

with themselves. There is too an Epigram of Callimachus, on Cleombrotus of Ambrocia; who without any misfortune befalling him, as he saith, threw himself from a wall into the sea, on reading a book of Plato's. The book I mentioned of Hegesias, is on men's starving themselves; written an account of somebody who took that method to get rid of life, but being prevented by his friends he reckons up to them the miseries of human life: I might do the same, tho' not so fully as he, who thinks it not worth any man's while to live; I pass over others. Was it even worth my while, for, had I died before I was deprived of the comforts and honours of my own family, and what I received from my public services, death would have taken me from the evils of life, not its blessings.

XXXV. Propose therefore any one, who never knew distress; who never received a blow from fortune: Imagine that Metellus, who was honoured with four sons; but Priam had fifty, seventeen of which were legitimate: Fortune had the same power over both, tho' she exercised it but on one: For Metellus was laid on his funeral pile by many sons and daughters, nephews and nieces: But Priam  
fell

fell by the hand of an enemy, after having fled to the altar, deprived of so great a progeny. Had he died before the ruin of his kingdom, his sons alive

*With all his mighty wealth elate,  
Under rich canopies of state.*

Would he then have been taken from good or evil? It might seem at that time, from good; yet surely, that would have been to his advantage; nor should we have had these mournful verses,

*Lo! these all perish'd in one flaming pile;  
The foe, old Priam did of life beguile,  
And with his blood, thy altar, Jove, defile.*

As if any thing better could have happened to him at that time, than to lose his life so; which had it fallen out sooner, would have prevented those consequences; or at least he would have been insensible of them. The case of our friend Pompey, was something better; when he fell sick at Naples, the Neapolitans put crowns on their heads, as did those of Puteoli; the people flocked from the country to congratulate him: It is a Grecian custom, an a foolish one; yet, it is a sign of good fortune. But the question is, had he died, would he have been taken from good or evil? Certainly from evil. He had not been engaged

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in a war with his brother-in-law; he had not taken up arms before he was prepared; he had not left his own house, nor fled from Italy; he had not, after the loss of his army, fell unarmed into the hands of his enemy, and been put into chains by them: His children had not been destroyed; nor his whole fortune in the possession of the conquerors; who, had he died at that time, had died in all his glory; who, by that delay of death, into what great and terrible misfortunes did he fall?

XXXVI. These things are avoided by death, which tho' they should never happen, there is a possibility they may; but it never comes into mens heads, that such things may befall them. Every one thinks to be as happy as Metellus; as if the number of the happy exceeded that of the miserable; as if there was any certainty in human affairs; as if there were more rational foundations for hope than fear. But should we grant them even this, that we are by death deprived of good things; must the dead therefore want the good things of life, and be miserable on that account? they must necessarily say so. Can he, who is not, want any thing? To want, has a melancholy sound, and has its force from hence; he had, but has not; he desires, requires, wants.

Such

Such are, I suppose, the distresses of one to whom something is wanting. Doth he want eyes? to be blind, is misery. Is he in want of children? not to have them, is misery. This is something with the living, but the dead are neither in want of the blessings of life, nor life itself; I speak of the dead as not existing. But would any say of us, who do exist, that we want horns or wings? Certainly not! should it be asked, why not? The answer would be, that not to have what neither custom nor nature has fitted you for, would not imply a want of them, tho' you were sensible you had them not. This argument should be pressed over and over again, that being established, which if souls are mortal, there can be no dispute about; I mean, that the destruction of them by death is so entire, as to remove even the least suspicion of any sense remaining. This then being well grounded and established, we must correctly define what the term to want, means; that there may be no mistake in the word. To want, then, signifies this; to be without that, you would be glad to have; for inclination for any thing is implied in the word want; excepting when we say in a different sense of the word, that a fever is wanting to any one. For it admits of a different interpretation, when you are without a certain thing, and are  
sensible

sensible you are without it; but yet can easily dispense with your not having it. You cannot apply this expression to the dead, that they want; or that they lament on that account. This is said, that they want a good, which is an evil to them: But a living man doth not want a good, unless he is distressed without it; and yet, we may understand, how any man alive may want a kingdom. When I assert this of you, I cannot use too much art in expressing myself: The case is different with regard to Tarquin, when he was drove from his kingdom: But quite incomprehensible, as to the dead. For to want, implies to be sensible; but the dead are insensible; therefore the dead can be in no want.

XXXVII. BUT what occasion is there to philosophize here, when Philosophy is so little concerned in it? How often have not only our generals, but whole armies, rushed on certain death? which was it to be feared, L. Brutus had not fell in fight, to prevent the return of that Tyrant he had expelled: Decius the father, had not been slain in fighting with the Latins: Nor had his son, when engaged with the Etruscans; or, his nephew with Pyrrhus, exposed themselves to the enemies darts. Spain had not seen the Scipio's fall in

one

one campaign, fighting for their country; the plains of Cannæ, Paulus and Geminus; Venusia, Marcellus; the Latins, Albinus, nor the Lucani Gracchus: But are any of these miserable now? Nay, not even then, after they had breathed their last: Nor can any one be miserable after he has lost all sense. But as to that, that it is afflicting to be without sense! it would be so, if the meaning was that any one was really in want of it, but as it is evident there can be nothing in that, which has no existence; what can there be afflicting in that which can neither want, nor be sensible? We should have had this over too often, but that here lies all that the soul shudders at, from the fear of death. For whoever can clearly apprehend, which is as manifest as the light; that when both soul and body are consumed, and there is a total destruction; that which was an animal, becomes nothing; will clearly see, that there is no difference between a Hippocentaur, which never had existence, and king Agamemnon; and that M. Crassus is no more concerned about this present civil war, than I was at the sacking of Rome, when he was in being. Why then should Camillus be affected with the thoughts of these things happening three hundred and fifty years after? And why should I be uneasy

the thoughts of some nations possessing itself of this city, ten thousand years hence? Because so great is our regard for our country, as not to be measured by our own feeling, but by the actual safety of it.

XXXVIII. Death then, which threatens us daily, from a thousand accidents, and by the very shortness of life cannot be far off, doth not deter a wise man from making provision for his country and his family, that may extend to distant ages, and from regarding posterity, of which he may have no sensation. Wherefore a man may, tho' persuaded that his soul is mortal, act for eternity, not from a desire of glory, which he will be insensible of, but from a principle of virtue, which glory will attend, tho' that is not his view. In nature indeed it is thus; as our birth was the beginning of things with us, death will be the end; and as we were no ways concerned with them before we were born, so we shall have none after we are dead: consider thus, where can be the evil? seeing death has no connection with either the dead, or yet those that are alive: the one are not, the other have nothing to do with it. They who make the least of death, compare it to sleep; as if any one would live ninety  
years

years on condition, that at the expiration of sixty, he would sleep out the remainder. The very swine should not accept of life on those terms, much less I: Endymion indeed, if you listen to fables, slept once on a time, on Latmus, a mountain of Caria. I imagine he is not as yet awake: Do you think he is concerned at the Moon's being in labour, by whom he was thrown into that sleep, that she might embrace him in that circumstance; for what should he be concerned for who has no sense? you look on sleep as an image of death, and you take that on you daily; and have you any doubt of there being no sense in death, when you see there is none in sleep, which resembles it?

XXXIX. Away then with those follies that speak the old woman; that it is miserable to die before our time. What time do you mean? That of nature? She lent you life, as money, without fixing a time for its payment. Have you any grounds of complaint then, that she recalls it at her pleasure? For you received it on these terms. They that complain thus, allow, that to die in childhood, is tolerable; if in the cradle, more so; and yet nature has been more exact with them in demanding

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back what she gave: They answer by saying, such have not tasted the sweets of life; the other had great expectations from what he had already enjoyed. They judge better in other things, and allow a part to be preferable to none? why not so in life? Tho' Calimachus is not amiss in saying, more tears had flowed from Priam, than his son; yet they are thought happier who have lived to old age. It would be hard to say why; for I do not apprehend the remainder of life would be happier with any. There is nothing more agreeable to a man than prudence, which old age, as certainly strips him of, as any thing else: But what age is long? or what is there at all long to a man? Doth not

*Old age, tho' unregarded still attend*

*On childhood's pastimes, as the cares of men?*

But because there is nothing beyond old age, we call that long: All these things are said to be long or short, according to the proportion of time the time of life they bear, they were given us for. Aristotle saith, there is a kind of beasts, born near the river Hypanis, which runs from a certain part of Europe, into the Pontus, whose life consists but of one day; those that die at the eighth hour, die in full age; those who die when the sun sets, very old, especially

especially when the days are at the longest; compare our longest age, with eternity, and we shall be found as short-lived as those little animals.

XL. Let us then despise all these follies, for what softer name can I give to such levities? and let us lay the foundation of our happiness in the strength and greatness of our mind, in a contempt and disregard for all earthly things, and in the practice of every virtue. For at present we are enervated by the delicacy of our imaginations, that should we leave this world before the promises of our fortune-tellers are made good to us, we should think ourselves deprived of some great advantages, and seem disappointed and forlorn: But if through life we are in continual suspense, still expecting, still desiring, and are in continual pain and torture: Good Gods! how pleasant must that journey be, which ends in security and ease! How pleased am I with Theramenes! of how exalted a soul he appears! Though we never read of him without tears; yet that excellent man is not to be lamented in his death; who, when imprisoned by the command of the thirty tyrants, drank off at one draught, as if he had been thirsty, the poisoned cup, and threw the remainder out

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of it, with such force, that it sounded as it fell. On hearing the sound of it, he with a smile said, I drink this to the handsome Critias; who had been the most severe against him: For it is customary with the Greeks, at their banquets to name the person to whom they intend to deliver the cup. This excellent man was pleasant to the last, even when he had received the poison into his bowels; and truly foretold his death, to whom he drank of the poison, which soon followed. Who that thought death an evil, could approve of the evenness of temper in this great man, at the instant of dying. Socrates came a few years after to the same prison and the same cup, by the like iniquity of his judges, as Thieramenes by that of the tyrants. What a speech is that which Plato makes him use before his judges, after they had condemned him to death? “I am not without hopes, O judges, that it is a favourable circumstance to me, that I am condemned to die: For one of these two things must necessarily be, that either death will deprive me entirely of all sense; or by dying I shall go hence into some other place; wherefore if I am deprived of sense, and death is like that sleep, which sometimes is so undisturbed, as to be even without the visions of dreams; good Gods! what gain is it to die?

OR

or what length of days can be preferable to such a night? And if the constant course of future time should resemble that night, who is happier than I am? But if what is said be true, that death is but a removal to those regions where the souls of the departed dwell; that still must be more happy; to have escaped from those who call themselves judges, and to appear before such as are truly so, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, Triptolemus; and to meet with those who have lived with justice and probity! Can this change of abode appear otherwise than great to you? to converse with Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, Hesiod, is a privilege of inestimable value. I would willingly, were it possible, die often, in order to prove the certainty of what I speak of. What satisfaction must it be to meet with Palamedes, Ajax, and others, betrayed by the iniquity of their judges? I would prove the wisdom even of that king of kings, who led such mighty troops to Troy, that of Ulysses and Sisyphus: Nor should I be condemned as I was here, for such an enquiry. And as for you, my judges, who have absolved me, ye need not fear death, for nothing bad can befall a good man, whether dead or living, nor are his concerns over-looked by the Gods, nor has this befallen me by chance; nor have I ought to charge

those with, who accused or condemned me, but their intention of doing me harm." In this manner he proceeded; but nothing I more admire than his last words, "But it is time, saith he, for me, to go hence to death; you, to your employs of life; the immortal Gods know which is best; indeed I believe no mortal doth."

XLII. I had preferred this man's soul to all the fortunes of those who sat in judgment on him: Notwithstanding he saith, the God only knew which was best, he himself did for he had determined that before, but he held to the last, the maxim peculiar to him of affirming nothing. And let us hold to this, not to think any thing an evil, that is a general provision of nature: And let us assure ourselves, that if death is an evil, 'tis an eternal evil; for death seems to be the end of a miserable life; but if death is misery, there can be no end. But why do mention Socrates, or Theramenes, men distinguished by the glory of virtue and wisdom. When a certain Lacedæmonian, whose name not so much as known, held death in such contempt, that, when led to it, by the Ephors he looked chearful and pleasant; and being thus interrupt d by one of his enemies, 'Do ye  
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despise the laws of Lycurgus? he answered, I am greatly obliged to him, for he has amerced me in a fine which I can pay without borrowing, or taking up at interest. This was a man worthy of Sparta! that I am almost persuaded of his innocency, from the greatness of his soul. Our city has produced many such. But why should I name Generals, and other great men, when Cato could write, that legions have with alacrity marched to that place, from whence they never expected to return? With no less greatness of soul, fell the Lacedæmonians, at Thermopylæ, of whom Simonides:

*Go, stranger, tell the Spartans, here we lie,  
Who to support their laws durst boldly die.*

How nobly did Leonidas their general speak? march on with courage, my Lacedæmonians; to night, perhaps, we shall sup in the regions below. This was a brave nation, whilst the laws of Lycurgus were in force: One of them when a Persian had said to him in conversation, We shall hide the sun by the number of our arrows and darts; replied, We shall fight then in the shade. Do I talk of their men? how great was that Lacedæmonian woman, who sent her son to battle, and hearing that he was slain, I bore him, saith she, for that purpose, that you might have a man who durst die for his country.

XLIII. It is admitted that the Spartans were bold and hardy: The discipline of the republic greatly promoted this. What? have we not reason to admire Theodore, the Cyrenean, a Philosopher of some distinction? who when Lyfimachus threatened to crucify him, bid him keep those menaces for his courtiers. Theodore is indifferent whether he rot in the air, or underground. From which saying of the philosopher, an occasion is given me of speaking to the custom of burying, and its ceremonies, which will require but few words, especially if we recollect what has been before said of the soul's insensibility. The opinion of Socrates in this is clear, from the book which treats of his death; of which we have already said a good deal; for when he had disputed about the immortality of the soul, and the time of his dying was near; being asked by Criton, how he would be buried; I have taken a great deal of pains, saith he, my friends, to no purpose, for I have not convinced our Criton, that I shall fly from hence, and leave no part of me behind? notwithstanding, Criton, if you can overtake me, wheresoever you get hold of me, bury me as you please: But believe me, none of you will be able to reach me when I fly hence. That was excellently said,  
for

for he allows his friend to do as he pleased, and yet shewed his indifference about any thing of this kind. Diogenes was something rougher, tho' of the same opinion; but as a Cynic, he expressed himself somewhat harsher; he ordered himself to be thrown any where without burying; when his friends replied, What, to the birds and beasts? by no means, saith he, place my staff near me, that I may drive them away. They answer, How can you do that, for you will not perceive them. How am I concerned then in being torn by those animals, if I have no sense? Anaxagoras, when he was near dying at Lampfacus, and was asked by his friends, whether, if any thing should happen to him, he would not choose to be carried to Clazomenæ, his country, made this excellent answer; No, says he, there is no occasion for that, all places are at an equal distance from the infernal regions. There is one thing to be observed on the whole of burying, that it relates to the body, whether the soul live or perish: now with regard to the body, it is clear, that, let the soul live or not, that has no sensation.

XLIV. But all things are full of errors. Achilles drags Hector, tied to his chariot; he thinks, I suppose, he tears his flesh, and

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that Hector feels the pain of it ; therefore he is revenged, as he imagines; but Hecuba bewails this as a sore misfortune :

*I saw (a dreadful fight!) great Hector slain  
Drag'd at Achilles' car along the plain.*

What Hector? or how long will he be Hector. Accius is better in this, and Achilles is sometimes more reasonable,

*I Hector's body to his fire convey'd,  
Hector I sent to the infernal shade.*

It was not Hector that you dragged along, but a body that had been Hector's. Here another starts from underground, and will not suffer his mother to sleep;

*To thee I call, my once lov'd parent, bear,  
Nor longer with thy sleep relieve thy care;  
Thine eye unpitying me is clos'd—arise,  
Lingring I wait the unpaid obsequies.*

When these verses are sung with a slow and melancholy tune, so as to affect the whole theatre with sadness, one can scarce help thinking those unhappy, that are unburied :

*Ere the devouring dogs and hungry vultures;*

He is afraid he shall not have the use of his limbs so well, if they are torn to pieces, but is under no such apprehensions if they are burned :

*Nor*

*Nor leave my naked bones, my poor remains,  
To shameful violence, and bloody stains.*

What could he fear, who could pour forth such excellent verses, to the sound of the flute? We must therefore adhere to this, that nothing is to be regarded after we are dead; tho' many revenge themselves on their dead enemies. Thyestes, in some good lines of Ennius, prays, first, that Atreus may perish by a ship-wreck, which is certainly a very bad death; such an exit is very shocking! then follow these unmeaning expressions,

— May

*On the sharp rock his mangled carcase lay;  
His intrails torn to hungry birds a prey,  
May he convulsive writhe his pendant side,  
And with his clotted gore the stones be died.*

The stones had as much feeling as he who lay on them; though Thyestes imagines he has wished him the greatest torture: It would be pain indeed were he sensible. But as he is not, it can be none! then how very unmeaning is this?

*Let him, still hovering o'er the Stygian wave,  
Ne'er reach the body's peaceful port, the grave.*

You see what mistakes they are under; he imagines the body has its haven, and that the dead are at rest in their graves. Pe-

lops

lops was to blame not to have informed and taught his son what regard was due to every thing.

XLV. But there is no occasion to animadvert on the opinions of particulars, when you may observe whole nations to fall into those errors. The Egyptians embalmed their dead, and kept them in their houses; the Persians dress them over with wax, that they may preserve their bodies as long as possible. It is customary with the Magi, to bury none of their order, unless they have been first torn by dogs. In Hyrcania, the people maintain dogs for the public use, their nobles have their own: we know they have a good breed of dogs; but every one, according to his ability, provides himself with some, in order to be torn by them; and they hold that to be the best interment. Chrysippus, who is curious in all kinds of historical facts, has collected many other things of this kind, but some of them are so offensive as not to admit of being related. All that has been said of burying, is not worth our regard, with respect to ourselves, but not to be neglected as to our friends, provided we are persuaded that the dead are insensible: but the living indeed should consider what is due to custom and opinion, but they should in this consider

consider too, that the dead are no ways interested in it. But death truly is then met with the most tranquillity, when the dying man can comfort himself with his own praise. No one dies too soon who has finished the course of perfect virtue: Death might have called on me often very seasonably, oh! how I wish it had! for I have gained nothing by the delay: I had gone over and over again the duties of life; nothing remained but to contend with fortune. If reason then cannot sufficiently fortify us to a contempt of death, let our past life confirm us in the conviction that we have lived too long: For notwithstanding the deprivation of sense, the dead are not without that good which properly belongs to them, the praise and glory they have acquired, tho' they are not sensible of it: For altho' there was nothing in glory to make it desirable, yet it follows virtue as its shadow. But the judgment of the multitude on good men, if ever they form any, is more to their own praise, than of any real advantage to the dead; yet I cannot say, however it may be received, that Lycurgus and Solon are without the glory of their laws, and the public discipline they established: Or that Themistocles and Epaminondas have not the glory of their martial virtue. Neptune shall sooner  
bury

bury Salamine with his waters, than the memory of the trophies gained there, and the Bœotian Leuctra shall perish sooner, than the glory of that action. But the fame of Curius, Fabricius, Calatinus, the two Scipio's, and the two Africanus's, Maximus, Marcellus, Paulus, Cato, Lælius, and numberless others, shall remain longer with them. Whoever has caught any resemblance of them, not estimating it by common fame, but the real applause of good men, may with confidence, should it be necessary, approach death; which we know to be, if not the chief good, at least no evil: Such an one would even choose to die, whilst he was in prosperity; for all the favours that could be heaped on him, would not be so agreeable to him, as to lose them vexatious. That speech of the Lacedæmonian seems to have the same meaning; who, when Diagoras the Rhodian, who had himself been a conqueror at the Olympick games, saw two of his own sons conquerors there, he approached the old man, and congratulating him, said, You should die now, Diagoras, for no greater happiness can attend you. The Greeks look on these, as great things; perhaps they think too high of them, rather did so then. He, who said this to Diagoras, looking on it as something very extraordinary, that three out of

one family should have been conquerors there, thought it could answer no purpose to him, to continue any longer here, exposed only to a reverse of fortune.

XLVI. I might have given a satisfactory answer in this point, with few words, as you allowed the dead were not miserable: But I have laboured it the more for this reason, because this is our greatest consolation in the losing and bewailing of our friends. For we ought to bear with discretion, any grief that arises from ourselves, or on our own account, lest we should seem to be influenced by self-love. But should we suspect our departed friends to be under those evils, which they are generally imagined to be, and to be sensible of them, such a suspicion would give us intolerable uneasiness: I wanted, for my own sake, to pluck up this opinion by the root; and on that account I have been perhaps too tedious.

XLVII. *A.* You too tedious? not indeed, to me. I was induced by the former part of your speech, to wish to die; by the latter, to be indifferent, or at least not to be uneasy about it. But on the whole I am convinced that there can be no evil in death.

*M.* Do you expect that I should give you  
an

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an epilogue, like the Rhetoricians, or shall I forego that art? *A.* I would not have you give over an art you have set off to such advantage; and you was in the right in that, for, to speak the truth, it has set you off. But what is that epilogue? for I should be glad to hear it whatever it is. *M.* It is customary in the schools, to produce the opinions of the immortal Gods on death; nor are these opinions the fruits of imagination alone, but have the authority of Herodotus and many others. Cleobis and Biton are the first they mention, sons of the Argive priestess; it is a known story; as it was necessary she should be drawn in a chariot, to a certain stated sacrifice, solemnized at a temple, some considerable distance from the town, and the cattle that drew it, went very slowly, those two young men I mentioned, pulling off their garments, and anointing their bodies with oyl, applied themselves to the yoke: The Priestess being thus conveyed to the temple drawn by her two sons, is said to have entreated the Goddess to bestow on them, for their piety, the greatest gift that a God could confer: the young men, after having feasted with their mother, fell asleep; and in the morning they were found dead. Trophonius and Agamedes are said to have put up the same petition, who  
having

having built a temple to Apollo at Delphi, supplicating the God, desired of him some extraordinary reward for their care and labour, particularizing nothing, but only what was best for men. Apollo signified that he would bestow it the third day at sun-rising; on that day they were found dead. This they say was the particular determination of that God, to whom the rest of the Deities have assigned the province of divining.

XLVIII. There is another little story told of Silenus, who, when taken prisoner by Midas, is said to have made him this present, for his ransom; he informed him, that never to have been born, was by far the greatest blessing that could happen to man; the nearest to it, was, to die very soon: Which very opinion Euripides makes use of in his *Cressphon*,

*When man is born, 'tis fit with solemn shew,  
We speak our sense of his approaching woe;  
With other gestures, and a different eye,  
Proclaim our pleasure when he's bid to die.*

There is something like this in Crantor's Consolation; for he saith, that Terinæus of Elyfia, bemoaning heavily the loss of his son, came to a place of divination to inform

to inform himself why he was visited with so great affliction, and received in his tablet these three verses:

*Thou foot to murmur at Euthynous' death!  
The blooming youth to fate resigns his breath:  
That fate, whereon your happiness depends,  
At once the parent and the son befriends.*

On these and such like authorities they affirm this cause to have been determined by the Gods. But Alcidamas, an ancient Rhetorician, of great reputation, wrote even in praise of death; by recounting the evils of life; he has much of the orator, but was unacquainted with the more refined arguments of the philosophers. With the Rhetoricians indeed to die for our country, is always not only glorious, but happy: They go back as far as Erectheus, whose very daughters underwent death, for the safety of their fellow citizens: They instance Codrus, who threw himself into the midst of his enemies, dressed like a common man, that his royal robes might not betray him; because the oracle had declared the Athenians conquerors, if their king was slain. Menæceus is not overlooked by them, who, on the publishing of an oracle, freely gave up his blood to his country. Iphigenia ordered herself to be conveyed to Aulis, to be sacrificed, that her blood might be the means of spilling that of  
her

her enemies. From hence they proceed to instances of a fresher date. Harmodius and Aristogiton, Leonidas the Lacedæmonian, and Epaminondas the Theban, are much talked of; they were not acquainted, with the many instances in our country, to give a list of whom, would take up too much time; so great is the number of those to whom an honourable death was always desirable. Notwithstanding it is thus, we must use much persuasion, and a loftier strain of eloquence to bring men to begin to wish to die, or to cease to be afraid of death. For if that last day doth not occasion an entire extinction, but a change of place only, what can be more desirable? But if it destroys, and absolutely puts an end to us, what is preferable to the having a deep sleep fall on us, in the midst of the fatigues of life, and thus overtaken to sleep to eternity? which should it be the case, Ennius's speech exceeds Solon's; for our Ennius saith,

*Let none bestow upon my passing bier  
One needless sigh, or unavailing tear.*

But that wise man,

*Let me not unlamented die, but o'er my bier  
Burst forth the tender sigh, the friendly tear.*

Should it indeed be our case to know the time

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appointed

appointed by God for us to die, let us prepare ourselves for it, with a pleasant and grateful mind, as those who are delivered from a jail, and eased from their fetters, to go back to their eternal and (without dispute) their own habitation; or to be divested of all sense and trouble. But should we not be acquainted with this decree, yet should we be so disposed, as to look on that last hour as happy for us, tho' shocking to our friends; and never imagine that to be an evil, which is an appointment of the immortal Gods, or of nature, the common parent of all. For it is not by hazard or without design that we have a being here; but doubtless there is a certain power, concerned for human nature; which would neither have produced nor provided for a being, which after having gone through the labours of life, was to fall into an eternal evil by death. Let us rather infer, that we have a retreat and haven prepared for us, which, I wish, we could make for, with crouded sails; but tho' the winds should not serve, yet we shall of course gain it, tho' somewhat later. But how can that be miserable for one which all must undergo? I have given you an epilogue, that you might not think I had overlooked or neglected any thing. *A.*

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I am persuaded you have not; and indeed that epilogue has confirmed me. *M.* I am glad it has had that effect; but it is now time to consult our healths; to-morrow, and all the time we continue here, let us consider this subject; and principally that which may ease our pain, alleviate our fears, and lessen our desires, which is the greatest advantage we can reap from the whole of philosophy.

The End of the first Book.

G 2 THE



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T H E  
TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS  
O F  
Marcus Tullius Cicero.

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B O O K II.

*On bearing PAIN.*

I. **N**EOPTOLEMUS in Ennius indeed saith, that the study of philosophy, moderately pursued, was expedient for him; but to give himself up entirely to it, was what he did not approve of. As to my part, BRUTUS, I am perfectly persuaded that it is expedient for me to philosophize; for what can I do better, having no employ? but I am not for proceeding but a little way in it, like him: For it is difficult to acquire the knowledge of

a little, without acquainting yourself with many, or all its branches; nor can you well select that little but out of a great number: Nor can any one who has acquired some knowledge thereof, avoid endeavouring at more, with the same inclination. But in a life of business, like Neoptolemus's, and in a military way, that little may have its use, and yield fruit, tho' not so plentifully as the whole of philosophy; yet such as in some degree may at times lessen our desires, our sorrows, and our fears: Just as the effect of our late Tusculan disputations seemed to be a great contempt of death; which (contempt) is of no small efficacy to the ridding the mind of fear: For whoever dreads what cannot be avoided, can by no means live with any satisfaction. But he who is under no fear of death, not only from the necessity of dying, but from a persuasion that death itself hath nothing terrible in it, has very great security for a happy life. However, I am not ignorant, that many will strenuously oppose us; which can be no otherwise avoided than by not writing at all. For if my orations, which were addressed to the judgment and approbation of the people, (for that is a popular art, and the effect of oratory is popular applause), encountered some who are inclined to withhold their praise from every thing but what they are  
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are persuaded they can attain to themselves, and who confine good speaking to what they may hope to reach, and who declare, when they are overwhelm'd with a flow of words and sentences, that they prefer the utmost poverty of thought and expression to that plenty and copiousness; (from whence arose the kind of Attic oratory, which they who professed it were strangers to, and which is already silenced, and laughed out of the very courts of justice); what may I not expect, when at present I cannot have the least countenance from the people, by which I was upheld before? For philosophy is satisfied with a few judges, of herself industriously avoiding the multitude; who are jealous of it, and utterly displeas'd with it: So that, should any one undertake to cry down the whole, he would have the people on his side; or should he attack that, which I particularly profess, he might have assistance from the schools of the other philosophers. But I have answered the detractors of philosophy in general, in my Hortensius. What I had to say in favour of the Academicks, is, I think, sufficiently explained in my Academicks.

II. But yet I am so far from desiring that none should write against me, that it is what I most earnestly covet; for philosophy had never been in such esteem in Greece itself, but

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from the strength it acquired from the contentions and disputations of their learned; therefore I recommend to all who have abilities, to snatch this art also, from declining Greece, and transport it to us; as our Ancestors by their study and industry imported all their other arts, which were worth having. Thus the praise of oratory, raised from a low degree, is arrived at such perfection, that it must now decline; and, as is the nature of all things, verge to its dissolution, in a very short time. Let philosophy then, from this time spring afresh in the Latin tongue, and let us lend it our assistance, and let us bear patiently to be contradicted and refuted; which they dislike who are devoted to certain determined opinions, and are under such obligations to maintain them, that tho' they can support them by no arguments, they are forced to abide by them, to avoid the imputation of fickleness. We who pursue only probabilities, and cannot go beyond what is likely, can confute others without obstinacy, and are prepared to be confuted ourselves without resentment. Besides, were these studies brought home to us, we should not want Greek libraries, in which there is an infinite number of books, by reason of the multitude of authors among them; for it is a common practice with many to repeat

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the same things which have been wrote by others, which serves no purpose, but to stuff their selves: and this will be our case, if many apply themselves to this study. But let us excite those, if possible, who have had a liberal education, and are masters of an elegant style, and philosophize with reason and method.

III. For there is a farther certain tribe who would willingly be called philosophers, whose books in our language are said to be numerous, which I do not despise, for indeed I never read them: but because the authors themselves declare that they write without any regularity or method, without elegance or ornament: I do not chuse to read what is so void of entertainment. There is no one in the least acquainted with letters but knows the style and sentiments of that school; wherefore since they are at no pains about expression, I do not see why they should be read by any but one another: let them read them, if they please, who are of the same opinions: For as all read Plato, and the other Socratics, with those who sprung from them, even they who do not allow of their opinions, or are very indifferent about them, but scarce any, except their own disciples, take Epicurus, or Metrodorus into their hands; so they alone read these Latin books, who allow

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of their tenets. But, in my opinion, whatever is published, should be recommended to the reading of every man of learning; and tho' we may not succeed in this ourselves, yet nevertheless we must be sensible that this ought to be the aim of every writer. I am pleased with the manner of the Peripatetics, and Academics, of disputing on both sides of the question; not solely from its being the only method of discovering the probable, but because it affords the greatest scope for reasoning; a method that Aristotle first made use of, afterwards all the Aristotelians; and in our memory Philo, whom we have often heard, appointed one time to treat of the precepts of the Rhetoricians, another for philosophy; to which custom I was brought to conform by means of my friends at my Tusculum, where our leisure time was spent in this manner. So that as we did yesterday, before noon we applied ourselves to speaking; and in the afternoon went down into the Academy: The disputations held there I have acquainted you with, not in a narrative way, but almost in the same words in which they were carried on.

IV. The discourse then was introduced in this manner, whilst we were walking, and the exordium was somewhat thus. *A.* It is not to

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be expressed how much I was delighted, or rather edified by your discourse of yesterday. Tho' I am conscious to myself that I was never over-fond of life, yet at times, when I have considered that there would be an end to this life, and that I must some time or other part with all its good things, a dread and uneasiness has intruded on my thoughts; but now, believe me, I am so freed from that kind of uneasiness, that I think it not worth any regard. *M.* I am not at all surprized at that, for it is the effect of philosophy, which is the medicine of our souls; it discharges all groundless apprehensions, frees us from desires, drives away fears: but it has not the same influence over all; it exerts itself most, when it falls in with a disposition proper for it. For fortune doth not alone, as the old proverb is, assist the bold, but reason more so; which, by certain precepts, as it were confirms even courage itself. You was born naturally great and soaring, and with a contempt for all things here; therefore a discourse against death had an easy possession of a brave soul. But do you imagine that these same arguments have any force with those very persons who have invented, canvassed and published them, excepting indeed some few particular persons? For how few philosophers will you meet with, whose life and  
manners

manners are conformable to the dictates of reason? who look on their profession, not as a means of displaying their learning, but as a rule for their practice? who follow their own precepts, and comply with their own decrees? You may see some of that levity, that vanity, that it would have been better for them to have been ignorant; some covetous of money, some ambitious, many slaves to their lusts; so that their discourses and their actions are most strangely at variance; than which nothing in my opinion is more unbecoming; for it is just as if one who professed teaching grammar, should speak with impropriety; or a master of music, sing out of tune; it has the worse appearance, because he acts contrary to his profession: So a philosopher, who errs in the conduct of his life, is the more infamous, because he mistakes in the very thing he pretends to teach, and whilst he lays down rules to regulate life by, is irregular in his own life.

V. *A.* Should this be the case, is it not to be feared that you are dressing up philosophy in false colours? for what stronger argument can there be, that it is of little use, than, that some compleat philosophers live immorally?

*M.* That indeed, is no argument, for as all fields are not fruitful, because manured; and this

this sentiment of Accius is false, and asserted without any foundation,

*The ground you sow on, is of small avail;*

*To yield a crop good seed can never fail.*

So all minds do not answer their culture: and to go on with the comparison, as the field naturally fruitful cannot produce a crop, without dressing, so neither can the mind, without improvement; 'Such is the weakness of either without the other. Whereas philosophy is the culture of the mind: This it is which plucks up vices by the roots; prepares the mind for the receiving of seed, commits them to it, or, as I may say, sows them, that, when come to maturity, they may produce a plentiful harvest: Let us proceed then as we begun; say, if you please, what shall be the subject of our disputation. *A.* I look on pain to be the greatest of all evils. *M.* What, greater than infamy? *A.* I dare not indeed assert that, and I blush to think I am so soon driven from my opinion. *M.* You would have had greater reason for blushing, had you persevered in it; for what is so unbecoming? what can appear worse to you, than disgrace, wickedness, immorality? To avoid which, what pain should we not only not refuse, but willingly take on ourselves? *A.* I am entirely of that opinion,

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opinion; but notwithstanding that pain is not the greatest evil, yet surely it is an evil. *M.* Do you perceive then how much of the terror of pain you have given up on a small hint? *A.* I see that plainly, but I should be glad to give up more of it. *M.* I will endeavour at it, but it is a great undertaking, and I must have no contradiction. *A.* You shall have none; as I behaved yesterday, so now I will follow reason wherever she leads.

VI. First then, I will speak to the weakness of some, and the various sects of philosophers; the head of whom, both in authority and antiquity, was Aristippus, the Socratic, who hesitated not to say, that pain was the greatest of all evils. Next Epicurus easily gave into this effeminate and enervated opinion. After him Hieronymus the Rhodian, said, that to be without pain was the chief good, so great an evil did pain appear to him. The rest, excepting Zeno, Aristo, Pyrrho, were pretty much of the same opinion you was of just now, that it was indeed an evil, but there were many worse. Therefore what nature herself, and every generous soul disavows, that pain should be called the greatest of evils, and which you yourself renounced when infamy appeared in contrast to it, is this what philosophy the mistress of life continues to maintain

maintain for so many ages? What duty of life, what praise, what reputation would be of such consequence, that a man should be desirous of gaining it at the expence of submitting to bodily pain, when he considers pain as the greatest evil? On the other side, what disgrace, what ignominy would he not submit to, that he might avoid pain, when persuaded, that it was the greatest of evils? Besides, what person, who looks on pain as the greatest of evils, is not miserable, not only when he actually feels pain, but when he reflects that it may befall him? hence it follows that every man is miserable. Metrodorus indeed thinks him perfectly happy, whose body is free from all disorders, and has an assurance that it will always continue so; but who is there can be assured of that?

VII Epicurus truly saith such things as if his design was to make people laugh; for he affirms somewhere, that *if a wise man was to be burned, or put to the torture; you expect perhaps, he should say that he would bear it, that he would support himself under it with resolution! that, so help me, Hercules! would be very commendable and becoming that very Hercules I adjured; but this will not satisfy Epicurus, a robust and hardy man! No, if he*

was

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was in Phalaris's Bull, he would say, how sweet it is? how little do I regard it! What sweet? is it not sufficient, if it is not disagreeable? but those very men who deny pain to be an evil, to say, that it is agreeable to any one to be tormented; they rather say, that it is hard, afflicting, unnatural, but yet no evil. He who saith it is the only evil, and the very worst of all evils, yet thinks a wise man would pronounce it sweet. I do not require of you to speak of pain in the same words which Epicurus doth, a man as you know devoted to pleasure; he may make no difference if he pleases, between Phalaris's Bull, and his own bed: But I cannot allow this wise man to be so indifferent about pain. If he bears it with courage, it is sufficient; that he should rejoice in it, I do not expect; for pain is certainly sharp, bitter, against nature, hard to submit to, and bear. Observe Philoctetes: we may allow him to lament, for he saw Hercules himself grieving loudly thro' extremity of pain on mount Oeta: the arrows Hercules presented him with, were then no consolation to him, when

*The vipers bite, impregnating his veins  
With poison, rack'd him with its bitter pains.*

And

And therefore he cries out, desiring help, and wishing to die,

*Oh! that some friendly hand its aid would lend,*

*Mybody from this rock's vast height to send*

*Into the briny deep; I'm all on fire,*

*And by this fatal wound, must soon expire.*

It is hard to say, he was not oppressed with evil, and great evil too! who was obliged to cry out in this manner.

VIII. But let us observe Hercules himself, who was subdued by pain, at the very time he was in quest of immortality by dying. What words doth Sophocles here put in his mouth, in his Trachiniæ? who, when Deianira had put upon him a tunick dyed in the centaur's blood, and it stuck to his entrails, saith,

*What tortures I endure, no words can tell,  
Far greater these, than those which erst be-  
fell,*

*From the dire terror of thy consort, Jove;*

*E'en stern Eurystheus' dire commands above;*

*This of thy daughter, Oeneus, is the fruit,*

*Beguiling me with her envenom'd suit,*

*Whose close embrace, doth on my entrails prey,*

*Consuming life; my lungs forbids to play;*

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*The blood forsakes my veins, my manly heart  
 Forgets to beat; enervated each part,  
 Neglects its office, whilst my fatal doom,  
 Proceeds ignobly, from the weaver's loom.  
 The hand of foe, ne'er hurt me, nor the fierce  
 Giant, issuing from his parent earth.*

*Ne'er could the Centaur such a blow enforce,  
 No barbarous foe, nor all the Grecian force;  
 This arm no savage people could withstand,  
 Whose realms I travers'd, to reform the land.  
 Thus, tho' I ever bore a manly heart,  
 I fall a victim to a woman's art.*

*Assist, my son, if thou that name dost bear,  
 My groans preferring to thy mother's tear;  
 Convey her here, if, in thy pious heart,  
 Thy mother shares not an unequal part:  
 Proceed, be bold, thy father's fate bemoan,  
 Nations will join, you will not weep alone.  
 O what a sight is this same briny source,  
 Unknown before, thro' all my labour's course?  
 That virtue, which could brave each toil but  
 late,*

*With woman's weakness now bewails its fate.  
 Approach, my son, behold thy father laid,  
 A wither'd carcase, that implores thy aid;  
 Let all behold! and thou, imperious Jove,  
 On me direct thy light'ning from above:  
 Now all its force the poison doth assume,  
 And my burnt entrails with its flame consume.*

Crest

*Crest fallen, un-embrac'd I now let fall,  
 Listless, those hands that lately conquer'd all;  
 When the Nemæan lion own'd their force,  
 And he, indignant fell a breathless corpse:  
 The serpent slew, of the Lernean lake,  
 As did the Hydra of its forcè partake:  
 By this too fell the Erymanthian boar:  
 E'en Cerberus did his weak strength deplore.  
 This sinewy arm did overcome with ease  
 That dragon, guardian of the golden fleece;  
 My many conquests let some others trace;  
 It's mine to say, I never knew disgrace.*

Can we then despise pain, when we see Hercules in such intolerable pain?

IX. Let us see what Æschylus says, who was not only a poet, but according to report a Pythagorean philosopher: How doth he make Prometheus bear the pain he suffered for the Lemnian theft, when he clandestinely stole away the celestial fire, and bestowed it on men, and was severely punished by Jupiter for the theft. Fastened to mount Caucasus he speaks thus,

*Thou heav'n-born race of Titans here fast bound,  
 Behold thy brother! as the sailors found  
 With care the bottom, and their ships confine  
 To some safe shore, with anchor and with line:*

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*So, by Jove's dread decree, the God of fire  
Confines me here, the victim of Jove's ire,  
With baneful art, his dire machine he shapes,  
From such a God, what mortal e'er escapes?  
When each third day shall triumph o'er the  
night,*

*Then doth the vulture with his talons light,  
Seizing my entrails; which in raw'nous guise,  
He preys on! then, with wings extended flies  
Aloft, and brushes with his plumes the gore:  
But when dire Jove my liver doth restore,  
Back he returns impetuous to his prey,  
Clapping his wings, he cuts th' ethereal way.  
Thus do I nourish with my blood this pest,  
Confin'd my arms, unable to contest,  
Intreating only, that in pity Jove  
Would take my life, and this curs'd plague  
remove.*

*But endless ages past, unheard my moan,  
Sooner shall drops dissolve this very stone.*

We scarce think it possible not to call one affected in this manner, miserable; if such a one is miserable, then pain is an evil.

X. A. Hitherto you are on my side; I will see to that by and by; in the mean while whence are those verses? I do not remember them. M. I will inform you, for you are in the right to ask; you see that I have much leisure.

leisure. *A.* What then? *M.* I imagine, when you was at Athens, you attended frequently the schools of the philosophers? *A.* Yes, and with great pleasure. *M.* You observed then, tho' none of them at that time were very eloquent, yet they used to throw in verses in their harangues. *A.* Dionysius the Stoic used to apply a great many. *M.* You say right; but they were repeated without any choice or elegance. But our Philo gave you a few select lines and well adapted; wherefore since I took a fancy to this kind of elderly declamation, I am very fond of quoting our poets, and where I cannot be supplied from them, I translate from the Greek, that the Latin language may want no ornament in this kind of disputation.

XI. But do you see the ill effects of poetry? The poets introduce the bravest men lamenting over their misfortunes: they soften our minds, and they are besides so entertaining, that we do not only read them, but get them by heart. Thus, what with poetry, our want of discipline at home, and our tender and delicate manner of living, virtue is become quite enervated. Plato therefore was right in banishing them his commonwealth, where he required the best morals, and the best form of government. But we, who have all our learning

from Greece, read and learn these from our childhood; and look on this as a liberal and learned education.

XII. But why are we angry with the poets? we may find some philosophers, those masters of virtue, who taught that pain was the greatest of evils. But you, young man, when you said but just now that it appeared so to you, upon being asked, *if greater than infamy*, gave up that opinion at a word's speaking. Suppose I ask Epicurus the same question. He answers, that the least pain is a greater evil than the greatest infamy: that there is no evil in infamy itself, unless attended with pain. What pain then must attend Epicurus, when he saith this very thing, that pain is the greatest evil; for nothing can be a greater disgrace to a philosopher than to talk thus. Therefore you allowed enough, when you admitted infamy to appear to you a greater evil than pain. If you abide by this, you will see how far pain should be resisted: And that our enquiry should be, not so much whether pain be an evil, as how the mind may be fortified for resisting it. The Stoics infer from some trifling arguments, that it is no evil, as if the dispute was about a word, not the thing itself. Why do you impose upon me, Zeno? for when you deny, what appears very dreadful to me, to be an evil, I am  
deceived

deceived, and am at a loss to know why, what is to me so miserable, should be no evil. The answer is, that nothing is an evil but what is base and vicious. You return to your trifling, for you do not remove what made me uneasy. I know that pain is not vice, you need not inform me of that: but shew me, that, to be in pain or not, is all one; it has nothing to do, say you, with a happy life, for that consists of virtue alone; but yet pain is to be avoided: If I ask, Why? it is disagreeable, against nature, hard to bear, woeful and afflicting.

XIII. Here are many words to express that variously, which we call by the single word, Evil. You are defining pain, instead of removing it, when you say, it is disagreeable, unnatural, scarce to be born: nor are you wrong in saying so, but the man who vaunts thus, and maintains nothing to be good but what is honest, nothing evil but what is base, should not give way to any pain: This would be wishing, not proving. This is better, and has more truth in it, that all things which nature abhors are to be looked on as evil; what she approves of, are to be considered as good: This admitted, and the dispute about words removed, that which they with reason embrace, and which we call honest, right, becoming, and some-

times include, under the general name of virtue, would appear to such advantage, that all other things which are looked on as the gifts of fortune, or the good things of the body, would seem trifling and insignificant: No evil, nor all the collective body of evils together, would be comparable to the evil of infamy. Wherefore, if, as you granted in the beginning, infamy is worse than pain, pain is certainly nothing; for whilst it shall appear to you base, and unmanly to groan, cry out, lament, or faint under pain, whilst you have any notion of probity, dignity, honour, and keeping your eye on them, you refrain yourself; pain will certainly yield to virtue, and by the influence of imagination, will lose its whole force. For you must either give up virtue, or despise pain. Will you allow of such a virtue as prudence, without which no virtue can indeed be conceived? What then? will that suffer you to labour and take pains to no purpose? Will temperance permit you to do any thing to excess? Can justice be maintained by one, who through the force of pain betrays secrets, one that discovers his confederates, and relinquishes many duties of life? How will you act consistent with courage, and its attendants, greatness of soul, resolution, patience, a contempt for all worldly things? Can you hear  
yourself

yourself called a great man, when you lie groveling, dejected, and deploring yourself, with a lamentable voice; no one would call you a man, in such a condition: Therefore you must either quit all pretensions to courage, or pain must be laid asleep.

XIV. You know very well, that tho' part of your Corinthian furniture be gone, the remainder is safe without that; but if you lose one virtue, (tho' virtue cannot be lost); should you, I say, acknowledge that you was short in one, you would be stripped of all. Can you then call Prometheus a brave man, of a great soul, endued with patience, and steadiness above the frowns of fortune? or Philectetes, for I chuse to instance in him, rather than yourself, for he certainly was not brave, who lay in his bed, watered with his tears,

*Whose groans, bewailings, and whose bitter cries,*

*With grief incessant rend the very skies.*

I do not deny pain, to be pain; for was that the case, in what would courage consist? But I say it should be asswaged by patience, if there is such a thing as patience: if there is no such thing, why do we speak so in praise of philosophy? or why do we glory in its name? Pain vexes us, let it sting us to the heart; if you have

no defence, submit to it ; but if you are secured by Vulcanian armour, *i. e.* with resolution, oppose it ; should you fail to do so, that guardian of your honour, your courage, would forsake and leave you. By the laws of Lycurgus, and by those which were given to the Cretans by Jupiter, or which Minos received from that God, as the poets say, the youths are trained up to hunting, running, enduring hunger and thirst, cold and heat. The boys at Sparta are scourged so at the altars, that the blood follows the lash, nay, sometimes, as I heard when I was there, they are whipped to death ; and not one of them was ever heard to cry out, or so much as groan : What then ? Shall men not be able to bear what boys do ? and shall custom have more force than reason ?

XV. There is some difference betwixt labour and pain, they border upon one another, but with a distinction. Labour is a certain exercise of the mind or body, in some employ or undertaking that requires pains ; but pain is a sharp motion in the body, disagreeable to our senses. Both these the Greeks, whose language is more copious than ours, express by the common name of *Πενος*, therefore they call industrious men, pains-taking, or rather fond  
of

of labour; we, more pertinently, laborious; for there is a difference betwixt labour and pain. You see, O Greece, your barrenness of words sometimes, tho' you think you always abound. I say then, there is a difference betwixt labour and pain. When Marius was cut for a swelling in his thigh, he felt pain; when he headed his troops in a very hot season, he laboured: Yet they bear some resemblance to one another; for the accustoming ourselves to labour, makes us support pain with more ease. On this reason the founders of the Grecian form of government, provided that the bodies of their youth should be strengthened by labour, which custom the Spartans transferred even to their women, who in other cities are more delicately cloathed, and not exposed to the air: But it was otherwise with them.

*The Spartan women, with a manly air,  
Fatigues and dangers with their husbands  
share;*

*They in fantastic sports have no delight,  
Partners with them in exercise and fight.*

In these laborious exercises pain interferes sometimes, they are thrown down, receive blows, have bad falls and are bruised, and the labour itself hardens them against pain.

XVI. As to military service, (I speak of our own, not the Spartans, for they marched slow

to the sound of the flute, and scarce a word of command was given without an anaapest;) you may see whence the very name of an army (*Exercitus*) is derived; great is the labour of an army on its march, then consider that they carry more than a fortnight's provision, and whatever else they may want: then the burthen of the stakes, for as to shield, sword, or helmet, they look on them as no more incumbrance than their own limbs, for they say arms are the limbs of a soldier, which they carry so commodiously, that when there is occasion they throw down their burdens, and use their arms as readily as their limbs. What is the exercises of the legions? What labour in their running, encounters, shouts! Hence it is, that they make so slight of wounds in action. Take a soldier of equal bravery, but unexercised, and he will seem a woman; but why should there be this sensible difference betwixt a raw man, and an old soldier? It is true, the age of young soldiers is for the most part preferable, but it is practice that enables them to bear labour, and despise wounds. Thus you see, when the wounded are carried off the field, the raw untried soldier, though but slightly wounded, cries out most shamefully, but the more brave experienced veteran,  
only

only enquires for some one to dress his wounds, and says,

*Patroclus to thy aid I must appeal,  
Ere worse ensue, my bleeding wounds to heal;  
The sons of Æsculapius are employ'd,  
No room for me, so many are annoy'd.*

XVII. This is certainly Eurypilus himself, experienced man! — Whilst his friend is continually enlarging on his sorrows, you may observe that he is so far from weeping, that he assigns a reason why he should bear his wounds with patience.

*Who at his enemy a stroke directs,  
His sword to light upon himself expects.*

Patroclus I imagine, were he a man, would lead him off to his chamber to bind up his wounds; but not a word of that, for he enquires how it went.

*Say how the Argives bear themselves in fight?*  
He could not express their toils so well by words, as what he had suffered himself.

*Peace! and my wounds bind up;*  
But tho' Eurypilus could not, Æsopus could.

*Where Hector's fortune press'd our yielding  
troops,*

and

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and he explains the rest, tho' in pain ; so unbounded is military glory in a brave man ! Cannot a wise and learned man atchieve what this old soldier could ? yes, indeed ; and in a much better way ; but at present I confine myself to custom and practice. I am not yet come to speak of reason and philosophy. You may often hear of diminutive old women living without victuals three or four days ; but take away a wrestler's provision but for one day, he will implore Jupiter Olympius, the very God for whom he exercises himself : he will cry out, It is intolerable. Great is the force of custom ! Sportsmen will continue whole nights in the snow : they will bear being parched upon the mountains. By custom the boxers will not so much as utter a groan, however bruised by the cestus. But what do you think of those who put a victory in the Olympicks on a footing with the Consulate formerly ? What wounds will the gladiators bear who are either Barbarians, or the dregs of men ? How do they who are trained to it, prefer being wounded to the basely avoiding it ? How often do they appear to consider nothing but the giving satisfaction to their masters or the people ? for when covered with wounds, they send to their masters to learn their pleasure ; if it is their will, they are ready to lie down and die.