them, I mean with Counſel, Authority, Reputation, and the goodneſs of the Cauſe, but with ſuch in which we were much Inferiour; that is, with Force and Numbers. In ſo unequal a Combat therefore we were overcome, or, if Honour could not be vanquiſh'd, broken at leaſt, and dejected. In which your Reſolution muſt be highly applauded by all, in that you threw aſide the Luſt of Battel, with the Hopes of Victory; and gave great Proofs of an Excellent Citizen, when you unwillingly enter'd into the opening of a Civil War, and with Reluctance purſu'd it in its cloſe. Thoſe who have taken a different Courſe from you, are now divided into two Parties, for they have either endeavour'd to renew the War, and taken themſelves to *Africa*; or as we, have join'd themſelves to the Conqueror. You indeed have ſteer'd betwixt both, judging perhaps what we did, Mean, what they, Obſtinate. I confeſs your Reſolution has been eſteem'd Wiſe, by moſt, nay all, and by ſome worthy a great and valiant Mind. But yet methinks there ought to be ſome Medium, ſome Moderation in your Determination, eſpecially when I believe there is nothing wanting to the Reco-

very of all your Fortunes, but your *Will* to receive them: For I'm inform'd, that he that has now the Power in his Hands would make no difficulty of offering all this, but that he fears you will not think the Offer, a Benefit. What my advice to you in this Case would be I need not particularize, since my Actions will inform you. But if you have fixt your Resolution rather to undergo perpetual Exile from *Rome*, than see those things done, which you do not approve, yet you should reflect that where-ever you fly, you will be still in the Power of him you would fly. But if he should suffer you to live quietly and freely out of your Country, and without your Fortunes, yet certainly you ought to consider whether you would chuse for your abode *Mytilene*, or *Rhodes*, rather than *Rome* and your own House, let Affairs go as they would. But since his Power, whom we fear, extends o'er the whole Earth, had not you better be safe in your own House, than in danger in a Strangers? Nay, were there a necessity of Death, certainly it were better to die in our own Country, than in any foreign and remote Parts. With me all those who love you agree, whom your noble and excellent Virtues have made extreamly Numerous. We also regard your Fortune and Estate which we could by no means have dissipated: For tho' it can receive no lasting and perpetual Injury, which neither the Victor, nor Commonwealth would suffer, yet are we not willing they should suffer any present Damage, by the Depredations of Robbers, whose Names I should not fear to give you, did I not know that you were already acquainted with them. Your return hither is nego-

negotiated by the Sollicitudes and Care, and the many and daily Tears of your Excellent Brother *Caius Marcellus*, to whom I reckon my ſelf the next concern'd in Grief; tho' I cannot be ſo forward in my Mediations, becauſe I have my ſelf ſtood in need of an Interceſſor. I have the Favour and Intereſt of a vanquiſh'd Man, yet am I not wanting to *Marcellus* in my Advice, and my Endeavours. The reſt of your Friends conſult me not, tho' I am ready for any Part, they ſhall require. Farewel.

LETTER CLIX.

Cicero *to the ſame, on the ſame Subject.*

I Dare not attempt to adviſe a Man of ſuch extraordinary Prudence, nor to confirm a Mind ſo noble, nor comfort a Courage ſo firm and approv'd. For if you bear the public Events, as I am told you do, I have more occaſion to Congratulate your Virtue, than endeavour to Mitigate your Sorrow. But if the Miſchiefs, that have befal'n the Commonwealth break you, I am not Maſter of Reaſon enough to comfort you, who cannot comfort my ſelf. I ſhall therefore only be ready to comply with the Commands of your Friends, ſo far as to be active in all things for your Service, that I can, and to wiſh my ſelf able to do what I cannot. I would have you believe that your Friendſhip for me will not let me be ſilent, and would perſuade you to my Opinion, that if there be any Commonwealth at all, you by the common

Consent and Judgment of all Men ought to be at the Head of it, in such manner, as the Times will bear, or if there be none, that this is the most proper and convenient Place of Exile. For if by flying *Rome* we pursue Liberty, what Place shall we find exempt from its Dominion? And if it reaches all Places, where shall we find one so dear and pleasant as our Native Country? But you may believe me, the possessour of the Foreign Power is a great Favourer of Sense and Ingenuity, and he Caresses, as much as his Cause will allow, Men of Honour and Nobility; but I have urg'd more, than I design'd. I therefore return to this one thing, that as long as your Friends are your Friends, I agree with them; but if they cease to be so, I shall not fail in any thing, that our Friendship and Love demands. Farewel.

LETTER CLX.

Cicero *to the same, urging his Return, yet more strongly and efficaciously.*

THO' I sent you lately by *Quintus Mutius* a long Epistle of my Advice, as to your Conduct at this Juncture; yet could I not let your Freedman *Tiraphilus*, whose Fidelity I was sensible of, go to you without a Letter from me. I shall therefore repeat again, and again, my Persuasions that you would, as soon as possibly you could, come to the Commonwealth, let her Condition be what it will. Perhaps you may meet with things you like not; yet not more, than you

you hear of daily. And you are not a Man touch'd only by your Sense of seeing, insensible to what your Ears convey to you, and that commonly in a more magnify'd and terrifying Form. But you may urge if you are here, you must either speak sometimes what you do not think, or do something that you do not approve. First it was always thought the part of a wise Man to give way to the Times, that is to obey Necessity. And next perhaps things are not in so desperate a Condition, as you may Imagine, for tho' it may be you may not have leave to say what you think, yet may you always hold your Peace. All things are now at the disposal of one Man; and he takes no Advice but his own: Which would not have been much better if he had obtain'd the Victory, whom we follow'd. Do you believe that he, who in the War (when he saw that all our Safeties were embark'd in one common Bottom with his own) took the advice only of some few Men, and those none of the most Prudent, would after the Conquest have shar'd with others, what he never would in other Affairs and Times? And can you imagine that he who refus'd to follow your most excellent Council, in your *Consulship*, nor would consult at all your Brother in his, which he bore by your Authority, and my Endeavours, would when he was in Possession of an absolute Power, desire our Opinions? All Civil Wars are full of Misery, which our Ancestors never experienc'd, but our Age has too often already felt. But nothing in a Civil War is more miserable and unfortunate than the Victory itself. Cruelty and Empire, which falling to Men of better Principles than

ordinary, makes them less regard any Measures, and grow more ferocious than otherwise they would, deriving that from Necessity, which they did not from Nature: For a Conqueror is oblig'd to do a great many things to gratifie those, by whom he got the Victory. Did we not both foresee how cruel the Victory would be, had *Pompey* obtain'd it? But would you then have him exil'd from your Country, that you might not have those things done which you did not approve? You may reply no— for you should have retain'd the Possession of your Wealth, and your Dignity. But your Virtue would have plac'd your own private Affairs among things of the least Consequence to you, and have been chiefly concern'd for the Commonwealth. Again, what is the aim and end of that Counsel and Resolution? For yet is your Action approv'd, and your Fortune as in a thing of this Nature, applauded? Your *Action*, in obeying Necessity in your Engagement in the beginning of the War, and in wisely avoiding the pertinacious Prosecution of it after the fatal Decision. *Your Fortune*, in that you retain'd the State, and fame of your Dignity in an honourable Retirement. But now you ought neither to esteem any Place more agreeable than your own Country, nor to love her less, but rather pity her, because time has impair'd something of her Original Beauty; nor ought you to deprive her of your Sight, at a time when she has lost so many Men of Worth and Dignity. Lastly, If it were thought the part of a great Mind, not to supplicate the Victor, yet you ought throughly to consider, whether it will not be an Argument of Pride to reject his Liberality; and that it

if Wisdom will make a Man support the want of his Country, yet not to desire it savours of Obduracy: And if one cannot enjoy the Commonwealth, 'tis absur'd to throw up one's own private Affairs too. The sum of all is, that tho' your present Abode may be more convenient, yet ought you to consider whether it be also as safe. The Licentiousness of the *Gladiators* is great, and they make less Difficulty to do a Mischief in the Extremities, than in the Heart of the Empire. I yield to none in my Zeal for your Good, but your Brother. And that Advice is wholesome and safe, that prompts to a regard to the Times, to your Safety, to your Life, to your Estates. Farewel.

LETTER CLXI.

Marcus Marcellus *to* Cicero; *assuring him of his complying with his Advice.*

YOU may assure your self I have ever in all things, but more especially in this last Affair, paid a particular Deference to your Authority. My Brother *Caius Marcellus*, whose Love for me I am extreamly sensible of, urg'd both his Advice and Prayers in vain, till your Letters had wrought me over to follow your Counsel. Your Letters inform me how the Affair was manag'd. Your Congratulation, tho' recommended to my Approbation by the generous Intention that declared it, yet the Pleasure

and Satisfaction it gave me was wonderfully heighten'd by knowing your Zeal towards me, both in Expression and Action in that great dearth of Friends, Relations and Dependants, who sincerely were for my Safety, and good Fortune. The Iniquity of the Times would make me without any pain forego all other Considerations; but I am of Opinion there can be no true Enjoyment of Prosperity, nor support of Adversity, without the Conversation of Men of such generous Principles: And this I Congratulate my self for. But I shall endeavour in Deeds, more than Words to prove, that your Zeal and Service have been plac'd on one that is entirely your Friend. Farewel.

LETTER CLXII.

Servius Sulpitius *to* Cicero; *containing an Account of the Murther of* Marcellus.

THO' I am too sensible I shall be the Messenger of no agreeable News to you, yet since *Chance* and *Nature* have so considerable a Power over the *Good*, I resolv'd to give you the whole Progress of the Matter. When from *Epidaurus*, I landed at the *Piræum* on the 10th of the *Calends* of *June*, I met my Collegue *Marcellus*; and spent that Day with him. He told me the next Day he design'd from *Athens* to *Beotia*, for the Execution of the rest of my Commands, and that he intended by the last of *May* to Sail for *Italy*. About the tenth Hour of the Night after

after his departure from *Athens*, his Friend *Posthumius* came to me with an Account that my Collegue *Marcus Marcellus* was after Supper stab'd in the Stomach, and behind the Ear, by his Friend *P. Magius Chilio*, but that he had hopes yet of Life; that *Magius* had kill'd himself; and that he was sent by *Marcellus* to inform me of the Accident, and to desire me to bring him some Physicians; I did so, and set out by Break of Day towards him; but had not gone far from the *Piræum*, before his Boy deliver'd me a Letter that his Master dy'd a little before Day: Thus the most Worthy Roman fell by the Hands of the most Wicked of Men, and that after a most Barbarous Manner. He whose Virtues made his Enemies spare him in Respect to his Honour and Dignity, met his Death from a Friend. However, I went forward to his Tent, where I found only two Freedmen, and a few Slaves, the rest being all fled for fear, their Master being kill'd before the Door of his Tent. I was forc'd to bear his Body back to the City in the Litter I came in; and made him as Magnificent a Funeral as *Athens*, could enable me to do; tho' I could by no means persuade the *Athenians* to let me Bury him within their City, being forbid, as they urg'd, by Religion, nor ever had granted it to any one. However, they allow'd us to do it in any of the *Gymnasiums*; we chose a Place in the most Noble of the World, where we burnt his Body, and took care that the *Athenians* should build him a Marble Monument. Thus I perform'd all the Offices that were due to our Colieguesship, and our Relation, both alive and dead. Farewel. *Athens* the last of *May*

LETTER

LETTER CLXIII.

Q. Metellus *Proconsul to* Cicero; *accusing him of being too Violent a Prosecutor of his Brother.*

IF you are well, 'tis well. I thought our Friendship and Reconciliation would have been sufficient to have hinder'd your making a Jest of me in my Absence; and from opposing, and prosecuting my Brother *Metellus* for a *Word*, on which his Fortune and Life depended: Whom if his own Modesty expos'd, my Endeavours to serve you, and the Commonwealth ought to have given him some Relief. But now I find him circumvented, and my self deserted by those who ought to be asham'd of this Conduct: So that I, who am at the Head of a Province, and an Army, and who wage War, am forc'd to Mourn, and devote my self to Sorrow. But since your Administration is neither agreeable to Reason, nor the Clemency of our Ancestors, it will be no wonder if you repent it. I did not expect you would have been so fickle to me and mine. But no private Grief, nor Injury shall make me Sin against the Commonwealth. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLXIV.

Cicero *to* Metellus; *being his defence against the foregoing Letter.*

IF you and your Army are well, it is well. You write me Word, you thought our Friendſhip and Reconciliation would have ſecur'd you from, being made a Jeſt of in your Abſence. Which I confeſs, I do not perfectly underſtand; but I ſuppoſe ſome Body or other has ſent you word, that when I was urging in the Senate how many there were that were troubl'd I had preſerv'd the Commonwealth, I ſaid you had been prevail'd with by ſome of your Relations, whom you could not deny, to ſuppreſs what you had deſign'd to ſpeak in the Senate in my Praiſe. But at the ſame time I urg'd this, I did you the juſtice to declare that we ſo divided the Office in the Preſervation of the Commonwealth, that while I defended the City from domeſtick Ambuſhes, and inteſtine Wickedneſs, you protected *Italy* both from open Foes, and ſecret Conſpiracies. Alſo that our Society in this great and noble Work was endeavour'd to be weaken'd by ſome of your Relations; who aſſoon as they ſaw what honour I paid you, were afraid leſt you ſhould make ſome manner of Return. 'Tis true, when I began to explain my ſelf, and ſhew what I expected from your Oration, and the Trouble I was in, the Diſcourſe ſeem'd a little pleaſant, and cauſed a ſort of Laughter; not at you but rather

rather at my Trouble, and for my open and ingenuous Confeſſion of my deſire of being prais'd by you. Yet certainly there could no greater Deference be paid to your Honour, than my declaring I was not ſatisfy'd with all the Glory I had obtain'd, without the Teſtimony of your Approbation. But whereas you urge our *Mutual Friendſhip* I confeſs, I'm at a loſs to know what you mean by *Mutual Friendſhip*: I take it to be an equal Return of Service. If I ſhould ſay I quitted the Province for your ſake, you might perhaps accuſe me of Levity, my own Affairs requiring it, and I now every Day receive new Advantages from that Reſolution. But this I can affirm, that aſſoon as I had thoughts of giving up that Poſt, I began to contrive how I might deliver it into your Hands. I ſhall ſay nothing of your *Lots*, but would have you to believe, that my Collegue did nothing without my Privacy. Call the reſt to your Remembrance as how ſuddenly, I call'd the Senate together after the *Lots* caſt; how much I ſpoke in your behalf, that you your ſelf told me my Oration was ſo very much in your Favour, that it ſeem'd contumelious on your Collegues. Conſider too the Act of the Senate paſt that Day, of ſuch a tenure that while that remains my good Offices to you can never be either obſcure or doubtful. And after you were gone to your Province, pray call to Mind what I did for you in the Senate, what I ſaid for you in my Speeches, and what Letters I wrote to you. When you have reflected on all this, I would have you your ſelf be judge whether your next Return to *Rome*, had any thing Mutual or Anſwerable

to

to all these things I had done for you. As for *Reconciliation*, I don't understand why that should be call'd so, where there never was any Breach. In answer to your saying I ought not to have oppos'd your Brother; First I assure you of my Approbation of your Brotherly Love and Zeal full of Piety and Humanity. Yet I must beg your Pardon, if I presume to oppose your Brother in any thing, wherein the Good of the Commonwealth is concern'd, for I shall never yield to any one in my Zeal for the publick. But if I defend my self against his most barbarous Assaults, I think I pay enough to Friendship, when I complain not to you of the Injuries your Brother has done me, from which I endeavour'd to reclaim him after I had found the whole Endeavours of his *Tribuneship* directed to my Ruin, by the Mediation of your Wife *Clodia*, and your Sister *Mutia*, whose favourable Opinion of me I had found on several Occasions, on Account of my Intimacy and Engagements with *Pompey*. Nay the Injury and Affront he offer'd me on the last of *December*, tho' a *Consul* that had preserv'd the Commonwealth, was so singular and infamous that the most profligate Magistrate that ever was, never receiv'd the like, (which doubtless you have heard of) for he deny'd me the Liberty of making my Farewel Oration, when I was going out of the Consulship. Tho' what he meant, as an Injury prov'd to me the greatest Honour: For when he would permit me only to Swear, with a loud Voice I took the noblest Oath in the World, confirm'd for Truth by the Universal Voice of the People. Yet notwithstanding this unsufferable Injury, I employ'd our common Friends, that very

very Day to diſſuade him from purſuing his Malicious Deſigns, and his Anſwer to them was he could not deſiſt with Safety: For he had a little before in an Oration declar'd, he ought not to have the Liberty of ſpeaking who had puniſh'd others without hearing their Plea: A Man of wonderful Sedateneſs and Conſideration, and a good Citizen indeed, who could judge him worthy the ſame Puniſhment, who deliver'd the Senate from Slaughter, the City from Fire, and *Italy* from War, which was adjudg'd by the Senate, with the Conſent and Approbation of all good Men, to thoſe who had plotted to ſet Fire to the City, to Butcher the Magiſtrates and Senate, and raiſe a moſt dangerous War in *Italy*. For theſe Reaſons I oppos'd your Brother to his Face; for on the firſt of *January*, I argu'd with him in ſuch a manner in the Senate, that he might perceive his Conteſt was with a Man of Courage and Conſtancy. When he had begun his Speech on the third of the *Ides* of *January*, he addreſs'd himſelf to me almoſt every other Word, not forbearing Threats; nor had he any other Conſideration, but how he might deſtroy me not by Courſe of Law, but by any Force or Means that would accompliſh his Deſigns. If I had not oppos'd his Raſhneſs with Reſolution and Virtue, People might reaſonably have judg'd that the Fortitude I ſhow'd in my *Conſulſhip*, was rather the effect of Chance, than Thought and Reflection. If you are Ignorant of all theſe Tranſactions of *Metellus* againſt me, you muſt aſſure your ſelf that your Brother hides from your Knowledge things of the greateſt Importance. But if he has made you conſcious of any of theſe Deſigns, you may judge

of

of my Tenderneſs for you when I expoſtulate not with you about them. And when you underſtand I was not touch'd, with a *Word* as you write, but by the ſucceſſive depravity of his Counſel and Reſolutions, and his inveterate Malice againſt me, own then my Humanity, if a Remiſſion, Neglect and Regardleſſneſs of Mind in the mid'ſt of ſuch intollerable Injuries, merit ſo good a Name. I have never given my Vote againſt your Brother, but in all the Acts that have paſt, I have always voted on the moſt Moderate ſide. Nay I ſhall add, (what I had no great Reaſon to be ſollicitous about, tho' I might not be troubl'd it was done) that I made it my Endeavour, my Enemy, (becauſe your Brother) ſhould be reliev'd by an *Act of the Senate.* I have not therefore oppos'd your Brother, only reſiſted the Aſſaults he made on me. And have been ſo far from being fickle in my Friendſhip to you, that I have been conſtant in it, even when you have neglected the Duties, and grateful Returns, requir'd from one of that Character. Nay even now, I make this Anſwer to your almoſt menacing Letter: That I not only pardon your Concern and Reſentment, but commend it; having a *Monitor* within me, that urges and repreſents to me the Force of fraternal Love. On the other ſide, I deſire you to ſhew your ſelf ſo equal an Arbiter of my Concern (if I am aſſaulted by your Relations Inveterately, Cruelly, and without Cauſe) as to declare, I ought not only not to give way to this Impetuoſity, but ſhould if occaſion requir'd make uſe of your Help, and the Aſſiſtance of your Army. I always deſir'd you as my Friend,

and

and have frequently labour'd to convince you by my Actions, that I was yours to a very great Degree. I am yet, and shall as long as you think fit continue so: And had much rather, and should much sooner cease to hate your Brother for your sake, than suffer my Aversion to him in the least to diminsh our good Understanding. Farewel.

LETTER CLXV.

Metellus's *Answer; being a Reconciliatory Letter in which he rejects his Brother.*

YOUR frequent good Offices a little moderate and alleviate the perpetual Contumelies of the most importunate of Mankind. And as such sort of Men are singular for Levity, so are they always by me despis'd. Wherefore with all the Satisfaction in the World I receive you into the Place of that Brother, whom his Vices have made me cast off. I desire wholly to forget him, tho' I have twice sav'd him against his Will. Not to oppress you with Letters I have wrote to *Lollius* of my self, and my Affairs, as well as of what I desire should be done, as to the Account of the Province, of which he will inform you. I desire you, if you possibly can after what has past, to persevere in your old Friendship for me. Farewel.

The

The following are a Course of Letters which will be as it were a Secret History of the Civil Wars of Rome, *after the approach of* Cæsar *to* Italy; *which cannot but be agreeable to any Curious Reader, since besides the History, it will show the Inclination and Manners of the Great Men of that Age.*

LETTER CLXVI.

Cn. Pompey *Proconsul, to* M. Tullius Cicero *Imperator.*

QUINTUS *Fabius*, who came to me on the fourth of the *Ides* of *February*, informs me that *L. Domitius* is on his March towards me, with his eleven *Cohorts*, and the fourteen of *Vibullius*; that he once design'd to go to *Corfinium*; and that on the fifteenth of the *Ides* of *February*, *Caius Hircus* would follow with five *Cohorts* more. I would have you to come to us to *Luceria*, for here I believe you will be in the greatest Security. Farewel.

LETTER CLXVII.

M. T. Cicero *to* Cn. Pompey *Proconsul.*

I Receiv'd your Letter at *Formiæ* on the fifteenth of the *Calends* of *March*, by which I understood that the Action in the *Picene* was much more Advantageous to us, than I had been told; wherein I was sensible and willingly own'd the Virtue and Industry of *Vibullius.* I yet remain on that Coast where my Command has plac'd me, but not without having a Ship ready when Occasion should require me to remove, for the Rumors I heard, and the Danger I fear'd, made me to judge it most proper to follow your Direction intirely in the disposal of my self. But since by your Authority, your prudent Counsel and Resolution, our Affairs seem in a more promising Posture, if you think we can hold *Terracina*, and the Coast about it, I will still stay here; tho' there be no Garrisons in the Towns. For here is not one of our Order or Degree, but *Marcus Eppius*, a Person of Industry and Vigilance, whom I desir'd to reside at *Minturnæ. L. Torquatus*, a Man of Valour and Authority has left *Formiæ*, in order, I suppose, to come to you. I came to *Capua* according to your desire, the very Day you left it; for 'twas your Request that I and M. *Considius* the *Proprætor*, should take care of Affairs in that Place. When I came thither, I found that *Titus*

Ampius

Ampius was very diligent in his Elections, and *Libo* receiv'd them from him with a great deal of Assiduity, and Authority in that *Colony*. I staid at *Capua* as long as the *Consuls*, and from them I return'd thither again on the *Nones* of *February*, whence, after three Days stay, I went again to *Formiæ*. I am now at a loss to know your Resolutions, and the Method of the War which you Design: If you think we ought to hold these Coasts, which in my Opinion may be held, and which lye very opportune and convenient, and abound with good Citizens, there is a Necessity there should some Commander remain here; but if you think it most adviseable to draw all your Forces into one Place and Body, I shall make no difficulty of coming immediately to you; for that is what I most earnestly desire, as I told you that very Day we left the City. I am not in pain for any Man's accusing me of too much Dilatorinesſ in this Affair, as long as you are satisfy'd with my Conduct: And yet if it must come to a War, as 'tis plain it must, I shall easily, I doubt not, satisfie every Man. I have sent my Kinsman *Marcus Tullius* to you, by whom if you design to write, you may send any Letters. Farewel

LETTER CLXVIII.

Cn. Pompey *Proconsul*, *to* M. T. Cicero *Imperator*.

I Read your Letters with a great deal of Pleasure, for there I found your ancient Virtue in the publick Safety. The Consuls are come to that Army I had in *Apulia*. I earnestly intreat you by your singular and perpetual Zeal for the Commonwealth, that you repair to me, to the end that by our common Consultations we may bring relief to the injur'd Commonwealth. I'm of Opinion your best Road to *Brundusium* is the *Appian Way*. Take care of your Health. Farewel.

LETTER CLXIX.

Cicero *Imperator*, *to* Cn. Pompey *Proconsul*.

WHEN I wrote those Letters, you receiv'd at *Canusium*, I did not in the least suspect you would pass the Seas in your Expedition for the Commonwealth; but I flatter'd my self with great Hopes, we might either bring Matters to a fair Accommodation, which appear'd to me the most eligible, or at least have defended the Commonwealth with Honour, without flying out of *Italy*. But being acquainted with your Resolution, by the Orders you sent the *Consuls* by *Dialius* before my Letters could reach

reach you, I would not wait your writing to me, but immediately began my Journey into *Apulia* to you, with my Brother *Quintus*, and our Children. As soon as I arriv'd at *Theanum Sidicinum*, your intimate Acquaintance *Caius Messius*, and several others, assur'd me that *Cæsar* was marching to *Capua*, halting that very Day at *Esernia*. I confess I was a little surpriz'd, since by that means I was not only intercepted in my Journey, but also very likely to be taken my self; which made me retire immediately to *Cales* to wait there the Confirmation, or Confutation of that Report. While I was there a Copy of your Letter to the Consul *Lentulus* was sent me; in which you mention'd the Letter sent you by L. *Domitius* on the thirteenth of the *Calends* of *March*, and inclos'd a Copy of it. You wrote it was of great Consequence to the Interest of the Commonwealth, that all its Forces should, as soon as possible, draw together in one Body and Place; and that he should leave a sufficient Garrison in *Capua*. On the reading this Letter we were all of Opinion, you design'd to March directly with all your Forces to *Corfinium*; whither I thought I could not come with any Safety, because *Cæsar* was encamp'd about that Town. In the midst of our Expectation, News was brought us of the Transactions at *Corfinium*, and of your Retreat to *Brundusium*. As my Brother, and my self were preparing to come thither to you, we were caution'd by such as came out of the *Samnium* and *Apulia* to have a care what we did, *Cæsar* directing his March with the utmost Expedition into those Parts, and that we must of Necessity fall into his Hands, for he would certainly be there before us. When we were

ſufficiently convinc'd of the Truth of this, my Brother, my Self, and all our Friends, thought it our Duty not raſhly to expoſe our Liberty, which would be detrimental to the Republick, as well as your ſelves, eſpecially when we had no manner of doubt, but that if we ſhould go, we could by no means now come up with you. During theſe Conſultations your Letters of the tenth of the *Calends* of *March*, dated from *Canuſium* came to us, in which you preſs our ſpeedy Retreat to *Brunduſium*. Theſe having receiv'd on the third of the *Calends* of *March*, we had no manner of doubt but that you were got to *Brunduſium* your ſelf: And we look'd on our Journey thither wholly intercepted, and that we were no leſs taken, than thoſe who went to *Corfinium*, eſteeming them as much taken who were ſurrounded with the Enemies Soldiers and Garriſons, as they who were fal'n already into their Hands. But ſince things are come to this, I muſt firſt tell you, that it was my deſire to have been always with you; and for this Reaſon I refus'd the command of *Capua*, which charge I avoided not on Account of the Weight, and Trouble of the Government, but becauſe I very well ſaw that City could not be defended without an Army in the Field; for I had no Mind to incur the ſame Fate, which to my great Sorrow I ſaw, had befal'n many Men of Virtue and Bravery. But ſince Fortune denies me the Satisfaction of being with you, I heartily wiſh I could any way get certain Information of your Counſels and Reſolutions, for I could never gueſs at an Event, than which I ſhould ſooner believe all Impoſſibilities could happen; that is, that we ſhould not hold our

Ground

Ground in *Italy*, in the Cause of the Commonwealth, when you were at the Head of us. Nor do I now condemn the Measures you have taken, but deplore the Misfortune of my Country. Nor shall I judge your Counsels less the Result of the highest Reason, because I cannot comprehend them. I believe you have not forgot what my Sentiments were, first for preferring unequal Terms of Peace before the Extremity of War; and secondly, as to quitting the City, for you never consulted me about *Italy*: But I am not so vain as to think that my Advice ought to have prevail'd; I follow'd yours, not for the sake of the Commonwealth, for of that I long before despair'd, which is now broken, nor capable of being recover'd but by the Means of a most pernicious and destructive Civil War, but it was you alone I sought, with you I desir'd to be; as I will yet, if any Opportunity offers it self. I am sensible my Conduct in all this Affair has not been at all agreeable to those Gentlemen, who were so avaritious of Battel; for first I made it appear, that Peace was the chief Aim of my Hopes and Desires; not but I fear'd the same things which they did, but I thought all we could fear from Peace, could not be so pernicious as a Civil War. After which War being begun, when I saw the Conditions of Peace brought to you, and your large and honourable Answer to them, I urg'd my Reasons, not doubting easily to make it Evident to you, that they were agreeable to those Benefits I had receiv'd from you. I remembred that I was the only Man, who had undergone the most Barbarous and Cruel Punishments for my Service to

the Commonwealth; that I was the Man that ſhould go through all thoſe Struggles and Conteſts again, if I had offended his Inclinations, to whom you had order'd one of the *Conſulſhips*, and an honourable Triumph, when we were now in Arms; that my Perſon might be ſingled out always, as having ſome Popular Remedy againſt the impious Aſſaults of profligate Citizens on the Commonwealth. Nor was my Suſpicion of this earlier than the publick Declaration of it reach'd my Ears: Nor was I terrify'd at the Proſpect of this, if there had been a Neceſſity of undergoing it, tho' I was of Opinion, I ought rather to avoid it if I could with Honour, ſince you ſee the Reſolutions I had taken at that time, while yet we had hopes of Peace; but Chance has robb'd me of the Power of doing what elſe I would have done. But my Anſwer is eaſie to thoſe who are not ſatisfy'd with my Conduct, for I was never more *Cæſar*'s Friend, than they were, nor were they ever more Friends to the Commmonwealth, than I. The only difference betwixt us is, that they, tho' very juſt Patriots, were for deciding the Matter by the Sword, while I, who am not much behind their Merits to the Publick, was for an amicable Concluſion, which Opinion you your ſelf declar'd for. But ſince their Advice prevail'd, I ſhall make it my Endeavours that the Commonwealth may always find in me the Mind of a *Roman*, and you that of a Friend. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLXX.

M. T. Cicero *to* Atticus.

THO' my Eyes are more troublesome to me than usual, yet could I not but send you a Letter (which I dictate) by our Common Friend *Gallus Fabius*: For I wrote those Letters I sent you the Day before Yesterday my self, as well as I could, the Prophesie of which I heartily wish may be false. The only Motive of this Letter, is not that I may pass no Day without writing to you, but yet a more Just and Important one, which is to desire you to take a little Time (and a little will suffice to do it) to explain your Advice so, that I may perfectly understand it. All my Actions and Conduct are Just and Guiltless. Nor have I left any thing undone for which I cannot produce not only a Probable, but a wise Excuse: For certainly no Man can impute as a Crime to me, the rejecting the Command of *Capua*, since by my refusal I secur'd my self from the Reflections of Sloth and Treachery, which my Enemies would before to have loaded me with, if I had lost that Place, not tenable in the Condition they would have confided it to me; nor can they justly make me Criminal from the Caution I us'd of not offending him, whom *Pompey* in Arms, had made an arm'd *Consul*, and order'd a Triumph after the Conditions of Peace were brought by *Lucius Cæsar* and *Fabius*. Nor do I think my last Conduct justly blameable, in my not passing the Seas: For tho' that indeed was worthy of Consideration, yet could I by no means put it in Execution.

For

For I ought not to doubt, especially when I had seen *Pompey*'s Letter, (of which our Judgments were the same) but that he would advance to the relief of *Domitius*. Besides, I thought it more prudent to give my self time for a more deliberate and longer Consideration. Wherefore I would have you *First*, tho' you have often wrote about it, send me your Judgment of all these Things more particularly. Nor would I have you stop at the Censure of my past Actions, but look forward, and let me know what Measures you would prescribe my Conduct for the future; and where you think I can be most Serviceable to the Commonwealth. Whether Matters will be refer'd to any favourer of Peace, or whether all Things must end at last in the Warriors alone, I, who square all my Actions to my Duty, remember however your Advice, which if I had follow'd, I had escap'd all the Miseries of these Times. I perfectly remember what you persuaded me to by *Theophanes* and *Caleo*, and have often with Sighs reflected on it. Let me therefore, now at least, return to what I then rejected, that is not only to take Glorious, but secure Resolutions. But I prescribe nothing: I would have you be very particular in the Opinion you send me. I desire you also to make as narrow an Enquiry as you can have Opportuny to do, what our Friend *Lentulus* and *Domitius* do now, and what they intend. As to what they now do, I would know, if they accuse any Body, or are angry with any one: I mean, whether they resent any Conduct of *Pompey*. *Pompey* throws all the Blame on them, as you will find by the Copy of his Letter, which I send you. Farewel

LETTER

LETTER CLXXI.

Cn. Pompey *to* Marcus Marcellus, *and* L. Lentulus, *Consuls*.

MY Opinion being, that while our Armies were divided, we could not be Serviceable to the Commonwealth, I wrote to *Domitius* to Expedite his March to join me with all his Forces; that if he had any doubts as to himself, he should send me the nineteen *Cohorts* that were marching from the *Picene*. What I was afraid of came to pass, that *Domitius* was highly embarass'd, for he was not of sufficient Force to Encamp my nineteen, and his twelve *Cohorts*, being dispers'd into three Towns; nor could he, if he had a Mind, make that Expedition was Necessary. Know therefore, that I am in a great deal of Pain and Sollicitude; for I would fain deliver so many, and so worthy Men from a Siege; nor could I go to their Relief, because I did not think fit to commit their safe Conduct to these two Legions; out of which I could but draw fourteen *Cohorts*, which I sent to *Brundusium*, nor did I think I ought to leave *Canusium* without Garrison in my Absence. I sent Instructions by *Dellius*, that I was in hopes of much greater Force, that if you judg'd it proper, one of you should join me, and the other should go into *Sicily*, with those Men you had rais'd in and about *Capua*; as likewise, with those rais'd by *Faustus*; that *Domitius* with his twelve *Cohorts* should join them; that all the rest of our Forces should March directly for *Brundusium*, to

be

be there ſhipp'd off for *Dyrrhachium*. But ſince I can now Contribute no more, than you to the Relief of *Domitius*, or make our Way through the Hills, 'tis, by no means Common, Prudence to ſuffer the Enemy to come near theſe fourteen *Cohorts*, which I have cauſe to ſuſpect, nor to let them follow us too near in our March. Therefore, thought fit with *Caius Marcellus*, and the reſt of our Order that was here, to lead the Army I have with me to *Brundaſium*. I deſire you to make what ſpeed you can with all the Men you can raiſe, to the ſame Place. I would have you to Arm your Men, with the Arms you deſign'd for me: If you bring the Overplus to *Brundaſium*, you will do the Commonwealth great Service. I would have you impart this to all our Friends. I have ſent to P. *Lupus*, and C. *Coponius*, the *Prætors*, to join their Troops, and haſten to me. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXII.

Cn. Pompey *Proconſul, to* L. Domitius *Proconſul.*

I Am ſurpriz'd to hear nothing from your own Hand about the Publick Affairs, but from others. With this broken and divided Army, we can by no means make tolerable Head againſt the Enemy, but I hope by contracting our Troops into one Body, we may be able to defend the Republick, and the Common Safety. Wherefore when, as *Vibullius* wrote me Word, you had reſolv'd to March from *Corfinium*, on the

the fifth of the *Ides* of *February*, in order to join me with your Army, I wonder what Motive you had of changing your Design; for that Reason, which *Vibullius* mentions, is extremely trifling, *viz. That you made a Halt, because you saw that* Cæsar *had left* Firmium, *in order to Possess himself of* Castrum Tarentinum; for tho' near the Enemy, the more haste you ought to have made, that you might join me before *Cæsar* could get betwixt us, and cut off your Approaches to me. Wherefore I beg you in the most earnest manner I am able, as I did in my former Letter, to make the utmost Expedition you can to *Luceria*, before *Cæsar* can get those Forces together, by which he intends to cut off all Communication betwixt our Troops. But if any one oppose your coming, let them keep their own Men, yet it is but just you send me these who in *Picene* and *Camerine*, left their Dwellings and Fortunes for my sake. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXII.

Cn. Pompey *Proconsul*, *to* Lucius Domitius *Proconsul*; *pressing him to hasten to him, with his Army.*

ON the fourteenth of the *Calends* of *March*, *Marcus Calerinus* brought me Letters from you, in which you tell me you design to observe the Motions of *Cæsar*, and that if he Marches towards me by the Sea Coasts, you will come by the Way of the *Samnites*. But if he stays in those Parts, where he now is, you let me know

you

you intend to oppose him. I do not question but this Resolution proceeds from the Greatness, and Bravery of your Mind. But we ought a little more seriously to consider, that while we are divided, we may prove inferiour to our Enemy, since he not only has a great Army already, but daily expects much greater Reinforcements. Your Prudence ought to make you not judge of *Cæsar*, by the Forces he has at present against you, but what a Power of Horse and Foot he may suddenly have, a proof of which are the Letters sent me by *Bussenius*, and several from other Hands, intimating that *Curio* is drawing out all the Garrisons in *Umbria* and *Tuscany*, with design to lead them all to *Cæsar*. Which if once got into one Body, and part sent to *Alba*, and the rest against you, you will not be able to oppose them; nay, if they are only on the Defensive, you will be so block'd up that you will not have Liberty to Forage. For these Reasons I beg you to make all the haste you can possibly to me. The Consuls have design'd to do the same: I have order'd *Metuscilius* to let you know that I must take Care the two Legions venture not to stand the approach of *Cæsar*, without the *Picentine* Cohorts. Wherefore I would not have you surpriz'd, if you hear, I retreat before *Cæsar*, for I think I ought to take Care I am not surrounded, for I cannot Encamp, both by Reason of the Season of the Year, and the uncertain Minds of the Soldiers; neither must I draw all my Garrisons out of the Towns, least I thereby give up those Fortresses, that have been deliver'd to me, wherefore I have only drawn together fourteen *Cohorts* to *Luceria*. The Consuls will bring all their Garrisons

risons to me, or carry them into *Sicily* : For we must either have an Army of that strength to be able to keep the Field, and Invade our Enemy, or seek such a Country as may enable us to defend our selves : Neither of which I am Master of at present, because *Cæsar* has possess'd himself of great Part of *Italy*, and our Army is much inferiour to his in Number and Force ; wherefore 'tis time for us to take the greatest Care of the Commonwealth we are able. I again repeat my importunity, that you may immediately repair to me with all your Troops ; we may yet restore the Commonwealth, if we could come to consider of Affairs together. If we are separated, we are but Weak. Since the writing this *Sica* brought me both Letters and Advice from you, which desire my immediate March towards you, which I can by no means comply with, because I can have no great Confidence in my Men. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Balbus *to* Cicero ; *engaging him to mediate Peace betwixt* Pompey *and* Cæsar.

I Must use all the earnest Entreaties I can to beg your Mediation in the Reconcilement of *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, set at variance by the Treachery of some about 'em. 'Tis a Negotiation worthy your Virtue. You may assure your self, if you think fit to come hither, *Cæsar* will not only be entirely rul'd by your Advice, but will likewise think himself extremely oblig'd to you.

you. I wish that *Pompey* would but follow his Example, whose Compliance with any Terms, I rather desire, than hope. But I shall begin to quit my Despair of Success, and no longer doubt of your Authority with him, when he once can come to a Resolution, and consults no longer his Jealousies and Fears. Your consent to Consul *Lentulus*'s staying here, has been very agreeable to *Cæsar*, and a particular Obligation to me, who love him equal to *Cæsar*. And if he had, but as he us'd to do, consulted me, and not made me a perfect Stranger to his Resolves, I had been less unhappy, than now I am. I would not have you to believe any Man is more sensibly touch'd than my self, to see the Consul do ev'ry thing, but what a Consul should. Yet if he would but follow your Advice, and take my Word, *Cæsar* would spend the rest of his Consulship in *Rome*, when I should begin to hope, that through your Authority the Counsels of the *Senate*, and his Mediation, *Pompey* and *Cæsar* might once more be reconcil'd, which could I but see done, I should I think have liv'd long enough. What *Cæsar* did at *Corfinium*, know is highly with my Approbation, for certainly in these Conjunctures the best way is to put an End to the Contest, without Blood shed. I am extremely satisfy'd at your joyful Reception of yours, and my *Balbus*, and I dare assure you, what he has told you of *Cæsar*, or what his own Letters import, he will absolutely make Good. And whatever his Fortune may be, yet what he has written to you deserves Applause. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXV.

Balbus *to* Cicero; *perſwading him to ſtand Neuter, being oblig'd both to* Pompey *and* Cæſar.

AFTER *Oppius* and I had writ to you, I receiv'd a Letter from *Cæſar*, a Copy of which I have ſent you, whereby you will find how earneſtly he deſires a Reconciliation with *Pompey*, and how far he is from all manner of Cruelty, at which I am, as I ought to be, extremely ſatisfy'd. I am intirely of your Opinion, my *Cicero*, as to your Self, your Honour, and your Piety, and that your Reputation and Juſtice, would very much ſuffer in your taking up Arms againſt *Cæſar*, from whom you own you have receiv'd ſo conſiderable Services. That *Cæſar* will approve your Conduct, his Humanity may aſſure you, and think himſelf abundantly ſatisfy'd, you ſhare not with him in the War againſt his Adverſary, as long as you join not them againſt him. As an Argument, he will be ſatisfy'd with this in you, who are a Man of that Reputation and Intereſt, he has at this time ſuffer'd me to be abſent from the Army that goes againſt *Pompey* and *Lentulus*, in conſideration I have particular Obligations to them, aſſuring me he would be contented with my ſtaying here, doing Buſineſs for him in the City, and had ſure Liberty to do the ſame for them. By this means I manage all the Affairs of *Lentulus* at *Rome* at this Juncture, and perform that Truſt, which Piety and Duty require. And tho' our

hopes of a Reconciliation are now again laid aſide, yet can I not deſpair of it becauſe I know *Cæſar*'s Sentiments in that particular are what we could all wiſh and deſire. If I might advise, you ſhould write to him, to deſire his Protection, as you did that of *Pompey*, with my Approbation in the Time of *Clodius*. I dare engage, if I have any knowledge of *Cæſar*, he will be more ready to conſult your Dignity, than his own Advantage. I know not how what I write may be taken, but this I am ſure of, that it flows from the higheſt Veneration and Love, for (ſo let me die, while *Cæſar* is ſafe and well) as I love you above moſt of my Acquaintance. I deſire I may hear from you, as ſoon as you are come to a Reſolution in this particular, for I am in pain you ſhould behave your ſelf with that Equality to both, as both deſerve from you, which yet I cannot doubt from your Prudence, and your Juſtice. Take care of your Health. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Cicero *Imperator*, *to* Caius Julius Cæſar *Emperor; requeſting he may be ſo intirely Neuter, that he may be capable of being a Mediator of Peace betwixt him and* Pompey.

THE Letters *Furnias* brought me from you ſurpriz'd me, not with your deſire of my being in Town, and that you would make uſe of

of Authority, Dignity and Counsel; but I confess I was to seek in what you meant by Favour and Assistance. But Hope led me to an agreeable Imagination, that you following the Dictates of your wonderful and singular Wisdom, had some thought of negotiating a Peace, and the Concord and Union of the City, whereupon I confess I thought my self no improper Person for a Negotiation of that Nature; and if you have in reality any thoughts of reconciling *Pompey* to you, and the Commonwealth, you could chuse no Body so proper as my self, who have always persuaded him, and the Senate, as soon as I could, against a War, nor since they have taken up Arms, have I had any Hand in their Military Expeditions. I declar'd my Opinion that the War was an Invasion of you, against whose Honours, bestow'd by the People of *Rome*, your Enemies, and those that envy'd you, strove. But as I was then the support of your Dignity, and brought many over to your Assistance at that Juncture, so at this time the Dignity of *Pompey* moves me extremely, for now many Years are past since I chose you two out from the other *Romans*, as the justest Objects of my Esteem, and with whom I would enter into so intimate a Friendship, as I now enjoy with both of you. This gives me the assurance to importune you with all the earnestness I can, that you would amidst your great Cares, take this into Consideration, and suffer me to be, and show my self, by your Favour, a Pious, a Good, and a Grateful Man, for the many Obligations I have to you. This, if it reach'd none but my self, I should not despair of obtaining of you, but if I am not deceiv'd it extends to your Faith and Honour, and to the Com-

monwealth, that I be permitted to be in a Station capable of being the Author of Peace to both of ye, and of Concord to my Country. The Thanks I return'd you for the Protection of *Lentulus*, as if my own safety had been your Care, I hope will convince you of my Gratitude; but I beg you not to force me, at a time when I am studying to be grateful to you, to be ungrateful to *Pompey*. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Stesicrates, *the famous* Egyptian *Statuary, to* Alexander *the* Great; *concerning his Intentions to cut him out of the Mountain* Athos, *and make him hold a City in one Hand, and pour out a River with the other.*

'TIS certain that either the mighty *Alexander* has no occasion for a Statue to perpetuate his Memory, or that *Stesicrates* is alone capable of doing him that Justice by erecting one. What, shall he be confin'd within an Ell of Canvas, or the compass of a little Brass, whom the whole Universe could not contain? He wept for more Worlds to Conquer, and shall *Apelles* or *Lysippus* pretend to circumscribe him? What must that *Alexander* whom my Eyes have seen almost equally glorious with the Sun in his *Meridian*, be oblig'd to the Labours of a vile Weaver or Founder for preserving his Fame? Can he be represented on Cloth, or by Brass, whose single Look were sufficient to strike Terror into, or give Consolation to an hundred Kingdoms? Pardon me thou greatest

greateſt of Men! If I preſume to limit thy Dominions to a ſet Number, ſince none can now be any ways ſaid to rule in this Habitable Earth except *Jove*, and thy ſelf. To think to eternize *Alexander*, by painting him is Ridiculous. If he were like other Mortals, which I dare not affirm, this Action of *Apelles* would rather tranſmit his Frailty, than Glory to Poſterity. What can leſs reſemble *Alexander* than want of a Divine Power? If this Painter had thought to have repreſented thee by ſuch weak Materials to take away the force of the Thunderbolt he had loaded thy Hand with, he were excuſable in that he might be ſuppos'd to have been thereby a Well-wiſher to the World, but as he thinks by ſo mean a Performance to come up to the Grandeur of the Original he is miſtaken, vilely beſotted, and can deſerve to be thought nothing for it but a Fool, or a Madman. Shall *Alexander*, the Darling of Mankind, not be able to outlaſt an Age? Shall he that was Born for the good of humane Race part with his Majeſty in leſs than a hundred Years? Are Conquerors and Thunderers wont to be ſubject to the Injuries of Inſects? Impoſſible: So great a Hero muſt needs out-live ſo ſmall a ſpace of Time, and become a Neighbour to Immortality. What an Ignorant likewiſe muſt *Lyſippus* be to think to form thee out of Braſs, when even the proud *Artaxerxes* thought fit to envy thy Modeſty? Braſs is too rigid a Mettal for thy benign Temper, which never alters but where thou contend'ſt for Glory with thine Enemies. A Statuary might have preſumd to have copy'd *Darius*, but to attempt *Alexander* was down-right Madneſs. Thy Soul will not ſuffer thy Body to be confin'd within the narrow

Limits of Out-lines. He must be qualify'd to effect the greatest of Impossibilities that can circumscribe thy Majesty. Since therefore no other is able to represent thee, this great Work must needs have been reserv'd for me, and I will undertake it. From the greatness of my Thought thou may'st be satisfy'd of the Esteem I have for thee. The vast Mountain *Athos*, stretching along the Confines of *Thrace*, hides his Head among the Clouds, and extends his Feet even to the Seashoar. This huge Mass of Earth I take to be only fit to receive thy Impression, for since thy Actions have been all along so great, 'twere but just thy Portraiture should bear an equal Proportion. This is that Mount *Athos* which *Xerxes*, being greedy of Glory, separated from the Continent, and made Ships to ride in its Bosom. No less wonders will I perform, for while I trace out thy distant Symmetry, I will put a City into thy Right-hand, and a River into thy Left; the former to represent thy excessive Magnanimity, and the latter to denote thy prodigious Liberality. This is that *Alexander* I design to Copy; this is that Hero I intend to Carve. 'Twould be an Injury to so great a Prince to be form'd out of any thing less than a Mountain, and even such a one as Guards a thousand Kingdoms. *Alexander* would disdain an Artist, that should have a meaner thought of him. Every *Apelles* or *Lysippus* can make a Miniature of him, but 'tis reserv'd only for *Stesicrates* to shew him in his true Greatness. Who will not immediately distinguish *Alexander* by this Emblem of Bounty and Power, which I have given him. Even when thou com'st to die, most Glorious of Monarchs! This Image shall preserve thee alive, for tho' thy

Anima!

Animal Soul be gone, thy Vegerative shall still remain, and as long as the World lasts thou here shalt Flourish. Every Spring shall renew thy Glory, and every Summer revive thy Immortality. He that can conceive a larger Idea of thee, must have recourse to infinite Space to exercise his Thought in. He that can erect a nobler Statue must require a more extensive Skie to receive its Altitude. He that would represent a Person more a Prince, must invent something of greater Benefit than a River, or of more Magnificence than a well-built City. My *Alexander* shall have *Tartary* for his *Basis*, the Sea for his Looking-Glass, the Earth for his Throne, and Heaven for his Canopy. His ruin will be only owing to the Dissolution of all Things, if peradventure he be not able by his single Force to resist the supreme Decree, and preserve his own Being after all others are destroy'd. The Giants when they formerly attempted to Assault the Gods, had not a way better prepar'd for them than I have contriv'd for my Hero, yet cannot I apprehend the divine Thunder for what I have done, unless I could be made to think that those Deities would ever so far debase themselves as to envy humane Virtue. Thus I have design'd a Statue for thee, O *Alexander*, which I hope will equal thy Grandeur. The Skie, the Sea, the Earth shall all contribute to applaud my Invention. The Heavens shall eternally Crown thy Head with Stars, the Sea shall wash thy Feet, and the Earth prostrate all her Productions before thee. What King will not incline to Kneel as soon as he sees my Monarch so highly exalted? What Wretch will dare to despise him when he shall perceive avenging Thunder to hang over his Head? If

Steſicrates had been in being when that antient Hero *Hercules* ſet up his Pillars, he had taught him a much nobler Way of diſtinguiſhing his Grandeur. *Steſicrates* would have all the World to know by this his vaſt Deſign, that *Jove* and *Alexander* are Rivals, for if on Earth no Place remains for the latter to Conquer, where ſhould his next Thoughts be but againſt the Former?

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Jamblicus *to* Portiliacus; *acquainting him how he employs his Time.*

FOR my part, *Portiliacus*, I am none of thoſe that pretend to procure themſelves quiet by Sloth. Induſtry is my Delight, whence I can ſtill derive the greateſt Content. I look upon my ſelf not to have liv'd that Day wherein I have neither ſeen nor done ſome new Thing. That Night ſeems loſt to me which has not furniſh'd me with ſome new Dream to exerciſe my Fancy. When neither Day nor Night afford me any other Matter for Action, I make my Bed, duſt my Books, bruſh my Cloaths, or Walk, ever contemplating on ſome divine or humane, publick or private Object. Do you do the ſame, *Portiliacus*, if you have a Mind to have me either for your Friend, or Well-wiſher. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXIX.

The same to Anaximander, *a Poet; advising him to be merry as became that Character.*

I Must either cease to love you, *Anaximander*, or you must lay aside that sadness of Mind which I observe afflicts you. What an unbecoming thing is it for a Poet to have Discontent sit on his Brow. The various Conditions of Men are distinguishable by their various Countenances. The Soldier assumes a bold Martial Air; the Judge a severe; the Lawyer a sly cunning Look; the Physician an humble fawning Grin; the Courtier a supple designing Leer; the Tradesman an Hypocritical lying Phyz; when the Poet is never to have any thing in his Face but Mirth, as having his Thoughts always running upon some pleasant Fancy. If you therefore *Anaximander* have a Mind to be one of this Character, rid your self, as quickly as may be, of your Melancholly, for till you have so done, you must not expect that *Apollo*, and the Muses will have any thing to do with you. Laugh and Farewel.

LETTER CLXXX.

The Cynique *Philosopher* Diogenes, *to his Friend* Megasthenes; *informing him after what manner he was initiated of that Sect by* Socrates.

COME to *Athens*, my Friend, where you shall see that *Socrates* who first taught me Wisdom.

Wisdom. As soon as his Fame reach'd me, I went from *Sinope* to hear him, and found him teaching that there were but two Ways that led to Virtue and Happiness, the one long, the other short. Upon asking him to shew them me, he rose from his Seat, and together with his other Scholars carried me to the City, and afterwards to the Castle. There he pointed to two steep Ways, the one narrow, short and craggy, the other long, broad, and of easie Ascent. *Both these*, said he, *go to the Castle; of the same kind are those that lead to Virtue and Happiness, but he that goes the nearer Way always arrives soonest, tho' it be with the greatest Pain. Chuse therefore*, quoth he to me, *Which will you have.* I knowing my self naturally able to undergo Hardships, made choice of the steep and craggy Road, being even then sensible, that he that aims at true Happiness must grudge no Labour to obtain it. *Socrates* having approv'd what I had done, bid me pull off my Cloaths, and receive the † *Pallium*, which I did. Then he put a Wallet upon my Shoulder, with a heavy Earthen Platter, and a great Wooden Cup in it. After which he equipp'd me with an Oil Cruise, and a Curricomb, and lastly gave me a Staff in my Hand. Thus habited I began to ask him a reason for all he had bestow'd on me. *Why have you given me the* Pallium, quoth I? *That you might attend me both Winter and Summer*, reply'd he. *But why so thick lin'd*, pursu'd I. *Because*, said he, *You should neither be sensible of Cold, nor want Heat. But*, proceeded I, *What means this Wallet on my Back. That is given you*, quoth he, *To the end you may beg*

† *A loose Habit in use among the* Greeks, *especially the Philosophers.*

beg where-ever you come. But what means this Cup and Platter? demanded I farther, *What but to feed and drench you*, reply'd he. *And this Curricomb and Oil Cruise, what Use are they for? The one to supple your Limbs when you are weary, and the other to rid your Hair of the Filth you will contract by going bareheaded.* Lastly he told me, he gave me the Staff for a Caution, *What Caution*, reply'd I? *What*, answer'd he? *But that which the Gods use against Poets.* Thus dear *Megasthenes* have I given you a full Account of my Admission among the Philosophers, and of the Habit, I receiv'd on that Occasion. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXI.

The same to the Græcians, *being a severe Satyr upon them.*

THE *Dog* to those that call themselves *Græcians*, sends a Howl, and tho' he had kept his Mouth shut, yet would they have nevertheless discovered themselves to have been *Apes* in their Hearts, and Men only in their Countenances. You *Greeks* dissemble all, and know nothing. You make Laws for your selves, yet are always at variance with your Neighbours, ever envying those that do ill, rather than imitating such as do well. If you see a Man better Cloathed, Richer, or more Learned, you presently have him in Abhorrence. In a word, you do nothing you ought to do, and on the contrary are ever employ'd in what you should avoid. Neither you nor your Ancestors have ever spared good Men, or punish'd bad. Wherefore not only I, but

but Nature abhors you. Before you Marry you are Hypocrites, and afterwards Tyrants. You are equally cruel to Enemies and Friends. Some you punish for small Crimes, and let others escape for greater. You Hang, Burn, Poison and Torture, yet all without Reason. Whether is it the same Thing, O Madmen! to Kill, and to Torment? Is not the Rack a double Death, and why should that be apply'd for a single Crime? Likewise from the Dead we can expect no Benefit; but if we pardon, the very worst of the Living may at one time or other be Serviceable to us. You *Græcians* instruct the Unlearned in Musick to divert you, and take no notice of the Learned, who would be of much greater Use to you. Is it because you abound in Knowing Men that you so despise them? If so, Issue out an Edict to banish them, that you may the more freely proceed in your Wickedness. In solemn Festivals you both Gourmandize, get Drunk, and grow Mad in the *Forum*, and publick Schools. Then it is you rail at the *Dog*, as you call him, but he takes little or no notice of *ye*. You would kill him, but he is below your reach. I have known a poor Man starve a Distemper, which in the rich would have endanger'd Life, by being continually nourish'd. Whilst ye lye upon your Beds of Down, your Minds grow harden'd. If ye were wise, ye would practise the Temperance of *Socrates*, and rather hang your selves than chuse to die of a Luxurious Disease. But it is most impossible you should alter your ill Course of Life. Your Obstinacy will not let you be free from it, tho' it were otherwise in your Power to make your selves so. Ye

will

will ſtill continue your debauch'd Banquets, and when in the height of your Cups, ye grow Feveriſh, ye ſend for thoſe Butchers, ye call Phyſicians, who tho' their Method be to Burn, Cut, Fley, Poiſon, or otherwiſe Torment; yet ye matter not as long as ye get well, when if ye had been careful of your Health, ye need not have any occaſion for their Help. For my part I am apt to imitate *Antiſthenes*, who would endeavour to convert thoſe that deſir'd it, but as for all ſuch as deſpis'd Reaſon, Truth and Wiſdom, he had the like contempt for them. This my Epiſtle is addreſs'd to *Greeks*, but it might as well have been to *Barbarians*, your Extravagances being far greater than they would ever have been guilty of, for whereas they have always been provident and content with what they enjoy'd, ye continually exceed in Profuſeneſs and Ambition. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXII.

The ſame to Alexander *the* Great, *reproaching his Ambitious Proceedings.*

I Have already written to *Dioniſius*, to *Perdiccas*, and even to you *Alexander*, who ſince you wage War continually with all Mankind, think you have obtain'd Univerſal Dominion. However give me leave to tell you your Proceedings can deſerve no better Title than that of meer Madneſs. Conſider what you do, and ſince your Brain is ſo diſtemper'd, commit your ſelf to the Care of ſome Skilful Phyſician that may reſtore your Senſes, and deliver you from that Con-

Contagion, which you have contracted by your Obstinacy. You have all along hitherto contended to do ill; neither if you were now dispos'd do I think it in your Power to do otherwise, since you have so long been vitiated by a bad Habit. Moreover remember that Sovereignty and Power, are not the same Thing, neither can they warrant your conversing with bad Men, to employ them in worse Actions. This the veryest Brutes will not do, neither does the Wolf or Tyger come near you in this particular. They only satisfie their own private Appetites, whereas you hire wicked People, and place them in Power, that they may have the greater Authority to do ill, wherein, nevertheless you are far more blameable than they. Repent at last of these heavy Crimes, for what can all this Pomp and Greatness signifie to you, since they are acquir'd by so many ill Actions? What benefit can all these violent Proceedings bring you? Do not while you continue in this Course believe your self better than all Men, but rather imagine you are worse. Do you think that what you busie your self about, can occasion you any quiet? Ought not you to apprehend rather the greatest of Dangers, and the most uncertain Success? I fancy you could not draw worse Calamities upon your Head, than these Enterprizes will cause you. Nevertheless you still persist in your Undertakings, and fancy you are engag'd in a good Cause. You look upon your self to be an honest Man, and undergo chearfully the utmost Perils to gratifie the Dictates of your Ambition. You don't see what Snares are laid for you. You don't consider what a Risque you run. Likewise you are not sensible what Maladies may attack

you

you during your long Expeditions. Shields are of no defence against a Fever, neither is Courage against a Consumption. A Soldier may sooner die, than a private Man. Do you think the Misfortunes of Men proceed more from any thing than Ignorance of the Cause of them. Truly Great *Alexander*, you seem to me one of this Number. Forsake therefore this vitious Course of Life, if you would have any thing Succeed that you attempt, or be well spoken of that you have transacted. I would send one of the *Athenian* Judges to enable you in effecting this Reformation, but they are all such excessive Ill-doers, that I can by no means trust them with your Conversion. I would wish you Health, but till you have left off rambling, such good Will would be vain. Be advis'd and flourish. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Sosigenes *to* Pythodorus, *upbraiding him with speaking ill of every Body.*

MAY'ST thou always be spoken ill of *Pythodorus*, since thou never speak'st well of any Body. Tell me, I beseech thee, most contemptible of Men! What God do'st thou take thy self to be descended from, since thou thinkest so contemptibly of all thy Fellow Creatures? Do'st thou believe *Jupiter* begot thee, or *Mars*, or *Neptune*, or *Pluto*? Sure thou hast some monstrous Imagination in thy Head, or thou would'st not fancy, thou excel'st all others in Beauty, Birth,

Birth, Wit, Valour and Virtue. Why ſhould'ſt thou not care to ſuffer any Man to be commended beſide thy ſelf? Art thou the only Perſon of worth now Living? Is no Body fit to be compar'd with thee think'ſt thou? Cannot the whole World furniſh another like thee? Truly I believe not, thou art ſo exceeding Singular. What other Man would run on in an eternal Ding in his own Praiſe, and not at the ſame time have the leaſt regard to his Merit? What other Man would not be ſenſible of his Weakneſs in pretending to ſurpaſs all Mankind? Ceaſe, Fool, ceaſe thus to vaunt thy good Qualities. Let others find out thy Perfections if thou haſt any, for they will always be eſteem'd the beſt Judges of them. Perhaps, becauſe thou had'ſt obſerv'd that no Body offer'd to Praiſe thee, thou thought'ſt it allowable to do that Office for thy ſelf. But herein thou err'ſt more Miſerably than ever, for tho' none can be found to ſpeak well of a Man, yet muſt not he undertake to do it for himſelf, leſt he thereby incur a Univerſal *Odium*, and become the Laughing-ſtock of all that know him. In a word, forbear to ſpeak ill of others, if thou would'ſt have any Body to ſpeak well of thee. Be Wiſe, and Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

The ſame to Cephiſophon; *being merry with him, upon his inviting him to walk with him.*

YOU are almoſt every Day, *Cephiſophon*, inviting me to take the Air with you, under pretence of alleviating our Cares by mutual Converſe.

verſe? How can you pretend to propoſe Freedom of Speech, when we are every Minue interrupted by Friends of yours that meet us. Either reſolve for the future, to give thoſe many Impertinents a ſhorter Audience, or conſent to allow me a Stool, for it would be impoſſible for me to ſtand to hear all thoſe inexhauſtible Fellows will certainly find to ſay to you; whenever therefore you are any more diſpos'd to have me out with you, inſtead of asking me to walk, you muſt change the Phraſe, and deſire me to go and take a ſitting with you, that being the more proper Expreſſion in this Caſe. You may be aſſur'd, as long as you ſuffer theſe Inſects to buz about you, no Body will care to keep you Company on any other Condition. Conſider of this Counſel, and Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXV.

The ſame to the ſame; adviſing him to Marry a Widow, or an Old Maid.

I Would not have you, *Cephiſophon*, look upon that which I writ the other Day to *Polemon* concerning his Marriage, to ſuit any ways with yours, for whereas I allow'd him a young Buxom Virgin, I recommend to you either a ſtaid Widow, or an old Maid, as agreeing beſt with your Years: Threeſcore and odd would look but very awkardly in the Arms of a Girl of fifteen; beſides, I would not have you to flatter your ſelf that your Ability is any thing like what it was while you were young, for tho'

in your fancy you may pleaſe well enough, yet in effect you muſt needs come ſhort of a requiſite Performance. Women have firſt regard to the Vigour, and afterwards to the Comelineſs of Husbands. If they happen to Marry either to Age or Deformity, you muſt know, 'tis not the Men, but their Money they have in view. Whilſt I am thus preaching to you about conformity of Years, I would not have you take my meaning to be that they ſhould be altogether equal. They may differ at leaſt ten Years on the Mans ſide, and there will be no diſproportion in the Match. Such a difference would only occaſion them to go off the Stage Hand in Hand, as they came on. Do you, *Cephiſophon*, conſider all this: Examine your Force, and the time it is likely to laſt before you engage. You'll find your ſelf elſe baffled in your Attacks, and not able to carry them on for want of Ammunition. Beſides, if you ſet down before ſuch a Fortreſs as you propoſe, your Adverſaries Sally will be more dangerous than your Storms, and while ſhe has a Port always open to receive Recruits, you'll be likely to die in your Trenches, before you can bring her to a Capitulation. Take my Advice, or repent of your Neglect. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Ithicles *to* Callias; *approving his Receſs into the Country.*

I Greatly commend you, *Callias*, for that having altogether hitherto been bred at Court, you can at length prevail on your ſelf to retire into

into the Country. I alſo approve of your choice of a Habitation there, neither ſo ſplendid as to be covered, nor ſo poor as to be deſpis'd. By this Receſs, you will be freed from all Diſtractions and Fears. No Mid-night Alarms are like to diſturb your Repoſe, in ſuch Tranquility. All there is Peace and Plenty. No King or Tyrant will be able to find you out to moleſt you, in ſo remote a Solitude; ſo long as you pay your Annual Acknowledgment to the State, you will have no reaſon to ſtand in awe of any Body. What a happy Thing then is it to be out of the reach of Diſquiet? Envy her ſelf can never penetrate your diſtant Manſion; you may there Sleep ſecure from all Harms. The Rural Innocence is not capable of doing Injuries. Juſtice reigns there equal with Malice, and Hatred at Court. You will alſo add to your Happineſs, by your moderate Deſires. Great Poſſeſſions invite Thieves, whereas your ſmall Stock will rather be overlook'd than attempted. Your Land ſerves to keep your Houſe, and that's all you ſeek after. Fine Furniture you deſpiſe, what's Neceſſary you have only regard to: Coſtly Ornaments only delight the Eye, whereas Uſe beſt pleaſes the Mind. Perſevere therefore in the way you have begun, and you ſhall never want the Character of a Prudent Man. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Phædon *to* Theagenides; *shewing how far a Man may value himself on his Birth.*

I Would fain know, *Theagenides*, whence you derive all this Quality you make such a bustle about, and fill every Bodies Ears with the Relation of. Is it from the first Man that you pretend so much to a long *Series* of Progenitors? We all may be said to have descended from him, and how you should be able to deduce your Pedigree in a right Line, beyond any other, I can't imagine. I know your Allegations to be false, and thus I prove them so. Your Grand-Father was the Son of no Man, for no Body would own him, and your Father begot by the Lord knows who, for every Body suspected his Parents. How you came into the World I need not tell you, your Mother having often confess'd that at the time she fell in Labour with you under a Hedge, she knew not whose Door to lay you at, till thro' hers, and your good Fortune, a rich Citizen of *Ægina* coming by, and seeing the Woman in that deplorable Condition, had the Compassion to have ye both brought to his House, where he took care of her, and being Childless, bred you for his own. Now whatever Quality this good Man could pretend to, I would willingly be satisfy'd what Title you have to it. Thus 'tis plain, your Gentility, is not Hereditary. As to other means of making a Gentleman, you have as little pretence to them, as to the foregoing. Riches 'tis true you have, and as

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the World now goes, thoſe you may think ſufficient to ennoble you, but let me tell you, *Theagenides*, Wealth without Wiſdom and Virtue is of no worth; the greateſt Glory proceeds from theſe two, and even a noble Birth without them ſignifies nothing. Tho' your Anceſtors were the beſt of Men in all Reſpects, yet if you do not imitate them in what is good, it will avail you little to have deſcended from them. If you do not come up to their Excellencies, you degenerate from them, and ought not to have the benefit of your Alliance with them. Ceaſe therefore, ceaſe to boaſt of your Parents, for if they were really Noble, as I have prov'd it uncertain what they were, you could have no Advantage by it unleſs you had ſucceeded them as well in their good Actions, as their Eſtate. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

The Cynick *Philoſopher*, Diogenes *to the People of* Synope; *ridiculing them for baniſhing him.*

YOU have baniſh'd me, my Countrymen, and I on the contrary deſire you may be confin'd home for while you inhabit *Sinope*, I live at *Athens*. You ſpend your time with none but mercenary Traders, while I converſe daily with Philoſophers. You deal in nothing but vile Merchandize, while I continually read both Men and Books. Pity me not then, but rather envy me in that being remov'd from you, I lead a

much happier Life than when I was with you. I then wallow'd in all kinds of Sloth and Luxury; I now am oblig'd to labour for my Living; I then liv'd at large, but now am confin'd to Rules. What then hinders me commiserating your poor Condition, Men of *Sinope*, in that having so great Wealth, you want Knowledge, and in wanting that, want every thing. Your banishing me, I look upon as a Favour, and Value your Threats so little, that I had rather be accus'd, than applauded by you. In a word, I would chuse to be a Vagabond all over the Earth, before I would consent to live a Wealthy, but unknown Citizen of *Sinope*. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

The same to Zeno; *affirming himself not beholden to his Parents for begetting him.*

I Am not therefore oblig'd to my Parents, Friend *Zeno*, because they begot me, by reason all humane Things proceed from Nature, and not from the Qualities of them. Confusion of the Elements is the cause of Generation, for which reason I have no Acknowledgments to make to those that had neither Will nor Intention to bring me into the World. *Venus* ever presides over this Act, wherefore present Pleasure always takes place of future Benefit. Those that begot me had no Thoughts of doing so, therefore how am I oblig'd to them for my Being? These are my Sentiments of Generation, which

how

how far they may agree with yours I cannot tell; however, sure I am that Man being Born as he is, in a manner by Chance, ought not to value himself so much as he does, but be humble and modest in his Behaviour in this Life, considering he might as well have not been, as been. Farewel.

LETTER CXC.

The same to Megasthenes; *acquainting him how he banter'd and converted a* Victor *in his return from the* Olympick *Games.*

AFTER the Games at *Olympia* were over, I determin'd to go thither, when by the way meeting one *Cicermus*, a * *Pancratian* Wrestler, who had obtain'd a *Victors* Crown, and was then upon his return homeward, accompany'd by a great Number of his Friends, I taking him by the Hand accosted, and thus said to him, *Friend lay aside all this Pride, and go modestly home to thine House, let the occasion of thy so great Rejoicing be what it will. But*, proceeded I, *what can be the Cause of all this Ovation? How com'st thou to be thus puff'd up? What is the meaning of this Crown on thy Head, this Palm-Branch in thy Hand, or of all this Hair-brain'd Mobs following thee?* To which he reply'd, *These are all Tokens of my success at the* Olympick *Games, where I have conquer'd every Body. How*, quoth I, *what did'st thou Conquer* Jove, *and his Brothers? Not so neither*, answer'd he

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* *One that wrestled and box'd at the same time.*

he. *I ſuppoſe*, continu'd I, *You did not challenge all that ſtood about you.* *No*, reply'd he. *How then*, argu'd I, *could you be ſaid to Conquer all? I fancy*, purſu'd I, *you had the good Luck to have thoſe Conqueſts aſſign'd you by* Lott, *which others had gain'd for you; was it not ſo, Confeſs*; he own'd it was. Then I proceeded to ask him, whether they were Men only which contended at theſe Games. He anſwer'd, *No, ſome were Boys: I warrant you made fine work with them*; purſu'd I, *Not at all*, quoth he, *For they were not my Match. Did you then Conquer all that were your Match? Yes. And were all thoſe that contended with you Men? Yes. And are not you a Man likewiſe? Undoubtedly. Did you then Conquer your ſelf? No. How then could you be ſaid to Conquer every Body, when you your ſelf have eſcap'd? But*, proceeded I, *tell me Prithee were thoſe you got the Victory over your Equals or Inferiors? My Equals. If they were Equal to you, how came you to Conquer them? No, they were my Inferiors. If ſo, why were you not aſham'd to contend with them? Ceaſe*, Cicermus, *to boaſt any further of Conqueſts of this Nature*, purſu'd I, *and rather ſtrive to out-do all Men in Virtue, and a good Life. The Victories of the Mind are ever the moſt Glorious, whereby you ſhall aſſuredly live Happy, and after a long Series of Days die ſo.* This ſaid my *Pancratian* began to relent, and after ſome few more Documents beſtow'd on him, threw away his Crown and Palm-Branch, and vow'd never to contend at the *Olympick* Games more. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXCI.

Hipparchus *to* Aristides; *Ironically commending his Behaviour upon the Death of his Father.*

I Should have long before this condol'd with thee, *Aristides*, upon the loss of thy Father, had I not thought his Inheritance gave thee more Joy, than his Death caus'd thee Grief. However, I'm satisfy'd, thou know'st how to behave thy self upon all Occasions whatever. Thou know'st what a wise Man ought to do, both in good and adverse Fortune. Tears would not become a glad Countenance, nor Mirth a sad one. Thou therefore carry'st it between both, and show'st one that is indifferent. Thou hast neither liv'd among the *Epicureans*, who would have no Grief appear on their Brows, nor with the *Jonick* sect, who preach'd up nothing else; so much Sorrow satisfies thee, as serves to distinguish thee from a Beast. Tears belong to Women, Words to Boys, but Thought only to Man; how far thou art inwardly concern'd, I leave all Mankind to judge: Thou bear'st thy Misfortune like a Man of Sense, and doest not go about to exceed the bounds of Grief. It is the part of a Brute to be altogether Negligent upon these Occasions, but of a Man to bear with Patience all that proceeds from the Gods. Your Father was a good Man, and consequently may be suppos'd to be remov'd to a better Place. Why then should you lament at his Happiness? You

do

do wisely *Aristides*, neither to be immoderate in your Joy nor your Grief. Do all that becomes you, and make it your Endeavour to refrain from all that would expose you. Consider, and Farewel.

LETTER CXCII.

The same to Lysitheus; *blaming him for hindering his Daughter from Marrying, that she might keep his House.*

YOU have a very beautiful Daughter at home with you, *Lysitheus*, nam'd *Thanippe*, whom you keep unmarry'd, and call the Staff of your Age. I would willingly, out of meer Complaisance, approve your Proceeding in this particular, but cannot for my Heart think that so delicate a Creature was design'd rather to rub a bald Pate, than bear Children to a young vigorous Husband. Women like Plants of Trees or Herbs, never thrive so well, as when they are transplanted from their Native Soil, for then 'tis they produce always the largest Fruit, and bear the sweetest Flowers, I mean after they have been well graffed or inoculated. Thus you may perceive *Lysitheus*, how great an Enemy you are to your Daughter, while you keep her mew'd up at home, preferring her making you Caudles, to her making you a Grand-Father: Forbear at length this austere Usage, and since she was Born for the Delight of Mankind, let some

ſome body have the Benefit of her Birth. I don't ask this for my ſelf, becauſe like you I am paſt the Pleaſures of the fair Sex. My requeſt is only on hers, and your account, that ſhe may enjoy the uſe of her Liberty, and you not repent of her Confinement. Farewel.

LETTER CXCIII.

Hegeſias *to* Soſigenes; *accuſing himſelf of too great Modeſty.*

I Would willingly, *Soſigenes*, get rid of this curſed Nature of mine that Bluſhes even at the beſt Things, and makes me thought a ſtrange Kind of Monſter, by thoſe that don't know me thoroughly. If I meet a Man I don't like, I can't flatter him, neither can I promiſe him any thing, I never intend to perform. I can't take him by the Hand, and call him Friend, when I never ſaw him before. I can't run into a vain Harangue on my own Praiſe, and produce Papers to juſtifie my Aſſertion, yet theſe are all done by thoſe that have a mind to thrive in the World; theſe are the Arts that flouriſh. I have never yet learnt to palliate my Sentiments with a Lie, nor to ſeem pleas'd when I have heard my ſelf prais'd. Upon anothers commending my Judgment, or my Wit, I have ſtood as if I had been Thunderſtruck, and tho' my Writings have gain'd every other bodies Applauſe, yet have they had nothing but my Contempt. I never read my Performances

formances to any body, nor care I to hear them rehears'd by every body, as ſome do. If they have convinc'd the World, I am an honeſt Man, and no Fool, I have my end. A Repetition of what I have written diſguſts me, and ſeems to reproach me with an Inclination to favour the hearing it. Thus you ſee *Soſigenes*, I am no ways qualify'd to proſper by my Undertakings, and therefore muſt either get the Aſcendant over my Modeſty, or be contented with the bare Reward of Virtue, which is Poverty, and a good Conſcience. Farewel.

LETTER CXCIV.

The ſame to Heliodorus; *approving his choice of a Woman, to pleaſe his Fancy.*

YOU have done wiſely, *Heliodorus*, in refuſing to Marry that rich, but old Gentlewoman, who was lately offer'd you. Had you conſented to have had her, you would have ſoon found you had wedded Wealth inſtead of a Wife, and brought home a domeſtick Strife, in lieu of a conjugal Satisfaction. A Man that entertains thoughts of Marriage ought to pitch upon a Woman he can propoſe a laſting Comfort in, and not have regard meerly to her Portion. What greater Plague can there be, than to have a Wife lord it over one, becauſe ſhe has brought a great Fortune? If Money is not to be had without ſuch a Companion, let it never be had

for

for me. Riches are to be desir'd no further than they are subservient to our Happiness. So soon as they cease to Contribute to our well-being in this Life, they begin to be a Torment to us, and are not less to be avoided than a Pest that sweeps away all our Contentment. You therefore, *Heliodorus*, have acted a prudent Part, in preferring a good Woman to Gold. I would advise you yet further to chuse one young, of equal Years with you, and of a lesser Fortune: So shall you never have reason to fear, she will upbraid you, but rather always acknowledge her self oblig'd to you. Let her be Beautiful, that she may disarm your Anger; Modest, that she may deserve every Bodies good Word; and Chast, that she may occasion you no Disquiet. Thus Marriage will render you Happy, and sweeten all your Misfortunes. Farewel.

LETTER CXCV.

Eutidemus *to* Lysanias; *advising him not to exceed in Love.*

YOU have begun to Love, *Lysanias*, and consequently to despise all such as are past it, for *Innamorato*'s, as you are now become, seldom care for any but those that are equally infected with themselves. I do not so much blame your Passion, since you are Young, and of an Age proper for it; I only require you to take heed

heed, you do not ruin your ſelf by it. The Poets have not unfitly compar'd Love to Fire, as agreeing with that Element, both in Nature and Force. If you come near Fire while you are cold, it gently warms and delights you, but if you are ſo Mad as to throw your ſelf into it, you will ſoon find it will not only burn, but conſume you. The ſame happens in Love, for as long as you are contented with the moderate Uſe of it, you will have your Mind enliven'd, and Body refreſh'd; but ſo ſoon as you deliver your ſelf up a Prey to Luſt and Luxury, Sloth will ſeize you, Defilements pollute you, and Frenzy diſtract you. Virtue will then be an utter Stranger to you, and Vice alone be predominant in your Affections. You will then be eaſie to be corrupted, and hard to be reclaim'd; whereas on the contrary, if you do not exceed in this Paſſion, you will prolong your Life by it, and make all your Days eaſie. Be advis'd, and Farewel.

LETTER CXCVI.

The ſame to Aceſtorides; *ridiculing his ſlothful Courſe of Life.*

I Would have you, *Aceſtorides*, go to *Epidaurus*, where I hear there is a King that rewards Lazineſs, and encourages his Subjects in Sloth. They ſay he has inſtituted a new Sort of Order, whoſe Members are to ſpend all their

Lives

Lives upon Feather-Beds, whence they are call'd, *The King's Sluggards.* When they are to undergo a Trial for an Election, they muſt prove they have ſlept perpetually, or at leaſt never come out of the Sheets. Their Tongues muſt appear to have been always clos'd, and their Eyes to have been as conſtantly fixt. Neither their Hands muſt ever have offer'd to help them up, nor their Limbs ſeem'd diſpos'd, at any time, to have turn'd about; they muſt ſtill have lain in the ſame Poſture, and ever been fed with the moſt delicate of Viands: They muſt never have had any the leaſt Deſire of riſing or quitting their Poſt, as long as they have liv'd. Theſe Qualifications intitled them to that Fraternity, and he that exceeded in Indolence, was to be the Great Maſter. To this Order, I muſt needs recommend you, *Aceſtorides*, ſince you have hitherto ſo unactively paſs'd away your Time. No doubt you will quickly obtain a conſiderable Fellowſhip there, and ſoon ſleep your ſelf into your Princes Favour. I leave you to your Merit in this particular, and bid you Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXCVII.

Diogenes *to* Metrocles, *in defence of his living by Beging.*

VALUE not your ſelf, *Metrocles*, ſo much upon your Condition and Quality, nor think ſo meanly of mine, for asking a neceſſary Alms where I want it. Do not Princes beg Aids of their Subjects to carry on the Common Cauſe? Do not Phyſicians diſpenſe Health to thoſe that have firſt requeſted it of them? In a word, do not poor languiſhing Lovers obtain conſolatory Kiſſes from their Miſtreſſes, by meer Importunity and Entreaty? Why then ſhould I, of all Mankind, be excluded that Liberty which every Body elſe enjoys? What I beg for, 'tis certain I come honeſter by than many do by their great Poſſeſſions, and if I have a Juſt Title to what I get, what has any one to do with my manner of getting it. Reproach me not therefore, *Metrocles*, for the future, with my Profeſſion, but imitate the Gods, and all good Men, who delight in diſtributing their Favours to the Neceſſitous and Virtuous. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXCVIII.

The same to Aristippus; *concerning* Alexander's *desire to see him.*

YOU send me word that *Alexander*, King of *Macedon*, has a great Desire to see me. You did well to give him that Title, for whatever the *Macedonians* may be, you know I am subject to no Body. If that Prince has a mind to be acquainted with me, and my manner of Life, let him come hither, for I shall always think *Athens* as far distant from *Macedon*, as *Macedon* is from *Athens*. Farewel.

LETTER CXCIX.

The same to Phœnomachus; *relating his Interview with that Monarch.*

WHILST I was sitting in my Tub, stitching and gluing of Books, *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, came and stood between me and the Sun. As soon as I perceiv'd my self hinder'd from Working, for want of Light, I cast up my Eyes, and both saw, and knew the Cause of it. He stretching forth his Right-hand, call'd me by my Name, and ask'd me if I knew him. I told him I did, and that he was

an invincible Youth, whose Power was equal to that of the Gods; *However* (quoth I to him) *you do ill to occasion this Ecclipse. What Ecclipse*, answer'd he. *What*, (reply'd I) *but the interposing of your dark Body between me, and the Sun. You jest* Diogenes, said he. *How do I jest*, quoth I, *when I am as much interrupted in my Business by your Presence, as if* Apollo *had really left our Hemisphere. Now since you are able to do me no good*, (pursu'd I) *you would do well to leave me. How* (answer'd he) *is* Alexander *able to do you no good? Not in the least*, quoth I, *I have nothing to lose, and therefore 'twere fruitless for his* Phalanx *to move this way. But* (continu'd he) *you are poor, and in that respect I may serve you. How am I poor*, reply'd I? *How*, argu'd he, *but in being a Beggar, and wanting every thing. Want of Money*, Alexander, proceeded I, *is no Poverty, neither is it a Sin to beg, but rather to engross all, and thirst after every thing as you do. A little will suffice me; this Tub, that Fountain, these Herbs and Roots, and even those Skins that cover me, which no Body will contend with me for, whilst neither Earth nor Sea being able to satisfie you, your next Expedition must be against Heaven, which, how heinous an offence that is to attempt*, Homer *has describ'd to you at large.* Having back'd this with several other Reasons, the mighty Monarch blush'd, and turning to some of his Companions, told them, *That had he not been* Alexander, *he would have wish'd to have been* Diogenes. Afterwards using many Arguments to get me along with him, and finding them to no purpose, he almost left me, before I were willing he should. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CC.

The same to Monemus ; *telling him some pleasant Adventures of his at* Athens.

WHILST you continue in *Olympia*, expecting every Day the Games should be celebrated, I am come to *Athens*, where I pass my time in another manner. Walking the other Day about the *Forum*, with my Cup in my Hand, after my usual Custom, and viewing both the Sellers and Talkers of all Sorts, I at length happen'd to light upon a Philosopher, who was discoursing concerning the Quality and Efficacy of the Sun. Coming up to him, and crowding in among his Auditors, I ask'd him, *Pray Sir, How long is it since you dropt from Heaven?* The poor Orator not a little surpriz'd at my Question, answer'd not a Word, which his Audience observing, and thinking I had confounded his Arguments, departed; leaving him to contemplate the rest upon the Ground, and me to pursue my Frolick. Quitting this Numskul, I accosted another, a Poet, who sitting crown'd with Lawrel in the mid'st of a Throng, and pretending not a little to Divination, I demanded of him, *Whether he were a good, or a bad Prophet.* Perceiving me to hold up my Stick, he answer'd, *He was a good One. Guess then*, quoth I, *Whether I intend to strike thee or not. I believe you dare not*, reply'd he. Taking that for an Argument of his Ignorance, I struck him. The

Mob immediately made a great Clamour, whereupon turning to them, I ask'd what they meant by all that Noise. *Is it*, quoth I, *because I have beaten a false Prophet?* Hereupon the People being convinc'd of their Error, forsook him, and follow'd me. I began to discouse to them upon several Subjects, all which they relish'd so well, that some offer'd me Gold and Silver; others Things of equal Value, and most of them invited me to Supper. Keeping nevertheless to my Profession of Poverty, I refus'd all but a few Necessaries. Supper 'tis true, I accepted, but that only from one, a rich Young Citizen: When I came into his Dining-room, I found it nicely adorn'd in every Part: Even the Pavement shone with Riches, and the Walls and Cieling likewise reflected theirs upon it. After I had been there for some time, having occasion to spit, I look'd round about me, and finding no place more proper, I spit upon my Host. He immediately demanding the reason of my Proceeding, I told him, he ought to blame himself not me, for since I saw no Place besides unadorn'd in his whole House, I thought he was the fittest to bestow that Excrement upon. To which he reply'd, *You shall hereafter have no such occasion to find fault with me*, and therefore next Day selling all he had, he became one of our Fraternity. This is what has happen'd to me, since I left you at *Olympia*. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CCI.

Democlides *to* Cteſicles, *againſt* Sodomy.

YOU ask me, *Cteſicles*, who are thoſe I moſt Hate, and beſt Love. I may anſwer you without a bluſh, that I hate thoſe that love Boys, and love thoſe that hate them; the former, becauſe they forget they are Beaſts and the latter, becauſe they remember they are Men. The Eternal Decrees of the Almighty Gods are by *Sodomy* fruſtrated, and confounded for what they by the Laws of Nature intended for the Propagation of Mankind, the Practiſers of this Brutality violate and profane. Judge then how heinous a Crime this muſt needs be, when to gratifie an unaccountable Luſt, the Springs of Providence are ſtopp'd, and the Courſe of Generation interrupted. How ought the World to abominate theſe vile Men, who are continually Conſpiring againſt its Duration: But no more on this Subject, which is equally horrid and abominable. I doubt not *Cteſicles*, but you agree with me in theſe Sentiments, and have a juſt Abhorrence of ſuch unnatural Doings. Farewel.

LETTER CCII.

Lyſimachides *to* Charonidas; *commending his Contrivance.*

WHETHER I ſhould moſt commend or admire you, *Charonidas*, I am at a loſs

to determine, ſince you ſo prudently fly that common Peſt of Mankind, Luſt, that neither Nature nor Cuſtom are able to prevail upon you to practiſe it. I count you truly bleſt in that you can reſiſt the Wiles and Allurements of Women, and equally deſpiſe their Follies and Pleaſures. They are a ſort of Animals, neceſſary indeed to Generation, and for that end deſign'd, yet the enjoyment of them is always accompany'd with ſo much Repentance and Diſſatisfaction, that it were better to let them alone. What can be more vile, brutal or ſhort liv'd, than the Joys we propoſe in their Embraces? What more Infectious? What more Peſtilent? Yet many of us wrap up our chiefeſt Happineſs in them, and propoſe them for our *Summum Bonum* in this Life. You therefore, *Charonidas*, that have ſo timely foreſeen theſe Evils, and ſo ſeaſonably taken care to avoid them, are not a little to be prais'd; eſpecially, if you perſevere in your Reſolutions, which will render your future Days both Many and Happy. Farewel.

LETTER CCIII.

Hegeſias *to* Praxibulus; *concerning ſome Advantages that flow from Drinking.*

OF Feaſts and Merry-makings at leiſure Hours to recreate and unbend our Minds, when fatigu'd, either with Study or Buſineſs, I highly approve; when thoſe that are wholly dedicated to Sloth and Luxury, I at the ſame time no leſs condemn. The former ſerve to divert and fortifie the

the Mind, whereas the latter do but weaken and enervate it. I would not be thought to imply by this, that what Nature has freely bestow'd upon us, should not be with the same freedom enjoy'd, yet must it withal be consider'd, that what she has dispens'd with so much reason, ought also to be reasonably made use of. Wine if we drink it moderately, exhilerates our Souls, strengthens our Bodies, clears our Judgments, quickens our Conceptions, and refines our Wits: But, on the contrary, if we take never so little too much of it, it turns us to Brutes and Madmen. Thus we see both good and evil proceed from the same Cause, which we need not however wonder at, if we reflect, that Tears often flow from both Joy and Grief. Farewel.

LETTER CCIV.

The same to three Brothers, that liv'd three different Lives.

I Wish Generosity to *Parsilocus*, Temperance to *Orocleus*, and Mirth and Comfort to *Phisomenus*, you being three Brothers, that as I'm inform'd, are of three different Tempers, and lead three different Lives. I cannot but wonder, Gentlemen, that being so near a kin, and sprung from the same Bowels, you should suffer your selves to be thus divided. One of ye, I understand, gives himself wholly up to Covetousness, spending his Life altogether in the quest of Riches; another dedicates his Days intirely to Intemperance

temperance and Luxury. The third despising the Proceedings of both, consumes his Years meerly in Sadness and Obscurity. Herein you seem to imitate the three Sons of *Saturn*, whereof *Jupiter* chose Heaven, *Neptune* the Sea, and *Pluto* Hell. Now which deserves the best Character of you three, I am at a loss to determine. Sadness may lead to Felicity by a Reflection on humane Miseries, and consequently make a good Man. Intemperance may bring one to a State of Moderation, by considering the Advantages of its Opposite. But as for Covetousness, he that has once given himself up to that Vice, must never expect it will ever quit him, 'till he is wrapt in his Winding-sheet: Nay scarce then neither, for he that is truly Covetous will not only grudge himself the charge of a decent Funeral, but almost of a Grave. Farewel.

FINIS.