What ordinary gladiator ever gave a ſigh? who ever turned pale? Who ever diſgraced himſelf either on his legs, or when down? who that was on the ground ever drew in his neck to avoid the ſtroke? ſo great is the force of practice, deliberation and cuſtom! ſhall this then be done by

*A Samnite raſcal, worthy his employ?*

And ſhall a man born to glory have ſo ſoft a part in his ſoul as not to be able to fortify himſelf by reaſon and reflection? The ſight of the gladiator's combats is by ſome looked on as cruel and inhuman, and I do not know, as it is at preſent managed, but it may be ſo; but when the guilty fought, we *might* receive by our ears perhaps, by our eyes we *could not*, better inſtructions to harden us againſt pain and death.

XVIII. I have now done with exerciſe, cuſtom, and a ſenſe of honour; proceed we now to conſider the force of reaſon, unleſs you have ſomething to reply to what has been ſaid. *A.* That I ſhould interrupt you! by no means; for your diſcourſe has brought me over to your opinion. It is the Stoics buſineſs then to determine if pain be an evil or not, who endeavour to ſhew by ſome ſtrained and trifling concluſions, which are nothing to the purpoſe,

purpoſe, that pain is no evil. My opinion is, that whatever it is, it is not ſo great as it appears; and I ſay, that men are influenced more by ſome falſe repreſentations and appearance of it, and that all which is felt really is tolerable. Where ſhall I begin then? ſhall I ſuperficially go over what I ſaid before, that my diſcourſe may have a greater ſcope?

This then is agreed on by all, both by the learned and unlearned, that it becomes the brave and magnanimous, thoſe that have patience and a ſpirit above this world, not to give way to pain; and every one commends a man who bears it thus. Whatever then is expected from a brave man, and is commendable in him, it would be baſe in any one to be afraid of at its approach, or not to bear when it came. But I would have you be aware, that all the right affections of the ſoul come under the name of virtues; this is not properly the name of them all, but that they all have their name from ſome leading virtue: for virtue comes from *vir* the Latin name of a man, and courage is the peculiar diſtinction of a man. Now there are two diſtinct offices in this, a contempt of death, and of pain. We muſt then provide ourſelves with theſe; if we would be men of virtue, or rather, if we would be men, becauſe virtue takes its very name from *vir*, i. e. man.

XIX.

XIX. You may enquire perhaps how? and ſuch an enquiry is not amiſs, for philoſophy is ready with her aſſiſtance. Epicurus offers himſelf to you, far from a bad man, or rather a very good one; he adviſes no more than he knows; Deſpiſe, ſaith he, pain. Who is it ſaith this? the ſame who calls pain the greateſt of all evils, not very conſiſtently indeed. Let us hear him. If the pain is at the height, it muſt needs be ſhort.—I muſt have that over again, for I do not apprehend what you mean by, *at the height* or *ſhort*. That is at the height, than which nothing is higher; that is ſhort, than which nothing is ſhorter. I do not regard the greatneſs of any pain, from which, by the ſhortneſs of its continuance, I ſhall be delivered almoſt before it reaches me. But if the pain be as great as that of Philoctetes, it will appear great indeed to me, but yet not the greateſt I am capable of; for the pain is confined to my foot: but my eye may pain me, I may have a pain in the head, ſides, lungs, every part of me. It is far then from being at the height, therefore, ſays he, pain of a long continuance has more pleaſure in it than uneaſineſs. Now I cannot bring myſelf to ſay, ſo great a man talks nonſenſe, but I imagine he laughs at us. My opinion is, that the greateſt

pain (I ſay, the greateſt, though it may be ten atoms leſs than another) is not therefore ſhort becauſe acute; I could name you a great many good men who have been tormented many years with the acuteſt pains of the gout. But this cautious man doth not determine the meaſure of that greatneſs; nor, as I know, doth he fix what he means by *great* with regard to the pain, nor *ſhort* with reſpect to its continuance. Let us paſs him by then as one who ſays juſt nothing at all; and let us force him to acknowledge, notwithſtanding he might behave himſelf ſomewhat boldly under his cholick and his ſtrangury, that no remedy againſt pain can be had from him who looks on pain as the greateſt of all evils. We muſt apply then for relief elſewhere, and no where better to all appearance than from thoſe who place the chief good in honeſty, and the greateſt evil in infamy. You dare not ſo much as groan, or diſcover the leaſt uneaſineſs in their company, for virtue itſelf ſpeaks to you through them.

XX. Will you, when you may obſerve children at Lacedæmon, young men at Olympia, Barbarians in the Amphitheatre, receive deep wounds, and never once open their mouths; will you, I ſay, when any pain twitches you,

you, cry out like a woman? ſhould you not rather bear it with reſolution and conſtancy? and not cry, It is intolerable, nature cannot bear it. I hear what you ſay, Boys bear this, led thereto by glory: ſome bear it through ſhame, many through fear; and do we imagine that nature cannot bear what is born by many, and in ſuch different circumſtances? Nature not only bears it, but challenges it, for there is nothing with her preferable to it, nothing ſhe deſires more than credit and reputation, than praiſe, than honour, and glory. I was deſirous of deſcribing this under many names, and I have uſed many, that you may have the clearer idea of it; for I meant to ſay, that whatever is deſirable of itſelf, proceeding from virtue, or placed in virtue, and commendable on its own account (which I ſhould ſooner call the only good than the chief good) is what men ſhould prefer above all things. As we declare thus of honeſty, the contrary is due to infamy: nothing is ſo odious, ſo deteſtable, nothing ſo unworthy a man, which if you are convinced of (for at the beginning of this diſcourſe you allowed, that there appeared to you more evil in infamy than in pain) what remains is, that you have the command over yourſelf:

XXI. Though the expreſſion may not ſeem

juſtifiable to bid you divide yourſelf, aſſign to one part of man command, to the other ſubmiſſion, yet it is not without its elegancy. For the ſoul admits of a two-fold diviſion, one of which partakes of reaſon, the other is without it; when therefore we are ordered to give a law to ourſelves, the meaning is, that reaſon ſhould reſtrain our raſhneſs. Every ſoul of man has naturally ſomething ſoft, low, enervated in a manner, and languid. Was there nothing beſides this, men would be the greateſt of monſters; but there is preſent to every man reaſon, which preſides and gives law to all, which by improving itſelf, and making continual advances, becomes perfect virtue. It behoves a man then to take care, that reaſon has the command over that part to which obedience is aſſigned; as a maſter over his ſlave, a general over his army, a father over his ſon. If that part of the ſoul miſbehaves, which I call ſoft, if it gives itſelf up to lamentations and womaniſh tears, it ſhould be reſtrained, and committed to the care of friends and relations, for we often ſee thoſe brought to order by ſhame, whom no reaſons can affect. Therefore we ſhould confine thoſe, like our ſervants in ſafe cuſtody with chains. But thoſe who have more reſolution, yet are not ſo ſtout as they

ſhould

ſhould be; we ſhould encourage with our advice, to behave as good ſoldiers, recollecting themſelves to maintain their honour. That wiſe man at Greece, in the Niptræ, doth not lament too much over his wounds, or rather he is moderate in his grief.

*Move ſlow, my friends, your haſty ſpeed refrain,*
*Leſt by your motion you encreaſe my pain.*

Pacuvius is better in this than Sophocles, for with him Ulyſſes bemoans his wounds too lamentably; for the very people who carried him after he was wounded, though his grief was moderate, yet conſidering the dignity of the man, did not ſcruple to ſay,

*E'en thou, Ulyſſes, long to war inur'd,*
*Thy wounds, tho' great, too feebly haſt endur'd.*

The wiſe poet underſtood that cuſtom was no contemptible inſtructor how to bear pain. But the ſame complains with more decency, though in great pain.

*Aſſiſt, ſupport me, never leave me ſo;*
*Unbind my wounds, oh! execrable woe!*

He begins to give way, but inſtantly checks himſelf.

*Away, begone, but cover firſt the ſore;*
*For your rude hands but make my pains the more.*

Do you obſerve how he conſtrains himſelf, not that his bodily pains were leſs, but he corrects the ſenſe of them? Therefore in the concluſion of the Niptræ he blames others, even when he was dying.

*Complaint on fortune may become the man,*
*None but a woman will thus weeping ſtand.*

That ſoft place in his ſoul obeys his reaſon, as an abaſhed ſoldier doth his ſtern commander.

XXII. Whenever a compleatly wiſe man ſhall appear (ſuch indeed, we have never as yet ſeen, but the philoſophers have deſcribed, in their writings, what ſort of man he is to be, if ever he is); ſuch an one, or at leaſt his perfect reaſon, will have the ſame authority over the inferior part as a good parent has over his dutiful children, he will bring it to obey his nod, without any trouble or pains. He will rouſe himſelf, prepare and arm himſelf to oppoſe pain as he would an enemy. If you enquire what arms he will provide himſelf with; he will ſtruggle with his pain, aſſume a reſolution, will reaſon with himſelf; he will ſay thus to himſelf,

himſelf, Take care that you are guilty of nothing baſe, languid, or unmanly. He will turn over in his mind all the different kinds of honeſty. Zeno of Elea will be preſented to him, who ſuffered every thing rather than betray his confederates in the deſign of putting an end to the tyranny. He will reflect on Anaxarchus, the Democritian, who having fallen into the hands of Nicocreon king of Cyprus, without the leaſt entreaty or refuſal ſubmitted to every kind of torture. Calanus, the Indian will occur to him, an ignorant man, and a Barbarian, born at the foot of Mount Caucaſus, who committed himſelf to the flames by a free voluntary act. But we, if we have the tooth-ach, or a pain in the foot, or if the body be any ways affected, cannot bear it. Our ſentiments of pain as well as pleaſure, are ſo trifling and effeminate, we are ſo enervated and diſſolved, that we cannot bear the ſting of a bee without crying out. But C. Marius, a plain countryman, but of a manly ſoul, when he was cut, as I mentioned above, at firſt refuſed to be tied down, and he is the firſt inſtance of any one's being cut without tying down; why did others bear this afterwards from the force of examples? You ſee then pain is more in opinion than nature, and yet

the ſame Marius is a proof that there is ſomething very ſharp in pain, for he would not ſubmit to have the other thigh cut. So that he bore his pain with reſolution; but as a man, he was not willing to undergo any greater without evident cauſe. The whole then conſiſts in this, to have the command over yourſelf: I have already told you what kind of command this is, and by conſidering what is moſt conſiſtent with patience, fortitude, and greatneſs of ſoul, a man not only refrains himſelf, but by ſome means or other even mitigates pain itſelf.

XXIII. Even as in a battle, the daſtardly and timorous ſoldier throws away his ſhield on the firſt appearance of an enemy, and runs as faſt as he can, and on that account loſes his life ſometimes, though his body is never touched, when he who ſtands his ground meets with nothing like this: So, they who cannot bear the appearances of pain, throw themſelves away, and give themſelves up to affliction and diſmay. But they that oppoſe it, are often more than a match for it. For the body has a certain reſemblance to the ſoul: as burdens are the eaſier born the more the body is exerted, and they cruſh us if we give way; ſo the ſoul by exerting itſelf reſiſts the whole weight that

that would oppreſs it; but if it yields, it is ſo preſſed, that it cannot ſupport itſelf. And if we conſider things truly, the ſoul ſhould exert itſelf in every purſuit, for that is the only ſecurity for its doing its duty. But this ſhould be principally regarded in pain, not to do any thing timidly, daſtardly, baſely, or flaviſhly, or effeminately, and above all things we ſhould diſmiſs and diſcharge that Philoctetean clamour. A man is allowed ſometimes to groan, but yet ſeldom, but it is not ſufferable even in a woman to howl; and this is the very funeral lamentation which is forbid by the twelve tables. Nor doth a wiſe or brave man ever groan unleſs when he exerts himſelf to give his reſolution greater force, as they that run in the ſtadium, make as much noiſe as they can. It is the ſame with the wreſtlers; but the boxers when they aim a blow with the ceſtus at their adverſary, give a groan, not becauſe they are in pain, or from a ſinking of their ſpirits, but becauſe their whole body is upon the ſtretch when they throw out theſe groans, and the blow comes the ſtronger.

XXIV. What? they who would ſpeak louder than ordinary, are they ſatisfied with working their jaws, ſides, or tongue,

or ſtretching the common organs of ſpeech? the whole body is at full ſtretch, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, every nerve is exerted to aſſiſt their voice. I have actually ſeen M. Anthony's knee touch the ground when he was ſpeaking with vehemence for himſelf, with relation to the Varian law. As the engines you throw ſtones or darts with, throw them out with the greater force the more they are ſtrained and drawn back, ſo it is in ſpeaking, running, or boxing, the more people ſtrain themſelves, the greater their force. Since therefore this exertion has ſo much attributed to it, we ſhould apply it in pain, if it helps to ſtrengthen the mind. But if it is a groan of lamentation, if it is weakneſs or abjectneſs; I ſhould ſcarce call him a man who complied with it. For even ſuppoſing that ſuch groaning give any eaſe, it ſhould be conſidered, whether it was conſiſtent with a brave and reſolute man. But, if it doth not eaſe our pain, why ſhould we debaſe ourſelves to no purpoſe? for what is more unbecoming in a man than to cry like a woman? But this precept about pain is not confined to that; we ſhould apply this exertion of the ſoul to every thing elſe. Doth anger, rage, or luſt prevail? We ſhould have recourſe to the ſame magazine, and apply to the ſame arms; but ſince our ſubject is pain,

we

we will let the others alone. To bear pain then ſedately and calmly, it is of great uſe to conſider with all our ſoul, as the ſaying is, how noble it is to do ſo, for we are naturally deſirous (as I ſaid before, nor it can be too often repeated) and very much inclined to what is honeſt, of which if we diſcover but the leaſt glimpſe, there is nothing we are not prepared to undergo and ſuffer to attain it. From this impulſe of our minds, this tendency to true praiſe and honeſty, ſuch dangers are ſupported in war, brave men are not ſenſible of their wounds in action, or if they are ſenſible, prefer death to the departing but the leaſt ſtep from their honour. The Decii ſaw the ſhining ſwords of their enemies when they ruſhed into the battle. The dying nobly, and the glory, made all fear of death of little weight. Do you imagine that Epaminondas groaned when he perceived that his life flowed out with his blood? for he left his country triumphing over the Lacedæmonians, whereas he found it in ſubjection to them. Theſe are the comforts, theſe are the things that aſſuage the greateſt pain.

XXV. You may aſk, how the caſe is in peace? what is to be done at home how we are

are to behave in bed? you bring me back to the philoſophers, who ſeldom go to war. Among theſe, Dionyſius of Heraclea, a man certainly of no reſolution, having learned bravery of Zeno, quitted it on being in pain; for being tormented with a pain in his kidnies, in bewailing himſelf he cried out, that thoſe things were falſe which he had formerly conceived of pain. Who, when his fellow-diſciple Cleanthes aſked him why he had changed his opinion, anſwered, Whoever hath applied ſo much time to philoſophy, and cannot bear pain; may be a ſufficient proof that pain is an evil. I have ſpent many years at philoſophy, and yet cannot bear pain. Pain is therefore an evil. It is reported that Cleanthes on that ſtruck his foot on the ground, and repeated a verſe out of the Epigonæ.

*Amphiaraus, hear'ſt thou this below?*

He meant Zeno: he was ſorry the other degenerated from him.

But it was not ſo with our Poſidonius, whom I have often ſeen myſelf, and I will tell you what Pompey uſed to ſay of him; that when he came to Rhodes, on his leaving Syria, he had great deſire to hear Poſidonius, but was informed

formed that he was very ill of a ſevere fit of the gout: yet he had great inclination to pay a viſit to ſo famous a philoſopher: when he had ſeen him, and paid his compliments, and had ſpoke with great reſpect of him, he ſaid he was very ſorry that he could not have a lecture from him; but, indeed you may, replied the other, nor will I ſuffer any bodily pain to occaſion ſo great a man to viſit me in vain. On this Pompey relates, that as he lay on his bed, he diſputed gravely, and copiouſly on this very ſubject, that nothing was good but what was honeſt: that in his Paroxyſms he would often ſay, Pain, it is to no purpoſe, notwithſtanding you are troubleſome, I will never acknowledge you an evil: and in general all honourable and illuſtrious labours become tolerable by diſregarding them.

XXVI. Do we not obſerve, that where thoſe exerciſes called gymnaſtick, are in eſteem, thoſe who enter the liſts, never concern themſelves about dangers, where the praiſe of riding and hunting prevails, they who purſue this decline no pain. What ſhall I ſay of our own ambitious purſuits, our acquiſitions of honour? What fire would they not run through to make a ſingle vote? Therefore Africanus had always

in

in his hand the Socratick Xenophon, particularly pleaſed with his ſaying, that the ſame labours were not equally heavy to the general and common man, becauſe honour itſelf made the labour lighter to the generals. But yet, ſo it happens, that even with the illiterate vulgar, an opinion of honeſty prevails, though they cannot diſcern what it is. They are led by report and common opinion to look on that as honeſt, which has the general voice. Not that I would have you, ſhould the multitude be ever ſo fond of you, rely on their judgment, nor approve of what they think right; you muſt uſe your own judgment. *Should you have a pleaſure in approving what is right*; you will not only have the maſtery over yourſelf, (which I recommended to you juſt now) but over every body, and every thing. Lay this down then, that a great capacity, and moſt lofty elevation of ſoul, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf moſt by deſpiſing and looking down with contempt on pain, is the moſt excellent of all things, and the more ſo, if it doth not depend on the people, nor aims at applauſe, but has its ſatisfaction from itſelf. Beſides to me indeed every thing ſeems the more commendable the leſs the people are courted, and the fewer eyes there are to ſee it. Not that you ſhould avoid

the

the publick, for every generous action loves the publick view; yet no theatre for virtue is equal to a conſciouſneſs of it.

XXV. And let this be principally conſidered, that this bearing of pain, which I have often ſaid is to be ſtrengthened by an exertion of the ſoul, ſhould be the ſame in every kind of thing. For you meet with many who through a deſire of victory, or for glory, or to maintain their rights, or their liberty, have boldly received wounds, and bore themſelves up under them, and the very ſame perſons by remitting from that intenſeneſs of their minds, were unequal to the bearing the pain of a diſeaſe. For they did not ſupport themſelves under their ſufferings by reaſon or philoſophy, but by inclination and glory. Therefore ſome Barbarians and ſavage people are able to fight very ſtoutly with the ſword, but cannot bear ſickneſs like men: but the Græcians, men of no great courage, but as wiſe as human nature will admit of, cannot look an enemy in the face, yet the ſame will bear to be viſited with ſickneſs tolerably, and manly enough; but the Cimbrians and Celtiberians are very alert in battle, but bemoan themſelves in ſickneſs; for nothing can be conſiſtent which has not

reaſon

reaſon for its foundation. But when you ſee thoſe who are led by inclination or opinion, not retarded by pain in their purſuits, nor hindered from obtaining them, you ſhould conclude, either that pain is no evil, or that, notwithſtanding whatever is diſagreeable, and contrary to nature you may chuſe to call an evil, yet it is ſo very ſmall, that it may ſo effectually be got the better of by virtue as quite to diſappear. Which I would have you think of night and day, for this argument will ſpread itſelf, and take up more room ſometime or other, and not be confined to pain alone; for if the motives to all our actions are to avoid diſgrace and acquire honour, we may not only deſpiſe the ſtings of pain, but the ſtorms of fortune, eſpecially if we have recourſe to that retreat that was our yeſterday's ſubject. As, if ſome God had adviſed one who was purſued by pirates, to throw himſelf over board, ſaying, there is ſomething at hand to receive you, either a Dolphin will take you up as it did Arion of Methymna, or thoſe horſes ſent by Neptune to Pelops, (who are ſaid to have carried chariots ſo rapidly as to be born up by the waves) will receive you, and convey you wherever you pleaſe, he would forego all fear: ſo, though your pains be ever ſo ſharp and diſagreeable, if they are not ſo great as to be intolerable

tolerable, you ſee where you may betake yourſelf. I thought this would do for the preſent. But perhaps you ſtill abide by your opinion. *A.* Not in the leaſt indeed; and I hope I am freed by theſe two days diſcourſes from the fear of two things that I greatly dreaded. *M.* Tomorrow then for rhetorick, as we were ſaying, but I ſee we muſt not drop our philoſophy. *A.* No indeed, we will have the one in the forenoon, this at the uſual time. *M.* It ſhall be ſo, and I will comply with your very laudable inclinations.

The End of the Second Book.

# THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS OF Marcus Tullius Cicero.

## BOOK III.

### *On Grief of MIND.*

WHAT reaſon ſhall I aſſign, Brutus, why, as we conſiſt of ſoul and body, the art of curing and preſerving the body ſhould be ſo much ſought after, and the invention of it, as being ſo uſeful, ſhould be aſcribed to the immortal Gods; but the medicine of the ſoul ſhould neither be the object of inquiry, whilſt it was unknown, nor ſo much improved after its diſcovery, nor ſo well received or approved of by ſome, diſagreeable, and looked on with an envious eye by

many others? Is it becauſe the ſoul judges of the pains and diſorders of the body, but we do not form any judgment of the ſoul by the body? hence it comes that the ſoul never judgeth of itſelf, but when that by which itſelf is judged is in a bad ſtate. Had nature given us faculties for diſcerning and viewing herſelf, and could we go through life by keeping our eye on her our beſt guide, no one certainly would be in want of philoſophy or learning. But as it is, ſhe has furniſhed us only with ſome few ſparks, which we ſoon ſo extinguiſh by bad morals and depraved cuſtoms, that the light of nature is quite put out. The ſeeds of virtues are connatural to our conſtitutions, and were they ſuffered to come to maturity, would naturally conduct us to a happy life; but now, as ſoon as we are born and received into the world, we are inſtantly familiarized to all kinds of depravity and wrong opinions; ſo that we may be ſaid almoſt to ſuck in error with our nurſes milk. When we return to our parents, and are put into the hands of tutors and governors, we imbibe ſo many errors, that truth gives place to falſhood, and nature herſelf to eſtabliſhed opinion. To theſe we may add the Poets; who, on account of the appearance they exhibit of learning and wiſdom,

wiſdom, are heard, read, and got by heart, and make a deep impreſſion on our minds. But when to theſe are added the people who are as it were one great body of inſtructors, and the multitude who declare unanimouſly for vice, then are we altogether overwhelmed with bad opinions, and revolt entirely from nature; ſo that they ſeem to deprive us of our beſt guide, who have aſcribed all greatneſs, worth, and excellence, to honour, and power, and popular glory, which indeed every excellent man aims at; but whilſt he purſues that only true honeſty, which nature has in view, he finds himſelf buſied in arrant trifles, and in purſuit of no conſpicuous form of virtue, but a ſhadowy repreſentation of glory. For glory is a real and expreſs ſubſtance, not a mere ſhadow. It conſiſts in the united praiſe of good men, the free voice of thoſe who form true judgments of excellent virtue; it is as it were the very echo of virtue; which being generally the attendant on laudable actions, ſhould not be ſlighted by good men. But popular fame, which would pretend to imitate it, is haſty and inconſiderate, and generally commends wicked and immoral actions, and taints the appearance and beauty of the other, by aſſuming the reſemblance of

honeſty. By not being able to diſcover the difference of theſe, ſome men, ignorant of real excellence, and in what it conſiſts, have been the deſtruction of their country or of themſelves. And thus the beſt men have erred not ſo much in their intentions, as by a miſtaken conduct. What, is there no cure for thoſe who are carried away by the love of money, or the luſt of pleaſures, by which they are little ſhort of madmen, which is the caſe of all weak people? or is it becauſe the diſorders of the mind are leſs dangerous than thoſe of the body? or becauſe the body will admit of a cure, but the ſoul is incurable.

III. But there are more diſorders of the mind than of the body, for the generality, and of a more dangerous nature; for theſe very diſorders are the more offenſive, becauſe they belong to the mind, and diſturb that and the mind, when diſordered, is, as Enniu ſaith, in a conſtant error; it can neither bea or endure any thing, and is under the perpetua influence of deſires. Now, what diſorder can be worſe to the body than theſe two di ſtempers of the mind, (for I overlook others weakneſs, and deſires? But how indeed can it b maintained that the ſoul cannot preſcribe t itſelf

itſelf, when ſhe invented the very phyſick for the body? when, with regard to bodily cures, conſtitution and nature have a great ſhare, nor do all, who ſuffer themſelves to be cured, find inſtantly that effect; but thoſe minds which are diſpoſed to be cured, and ſubmit to the precepts of the wiſe, may undoubtedly recover a healthy ſtate? Philoſophy is certainly the medicine of the ſoul; whoſe aſſiſtance we do not ſeek from abroad, as in bodily diſorders, neither are we ourſelves obliged to exert our utmoſt abilities in order to our cure. But as to philoſophy in general, I have, I think, in my *Hortenſius* ſufficiently ſpoken of the credit and improvement it deſerves: ſince that indeed I have continually either diſputed or wrote on its moſt material branches: and I have laid down in theſe books what I diſputed with my particular friends at my Tuſculum: but as I have ſpoke in the two former of pain and death, the third day of our diſputation ſhall make up this volume. When we came down into the Academy the day declining towards afternoon, I aſked of one of thoſe who were preſent a ſubject to diſcourſe on; then the buſineſs was carried on in this manner.

IV. *A.* My opinion is, that a wiſe man is ſubject to grief. *M.* What, and to the other perturbations of mind, as fears, luſts, anger? For theſe are pretty much like what the Greeks call Παθη. I might name them diſeaſes, and that would be literal, but it is not agreeable to our way of ſpeaking. For envy, delight, and pleaſure, are all called by the Greeks diſeaſes, being motions of the mind repugnant to reaſon: But we, I think, are right, in calling the ſame motions of a diſturbed ſoul, perturbations, very ſeldom diſeaſes; unleſs it appears otherwiſe to you. *A.* I am of your opinion. *M.* And do you think a wiſe man ſubject to theſe? *A.* Entirely, I think. *M.* Then that boaſted wiſdom is but of ſmall account, if it differs ſo little from madneſs. *A.* What? doth every commotion of the mind ſeem to you to be madneſs? *M.* Not to me only; but I apprehend, though I have often been ſurpriſed at it, that it appeared ſo to our anceſtors many ages before Socrates: from whom is derived all that philoſophy which relates to life and morals. *A.* How ſo? *M.* Becauſe the name madneſs implies a ſickneſs of the mind and diſeaſe, that is, an unſoundneſs, and a diſtemperature of mind, which they call madneſs.

neſs. The philoſophers called all perturbations of the ſoul diſeaſes, and their opinion was, that no Fool was free from theſe; but all that are diſeaſed are unſound, and the minds of all fools are diſeaſed, therefore all fools are mad. They held a ſoundneſs of the mind to depend on a certain tranquility and ſteadineſs; they called that madneſs, where the mind was without theſe, becauſe ſoundneſs was inconſiſtent with a perturbed mind, as well as a diſordered body.

V. Nor were they leſs ingenious in calling the ſtate of the ſoul devoid of the light of reaſon, out of itſelf, *i. e.* mad. From whence we may underſtand, that they who gave theſe names to things were of the ſame opinion with Socrates, that all ſilly people were unſound, which the Stoicks, as received from him, have carefully preſerved; for whatever mind is diſtempered, and as I juſt now ſaid, the philoſophers call all perturbed motions of the mind diſtempers, is no more ſound than a body in a fit of ſickneſs. Hence it is, that wiſdom is the ſoundneſs of the mind, folly the diſtempered ſtate, which is unſoundneſs, and that is madneſs; and theſe are much better expreſſed by the Latin words than the Greek:

which

which you will find in many other places. But of that elſewhere: now, to our preſent purpoſe. The very force of the word ſpeaks what, and what kind of thing it is we enquire after. For we muſt neceſſarily underſtand by the ſound, thoſe whoſe minds are under no perturbation from any motion, as it were a diſeaſe. They who are differently affected we muſt neceſſarily call unſound. So that nothing is better than what is uſual in Latin, to ſay, that they who are run away with by their luſt or anger, have quitted the command over themſelves; tho' anger includes luſt, for anger is defined to be the luſt of revenge. They then who are ſaid not to be maſters of themſelves, are ſaid to be ſo, becauſe they are not under the government of reaſon, to which is aſſigned by nature the power over the whole ſoul. But why the Greeks ſhould call this μανια, I do not eaſily apprehend, but we define it much better than they, for we diſtinguiſh this madneſs, which, being allied to folly, is more extenſive, from what is called a furor, or raving. The Greeks indeed would do ſo too, but they have no one word that will expreſs it; what we call furor, they call μελαγχολια, as if the reaſon was affected alone by a black bile, and not diſturbed as often by

by a violent rage, or fear, or grief. Thus we ſay Athamas, Alcmæon, Ajax, and Oreſtes, were raving; becauſe one affected in this manner was not allowed by the twelve tables to have the management of his own affairs; therefore the words are not, if he is mad, but, if he begins to be raving. For they looked upon madneſs to be an unſettled humour, that proceeded from not being of ſound minds: yet ſuch an one might take care of common things, execute the uſual and cuſtomary duties of life: but they thought one that was raving to be totally blind; which notwithſtanding it is allowed to be greater than madneſs, is nevertheleſs of ſuch a nature, that a wiſe man may be even ſubject to raving. But this is another queſtion: we will return to our purpoſe.

VI. I think you ſaid that it was your opinion, a wiſe man was ſubject to grief. And ſo indeed I think. *M.* It is natural enough to think ſo, for we are not the offſpring of a rock: but we have by nature ſomething ſoft and tender in our ſouls, which may be put into a violent motion by grief, as by a ſtorm; nor did that Crantor, who was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of our academy, ſay

this

this amiſs: I am by no means of their opinion, who talk ſo much in praiſe of I know not what inſenſibility, which neither can be, nor ought to be: I would chooſe, ſaith he, never to be ill; but ſhould I be ſo, I ſhould chooſe to have my feeling, either ſuppoſing there was to be an amputation, or any other ſeparation of my body. For that inſenſibility cannot be but at the expence of ſome unnatural wildneſs of mind, or ſtupor of body. But let us conſider if to talk thus is not allowing that we are weak, and complying with our ſoftneſs. Notwithſtanding let us be hardy enough, not only to lop off every arm of our miſeries, but pluck up every fibre of their roots. Yet ſtill ſomething perhaps may be left behind, ſo deep doth folly ſtrike its roots: but whatever may be left, it ſhould be no more than is neceſſary. But let us be perſuaded of this, that unleſs the mind be in a ſound ſtate, which philoſophy alone can effect, there can be no end of our miſeries. Wherefore, as we begun, let us ſubmit ourſelves to it for a cure; we may be cured if we pleaſe. I ſhall advance ſomething farther. I ſhall not treat of grief alone, though that indeed is the principal thing; but, as I propoſed, of every diſorder of the mind, as the

Greeks

Greeks call it: and firſt with your leave, I ſhall treat it in the manner of the Stoicks, whoſe method is to reduce their arguments into a little room; then I ſhall enlarge more in my own way.

VII. A man of courage relies on himſelf; I do not ſay is confident, becauſe by a bad cuſtom of ſpeaking that is looked on as a fault, tho' the word is derived from confiding in yourſelf, which is commendable. He who relies on himſelf, is certainly under no fear: for there is a difference betwixt this ſelf-reliance and fear. Now whoever is ſubject to grief is ſubject to fear; for whatever things we grieve at when preſent, we dread as hanging over us and approaching. Thus it comes about, that grief is repugnant to courage: it is very probable therefore, that whoever is ſubject to grief, the ſame is liable to fear, and a kind of a broken-heartedneſs and ſinking. Now whenever theſe befal a man, he is in a ſervile ſtate, and muſt own that he is overpowered. Whoever entertains theſe, muſt entertain timidity and cowardice. But theſe cannot befal a man of courage; neither therefore can grief; but the man of courage is the only wiſe man: therefore

grief

grief cannot befal the wiſe man. It is beſides neceſſary, that whoever is brave, ſhould be a man of a great ſoul; a great ſoul is invincible: whoever is invincible looks down with contempt on all things here, and holds them as below him. But no one can deſpiſe thoſe things on account of which he may be affected with grief: from whence it follows, that a wiſe man is never affected with grief, for all wiſe men are brave, therefore a wiſe man is not ſubject to grief. As the eye, when diſordered, is not in a diſpoſition for performing its office well; and the other parts, with the body itſelf, when diſlocated, cannot perform their office, and appointment; ſo the mind when diſordered, is ill diſpoſed to do its duty: the office of the mind is to uſe its reaſon well; but the mind of a wiſe man is always in condition to make the beſt uſe of his reaſon, therefore is never out of order. But grief is a diſorder of the mind, therefore a wiſe man will be always free from it.

VIII. It is very probable, that what the Greeks mean by their Σωφρονα, is the temperate man with us, for they call all that virtue Σωφροσυνην, which I one while name temperance, at another time Moderation, nay

ſometimes modeſty; and I do not know whether that virtue may not be properly called frugality, which has a more confined meaning with the Greeks; for they call frugal men χρησιμους, which implies only that they are uſeful: but it has a more extenſive meaning; for all abſtinence, all innocency, (which the Greeks have no common name for, tho' they might have ἀβλαβειαν, for innocency is that affection of mind which would offend no one) and ſeveral other virtues, are comprehended under frugality, which was it not of the firſt rate, but confined into ſo ſmall a compaſs as ſome imagine, the ſirname of Piſo would not have been in ſo great eſteem. But as we allow him not the name of a frugal man (frugi), who either quits his poſt thro' fear, which is cowardice, and who reſerves to his own uſe what was privately committed to his keeping, which is injuſtice, and who misbehaves thro' raſhneſs, which is folly; for that reaſon the word frugality takes in theſe three virtues of fortitude, juſtice, and prudence, tho' this is common with all virtues, for they are all connected and knit together. Let us allow then frugality to be the other and fourth virtue; the peculiar property of which ſeems to be, to govern and appeaſe all

all tendencies to too eager a deſire after any thing, to refrain luſt, and preſerve a decent ſteadineſs in every thing. The vice in contraſt to this, is called prodigality. Frugality I imagine is derived from fruits, the beſt thing the earth produces. Whoever is frugal then, or if it is more agreeable to you, whoever is moderate, temperate, ſuch an one muſt of courſe be conſtant; whoever is conſtant, muſt be quiet: the quiet man muſt be void of all perturbation, therefore of grief likewiſe: and theſe are the properties of a wiſe man, therefore a wiſe man muſt be without grief.

IX. So that Dionyſius of Heraclea is right when, upon this complaint of Achilles in Homer,

*Rage and anger doth my breaſt inflame,*
*My glory tarniſhed, and ſince loſt my fame,*

he reaſons thus: Is the hand as it ſhould be, when it is affected with a ſwelling, or is any other member of the body when it is not in its natural ſtate? Muſt not the mind then, when it is puffed up, or diſtended, be out of order? But the mind of a wiſe man is without any diſorder; it never ſwells, or is puffed up, but the

the mind in anger is otherwiſe. A wiſe man therefore is never angry; for when he is angry, he luſts after ſomething, for who ever is angry, naturally has a longing deſire to give all the pain he can to the perſon he thinks has injured him; but whoever has this earneſt deſire muſt neceſſarily be much pleaſed with the accompliſhment of his wiſhes; hence he is delighted with his neighbours miſery; which as a wiſe man is not capable of, he is not capable of anger. But ſhould a wiſe man be ſubject to grief, he may likewiſe be ſubject to anger, from which being free, he muſt be void of grief. Beſides, could a wiſe man be ſubject to grief, he might be ſo to pity, he might be open to a diſpoſition for envy: I do not ſay he might be envious, for that conſiſts of the very act of envying.

X. Therefore compaſſion and envy are conſiſtent in the ſame man; for whoever is uneaſy at any one's adverſity, is uneaſy at another's proſperity: As Theophraſtus laments the loſs of his companion Caliſthenes, and is diſturbed at the ſucceſs of Alexander; therefore he ſaith, that Caliſthenes met with a man of great power and great ſucceſs, but who did not know how to make uſe of his

good fortune; and as pity is an uneaſineſs ariſing from the misfortunes of an other, ſo envy is an uneaſineſs that proceeds from the good ſucceſs of another: therefore whoever is capable of pity, is capable of envy. But a wiſe man is incapable of envy, and conſequently of pity. For was a wiſe man uſed to grieve, to pity would be familiar to him; therefore to grieve, is far from a wiſe man. Tho' theſe reaſonings of the Stoicks, and their concluſions, are rather ſtiff and contracted, and require a more diffuſe and free way, yet great ſtreſs is to be laid on the opinions of thoſe men, who have a peculiar bold and manly turn of thought. For our particular friends the Peripateticks, notwithſtanding all their erudition, gravity, and flow of words, do not ſatisfy me about the moderation of theſe diſorders and diſeaſes of the ſoul, for every evil, tho' moderate, is in its nature great. But our buſineſs is to diveſt our wiſe man of all evil; for as the body is not ſound, tho' but ſlightly affected, ſo the mind under any moderate diſorder loſes its ſoundneſs: therefore the Romans have with their uſual ſkill called trouble, anguiſh, vexation, on account of the analogy between a troubled mind, and a diſeaſed body, diſorders. The Greeks call all

all perturbation of mind by pretty near the ſame name, for they name every turbid motion of the ſoul Πάθος, *i. e.* a diſtemper. But we have given them a more proper name; for a diſorder of mind is very like a diſeaſe of the body. But luſt doth not reſemble ſickneſs, neither doth immoderate joy, which is an high and exſulting pleaſure of the mind. Fear too is not very like a diſtemper, tho' it borders upon grief of mind, but properly as ſickneſs of the body, it is ſo called from its connection with pain; the ſame may be ſaid of this grief: therefore I muſt explain whence this pain proceeds, *i. e.* the cauſe that occaſion this grief, as it were a ſickneſs of the body. For as phyſicians think they have found out the cure, when they have diſcovered the cauſe of the diſtemper, ſo we ſhall diſcover the method of cure when the cauſe is found out.

XI. The whole cauſe then is in opinion, not indeed of this grief alone, but of every other diſorder of the mind; which are of four ſorts, but conſiſting of many parts. For as every diſorder or perturbation is a motion of the mind, either devoid of reaſon, or in deſpight of reaſon, or in diſobedience to reaſon, and

that motion is incited by an opinion of good and evil; theſe four perturbations are divided equally into two parts: for two of them proceed from an opinion of good; one of which is an exulting pleaſure, *i. e.* a joy elate beyond meaſure, ariſing from an opinion of ſome preſent great good: the other, which may be rightly called, either a deſire or a luſt, is an immoderate inclination after ſome conceived great good in diſobedience to reaſon. Therefore theſe two kinds, the exulting pleaſure, and the luſt, have their riſe from an opinion of good, as the other two, fear and grief, from that of evil. For fear is an opinion of ſome great evil hanging over us; and grief is an opinion of ſome great evil at preſent; and indeed it is a freſh conceived opinion of ſuch an evil, that to grieve at it ſeems right. It is of that kind, that he who is uneaſy at it thinks he has good reaſon to be ſo. Now we ſhould exert our utmoſt efforts to oppoſe theſe perturbations, which are, as it were, ſo many furies let looſe upon us by folly, if we are deſirous to paſs the ſhare of life that is allotted us with any eaſe or ſatisfaction. But of the others I ſhall ſpeak elſewhere: our buſineſs at preſent is to drive away grief if we can, for that is what I propoſed; as you ſaid

it

it was your opinion a wiſe man might be ſubject to grief, which I can by no means allow of; for it is a frightful, horrid, and deteſtable thing, which we ſhould fly from with our utmoſt efforts, with wind and tide, as I may ſay.

XII. That deſcendant of Tantalus, how doth he appear to you? He who ſprung from Pelops, who ſtole formerly Hippodamia from her father-in-law king Oenamaus, and married her by force? He who was ſon of Jupiter's nephew, how broken-hearted doth he ſeem?

*Stand off, my friends, nor come within my ſhade,*
*That no pollutions your ſound hearts pervade,*
*So foul a ſtain my body doth partake.*

Will you condemn yourſelf, Thyeſtes, and deprive yourſelf of life on account of the greatneſs of another's crime? What? do you not look upon the ſon of the god of light, as unworthy his father's ſhining on him?

*Hollow his eyes, his body worn away,*
*His furrow'd cheeks his frequent tears betray;*

*His*

*His beard neglected, his combined hairs*
*Rough and uncomb'd beſpeak his bitter cares.*

O fooliſh Oeta, theſe are evils which you yourſelf are the cauſe of, and not occaſioned by the accidents that befel you; and that you ſhou'd behave thus, even when you had been inured to your diſtreſs, after that the firſt ſwelling of the mind had ſubſided! whereas grief conſiſts (as I ſhall ſhew) in the notion of ſome recent evil: but your grief, I warrant you, proceeds from the loſs of your kingdom, not your daughter, for you hated her, and perhaps with reaſon, but you could not calmly bear to part with your kingdom. But ſurely it is an impudent grief which preys upon a man for not being able to command thoſe that are free. Dionyſius, it is true, the tyrant of Syracuſe, when drove from his country, taught ſchool at Corinth, ſo incapable was he of living without ſome authority. What could be more impudent than Tarquin's making war againſt thoſe who could not bear his tyranny (who, when he could not recover his kingdom by the forces of the Veii and the Latins, is ſaid to have betaken himſelf to Cuma, and to have died in that city, of old age and grief. Do you then think it can befal

fal a wiſe man to be oppreſſed with grief, *i. e.* with miſery: for as all perturbation is miſery, grief is the rack itſelf; luſt is attended with heat, exulting joy with levity; fear with a meanneſs; but grief with ſomething greater than theſe; it conſumes, torments, afflicts and diſgraces a man; it tears him, preys upon him, and quite puts an end to him. If we do not diveſt ourſelves ſo of it, as to throw it quite off, we cannot be free from miſery. And it is clear that there muſt be grief, where any thing has the appearance of a preſent ſore and oppreſſing evil. Epicurus is of opinion, that grief ariſes naturally from the imagination of any evil, that whoſoever is eye witneſs of any great misfortune, immediately conceives the like may befal himſelf, and becomes ſad inſtantly on it. The Cyrenaicks think, that grief doth not ariſe from every kind of evil, but from unexpected, unforeſeen evil, and that is indeed of no ſmall efficacy to the heightning grief; for whatſoever comes of a ſudden, is harder to bear. Hence theſe lines are deſervedly commended:

*I knew my ſon when firſt he drew his breath,*
*Deſtin'd by fate to an untimely death;*

*And when I ſent him to defend the Greeks,*
*Blows were his errand, not your ſportive*
*freaks.*

Therefore this ruminating aforehand upon evils which you ſee at a diſtance, makes their approach more tolerable, and on this account, what Euripides makes Theſeus ſay, is much commended. You'll give me leave to tranſlate them into Latin, as is uſual with me.

*I treaſur'd up what ſome learn'd ſage did*
*tell,*
*And on my future miſery did dwell;*
*I thought of bitter death, of being drove*
*Far from my home by exile, and I ſtrove*
*With every evil to poſſeſs my mind,*
*That when they came I the leſs care might*
*find.*

But Euripides ſpeaks that of himſelf, which Theſeus ſaid he had heard from ſome learned man, for he was a hearer of Anaxagoras: who, as they relate, on hearing of the death of his ſon, ſaid, I knew my ſon was mortal; which ſpeech ſeems to intimate that ſuch things afflict thoſe who have not thought on them before. Therefore there is no doubt but that all evils are the heavier from not being foreſeen. Tho', notwithſtanding that

this

this circumſtance alone doth not occaſion the greateſt grief; yet as the mind, by foreſeeing and preparing for it, makes all grief the leſs, a man ſhould conſider all that may befal him in this life; and certainly the excellence of wiſdom conſiſts in taking a near view of things, and gaining a thorough experience in all human affairs, in not being ſurprized when any thing happens; and in thinking before the event of things, that there is nothing but what may come to paſs: Wherefore at the very time that our affairs are in the beſt ſituation, at that very moment we ſhould be moſt thoughtful how to bear a change of fortune. A traveller, at his return home, ought to be aware of ſuch things as dangers, loſſes, &c. the debauchery of his ſon, the death of his wife, or a daughter's illneſs. He ſhould conſider that theſe are common accidents, and may happen to him, and ſhould be no news to him if they do happen; but if things fall out better than he expected, he may look upon it as clear gain.

XV. Therefore, as Terence has ſo well expreſſed what he borrowed from Philoſophy, ſhall not we, the fountain from whence he drew it, ſay the ſame in a better manner, and abide

by

by it more ſteadily. Hence is that ſame ſteady countenance, which, according to Xantippe, her huſband Socrates always had; ſhe never obſerved any difference in his looks when he went out, and when he came home. Yet the look of that old Roman M. Craſſus, who, as Lucilius ſaith, never ſmiled but once in his lifetime, was not of this kind, but placid and ſerene, for ſo we are told. He indeed might well have the ſame look who never changed his mind, from whence the countenance has its expreſſion. So that I am ready to borrow of the Cyrenaics thoſe arms againſt the accidents and events of life, by means of which, by long premeditation, they break the force of all approaching evils; and at the ſame time, I think that thoſe very evils themſelves ariſe more from opinion than nature; for if they were real, no forecaſt could make them lighter. But I ſhall ſpeak more particularly to theſe when I ſhall have firſt conſidered Epicurus's opinion, who thinks all muſt neceſſarily be uneaſy who perceive themſelves in any evils, let them be either foreſeen and expected, or habitual to them; for with him, evils are not the leſs by reaſon of their continuance, nor the lighter for having been foreſeen; and that it is folly

to ruminate on evils to come, or perhaps that may never come; that every evil is diſagreeable enough when it doth come: but he who is conſtantly conſidering that ſome evil may befal him, charges himſelf with a perpetual evil, but ſhould ſuch evil never light on him, he voluntarily takes to himſelf unneceſſary miſery, ſo that he is under conſtant uneaſineſs, whether he meets with any evil, or only thinks of it. But he places the alleviation of grief on two things, an avocation from thinking on evil, and a call to the contemplation of pleaſure. For he thinks the mind may be under the power of reaſon, and follow her directions: He forbids us then to mind trouble, and calls us off from ſorrowful reflections; he throws a miſt over the contemplation of miſery. From theſe having founded a retreat, he drives our thoughts on, and encourages them to view and engage the whole mind in the various pleaſures, with which he thinks the life of a wiſe man abounds, either from reflecting on the paſt, or the hope of what is to come. I have ſaid theſe things in my own way, the Epicureans have theirs; what they ſay is our buſineſs, how they ſay it is of little conſequence.

XVI.

XVI. In the firſt place they are wrong in forbidding men to premeditate on futurity, for there is nothing that breaks the edge of grief and lightens it more than conſidering all life long, that there is nothing but what may happen; than conſidering what human nature is, on what conditions life was given, and how we may comply with them. The effect of which is, not to be always grieving, but never; for whoever reflects on the nature of things, the various turns of life, the weakneſs of human nature, grieves indeed at that reflection, but that grief becomes him as a wiſe man; for he gains theſe two points by it; when he is conſidering the ſtate of human nature, he is enjoying all the advantage of Philoſophy, and is provided with a triple medicine againſt adverſity: The firſt is, that he has long reflected that ſuch things might befal him, which reflection alone contributes much towards leſſening all misfortunes: The next is, that he is perſuaded, that we ſhould ſubmit to the condition of human nature: The laſt is, that he diſcovers what is blameable to be the only evil. But it is not your fault that ſomething lights on you, which it was impoſſible for man to avoid; for that withdrawing of our thoughts he recommends,

when he calls us off from contemplating on our misfortues, is imaginary; for it is not in our power to diſſemble or forget thoſe evils that lie heavy on us; they tear, vex and ſting us, they burn us up and leave no breathing-time, and do you order us to forget them which is againſt nature, and at the ſame time deprive us of the only aſſiſtance nature affords, the being accuſtomed to them, which, tho' it is a ſlow cure that time brings, is a very powerful one. You order me to employ my thoughts on ſomething good, and forget my misfortunes. You would ſay ſomething and worthy a great Philoſopher, if you thought thoſe things good which are beſt ſuited to the dignity of human nature.

XVII. Should Pythagoras, Socrates, or Plato ſay to me, why are you dejected, or grieve? Why do you faint, and yield to fortune, who perhaps may have power to haraſs and diſturb you, but ſhould not quite unman you? Virtue has great force, rouſe your virtues if they droop. Take fortitude for your leader, which will give you ſuch ſpirits, that you will deſpiſe every thing that can befal man, and look on them as trifles. Join to this temperance, which is moderation, and

which

which was juſt now called frugality, which will not ſuffer you to do any thing baſe or bad; for what is worſe or baſer than an effeminate man? not even juſtice will ſuffer you to do ſo, which ſeems to have the leaſt weight in this affair, which notwithſtanding will inform you that you are doubly unjuſt: when you require what doth not belong to you, that you who are born mortal ſhould be in the condition of the immortals, and take it much to heart that you are to reſtore what was lent you: what anſwer will you make to prudence who acquaints you that ſhe is a virtue ſufficient of herſelf, both for a good life and a happy one? whom, it would be unreaſonable to commend and ſo much deſire, unleſs ſhe was independent, having every thing centering in herſelf, and not obliged to look out for any ſupply, being ſelf-ſufficient. Now, Epicurus, if you invite me to ſuch goods as theſe, I obey, follow, and attend you as my guide, and even forget, as you order me, my misfortunes; and I do this much more readily from a perſuaſion that they are not to be ranked amongſt evils. But you are for bringing my thoughts over to pleaſure; what pleaſures? pleaſures of the body, I imagine, or ſuch as are recollected or preſumed

preſumed on account of the body. Is this all. Do I explain your opinion right? for his diſciples uſed to deny that we underſtand Epicurus. This is what he ſaith, and what that curious fellow old Zeno, who is one of the ſharpeſt of them, uſed in my hearing at Athens to enforce and talk ſo loudly of, that he alone was happy, who could enjoy preſent pleaſure, and who was perſuaded that he ſhould enjoy it without pain, either all or the greateſt part of his life; or ſhould any pain interfere, if it was the higheſt, it muſt be ſhort; ſhould it be of longer continuance, it would have more of ſweet than bitter in it: That whoſoever reflected on theſe things would be happy, eſpecially if ſatisfied with the good things he had enjoyed, without fear of death, or the gods.

XVIII. You have here a repreſentation of a happy life according to Epicurus, in the words of Zeno, ſo that there is no room for contradiction. What then? can the propoſing and thinking of ſuch a life make Thyeſtes's grief the leſs, or Oeta's, of whom I ſpoke above, or that of Telamon, who was drove from his country to penury, and baniſhment? on whom they exclaimed thus.

*Is*

*Is this the man ſurpaſſing glory rais'd?*
*Is this that Telamon ſo highly prais'd*
*By wondering Greece, at whoſe ſight, like the ſun,*
*All others with diminiſh'd luſtre ſhone!*

Now ſhould any one like him be depreſſed with the loſs of his fortune, he muſt apply to thoſe old grave Philoſophers for relief, not to theſe voluptuaries: for what great good do they promiſe? allow we, that to be without pain is the chief good? yet that is not called pleaſure: but it is not neceſſary at preſent to go thro' the whole: the queſtion is, if by advancing thus far we ſhall abate our grief? grant that to be in pain is the greateſt evil; whoſoever then has proceeded ſo far as not to be in pain, is he therefore in immediate poſſeſſion of the greateſt good? What, Epicurus, do we uſe any evaſions, and not allow in our own words the ſame to be pleaſure, which you are uſed to boaſt of with ſuch aſſurance? are theſe your words or not? This is what you ſay in that book which contains all the doctrine of your ſchool; I will perform the office of an interpreter, leſt any ſhould imagine I have invented. Thus you ſpeak, *Nor can I form any notion of the chief good abſtracted from thoſe pleaſures which*

*which are perceived by taſte, or from what depends on hearing muſick, or abſtracted from ideas raiſed by external objects, which are agreeable motions, or thoſe other pleaſures, which are perceived by the whole man from his ſenſes; nor can the pleaſures of the mind be any ways ſaid to conſtitute the only good, for I always perceived my mind to be pleaſed with the hopes of enjoying thoſe things I mentioned above, and preſuming I ſhould enjoy them without any interruption from pain*; and from theſe words any one may underſtand what pleaſure Epicurus was acquainted with. Then he ſpeaks thus a little lower down, *I have often enquired of thoſe who are reputed to be wiſe men what would be the remaining good, if they ſhould withdraw theſe, unleſs they meant to give us nothing but words? I could never learn any thing from them; and, unleſs they chuſe that all virtue and wiſdom ſhou'd vaniſh and come to nothing, they muſt ſay with me, that the only road lies in thoſe pleaſures which I mentioned above.* What follows is much the ſame, and his whole book on the chief good every where abounds with the ſame opinions. Will you then invite Telamon to this kind of life to eaſe his grief? and ſhould you obſerve any of your friends under affliction, would you pre-

ſcribe to him a Sturgeon before a treatiſe of Socrates? or a concert rather than Plato? or lay before him the beauty and variety of ſome garden, preſent him with a noſegay, burn perfumes, and bid him be crowned with a garland of roſes and woodbines? ſhould you add one thing more, you would certainly wipe out all his grief.

XIX. Epicurus muſt allow of theſe, or he muſt take out of his book what I juſt now ſaid, was a literal tranſlation; or rather he muſt deſtroy his whole book, for it is ſtuffed with pleaſures. We muſt enquire, then, how we can eaſe him of his grief, who can ſay thus:

*My preſent ſtate proceeds from fortune's ſtings,*
*By birth I boaſt of a deſcent from kings;*
*Hence may you ſee from what a noble height,*
*I'm ſunk by fortune to this abject plight.*

What! to eaſe his grief, muſt we mix him a cup of ſweet wine, or ſomething of that kind? lo! the ſame poet preſents us with another ſomewhere elſe:

*I, Hector, once ſo great, now claim your aid*

We ſhould aſſiſt her, for ſhe looks out for help

*Where*

*Where ſhall I now apply, where ſeek ſupport?*
*Where hence betake me, or to whom reſort?*
*No means remain of comfort or ſolace,*
*My town in ruins, in flames my palace:*
*Each wall, tho' late ſuperb, deformed nods,*
*And not an alter left t'appeaſe the gods.*

You know what ſhould follow, and particularly this.

*Of father, country, and of friends bereft,*
*Not one of all thoſe ſumptuous temples left;*
*Which whilſt the fortune of our houſe did ſtand,*
*With rich wrought ceilings ſpoke the artiſt's hand.*

O excellent poet! tho' deſpiſed by thoſe who ſing the verſes of Euphorion. He is ſenſible that all things which come on a ſudden are harder to be born. Therefore when he had ſet off the riches of Priam to the beſt advantage, which had the appearance of a long continuance, what doth he add?

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

Admirable poetry! There is ſomething mournful in the ſubject, as well as the words

and meaſure; we muſt drive away this grief of hers: how is that to be done? Shall we lay her on a bed of down; introduce a ſinger? ſhall we burn cedar, or preſent her with ſome pleaſant liqour, and provide her ſomething to eat? are theſe the good things which remove the moſt afflicting grief? for you but juſt now ſaid you knew of no other good. I ſhould agree with Epicurus that we ſhould be called off from grief to contemplate on good things, was it once ſettled what was good.

XX. It may be ſaid, What! do you imagine Epicurus really meant theſe, and that he maintained any thing ſo ſenſual? indeed I do not imagine ſo, for I am ſenſible he has ſaid many excellent things, and with great gravity. Therefore, as I ſaid before, I am ſpeaking of his acuteneſs, not his morals. Tho' he ſhould hold thoſe pleaſures in contempt, which he juſt now commended, yet I muſt remember wherein he places the chief good. He did not barely ſay this, but he has explained what he would ſay: he ſaith, that taſte, embracings, ſports and muſick, and thoſe forms which affect the eyes with pleaſure, are the chief good. Have I invented this? have I miſrepreſented him? I ſhould be

be glad to be confuted, for what am I endeavouring at, but to clear up truth in every queſtion? Well, but the ſame ſaith, that pleaſure is at its height where pain ceaſes, and that to be free of all pain is the greateſt pleaſure. Here are three very great miſtakes in a very few words. one is, that he contradicts himſelf; for, but juſt now, he could not imagine any thing to be good, unleſs the ſenſes were in a manner tickled with ſome pleaſure; but now, to be free from pain is the higheſt pleaſure. Can any one contradict himſelf more? The other miſtake is, that where there is naturally a threefold diviſion, the firſt, to be pleaſed; next, not to be in pain; the laſt, to be equally diſtant from pleaſure and pain: he imagines the firſt and the laſt to be the ſame, and makes no difference betwixt pleaſure and a ceſſation of pain. The laſt miſtake is in common with ſome others; which is this, that as virtue is the moſt deſirable thing, and as Philoſophy was inveſtigated for the attainment of it, he has ſeparated the chief good from virtue: but he commends virtue, and that frequently; and indeed C. Gracchus, when he had made the largeſt diſtributions of the publick money, and had exhauſted the treaſury, yet ſpoke much of preſerving it.

What ſignifies what they ſay, when we ſee what they do? That Piſo who was ſirnamed Frugal, harangued always againſt the law that was propoſed for diſtributing of corn, but when it had paſſed, tho' a conſular man, he came to receive the corn. Gracchus obſerved Piſo ſtanding in the court, and aſked him in the hearing of the people, how it was conſiſtent for him to take corn by a law he had himſelf oppoſed? I was againſt your dividing my goods to every man as you thought proper, but as you do ſo I claim my ſhare. Did not this grave and wiſe man ſufficiently ſhew that the publick revenue was diſſipated by the Sempronian law? Read Gracchus's ſpeeches, and you will pronounce him patron of the treaſury. Epicurus denies that any one can live pleaſantly who doth not lead a life of virtue: he denies that fortune has any power over a wiſe man: he prefers a ſpare diet to great plenty, maintains a wiſe man to be always happy; all theſe things become a Philoſopher to ſay, but they are not conſiſtent with pleaſure: but the reply is, that he doth not mean that pleaſure; let him mean any pleaſure, it muſt be ſuch an one as makes no part of virtue. But ſuppoſe we are miſtaken as to his pleaſure, are we ſo too as to pain? I maintain